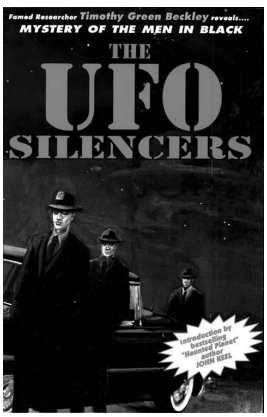

THE SILENCERS

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Introduction: Watch Out Behind You!
By John A. Keel author, Disneyland of the Gods
and Strange Mutants

"Close the doors! They're coming in the windows!"

That was a popular expression about thirty years ago, taken from the lyrics of a hit song now long forgotten. "Close the windows! They're coming in the doors!" The songwriter had probably never heard of the mysterious Men In Black (MIBs) but he might have been writing about them. They have been sneaking up on unwary UFO witnesses and ufologists for generations, often causing great confusion and sometimes outright terror. In more recent years they have been the subject of a number of commercial motion pictures and, back in the 1960s, an actor named Roy Thinnes chased them week after week in a highly rated TV series. In England, a rock group named The Men In Black has achieved great notoriety. The MIBs have become a part of the underground culture everywhere.

Most UFO fans credit the late Gray Barker with having "invented" the MIBs for his classic book ***They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers*** Actually Gray simply rediscovered an ancient phenomenon. Their presence has been observed throughout history, in many different contexts. In the Middle Ages, there were constant reports of sinister gentlemen in black garments who appeared in remote areas of Greece, Hungary, Poland, etc. where they were credited with acts of vampirism. Dead animals and humans were often found in their wake, sucked dry of blood. Like our modern MIBs, they were often described as having an oriental cast to their features and they spoke with strange accents.

In the ancient religion of Wicca or witchcraft a Man In Black holds a prominent symbolic meaning. In many rites of witchcraft, a member of the coven dresses in black to represent the MIB.

The fairy lore of the Celtic countries is also filled with tales of Men In Black. In fact, part of the fairy belief includes fairies who are the size of normal men and who walk almost unnoticed among humans except for their black clothing. Like their smaller counterparts, they were said to be great mischief-makers.

When the MIBs began appearing in areas where UFO sightings were numerous, the early UFO investigators tried to connect them exclusively to UFOs and their usual reasoning was that the mystery men were somehow related to the government or the Air Force. It was true that some government agents were—and are—fond of black suits and wrap-around sunglasses. For example, after Lee Harvey Oswald was linked with the assassination of President Kennedy it was reported that a group of men in black suits descended on his old military unit and rifled the files. Obviously they must have belonged to some Intelligence group like the C.I.A. Their black suits were almost a uniform, like the dark clothes worn by the Secret Service men who attempt to protect the President.

When, in August 1967, an enraged grizzly bear killed two campers deep in the woods in the Glacier National Park in Montana, a mystery man in a black suit, tie and black oxfords appeared briefly. What he was doing in the middle of the forest in such impractical clothing...and how he managed to hike there...was never explained. He briefly joined the horrified group of campers clustered around the mutilated victims and then faded back into the night. Was he a true MIB or just an out-of-place tourist?

Men In Black are also an integral part of the Oriental belief in the King of the World. Ancient tradition in parts of China, Tibet and India claims that there is an underground city where the King of the World runs

everything by sending spies and minions to the surface. They dress in black robes and suits and, of course, their countenances are very Oriental. In the Middle East, they move around the deserts in
black robes and headdresses. All of these characters are known liars and hoaxers...and kidnappers. They might claim to be from Agartha, the underground city, or from a far-off kingdom or even a distant star system like the Pleiades. This is why the Christian bible pointedly warns us to beware of those who profess to "represent powers and principalities" and tells us not to go out into the desert to meet with them. No Oriental would be surprised to hear that an MIB had turned up deep in the Glacier National Park on the night of two terrible deaths.

As you can see, Men In Black is really a generic term. Many types of mystery men can...and do...fall into this ominous category. There are literally thousands of detailed reports scattered throughout the UFO literature describing very peculiar strangers who appeared during UFO flaps. Sometimes their clothes are ill-fitting and their demeanor is very weird. Sometimes they themselves are hunchbacked, crippled or grotesquely malformed. They can speak in a mechanical-like voice or appear to have trouble breathing. They behave irrationally, too. They might try to drink a bowl or jello...or they might eat a cigarette.

In many cases, they appear to be wearing ill-fitting wigs. Witnesses have often commented on their bad toupees. If they represent some superior technology from some other star system, as many UFO fans like to believe, why can't they cover their bald pates with a decent wig?

Very often the witness doesn't even realize he or she has encountered an MIB-type. They can pose as salesmen, Seventh Day Adventists or just lost tourists. If they arrive in an automobile, it is likely to be an expensive model with mud-stained license plates. In many cases, they have visited isolated farms in hard-to-reach places without any car in sight and walking through mud and goo without dirtying their pristine shoes. How can you tell if they aren't who they claim to be? Simple, they don't really try to sell you anything if they say they are a salesman. Instead, they try to pump you for information or they make disquieting remarks about your past or your future. They also have a startling way of simply disappearing after they speak with you. That is, instead of walking back down the muddy road they just seem to vanish when you look away and then look back again.

Some of our MIBs could be apparitions or hallucinations. They need not be a part of our reality although they may seem very real while you are confronting them. Some witnesses have, in fact, reported spells of dizziness, lapses of memory and other symptoms that clearly indicate their MIB encounter was not real. Many of the same symptoms occur in close UFO sightings so there is a positive relationship between some MIB experiences and some UFO manipulations. The human mind is being assaulted and the powers of perception are being deceived. This could be a form of hypnosis or something more subtle.

In the fairy lore, victims of this process were said to be "enchanted."

There doesn't seem to be one simple answer to the MIB mystery. As you read the many varying accounts in this book you will realize the frightening complexity of it all. Some reports seem to be pointless practical jokes. Others contain elements that suggest these beings are desperately trying to convey something to us, that they are trying to communicate with us on our own level and usually botching it.

One thing is certain, though. The reports in this book will keep you awake at night and make you nervous whenever you see a black Cadillac parked near your home. There is someone or some thing out there... ...and they are watching YOU.

———————

John A. Keel - New York, N.Y.

The Men in Black: Agents of Terror

Visits by unknown agents are seeded throughout UFO literature and newspaper accounts of flying saucer sightings. For many years they were overlooked or not recognized for what they were. Today just about every UFO investigator has encountered these "Men in Black" during their research. The history of Demonology, Witchcraft and the Occult are filled with similar incidents leading one to speculate that the UFO phenomena is at least partly "psychic" in nature.

For example, researcher Allen Greenfield has pointed out that there is usually a consistent reference associating the term "Black Men" with the Devil, along with a mention of an Indian-like appearance supposedly attributed to the Devil by Witches. There appears to have been a "wave," Greenfield notes, of these cases starting at about the time of the Elizabethan post-Reformation era in the 1600s. Several occult volumes classify these beings into a group of their own and refer to them as Men in Black, Demons, Devil, apparition, or Black Man—the latter being the most commonly used.

