

# UFO SIGHTINGS

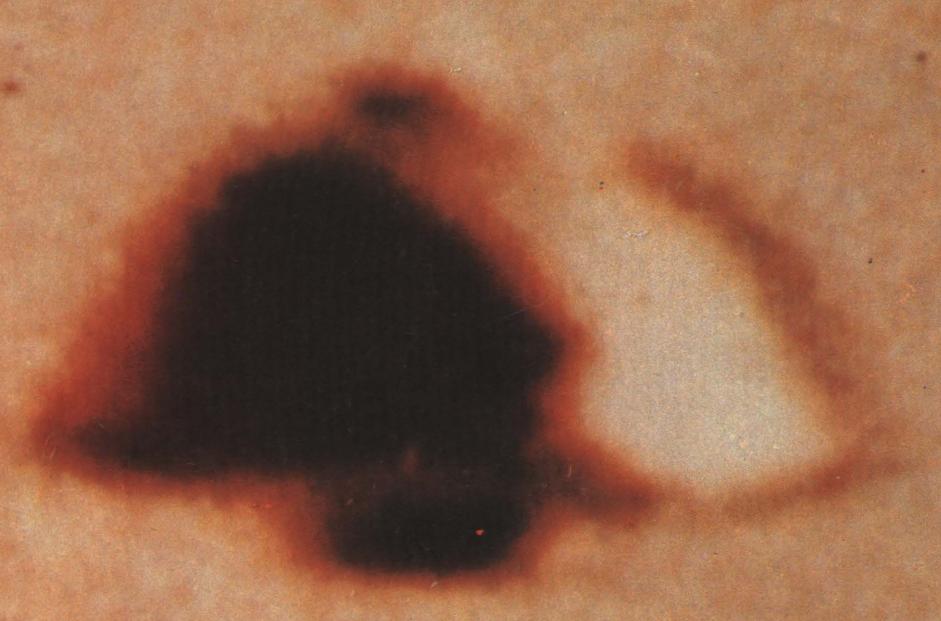
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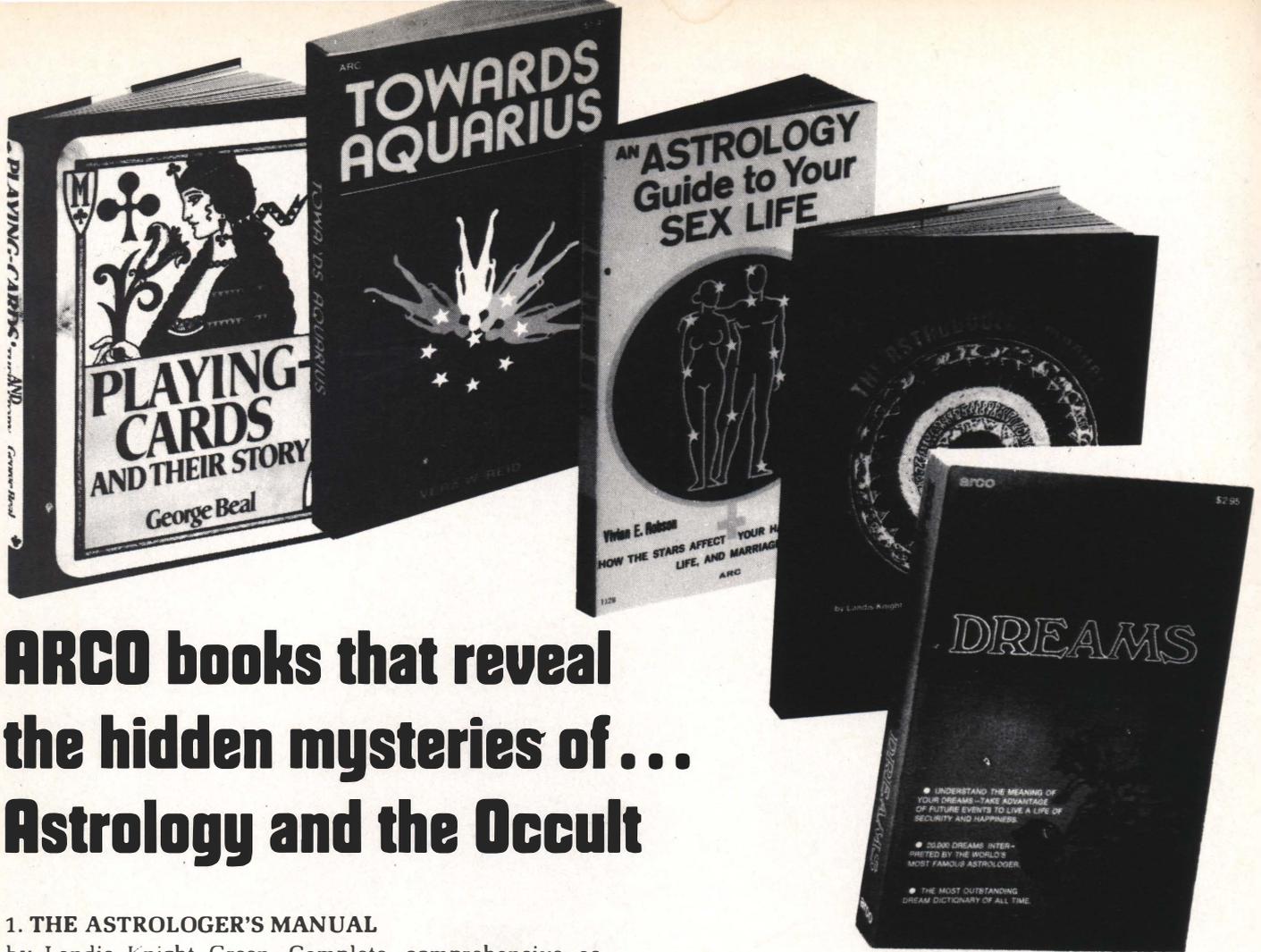
**TOP-SECRET  
PSYCHIC  
REPORT: 1982  
— THE YEAR OF  
THE GREAT UFO  
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**EYEWITNESS  
SWEARS: 'I WAS  
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# UFO SIGHTINGS

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VOL. 2, NO. 6

November 1981

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# WILL YOU BE ALIVE IN 1982?

THE "SPACE BROTHERS" WANT YOU TO ESCAPE THE COMING HOLOCAUST THAT THREATENS TO DESTROY OUR WORLD...

## PSYCHICS PREDICT

Psychics from the late Edgar Cayce to the modern seer, Jeane Dixon all agree that our planet is slated for "troubled times" in the next few years. With their "gifts of prophecy", these sensitives have been able to peer into the future and know that a rocky road lies ahead, that a great physical holocaust will leave terrible scars over the entire face of the earth. Land shifts will occur, whole continents will rise, while others will sink under the force of gigantic tidal waves.

## SCIENCE AGREES

Seismographs on both the East and West Coasts have registered an unusually high number of earth tremors in the last few months. We are not far from total ruin. Time is running out. The cosmic clock is ticking away and we are approaching the midnight hour. Never before in history has such a large number of earthquakes been recorded around the globe. It's obvious that a widespread disaster that could spell T-H-E E-N-D for millions is going to happen within our lifetime.

## NO PLACE TO HIDE

Absolutely no area will be safe! There will be no place to hide! We are powerless to avoid this worldwide catastrophe! Water will cover a good portion of the earth. Wild life will die by the score. Our rich farm lands will turn to lakes. Mighty rivers will sweep away our towns. Freak weather storms will unleash havoc with what is left of civilization. Man will turn to battling his brother in order to survive.

## A WAY OUT

But a select few of us will continue on the race of homo sapiens. These individuals will be those who place their trust in a higher power. Those who survive will do so only because they heed these dire warnings and listen to an intelligence from afar.

## SPACE PEOPLE PREDICT

The occupants of these technically advanced vehicles have made contact with many influential people in our own space program, claims a former astronaut. They are not here to play games. They are here to help us in this difficult crisis. Because they have developed their psychic abilities and because they are able to travel into the future, they know DOOMSDAY is just around the next bend.

## CHANGE YOUR LIFE

We guarantee that this book will have a positive effect on your life. The messages contained within its pages is an inspiring one. It is not for everyone, but it is definitely for YOU, the New Age

## FREE - FREE - FREE - FREE

If you order this book now we will include at no extra charge as a bonus A GUIDELINE ON HOW TO CONTACT THE SPACE PEOPLE in your own home. Documentation shows that this guideline has worked for many, and it can work for you.

thinker, UFO skywatcher and those who are psychically "tuned in." It's written in plain English (there are no secret codes to uncrack), and approaches the subject of UFOs and the philosophy of our Space Brothers on a level all can understand as well as apply to our everyday lives.

## OFFER OF HELP

Since they are truly our "Space Brothers," and recognize the fact that we are the creator's children, (just like themselves), they want to offer aid and assistance in any way possible. The UFO-nauts say that if we will only listen and take their advice that many of us can survive and go on to live in a glorious Golden Age, an age that has not existed on Earth since the days of Atlantia.

## HEALTH, HAPPINESS & ABUNDANCE

There will be no wars. Diseases such as cancer and heart trouble will be conquered, and there will be an abundance of natural resources. Those who are alive today can make it through the next few years and literally live forever in a society that is totally free of the problems that currently plague mankind.

## YOUR PART IN THE SPACE PEOPLES' PLAN

According to Arthur Shuttlewood who has written an encouraging new book, UFO PROPHECY, your part in the Space Peoples' plan is very important. We must all work toward one goal - making the reality of UFOs as widely known as possible. Everyone reading these words are - the aliens realize - open minded enough to heed these dire warnings and work to change the course of history.

In effect, the Space People have a plan for each and every one of us, and the noted British journalist who started out as a UFO skeptic, and later had his life changed after many personal encounters of the third kind, wants to share the knowledge of these higher beings and what they have taught him, with you.



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HURRY — THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME BEFORE THE END OF CIVILIZATION

# CLOSE ENCOUNTERS DATA BANK

**“Close encounters of the third kind” have been reported in recent years. Here is one of the more striking examples culled from our vast files . . .**

*What follows is an exact transcription of a tape-recorded interview which took place on November 19, 1977. The only changes made were made for the sake of grammatical consistency.*

*Ms. Marie Jorgenson, 38, payroll accountant for Modell's Shopping Center in Wannituck, Indiana:*

■ “It was on Wednesday, September 14, 1977. I had stayed late to work on the payroll since it was all due the next day. I finally finished up around 9:30, said goodnight to the night watchman, who was the only one in the store, and left.

“My car was parked on a side street about a ten-minute walk from the store. I always get a little scared during that walk to the car because the town is usually pretty deserted at that time of night. The stores are all closed and it's too early for the bars. Also winter was coming on so it was practically pitch-black out.

Anyway, I usually just walk at a fast pace and try to get to my car as quickly as possible. Wannituck is pretty small town, you know, and we don't have much of a police force. I don't think

there are more than five or six officers on at that time of night, and they're located clear on the other side of town from where I work, so you can see why I get a little scared.

“So, back to that night . . . I'm still a little shaky about the whole thing, to tell you the truth, even though I've talked about it a hundred times . . . I hope if you *do* decide to print this you'll at least have the courtesy to take what I say seriously, really, I think I've been through enough already without having to worry about being ridiculed on top of being nearly scared to death . . .

“Okay, as I said, the streets were nearly deserted and it was pitch-black out. I finally got to my car, it's a blue Dodge Dart. Everything looked alright to me, I didn't notice anything unusual. Actually, I guess I wasn't looking for anything unusual, I just wanted to get inside that car and get home.

“So I opened the door, got in, sat down, locked the doors put the keys in the ignition and started the engine. Now, at that moment I should have felt safe, I should have been able to relax — but the strange thing is, I *didn't* feel safe. I couldn't relax. I knew it was just my own worries getting the best of me, but *I had the feeling there was someone else in the car with me.*

“Now, I knew it was silly to think such a thing. I always keep my car locked and the windows rolled up so there's no way anyone can get in. Still, I had this nagging feeling there was someone else in that car, there was someone in the back seat. I knew it was a silly

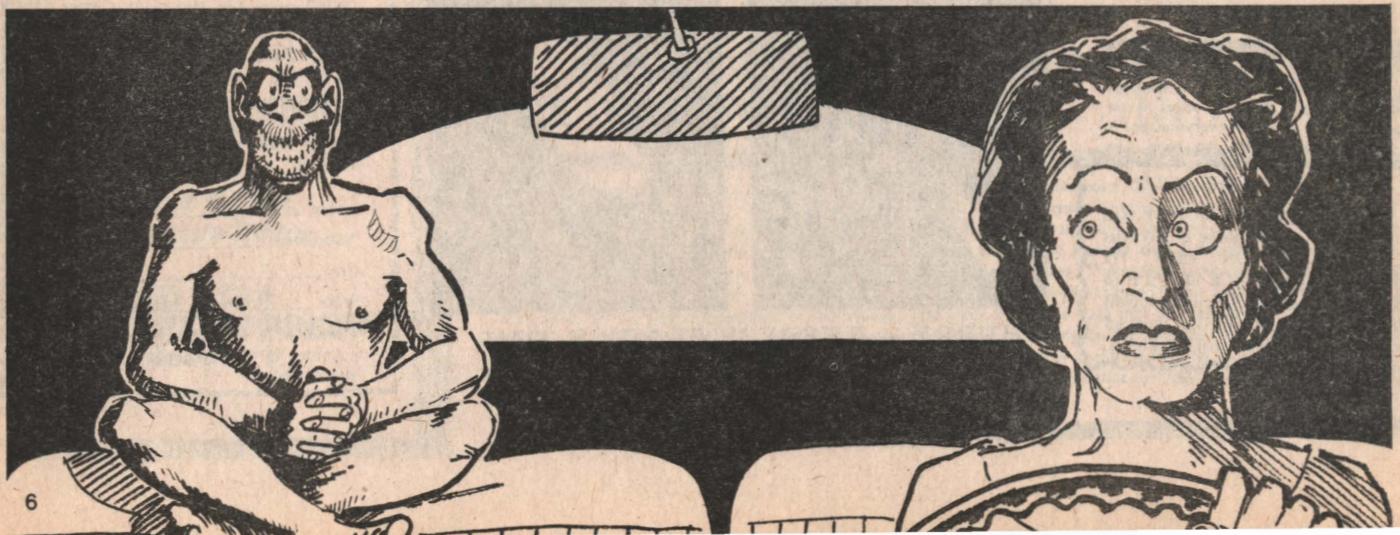
feeling and I tried to brush it off, but I just couldn't.

“So finally I reached into the back seat with one hand to feel around and prove to myself there was nobody there. I felt all over the back seat — it was empty. Finally I relaxed and breathed a sigh of relief — that didn't last long.

“As I repositioned myself to drive, my hand brushed against something, some *living* thing that was crouching on the floor in the back of the car! This was no inanimate object — *it was living flesh!*

“I froze. I was so scared I couldn't move, I just sat there and stared straight ahead for what seemed like ages. Finally I heard a movement. *Something was clambering up on the seat in back!* Then all was silence again.

“I really couldn't move or even scream I was so scared. Part of me wanted to look in the rearview mirror just to see



what it was, just to get it over with.

"Finally I forced myself to look in the mirror. There on the back seat was the most frightening thing I've seen in all my life. *A tiny man-like creature was sitting calmly on the back seat, grinning at me in the mirror!*

"You really can't imagine how terrifying this experience was. The creature was staring straight at me! Its head was extremely tiny, like the shrunken heads you see in the museums, and it had rows and rows of tiny white teeth. Its eyes were a dull, glowing red, and they were looking right into my own. I got the feeling the creature knew how scared I was *and was laughing at me!* It just sat there completely still, staring at me and grinning.

"Finally I completely lost my head. I opened the car door and just started screaming and running. I don't remember what direction, but I really didn't care. I just wanted to get out of there as fast as I could.

"The next thing I knew someone was calling the police. I don't know who could have been around at that time of night, but thank God *somebody* was.

"When the police finally came, they listened patiently to everything I told them, but it was obvious they didn't believe a word of it. I'm sure they thought I was some kind of nut. I kept pleading with them to go to my car, to get that creature out and kill it

or at least make sure it was caged up. They didn't even want to do *that* much but I guess I made such a ruckus they finally agreed just to calm me down.

"Of course, it was too late by then. I think close to an hour had already passed. They told me the car was completely empty when they got there. Whatever it was had long since gotten away.

"Naturally, almost no one believes me . . . I just hope somebody who reads this will take me seriously, not for my sake, I don't really care anymore whether or not people think I'm crazy. I just want the public to know what's going on, to know that we may be in danger . . ."



# U.S. INTELLIGENCE OPERATIVES ADMIT SECRET MEETING WITH ALIEN REPRESENTATIVE

Now we have incontrovertible, documented proof: We have been officially and formally contacted by representatives of a highly advanced, extraterrestrial civilization!



As an indication of our trust and faith in the good intentions of the alien representative, the five-year-old daughter of one of our intelligence operatives was sent to bring the alien to the meeting place.

**"DECIPHER THE MESSAGE ON MY  
FOREHEAD AND YOU WILL LIVE  
FOREVER," SAYS MYSTERIOUS  
SPACE VISITOR**

■ There are two. They are members of the Clandestine Agencies. That means they could belong to the Central Intelligence Agency. They refuse to be pinpointed. They also refused to be named. However, they did offer two aliases: John Hart and Thomas Meecham.

Both have stated that they have met with a man who is not of this world.

The statements were made in the presence of the editors of this magazine on September 14, 1977. The time of the meeting was 10:00 a.m. and was held in the editorial conference room.



The arrangements for this meeting were made three weeks in advance, which gave us plenty of time to check the credentials of John Hart and Thomas Meecham.

Both are bonafide high-echelon employees of the United States Government. Hart has been in intelligence at the federal level for 20 years. Meecham's experience goes back to the days of World War II and the O.S.S., when William "Wild Bill" Donovan was head man.

Hart and Meecham are family men. Neither has an axe to grind. Neither stands to reap any profits from his revelations. During our historic meeting they were quite serious, quite convincing. Their information was offered in monotones. They had no desire to sensationalize or embellish. They asked us — no, demanded — that we write no descriptions of what they look like. They are still operatives and their cover must be protected.

We had only one question in the beginning. "Why are you telling us this?"

Hart was the one who answered. He

said, "Orders." He did not elaborate. They did say that other publications were being offered the same material. If their editorial policy did not permit publication, it was their loss.

Their purpose was to convince as many editors and publishers as possible to print their experience. The feeling we got at the time was that our government is finally opening the gates, that it wants the public to know that contacts have been made. Hart and Meecham did not respond. They didn't even crack a smile.

The impression we had of these two

Meecham does not know what transpired after that. Apparently, the powers that be knew who the message was from. A week later Hart and Meecham were ordered to the private dining room atop the CIA's \$46,000,000 hideaway in Fairfax County, Virginia. The building is completely surrounded by rolling hills and forested areas.

Hart said he and Meecham walked into a room jammed with high-echelon people from the Clandestine Services. They were told what their mission would be and that they had been selected because of their unflappable dispositions. They did not want men who might break under the pressure of meeting someone from another world.

The meeting here took four hours. Hart and Meecham were told that the

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◀ Our intelligence agents were puzzled by the mysterious inscription which appeared on the alien's forehead, but had been warned beforehand to ask no questions about it, as none would be answered. They were told simply, "When you are able to understand the inscription, you will be spiritually advanced enough to accept the powerful gifts it can bestow upon the human race. Until such time, you must be patient. . . ."

---

alien representative would not present himself to more than two people, and that those two people had to be of a serious and sober nature.

Physical contact would be made in a conference room situated to the right of CIA's headquarters. It would be empty at the time of contact . . . 3 a.m., July 17, 1977.

"Were you armed?" we asked.

"We were not," Meecham replied.

"Tape recorder?"

"Except for a tiny automated camera hidden in the room, we had no electronic devices whatsoever," Hart said. "I had a pencil and a note pad."

According to the two operatives, they had a final briefing at two a.m., one hour before they were scheduled to make contact with the alien. After showing their credentials at the guardhouse, they proceeded left to the huge concrete and glass building. In the lobby on the left wall an inscription reads: "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. John VIII-XXXII."

That's where a security guard met them and escorted them to the reception area, where Hart and Meecham signed in. They were then escorted to a room on the ground floor. Inside were two men, both of whom were unfamiliar to Hart and Meecham. The

operatives was that they did not want us to take what they had to say lightly. They were deadly serious.

"How was contact made?" we asked.

Meecham said it came through WALNUT. This is one of the spooky computers located at the CIA headquarters at Langley, Virginia. It was developed by IBM. If an agent wants a particular piece of information, say the state of Castro's health, he feeds WALNUT 20 to 25 key words on the subject. The "brain" searches for and finds the right microfilmed document and photographs it with ultraviolet light. The small photo is then enlarged and projected onto a viewing screen. The operation takes five seconds.

According to Meecham, on June 23, 1977 one of the "secret elite" was using WALNUT when it went haywire. Five seconds later these words appeared on the screen: "We want to talk to you. A representative is waiting. Show this to your superior."

A telephone call was made. A member of the CIA's inner circle hurried to WALNUT and saw the message just before it faded.

operatives were handed a typewritten sheet of questions which were to be asked of the alien representative. Hart and Meecham were instructed to apply no pressure. If a question was ignored, then so be it.

At 2:15 a.m. the two agents left the building and headed for the conference room. Both admitted looking up at the sky for the sight of a UFO. They said they saw nothing.

Inside the room they took their seats at the heavy conference table and waited. Hart turned on a light, which cast eerie shadows along the edges of the room.

Both men had three-quarters of an hour to speculate. All that they accomplished was to pass the time.

At precisely three o'clock, they heard the door open and close. The men admitted to us that they tensed. They did not know what to expect. The speculation was behind them now. The waiting was over. He or she or "it" was in the room and undoubtedly observing them.

They peered at the shadows and were able to distinguish a figure moving slowly, tentatively toward them. Neither man moved nor made any gesture which might be assumed hostile. They did not say, "Hello," or "Welcome" or make any other inane remark.

The figure approached slowly, walking upright, arms at its sides. It was tallish, athletic-looking.

At this point in our meeting with the operatives, Hart took a sheet of paper from his pocket. He said it was a copy of the original sheet he had with him that night.

The first question on it was: "Where are you from?"

Ans.: "I am not permitted to reveal that information except to say that we live in the same galaxy."

Ques.: "Why have you come?"

Ans.: "To study your technology."

The alien sat down. The impression Hart and Meecham had was that he did not wish to get too close to them. There was a feeling of distrust on the alien's part and both men sensed it.

Meecham stated to us that he ad-libbed the next question. "What do you think of our technology?"

"Primitive."

Hart said he looked at the sheet of paper and asked, "How did you get here?"

Ans.: "By disc."

Ques.: "What about the disc's speed?"

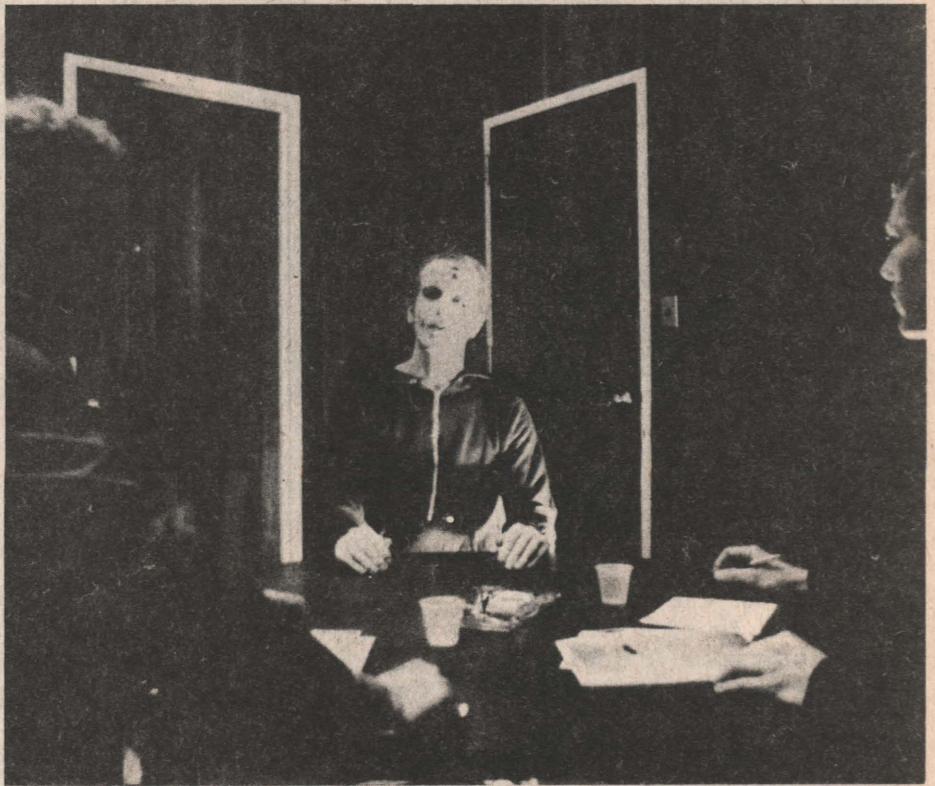
Ans.: "Limitless. Each machine has its own center of gravity."

**The alien spoke little, but what he did say struck to the heart of humanity's problems: "You are animals! You have an Eden here and you are destroying it with your wars, violence, wanton killings, your pollution and contamination of your atmosphere. You are fools!"**

Ques.: "The nearest star to our solar is four and a half light years away. Traveling at the speed of light, which is 186,000 miles per second, it would take you four and a half years to reach here — if you came from that planet. Explain."

Ans.: "Our disc speed far surpasses the speed of light."

The only obvious difference between this person and earthlings was the color of his skin. It was extremely pale — face and hands. His hair was blond. Hart asked him about his complexion and the alien replied that



**The intelligence operatives asked him what he thought of our space program. "It's infantile. You will not succeed until you have designed a ship that can break away from your gravitational pull without force, without expending thousands of gallons of fuel."**

his planet did not have the luxury of a sun that was as nourishing as ours. His sun was dying, just as ours would someday.

Meecham referred to the typewritten sheet. "When did you first visit us?"

Ans.: "We were coming long before your Old Testament was written."

Ques.: "How many of you?"

Ans.: "A great many. Thousands, perhaps."

Ques.: "Do any of you live here?"

Ans.: "Most certainly. The sick ones. Those who are in desperate need of your sun's benefits."

Meecham read the next question to himself, first, then aloud. And he had to struggle to keep his hand from shaking. "Do you plan on an invasion?"

The alien's immobile face remained immobile. He did not answer at first. A deadly silence reigned. Hart and Meecham waited. Finally, he said: "Perhaps. It depends on which of the



Some of Hart's notes read: "He is humorless. He appears unhealthy. He speaks English fluently, says he and his people can learn a new language in a matter of days. He has no accent. It is like *listening* to an English text. His eyes are large, searching and forever darting about, as though he expects to be surrounded and held captive at any moment. He says his people are far superior to us intellectually. I'm inclined to believe him — he seems to have his answers formulated even before we ask them. It's as though he can read our thoughts."

He had a question for the operatives. "Why do your governments suppress our visits?"

Hart and Meecham told us that they had no answer. The alien reminded them that discs had been seen over



planets we are scouting offers the best opportunity. Yours is high on the list."

"What keeps us from being number one?" Meecham ad-libbed.

"Your violence."

Ques.: "When would you launch such an invasion?"

No answer. Hart and Meecham gave him plenty of time. Hart scribbled on his note pad. He had been writing on it, he told us, almost from the moment the alien representative had entered the room. He jotted down such things as the alien's description, his voice sounds, his command of English, his gestures and so on.

