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[Mothership](#) -> [UFO](#) -> [Updates](#) -> [2000](#) -> [Apr](#) -> Here

## UFO UpDates Mailing List

### Alfred's Odd Ode #342

From: Alfred Lehmborg <[Lehmborg@snowhill.com](mailto:Lehmborg@snowhill.com)>  
Date: Sun, 02 Apr 2000 07:45:46 -0500  
Fwd Date: Sun, 02 Apr 2000 11:49:13 -0400  
Subject: Alfred's Odd Ode #342

Apology to MW #342 (For April 2, 2000)

There WAS the flap they called it, and they scrambled -- that's a fact. Folks were seeing \*something\*, and for days -- imagine that! This was early in the fifties, when we loved our Uncle Sam, before we knew his strawmen, and began to understand. Oh, all around the capital of the nation with the bomb (?); it's there in print and picture, and it's been there all along. UFO's were flying where the people HAD to look. Folks were clearly rattled -- sensibility was shook! There WAS a penetration of our airspace so profound that many eyes must watch the skies for what baffles and confounds.

It started on July thirteenth, about sixty miles from town. Reports are most unsettling -- are amazing; they astound! An airline crew is flying in, the weather's CAV-OK, the ceiling was unlimited -- they could see for days and days. A blue-white ball of brilliant light APPEARED and matched the course of a staff of worried pilots; the stews all saw, of course. Oh, think astonished passengers as effulgence flashed its light, and blue/white brilliance zooms up close -- a perspicacious sight! And, then to watch in wonder as away it hurries off -- at a thousand miles an hour, and straight UP the pilots clock!

The next day is a mirror -- the highly strange transpires. A southbound jet's accosted, and imagination's fired! Six strange craft formation fly and flip their edges wide and high to climb in graceful arks that night (!!) -- takes breath away with such a sight. Oh, with that jet they calmly flew then blinked on out -- away they knew (?), but not in sequence they would \*dim\* the pilot/crew reports to \*men\*. Interrogations DID ensue. The Air Force pressed, a bit unglued -- but men and women saw, yes, THAT . . . which radar saw! This caused the flap! On this date in Newport News, reports came in -- "red saucers [flew]." They flew a way and manner -- strange. Those that saw... said "flew [deranged]". With speed too high and turns too steep, these craft were seen to soar and cleave!!

In Hampton roads, July sixteenth, a man is working late, it seems. He takes a break to go outside to cop a smoke I would surmise. Looking south, a pair of lights (!) would zoom on up to pierce his night! Dodging back in tight U-turns they danced like flies to twist and burn! The witness is a man who'd know, an engineer of planes we've flown. "These maneuvers are extreme -- would kill and are beyond our dreams!" Joined by other lights that \*try\* the pair are four (!?!), and south they fly!

July eighteen, nineteen -- twenty, anomaly occurs aplenty. Orange/red disks fly single file for witnesses bereft of guile. Radar sees them too, you know -- a different kind of seeing though. Written \*off\* as air inversion, targets seen agree --

concurring! Pilots see what radar sees and still some scoff from thick-skinned knees! Shooting stars without their tails move up or down and are detailed. "At all times," was the report. "they coincided [in cavort]." Eyes and radar would agree that what was seen was there, indeed.

On the airbase five confirm what radar sees the eye discerns. Pilots in the airspace see these flying disks are flying free. UFO's -- tracked twenty minutes! Ten or more at once, they tell it, flying to the runway hard to scatter like exploding shards! Moving like weird wraiths of light, direction changes out of sight, many saw them there that night at Andrews airbase -- causing fright. Too sharp turns in weird directions, from entities beyond conjecture -- quicken my imagination (!) ...Admit it, this is too amazing!

The twenty-sixth came by at last, and by THIS time there're folks aghast! Nothing's being done they feel, our \*impotence\* is plainly real. Government won't have a clue (?), their impulse is to LIE to you. They give it spin and obfuscation, then act just like it never happened. But jet-planes scrambled out of fright for threatened airspace clothed by \*lights\*. Our capital was ringed with craft that ruled our skies (and that was that). Interceptors, we thought hot, were left as though they'd simply stopped... pilots hurt when they stepped out to find they hadn't landed -- ouch!

Something \*took\* the sky that night and treated us like boys, no jive. We were children to what flew these craft we SAW in fifty-two! IS this why we HAVE denied it? That we can't measure up? Deny it? That we are without a clue as to what they mean or what's the truth? Is this WHY we haven't bitched, and ridicule rewards this niche? Is this why there's no respect for people asking questions yet? This was BIG -- it filled the skies, but we had trust that's now denied, and yes that trust has been abused, BETRAYED, accosted, and confused.

There is more than some let by. They're locked into position's why. Some have let the secrets fall where some would keep them -- on their call. All convenient, arbitrary. All self serving, canted -- scary. All contrived to keep from YOU the answers you would HAVE, it's true. Think -- if the news was really bad, they'd mobilize us -- make us mad! They would use us in an army they would make (but do no fighting). Yes, fulsome answers would undo their method of controlling you. The Buddhists left to make the sense, as all the rest are flushed and rinsed. Power's individual; autonomy is usual; you provide your own belief beholding naught to priest or thief! This'll scare them -- YOU cut loose, independent... full of juice. This provokes the bare faced lie that nothing strange flew Truman's skies. This was it, their bland indifference -- disrespect for YOUR deliverance.

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Restore John Ford

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EXPLORE Alfred Lehmberg's Alien View" at his Fortunecity URL.

<http://www.alienview.com>

\*\*Updated All the TIME\*\*

<http://www.fortunecity.com/roswell/witches/237/lehmberg.html>

JOHN FORD RESTORATION FUND -- John will be released eventually. He'll need a tax free cash stake to get on his feet. Let's put one together for him; the bigger it is -- the more attention he gets. It could have been you. E-mail for detail. \$350.00 pledged -- \$200.00 collected!

"I cleave the heavens, and soar to the infinite. What others see from afar, I leave far behind me." - Giordano Bruno, burned at a skepti-feebroid stake.

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