One such instance (taken from Montague Summers book The Werewolf) involves the case of a werewolf, and a "Lord of the Forest," described as being tail and dark, dressed in black. And in Witchcraft by Penethore Hughes, there is an allusion to the Devil's form of dress as being black.

But such tales from the 1600s were not uncommon to the North American colonies at that time. There is a brief mention by Cotton Mather, the famed witch-hunter of colonial New England, of the "Black Man" mentioned by the Indians. Most interesting is the instance of a man dressed in black alluded to at the Witch trials in Salem, supposedly being the Devil who had been the cause of all the disturbance.

American folklore holds many frightening tales of the Devil, or demons, who roams the countryside on a dark horse—as opposed to today's MIB who arrive in dark autos. There are other tales of encounters with the Devil in the woods and of apparitions which seem to fit within the context of this enigma.

In the book Flying Saucers in the Bible by Virginia Brasington (Saucerian, 1966), there is a fantastic story of the "Great Seal" of the United States and its mysterious origin which seems to hint of an "MIB." Supposedly the design was given to Thomas Jefferson while walking in his garden one night by a man in a flowing black cape. The seal is actually a reproduction of the lost city of Petra in northern Arabia, once controlled by a mysterious Arabian race known as Nabataeans. Many persons have described the ancient city as "half as old as time" and is obviously the work of a very advanced technology for its time.

The above material is taken from an article by Dennis Stanley which appeared in the Truth About the Men in Black published by Kurt Glemser, which is one of the increasing number of sources for material on this subject.

The Men in Black also appeared during several UFO flaps in the last century. In 1864, a UFO dropped several artifacts over a small community in Texas. They were placed by the citizens of the town in the front window of a store on the main street of town. The next day a "traveling dealer" stopped by and offered the shop keeper a "good price" for the objects and carted them away with him. Several similar incidents happened in 1897 and '98. Many of the occupants observed during this period were said to have Oriental features, dark complexions, slight stature and a heavy, undefinable accent—identical to the features described by observers of the MIB, who continue to harass and frighten witnesses to this very day.

The Current Era

Off the coast of Tacoma, Washington, on Maury Island, three lumberjacks watched as a giant doughnut-shaped craft blew up, spewing a heavy stream of white-colored metal over the ground. The stunned men collected samples, which in falling had killed their pet dog and damaged their boat. They then proceeded home without telling anyone what they had seen. The next morning, June 22, 1947, at 7:00 o'clock there was a loud knock on the door of one of the witnesses, Harold Dahl. A man dressed in a black overcoat and a black suit said that he wanted to talk about something that concerned them both. Despite the fact that none of them had breathed a word to anyone, this man described to Dahl in vivid details exactly what had happened on Maury Island, and warned him not to talk with anyone about what he had accidentally stumbled upon—that is, if he valued his welfare and that of his family.

Certainly, Dahl and the others would have consented to this request. They felt it

was a matter of national security and feeling the object was a secret weapon of the U.S. government, they wouldn't want a foreign power to get hold of any classified information.

Three days later, Kenneth Arnold was flying his single engine plane over the thin cloud-covered peaks of Mt. Rainier when he saw something flitter in the sunlight. Looking out over the mountain tops he watched as nine gleaming objects, in perfect formation, flew just below the cloud layer. They were traveling at tremendous speed and their maneuverability indicated that they were manufactured by a superior intelligence.

After Arnold landed, newsmen clustered around asking for a description of what he had observed. The pilot told them that the objects closely resembled the motion of "saucers skipping over water." The term "flying saucer" was born—it has stuck to this day.

Harold Dahl, having read of Arnold's sighting felt there was no reason for him to remain silent about what he had seen only days before. Above all he was one up on Arnold—he had actual fragments from one of these ships.

When news of the exploding object over Maury Island reached Kenneth Arnold, he decided to make a special trip to Tacoma to talk with Dahl and the other witnesses. He felt that together they might be able to come up with some joint conclusion as to what they had seen.

Upon arriving in Tacoma, the man who gave flying saucers their name, met a battered Harold Dahl. Arnold describes this first meeting in his book The Coming of the Saucers (Amherst Press): "For nearly two hours Harold Dahl told me of all the sad experiences he had had since the 21st of June.... He said you couldn't blame any of the experiences he had to anyone, that just by coincidence he nearly lost his job, just by coincidence he nearly lost his son, his wife had become ill, and he had lost a tremendously good boom of logs that he had salvaged from the bay when an unusual tide had somehow broken the moorings one night. This was a major loss to his finances as the boom was worth over $3,500. The engines on their boat wouldn't start in the mornings; the boat sprang leaks. All in all, he had had a horrible time in keeping from going completely broke and from losing his family and home through sickness or accident." It almost seemed as if someone, or something had placed a curse on him!

Determined not to give up his investigation of this affair, Arnold interviewed all of the witnesses in his hotel room. During the course of the grueling cross-examination, they were disturbed several times by phone calls from a reporter for the local Tacoma paper who insisted that he was receiving tips from an anonymous caller who knew exactly what was going on inside Arnold's suite. The voice on the other end of the phone had somehow managed to give the papers feature writer a word-by-word description of their conversation. Arnold knew that it was impossible for any of those present to be leaking information to the press, since no one had left the room. A careful check for concealed microphones revealed nothing. Yet someone, somewhere, knew their every move.

The saddest part of any saucer incident took place when two young Army investigators, Captain William Davidson and Lieutenant Frank Brown, were killed as they were returning to Hamilton Field in California with specimens of the material believed to have been part of the UFO which disintegrated over Maury Island. The plane they were piloting caught on fire and crashed. Although the other men aboard the military aircraft had parachuted out in time, Brown and Davidson were not so lucky.

Tacoma Times reporter Paul Lance wrote a story the following day with screaming headlines—"SABOTAGE HINTED IN CRASH OF ARMY BOMBER." Lance claimed that the mysterious telephone informer had once again called his office and indicated that the plane had been "sabotaged or shot down to prevent shipment of (the) flying disc fragments" to Hamilton Field. "Lending substance to the caller's story," continued Lance's account, "is the fact that 12 hours before the Army released official identification, he correctly identified the dead in the crash as Captain William Davidson, pilot, and First Lieutenant Frank M. Brown....At McChord Field an intelligence officer confirmed the mystery caller's report that the ill-fated craft had been carrying 'classified material.'" Directly or indirectly, two young officers died because of a flying saucer. They were the first, but there have been others!

The Bender Episode

In 1952, a Bridgeport, Connecticut, man named Albert K. Bender, organized a UFO research group which he called the International Flying Saucer Bureau. The IFSB was well received and in no time at all became a thriving organization with members in most states, and in various foreign countries.

Suddenly, one day, Bender announced that he was closing his group upon orders of a HIGHER AUTHORITY. Bender insisted that he had been visited by three men, who although otherwise very normal in appearance, had worn black suits and hats. They revealed to the Connecticut group leader the secret of the saucers and then warned him not to discuss anything about their visit.