**Scientists are presently engaged in a feverish effort to decode the message on the alien's forehead. Several possible meanings have been suggested for the inscription: a cure for cancer, an antidote to the aging process, or a replacement for Einstein's  $E = mc^2$ , which will allow us to surpass the speed of light. . . . For the moment, however, we can only speculate as to its actual meaning.**

every country on Earth and that visits had been plentiful ever since 1947 when Kenneth Arnold had had his tragic experience with one. But no government, including the United States, had dared acknowledge their presence.

For the first time, Hart and Meecham

were aware of the alien's anger. They saw his pale hands tighten on the seat's armrests. They did nothing to upset him any further. In a moment or two he calmed himself and asked the men to continue with their interview.

Ques.: "Are you following our space program?"

Ans.: "It's infantile. You will not succeed until you have designed a ship that can break away from your gravitational pull without force, without expending thousands of gallons of fuel in thrust."

"How can that be accomplished?"

Hart asked on his own.

"We are not here to instruct you." (Anger began to well up again.) He said: "You are animals! You have an Eden here and you are destroying it with your wars, violence, wanton killings, your pollution and contamination of your atmosphere. You are fools!"

His head turned from right to left. "I'm afraid here. I didn't want to come. I told them you were not ready. They insisted. We need an alternate home. I expect to be assassinated at any moment."

Meecham said, "That won't happen. No one knows you're here except our intelligence people. You're safe."

They waited for him to calm down. Then Hart read aloud from the sheet. "If there is an invasion, will it be violent?"

The representative made a noise in his throat. "Violent? It will be done surreptitiously. You will never know you have been invaded."

"Has the invasion begun?" Meecham asked.

They thought for a moment that he was not going to answer that one. Then he said, "Yes. We have our people, a few of them, in high places here. They are working for everlasting peace — the kind of peace we enjoy on our planet. They are not succeeding. Their hardest task is suppressing their own intelligence in an effort to keep it on a level with yours. But they are capable of manipulating any machine you devise, just as I manipulated your WALNUT computer to contact your superiors."

Ques.: "What is the population of your planet?"

Ans.: "Ten billion."

Ques.: "Is it overcrowded?"

Ans.: "Not at all. We have enough room. What we don't have is enough sun. In all of our intellectuality we have not found a substitute for it."

Hart impetuously asked, "Can we

take a closer look at you?"

"No. I'd rather you did not."

"Do you think we'd try to grab you?"

"Yes."

Hart told us he said no more about closer physical contact. But from that moment on the interview disintegrated. Our visitor grew more restless. Meecham asked him if he was pleased with our questions.

"Hardly. They were quite basic. I expected something better."

"Like what?"

"It would be stupid of me to try to explain." He rose. "Will I be able to leave here without being attacked?"

"You have our word on it. We'll stay where we are until you are gone. Do you have a machine outside?"

"Don't be ridiculous."

---

The alien held up a golden medallion, which he said was the adopted symbol of the galactic federation of which his planet was a member.

"How will you leave?"

"It will come on signal."

Meecham asked: "Again, when will you invade en masse?"

"It could come tomorrow, or after you people have wiped yourselves out with your absurd atomic bombs." He started to walk into the aisle.

Hart asked quickly, "Do you have oxygen where you are?" And he felt ridiculous asking it because the alien was breathing it here. All he got from the visitor was a smirk.

Both agents stood still and watched him fade into the shadows. The door opened and closed. After giving him ten minutes to get away, they hurried to the CIA building and presented their notes to their superiors. They also gave verbal impressions of the alien representative. They then heard nothing from their superiors until they were instructed to spread the word.

According to Hart and Meecham,

they have not been successful. The association between the kook and the UFO is so strong in this country that no one will touch such a story. Even in their meeting with us we detected a certain discouragement in their voices. They feel that our people are not ready to accept space visitors and may never be ready. Both knew instantly that night that they were in the presence of a far superior being. *They also felt that he represented a planet of individuals who likely regard us on the level with animals to be exterminated if their own survival depended on it.*

It is our feeling that our government, and perhaps others, is trying to alert us to that possibility. It is entirely possible that we may even see a new "Bluebook" project being undertaken by our Air Force — with the department now giving us the unvarnished truths about unidentified flying objects. ●



# NOW—You can Live Like A King and never want again with the Miracle Power of...

# OMNI-COSMICS

It's true! This hidden energy power responds at once to help you gain endless streams of wealth... control the thoughts of others... achieve protection from evil... make illness and pain disappear... and much more!

Dear Friend:

How would you like to be able to say a few words and transform an ordinary piece of glass into a MAGIC MIRROR which will produce all the riches, love, power, health and happiness you wish to create in your life?

Or how would you like to be able to say four power words to summon MAGIC SAGE who will come to your command any time you want him? Or say four other power words to help find lost people or treasure? Or nine words to heal an area of your body?

Now it's possible to do all these things and more—with the Miracle Power of OMNI-COSMICS. OMNI-COSMICS will enable you to perform the so-called "impossible" feats. With it, you will be able to attain a paradise on earth for yourself and for all those you love.

My name is Ann Fisher, and I'll tell you more about this amazing offer in just a minute, but first let me show you all the things OMNI-COSMICS will help you do...

- Produce money "from out of thin air".
- Make illness and pain disappear.
- Control the thoughts of others.
- Find lost people and treasure.
- Avoid problems before they arise by looking into the future.
- Win money in a horse race or a lottery.
- Travel astrally to faraway lands.
- Turn thoughts into solid material things.
- Repel black magic or voodoo attacks.
- Find your perfect mate and achieve marital happiness.

### YOU WILL BE ABLE TO PRODUCE MONEY "FROM OUT OF THIN AIR!"

I'll show you how to use OMNI-COSMICS to achieve endless streams of wealth. And I'll tell you *right now* that whatever you desire, you can have—I MEAN ANYTHING—and it can be obtained quickly and easily.

You may want a new car, a new home, a swimming pool, a mink coat, a diamond ring, an exclusive apartment, a regular vacation, some money to clear up your debts, or an income for life of \$20,000, \$50,000 or even \$100,000.

Well now, with OMNI-COSMICS, you'll see how to materialize the miraculous things you desire... You can become as wealthy as you wish... You can live like a king and never want again! Just look:

**POOR WOMAN WINS \$100,000**—Florence, a woman in her forties, was short of money for years. I mean she was really poor. Her shabby clothes came from friends or the Salvation Army. She hadn't bought anything new for herself in many years. But six weeks after using an OMNI-COSMICS technique I showed her, a miracle happened to Florence—she won a whopping \$100,000 after buying an Irish Sweepstakes ticket.

**FACTORY WORKER WINS \$1,000 A WEEK FOR LIFE**—John R., a factory worker, was desperately in need of money for his rent, car payments and a pile of unpaid bills. He was discontented and unhappy and he could see no help in sight. But after doing an OMNI-COSMICS ritual I showed him, he bought a lottery ticket which paid \$1,000 a week for life—enough to pay all his bills, take a long trip with his family, and build a new house!

**STUDENT PICKS NINE WINNERS IN A ROW**—David A. needed money to go to college in the fall. He had never been lucky at the races, but he decided to try OMNI-COSMICS to finance his college education anyway. After performing the right ritual, he went to the track and picked out all nine winners and came home with a grand total of \$1,600—which was enough for college that fall!

### YOU WILL BE ABLE TO CONTROL THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS—WITHOUT EVEN SAYING A WORD TO THEM!

With this Power, you can get the lover you want, change the attitude of a troublesome child, get a friend or neighbor to respond to your requests, or get a boss to give you that raise or protection you feel you deserve. You can influence a person to see it your way or do the things you want him to...

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

ANN FISHER, an instructor of parapsychology at the State University of New York at Albany, and a nationally recognized psychic, medium, parapsychologist and ghost hunter, is a foremost authority and investigator of the higher powers of the mind. After many years of intensive investigation, she discovered the mighty powers of OMNI-COSMICS—the miraculous power source revealed for the first time in this book. Ann Fisher has displayed her psychic abilities on many radio and television programs.

... you can stimulate the person's memory process, move his fingers, make him do what you want, repeat the words you want him to say, and do many other things. *It does work. No one can resist this command power.* See for yourself:

**GETS SHY BOYFRIEND TO PROPOSE MARRIAGE**—Marilyn K. was in love with Kevin. They had dated for two years and were very much in love, but Kevin was shy and couldn't muster up enough courage to propose. Marilyn then tried my method of contacting Kevin's subconscious mind and suggesting that he propose. Later—out of the blue—Kevin popped the question!

**WOMAN GETS PROMOTION AND DOUBLES HER SALARY**—Judy K. wanted to be promoted to a new position that was opening up where she worked. She knew she could handle the job, but she needed a chance to prove herself. A few weeks after she used an OMNI-COSMICS technique to tap her boss's mind, she was called into his office and given the job. A year later, she doubled her salary!

What's more, with the Miracle Power of OMNI-COSMICS, you'll be able to know the innermost thoughts of people in the next hour or thousands of miles away—or even what a person is thinking when you talk to him on the telephone!

### USE OMNI-COSMICS TO PROGRAM A PROTECTIVE FORCE AROUND YOU!

Today we live in an age with many negative influences around us. If you believe that voodoo and psychic assault does not exist in this Twentieth Century, you are incorrect. Negative forces do exist today and they do work.

Now, with OMNI-COSMICS, you can build a protective force around you so that you will have nothing to fear at all. That's just what John and Pamela did—and look at how they were saved.

**INVISIBLE FORCE SAVES MAN FROM DROWNING**—John K., a fair swimmer, went out too far one day. When he was in the middle of the lake and there was no one in sight, he became very tired and started to sink. Somehow John, a regular user of OMNI-COSMICS, was saved. He didn't know how he got back to shore for he had felt an invisible force carrying him over the top of the water to land safely. OMNI-COSMICS saved him from drowning!

**OMNI-COSMICS SAVES LIFE OF YOUNG LADY**—Pamela, a young student in one of my classes who habitually uses the protective powers of OMNI-COSMICS, was driving on a city street one day and heard a voice say "Stop or you will be killed." It was lucky she did, for another car went through the intersection at a high rate of speed. She would have been killed or seriously injured if she had not stopped.

You'll also see how, with OMNI-COSMIC protective powers, other people were able to repel a black magic attack... reverse a voodoo curse... travel with safety... get saved from a mugging attempt... and much more. THEY DID IT—AND SO CAN YOU!

### SEE HOW TO USE OMNI-COSMIC POWER FOR INSTANT HEALING!

Do you want perfect health! OMNI-COSMIC healing power will respond *immediately* when you use the right power ritual. After a while, all illness and pain will disappear.

**OVERCOMES SERIOUS KIDNEY ILLNESS**—Terry J., a dear friend of mine, had just found out that he had a very serious kidney ailment. His doctor told him that his condition would shorten his life and that he "needed rest." But two months after he used an OMNI-COSMICS health ritual I showed him, his doctors were amazed to discover that his kidneys were in *perfect working condition* and that *no signs of illness existed.*

**HEALS ULCER AND IMPROVES BAD HEART CONDITION**—Perry had a very bad heart condition and also a serious ulcer. His doctor wanted to remove his ulcer, but was afraid to operate because of the heart condition. But when Perry went back to his doctor after using an OMNI-COSMICS ritual I showed him, his ulcer had healed and his heart condition was greatly improved!

With my PERFECT HEALTH ritual, soon you will feel your body becoming stronger, healthier and more dynamic. I DID IT—SO YOU CAN! Just look...

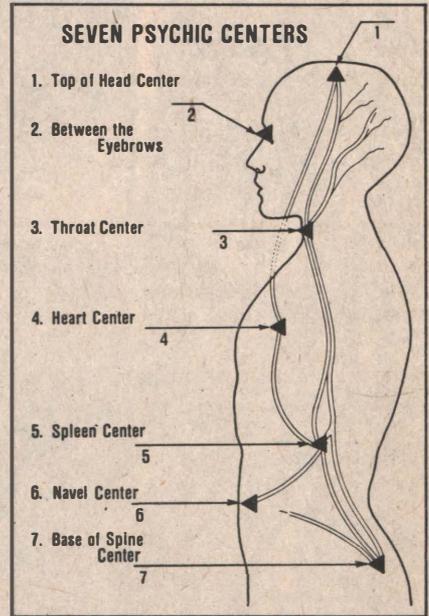
I was told when I was very ill with asthma, that I would have to use a breathing machine three times a day for the rest of my life. My doctor told me that only one out of a hundred was ever cured of this disease.

But I refused to accept this. By tuning in my OMNI-COSMICS power, I was able to get better and eventually cure the asthma! So why suffer from less-than-perfect health when you can discover how OMNI-COSMICS can be used to overcome nervous stomach, migraine headaches, skin blemishes, and insomnia... lower high blood pressure... and heal ulcers? In fact, with OMNI-COSMICS, you'll even see how to lose weight effortlessly and be more youthful with lots of energy!

### MIRACULOUS WEIGHT CONTROL AND MORE YOUTHFUL ENERGY!

Yes, with OMNI-COSMICS, you can lose weight and be thin for the rest of your life! Look at these astonishing cases:

**LOSES 95 POUNDS IN SIX MONTHS!**—Samantha was 235



pounds at age 29. She had never had a date and was resigned to her dull life of work and watching television every night. But after using an OMNI-COSMICS ritual I showed her, Samantha lost 95 pounds and met a young man. She is now happier than she has ever been in her entire life!

**LOSES 50 POUNDS AND GETS A MINK COAT**—Joyce W. was 50 pounds overweight and suffered from high blood pressure, arthritis, and other ailments that kept her feeling sick most of the time. But after using OMNI-COSMICS power, she was able to lose those 50 pounds. Her health improved and she looked and felt like a new person. In fact, her husband was so proud of her new figure, he bought her a mink coat for her birthday!

### OMNI-COSMICS RESPONDS AT ONCE!

Tap OMNI-COSMICS power *instantly* for it responds at once. You can use it, as others have, to avoid trouble, accidents and bad health... predict the future with 85-90 per cent accuracy... know when you are lucky... make the right decision when faced with many choices... and more!

With your OMNI-COSMICS ability, you will be able to tap into the spirit world and contact your loved ones, friends or people you want to meet to convey messages to you. You will be able to tap into what's going on in time and space, and pick up information about UFO's and life outside our planet earth.

### YOURS TO PROVE—FOR 30 DAYS—AT OUR RISK!

See for yourself how easy it is. Try it at our risk! Fair enough? Send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Most sincerely,

Ann Fisher

Ann Fisher

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# PSYCHICS ALERT THE WORLD:



# ***1982 WILL BE THE YEAR OF THE GREAT U.F.O. INVASION***





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**Is it possible that mankind is about to be admitted to the "cosmic fellowship?" If what many prominent psychics say is true, in a few short years friendly UFO-nauts will land on Earth en masse to reveal their true purposes!**

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■ All over the world, psychics have in recent months received strange premonitions of an event unprecedented in human history that will take place in 1982. No matter where you are or what you are doing in 1982, you will know of this event when it happens. It will be an event that will make virtually every other event in history seem insignificant by comparison.

For if these psychics are correct, 1982 will be the year that the UFO-nauts will land on Earth en masse and reveal their true purposes to the people of Earth and their leaders!

"The mass landing will take place in all major world capitals on June 24,

1982," claims famed California psychic Barry Andrews of San Francisco. "Landings will additionally be made in many of the larger American cities, such as Los Angeles, Chicago, Atlanta, Boston, and, of course, New York. Their intentions will be strictly peaceful. The UFO peoples are all representatives of more highly advanced civilizations that have evolved spiritually and morally as well as scientifically. They feel that by 1982 we humans will have qualified for admission to the cosmic fellowship."

Even for someone with the stature of Barry Andrews, such statements are difficult to believe. Yet his record of success in predictions is well over 92%, and even the wrong predictions were partially correct, such as predicting an earthquake on the correct day but in the wrong area. He was tested by psychic researchers from a leading Southeastern university and he consistently predicted successfully the various tosses of dice and card combinations that the researchers use to test for psychic ability. Barry Andrews compiled a record with the researchers that could only be duplicated by chance at odds of a million to one! The researchers, in fact, never bothered to publish their

report; they knew in advance that no one would believe them. Yet they still are in contact with Andrews, using his predictions as the standard against which to measure the psychic abilities of others!

I had met Barry several times in the past, and had been impressed by his personal qualities as well as by his psychic abilities. I was willing to believe just about anything he told me, but a worldwide mass UFO landing in 1982? I was filled with questions when I recently met Barry in San Francisco for an interview.

"Barry, just what makes you so sure that all these landings will take place on June 24, 1982?" I asked.

"I'm surprised you haven't figured that out for yourself. It was on June 24, 1947 that Kenneth Arnold saw the first flying saucers in modern times. That was the starting point for all the UFO activity we have today. You're going to see a lot more unusual UFO events being reported until 1982, when all hell will break loose. And it will all culminate on June 24 of that year. The UFO beings are aware of our ways of measuring time and so they have decided to stage the mass landing and contact on the anniversary of that first,

Television Psychic Bob Ferguson shows you

# MAGIC WORDS TO COMMAND MIRACLES OF WEALTH, LOVE, AND HEALTH—IN MINUTES!

Here is staggering proof, based on actual reported miracles, that what has worked for thousands will absolutely work for you!

Yes, how would you like to say some magic words, and be showered with hundreds of dollars in as little as 45 minutes! Or use amazing healing words, and get rid of crippling ailments instantly! Do you realize that it is possible to instantly and secretly command others to do your bidding . . . punish evil doers . . . see behind closed doors . . . be anything and have anything your heart desires . . . with magic words so simple yet so powerful, they can only be described as miraculous!

Yes, soon miracles will be happening to you every day, with the amazing secret of PSYCHIC TELEMETRY! My name is Robert A. Ferguson. You may have seen me on TV. I have shown hundreds how to use this amazingly simple power to command instant miracles to happen in minutes!

Impossible? I have staggering proof that it's not only possible but absolutely true and that this MIRACLE POWER WILL ABSOLUTELY WORK FOR YOU—to change your life from poverty to riches, from poor health to radiant new health, to bring whatever you desire almost instantly! I'm not exaggerating when I say the sky's the limit!

## POSITIVE PROOF THAT I SAY IS TRUE!

Right now I'm going to prove to you how easily PSYCHIC TELEMETRY works for you. Remember, I cannot profit by exaggeration. What I tell you has got to be true, and it costs you nothing to find out for yourself.

• **HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS IN 45 MINUTES!** I have a report here from Mary D. who needed \$400 quickly. She had no idea where she could get the needed money. Her sister gave her a Psychic Telemetry Enchantment to say. In only 45 minutes, she received \$400 from an unexpected source!

That's chickenfeed compared to the staggering results many others have achieved with these magic words! Dave E. had been unable to find a job, and had only 3 days left before having to pay a big bill. He didn't have a cent. In one session, I showed him how to use the Psychic Telemetry Prosperity Ritual. The next morning, he was all smiles, as he reported a sudden windfall of \$2,000—more than enough to pay the bill. A miracle! Of course! Yet just a very average example of the power of these magic words!

Dave used the Prosperity Ritual at about 9:00 P.M. At 8:00 A.M. the following morning, he got the money! As simple as that! I HAVE HUNDREDS OF CASES ON FILE, PROVING HOW EASILY MIRACLES HAPPEN with these magic words! Before I give you the next case, let me say this: **DO YOU NEED MONEY?** Say the powerful words on page 37! With this secret, money is always available to you!

You can get any amount of money at any time you need it! I am telling you the sky's the limit on how much money you can ask for and receive quickly with this power! Proof?

## HOW AGNES C. WON OVER \$500,000 WITH THE WORDS FOR WINNING CONTESTS!

Agnes C. was told about enchantments and spells, but insisted that she possessed no psychic powers and never had any psychic experiences. Here's what happened: she kept dreaming of a man in a flowing robe with dollar signs all over it, holding up 7 fingers, saying: "A dollar a day keeps poverty away!" She purchased a one-dollar lottery ticket.

"I simply could not believe it when my number was drawn for the grand prize (7 days later). I still can't believe it," she says. "I won over a half-million dollars." Agnes and her family are now enjoying their new lakefront home with its private boat house and dock. They have two expensive autos and all the other luxuries money can buy.

The point is: YOU CAN USE THE SAME SECRET! You'll find the very words she used on page 37 of my book, and it won't cost you a single cent to find out what they are, and how they'll work for you.

## MAGIC WORDS FOR MIRACLE HEALING!

Before I tell you how YOU may achieve a MIRACLE HEALING, let me tell you how a man was healed of arthritis in FIFTEEN MINUTES! A friend of mine, Louie A., tried the power Ritual for Magnetic Healing on page 146 on his next-door neighbor, Ken, who was confined to a wheelchair with arthritis. In a matter of minutes, the crippled man was WALKING! "I haven't been able to walk for months," he said, "and you got me out of my wheelchair."

Since that day, Louie has been able to heal "incurable" diseases! AND YOU CAN DO THE VERY SAME THING! This is just an average case. With this power, you can command healings like this on almost a daily basis. I'm telling you this power is FANTASTIC!

Look what you can do, with exact words I give you on page

139-140--

- Cure ulcers, nervous headache, and insomnia! Calm the nerves!
- Cure diseases of the liver and spleen—stop bleeding!
- Strengthen the eyes, control epilepsy and disorders of the stomach!
- Cure heart disease, increase circulation, and heal gout!
- Heal burns, conditions of the nose, throat and sinus, treat hay fever and asthma!

. . . and much more! With these words, you ask great rays of healing power to enfold you, pulsating within every nerve and cell of your body, cleansing, soothing and healing! Whatever you are trying to heal, you know the job will be done.

## MIRACLE CURES REPORTED!

Do you realize that it is possible to get rid of crippling ailments almost instantly with healing words? You can command that all sickness and disease be banished from your body! Here is a force so powerful that it almost defies description! It can heal a withered limb or return sight to the blind . . . raise the crippled from their beds! It has brought miracle cures to the suffering and the lame!

• **KIDNEY'S MIRACULOUSLY HEALED!** Evelina's only hope was to find a suitable kidney donor. She was so weak, it took two people to almost carry her to the hospital for her frequent treatments. There seemed to be little hope for her. With this method, she says—

"My whole body began to tingle—it felt like little electric shocks were playing games at the small of my back . . . suddenly . . . I knew I was healed! I leapt from my bed and ran into the living room screaming, 'I'M HEALED, I'M HEALED!' Our house was filled with tears of joy that night."

Today she is so healthy, she can hike and even climb mountains! It happens all the time with PSYCHIC TELEMETRY!

• **HOW HARVEY C.'s ASTHMA WAS CURED!** Harvey C. suffered asthma all his life. He could never run more than a few steps, without gasping for breath. Doctors were unable to cure it. I was so positive Harvey's asthma could be cured, I merely had him say the words on page 139-140. He never had another asthma attack! Now he can run and even play tennis!

• **HAROLD SAW HIS LUNG SPOT VANISH!** Harold F. was shocked, when told he had a spot on his lung, and needed an immediate operation. His wife quickly used the amazing healing words on page 145. The day before the operation, when x-rays were taken, the doctor was baffled. "I don't know how to explain this," he said. "Your lungs are perfectly clear."

## MAGIC FORCES THAT WORK MIRACLES

Once you call on them, powerful forces stand ready to fulfill your every command. You can be confident that they will work a miracle.

• **HOW ALLEN F. WON \$800 AT THE CRAP TABLE AFTER USING THE MAGIC WORDS ON PAGE 39!** Allen F. needed \$800 by Monday morning. It was Friday already, and things looked hopeless. He's never been inside a gambling casino and knew nothing about roulette, craps, or blackjack, but he had a strange urge to try it. With only \$1, he said the magic words on page 22, turned silently, and headed for the crap table. He threw the dice, and it came up 7. He tried it again and again. A crowd gathered. The dice were changed, but he kept throwing 7's. He walked away with \$800!

Anyone can use these magic words. When you use them, what you command does happen! You can count positively on real results. It always works! It is not evil—nor is it Black Magic. Like electricity, it is simply a power given by nature to make life easier!

• **MAGIC WORDS GIVE YOU POWER OVER OTHERS!** Say the magic words on page 44 to make others do your bidding. With this Enchantment, you send forth mystic rays of power to impress those whom you command to bend to your will at all times. It makes other people like putty in your hands! No one can resist you! Let me show you how easily this happens!

To use this power is simplicity itself! Say the magic words—then just sit back and relax. Within seconds, minutes at most, you will have a willing, obedient slave!

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

ROBERT A. FERGUSON, author, lecturer, and Psychic Telemetry teacher, has been involved in the occult field for over thirty years. He has been a frequent guest on many television talk shows, and has had articles published in magazines such as *National Enquirer*, *Occult*, *Psychic World*, and others. Mr. Ferguson has been called, "The leading authority in this field" by a number of prestigious Societies in England. He has also acted as psychic consultant to top American corporations and entertainment personalities.

others, you can secretly and invisibly watch their every move and hear their every word!

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• **MAGIC WORDS TO SEE INTO THE FUTURE!** There is no need to blindly stumble into the future. When you say the magic words on page 62, your psychic eyes will open, and you will see actual visions of future events. Vision upon vision will flash brilliantly into your mind. If there is danger ahead, Cosmic Mind will flash you the warning so a possible catastrophe can be avoided. If there is tremendous goodness in the future, all will be revealed to you!

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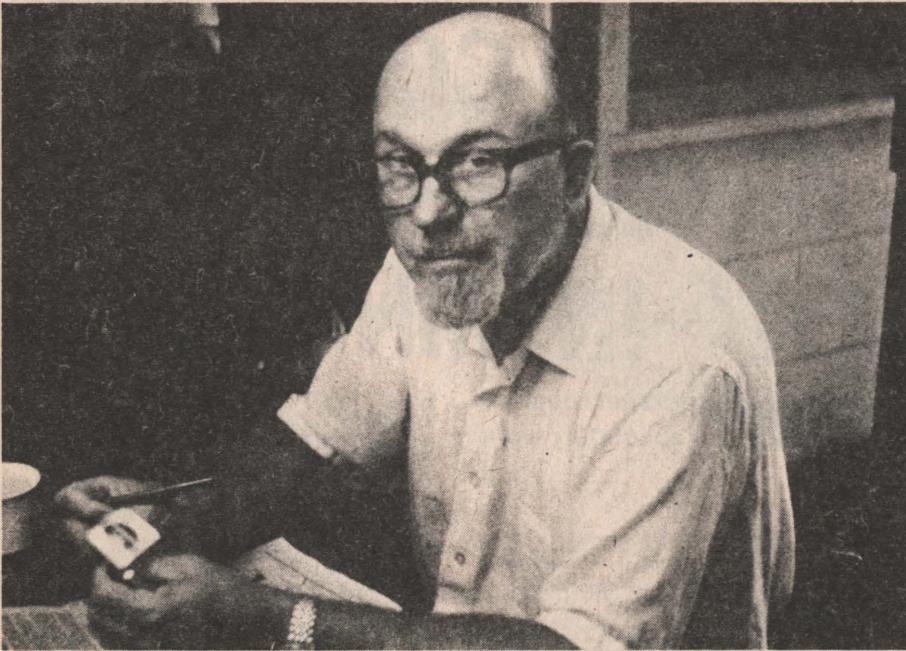
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◀ Many psychics believe their revelations are transmitted to them by an alien power. Is it possible this "alien power" is guiding the development of the human race by giving us selected glimpses of our own future?



Psychic Barry Andrews says orbiting extraterrestrials warned him telepathically of this earthquake in Brazil. Andrews immediately contacted authorities in Brazil—thanks to his prediction, no lives were injured.