We shall probably never know the complete circumstances surrounding the visitation, but from the little Bender revealed at the time, we can state the following with a reasonable amount of certainty: Bender had been thinking of a UFO theory, which he eventually sent to a certain other person. Shortly thereafter the three men came, and one of them was carrying in hand the same sheet of paper that Bender had mailed. The visitors were very threatening in their manner, hinting at dire consequences if Bender printed his theory, as he had originally intended to do. For several hours two of the men drilled the researcher on the explanation for the UFO mystery, while the third merely sat and carefully observed Bender. The story they gave was "fantastic" and extremely frightening, Bender later said, and it portended great changes in all fields of human endeavor, particularly in science. Before leaving, one of the MIB turned toward Bender and said, "If I hear another word from your office, you're in trouble."

Later Bender made a telephone call to a friend in which he casually mentioned his theory and subsequent visitation of the three men. Immediately after hanging up, the phone rang. A voice uttered that he knew of Bender's conversation and that he had made a "bad slip" and warned him to be more attentive in the future.

From this moment on Bender refused to discuss anything else concerning his visitation or theory.

In 1953 several other researchers had similar visits from enigmatic entities who bestowed the disks upon them after they had been very close to printing the truth, unknowingly, in their publications. One of those visited was Edgar Jarrold, head of the Australian Flying Saucer Bureau, and a regular correspondent of Bender's. In fact, many researchers suspect that Jarrold is the one to whom Bender first imparted his "secret."

Jarrold seems to have undergone the eerie spectrum of visitations, weird phone calls and poltergeist activity. Jarrold was also puzzled by a mysterious black car which hung around his office at night. The auto contained two persons who evidently had him under surveillance.

Although no one knows what became of the Australian investigator, apparently the ultimate climax came when he was in a large department store in Sydney. Jarrold was at the top of a flight of stairs leading from the ground floor when he received a violent push from the back, which sent him flying downstairs. This took place in broad daylight and from all accounts nobody was standing near him. Whatever pushed him was invisible, yet retained its physical bulk in order to carry out the attack.

This ties in with poltergeist activity reported in connection with UFO sightings in many areas including Point Pleasant, West Virginia, home of the "Mothman." In Canada, recently, an entire household was besieged by invisible entities soon after the occupants had close UFO sightings. At about the same time, in Toledo, Oregon, the residents of this small community were puzzled with the frequent visitations made by strange crawling lights which seemed to move up the very walls of their homes. A UFO flap was in the process during this period and sightings included reports of stump-like creatures and pulsating UFOs which brightened up the neighborhood at night.

Kenneth Arnold himself seems to have been visited by these invisible entities: "At my home I have been visited by unseen entities whom I believe to be pilots of these

weird disks. They were invisible to me and made no attempt to communicate. I was aware of their presence because I could see my rugs and furniture sink down under their weight as they walked about the room or sat on various objects."

In many cases, these poltergeists are the forerunners of the Men in Black who frequently turn up anywhere from 24 to 48 hours after these invisible pranksters first show themselves. In some cases the si lencers seem to bring about these occurrences which follow shortly after their visits.

Since the beginning in 1967 the activities of these MIB have been on the rise. Important investigators across the country have reported a weird series of events which include strange phone calls, visits by invisible beings and harassment by various persons claiming to be from the government. They have continually photographed the homes of persons having close encounters with UFOs and have disguised themselves as government officials, salesmen, poll takers and termite exterminators, in order to gain access to saucer information.

Because the Air Force has been accused of sending these individuals, on March 1, 1967, a memo entitled "Impersonations of Air Force Officers" signed Lieutenant General Hewitt Wheless, Air Force Assistant Vice Chief of Staff, was sent to all commands. It read: "Information, not verifiable, has reached Hq USAF that persons claiming to represent the Air Force or other Defense establishments have contacted citizens who have sighted unidentified flying objects. In one reported case an individual in civilian clothes, who represented himself as a member of NORAD, demanded and received photos belonging to a private citizen. In another, a person in an Air Force uniform approached local police and other citizens who had sighted a UFO, assembled them in a school room and told them that they did not see what they thought they saw and that they should not talk to anyone about the sighting. All military and civilian personnel and particularly Information Officers and UFO Investigating Officers and UFO Investigating Officers who hear of such reports should immediately notify their local OSI officers."

Some More Men in Black Cases

According to Saucer News, Mr. Tad Jones, who witnessed a hovering sphere on a major highway in January, 1967, received two threatening notes warning him not to tell anyone what he had seen. The printing of these "prank" warnings was identical to the printing of a note placed under the door of Connie Carpenter in Middleport, Ohio. Respected researcher John Keel, author of numerous articles and books, has written extensively about would-be "kidnappers" who have come after UFO witnesses and UFOnaut sighters.

O n Long Island, two men in Air Force uniforms harassed UFO witnesses. One of these men identified himself as Lieutenant Frank Davis and threatened two different people with a revolver, warning them to "watch out who you talk to." It almost seems as if this MIB had stolen his identity by combining the names of the two Army inves tigators who died in the airplane crash in the Maury Island case. If so it was a sick disguise.

A Colonel John Dalton interviewed at least three other Long Island residents and asked them to fill out complicated forms which contained involved questions about the witnesses' personal lives. Through officials on Long Island, John Keel had a check run on the men. The Air Force denied that it knew anything about either one or that men with those names were assigned anywhere on the Island.

Lt. Davis turned up again in a postman's uniform and later engaged in taking photographs of the homes of UFO sighters. In yet another MIB case a black Cadillac made a deliberate attempt to run over a UFO witness on the main street of a Long Island town.

During the same period, one of my close friends, investigator Robert Easley, of Defiance, Ohio, was reportedly followed by a man in a black sedan with no license plates. The man was dressed in black shoes, black pants, and a blue pullover shirt.

In the wee hours of July, 11, 1967, Mr. Easley was awakened by a phone call from a lady who told him that she and seven others were observing two bright fast-moving UFOs. After she hung up, he imme diately got dressed and went to the scene. While checking on this report, he noticed that he was being followed by a man in a black sedan with no license plates.

On July 15th, he was again followed by the same man in the same car as he was driving home. When he pulled into his driveway, the unknown car sped off. Later that evening as he sat talking with his girl friend on the front porch, the car came down the road and stopped right in front of the house, as soon as the topic of UFOs entered their conversation. Easley could feel the man looking at them. When they got off the subject the car left, but when they got back on it about an hour later, the same car came back again. It was as if the driver could hear what they were saying or read their minds!

On July 17th, as Easley was checking out another routine UFO report, the man appeared and followed him to and from the scene of the sighting, dressed in the same black shoes, black dress pants and dark pull-over shirt.

Between the 11th and 17th of July, Bob received a total of 12 strange phone calls. In each case, the only sound on the other end of the line was a strange beeping noise, each call lasted for about 15 seconds, followed by complete silence. The beep sounded far away, as if coming from a machine.

In Europe as well, witnesses are being threatened into silence! Mysterious voices and sounds are appearing on telephones and tapes and imposters pretending to be either famed saucer investigators or government officials, are visiting contactees and those claiming to have observed UFOs at close range.

Even Dr. J. Allen Hynek ran into these accounts. In the December, 1967, issue of Playboy, he said: "I have on occasion been told what seemed to be a straightforward story, when suddenly the witness lapsed into a highly confidential mood and told me that he was sure that his phone was being tapped or that he was being watched, sometimes on a regular schedule either by the 'government' or by 'occupants of the craft.'"

Following the death of Snippy the race horse in Alamosa, Colorado, attributed to a flying saucer, there were several strange incidents in the area. One witness, a University student, wrote a letter to Riley Crabb, director of the Borderland Sciences Research Foundation, in which he told of the odd things which had happened to him after his consecutive sightings of a bright UFO on September 17, 1967, and another made in the company of 100 fellow students at Highlands University, the following Wednesday. "The day immediately after this sighting I received a phone call from a friend who said that his life had been threatened if he so much as magnified the incident to higher authorities. He said I should refrain from doing the same."

A week later, Crabb's correspondent was out riding with a detective who serves as night police on the campus. They drove up into the mountains near Gallinas canyon to get a view of the town. Suddenly, a light appeared in the sky. At first it didn't seem to be different from any other aircraft. Then it moved erratically and reversed direction without the circular deviation of known aircraft. It declined in the Eastern horizon near an old water tower, located above five miles distant from the witnesses. "We decided to take a chance and raced full speed in that direction. By the time we arrived, there was a series of small brush fires near the tower. After extinguishing these we searched the area for the culprit. There was a deserted ranch house nearby with a wooden fence. On the other side of the fence was a sharp decline into another canyon. Upon reaching this fence we stopped to obtain our direction and radio in a report. Just as suddenly as you blink an eye it became terribly hot. The area immediately before us in the decline became blood red. At that moment an object about 50 to 75 feet in diameter shot straight up into the sky at fantastic speed. The object was blood red. After an intense overall search of the area we radioed in for official help."

Two days later the student received a phone call late at night warning him that it would be better if he forgot what he had seen. Above all he was told that he should tell no one about his experience, because they wouldn't believe him anyway. "The next day a stranger met me in the street on my

way into town. He knew about everything revolving around the sighting and even added information that confirmed some of my own research on Atlantis. About the sighting he made an open threat to keep my mouth shut."

A few days later, he was again walking downtown along the road when a black car came speeding in his direction. "It veered over and almost hit me. I was too angered and shaken to forget that car. The windows were not clear glass, but tinted a smoky color, making it impossible to see the occupants. The near license plate did not register any state. It showed nothing but three X's."

Even this was not the end of the student's encounter with an unknown. "Toward the end of October, while having a cup of coffee at my favorite cafe, a shot broke the monotony of the smoke-filled room. The bullet came through the front window and slammed into the wall about an inch above my head. Had I not just bent over to sip my coffee I would have been dead!"

This was followed by a streak of bad luck and freak accidents. After being bed-ridden for two weeks with pneumonia and failing his studies, he began to take the hint. "I've lost all hopes of returning to Highlands University. Here I am back home and unemployed, and classified 1-A."

The officer who had been with the student during the spectacular sighting later lost his job and was divorced by his wife.

Mystery on the Mohawk

For a period of approximately four years, an area on the banks of the New York State barge canal (Mohawk River) in Scotia, New York, was the site for very unusual MIB-type activities.

According to Jennifer Stevens, a highly qualified UFO investigator from Schenectady, in April of 1967, a woman, identified only as "Peggy G." was walking a friend to her car at about 11:00 p.m. The two stopped to watch what appeared to be a very large bright star. As they watched the "star," it began to get closer and before they knew it the object was hovering a short distance from them. Suddenly, a baseball-sized projectile shot from the larger UFO, went whizzing over their heads and disappeared into the trees across the street.

Nothing more was seen for a period of six weeks. Then Peggy called Mrs. Stevens and told her that there had been additional sightings in the immediate vicinity of her home. Also, some of her neighbors had reported animals missing. One of the neighbors had told several people that "little men" had kidnapped her dog.

Peggy also stated that she had experienced "poltergeist" activity in her home, beginning shortly after her original sighting. She had seen the shadow of a man materialize and then disappear on several occasions, and had also seen objects in the house moving, apparently by themselves. Her cat, she said, had suddenly taken to hissing, spitting, and arching its back at nothing which could be seen.

During the Christmas season these manifestations got worse and finally came to a climax with the meeting of a strange man. In order to make extra money, Peggy had taken on an afternoon job in a local department store while her children were at school and her husband at the office. After she had worked in the store for only a few days, a man employed as a guard approached her and seemed interested in telling her something. At lunch the man, whom Peggy describes as being "old and yet young," informed her that he was a member of a secret organization working on earth called the "Cosmic Brotherhood." He told her that at one time he had been a professor in a well-known college and was incredibly old. A co-worker overheard the conversation, and mumbled under his breath that the security guard was crazy. With this the guard looked up and half shouted, "If you don't get away from here and forget what you've heard, I'll turn myself into the most horrible thing you've ever seen." As Peggy watched, rays of light shot from the security officer's eyes and the other worker retreated in terror. Not too long after this the guard left his job and attempts to track him down have been fruitless.

In February of 1968, two young men were returning home late one evening when they claim to have come upon a flying saucer which was resting on the frozen Mohawk River. They thought they could see the outline of a white-suited human form near the craft.

According to Mrs. Stevens, the next morning some 300 yards from where the UFO had been seen, a 16-year-old boy was found dead. His body had been frozen deeply into the ice. "The police called it 'death due to exposure,' but they were unable to explain why his tracks showed that he had apparently been running, then dragging one
foot as if pulled from above," Jennifer points out with concern.

On subsequent nights after the strange death, Jennifer and a group of investigators from a local UFO organization patrolled the river bank to se if they could gather further clues. "After several nights of freezing toes and noses, we had a good sighting of our own. An oval, red-glowing object fluttered in silence. It hovered, blinked off and on in a five-four pattern. I grabbed a bright flashlight and signalled back in an identical manner. In a moment the UFO blinked back. This exchange went on for several minutes, and then the object began to come toward us. The hair began to rise on the back of my neck. Had I done a stupid thing? Were we in trouble?" Just then a plane appeared overhead, the object blinked out and disappeared from view.

This was not, however, the end of the eerie entanglement with these little understood aspects of the UFO enigma. Several days after the events on the Mohawk, Jennifer's husband was seated in a cafeteria sipping a cup of hot coffee when a strange man took the stool next to him. Without any introduction the mysterious stranger began to discuss, with a great degree of knowledge, the events surrounding the UFO sighting.

He began with, "There have been people watching the sky every night down by the river in Scotia." Mr. Stevens was rather shocked since he had been one of those involved, but keeping his cool he said, "I beg your pardon?" The man then went on to talk about UFOs. He refused to answer any questions directly and either parried or avoided them completely. Before leaving he warned, "People who look for UFOs should be very, very careful."

This meeting with a possible MIB was followed by the usual pattern of phone calls and poltergeist activity in the Stevens' household. At about this same time, Peggy G. also reported interference on her telephone and claims she observed two light-skinned men with completely expressionless faces, stringing silver tape over the wires near her home. After calling the police they disappeared as if listening in on her call. Later one of the officers remarked unconsciously, "Oh, the silver tape again."

During the next three weeks all parties involved were repeatedly followed by a light blue Lincoln which would even park outside their homes, sometimes for hours.

The mystery of the strange death on the Mohawk, the disappearance of neighborhood pets, the weird poltergeist phenomena and the sightings of the UFOs themselves have never been explained. They are part and parcel of the flying saucer mystery.