Famed California psychic Barry Andrews claims to be in direct telepathic contact with the alien "overlords," who send him psychic signals warning of potential future disasters.



very brief encounter with Ken Arnold. "The UFO beings have approached us very carefully. You remember back in the early years, from 1947 to 1955, it was very rare to read or hear anything about landed UFOs or encounters with the UFO beings themselves. All UFO

reports were about the same — airplanes getting buzzed by UFOs, UFOs being spotted on radar, UFOs seen just flying by in the sky. These were all done by design. The UFO beings were studying us much like we study things under a microscope. They were



ESP expert Richard DuMont of New York City describes his vision of the 1982 UFO invasion: "I see a glowing disc hovering between the towers of the World Trade Center and a crowd gathering in the streets below, looking up in awe. All traffic will come to a standstill and one disc will even land right in Times Square."



Indiana psychic Margaret Powers believes that in less than a decade we will be engaged in a cultural and economic exchange with an extraterrestrial civilization. "Mankind will be able to make tremendous advances in all fields of endeavor once they decide the time is ripe to make contact," she says.

carefully mapping out our patterns of living, travel, and our natural resources. They were also monitoring our radio and television signals, and thus

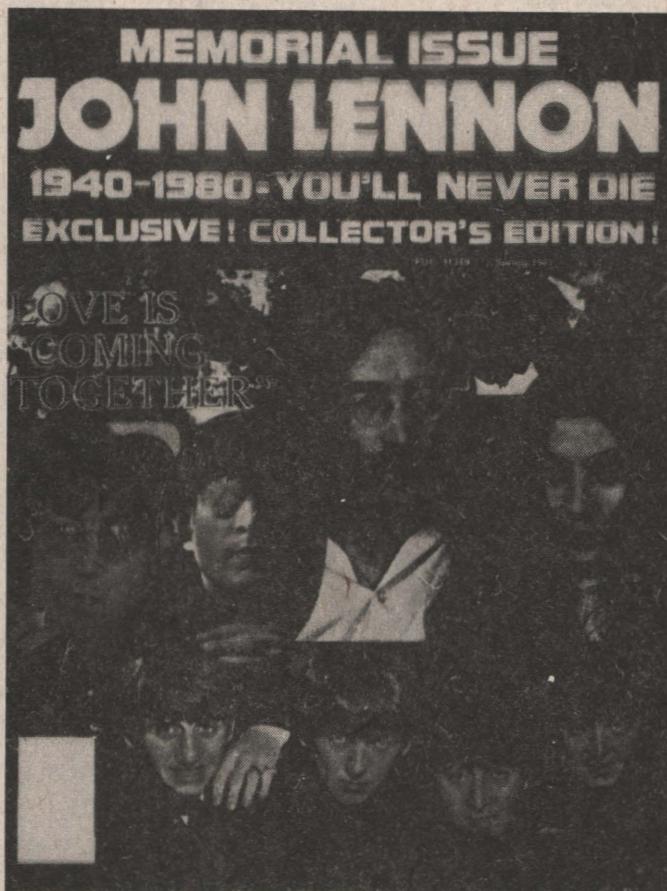
*(Continued on page 58)*

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# HUMANOID INVADE ENGLAND



Shot taken from files of Space Probe, a British-based UFO organization. Three witnesses saw this humanoid creature materialize, seemingly out of nowhere, about 3 a.m. on a country road outside the village of Kendal. "I slammed on the brakes when I saw this thing in front of us," said Alicia Tennyson, the driver of the vehicle. "It was gesturing, like it was trying to tell us something . . . then suddenly it just disappeared."

**An unusually large number of close encounters of the third kind were reported in Great Britain in 1976 — so many, in fact, that some observers are convinced a humanoid invasion took place!**

■ The UFO phenomenon is a global one and cases of great importance have occurred in almost every nation over the past thirty years. Great Britain has had its fair share, but because it is a small and densely populated country it has not had a high percentage of close encounters of the

third kind. This definition, coined by Allan Hynek, refers to reported observations of entities seen associated with UFOs.

Despite this limitation 1976 has proved an important year for such sightings in the British Isles, and the number of observations has exceeded

# DO SPACE ALIENS CONTROL

## GREAT BRITAIN?

the average quite considerably. The purpose of this article is to summarize some of the events which make the year comparable to 1973 in the U.S.A. — a year termed by Dave Webb and Ted Bloecher "The Year of the Humanoids."

Early on in the year we discovered a very strange report, which was important for the manner in which it related to other such experiences the world over. Readers are particularly asked to note the similarities with the famous encounter of Betty and Barney Hill.

For reasons of confidentiality we are forced to refer to the participant as Mr. L. The events took place in a small town close to Leeds in West Yorkshire, in the northern part of England. It has been preceded by

According to a highly placed government source, the alleged humanoid remains found in Aurora are being kept for study in this sealed, pressurized vault in a government lab in London.



**Exclusive find!** Ancient computers left here long ago by alien visitors?! Computers in photo were found in partially collapsed cavern discovered deep underground by English police five miles outside a country village called Rawlings. Apparently the government was completely unaware of the existence of this complex. Furthermore, it is reported that many of the machines found are entirely unknown among computer scientists. Their function has not yet been conclusively determined, but there is a certain amount of evidence to indicate they are capable of linking up with any communications network in the world. It is incredible and frightening to think of it, but it is rumoured that this complex was once the basis for an attempt to control worldwide communications—although no one in a position of authority knows of any country on Earth which has the capability to produce these machines.

strange events in the home of the witness over a year or so before (often a feature of such accounts), but the main encounter took place in February 1976.

Mr. L. is employed by the local government and is a respected member of the community. He had retired to bed when suddenly two entities appeared by his side. One was between six feet six inches and seven feet tall, and the other a few inches smaller. They possessed long, thin faces with an extended nose and thin lips. The

eyes were narrow, with pupils like those of a cat and the skin color was ashen grey. They were dressed in a white, one-piece suit with a belt and a high neck.

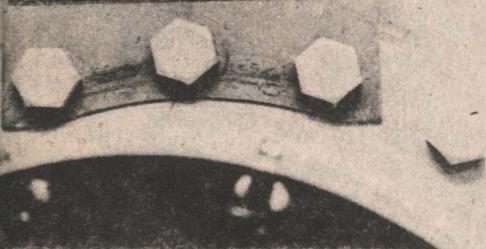
A feeling of warmth radiated from the entities, but they appeared to L to be troubled so he asked what was wrong. He was shown a mental picture of a piece of 'U' tubing which was 6 inches long and a quarter-inch wide. It needed repairing and he "thought" that this should be simple. They asked

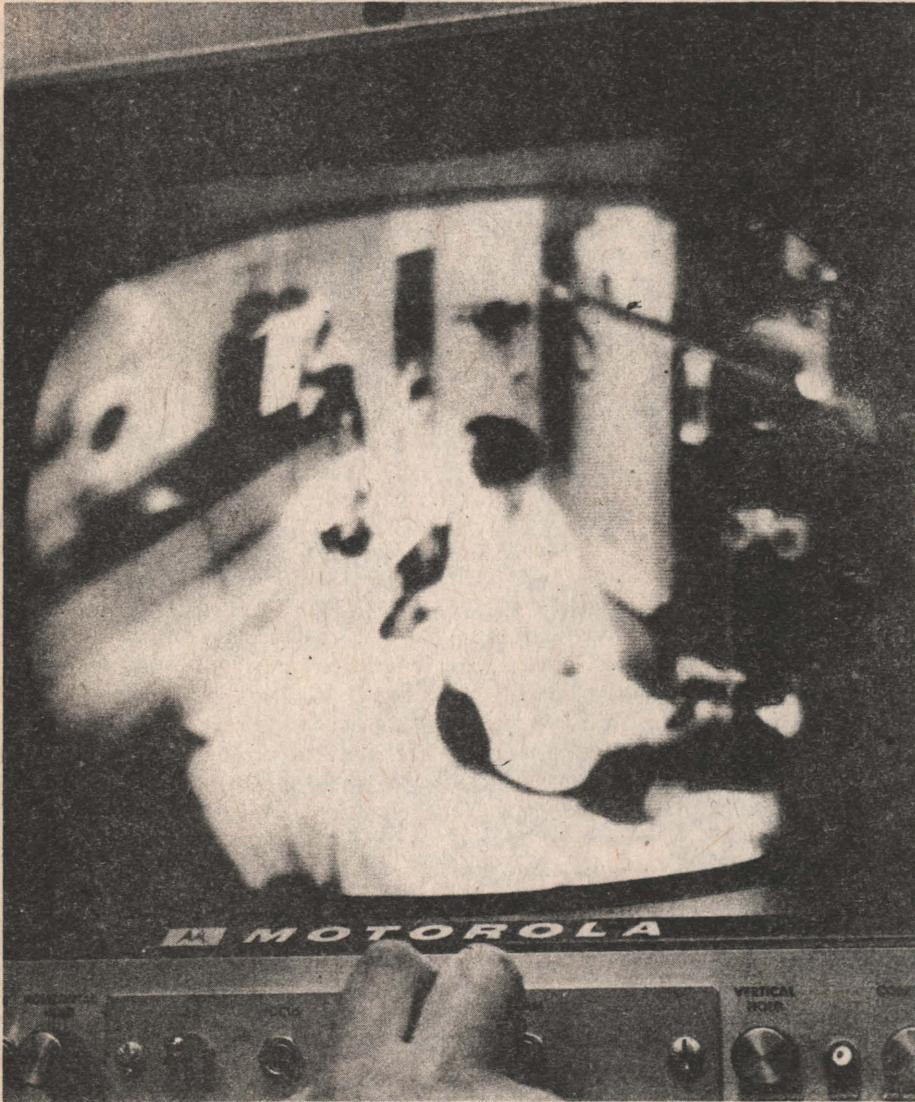
if he would like to see their craft and he said that he would.

The method of transfer to the craft was unusual. He was told to lie flat with his arms folded over his chest (rather like a mummy). His feet were placed together with his toes pointing upwards. He now felt paralyzed and a tingling sensation spread through his body. Slowly he felt himself being drawn upwards into the object, which he assumes must have been hovering outside his home.

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PRESSURE AND THEN OPEN DOOR.  
3. CLOSE VALVE AND DOOR.





The object itself he describes as looking like a bathtub placed upside down. It was glowing a golden colour. His memory is by now very hazy and he can only recall brief snatchés of what transpired on board. He is also unaware of how long he was there. Unfortunately, regression hypnosis is not utilized so freely in Britain as it is in the USA and consequently we are often left with more sketchy outlines of such events than we would like.

He recalls being inside a large room and lying on a table. This was long and flat and he felt in an anesthetized condition, much as one does when one is immediately about to undergo surgery. He was completely unable to move, but was aware of his surroundings. There were eight entities like the two he had seen in his room. They were stood in pairs. Above his head was a

large machine shaped like an eye. This was a purple/red colour and seemed to be exploring his body. L asked many questions but received a cool response. He is not entirely certain what he did ask, but he knows that one question was about the religion of these entities and the existence of God. He was told in reply 'An insignificant being such as a worm should not ask such things. A thousand of your years are but a day to us.' L. made a

large machine shaped like an eye. This was a purple/red colour and seemed to be exploring his body.

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"I was strapped to a long, cold, metallic table. Eight human-like entities with unusually pointed features surrounded the table, peering down at me as if I were an insignificant microbe being minutely observed through a microscope. 'Do not move. As long as you remain perfectly still until we have completed our tests, you will feel no pain. If you struggle you will only increase your own discomfort.'"

Possible humanoid remains? Strang-looking head found in early 1961 in Aurora, England. Head was found encased in unidentified concrete-like material, within which was a quantity of fluid which has since been shown to have preservative properties. Authorities in Aurora agree head is not human, but cannot establish what species it in fact comes from.



brief attempt to free himself but immediately received this warning: "Do not move. As long as you remain perfectly still until we have completed our tests, you will feel no pain. If you struggle, you will only increase your own discomfort." The next thing he recalls is being back in his room with the two original beings by his side. They told him that they were leaving and that he would be unable to move for a while. The tingling sensation returned and the entities vanished.

# HUMANOIDS INVADE ENGLAND

After about five minutes he found that he was able to move.

Following this encounter L. complained of pain in the base of his skull, behind his ear and in his abdomen. No physical causation was found, and they disappeared after some months.

In conclusion to this report it must be said that Mr. L. was subject to a psychological examination and that the opinion of the psychiatrist (not directly involved in ufology I might add) was that this was a kind of hallucination — known as 'Hypnogogic'. This means it occurred in a state just before sleeping. There is no indication that the witness knew a great amount of detail about contact or abduction stories (they are not widely publicized in the K) and this poses some interesting questions about how such a remarkably similar account to many viewed as genuine could be dreamed up. We, of course, do not fully understand the mechanism of such close encounters, but it seems quite feasible that a state akin to hallucination is an inherent attribute of them. One must also notice the fact that L. claims to have seen the entities in his home prior to the alleged abduction. This type of experience is quite commonly reported in such instances.

On a much less subjective footing we have the experience of Mrs. Kent, a middle aged lady from Higher Fold — a town in Greater Manchester. On May 11 she set off at 6.10 am to deliver a pair of tights to her daughters before leaving for work. She walked through the crisp, bright sunlight and passed by a small hillock which was formerly a slag heap but had been grassed over by the local authorities. Here she saw a most puzzling sight.

Atop the hillock was a silvery sphere which beamed a light from its central portion down towards her. Standing beside it was a man wearing a completely silvery suit. He wore a cloak with lapels and a pointed hat. Tops of boots were visible over the edge of the grass. His arms hung down straight by his side and he just stared towards her. Because of the brilliance of the reflection in the sunlight she could not see detail on his face.

In her drawing Mrs. Kent shows the entity larger than the craft by his side, but this was quite probably a perspective effect. The top of the hillock is

flat and the sphere may well have been more distance back from the entity.

She completed her mission to her daughters and passed by five minutes later. Both figure and sphere were still there. There was nobody about at this early hour and she was now frightened that 'he' might follow her. So she took a different way home.

At 6:40 am she had to pass the area again on her way to work. She approached with some trepidation but there was no sign of figure or sphere. Investigation found no traces which could be conclusively related to the presence of anything unusual on the top of the hill.

Throughout the Summer word came of a strange series of events in Belfast, the city in Northern Ireland torn by constant fighting and bombing. A housewife called Mrs. Hamilton, struggling to bring up her family amidst this turmoil was apparently having regular trips with spacemen.

The case has taken a long time to investigate, and indeed is still underway as she still meets these entities — so she says. No conclusive indicators have been found although it is remarkably similar in many of its attributes to Mr. L.

Briefly she says that the entities, dressed flamboyantly in gay earth-type clothes materialise frequently about the house. Only she can see them, although people have been found who admit to having seen strange lights in the sky when Mrs. Hamilton says that spacecraft are there. She claims to have been spiritually lifted into their craft in a manner much like that of Mr. L. (neither case has received the publicity which could possibly account for the similarity).

She has never seen the craft from the outside, but inside it consists of many large rooms all completely clean (like a hospital — of Mr. L.). Often she has been shown Ireland from the air, and the entities wish her to solve the troubles by writing a book (to their instruction) about their various methods of doing this. In return she has been given 'psychic powers' by her friends. They have provided protection for her family, and often given beneficial predictions by them.

They have told her that they come from undiscovered planets, but have bases on the dark side of the moon. They also have abducted people from the earth and many of those who disappear without trace are actually living with them.

On September 3 another fairly

straightforward sighting occurred at the village of Fencehouses in County Durham in the extreme north of England. This involved two women, one aged 63 and one aged 18. Both were very frightened after their experience.

At 9 pm they were walking past a piece of derelict land, mow levelled for building. They came across a strange object resting on a mound of earth. It was only about five feet long and 3 to 3½ feet high. These measurements are considered quite accurate as the witnesses approached right up to it. The central portion was like a bullet with a flattened end, apparently of a glass like material. On top was a bright orange dome and the whole thing was resting on runners like sledges made of chrome or steel like material.

The witnesses, without fear, were almost hypnotically attracted towards the object. As they approached the moderate breeze around them seemed to stop and a trancelike silence pervaded the air. The trees stopped swaying and the traffic noise from the busy road nearby stopped completely. Their watches stopped also — although there was no subsequent effect on them. The whole situation was reminiscent of being suspended in time.

The elderly lady was able to touch the craft with one hand and felt its smooth sides and a warmth generated by it. Suddenly two very small entities appeared by the side of the craft. They looked like dolls, but had long white hair parted down the middle and claw like hands. Their eyes were large and staring. They seemed to be startled by the arrival of the witnesses and put their hands to their faces covering them.

The story becomes somewhat confused at this juncture, but it seems that the entities quickly scrambled back inside and the craft took off into the air straight upwards making a humming noise.

There is one other thing to mention here, concerning a possible physical effect on the elderly witness (who remember claims to have run one hand along the side of the craft). The next day she was trying to plug a vacuum cleaner into the wall socket but found that some force kept pushing her hand back. Her daughter had to do this for her after she had tried several times, but had no trouble.

The above cases had almost no publicity of any kind (indeed only the Mrs. Hamilton case has been published outside of UFO circles) but the final case in this review has had a pheno-

menal amount of media interest. This is quite strange in view of the previous conservatism of the British press and television. However, Mrs. Bowles (the chief subject of this encounter) has appeared on television on at least three occasions (once a full programme was devoted to the affair).

The first hint of anything happening was on November 14 when Mrs. Joyce Bowles and a friend, Mr. Ted Pratt, were driving off the Winchester by-pass in Hampshire close to the village of Chilcombe. The lane is narrow and dark and the couple had already seen a strange light in the sky before they turned onto it.

As they turned into the lane Mrs. Bowles, who was driving, began to lose control of the car and it appeared to jump across the road onto a grass verge. Here the lights and engine cut out and they were confronted with a cigar shaped object glowing orange sitting on the grass in front of them.

Suddenly they were aware of an entity coming from the craft towards them. He was tall and wore a one piece boiler suit. He was bearded. His eyes, claims Mrs. Bowles, were glowing pink as he approached the car, put one hand on the roof and stooped down to look in. As he glanced at the dashboard the engine, which Mr. Pratt had turned OFF, came to life and the headlights glowed fiercely, far brighter than normal.

Mrs. Bowles became terrified and clutched hold of her friend. Neither of them saw the entity of object vanish, but when they looked again they had both gone.

It was this event which led to the furor of publicity, but following it Mrs. Bowles and her friend were to have an even stranger encounter on December 31 in the same Hampshire countryside around Winchester.

On this occasion the couple heard a sound (as with the Hill story) and they found themselves and the car INSIDE the craft and surrounded by three beings, one of which was the entity first encountered. It transpired that the car had been marked in some fashion so that they might be followed, and a rather bizarre confrontation occurred with Mrs. Bowles, tongue in cheek, quipping back and forth with the supposed aliens. For example:

When the entity told them that they had not come to harm anyone or to invade Mrs. Bowles replied, 'That's what Hitler said.'

Expecting wrathful repercussions all she received was the response, 'You have a very strong tongue'

After a further series of conversations, many of which Mrs. Bowles cannot recall they found themselves back in their car — several miles from where the abduction allegedly occurred.

It should be mentioned in passing here that on the same date, in the early hours of the morning, a woman in Bignall End in the Midlands observed an orange spherical object for over an hour (seen also by several other witnesses). Watching from her bedroom window she says that she saw two entities like soldiers walking about in front of the craft.

The Bowles/Pratt affair is certainly remarkable, although it should be noted

that it is not viewed with universal acceptance by the majority of ufologists in Britain. It is true that Mrs. Bowles has all the hallmarks of the contactee, especially in the fact that she has had many psychic experiences in the past and also now claims to have seen the 'spacemen' around her house before the first sighting with Mr. Pratt occurred. Nonetheless, there is some indication of riding upon the publicity which followed and in March 1977 she even claimed to have had a third meeting with her space friends (this time without Ted Pratt who became rather fed up with the whole thing and fell out with Mrs. Bowles!). On this occasion she was with another woman and she claims that she was given a message by an entity which took her hand. Of course, as we might expect, she cannot reveal what this message is.

1976 was certainly a very interesting year and I believe that there is an important thread that can be picked up throughout these, and other, contact experiences. We can learn a good deal about the origination of the UFO phenomenon from their study. This theme has been expanded upon in a book by myself and Peter Warrington published in 1978.

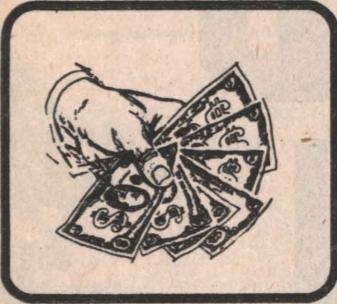
**Top UFO Investigators have declared 1976 Britain's "Year of the Humanoids." Is it possible that human-like aliens are living among us?**

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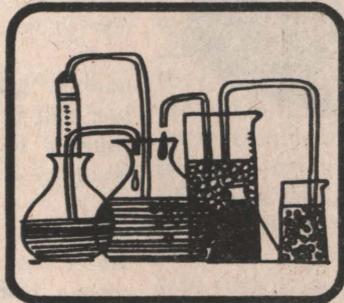
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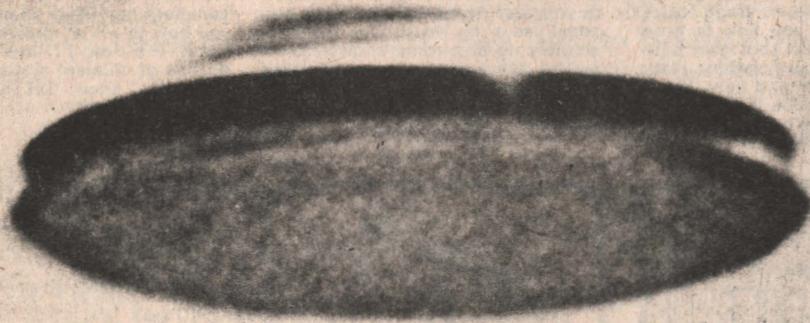
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# HUNTED DOWN BY A U.F.O.



The fact that extraterrestrials have the technology to travel halfway across the universe leaves no doubt that their intelligence far surpasses our own — which means they may value human life about as much as we value the lives of the animals we hunt for sport!

Jim Strachey stands by tree where he insists he was cornered by hostile aliens. Strange baseball-sized welt on Strachey's left shoulder substantiates his claim that he was hit by beam from a UFO.

■ "Tom, I've got to talk to you about something — privately. But you've got to promise me that you'll keep anything I tell you a secret."

I agreed, but I was puzzled. Jim Strachey had been a friend of mine for years. I had never known him to be paranoid or even having any secrets worth keeping. Jim was a solid family man in his early 40s, three kids, a supervisor at a local factory and active in his church. He was straight, reliable, no quirks at all. People spoke well of him in the medium-sized Southern city where we both lived.

I'm a newspaper reporter by trade. I also have a deep interest in UFOs, although only my friends know about it. Jim is one of those who know, and he never missed an opportunity to kid me about it.

When I arrived at Jim's house I knew immediately something was desperately wrong. Jim was friendly and outgoing, as always, but it was forced; he laughed like someone in a hospital bed who laughed despite the pain. His eyes frightened me. They were not the eyes of an angry man but rather the eyes of a fearful man. Here, I said to myself, is a very, very scared man.

I couldn't restrain my thoughts any longer. "Jim, what in hell is wrong with you?"

Jim breathed deeply. He seemed tired, as if what was troubling him had drained every last ounce of nervous energy out of him. He began to speak slowly in a halting voice.

"I was out hunting on Frank's land a week ago, up near the creek where you bagged that buck about a year ago." I knew the area well. So did every deer hunter in the county. "You know it's not the season yet, but Frank said he didn't care as long as I didn't tell the game warden if I got caught. Well, you see, I couldn't go to the police when it happened to me. They wouldn't believe me in the first place and I'd probably end up in court for hunting before the season. Hell, I can't even tell my family because they'd think I



was crazy too. But I know you believe in this kind of stuff, Tom. You might not believe this really happened, I can't blame you if you don't, but I swear with God as my witness that it really happened."

"What *did* happen, Jim?" I asked.

"Tom, I saw a UFO in those woods and some men came out of it and hunted me just like you and I hunt a deer!"

Very few things can shock you after you've been a newspaper reporter for a few years. You cover the disasters, accidents and murders and you get to the point where you can be nonchalant around blood and death. You run into all sorts of crazies and hear bizarre stories every day. Pretty soon you develop a "nose" for what's real and what's fake. I knew Jim was telling me the truth. There was no way he could fake such naked, total fear.

"Jim, there's quite a few bizarre UFO cases on record where cars and airplanes have been followed by UFOs. There have been a lot of well-documented encounters where UFO pilots have abducted people and taken them aboard UFOs. Remember when I told you about the Betty and Barney Hill case?" Jim nodded. "A lot of scary things have happened to people who have run into UFOs and their pilots. You might think your story is unbelievable, but chances are that there have been some similar cases in the past."

Jim suddenly began to unbutton his shirt. "I've got some proof of my story if you need it, Tom. I can prove what happened to me," he said. My eyes

became riveted to his left shoulder. It looked badly reddened all over with a baseball-sized area on the front of the shoulder, just above the armpit, that was peeling and crinkled. Small white dots, like tiny blisters, were scattered throughout the injured area. I didn't want to but I shuddered visibly.

"Good Lord, Jim!" I exploded, "You've got to get yourself to a doctor!"

"And tell him that I got shot in the shoulder by a beam from a flying saucer?" Jim smiled as if unwinding a bit. "Believe it or not, it doesn't hurt a bit. Doesn't seem to be infected any either. Actually, it's a lot better than when I got shot a week ago. My whole shoulder was torn up pretty bad then. I told the wife I got it hurt while at work."

"You got shot by a beam from a UFO?" I asked in amazement.

"That wasn't even the half of it," Jim said as he buttoned up his shirt. His mood abruptly turned grim. "I spent a couple of hours in pure-hell."

"Start at the beginning and tell me all about it," I said as I switched on my portable tape recorder. For the next hour I heard a tale so bizarre and frightening that I wouldn't have believed it for a second if it hadn't been Jim telling it to me. Here is the story in Jim's own words, as I transcribed them later from the tape recording:

"Like I said, I was out hunting for deer on Frank's land a little bit before the season started, and I was up in that area near the creek. That's a sweet spot, because if you wait long enough there'll be some good game coming

◀ Reports of flying saucers are not uncommon around Fort Mill, South Carolina, Strachey's home town. This craft was spotted two miles from the site of Strachey's encounter, in April, 1973.

down to drink out of the creek. I kept down low along the creek in the brush for about an hour or so until I finally heard some movement. I eased up real slow to take a look and saw the prettiest eight-point buck easing out of the woods on the other side toward the creek. He went down to the water's edge for a drink and I lined him up in my rifle scope for a good shot when he raised his head back up.

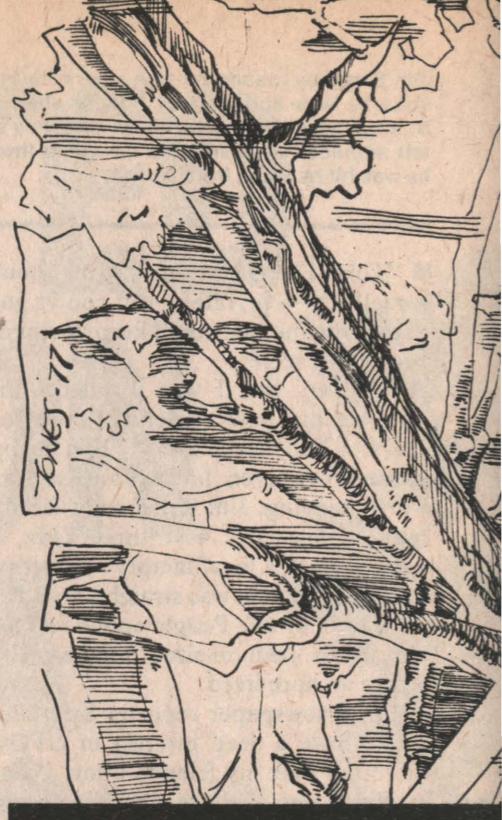
"He raised back up and I drew a bead on him. But just as I was about to pull the trigger something must have spooked him because he took off. I was so keyed up and ready to fire that my finger pulled the trigger even though I had lost the buck. I was cussing myself after I shot, thinking that any second that game warden would show up and start asking me what I was up to in the woods with a 30.06 rifle before deer season was open. But then all of a sudden I heard a loud 'ping!' sound from across the creek. I didn't know

what to think. That shot I fired hit something across the creek, something that sounded like it was made out of metal.

"Now you and I both have been across the other side of the creek and know there's nothing made of metal over there. In fact, just a short ways behind those woods is that clearing where Frank used to let those cattle he once had graze. I thought maybe somebody was running a moonshine still on Frank's property. Anyway, like a damn fool, I decided I'd cross the creek and find out what I had hit.

"This time of year that creek's no more than ankle deep and no trouble to cross. I decided whatever I hit would be in the clearing behind the woods so I walked straight through the woods to the clearing.

"When I got to the clearing I saw this circular, disc-shaped thing laying on the ground. I guess it was about 40 feet in diameter and looked like bright,





shiny aluminum. I know this sounds crazy when I say it but at the time I didn't realize what I was looking at. I honestly thought it was some kind of secret government aircraft that the Air Force or NASA was testing. I wasn't a bit scared, just real curious. I walked out of the edge of the woods and right into the clearing toward the thing. I walked about 30 feet when I first caught sight of them.

"I don't know what they were. They might've been humans, or spacemen, or devils, I don't know. They were about three and a half feet tall, wearing these silvery looking suits. On their heads they were wearing these helmets like motorcycle riders wear,

except they were made of a real shiny material that reflected light almost like a mirror. I couldn't see any details on their face because they had this real dark glass cover all the way across the front of the helmet. I'd say the cover was glass but that's just a guess. It could've been plastic or just about anything I suppose. I couldn't see any seams or buttons on the outside of their suits. It was very tight, like a second skin. I didn't see any hoses or tanks on any of them.

"A funny thing was their hands. They didn't have gloves, but wore mittens. Their thumbs were really unusual, because they looked to me like their thumbs were as long as the rest of

their fingers. Of course, I could be wrong about this since I never saw any of their fingers, only those mittens. I saw four of them, and they were chattering back and forth among each other in the strangest language I've ever heard. You know, I was in Korea and Japan when I was in the Army and I've heard all sorts of strange languages but I've never heard anything that weird. They were jabbering and pointing to the side of their flying saucer. I then realized that I must have hit it with my rifle shot and they were probably wondering who had hit them.

"I just stood there dumbfounded. I was so surprised that I couldn't move or speak. I knew I was awake but I felt



Can it be mere "coincidence"? The same evening of Strachey's alien encounter, a mysterious fire broke out on the other side of town. Local officials can find no explanation for the blaze.

like I was dreaming. I was wondering what I should do when one of them apparently spotted me. That one glanced in my direction and raised his arm and pointed toward me. The other three turned around and also looked at me. They began chattering real fast and making all sorts of rapid movements with their arms. I got the idea that

they were mad at me for hitting their spaceship with that rifle shot. I decided I had better get out of there so I turned and ran.

"I looked over my shoulder and saw this tube-like thing rising out of the top of that flying saucer. I suddenly heard this high pitched whine and felt a wave of heat sweep over me. Now I saw this thing in broad daylight under a sunny sky but all of a sudden the blue sky was blotted out by this bright red glow.

"I was too frightened to even run. I stood there frozen with fear. I just watched as that tube at the top of the saucer turned and pointed toward me.

I wanted to run but I just couldn't. I was paralyzed:

"The next thing I knew a beam of red light shot out from that tube and hit me square in the shoulder. The only thing I felt was some heat and a sensation like getting hit very hard by something solid, a lot like getting hit with a block when you're playing football but it was in a lot smaller area. It was a hard hit, too. It knocked me clean off my feet, turned me around, and dropped me on my face. I lay there for a couple of seconds, stunned, until I noticed that my hunting jacket was on fire where that beam of light hit me on the shoulder. I got up as quick as I could and got that jacket off. It was hard because I was still dizzy from getting hit by that beam.

---

**"As God is my witness, those — creatures — hunted me just as you and I would hunt a wild animal!"**

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"I didn't know what was going on. I looked up and saw three of those UFO men running right toward me. They had split up, one going toward my left, one to my right, and one straight after me. You know, Tom, that's the way we do it when we've wounded an animal but haven't dropped him. Like I said, I couldn't understand their language, but I knew damn well what was happening. They were going to catch me and drag me back aboard that flying saucer!

"I just turned heel and ran for my life back into those woods. I ran like the devil but it wasn't helping a bit. Those little fellows could cover more ground faster than any ordinary man I ever saw. I was about halfway into the woods and they were closing fast. I knew I couldn't outrun them so I had to do something else. I know it sounds crazy but it was all I could think of at the time. I climbed a tree! I managed to get about 20 feet up into the tree, and it wasn't easy. I was carrying my rifle with me and my left shoulder was beginning to get paralyzed. I was feeling awfully weak, and I'm not sure whether it was from getting shot by that saucer beam or from fear. Like I said, I got up about twenty feet and found a good perch. I was just in time. Those three creatures had surrounded the tree and were pointing up to me, really chattering between themselves.

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## HUNTED DOWN BY A UFO!

"I was cussing myself then, wondering why on earth I had climbed that tree. Those little men just walked around that tree, kept pointing up at me and yacking back and forth. That went on for a few minutes before I finally caught on. They didn't know how to climb a tree! I was real happy when I figured that out, but that didn't really solve my problem. Even if they couldn't get up to me, there was no way I could get down either!

"I must've been up in that tree for an hour, waiting for those creatures to do something besides point and chatter. I really couldn't keep track of time too well because my watch had stopped working after I got hit by that UFO beam. Anyway, one of them walked back through the woods towards the saucer and two of them stayed to keep watch over me.

"The other creature returned in a few minutes, and he had another one of them with him. I said I saw four of them when I first saw the UFO on the ground but only three had chased me into the woods. I guess one had stayed behind to mind the saucer. But there were four of them now, and the two that had come back from the direction of the saucer were bringing some things that looked like flashlights. They were about a foot long and were made of the same shiny material as their spacesuits and the saucer. They took up positions around the tree where I was. Each of them took one of those flashlights or whatever they were. They weren't chattering among themselves anymore. One of them seemed to be their leader, because he was the only one who spoke now and when he said something, the other three moved or did something. He only spoke in short little bursts. I didn't know what the hell they had in mind but I was scared, close to nauseated with fear.

"One of them pointed his flashlight and a white beam of light flashed out and hit me in the face. When it hit it felt like a slap in the face. My eyes began watering and my vision became blurred. I closed my eyes and buried my face against the tree trunk. I held on for dear life. I became sick on my stomach. I just hung my head down away from them and vomited. I was shaking real bad. It's a miracle I didn't fall out of the tree. They were keeping quiet, I couldn't tell what they were up to. I didn't dare look at them.

"But then I heard this humming sound and the hair of the back of my neck began to tingle and I felt this sensation through my neck and shoulders like an electric current, sort of like when you accidentally touch a hot electric wire. I ducked down and saw one of them pointing his flashlight at the spot where my head had been. My guess is that he was using some sort of electric force field on me. But the next thing I knew I got hit in the face again with one of those beams that felt like a slap in the face. My eyes watered and my vision got all blurry again. I turned my face back to the tree trunk and they started using that force field on me again. I tried ducking my head but that electric beam kept dead on the back of my neck. The pain got so bad I couldn't take it so I turned around and faced them. When I did I got shot in the face with that white beam of light.

"My left foot slipped out from under me and I don't know how I kept from falling out of the tree. My left shoulder, where I had been shot with that UFO beam, was pretty weak and wasn't much help. I think they thought I was going to fall because they began to close in around that tree. They didn't have their flashlights raised. That gave me the one break I needed.

"I managed to get my balance back and hang on. It must seem crazy now to think that a rifle would be any good against their weapons, but it was all I had and I was desperate. My vision was still blurred and I could only see forms, not any details. Anyway, I took my rifle and took aim at the one who seemed to be their leader—the one who did the only talking now. He couldn't have been more than 15 feet away from the tree, and I fired right at the middle of his chest. I whooped for joy when I heard that shot hit him. Funny thing, it made a metallic sound, just like the one I heard when I had shot at that buck and missed.

"The shot knocked the leader clean off his feet. He lay on the ground, just rolling that helmetted head of his from side to side. The other three went bananas. They all broke out in this wild chattering and stood over the leader. It was a perfect chance. Just the fact that I had been able to finally strike back at them gave me new strength and hope. I was also madder than hell at them! I just took my rifle and fired three more shots at them and the other three hit the dirt too. The other three made those funny metallic

sounds when I hit them. Their spacesuits must be made of metal or else they have some mighty strong bodies under them.

"My joy didn't last too long. The leader hopped up and he let fly with some mighty loud sounds. Like I said, I couldn't make heads or tails of their language but he seemed *mad!* The other three got up and grabbed their weapons again. Two of them ran around to the opposite side of the tree while one of them stayed around front with the leader. They must've figured out that I couldn't see out of the back of my head.

But I wasn't going down without a fight. I opened up at the two creatures in front of me but they ducked down and I didn't hit them. At least I didn't hear any sounds like I had hit them. But the next thing I knew I got hit in the back with that electric force field beam again. I tried to duck under it but they followed me pretty well. I didn't dare look at them because I knew that I'd get hit with that white beam again.

"That electric force field was hurting me bad in my neck, shoulders and head, but I was getting my rifle ready so I could swing around and pop them with a couple of shots. I'd been ignoring the first couple of creatures but they hadn't forgotten me. I glanced at them just in time to see the leader point his weapon at me...and that white beam hit me right between the eyes. I tried to keep-control but with that white beam in my face and that electric field on the back of my head there wasn't much I could do. I started to drop out of that tree, but I managed to grab hold of a branch just in time. A second later I almost wished I had fell and maybe broken my neck. I had dropped my rifle to the ground!

"As soon as my rifle hit the ground they knew they had me. All four of them opened up on me with their weapons. I took the full brunt of those four beams—two electric, two white beams of light—for what seemed like an eternity, although it couldn't have been more than a few seconds. My head was bouncing about from side to side, and I felt like I was Muhammad Ali's punching bag. I had just about reached the point to where I was going to fall to the ground when the whole area was lit up in a brilliant red light.

"The creatures stopped hitting me with their beams and looked up. Somehow I managed to raise my head too. Overhead was a second UFO, just like the one I saw on the ground,

and it was just hovering there over us.

It was glowing a bright red, and in the center of it was a blue light that blinked off and on. The whole air was filled with some strange buzzing noises.

"Those creatures stood there for a few seconds watching the UFO, and then the leader said something real quick and all four of them took off through the woods back to where their saucer was landed. To tell the truth, I was more scared now than I ever was before. I felt sure that they were going to team up with that other saucer against me.

"I can't even describe how relieved I was when I saw that saucer rise up from the woods and fly up to where the second saucer was hovering. The second saucer quit glowing red and looked just like aluminum, the same as the first saucer. Then both of them zoomed straight up in the air and were gone. When I say zoomed, that's what I mean. There wasn't any noise as they flew up.

"It took me a long time before I finally got up enough strength to climb down out of that tree. I was shaking like a leaf. It wasn't until I got down that I realized how bad I was hurt in my shoulder. Even after I got home my neck hurt and I was having vision problems for a couple of days later. I had some bad headaches, too.

"Tom, if it hadn't been for this wound on my shoulder I wouldn't believe this story myself. I'd just say that I was imagining things or having a hallucination. In fact, I sometimes wonder if I didn't hurt my shoulder somewhere else and maybe just imagined the saucer and the creature. But no matter how I try to lie to myself I know that what happened to me was real, even if no one else will believe it."

Jim finished his story there. As I switched off the tape recorder I noticed that the sweat had soaked through his shirt and his hands were trembling as he lit a cigarette. If Jim was lying, he deserved an Academy Award for the acting job he was doing.

Not surprisingly, Jim had not returned to the area where he encountered the UFO and its occupants since the incident. He also declined to return with me. I went by myself and found a large circular depression of flattened grass in the spot where Jim claimed to have spotted the landed UFO. I found several ripple-soled footprints around the tree where Jim claimed to have been trapped. Several strange

burn marks were on the tree trunk as well. After this I had no further doubts about the truth of Jim's story.

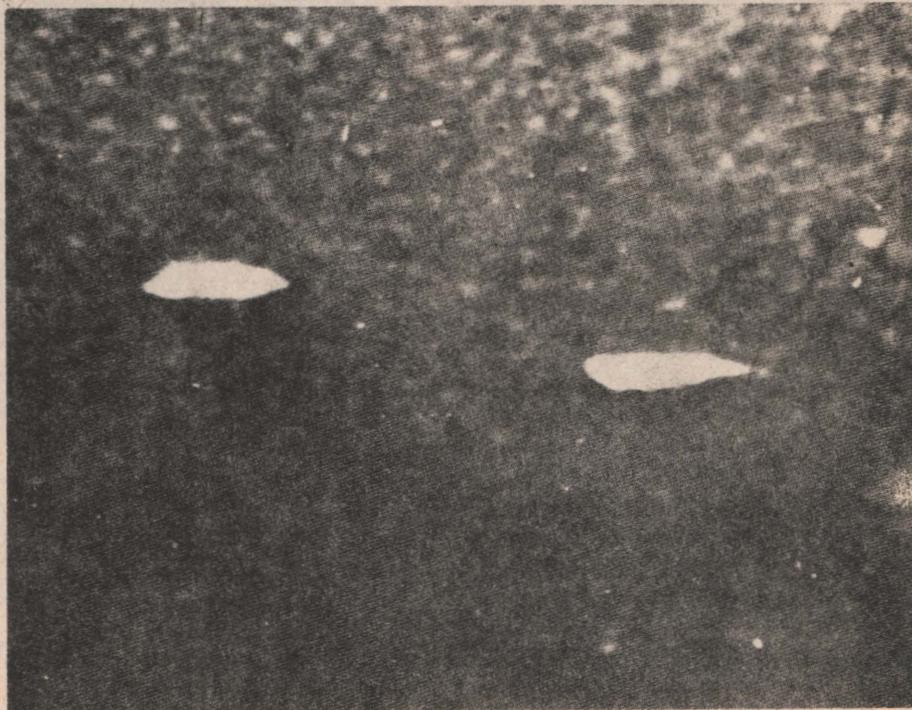
Since his experience, Jim has gradually recovered. He seems to be in control of his nerves and emotions once again and has suffered no lasting physical effects. He refuses to go hunting or go into the woods by himself, though.

The entire incident still bothers me, however. Did the UFO-nauts interpret Jim's stray shot as an attack? That's what I want to think, because the UFO-nauts behavior can perhaps be excused if they were reacting to what they thought was an attack. But suppose they were doing what Jim was doing—*hunting*. Hunters like Jim and I don't think of ourselves as particularly cruel or savage when we go hunting,

mainly because our targets are so inferior to us. Maybe that's what we are to the UFO-nauts, inferior animals to be hunted for sport!

Every year you can read accounts of hunters, campers and other outdoorsmen who simply vanish without a trace. Everyone has also heard of the strange disappearances in the Bermuda Triangle. Could these vanishings be the result of a successful "hunting trip?"

Jim was initially dead set against his story ever being published. The public must know that there is a possibility that the UFO-nauts are hostile to humans. As I explained it to Jim, he could be considered very lucky despite his harrowing experience. After all, he got away. •



# "WE'VE COME FOR YOU, MR. MARTIN"

On a warm evening in June, 1956, Dan Martin found himself confronted by a man and woman who claimed to be from another planet. "We have come to take you on a journey," they said, "a journey the likes of which you cannot begin to imagine."

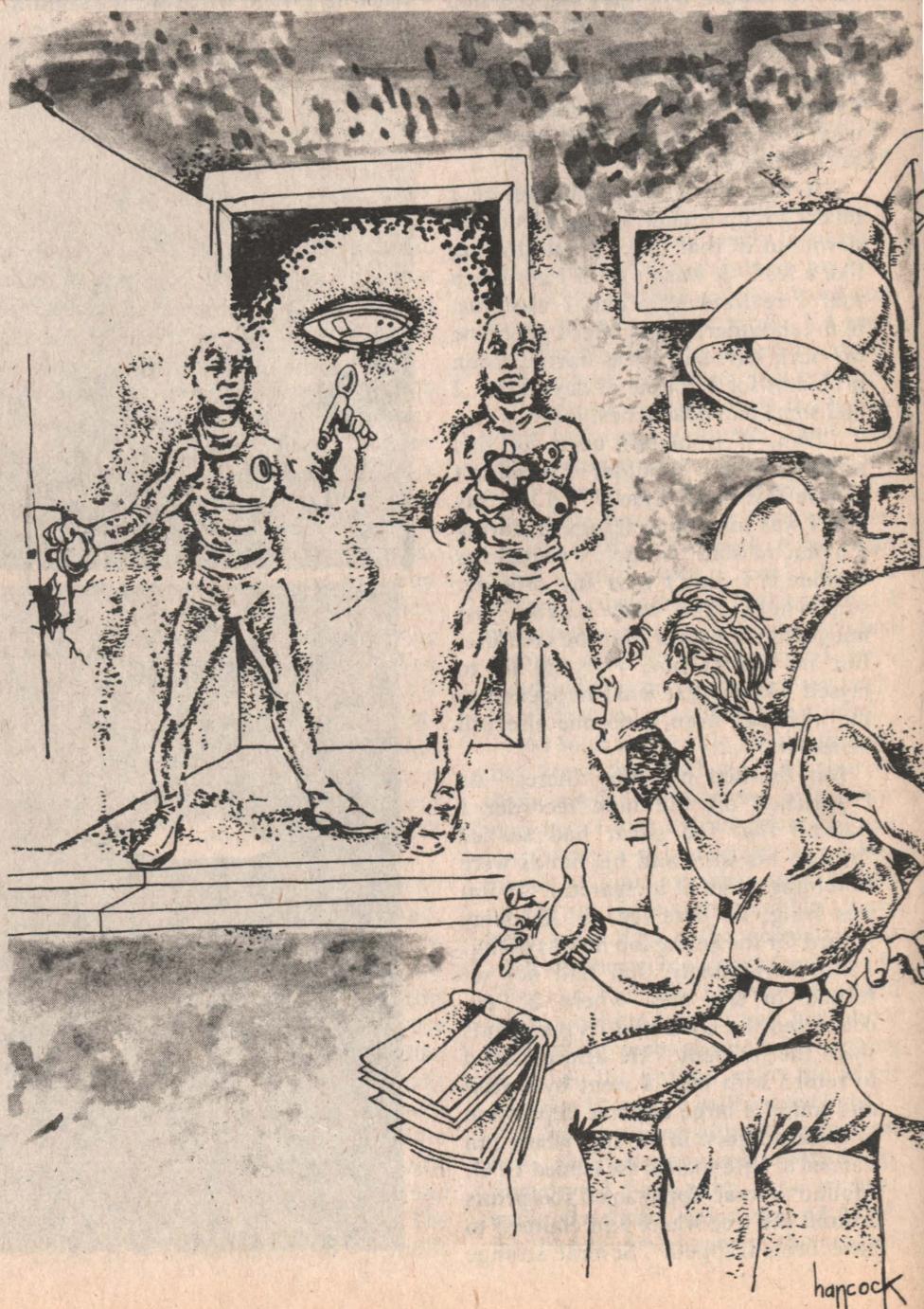
■ It is a well substantiated fact that flying saucers have been seen to land in every civilized country on the face of the earth. Reports have been collected from Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America, not to mention our own Continent.

The motion picture *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* portrays in stark realistic form what can happen to startled and bewildered witnesses when they are forced to come face to face with an unknown terror.

And while Steve Spielberg's film may be science fiction, there are now many respectable men and women who persist in their belief that space-ships have already landed and aliens intermingled with our society. They insist that the universe is populated by highly advanced beings who are hundreds of years ahead of us technically, having mastered the means to travel faster than light, enabling them to speed across the galaxies and make themselves at home in any corner of the universe.

These stories are quite unbelievable, as they often involve actual trips in UFOs, outer space voyages and other (to our way of thinking) "far-out" claims.

Dan Martin of Detroit had never





**Dan Martin of Detroit claims to have been taken aboard a flying saucer and given a detailed tour of the ship by benevolent allans.**

heard of flying saucers before 1955. But then, one day in August he had an experience which affected his life drastically. He tells this story:

"I was living at that time in Eagle Pass, Texas. This is a small town on the U.S. and Mexican border, situated on the very banks of the Rio Grande River. On the Mexican side of the river is the town of Piedras Negras. My mother lived

about half way and was approximately one hundred miles from Eagle Pass. I had to cross Nueces River in a rather remote section of Texas.

"This particular territory is very sparsely settled, there being only large cattle and sheep ranches. The roads are not heavily traveled as in other sections of the state. I had been driving through the mountains and had just dropped down into the river bottom lands, on a fairly level and straight road. Around midnight or later, I quite suddenly felt a strange sensation, as if my arms and legs, indeed my whole body, began to tingle and felt somewhat as though they might be going to sleep. I thought this very strange, and it was a little frightening. I thought just possibly I might be threatened with a heart attack. Accordingly, I pulled my car over to the right side of the road and came to a stop. I distinctly remember making sure I was well off the road. I don't remember if I switched off the ignition or not, but at least the car came to a stop and the engine was no longer running.

"No sooner had I come to a definite stop than my attention was drawn to some noise behind me. Before I had time to think what it might be, an object came rushing up and came to a stop on the opposite side of the road from me. There seemed to be a kind of a rushing wind, but I heard

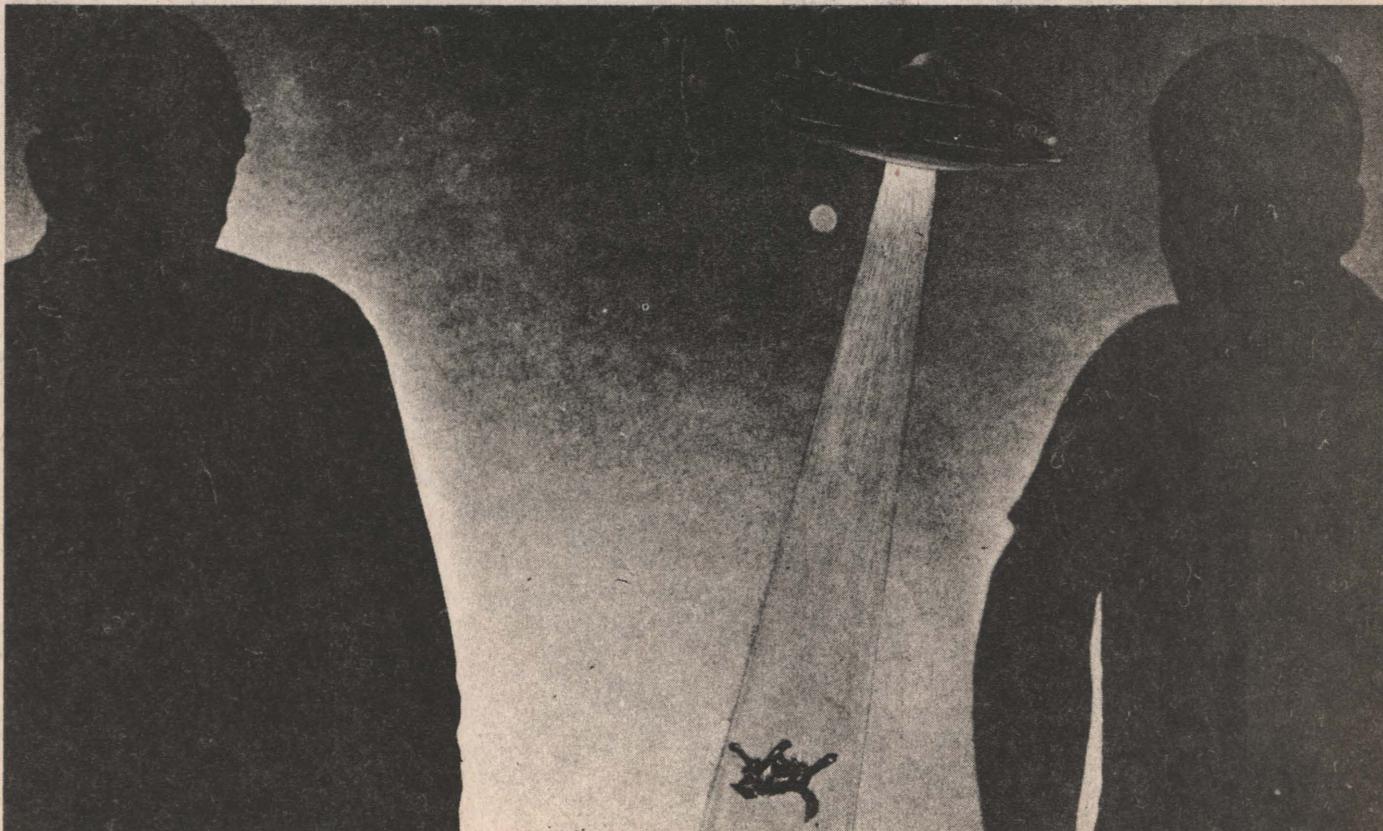
no sound of motor or brakes. The object had somewhat the appearance of a D.R. Diesel locomotive. It appeared to be about eight inches off the ground; I could see no landing gear of any kind. The stern of this object was about even with the front end which was slightly rounded and apparently had glass windows."

Inside the ship, Dan Martin could see a number of men standing at a control panel. Opening his car door, he got out of his automobile and approached the craft with the utmost caution.

Suddenly a door opened in the ship and a figure emerged — it was a woman.

"She was wearing a mask, very much like the gas masks worn by our soldiers during the First World War. It did not cover her whole head, just her face. She stood for a moment and seemed to take a couple of deep breaths and then, reaching up with both hands, she removed the mask from her face and held it in her right hand. I saw a very pleasant appearing, rather young looking lady, weighing maybe 110 pounds, rather short, though well proportioned. I could not say she was in any way glamorous, just very attractive and

**Mr. Martin was visited several times in 1955 by human-looking figures who claimed to be from another planet.**



pleasant appearing. After removing the mask, she looked me squarely in the face and smiled."

The eyewitness is quick to emphasize that the "woman" did not appear "spooky," but rather "normal" looking.

A conversation followed:

"She spoke to me, saying, 'Hello there, Mr. Martin' I answered, saying, 'Hello, you.' As an afterthought I added, 'Since I don't know your name.' She said, 'I know yours, all right.' She told me many things about myself. She convinced me that what she had to say was all true and I could depend upon it.

"Now she asked if I had any questions I would like to ask her. I couldn't think of any sensible thing to ask, but finally blurted out, 'Why is it that you, being a woman, are sent to speak to me, when I can see that there are men aboard the craft?' Now she told me that they were from the planet Mercury, so I then said, 'Our scientists tell us that the planet Mercury is too near the sun to

have life.' She smiled rather broadly at this and commented, 'You see I am alive.' Well, that settled that; I had to admit that she seemed very much alive to me. She waited a short while, and when I couldn't think of anything more to ask her, she turned back to the door, which opened exactly as it had previously. When she had passed inside, the door closed and instantly the ship took off.

"I never heard the roar of motors or other sounds indicating a take-off. It did not rise straight up, but left the earth at a rather sharp angle, easily clearing the tops of some very tall trees which stood not more than 100 yards ahead of us. In a matter of seconds it disappeared into the night sky, in a northeasterly direction. After the object disappeared into the night, I returned to my car, got in and started the motor. Again, I cannot say I switched on the ignition, but I do remember starting the motor. I drove back on the road and proceeded on my way to my mother's home. I stayed all night with her; we visited

and talked, just as a mother and son might. I did not mention to her or anyone else my experience of the night before."