Physical Evidence

If a common denominator is to be found in any of the MIB cases, it appears to be that these individuals are greatly concerned with any physical evidence, any piece of actual hardware being in the hands of contactees. It almost appears as if they are determined to confiscate any material which could easily prove UFOs to be real at any cost—even death! We can't forget soon enough the Maury Island case, which involved "slag," or let's take, for example, the story Brad Steiger relates: "Late one evening in mid-February, 1968, I received a long distance phone call from a close friend of mine who is a traveling salesman for a large automotive parts company. 'Hey, Brad,' he said, after telling me that he was calling from a city about 300 miles from my home, 'Would you believe that I'm in the midst of a damned saucer flap? A mother and daughter say they saw a UFO in their field. Several farmers have been seeing UFOs land regularly. Hell, the locals here drive out on certain evenings and watch the things hover over high-tension wires. Everyone in town, including the cops, take the things as a matter of course.'"

Brad asked his friend to investigate first hand and report to him in a few days. Two nights later the salesman called back. He

had managed to track down the various stories and was astonished at the high level of intelligence shown by most of the witnesses. His entire manner of conversation had changed as well as his former skepticism about UFOs. He asked Brad several questions which led the concerned researcher to believe that he had somehow had a bout with the MIB. Informed it would probably be best if he left the town, he told the Iowa author that he was going to stay on and would call again the next evening. "The next night his call never came. At midnight I tried calling his motel and was told that my friend had never checked into a room at that roadside inn," Steiger recounts. "I persisted and told the clerk that my friend had been registered there for nearly a week. At last, she found the card, expressed amazement that it had been pulled from its regular place in the file. I was unable to make connection with him that night. The next morning I was comforted to hear his sleepy voice answer my call. He had just begun to fill me in on what he had uncovered when we got cut off. It took my operator five minutes and three channels to re-establish our call."

"When the call was finally completed again, the automotive parts salesman told Brad that he had been given "something" and would have to stay over another night to complete his investigation. What was this something? Three days before, a farmer had given him a specimen of a metal which the man had seen falling from a UFO. The farmer had kept one for himself. "Two nights later I was surprised to find my friend at my door. He had driven nearly 300 miles out of his way to come to see me; he looked terrible. Dark circles rimmed his bloodshot eyes and it was apparent that he had not slept for quite some time. He told me that he had returned to his hotel with the specimen only to find two men waiting in his room for him. They had already gotten the farmer's piece and wanted his."

Standing before Brad, trembling in fear and rage, he wanted to know what all this meant, and how the men knew he had the metal specimen to begin with! "Besides being specific about what would happen to me, if I didn't give them the material," Steiger's friend said, "They told me it was for the good of 'my family, my country and my world.'"

An Amazing Landing

A parallel account was once described to me by the late Gray Barker, who was president of Saucerian Books, publisher of various flying saucer volumes. He heard about the case while attending a convention for audio-visual products. Striking up a conversation with one of the sales personnel, the man Mr. Barker was speaking to related a saucer incident involving the MIB, which he had personally encountered during the course of his work.

While waiting to talk with the principal of an elementary school in Arko, Utah, his attention was drawn to a drawing on a bulletin board in the hallway, captioned "My True Flying Saucer Story."

Asking some of the children who were walking through the hall what the illustration was all about, he managed to put together a truly weird story in which one of the seventh graders, Robert McCallister, actually claims to have possessed an artifact given to him by some UFOnauts.

The youth was trapping coyotes during the Christmas holidays, hoping the bounties he would collect would add to the fund which would help send his scout troop to Salt Lake City for a state meeting. Checking his traps in an isolated area, he suddenly came upon a strange circular vehicle hovering about six feet above the ground. His first thought was that it was one of the governments "hovercrafts" he had seen in Scholastic Magazine, an educational school publication, so he had no qualms about approaching to a few feet of the contrivance. The machine made no noise. It was about 15 feet in diameter, and had triangular-shaped ports about three feet apart. No person seemed to be inside or about the craft.

Then from behind some rocks emerged a rather odd group. Three persons, tall, their heads encased in helmets like divers wear, held onto a cable, onto which was attached, about ten feet off the ground, a kind of chair, which seemed to be floating, as if attached to an invisible balloon. On the chair sat a smiling, apparently aged man, with striking silver hair and a wide smile. The silver-haired man wore no helmet, no uniform but a kind of blue flowing tunic, and sandals. Moving as if they did not notice him at all, the three "floated" the chair to the machine, in which a door suddenly opened, through which the chair floated. Two of the men also entered the door floating upward to it. When the door closed, there was no indication any opening had been there.

The man remaining outside approached Robert, and placing his arm about him, led him all around the craft, speaking in a strange language and pointing all the while at various features of the craft, such as a protruding antenna-like device and a thing like a rudder. All the while, Robert thought that perhaps the man might be a Russian astronaut and remembered he had read somewhere that Russians were friendly people. He was enjoying the strange experience and when
asked why he wasn't afraid he said there was no reason to be. Finally the man noted a ball point pen in the boy's pocket and pointed to it. Robert undipped the pen and handed it to the man, whereupon the man withdrew a piece of very thick paper from an inside pocket and scribbled with a pen on it. He handed it back, whereupon Robert motioned him to keep it. The man smiled and seemed to be delighted with the small gift. Then he reached inside his pocket again, and withdrew a somewhat similar object, and exchanged it with the boy.

Just then the door again opened and the man floated up to it and disappeared, after waving for Robert to move back. He retreated a few yards, then turned to watch the craft again, but the door opened again, and the same man once again motioned for him to move further away. Robert retreated for about a hundred yards, and then turned to observe the machine, which was then rising slowly and soundlessly. Suddenly it shot upward at incredible speed.

When Robert breathlessly told his story to his parents and older brother they laughed at him, and told him he was too old to be making up such stories. Then he took the object the "spaceman" had given him out of his pocket and showed it to them. It was a black plastic tube, all in one piece, with a glass or plastic point at the end, and with an opening from which a sepia-colored ink flowed onto paper when written with.

When school resumed after New Years, Robert brought the pen to school and told his classmates about his experience. The teacher, while not believing his story, allowed Robert to pass the pen around. Unfortunately, by the time Mr. Barker's acquaintance found out about the incident, the "pen" had already been "lost."

After showing it all through the school that day, he was doing his home work, alone at his house. His older brother was at basketball practice; his mother and father had taken two younger children with them to the supermarket.

There was a knock at the door. A small, obsequious, smiling man, stood there, making motions along with talking in a weird gibberish language. Then the man exhibited a "deaf mute card," the standard item offered for sale by deaf solicitors, showing hand signals, which is the deaf alphabet. Robert figured the man wanted a contribution, and he motioned for the man to wait there while he went back into the living room for some change. When he offered the coins to the man, he would not accept them, but instead pointed to the card and made various signals. Then he motioned toward the pen in the boys shirt pocket and indicated that it be given to him to write with. As soon as Robert handed him the pen, the man clutched it in his fist and ran around the house at a remarkably speedy gait. Robert heard a car motor rev up behind the house and the screech of tires "burning rubber."