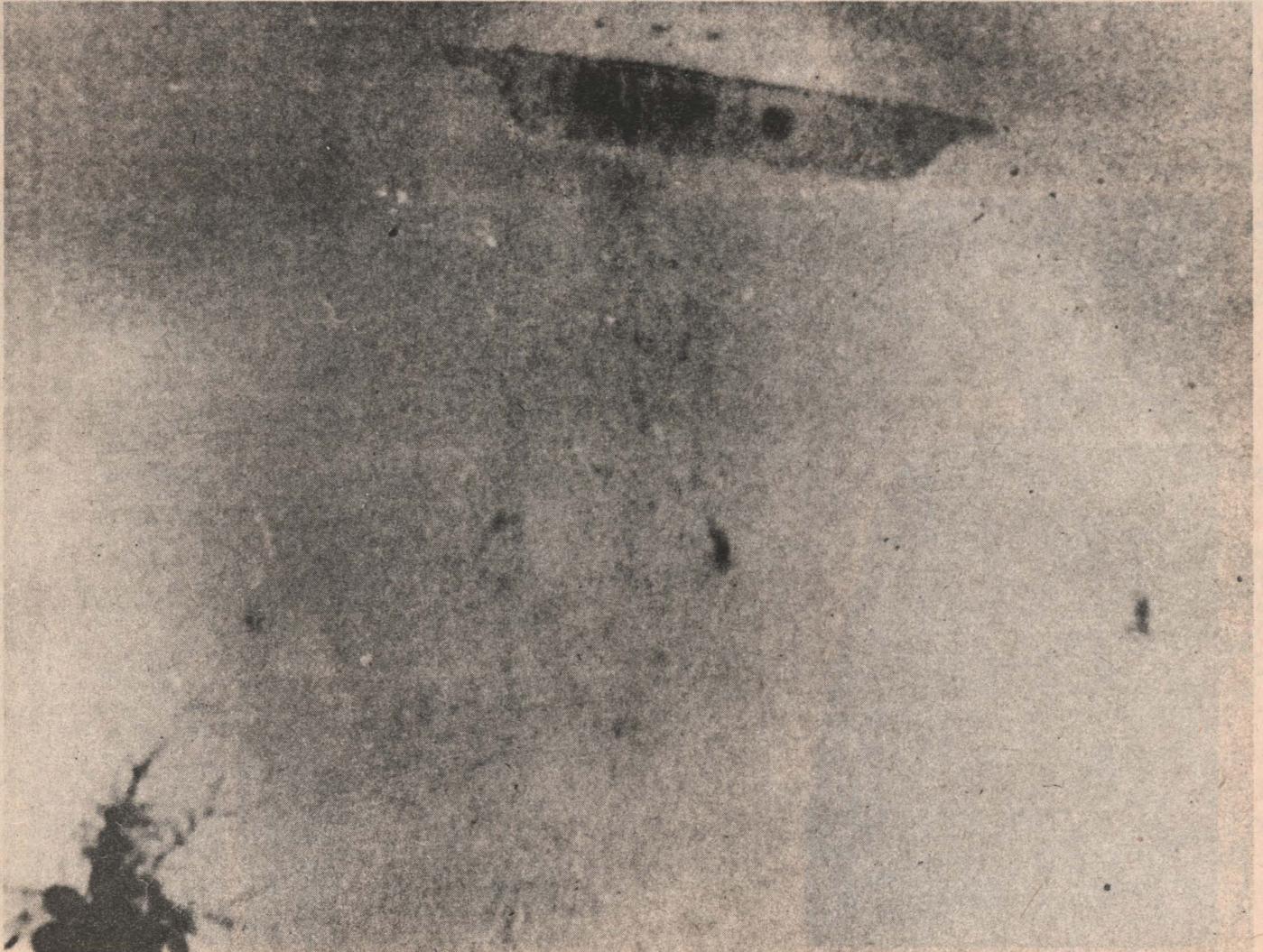
For more than a year, Dan Martin kept bottled up inside his mind what had happened. It was a deep-rooted secret that he felt he could never reveal, since no one was likely to believe such a tale.

On a warm evening in June 1956, Dan was seated in the living room of his apartment listening to a radio broadcast, when suddenly there was a loud rap on the back door.

"I looked outside, and there was a man and a woman standing there. I would not say they were ordinary looking people, because there was something about them that was out of the ordinary, however, I could not put my finger on it. They were very pleasant and did not look spooky or anything of that nature. When I walked up to the door, the man spoke. He said, 'We have come to take you for a journey on a spaceship. It

*(Continued on page 62)*

**Just after his visitors left, Martin grabbed a polaroid, ran out the back door and snapped this shot of the alien vehicle as it took off.**



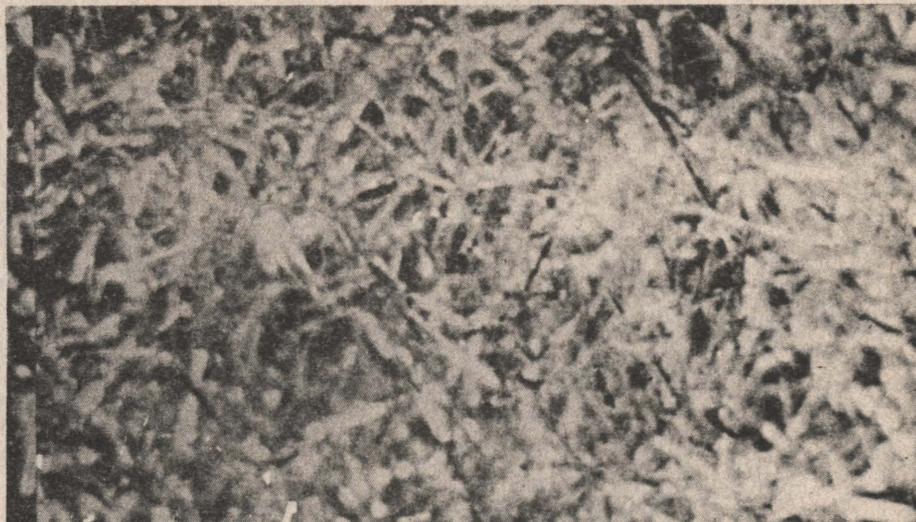
If a space creature on an alien probe decides he (it?) needs your physical form as a human specimen, he need not come knocking at your door to get what he's after. It may be a simple matter of entering your mind — telepathically — terminating all of your life functions, and transporting your now-empty "shell" to the lab, wherever that may be, for a complete, in-depth study.



# Close Encounters Type II: The UFO Fragments

■ UFO close encounters of the second kind are cases of physical evidence found in conjunction with UFO sightings. This physical evidence includes such things as large counterclockwise swirls, burnt circles known as UFO rings and fragments possibly of UFOs. The fragments constitute one of the rarest and most important areas of evidence available to the ufologist. For theoretically, at least, if we had but one piece of the material from which UFOs are made, we could make some sort of statement as to how they are constructed and, perhaps, who constructed them.

The discovery of UFO fragments is a rare and special event, but it is not unknown in the literature of ufology. On June 30, 1908, in the Tungus forests of Siberia, hundreds of farmers and villagers witnessed a brilliant ball of fire suddenly appear on the horizon in a fuming mushroom-shaped cloud. Shock waves were felt around the world and 20 million square kilometers of soil and tens of millions of trees were destroyed. Since then nearly 80 expeditions have been made to the site and some amazing facts about the explosion have been discovered. First, the tundra explosion was caused by a cosmic body which changed both its course and velocity in flight. Second, the explosion took place about ten kilometers above the earth's surface and was thermonuclear in origin, having the power of a ten-megaton hydrogen bomb. Soviet scientists recently announced the discovery of metallic fragments buried at the site and have been frank enough to label the fragments "of an unusual nature," but no final report has been issued to the public. Without doubt, many similar cases of fragments from unidentified flying objects have occurred throughout the world with little follow-up and no real analysis. It is only in recent years, with the proliferation of world UFO organiz-



Unidentified slivers of metal found scattered over a large area in a newly plowed field in New Jersey. ▲



◀ Angel hair sample magnified 2000 times by electron microscope.

Metal fragments from the Socorro case in a photo taken by Ray Stanford before he turned them over to NASA scientists. (From *Socorro Saucer In A Pentagon Pantry*) ▼



ations with a propensity toward scientific analysis, that such cases have received the kind of attention they deserve.

The analysis of physical evidence of UFO encounters of the second kind requires a wide range of scientific skills and equipment. Tests for magnetism and radioactivity are routine, as well as

spectrographic analysis and acid tests. Where warranted, the sample should be subjected to X-ray diffraction or nuclear disintegration tests to reveal its atomic structure. Mass spectrometer and thermal gravimetric tests are also important. Although they are all expensive and time consuming, they are in-

dispensable in the proper identification of fragments. The United States organizations with access to equipment for fragment analysis are the Center for UFO Studies (CUFOS), Mutual UFO Network (MUFON), Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO) and International UFO Registry (IUFOR). These organizations will provide free analysis of suspected UFO fragments. In addition,

in conjunction with Brown University and the Smithsonian Astrophysical Laboratory, will analyze fragments sent in by readers at no cost. With this new physical emphasis on UFO encounters, it is hoped that hard evidence for the reality of UFOs will soon be forthcoming!

For purposes of analysis, UFO traces consist of two kinds: chemical and physical. Chemical traces are often detected in the soil of "UFO rings," the peculiar circular patches of burnt soil and dying vegetation often found in cases of UFO landings. There are over 300 such cases on record and some of them have turned up strange crystalline structures, such as the Delphos, Kansas, case which occurred in November 1971. The soil in the Delphos ring wouldn't even absorb ordinary tap water and reportedly glowed in the dark from the strange energy it had taken on. In another UFO ring case near Erie, Pennsylvania, in July 1966, two policemen found a thick fluid on the ground, clear as water, but which wouldn't seep through the sandy soil. Metallic landing pods caused peculiar indentations near San Juan, Argentina, in November 1968. A large burnt ring of vegetation was also found, in which mushrooms grew to enormous sizes!

Other chemical traces have been reported streaming from UFOs in fly-over cases. One of the earliest occurred in Wolokolamsk, Poland, in April 1832, when a strange object or cloud covered a ten-square-mile area with a soft, transparent oil that burned with a smokeless blue flame. Analysis of the substance revealed a strange acid unknown in the annals of chemistry. The formula was :  $10CH + 40H$ . More common have been cases of so-called "angel's hair" seen falling from UFOs. Raymond E. Fowler, Director of Investigations for MUFON, has made a thorough analysis of angel hair strands collected in October 1973 in Sudbury, Massachusetts. The strands were collected by Mrs. June Margolin, who saw them falling from "a sort of globe, ball-shaped shiny object in the sky."

Investigator Fowler sent a sample of several laboratories, which found the material to be 95% organic and 5% inorganic. The organic material could not be identified and not one of the laboratories could identify the source of the strange strands. A sample of the material was also given to Dr. J. Allen Hynek, who sent it to a leading scientific laboratory for analysis. Hopefully, a complete report on the findings will be available in the near future.

Physical traces are solid, often metallic fragments from UFOs. A number of institutions have such fragments in their possession. The Mexican National Polytechnic Institute has a metal plate with strange writings on it found in a field by two brothers, Payo and Yago Rodriques, after they reportedly saw a UFO land in August 1965. The Brazilian National Railway Metallurgical Laboratory also has a peice of peculiar



Fragment from an object that exploded over a lake in northern California in March 1975.

metal obtained from a UFO encounter which occurred on the banks of the Paraiba River in the Brazilian state of Sao Paulo in August 1965. A laboratory in England still has metal fragments found after a UFO landing near the village of Scoriton Down in April 1965.

Brown University is analyzing some odd-looking metallic slivers found in New Jersey, in conjunction with UFO sightings in that area. The metal is made up of peculiar heart-shaped crystals. The Smithsonian Astrophysical Laboratory also has some fragments of an object which exploded over a lake in northern California. Initial geological analysis of the yellow metallic fragments showed that the fragments were resistant to every available acid and could not be melted by a normal carbon arc. They had the appearance and density of pure silicon but were electrical conductors. Further tests

sponsored by UFO at a New York metallurgical laboratory revealed the fragments to consist almost exclusively of iron, with some faint traces of vanadium, molybdenum, magnesium and nickel. Nonetheless, the fragments were non-magnetic, crystalline structures composed of less than .0001 percent silicon!

UFO sponsored X-ray diffraction tests at Brown University, which showed the material might be a rare form of crystalline iron pyrite or marcasite. Hopefully, tests at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Laboratory will positively identify the fragments as being either from a meteorite or a UFO, or simply pieces of "fool's gold." The only similar case happened in August 1872 in Zurich, Switzerland, when crystals of iron pyrite reportedly fell from the sky.

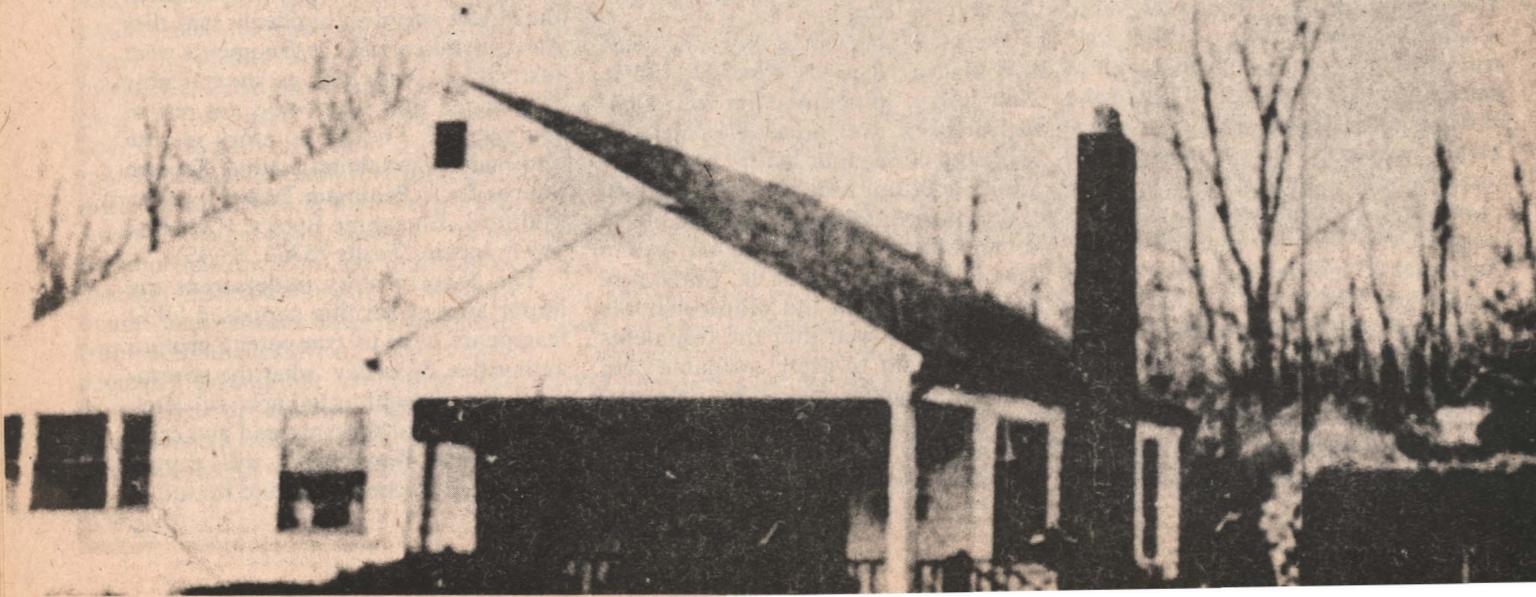
The best-known case of UFO fragments took place just outside Socorro, New Mexico, on April 24, 1964. Patrolman Lonnie Zamora was chasing a speeding car when he noticed what he thought to be a car in trouble off the road. Giving up his chase, he turned off the paved road to assist the stranded motorist when he noticed it was not a car at all but a mysterious egg-shaped craft. As he approached, the craft suddenly took off and disappeared, but it had left distinct landing pod marks in the rocky soil. Ray Stanford, now Director of Project Starlight International, was one of the first investigators at the scene and he was able to collect a few metal fragments that had scraped on a rock when the UFO landed. Working with NICAP, the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, the fragments were turned over to a NASA scientist for analysis. The first reports were that the metal could not occur naturally and that it consisted of a zinc-iron alloy which was not known to be manufactured by any nation on earth. But then the NASA scientists suddenly said they were mistaken and the fragments were just silica. And just as inexplicably they stated that they could not return the sample! The whole story is true and makes fascinating reading (**Socorro Saucer In A Pentagon Pantry** by Ray Stanford, Blueapple Books, P.O. Box 5694, Austin, Texas 78763, \$8.95).

The Socorro story underscores the importance of turning supposed UFO fragments over to competent civilian authorities. Someday, what the government doesn't want us to know will catch up with federal officials and the cries of "cosmic Watergate" will topple government secrecy once and for all! ●

# WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU SEE A FLYING SAUCER:



**.HOW TO ACT**  
**.WHO TO CONTACT**



Sooner or later it's going to happen: You will have a close encounter with an extraterrestrial craft, and perhaps even be contacted by its' alien occupants. Your life may depend on what you do and say at that crucial moment!

■ Don't run or panic if you see a UFO. It may be a foolish and potentially dangerous move — the worst of your entire life!

Be calm and try to remain silent. Try to stay out of the line of sight; keep well hidden if at all possible.

And above all else, never — *never!* — run toward a UFO that is either preparing to land or is already on the ground. Most flying saucers are surrounded by a high intensity electrical field which, if you come too close, could throw you for a loop, or worse yet, burn you severely. Witnesses have also been known to come down with mysterious illnesses after coming in contact with the metallic hull of a UFO. Apparently these disc-shaped devices are highly radioactive at times, having something to do with the way they are propelled.

If and when the object before you comes to rest on the ground, look around for any signs of life. If alien beings should emerge from the ship, watch their actions closely. See what they are up to (i.e., fixing some equipment on the craft as we would service an automobile, collecting water or soil samples, mutilating animals, trying to kidnap some poor, unsuspecting earth person).

Remember, not all UFO-nauts are necessarily friendly. From all that is

*(Please turn page)*

◀ L.M. Ralph Adenouser, a carpenter living in Seville, Pennsylvania, was mowing the lawn when he heard barking noises and looked up to see this saucer hovering above his house. Apparently the craft had been there for some time and was causing a stir among all the neighborhood dogs, who had gathered beneath it and were barking furiously. Mr. Adenauer ran inside the house, grabbed his Kodak Instamatic camera and began shooting. In a few minutes Adenauer's neighbors came outside to see what was causing all the dogs to bark, but apparently the occupants of the saucer realized they were being observed. The craft tilted slightly and took off in a southwesterly direction. Within moments it was gone.

# CLOSE ENCOUNTER PROCEDURAL GUIDELINES.

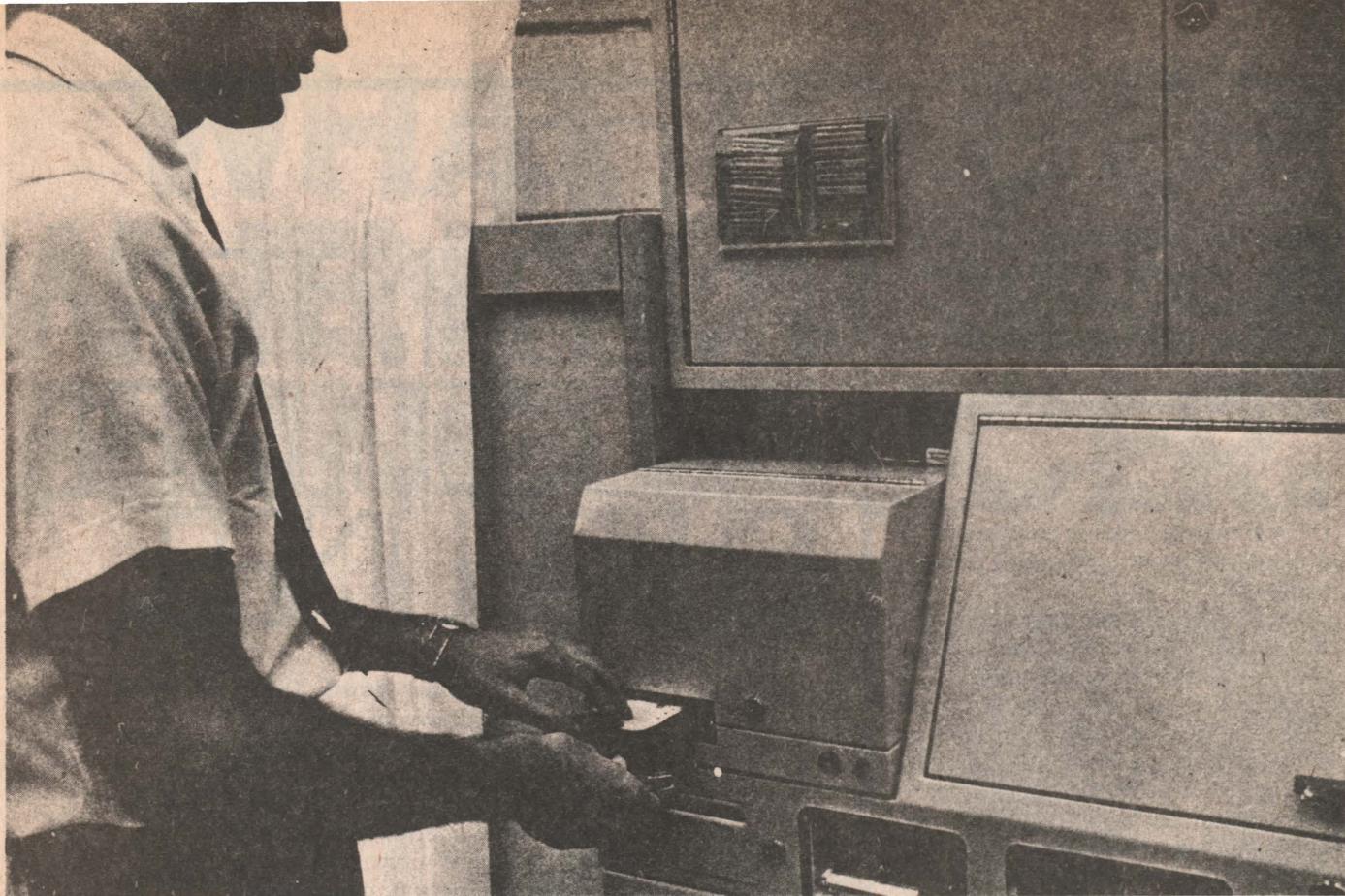
• **Keep a Level Head.** Don't panic. If they have not yet spotted you, any wildly fluctuating emotional vibrations you give off will only alert them to your position. If they *have* spotted you, losing your head will only make you more susceptible to possible attempts to mind control.

• **Make a Mental Note of All Relevant Facts.** What's the date, the time, the place? What do the UFO occupants look like? What are they wearing? What does their ship look like? Are there any identifying marks, such as insignias, on their clothing or space vessel which might indicate their origin and/or intentions? If they speak, try to memorize it word for word. If they do not speak our language, try to gauge the *tone* of their speech. Is it hostile or friendly? Scientific and detached or charged with emotion? What gestures do they use? Make a mental note of every movement they make.

• **Remain Completely Still.** Unless, of course, it is obvious that your life is in immediate danger. Making a sudden move, without cause, will only alert them to your position and may provoke them into taking hostile action.

• **If You Are Spotted, Make a Friendly Gesture.** Only, of course, if it is apparent the aliens are not hostile. Continuing to hide, once spotted, will only arouse the suspicions of friendly or neutral aliens. The most commonly accepted gesture of friendly greeting is to stand up and raise one hand, palm open and facing the space people, fingers spread. Make it obvious that you are not concealing a weapon.

• **Contact Your Local UFO Organization as Soon as Possible.** It is usually inadvisable to contact police, Air Force, or any government agency. These organizations have an unwritten policy to discredit any and all saucer sightings. A bibliography of major UFO organizations located in the U.S. is provided elsewhere in this article for your convenience.



known, there appear to be both good and evil forces at work in the universe. You definitely won't want to meet up with those creatures who aren't well disposed toward us Earthlings — you might never be seen again!

If, after close scrutiny, it is apparent that they are intelligent beings (not robots, or lower life forms sent here for exploratory purposes), you might stand up where you are and wave "hello." Be on guard, however, because if you surprise them and they think you are armed or mean to intrude on their business, they might zap you with a paralyzing ray which will stun the hell out of you and prevent you from moving for a good, long time — certainly until they have left the area.

Should telepathic rapport be established, and you feel certain in your own heart of their good intentions, it is not beyond reason that you will be given the opportunity to greet them with a warm handshake, as this has been allowed in the past, on rare occasions.

When the ship is ready to take off, retreat as far back from the landing site as possible. You definitely won't want to get in the way of one of those hundred-foot in diameter babies. It's like standing in back of a jet engine; the force is liable to be that powerful when the UFO departs, traveling faster than the eye can follow.

Once the saucer has disappeared,

mark off the landing area with stones or tree branches so you can help researchers locate the precise locale again. If you're way back in the woods, better mark off a trail as well, as several observers have never been able to return to the exact spot because they could not find it, leaving their story open to dispute by skeptics.

Going back only a few years, it was nearly impossible to get anyone to believe you'd seen a UFO, much less had a chance encounter with aliens

**If the alien UFO-nauts begin to approach you, remember one thing above all: REMAIN CALM! Do not make any sudden movements or noises. It might provoke the aliens into taking hostile action!**

from outer space. Such stories were thought to be the work of "crackpots" and "drunks." But now we know differently. The times have changed to a considerable degree, and for the most part there is less of a negative stigma attached to having participated in such an affair.

In 1957 I had my first UFO sighting. Two disc-shaped devices circled above my home in New Jersey, causing quite a stir as all the neighbors stood on the

Data submitted to \_\_\_\_\_ team of computer experts is carefully fed into the main terminal, collated and compared with other available data to discern coherent patterns.

sidewalk in front of our property for the better part of an hour, eyes glued to the mysterious objects up above.

It was a sensational sight that I'll never forget as long as I live. It convinced me that there were such things as flying saucers and opened my mind to the possibility of earth being visited by extraterrestrials.

When the UFOs disappeared silently into the night sky, we all stood around in a cluster wondering what to do next.

Who should we report our sighting to?

Should we call the Air Force, the police or the local newspaper? We had plenty of questions, but there was no one around to supply us with answers.

Immediately, we decide that under no circumstances should we contact any government agency. The Air Force, at the time, maintained offices headquartered at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio, for the express purpose of investigating UFOs reported by the American public.

Instinctively we knew that it would be "bad medicine" to let them know about what we had seen. Over the years, the military had established a bad habit of openly ridiculing UFO witnesses. When making statements

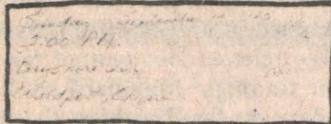
# UFO's

- ▶ Why they are here.
- ▶ Who they have come for.
- ▶ When they will leave.

Not a discussion of UFO sightings or phenomena.

Two individuals say they were sent from the level above human, and will return to that level in a space ship (UFO) within the next few months. This man and woman will discuss how the transition from the human level to the next level is accomplished, and when this may be done.

This is not a religious or philosophical organization recruiting membership. However, the information has already prompted a number of individuals to devote their total energy to the transitional process. If you have ever entertained the idea that there might be a real, physical level in space beyond the Earth's confines, you will want to attend this meeting:



UFO contact often inspires a sort of "religious conversion," as this flyer put out by The Two seems to indicate. Joining such an organization often means sacrificing everything else—home, family, job—in order to accomplish the transition to the spiritual level at which the advanced aliens reside.

to the press about a particular incident, they would more often than not throw in a word about the observer's "unreliability."