Gray concluded his story to me by stating that an investigation disclosed that nobody else in the neighborhood had been solicited by deaf mutes. The young student told his story at school the next day, and his classmates were disappointed his "outer space men" had been stolen. They collected some money and brought him an expensive pen and pencil set, which he exhibited proudly to the salesman when interviewed. Thus, the search for physical evidence hit another snag.

After observing a UFO form this symbol in the sky, a UFO witness from Virginia told his family about what he had seen. The next day—though no formal report had been filed—the man was visited by a strangely-dressed MIB who told him to remain silent—"Or Else!"

The UFOnauts Are Here!

Do alien visitors from other worlds walk among us?

According to Philadelphia researcher Milton L. Scott, at times the television show, The Invaders, which was popular some years back, seemed to be just "a bit more than a concoction of a science fiction writer's vivid imagination; the kidnappings, murders, and sabotage being done by David Vincent's adversaries with the opposable pinkies are the same things being done by their true-to-life counterparts." Or so says Mr. Scott.

Furthermore Scott points out that the difference between the television invaders and the real aliens is that there are no funny-looking fingers to make them easy to spot. Thus in order to carry out their various acts while on Earth, it is necessary for them "to resemble us as closely as possible." In order to do this they need not "involve them selves with using some fantastic hypno-screen that 'clouds' our minds to their true, gruesome appearance" because they are no more gruesome looking than Chinese, Japanese, Vietnamese, or Ainus.

Because of their Earth-like appearance they are able to carry on various acts of "espionage" without being detected.

How does a planet wage an undeclared war with yet-to-be invented weapons against an enemy who is not supposed to exist? Milton Scott says: "You might start off by alerting the nation's power companies to the ever-present danger of sudden blackouts, and advising those stations to close each and every switch within reach when they detect a gigantic surge of power racing down the lines from an unknown source."

Or: "You might also make noble-sounding pronouncements of peace and friendship to the world—hoping that whoever is listening outside our civilization believes it. You could sign treaties among nations to ban wars in outer space; clutching at the powdery straw con- tactees have left to us in hopes that flying saucers invading our skies really are big brother-type angels who shed tears over our savage nature.

"You could even build giant radio telescopes to send messages beaming across space: 'We are really nice fellows. We can't hurt you. We only hate each other. Don't hurt us.'"

Scott asks: "Then what to do you do when the blackouts keep occurring, and the deaths and the kidnappings continue to mount?

"You could explode nuclear bombs high in the atmosphere in the hope that the radiation will disrupt the machinery of the saucers or even kill their occupants. You could even test your theory by having the bomb explode in the vicinity of a satellite —like the Transit 4-B satellite, and when the satellite suddenly stops sending signals, you could congratulate yourself on a theory well proved. Then, what do you do when the satellite suddenly comes back to life five years later—and starts rebroadcasting again?"

Obviously Scott is convinced that the UFOs are here on a non- peaceful mission. We asked him how he reached this important conclusion. His answer:

"For over 20 years the public has been fed false information from both the government and newspapers who scoffed at anyone who dared report a flying saucer. It's gotten to the point that the Air Force and the CIA can expect more information from a Martian than they can from John Doe. Ol' John just won't tell anybody anything.

"That's where my tale begins: the first stages of the war that the flying saucer occupants have been waging against us has been psychological. They have spread confusion, fear, and doubt from one corner of the globe to the other in order to keep their movements and their purpose a secret until they are ready to make their move. It's a fantastic tale of ghosts, ESP, thought control, liars, dupes and murder.

"The most important battle in the war of the worlds was waged and won in the minds of the people. If there can be one glaring fault on our part that led to our defeat, it was the view that we were the supreme result of billions of years of a thing called evolution —that we
were the only intelligent beings in the universe.

"Our scientists, philosophers and clergy boosted our egos by telling us, endlessly, what great works of God we were—so complex (and so stupid) that there couldn't possibly be anyone else as grand and as wonderful as we were. It was a perfect set-up and the characters from the flying saucers exploited it to the fullest extent; they made a few flights over villages, countrysides, swamps and cities to shake up the public and drive a wedge between belief in what the government says and what our own eyes say."

In order to keep their mission a secret and make UFOs look like the work of idiots, Scott claims that they used ships of varying shapes, sizes, colors, and methods of propulsion to spread confusion among the few investigators, and they even used an effect that produced a number of images from a few actual saucers so that the viewers would think there were whole fleets of saucers tooling about the skies. Thus the subject of flying saucers soon became a thing of disbelief and tired old jokes.

Scott contends that the hundreds of little men, gods, beautiful space men, winged monsters, and surplus Atlantean Biplanes and talk of UFOs being from the bowels of the Earth, fifth dimension, an antimatter universe, etc. was nothing more than lies and false leads, implanted in gullible Earthly minds by the aliens.

In reality we were lulled to sleep while more land was taken. We needed and dreamed while more men and materials from other worlds were flown in. We giggled as things rushed rapidly toward a point of no return. The government refused to believe the abundance of evidence before its eyes until it was too late.

Adamski, and all the other contactees, Scott tells us, did have real enough experiences but they were selected for their gullibility, and they wrote books that were just as naive and as gullible as they were. The books got the large hee-haw from the public that the aliens had expected, and the case for flying saucers was laughed into ob scurity for ten more years while the aliens went about their plans uninterrupted.

If, as Milton Scott says, the alien's purpose for being here is other than peaceful and they look almost exactly like us, how then can they be identified? The answer may lie in the scientific analysis of a "suspected" alien once he has been captured. "Perhaps the answer is in the chemical balances of the body or in the theory that the little DNA molecules only have a limited number of types to choose from among Earthlings."

Interesting theory? So much so that, upon hearing of Mr. Scott's opinions back in the 1960s, Dr. Edward U. Condon, of the ill-famed University of Colorado UFO study, requested that we send reproductions to him of several newspaper columns which had carried these ideas.

The Diversions

In accord with many of the opinions expressed by Mr. Scott is another famed UFO investigator, John A. Keel. Besides being one of America's foremost authorities on flying saucers, Keel has long had a history of objective scientific study of other phenomena. He has been a reporter for more than 40 years and has authored several best-selling books dealing with both offbeat and more conservative topics.

Commenting upon various diversions inherent in the UFO enigma, Keel told us that: "From 1897 on it has been a common practice for the UFOs to leave behind ordinary debris such as newspapers, pieces of metal, articles or ordinary clothing, mundane chemicals, etc. Investigators who had discovered such items have often been led to believe that the whole incident was a human hoax or prank of some kind. It is also quite common to find ordinary tire tracks in inaccessible fields where landings have been reported." Keel warns us that we should not permit ourselves to be misled by these "negative factors." Keel points out that even in these cases a thorough investigation should be made. "We have discovered that a multiple group of these negative factors often leads to positive proof that a UFO event did occur."

Other odd factors inherent in UFO contacts is that "ancient Greek is often employed by the UFO occupants. Greek names and phrases are frequently used for their non-existent planets. Many of the entities adopt Greek nouns as their personal names. The witnesses very rarely realize this or understand it. Prepare yourself by obtaining and studying a book of Greek mythology."

Keel also suggests that we should also

study "our own techniques of psychological warfare which are often employed by the UFOs." Diversionary landings or seemingly important incidents frequently are staged a few miles from an area where a truly significant UFO activity is taking place. The diversion wins all of our attention and publicity and the important activity goes unnoticed.

Like Scott, Mr. Keel informs us that we should discard all preconceptions: "You must learn to accept only the correlative evidence and ignore the assorted speculations which have dominated UFOlogy. We are interested only in hard facts. All of these facts indicate that we are dealing with an environmental phenomenon, but that we have been misled into believing the extraterrestrial thesis."

Thus unlike Milton Scott, John Keel is convinced that the flying saucers, although very real are not from other planets. "So long as we accepted the ET concept, the phenomenon and its source are safe and free from interference. Deliberate hoaxes were executed to sustain skepticism and convince government agencies that the

was convinced of the ET thesis, which was unacceptable to both the general public and the scientific community, and by loudly advocating it, they succeeded in heaping ridicule upon the subject. Thus the UFO source was able to operate unhindered for 20 long years."

Hallucinatory Effects

UFO believers usually rebel at any suggestion that the UFO phenomenon may be hallucinatory or psychological. However, Keel points out: "In recent years, many psychological factors have been discovered and various groups of psychologists and psychiatrists are now actively engaged in UFO research. Unfortunately, very few UFOlogists are trained or equipped to understand or even to investigate the underlying psychological factors. You should read at least one good book on psychiatry and/or psychology."

As far as the contact stories are concerned, Keel tells us that "at least some of these cases have proven to be hallucinations, because it seems that the effects were produced in the witnesses' minds by an exterior influence. These effects are similar to hypnosis. While the witnesses' bodies undergo one sequence or experience, false memories of another sequence of experiences are planted in their minds.

"Frequently the true (but forgotten) experience surfaces from the witnesses subconscious later on in the form of a dream or nightmare. We cannot outline the whole process here, but it must be considered as a very important factor in many cases."

Important Factors in UFO Sightings

Some of the important factors to look for in UFO sightings, according to Mr. Keel, include:

"Emotional Reactions—In low-level sightings, auto pursuits, etc., the emotional and psychological responses of the witnesses are extremely important. Get them to explain in detail how they felt immediately before, during and after the sighting. Did they suffer fear, nausea, dizziness? Did they have unusual dreams afterward? In some cases, these reactions are more important than the sighting itself.

"Sounds—The sounds accompanying the objects can be of great importance. Many of these sounds have proven to be "mental" in nature. That is they were not audible movements of air, but were electrical responses in the brains of the observers. Beeping sounds frequently indicate that the witness was subjected to an unconscious experience. Such witnesses may find that they are unable to explain lapses of time or geographical transfers during such sightings. Such witnesses should be examined by a qualified psychiatrist when ever possible.

"Eye Burn—Witnesses who suffer from burned or inflamed eyes after viewing a UFO should be examined immediately by a professional doctor and a full medical report should be obtained. In those cases involving "eye burn" weeks or months previous to the investigation, the investigator should get the witness to draw up a full statement explaining in full the reactions suffered. Medical documentation is most important.

"Dreams—Many witnesses suffer unusual nightmares weeks before their UFO sighting. Others have strange nightmares for weeks afterward. These dreams are important, and you should obtain full descriptions of them. Some witnesses begin to have prophetic dreams after their UFO experience.

"In landing cases when definite markings are found on the ground they should be photographed and measurements carefully made. For the past 40 years hundreds of landings have been neglected even though the markings are always similar to size and formation. If we had collected and documented photos of all these landings we would now have an impressive body of correlative evidence."

In further investigating important sightings, landings and contact experiences, under no circumstances should any witness be hypnotized by anyone other than a qualified psychiatrist. Amateur hypnotists have ruined several important cases in recent years.

Types of Men in Black

During this same period of which Keel speaks of, there has been a growing number of cases which involve the Men in Black. These strange individuals have been known to warn UFO witnesses not to reveal what they have seen long before the case is ever made public. Keel comments on the activities of these MIB by pointing out that many different investigators in "flap" areas have no had confirmatory experiences with the MIB and only a small percentage of these cases have been published. There are several different types of MIB. One group appears to be more psychic or hallucinatory than real. They appear and disappear suddenly in bedrooms and the witnesses often experience paralysis or a sudden rise in temperature during their pres ence. We now have dozens of such cases in our files.

Another type now common throughout the U.S. is represented by men who travel in pairs. The same description is always given. One is tall, blond (usually has a crewcut), fair-skinned and seems to be a Scandinavian. His companion is shorter, with angular features and a dark olive complexion. The blond usually does most of the talking while the other remains in the background. There seems to be several identical pairs of these individuals operating simultaneously in several states.

Other types of MIB include men with oriental features, dark complexions, slight stature and a heavy, undefinable accent. These men sometimes pose as salesmen or poll takers. The witnesses usually regard them as "a little strange" but think nothing further about them. Always ask witnesses if they have recently received any "unusual visitors or salesmen" but do not offer any descriptions. See if the witnesses can offer correlative descriptions to the above. Naturally, every stranger is not an MIB.

Going further, and here we are in total agreement with Mr. Keel, researchers should "never alarm witnesses by displaying unusual interest in such visitors." Never discuss "silencing" or MIB cases with witnesses.

Other types of MIB include "dark-skinned, dark-haired females of about 18 years of age." Other MIB types "pose as photographers and offer to take free photos of the witness' entire family."

These MIB use various types of vehicles including the well-known "black Cadillac's" and other cars including "assembly-line Fords and Volkswagens. White station wagons have now been mentioned in a number of widespread incidents."

In any case involving the MIB, researchers should not attempt to apprehend them alone. "Do not attack them physically. Approach them with great caution. They frequently employ hypnotic techniques. Collect adequate testimonial evidence before reporting them to the local police or FBI. You must prove that these individuals are breaking the law before the authorities can take any action."

In the cases where the MIB dress in military uniforms, researchers should contact local Air Force or military bases and determine the validity of their identification. In several cases the Air Force imperson ators have adopted the names of existing officers, but changed the rank. Thus, when you try to check out a "Colonel Robert Withers" you may find that a Lieutenant Robert Withers is actually stationed nearby and knows nothing of the incident.

Concluding Keel points out that "a large proportion of all the available UFO literature is based upon hearsay and speculation, and

many of the real and important problems have been suppressed at the source by the witnesses themselves, or have been ignored by superficial investigations which were concentrated on obtaining descriptions of the objects rather than studying all the events and factors surrounding the sightings. A massive body of sighting data has now been published but has gone uncorrelated. The practice of concentrating on the objects alone has produced a very low yield of 'hard' facts. The failure of this method—or lack of method—demands that we develop and utilize a new system for collecting and analyzing the data.

"Many of the aspects which have preoccupied UFOlogists for years have proven to be misleading or have failed to contribute to a better understanding of the whole. The UFOs represent only a small part of a much larger phenomenon which is now occurring on a world-wide scale. By being more thorough and objective in our investigations we can—and will—learn more about the main phenomenon itself.