Indeed, the Air Force had a way of letting it be known that they thought the consumption of alcohol was responsible for many a flying saucer sighting. Many witnesses were referred to as being "near sighted," "color blind," "confused" or "deluded." Quite a few witnesses were dismayed to find out that what they thought to be a craft with lighted portholes and landing gear was nothing more than a weather balloon or the planet Venus seen through a cloud layer.

But even though their policy was one of ridicule, the Air Force, during the two decades that it kept its UFO project (under various names, such as Project Sign, Grudge and most recently, Bluebook), managed to gather over ten thousand cases, which they added to their massive files. Then they figuratively slammed these files shut, right on the fingers of a populace anxious to find out all it could about this very fascinating topic.

In order to combat the "curtain of silence" which many researchers insist the government has lowered to keep information about UFOs out of the news, numerous civilian UFO research organizations have sprung up. Over the years, an estimated 300 independently financed societies have

been formed, in almost every country around the globe, to try and determine what UFOs might actually be.

For the most part, such organizations have been loosely formed, without a great deal of financial backing necessary to do an adequate job. Also, experienced and qualified investigators have been lacking, leaving the research for the most part up to well-meaning but highly unskilled individuals, who can only grope about in the dark, unable to go about their appointed task with the thoroughness that would be required if any solution to this riddle were ever to be forthcoming.

Some of the early UFO research groups that were formed, but which folded before long, included Civilian Saucer Intelligence, Aerial Phenomena Investigations Committee, American UFO Committee, International Flying Saucer Bureau, Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America, etc.

Today, however, the atmosphere has cleared somewhat, at least to the extent where it is now possible to report your sighting without fear of reprisal (at least in most cases). The number of UFO groups have not increased to any great extent, but they are, in general, better organized and better equipped to handle reports, mainly due to the number of scientists and qualified personnel who are now willing to be associated with such a venture.

By far the two oldest UFO organizations in America are NICAP (National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena) and APRO (Aerial Phenomena Research Organization). Both have memberships of three thousand or better, with field representatives and area researchers in most parts of the country, who are able to get to the site of a UFO landing or contact at a moment's notice.

NICAP (3535 University Blvd., W., Kensington, Maryland 20795) was formed in the early 1950s in the District of Columbia (it has since moved to the suburbs). One of its first directors was noted UFO author Major Donald E. Keyhoe (U.S. Navy, Ret.) whose books **Flying Saucers — Top Secret and Flying Saucers from Outer Space** spent several months each on the best seller list. NICAP has always advocated that UFOs are interplanetary and that the United States government was, and remains, involved in a conspiracy to prevent witnesses from releasing details of their experience to the media. NICAP's board of directors is composed mainly of ex-military officials (Major Dewey Fournet, Col. Robert



Ms. Hannah Clinton, a housewife living in the Hampshire country-side around Winchester, claims that her husband, who disappeared in March of 1976, was abducted by aliens. According to her story, they were exploring back roads near Winchester in search of a possible site for their new home when their car, with them in it, was transported aboard a "humming, saucer-shaped machine." Inside they found themselves confronted by humanoid scientists who told her "a male human specimen is needed for certain experimental studies." Ms. Clinton was returned safely, but her husband has not been seen since.

Emerson, Admiral R.H. Hillenkoetter, to list only a few), giving the impression to many that it was an "official" branch of the government, which it never has been.

NICAP is mainly involved with investigating radar report, sightings made by pilots and military personnel. For a long time they openly dismissed as nonsense any contact, occupant report or landing in which creatures were sighted. They accepted as genuine the existence of interplanetary spaceships, but refusing to acknowledge that those who pilot these craft might try to establish contact with anyone.

These days, NICAP's policy seems to be a bit more tolerant, and they are a reliable source of UFO information, publishing a regular newsletter as some very informative publications of special interest.

APRO (3910 E. Kleindale Road, Tucson, Arizona 85712) set up shop a few years before NICAP, formed by aerospace engineer James Lorenzen and his wife Coral. APRO was perhaps the first group to seriously consider the likelihood of so-called "little men" sightings, and later adopted the policy that a limited number of contacts might have taken place.

This Western-based group is cur-

rently involved in investigating what are most often referred to as "abduction cases," in which people supposedly have been kidnapped by aliens and taken aboard UFOs without their consent, often to be subjected to a physical examination, as in the case of Betty and Barney Hill.

APRO is capable of administering lie detector tests and have trained medical doctors on hand to hypnotize those who cannot remember the full details of their unearthly experience. APRO is prone to give a "fair shake" to those who claim to have been involved in events outside the norm, but they do not hesitate to expose those they believe to be frauds.

If you report your sighting or contact to them and they choose to investigate, you may be in for hours of intensive questioning, to say nothing of filling out endless forms.

There are of course several other organizations who do just as effective a job, though they might be younger and operate without the large number of field representatives.

SAUCERS (Box 2228, Clarksburg, West Virginia, 26301) stands for Saucers and Unexplained Celestial Events Research Society, and despite its rather lengthy name, is more down-to-earth than one might initially be led to believe.

Presided over by noted UFOlogist Gray Barker, SAUCERS is almost exclusively concerned with researching close encounters, abductions, contactee stories and related events, such as the paranormal experiences of UFO observers and visitations by the so-called "Men in Black." Director Barker is a well-known author and UFO personality, whose **They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers**, when published in 1956, was considered "far-fetched," dealing exclusively with those in the UFO field who have been silenced by mysterious and sinister agents dressed in dark clothing. Saucers has an extensive file on all manner of cases, and makes frequent reports available to the public, either through its own publishing efforts or through newspaper and magazine stories. SAUCERS investigators are not so much scientists as lay individuals who have a good working knowledge of how to go about investigating some of the more bizarre aspects of UFOs.



Center for UFO Studies (924 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Illinois 60201) has at its helm none other than astronomer Dr. J. Allen Hynek, who years ago was a confirmed skeptic, serving as a consultant to the U.S. Air Force. Then, in the mid-Sixties, when UFOs landed en masse in an Ann Arbor, Michigan swamp, Hynek had to concede that something unexplainable was truly happening. Over the years he has come to accept the reality of the Phenomenon, and is now convinced that the subject is worthy of serious study, having done

his best to get other scientists involved in UFO research.

The Center maintains a 24-hour "hot line," over which police departments around the country can telephone in sightings from their community. A year-and-a-half ago, the FBI published a feature article in their official bulletin telling local law enforcement officials how they should go about handling UFO sightings, giving the unlisted number of the Center for future reference. To date, over four thousand calls have come into their Chicago headquarters from police departments in all 50 states. The Center also has computer bank with over 50,000 sightings programmed into it, and from time to time they release documented reports on their findings. Members are kept up to date on fast-breaking developments by way of a monthly digest of sightings.

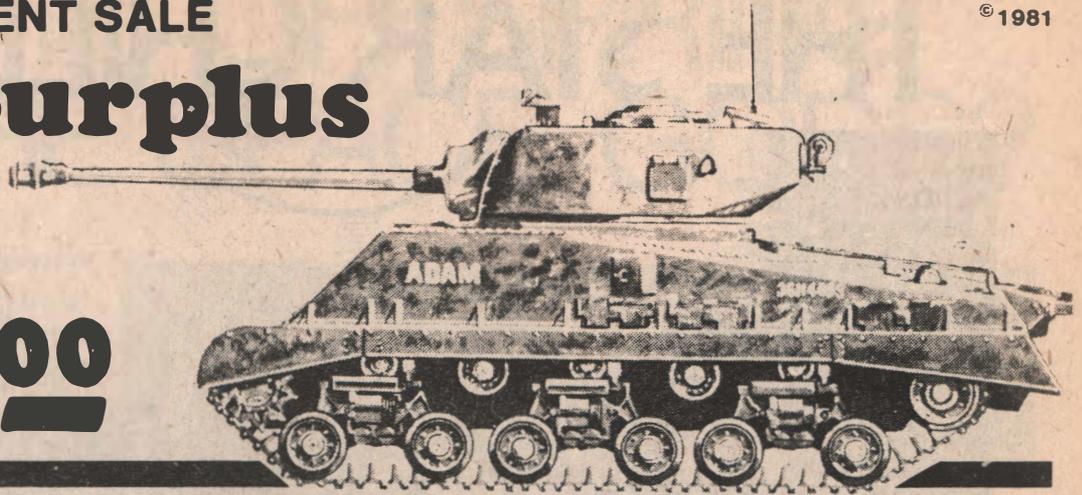
This organization, above all others, appears to have the capacity to do something constructive, although there is still some feuding with other groups and inside nit-picking.

An additional fact is that Dr. Hynek was hired as a consultant on the film version of **Close Encounters**, and it is on his term that the movie is based. Having broken down the different types of UFO sightings into several categories. **Close Encounters of the Third Kind** represents those cases in which individuals have sighted the occupants of these ships.

No doubt, other — even more skilled — UFO groups will emerge in years to come, as UFO sightings increase, and more importance is attributed to the field. ●



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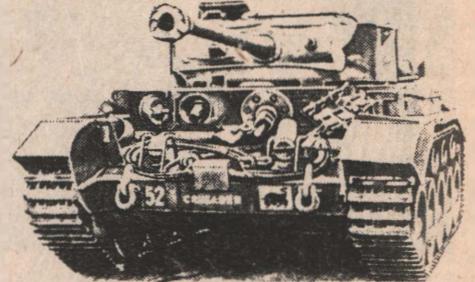
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# THE STAR CHILDREN:



PAK

# PSYCHIC OFFSPRING OF THE SPACE GODS?

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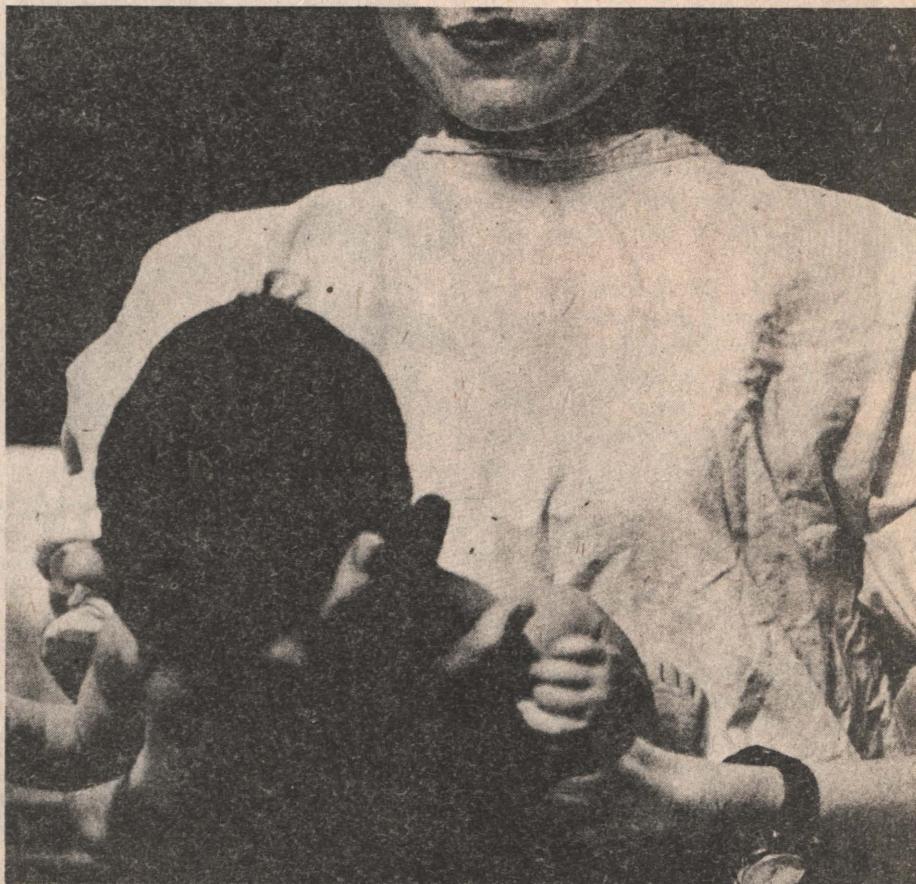
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■ Melinda Robinson was obviously undergoing great strain as she spoke. She was digging up memories buried deep within her unconscious mind that she was having trouble believing herself. Perhaps that is why Dr. David Rosen, the psychiatrist who had hypnotized her, was finding her one of the more difficult persons to regress under hypnosis that he had ever encountered.

"Now, Melinda, let's try again," Dr. Rosen urged. "You've told us that they have stopped your car and asked you to go aboard their spacecraft. You have agreed, and you're not frightened, are you?"

"No . . . I'm not afraid . . ." Melinda's words came slowly through the deep trance. "Curious, no fear . . . they seem very friendly . . . but their leader says they don't want me to remember any of this . . . if I tell anyone I will be laughed at . . . he says they've seen it happen before and now warn everybody they meet to be quiet for their own good . . . but they know I'm pregnant and they want to give my child a great gift . . ." Her words again trailed off as if she was having trouble comprehending her experiment.

At the mention of her child I felt a chill run down my spine. I had met her young son and it was obvious to me, as well as anyone else who visited the Robinson household that he was no ordinary child. He was born nine months after Melinda Robinson had what she thought was a strange "dream," about UFO beings who had met her and told her that her child



would be "special," thanks to powers given it by the UFO beings!

"Melinda, now what did they say about your child? Why are they going to do to it?" asked Dr. Rosen.

"I tell them that I'm not pregnant . . . they seem to be laughing just like humans . . . the leader says yes I am but I don't know it yet . . ." Mrs. Robinson paused again, gathering her thoughts. "The leader says they cannot intervene directly in human affairs because of the panic it would cause, but . . . but they can give special powers to children that can aid mankind . . . star children, that's what he calls them . . . star children . . ."

"Do you think she means Tad?" Dr. Rosen asked me.

"She has to, Dr. Rosen," I replied. "Tad is an extraordinary boy, one who obviously has intelligence and psychic abilities far beyond what his age would lead you to first suspect."

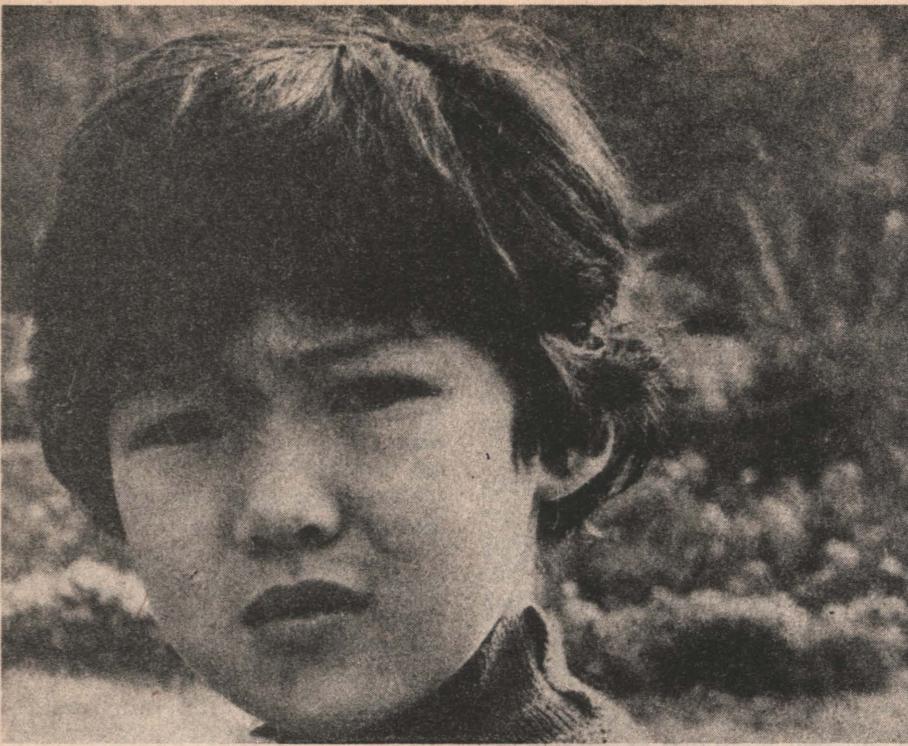
I wondered silently just how far Dr.

Nurse Ellis Roberts holds Tad Robinson moments after his birth. "Even as a newborn infant child, Tad struck me as very unusual" she says. "Something about his eyes...such an intelligent look. To tell you the truth, I found it quite eerie."

Rosen wanted to go with this hypnotic session. So far Melinda Robinson's "dream" was turning out to be not a dream but an actual encounter with a landed UFO and the mysterious beings who pilot the alien spaceships. And in her "dream" Mrs. Robinson was told by these space beings that they are creating a race of "star children," youngsters of human parents who have supernatural powers and abilities given to them by the UFO beings!

I first came into contact with Melinda Robinson on March 11, 1976. I was in Seattle, Washington for a meeting of a local UFO group and news of the meeting made the local papers. After reading the news item about the UFO





At the tender age of seven, Tad Robinson has already made quite a name for himself in Seattle. Doctors here can find no "Rational" explanation for his incredible psychic powers.

group, Mrs. Melinda Robinson got into contact with them. She had this dream years ago about encountering a landed UFO and its crew, and she had thought nothing further about it until recently. She now had this uneasy feeling that her "dream" had been something much more. But just what it had been she wasn't sure. Because of my experience in handling landing and occupant cases, I was assigned the task of investigating the Robinson story.

Our first meeting took place at the Robinson home. Mrs. Robinson turned out to be a thoroughly typical housewife, happily married to her husband Thomas, and the proud mother of a son, Tad, then five years. But while she was proud, she was also aware that Tad was unusual, a very "special" child.

"Tad has never been sick a day in his life," Mrs. Robinson explained. "I'm not talking about just the usual childhood diseases like chicken pox and mumps, but the colds and sniffles that everyone gets from time to time. He never complains about feeling ill, either." She paused a moment before continuing. "Now I don't really expect you to believe this, but I swear I'm telling the truth. I really don't think Tad can be hurt! He was once on this swing at the playground when it broke

while Tad was about ten feet up in the air. He fell to the ground with the most sickening sound you ever heard. I started screaming because I knew he had to have some broken bones. But Tad just jumped off the ground and he was laughing, as if it had all been fun to him. I asked him if he was hurt, but he said no and kept on laughing. I almost think he wanted to do it again.

"There's no way any child could have taken such a fall and not be hurt or at least crying."

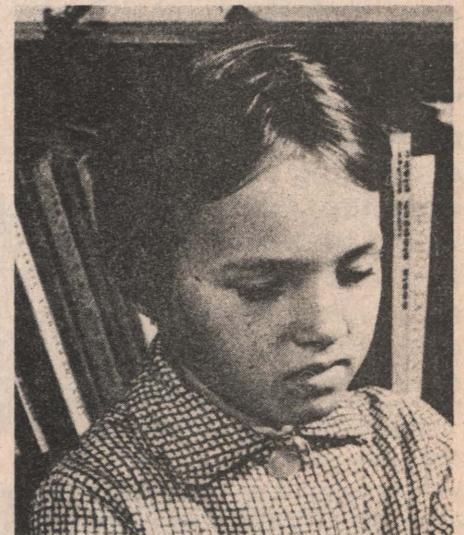
I replied that such was certainly interesting but hardly conclusive. The whole incident could have been a very lucky coincidence and the lack of childhood illnesses could likewise be due to chance.

"But he's different in other ways." Mrs. Robinson went on. "He's already reading the newspapers — at five years old! My husband and I never taught him either! Even when he was just three years old he'd come up to his father while he was reading the paper and say 'Daddy, I know what that word is.' And he'd point out a word and say it to his father. Every day he'd show off several new words he had learned. His father just thinks that I'm teaching him and that he is a very bright youngster. *But I haven't been teaching him to read!*"

Mrs. Robinson paused and then continued, "I haven't told my husband a thing about my suspicions. He simply is very proud of Tad as a bright boy and besides, he would never believe me if I told him of my dream."

Mrs. Robinson decided to tell outsiders about Tad after the youngster began exhibiting an even more eerie ability. "It all started when we were supposed to go on a picnic," Mrs. Robinson said. "He warned Thomas and me that it was going to rain and that we'd get wet if we went on the picnic. We didn't pay much attention to him but later that day we did get rained on. And ever since then he keeps saying that something is going to happen in the future and it always comes true!"

I've run into plenty of reports in the past dealing with claims of psychic powers in conjunction with UFO reports. I'm prepared to test such claims on the spot. Along with my ever-present tape recorder and camera, I now carry a pair of dice and a deck of cards. I asked Mrs. Robinson if I could see Tad for myself and test his psychic abilities. Usually, most who claim to



Elsa Richten, of Hamburg, Germany, is being studied by psychologists there for her alleged powers of prediction. During the early part of 1976 she went through what her parents thought at the time was merely an emotional "tantrum" of some kind. She kept insisting that her mother Anna was dead despite the fact that Ms. Richten almost never left her side and made repeated attempts to reassure her. This "tantrum" lasted approximately eight weeks, until April 18, 1976, when the bizarre and tragic incident occurred. On that night, Ms. Richten died in a plane crash while en route to her sister in the Ruhr area. German officials can find no explanation for the mysterious crash.

◀ Why are certain children so vastly superior to the rest? Is it possible a Super-race of ultra-intelligent beings is being introduced on Earth according to some extra-terrestrial civilization's evolutionary plans?

have special psychic powers from UFOs are unwilling to be tested. To my surprise, Mrs. Robinson was overjoyed at the idea of having Tad tested.

Any skepticism I might have had vanished as soon as I was able to meet Tad. The first thing that struck me was the sheer physical beauty and perfection of the young boy. Not a mark or scatch anywhere on his face. His general conduct and presence was not what one would expect from a five-year-old. While friendly and outgoing, Tad had a presence and measure of dignity that transcended his young age. He had a seemingly secret inner wisdom that I found impossible to define, yet it was undoubtedly present.

We began the psychic powers test by rolling dice and asking Tad to predict in advance which number would be rolled. He unhesitatingly called out a number before each roll. He got the first one right . . . and the next . . . and the next. I kept rolling the dice long after I was convinced of the strength of Tad's psychic abilities. Even the best psychics eventually miss a number or two, but Tad was always correct. After over one hundred rolls I had to concede defeat. Tad Robinson was truly a most unusual lad with an extraordinary gift, *but where did he get that gift?*

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**"We began the psychic powers test by rolling dice and asking Tad to predict in advance which number would be rolled. He got the first one right . . . and the next . . . and the next . . . After one hundred rolls I had to concede defeat."**

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After the experiment was over Mrs. Robinson put Tad to bed for a nap. I was anxious to get as many details about her "dream" as I could but she couldn't supply many. She had the "dream" back in April 1970. Earlier that evening she had been driving along an isolated stretch of road north of Seattle when she had spotted a bright light in the sky. She recalled watching it for a few seconds when it apparently vanished from view. There was nothing unusual in that, she said, although it seemed to her that she must have driven several miles without being aware of it, for although she had only observed the light for a few seconds she was several miles further down the road when it disappeared from the sky. Nothing further unusual happened

until she arrived at home.

That night she had a very vivid dream concerning the object she had spotted in the sky. In this "dream" she was traveling along the road just as she had been earlier in the evening when the light she had spotted began to close in and follow her car. Mrs. Robinson told how she was able to see that the light was really a disc-shaped

object. She couldn't recall the precise details, but she said she remembered that apparently her car was stopped by the UFO and she met the pilots of the alien spacecraft. Details were hazy, but she remembered distinctly that the space beings had told her that she was pregnant. She laughed and told them that she wasn't. The aliens answered her and said something about her baby being "special." Beyond that, Mrs. Robinson could recall nothing more.

"But the really weird thing is, I was so bothered about that dream that the next morning I made an appointment to see the doctor," Mrs. Robinson told me. "And it turned out that I was indeed going to have a baby, just like those creatures in my dream said!"

I knew by now that something indeed remarkable had happened to Melinda Robinson back in 1970, and that incident was directly responsible for the amazing abilities demonstrated by Tab Robinson. But the answers to this mystery were buried deep within the reaches of her mind, and she would be unable to recall them without outside assistance.

I wasn't qualified to help Melinda Robinson find those answers, but I knew someone who was. I put through a long-distance call to Dr. David Rosen, a Los Angeles psychiatrist who specializes in hypnotic therapy. I briefly outlined the case to him. Dr. Rosen has conducted investigations in the past into UFO encounters, and he readily agreed that this case demanded immediate further investigation.

Dr. Rosen flew to Seattle at his own expense and on March 19, 1976 we held a hypnotic session at the office of a local psychiatrist. Present were Dr. Rosen, Mrs. Robinson, a nurse, and the author. Here is the event as told in Mrs. Robinson's own words, transcribed from my tape recording of the session. We pick up at the point where Mrs. Robinson first observed the strange light in the sky:

"It's just a light, a star-like light . . . but I can't figure out what it is . . . it's getting brighter, much brighter, like

it's coming closer . . . now I can see it's not a light . . . it's not a light . . ."

"Just what is it that you're seeing?" asked Dr. Rosen. "Can you make out any details?"

"Now I can. It's a disc-shaped object . . . looks just like one of those flying saucers you hear about . . . it's closing in now . . . yes, it's an object . . . of some sort. I have the strange feeling, like I should pull over to the side of the road and stop. That's what I'm doing now, just pulling off into this highway rest area. I don't know why I'm doing this, I just have this urge to do so, can't resist."

"Are you frightened by this object?" asked Dr. Rosen.

"No, no . . . not frightened," replied Melinda. "Just confused . . . I cannot understand why it is following me, why I am pulling over to the side of the road . . . I am not in control of my actions . . ." Her voiced trailed off and she seemed to be slightly confused. Under the powerful hypnotic trance she was reliving the event just as it happened to her, yet she still could not explain why she felt no fear and why she was pulling over to the side of the road. Dr. Rosen had noticed the same confusion in her voice.

"Obviously, she was confused at the time of the encounter and was not in complete control of her actions. In other words, she was not acting voluntarily when she pulled over to the side of the road," Dr. Rosen told me later. If she was not acting of her own free will, then why did she stop her car when the UFO approached? Dr. Rosen thought a moment and replied carefully, "Strange as it must seem, the only hypothesis which satisfactorily explains her actions is that she was under some form of mind control or influence by the beings aboard the UFO!"

As soon as Melinda had come to a stop in the rest area, the UFO rapidly descended and landed only a few feet from her. We pick up her account from that point: "There are six of them . . . they are about six feet tall and seem human but they have much larger heads . . . they have very pale skin, almost chalky white, like the color of milk . . . they are speaking to me . . . they say they bring me greetings . . . they come in peace . . . the hostility of our world to all intruders forces them to meet humans in isolated situations like this but as soon as we are ready they will contact us openly and freely . . . they have much and long to share it.

"There is only one doing any talking . . . the others move in response to

his hand motions . . . he must be the leader . . . he has a great force that seems to weigh upon my mind . . . it is as if he is controlling my actions . . . but I don't mind. I am not afraid. They will not harm me." When she spoke those last statements, all traces of doubt vanished from Mrs. Robinson's voice. Her words became firm.

"She truly believes that," remarked Dr. Rosen. He continued, "Do they want anything of you?"

"Yes, they want me to come aboard the UFO . . . I agree."

It was after Melinda boarded the UFO that we began experiencing difficulties in the hypnotic regression. The words now came less freely, with more hesitation. Dr. Rosen decided to attack the problem directly: "Melinda, is there some reason why you can't remember what happened?"

"I . . . I . . . promised them I wouldn't tell anyone. And, the leader seemed to be putting something in my mind . . . that I wouldn't remember this . . . he said it was to spare me from ridicule and embarrassment, that no one would believe me," she said.

"Melinda, do you think that we are going to do or say anything to embarrass or ridicule you?" asked Dr. Rosen. "Do you trust us?"

"Yes, I trust you . . . I don't think that any of you will laugh at me," Mrs. Robinson answered.

"Then you can tell us what they told you. Again, what did they say about this gift they were going to give your child?"

"The gift will be the powers that the UFO space people have. They . . . they have great intelligence, and they can foresee the future. They also say that they will protect him . . . make him immune to disease and injury. The leader says that they will insure that he reaches adulthood . . . they will need him for the coming meeting of the worlds."

"What will they need him for, Melinda? What is this coming meeting of the worlds?" asked Dr. Rosen.

"The leader is explaining that the world as it is now is not ready for a direct meeting with visitors from another world . . . he says that they have been visiting us for over 30 years and have only encountered hostility. They are representatives of a great galactic wide federation of planets . . . they travel the universe and find worlds that . . . that have not yet evolved satisfactorily. They say that if they do not intervene, we will destroy ourselves . . ."

"Yes, but Tad! What part does Tad play in all this?"

"The leader says that my baby will use his gifts to improve mankind, to prepare the way for the contact . . . they will demonstrate their gifts to convince mankind of the reality of the space people . . . they will prepare the way for the meeting . . . if I accept the gift of powers to my child . . ."

"Did you accept the gift?" asked Dr. Rosen.

"Yes, I did . . . they thank me . . . he is but one of many star children . . . the leader says that they will blank out this memory for my own good . . . they say goodbye . . . they will meet me again in a few years when our civilizations meet . . ."

Dr. Rosen tried to elicit more details from Melinda Robinson but were unsuccessful. Convinced that nothing further could be gained she was awakened by Dr. Rosen. Curiously enough, Melinda seemed somehow re-

lieved after the hypnotic session. "I really don't understand what happened or just how "special" Tad is, but I'm not worried about it any more," she later told me. "The space people truly are our friends, whether we want to realize it or not." She now keeps her experiences to herself, not even telling her husband. Tad, she feels, will know what his destiny is in time.

In all my years of investigating UFO experiences, I have never come across a case similar to that of Melinda Robinson. Yet I have met numerous highly psychic young children during my general investigations into unknown phenomena. Moreover, a check of my files reveals that the number of highly psychic, amazingly brilliant children has greatly increased within the past two years. How many of them are star children like Tad? My own gut feeling is that many are. And if the UFO beings told Mrs. Robinson the truth, we may soon know for sure. ●



# HELD CAPTIVE IN AN ALIEN BREEDING EXPERIMENT

Maria Sanchez is only one of many women who report having had sexual intercourse, usually forced, with alien beings. Often the experience is such a traumatic one that a trained hypnotist is required to bring the memory to the surface.



investigative staff member Charles Tragerty interviews Maria Sanchez's distraught mother.

By Maria Sanchez

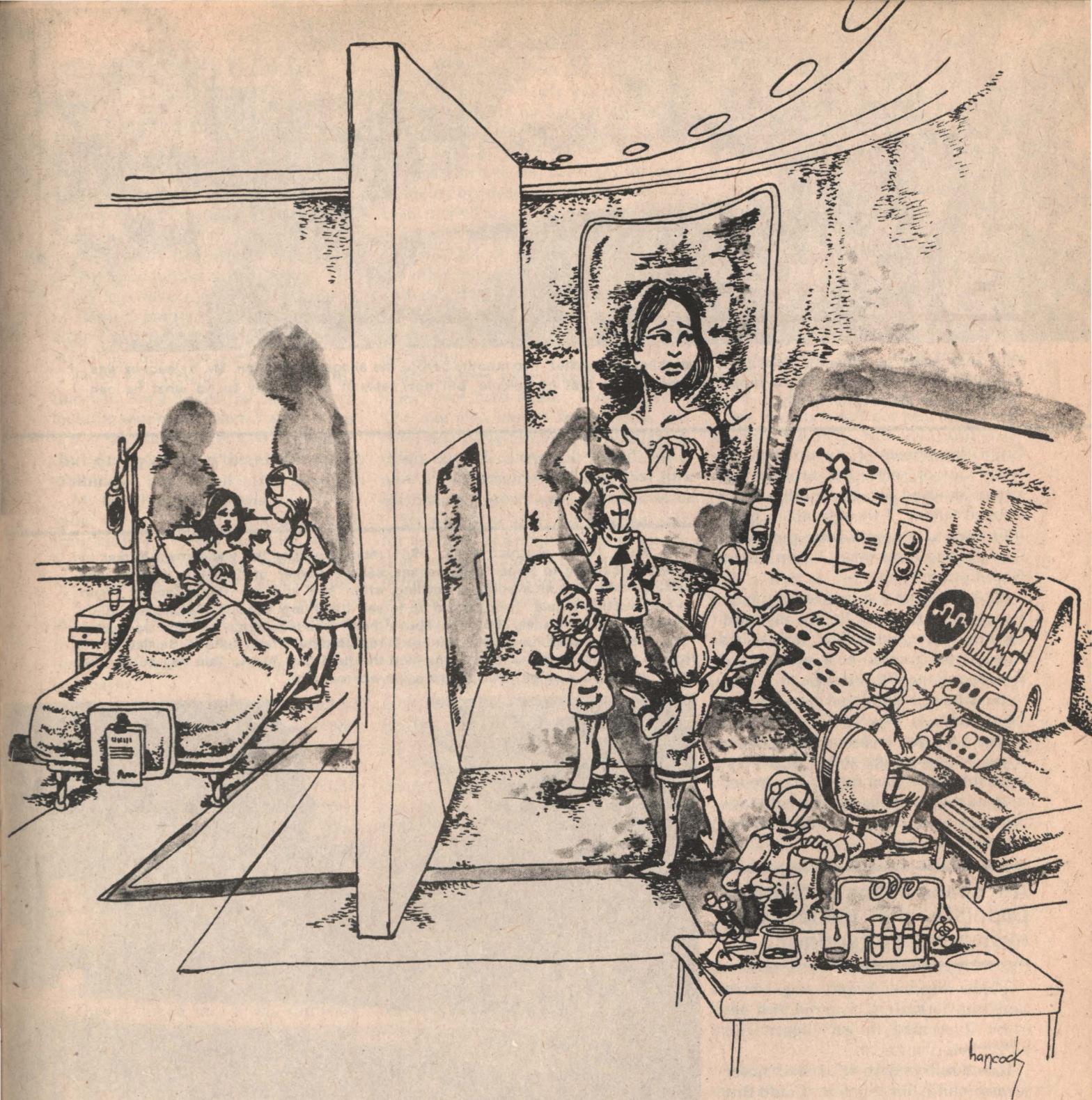
■ (Editor's Note: A story out of Manitoba, Canada, brought our attention to what was proclaimed a hoax by their newspaper. They wrote about something that had fallen from the sky — a plastic bag containing a strange sort of paper with English writing on it.

*The news item went on to say that scientists there had never seen plastic or paper like it, but were still convinced that someone had perpetrated a hoax.*

*At that point we did not know what was written on the paper, but, sensing a real story, we sent a staff member to the province. He was permitted to read the writing in the local police precinct,*

*but the desk sergeant would not surrender the package. He did, however, get permission to Xerox the thin sheets.*

*What follows is a complete transcription, word for word, of what was on those sheets. We cannot vouch for its authenticity, except to say that there is a Maria Sanchez. Unfortunately a personal interview with her is at the*



present time quite impossible. On Labor Day she apparently "vanished into thin air" . . . no one has seen her since.

September 22, 1977. Magazine, Arkansas. My name is Maria Sanchez. I'm 24. My hair is dark and long. I am five feet two inches tall and I weigh 115 pounds. I am single. The doctors here insist that I am not pregnant. I am sure that I am. The doctors say one other thing. They say I am crazy.

Writing materials here are forbidden. So are other things like belts, shoe

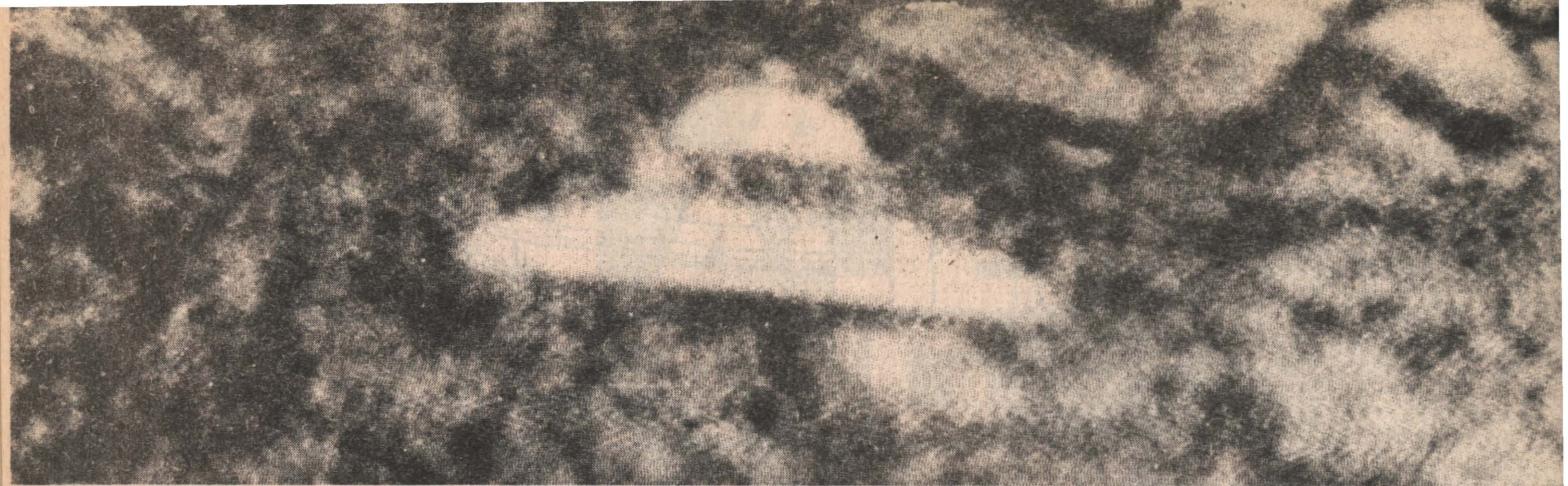
laces, hairpins and razors. That is why I write what I have to say to you on strips of wrapping paper I store from the hospital store room. I have numbered the strips so you won't get mixed up when you read.

I was brought here from a soybean field outside the town of Magazine. The hospital I am in is, I think, in Magazine, too. I was brought up in this town, but I don't recognize any of the doctors, the nurses or any other personnel. Maybe that's because of my condition. They tell me that when I

was found in the field I was stark naked and that I kept screaming that I had been raped by someone from another world.

I know what you think. You are the same as they are. You are saying to yourself that if she was raped it was by some local boy who saw me alone and took advantage of me. No! That is not the case. Let me explain.

It was Labor Day. There was no work in the fields. My family rested.



**This shot taken by Orlando Valesquez, a neighbor of Sanchez, two months before the alleged abduction. Mr. Valesquez was hesitant to bring the photo to the proper authorities for fear of ridicule, but now feels it is his duty to do what he can to help restore Maria to her family.**

From the moment I got up that day I was out of sorts. My brother and sisters annoyed me. My mother never stopped talking. I thought about going into town to get away from them, but then I changed my mind. I didn't know what I wanted to do.

By nightfall I was tearing my hair. I could not stand my family anymore. I left the house and walked. It was good to be alone, good to hear nothing but silence and the little crickets.

Somehow, I wandered into the soybean field. It was ironic. I worked there every day and now I was there when I did not have to be. But it was peaceful. I stretched out on the ground and stared up at the millions of stars. Some of them fell and I made wishes on everyone I saw.

### **Are space aliens seeking to populate the planet with alien-human offspring?**

There was one bright star which caught my attention. I stared at it because it seemed to get bigger and bigger before my eyes.

I couldn't believe it! I had never seen anything like it before. Could this be a shooting star that was headed directly at me? No, that was not possible. I had read that such stars burn themselves out before they reach the atmosphere.

As I watched I saw the star take a shape like a blimp. It was no longer silvery in color, but reddish, with some blues and greens. The thing came down, but quietly, and when it was near the ground the lights went out. It was now just a dark silhouette against the horizon.

My heart thumped. I was rigid with fear. My hands trembled. I was so afraid that my throat seemed to

dry up. My impulse was to get up and run back to the house, but I couldn't

**This shot taken August 16th, 1961, moments after the well-known Parker incident. According to three eyewitnesses, Sandra Parker of Chester, Illinois, was walking home after an evening of bowling, when she and her three friends heard an odd buzzing sound. They looked up to see a rotating metallic ovalshaped object hovering approximately 30 feet above them. Seconds later, Sandra was gone. "She just dematerialized into this air," reported her friend John H. Bartlett at the time. A missing persons report was filed the next day, but to this day authorities have not found a single clue to Sandra's whereabouts.**



## HELD CAPTIVE IN AN ALIEN BREEDING EXPERIMENT

move. I could see my house. I could see my mother moving about in the kitchen, just a speck she was, but I could see her. I called out, but I was too far away for her to hear me.

My legs were rooted to the ground as though paralyzed. My arms were alright. I tried to use them to boost myself up, but it was useless.

There was activity at this big thing that had come out of the sky. I heard metallic sounds and then I saw a sliver of bright light. Figures moved through the light and I heard them thud to the ground.

My breath came in gasps now. Tears came to my eyes. I looked around frantically for help, but who would walk in a soybean field at night? Only me — because my family annoyed me.

I wanted to scream for help but that too seemed impossible now. My throat would not permit a scream. It could hardly stay open wide enough for me to breathe.

The figures that had jumped out of the object came toward me. I saw three. I tried to crawl away from them but couldn't. Then I flattened myself on the ground, hoping that they would not see me huddled among the soybean plants.

I was wrong. They stood around me. They were tall and muscular but in the darkness I could not see their faces. I was sobbing now, really sobbing hard because I thought they were going to kill me. And when they reached down for me I shut my eyes tight and cried, "No. . . no. . . please. . ."

They grabbed me. I was suddenly able to stand up. They held my arms and marched me to the great dark object. I struggled. I kept saying, "No . . . no . . ." I tried to kick at them but when I did they lifted me off the ground with no effort. I could feel the power they had. My arms were held in hands as strong as the vise my father uses to fix his tools.

When we were beneath the round object I was lifted inside where the great light was and I was blinded by it. New hands held me now and I was carried somewhere in the machine. I was lowered to the floor. I opened my eyes slowly. And it was then that I knew why I had been taken from the field.

Two of the figures stood at my sides

while a third looked at me from across a bare, white room. He was completely bald. There was no hair at all on his face, no eyebrows, no lashes, no sign of a beard.

He nodded to the two near me and suddenly my dress was drawn over my head. I cried out. I punched their arms in anger, but my dress was off and now one worked at my bra snaps while the other removed my panties. I tried to fight. I screamed. My puny fists pounded the figure who knelt in front of me, but it was as though he had no feeling.

My clothes were tossed aside. My arms were held again. I was naked. The one who looked from across the room now came toward me. I struggled again but it was useless. I was crying now and my hair had fallen in front of my face. My legs were weak.

He was close now. He reached out for my body and touched me in places that no man has ever touched me before. My face reddened. I could feel my whole body turn red with shame. With my arms held I could not even use them to shield myself from his pale eyes.

Suddenly I was released. I fell to the floor. Those who had held me were gone and I was alone in the room with the one who had taken liberties with my private parts.

When I looked up at him he was naked, too. I gasped. He was like any man, except that there was no hair on his body, not even pubic hair. But I could see that he was ready for me. I tried to crawl away. But there was no place to go. Then he was on his knees, close to me. His face was almost expressionless. It was neither handsome nor mean-looking. It held no emotion, not even the emotion of lust which I see sometimes on the men in the field when they look in my direction.

I gave up. There was no way to fight him. The power in his body was far beyond anything I ever saw. He took me there on the floor. . .

That is why I insisted to the doctors here that *I was raped* and that *I am pregnant*. At first they went along with me. They took a vaginal swab. They said they found no evidence of sexual intercourse. They said that I had imagined everything and that I was undergoing an emotional upheaval due, no doubt, to family pressures. I would be released, they said, when I was back to normal emotionally.

But that is not the truth. I will not be released from this hospital ever. . . *I know that for a fact.*

I have seen no calendars here, but I have guessed that today is September 22. I did it by counting from Labor Day, the day I was raped by whatever it was in the machine. I did not imagine that. It was real.

When the rapist was finished with me the other two appeared and carried me back to the field. I was still naked. They did not give me back my clothes.

That was when I screamed at them. My throat was no longer clogged with fear. They walked away from me as though I did not exist. They left me lying on the ground and I kept screaming at them. Then I screamed, "Mama . . . Papa. . . Please help me. . .!"

My parents could not hear me. They were too far away. Nobody could hear me in this large field, but I didn't care that I was isolated. I was angry and frightened. Screaming was my only outlet.

The huge object began to light up. First at the edges, then completely like a ball of fire. Only there were lots of colors that fire does not have. I heard no sound. The light got brighter and brighter, only the machine did not move. Instead, it went dark. Once again it lit up, very bright as before, but darkened again. Something was wrong. There was a . . . malfunction. Yes, that's the word. It could not rise.

I screamed again, louder than before. I stood up. I didn't care that I was naked and that someone might see me. I *wanted* to be seen. I *wanted* to be heard. I wanted people to see this large thing in the soybean field so they would believe me when I told them that I had been raped and that I was now pregnant.

I was really loud now. I was sure someone would hear. But when I was screaming my loudest a beam of blue light bathed me. It came from the machine and it knocked me out.

People were around me when I woke up. I was on the ground. There were nurses and men who looked like doctors. I started to scream again. They tried to shut me up, saying it was all right now and that I was safe. But I didn't believe them. I continued to scream until somebody jabbed me with a needle and I passed out again.

You now have most of the story. *But there is more.* What I have to tell you now is perhaps even more important than anything else I have written.

*I am not crazy. I don't belong here.* I want to be home with Mama and Papa but they won't let me go. The doctors tell me that I need therapy, medicine

and rest. They tell me that my experience, whether real or imagined, was traumatic . . . that I must be cured before I leave.

I have asked to use a telephone. They refused me. I have asked for writing material to send my mother a letter. They said I was not allowed to contact anyone until I was transferred to a minimum security ward.

The ward I am in has no windows and no other patients. The doors are always locked. I never knew that my little town had such a facility as this. Doctors and nurses see me every day. I am examined frequently. I ask the doctors when I will have my baby, but they keep saying that I am not pregnant. I asked one nurse if I might watch television and she snapped, "We don't use those nonsensical things here."

I asked for newspapers, books, anything to read, but was denied. I told them that if I did not have something to do to occupy my time I *really* would go crazy.

That was when I got a real close look at the nurse I spoke to. At her hair. There was something about it that did not look natural. When the doctors came that day to examine me I looked at their hair, too. *They were wearing wigs! Full ones!* Their faces and chins were clean and hairless. I looked at their hands, their wrists . . . *there was no hair on them!*

I suddenly knew where I was. This was not a hospital in my little town. I was with *them!* To prove it to myself I reached quickly for a nurse's hair and pulled the wig off. The gesture startled her, but a moment later she sneered at me and then removed her fake eyebrows.

After that there was no more pretense. My captors came to me without their wigs. I was told flatly that I was here for only one purpose. I was an experimental breeder. *These people were anxious to see if members of two different worlds could mate and have offspring.* They offer me nothing in return, not even the hope that I will eventually be returned to my family.

I was also told that my own actions forced them to take me with them. If I had not put up such a fuss in the soybean field they would have permitted me to go home. They said agents would have monitored my condition. One doctor said, "It is just as well. The intercourse did not take. We will try again. It is more convenient having you here."

So far, no one has visited me to have

intercourse. I am alone most of the time, which is why I can write these notes. As yet I don't know what I will do with them when I am finished, but I find it therapeutic to have something to do with my time.

There is no night and no day here. But during my sleep period the lights are dimmed and I use that time to examine the room I am in. There are no cracks, no seams. I am looking for an opening, a slit through which I can push these slips of wrapping paper with the hope that they will fall to earth and that someone will read them. I know, it's like putting a note into a bottle and tossing it into the sea.

I will find a way. I know that this machine is still within the earth's atmosphere. I have heard the doctors say that our mountainous terrain is being studied. They are particularly interested in the white material which forms at the peaks. They have asked me about it. To be obstinate I told them

I did not know what it was.

I am finished writing. I will wrap these slips in a plastic bag I have found and at the first opportunity I will drop it out of this machine . . .

*(Editor's Note: A missing persons report has been filed on Maria Sanchez. As of this writing the girl has not been found. Police officials in Arkansas suspect foul play. They have found a spot in the Sanchez' soybean field in which it was apparent a scuffle had taken place. Nearby is a burnt area for which no one has an explanation.*

*Is it a hoax . . . or the truth? If it's the former, someone went to an awful lot of trouble to pull a gag which so far has amused no one.*

*Should it be true, we can only hope that the "powers that be" read this story and take steps to reunite Maria with her family. That would be the humane thing to do. That is, if they know what being humane means . . . .)*



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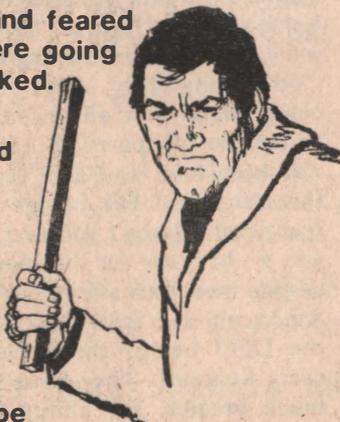
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## PSYCHICS ALERT THE WORLD:

(Continued from page 18)

managed to learn every Earth language and a great deal about our politics and culture."

"But Barry," I asked, "there are all sorts of clues that Earth has been visited many times in the past by space visitors. Why are they now planning to openly contact us?"

"Simple. They have indeed visited Earth many times in the past, but all these visits were failures as far as the UFO beings were concerned. Primitive man was unable to comprehend the truth that the UFO beings were concerned. Primitive man was unable to comprehend the truth that the UFO beings were interplanetary visitors, and instead he worshipped the UFO entities as gods. You may find this difficult to believe, but all present day religions were founded as a result of visits from the UFO beings. It is only now that we have progressed to the point where we can truly and fully understand a large scale visit from outer space."

"Fine," I said, "but why all these cat and mouse games over the years? Wouldn't it have been much simpler if the UFO aliens had merely landed on the White House lawn on June 24, 1947 and introduced themselves to the president?"

"It would have been simpler if they had done that," Barry replied, "but the UFO aliens understood how much humans fear the unknown and the great panic that would have resulted. That's why they have approached us gradually. As I said, the first UFO reports were nothing but random sightings. Now after 1955, you started having more reports of UFO landings and encounters with occupants. And since the late 1960s you have had all manner of contact by telepathy as well as people being taken aboard UFOs. You know that today public opinion polls reveal that over half of the American people believe in the reality of UFOs. That number is going to greatly increase in the coming years until the climactic year of 1982, when all will be revealed to us by the UFO beings themselves."

Barry Andrews sounded persuasive, but somehow I couldn't understand why UFO beings who were supposed to be visiting us for peaceful purposes would commit some of the atrocious acts, such as attacks on humans, that fill much UFO literature. In particular, I was

curious about the numerous attacks on humans by small, hairy humanoid beings. Barry immediately had a reply.

"Those were not UFO beings that attacked those humans. They were their pets!"

"Their pets!" I replied in disbelief.

"Yes, they keep lower animals for pets just as we keep dogs and cats," Barry answered. "They love their pets just as we do and in return their pets love them back. These small, hairy humanoid types are like dogs in that they are very protective of their masters' property and possessions. Now in every case where a human has been attacked by these hairy humanoids, it was a case where the human came upon a landed UFO in an isolated area. These humanoids assumed the humans were endangering their masters and attacked the humans to defend their masters. These humanoids can be very aggressive when they have to be, like our own German Shepherd and Doberman Pinscher dogs."

"Okay," I replied. "But what about the abduction and kidnapping cases?"

"Those were entirely misunderstood," he replied. "Look at it from this perspective: when we take a small child to the doctor, it is for the benefit of the child. But the child does not realize this. The child only knows that often the doctor or nurse gives injections that cause pain. The child does not understand that the injection will relieve sickness or prevent a terrible disease. The child only comprehends the pain."

"The kidnappings and abductions you refer to have been our visits to the doctor, so to speak. In the medical examinations that they have performed on humans, they have learned far more about our bodies and the diseases that afflict them than is known by our own medical scientists. The UFO aliens have applied their great advanced knowledge to many of our medical problems and have come up with cures to some of our most feared diseases. One of the gifts they will offer us when they land in 1982 will be a cure for cancer. It will be a simple serum that can be swallowed and will cure any form of cancer anywhere in the body!"

Once again I found my skepticism overpowering my confidence in Barry Andrews. This seemed quite a bit for just one psychic revelation, and I was forced to ask him just how he knew all this in such detail.

"Psychics throughout the world are even now receiving similar revelations. I don't claim to know all that will happen, and others will receive revela-

tions that I will not get. *But these revelations come directly from the UFO BEINGS THEMSELVES.* They know the frequency of psychic energy and are sending out waves of this psychic energy and are sending out waves of this psychic energy out all over the world, much like a radio transmitter. These revelations to psychics throughout the world are the final preparations for the coming contact. You might say I'm being used by the space beings to advertise the coming landings. There's a pretty good possibility that even persons who are fairly non-psychic may be receiving revelations of the coming contact from the space beings. The UFO beings are putting out a lot of psychic energy and you don't have to be particularly psychic to receive some of it.

"These psychic visions of the upcoming contact have been extremely vivid, unlike anything I have ever previously experienced. That's why I have decided to go public with these revelations, even though I am well aware that there will be many who will laugh and ridicule me."

Barry was telling the truth. He honestly had nothing to gain by making up a fake story. Moreover, he wasn't charging anyone for these predictions. Andrews comes from a well-to-do family and is active in the family business for his livelihood. He has never, to the best of my knowledge, ever tried to make a cent off his predictions — although his psychic powers often come in handy when he makes business decisions!

I needed no further convincing. Instead of trying to determine if Barry was telling the truth, the interview now shifted to getting as much information out of Barry as he could remember.

I was especially curious about the mass landings and contacts. It seemed reasonable that perhaps the UFO pilots would encounter resistance from the Earth's military forces. That suggestion produced a hearty laugh from Andrews. "You apparently don't completely comprehend how advanced the UFO beings are compared to us," he said. "Nothing here on Earth can possibly threaten the UFO beings and their spacecraft. Haven't you ever wondered why we have not yet shot down a UFO despite numerous attempts by both the American and Soviet air forces? But the UFO beings themselves do not carry weapons. They have something much greater, the ability to control the complete essence of our universe. They know that matter is another form

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of energy, and they can manipulate all energies and forces in the universe at will. That is the secret of UFO propulsion. The UFO beings can manipulate the forces of space and time to arrive at any point in the limitless universe within minutes. The speed of light is not the ultimate speed to them since they can manipulate the speed of light itself. This control extends to all material objects as well by means of force and energy fields. You ask me what will happen when the military tries to use their weapons against the UFO beings. *Nothing* will happen. The weapons of our military will not work. They'll pull the triggers of their guns and nothing will happen! To defend themselves, the UFO beings do not need any weapons, they simply neutralize the weapons of their attackers.

"The UFO beings will know exactly how to contact the leaders of the world's nations. Even now they have agents here on Earth laying the final groundwork for the contact and gathering as much information as possible. Yes, I said that the UFO beings walk the Earth right now! They can disguise themselves as humans and act and speak in a completely ordinary manner. The government intelligence services of the Earth's larger nations are well aware of this, but they think the UFO beings are hostile and so keep this information secret from the people. A constant worry of the American government is that these UFO agents have managed to infiltrate high level positions in government, industry and the military. That is true, but it is being done solely to gather more information in preparation for the great day of contact."

Another question was *why* the UFO beings were going to so much trouble in the first place to contact us. After all, what makes us so important, this tiny planet in the endless universe? Again, Barry had an answer. "As a civilization develops, it reaches a point where it develops the technology to destroy themselves and have done so. Others have developed great destructive technologies but have also developed spiritually to the point where great innovations are made in science and technology for the betterment of life instead of war. The UFO beings who are now visiting Earth are immortal. Not that they are gods, but they have learned to completely overcome disease and aging. They live forever in perpetual youth. They share with each other and live in perfect harmony.

"The UFO beings have been monitoring Earth for centuries. When Earthlings exploded the first atomic bombs the UFO beings realized that the time had come to intervene. The fact that we had just gone through such a savage event as World War II made a deep impression upon the UFO beings. They were convinced that we would destroy ourselves within another 50 years if they did not act."

When the UFO beings land, we will enter into a relationship with them in which they will re-educate us and re-orient our way of living. Barry explained this point in detail: "The relationship will not be the master/slave relationship that many people fear. It will instead be the relationship of a tutor and his pupils. It might sound like more of a parent/child relationship, but that is not correct. The UFO beings believe in the universal respect and dignity of all life, and thus would never demean us by thinking of us as children.

"We will be taught how to overcome bigotry and hate. We will be taught to live in mutual respect, friendship, and harmony, just like the UFO aliens do."

I left my interview with Barry Andrews with my brain reeling from the staggering predictions I had been given. But I was troubled by what I should do with my information. Trained as a newspaperman, my first impulse when I get a hot story is to type it up and get it into print as soon as possible. But this time I waited. I had no doubts myself as to the accuracy and truth of the predictions of Barry Andrews, but few publishers would be willing to print such a story without further proof.

But now the extra proof is here. Just as Barry claimed, psychics from all over the world are receiving similar messages from the UFO beings.

Richard DuMont of New York City has appeared on numerous radio and television talk shows and has astounded thousands with his accurate predictions of the future. Just a few weeks after my interview with Andrews, DuMont made the following prediction to thousands of listeners to a popular all-night radio talk show: "I think that within the next few years you are going to see an increasingly high level of UFO activity throughout the world. I don't know how we'll find out but I sense by the summer of 1982 that UFOs won't be a mystery to us any longer and that we'll finally know the truth about the entire affair. It will be climaxed by UFO landings in 1982,

and the people of Earth will meet the UFO-nauts face the face."

I got in touch with DuMont as soon as I could after I heard those words. DuMont confirmed his prediction and added that there was more. "I outlined the entire prediction to the host but he said that the entire story was just too weird, and that I should tone the prediction down a bit," DuMont told me in a telephone conversation. "I've been getting some very strong vibrations lately about a massive series of UFO landings taking place during June of 1982. When this happens, the UFO aliens will introduce themselves to us and reveal why they have come to Earth. They will be coming in peace and friendship, I can assure you. I get a sensation that we'll be in some trouble that we're going to need help getting out of, maybe something having to do with nuclear energy.

"My visions of the arrival of the UFO beings in New York are most vivid. I have seen a glowing disc hovering between the towers of the World Trade Center and the crowd gathered in the streets below looking up in awe. All traffic will come to a standstill in the streets below looking up in awe. All traffic will come to a standstill in the streets of the city and one disc will even land right in Times Square. I even have visions of discs flying in formation over the Statue of Liberty."

After I finished talking with DuMont I called Barry Andrews in San Francisco. He hadn't talked with Richard DuMont but wasn't surprised at the news of his visions. Barry then gave me the names of some other psychics of his acquaintance who had received similar revelations. I could've called them for their stories but I didn't bother. I had all the proof I needed.

Even those who are not psychic are becoming aware that something momentous is coming up in 1982. A friend of mine is very interested in astrology and mentioned to me recently that 1982 is going to be a very historic year. In that year, she said, all the planets from Mercury to Saturn — six in all — will be lined up in a straight line. That particular event is unprecedented in history, she went on, and something equally unprecedented will happen to us here on Earth.

Slowly we are being prepared. More and more and more revelations from the space beings are arriving every day. Magazines like this one bring them to you. Everything is now pointing toward 1982 — toward a new beginning for the human race. ●

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## WE'VE COME

(Continued from page 36)

will be interesting and helpful, I assure you. We will return you to your home within about seven hours, if you are ready to go.' He did seem to emphasize the 'if you are ready to go.' I just unhooked the screen door and stepped out.

"They were standing far enough apart so that I stepped out between them. When I stepped to the ground, they each took me by my right and left arm just above the elbow; they did not grip my arm but did hold firmly enough. The lady was on my left and the man on my right. As soon as they took hold of my two arms, we went up — no time was lost. The sensation was just like going up in a fast elevator. It might scare you a little, or make you feel as if you were being turned wrong side out. This was the sensation I had. I looked down and could see the lights of the two cities, Eagle Pass and Piedras Negras. I could see the waters of the Rio Grande River flowing between the two cities. I knew that we were traveling fast, as the lights were rapidly becoming dimmer. I did not have any particular sensation of traveling at that time, only at the start. It was a matter of minutes until we were out of sight of the lights of the cities

and the river. I began to feel very cold, and I knew we were quite high."

After a short while, Martin knew he had reached their destination. He looked up and realized he was no longer on earth.

"Now I looked about me. We were in a small room about 8 x 10 or 10 x 12 feet. This room had rounded corners, and in front as we stood, on the wall about halfway to the ceiling, there appeared an affair which looked like a television screen. It was about 18 x 20 inches. Just below this screen was what appeared to be a panel board of a black substance, upon which was mounted numerous instruments, clocks, meters, gauges, little levers and round knobs. In front of this screen and panel board sat a chair, which had the appearance of a book-keeper's stool. It was high and had a back to it, being upholstered in what looked like a green plastic. On each side of the room there was a settee placed against the wall. The man went to this high-back stool and sat upon it. The lady and I sat upon one of the two settees. The man now reached to a black knob on the panel board and turned it to the left; instantly the screen lit up and I heard a slight humming noise as coming from an instrument in the back of the room and up near the ceiling.

"This instrument had the appearance of an air conditioner. At the same time, there appeared on the screen spots of light looking like stars off in the distance. There were finely drawn streams of light extending from one star to another. These crossed and formed what might be called geometric patterns. The man kept his eyes on this screen all the time. He now reached to a small silver lever mounted on the panel board and moved it to the left. Instantly, I had the same sensation of starting up. The lady sat beside me quietly, and the man concentrated on the operation of the craft. This lasted for perhaps five or ten minutes. Again, I had the sensation of suddenly stopping. This time I heard a slight noise above our heads that sounded like metal being brought together. The man now got down from his stool and the lady and myself got up. We all again stood by the door through which we had entered. This time another door, over our heads and in the ceiling, opened and we went up into it.

"Once again I looked about me. We were standing between two rails,

about four feet apart and three feet high. These rails were composed of a substance which looked like a silver-colored plastic. Immediately in front of us, some 12 or 15 feet, sat a flat-top desk, behind which sat a lady. This lady was dressed in what looked like a nurse's uniform. We approached this desk, my two guides on each side of me."

Walking away, the guides left the contactee alone with the female alien, who extended her hand, welcoming him aboard.

After a few pleasantries were exchanged, Martin was led down a long hallway, where he saw many small rooms off to the side. There he met with several "scientists," who showed him many interesting things.

"One particular item that she picked up was a little affair about the size of a lady's wristwatch. She opened it, showed it to me and explained that inside was a little motor and two tiny little spools. She said that this was a photographic and recording machine. On the back of it was a tiny jewel that acted as a lens for taking pictures. The motor operated all the mechanism. The tape was fine and thin, so that on the tiny spool and at the rate it traveled, there was enough to last a lifetime. She said that one of these little machines contained a record of a man's or woman's activities over a complete lifetime. That is, every act they did could be recorded on that tape."

Later that evening, Martin says he was the guest of honor at a big dinner, after which he attended a special lecture held for his benefit. The captain of the UFO picked up a pointer and began to speak, referring to symbols and vertical lines on a screen which had been lowered.

"A picture appeared on the screen. There was a brilliant light spot, and he told me that that was the sun. As we watched, we could see flame, and an object seemed to burst forth from this light. It seemed to hit some invisible thing or force and it coiled back. He explained that it was a gaseous formation given off by the sun, and that it had struck the outer limits of this planet's field force, thus causing it to curl back.

"He showed me how the earth was created. That was the way it began. The point that was away from the sun had cooled down to a state where, from the firmament condensed about it, water formed and then crude

# WE'VE COME

plant life and later marine life, fish and next fowl. As the conditions developed, the land on the exact North Pole, is where man first came into being. He explained that the term 'man' was properly defined as 'mankind' or 'species of mankind.' We sometimes refer to the male as 'man.' He said that was not a proper definition. If meant both male and female as mankind. The species of Adam, mankind, of which we are descendants, was formed in that particular state. At first the species was a creature or body containing both the male and female organs in one body. Later it was separated, and we became two parts of one whole man and woman. It took quite a while for me to grasp this. That was the first hour of the three-hour lecture he was giving. He took about an hour telling about the creation and formation of the earth and its progress."

The next part of the lecture dealt with living conditions on their home planet. "There were photos of little towns, temples, people within their homes, how they worked, etc.; how they traveled, roads, pastures, fields and animals, also rivers and lakes. He called my attention to different things and explained them as he went along. He explained the customs, which were radically different from our own. In the homes, for instance, there were no wires running into the house. There was an instrument or box on the outside of each house, something like a light meter. But, instead of being a meter to register the amount of current, like we have, it was a little plant of its own, which generated enough power and light for each home. There were no large families. The average family was two or three children. There were no large cities, just small communities. He mentioned their money system and said no one works to make money. Instead of banks, like we have, they go to a place in each community where scrip is issued to each head of a household. He just asks for the amount of money he needs, and if he didn't get enough to last all year, he can go back and get some more later. If he got too much, it would become obsolete, as they issue new money every year; therefore it would be useless to hoard it.

"Another custom, very different from ours, is that a man never solicits a position of responsibility. If a man wanted a job as a judge, he'd better not let it be known, or he wouldn't get it. The fact that a man would aspire to a job where he'd pass judgment on someone else, would disqualify him. Such jobs are filled by draft, you might say. There were no prisons, mental institutions, undertaking parlors, and very few hospitals. There was one man in charge of the schools who was the master, and he had other lesser teachers, or aides, who helped him. This master was also a doctor and lawyer and top authority in the community. If you were sick, angry, or disgusted, no matter what your problem, you brought it to him. He was completely impartial in his judgment, as he needed and received no pay. He had everything he wanted, and so couldn't be bribed."

After spending a total of seven hours inside this craft from outer space, Martin was returned to earth.

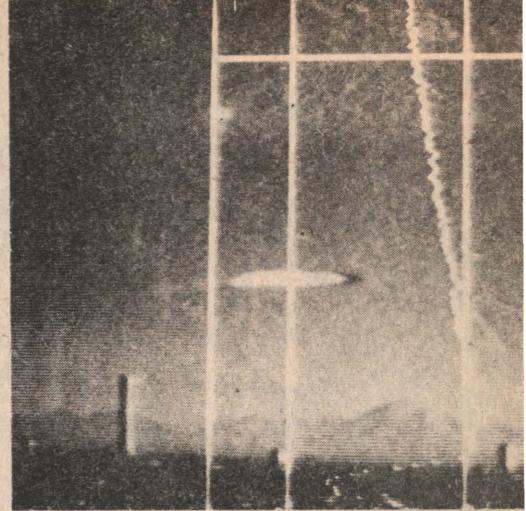
To be sure, his story is strange, perhaps for many hard to swallow. But if UFOs have landed — as we know they have! — then why can't they escort a selected few of us around the cosmos?

Is Dan Martin so "special," or have there indeed been others lucky enough to be transported away from the earth?

At this moment, serious UFO research groups are weighing all the available evidence. Dozens of good, solid cases now exist which would lead us to believe that we are no longer confined to planet earth.

In the next few months, doubtlessly similar stories will be made public. **Close Encounters of the Third Kind** has made us look to the heavens and wonder who or what is out there.

It's only a matter of time until they arrive for us all!



# THE DAY UFOs LANDED

## On the spot investigation of a "Flying Saucer Nest" in Australia.

■ Certain official bodies would have the public believe that only cranks, lunatics and weak-minded people believe in UFOs. While it is true that certain unscrupulous characters have sought to mislead by pretending they had made contact with little green men—or the like—in the hope of achieving a certain amount of cheap notoriety, there are many thousands of eminent scientists, astronomers, rocket experts, technicians, nuclear physicists, top-ranking members of various air force and army establishments, members of clergy, professors and leading space travel authorities—to mention but a few—who feel there is ample and conclusive evidence to prove UFOs *do* exist, and that they are not pretty weather balloons or just a product of the imagination.

Flying saucers first made world headlines in June 1947, when businessman Kenneth Arnold—while piloting a private plane—spotted nine silvery objects flying in formation over Mt. Ranier.

The first sighting in Australia occurred in 1952. In Sydney and several nearby towns, including Wollongong, dozens of reports flowed in on May 3rd of a saucer that flashed overhead at 6 a.m. It was described as a wingless cigar, many times the size of an ordinary airliner, equipped with pairs of blazing lights at each end. Among the hundreds of witnesses was an East-West Airlines pilot, a flying instructor, an ex-R.A.A.F. pilot, who

said the object was shaped like a submarine and lit up like a liner; its speed was in excess of 500 m.p.h.

On May 11th, the residents of Parramatta witnessed a silvery ball with a halo. It moved slowly and silently until it vanished from sight. The Meteorological Office could not offer any explanation for the phenomenon.

On June 7th at 7:30 a.m. three airmen were leaving their barracks en route for another R.A.A.F. depot; they saw a cigar-shaped object pass swiftly and silently overhead at approximately 2,000 to 3,000 feet.

Several silvery windows or portholes were visible along its sides, and its sharply pointed nose possessed a forecabin emitting a dazzling light that almost blinded them. As it flashed overhead in a northerly direction, a peculiar tail arrangement, consisting of several raised flukes, was described by one of the observers who also noted that the light streaming from the portholes was of an orange hue. No smoke or vapor trail was evident and the object sped northwards without an alteration of height or direction, quickly vanishing.

On July 6th, 1954, two shire councillors, Mr. G.V. Burnett and Mr. T. Kerr, reported seeing a wingless and noiseless flying "cigar" belching green flame as they were returning by car from a council meeting at Queanbeyan. Both men said the object was "under controlled flight." The previous day, two cigar-shaped objects had been reported over Williamstown, a suburb of Melbourne. The witness, a photographer, said they were in line, one behind the other and their exhausts "threw out a bright vapor trail." The objects were in view for two minutes, he said, and appeared

to be at an altitude of about 5,000 feet.

On August 10th of the same year, a brilliant green ballshaped object was reported hurtling over Sydney at 5:35 p.m., traveling at between 500 and 1,000 m.p.h. Various suburban residents, including Reverend Father Adabert of St. Fiacre's Church in Leichhardt, disagreed about the objects shape, describing it as "a dark body with a green flare at the tail." "a compact round ball which could have been spinning" and "ball-shaped." The R.A.A.F. and Weather Bureau officials could offer no explanation of the light, but the former added that it was neither a civil nor a service aircraft. Fifteen minutes before the Sydney sightings, "a vivid green object" passed over Canberra heading towards Sydney, thus giving the object a speed of 600 m.p.h.

On November 8th, 1957 four astronomers at the Mount Stromle, the Commonwealth Observatory, observed a bright pink object in the sky and were at a loss to explain it. It moved across the western horizon for about eight minutes, starting at 3:30 a.m., then disappeared. No plane was in the sky at the time.

The assistant director of the observatory, Dr. A.R. Hogg, said "It is the first time that the observatory has sighted what must be called an unidentified flying object."

Some very rough computations showed that the object was not more than 1,600 miles above the earth. If it were not seen again it would have to be written off as an unexplained phenomenon. Dr. Hogg said slow-moving meteorites, known as taurids, appeared at this time of the year, but the object was moving much too slowly to be a meteorite.



One of the astronomers seeing the object, Dr. A. Przybylski, said it had a bright pink luminosity which was brighter than anything else in the sky at the time except the moon. It traveled slowly southwards across the horizon, rose and passed beneath the moon, then sank again before disappearing.

One of the most unusual experiences was reported during February 1958, by two men in the Tarcutta district. They were in a paddock on Mr. F.S. Heard's property, "Springfield." It was a cloudless day with not a breath of wind. In a timbered gully some distance from them, reverberating up and down the gully. They saw the tops of the trees in the vicinity waving in a wind, but when they investigated the gully they could find no signs of anything that could cause

**December 1971 Toolligle Hills, South Australia. Grass pushed down, soil dry, what did it?**

a noise or disturb the trees. They also smelled an odor evidently caused by something burning in the vicinity a short time before.

The next day, chunks of clinker-type or burnt-out rock materials were found on the property. One chunk was found on a well-used sheep track and another was found balanced on a log. The material smelled as if it had been recently burned and was very porous, with a honeycomb appearance. Specimens of the materials were sent to the C.S.I.R.O. in Sydney, but no analysis was forthcoming.

Bright, fast-moving unidentified objects flashing across the sky on the night of March 5 1965, startled hundreds of people in Sydney and throughout New South Wales. They crossed

the state from northwest to southeast and were sighted in Coonabarabran, many parts of the central west (including Orange, Molong and Bathurst), the Kandos area and, finally, in Sydney Newcastle and Wollongong.

The objects shot across the state between 7:45 p.m. and 8:00 p.m., and an estimated two hundred callers immediately jammed the *Sydney Morning Herald* switchboard, reporting "white heads and long red tails."

Mr. K. McIntosh, a resident of Orange, took sightings on the lights and said they appeared to be traveling at a speed of between 18,000 and 20,000 miles an hour.

Mrs. L. Ford of Kandos said, "As they flew across the southeast, they appeared to break up."

Mr. and Mrs. E. Williamson of Hornsby said they saw four to six lights flashing across the sky as though

# UFOs LANDED

they were running along invisible wires.

Mr. R. Morris of Mount Colah said they traveled toward the city in formation. "The lights looked like small comets; they were colored yellow with short trails that looked like sparks," he said.

Mr. H. Richardson of Leppington stated, "It was a weird sight. No sound, just a steady movement of eight lights in close formation."

Spokesmen for the Civil Aviation Department and R.A.A.F. Air Traffic Control at Mascot said they also received many reports of the lights. "We did not see them, but we can definitely say that no R.A.A.F. or civil craft were flying in group formation as the light-sighting reports indicated," they said.

The lights passed, almost overhead, as fifty members of the Astronomical Society of New South Wales were meeting at Belfield Observatory. The director of the Observatory, Mr. G. Patston, said that each of the amateur astronomers had seen the lights and dozens more people had telephoned about them. He said the lights, of which most observers counted about eight, were seen 30 degrees above the horizon, 25 degrees west of north. Each object seemed to have a long, red incandescent tail about twenty times the length of the head of the

object. They disappeared well above the horizon; when the first one disappeared, the last was 50 degrees behind it.

Tully, Queensland figured in the news during 1965 when a saucer "nest" was discovered. The nest was a perfectly circular clearing with a diameter of 30 feet. It consisted of a 9-inch layer of reeds torn out by the roots from the muddy bed of the lagoon. It was floating on top of five feet of water and the reeds were swirled in a clockwise direction. The flattened area was surrounded by healthy, upright green reeds, 2½-feet tall. Underwater examination showed that the lagoon floor was perfectly smooth with all roots cleanly removed, as though pulled out by some great sucking force.

Among the sightseers were Mr. T. Warren and Mr. H. Penning. Together, they searched the swamps in the vicinity of the nest, discovering two more nests. These were only 25 yards away from the first one and a few feet apart from each other, but were otherwise hidden in the thick swamp grass. Their sizes were considerably smaller, only one-third that of the first nest. The reeds of one were flattened clockwise, the other counter-clockwise. Again, the thick layers of uprooted and swirled reeds were floating in 4½-feet of water.

A Brisbane helicopter company denied the possibility that the nests could be caused by helicopters. "A helicopter's rotor might flatten the grass, but the grass would soon spring up again and it would not die. Also the depression in the swamps were close to trees and there were much better landing spots several hundred yards away which a helicopter pilot would choose" the company official stated.

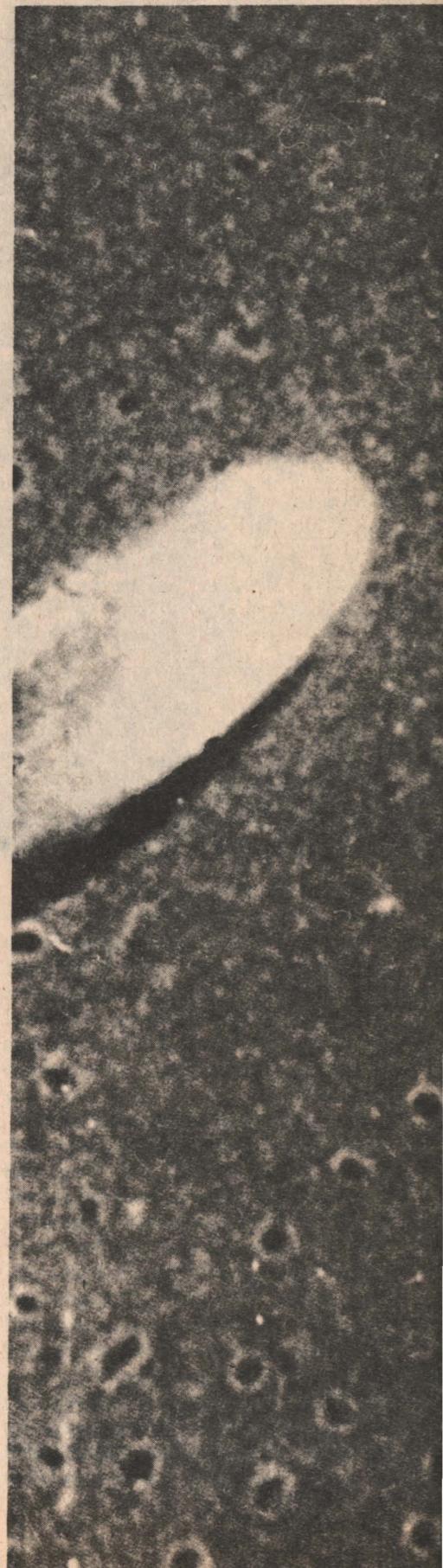
Repeated underwater exploration beneath the main nest revealed three large holes in the mud, suggesting a possibility that the UFO was not floating or hovering, but resting on three leg-like understructures.

It was found, although originally denied, that strange footprints existed around the area of the nest. The footprints strongly suggested the marks of an animal, but could not be identified by even the most experienced bushmen.

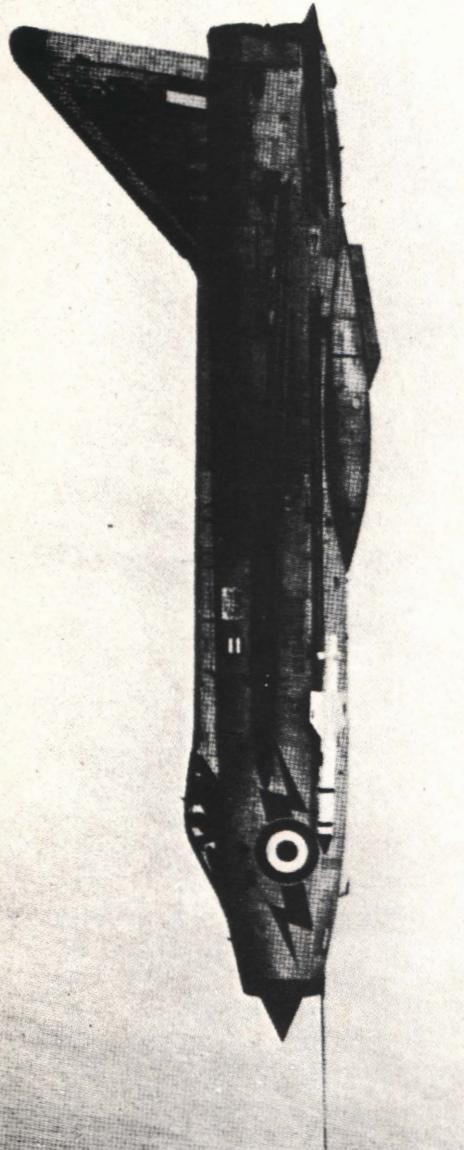
Exactly one week after the discovery of the first three nests, cane farmer Lou Lardi and his nephew, Van Klaphake, stumbled upon two more nests. One was about twelve feet in diameter and the other eight feet;

both, however, appeared much older than any of the previously discovered nests. The smaller nest showed distinct marks of burning in the shape of a circular patch of scorched reeds.

Many hundreds of sightings—enough to fill a book—have been reported since then.



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• **FACTORY WORKER WINS \$1,000 A WEEK FOR LIFE**—John R., a factory worker, was desperately in need of money for his rent, car payments and a pile of unpaid bills. He was discontented and unhappy and he could see no help in sight. But after doing an OMNI-COSMICS ritual I showed him, he bought a lottery ticket which paid \$1,000 a week *for life*—enough to pay all his bills, take a long trip with his family, and build a new house!

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**ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

ANN FISHER, an instructor of parapsychology at the State University of New York at Albany, and a nationally recognized psychic, medium, parapsychologist and ghost hunter, is a foremost authority and investigator of the higher powers of the mind. After many years of intensive investigation, she discovered the mighty powers of Omni-Cosmics—the miraculous power source revealed for the first time in this book. Ann Fisher has displayed her psychic abilities on many radio and television programs.

... you can stimulate the person's memory process, move his fingers, make him do what you want, repeat the words you want him to say, and do many other things. *It does work. No one can resist this command power. See for yourself!*

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• **OMNI-COSMICS SAVES LIFE OF YOUNG LADY**—Pamela, a young student in one of my classes who habitually uses the protective powers of OMNI-COSMICS, was driving on a city street one day and heard a voice say "Stop or you will be killed." It was lucky she did, for another car went through the intersection at a high rate of speed. She would have been killed or seriously injured if she had not stopped.

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**HEALS ULCER AND IMPROVES BAD HEART CONDITION**—Perry had a very bad heart condition and also a serious ulcer. His doctor wanted to remove his ulcer, but was afraid to operate because of the heart condition. But when Perry went back to his doctor after using an OMNI-COSMICS ritual I showed him, his ulcer had healed and his heart condition was greatly improved!

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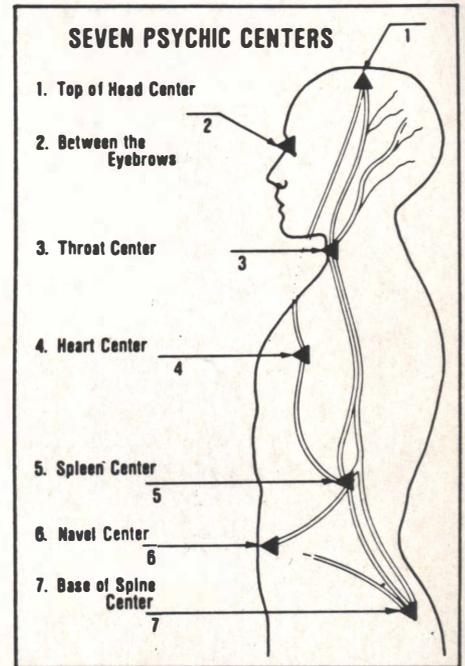
I was told when I was very ill with asthma, that I would have to use a breathing machine three times a day for the rest of my life. My doctor told me that only one out of a hundred was ever cured of this disease.

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