"Emotional 'causes' frequently blind researchers to important but hidden facts. We must abandon the tiresome tactic of trying to prove any cause. Don't jump to conclusions about the reliability of witnesses or the validity of their stories. Simply collect all of the facts and report them. Thousands of important cases have been slighted in the past because unqualified investigators have made hasty negative judgments."

Carol Wayne Watts of Loco, Texas took a series of close-up pictures of mysterious cigar- shaped object only to find his life turned into a "living hell" when he was stopped on the road, hit over the head, and his home riddled with machine-gun fire.

The Watts Case

It was a rather dry evening in Loco, Texas, when Carroll Wayne Watts began his journey home from his father's residence, about 10:30 p.m. on March 31, 1967. Half way home he saw a light coming from where an abandoned house stands.

He proceeded to turn off the dirt road he had been traveling on and headed in the direction of the glow. As he approached it seemed to take on a definite shape. When he got within 20 feet of it, he could see that the light was actually a craft some 100 feet long and eight or ten feet high.

"At first I wasn't frightened at all," Watts told an investigator for the now-defunct magazine, Saucer News. "I thought it must be some new aircraft the Air Force had developed and that it must have made an emergency landing or something. I know this sounds odd but that was the first thing that went through my mind. I also thought that there might be injured crewmen aboard, and I wondered how to find out, since there weren't any windows or doors. I scrounged around and found an odd rotting fence post and pulled it out of the mud, and started banging and sounded out the machine by hitting it with the post.

"Suddenly, a door that I had never detected before, slid open, something like an elevator door, and that was when I began getting scared; though somehow I just stood there, looking into this opening. Inside there was no crew or anything, just machinery and all kinds of meters and dials lit up by this strange bluish light.

"Then there was a loud cracking like the beginning of a Victrola record, and then a voice, sounding like it came from a machine or was recorded, began talking to me. It knew my name and everything and it told me that it wanted to give me a physical examination. It said that no harm would come to me whatsoever, and that the examination would be completely painless."

Watts asked why he should take the examination, and they told him that if he passed the physical that they would take him for a brief flight into space.

The voice told Watts that all he had to do was stand before a machine which stood against the opposite wall of the craft. Near this machine was a map about a yard square which the Texan failed to identify, although he felt that it might have been a map of their planet.

Again the mechanical voice requested Watts to stand in front of the machine and take a physical. At this point his nerve broke and he left without taking the examination.

As he drove off, the object lifted from the ground and headed in a southerly direction without a sound. The entire experience lasted only 15 minutes.

What should have been the end of an already eerie event, proved to be only the beginning of what is certainly the most interesting and confusing contact case in the annals of UFO study.

For the next 10 days Watts pondered what he had seen and remembering the many accounts of similar sightings in the area, vowed that if he ever saw the machine again he would hold his nerve and try to find out more about the strange device and the disembodied voice.

On the night of April 11th, all the heavens seemed to break loose. The lightning flashed and the thunder roared, as the first spring storm drenched the area in rain and blew down an old tree on Watts' property. Stepping out on his porch to view the damage, Carroll Watts' attention was diverted, again to the vicinity of the abandoned shack. There was the flickering light again, and this time he promised himself that he would investigate without running away.

Before reaching the spot where he first saw the machine he noted that an ovoid craft, much smaller than the long cylindrical object, had descended and was hovering behind him. He got out to see a door standing open and four men beckoning for him to come inside.

According to Saucer News, again an electronic-type voice spoke, urging him to come inside and take the painless physical examination.

The occupants of the craft were five feet tall, muscular, clad in white coverall-type suits and had what he described as "wrap-around eyes." They had only superficial ears and noses, and slit-like smiling mouths which did not move, as they presumably talked and created the electronic voice.

The drizzle had turned into heavy rain once more, and Watts made an important decision. Quickly, he stepped through the doorway into the small craft. The door slammed shut automatically. Watts said it reminded him of a heavy car door, such as that on a Cadillac, closing.

He was shown to a metal chair on which he sat. Surprisingly, the chair seemed to be flexible and gave slightly to the contours of his body and was most comfortable. He didn't have much time to examine the interior, for the lights suddenly dimmed to almost darkness, and his weight pushed at the flexible chair in a short jolt. He knew they had taken off, but following this there was no sensation of acceleration. In what seemed like a couple of minutes, "though it could have been longer or shorter," as he put it, there were three very light bumps and the craft seemed to vibrate slightly. The lights came up and the door opened; this time not to the outside but to what appeared to be a large room. Later he figured that the small machine had attached itself to the larger craft he had visited during their first meeting.

Then followed a strange physical examination with delicate wires probing gently on his stripped body. The small men stood in another room, huddling over an illuminated circle, apparently studying the results. Wanting some proof of his experience, and seeing a small green cube, "like an oversized ice cube, though with no dots on it," setting on a table, he surreptitiously slipped it into the hip pocket of his jeans which had been left hanging nearby. Later, after he dressed, one of the men simply reached into the pocket to retrieve the object. Watts said he grabbed the man's arm, and was immediately struck unconscious.

That was the last he remembered. When he regained consciousness, he was again sitting in his truck. He felt no ill effects. When he returned to the house his wife was unworried, for he had been gone only a half hour, although to him it seemed like a much longer period of time had passed.

During subsequent contacts, Watts managed to get a series of 11 photographs of the craft he had been taken to, along with one shot which he maintained showed one of the small creatures who had spoken to him in a mechanical voice.

News of the incidents in Loco soon reached top officials in the Air Force. Watts was referred to the Condon Committee. He willingly sent them copies of all his photos and lengthy testimony on what had happened. Copies of the photographs were sent to Dr. Hynek, then still civilian consultant to the Air Force on UFOs. Hynek reported that his preliminary examination of the photos revealed no obvious fraud. "If this is a hoax, it is a very, very clever one," he said. "In fact, it would be such a clever

hoax that it would be almost as interesting as what this farmer claims has happened to him." Dr. Hynek quickly suggested that a lie detector test be given to Watts to see if his story would hold out.

When it seemed that at last saucer believers and contactee followers would have final proof that such experiences were true, the entire story blew wide open. Watts flunked the test given by I.R. Wynne, owner of the Amarillo Security Control Company, and a member of the state board which licenses all polygraph operators. Watts broke under the strain and said that his story had been contrived by a local artist who, under hypnosis in four sessions had planted the unworldly events of his contact experience in his mind.

At long last it looked as if the Watts story had made its final imprint on saucer lore and would be set to rest along with other hoaxes that have been made over the years.

In the meanwhile, Dr. Condon had sent the late Captain Robert Loftin, an Early Warning Network Coordinator from the University of Colorado, and a close friend of this writer, to visit Watts and get his confession first hand.

In an hour-and-a-half interview with Loftin, Watts related he deliberately flunked the lie detector test because he had been beaten and his family threatened. The FBI had been called in on the case and had taken four of the photographs of the "spaceship." Watts tells this story: "I got ready to drive into Amarillo to take the lie detector test. It's about a 100 mile drive from here. A few miles out of Loco I came upon a car, I'd say a '55 Plymouth, stalled in the right-hand lane, and a woman about 25 with blonde hair and dressed in a light flowered dress under a rather plain looking coat, was trying to get the hood of the car up. I pulled off the road and got out to offer her some assistance.

"At that moment, I was hit on the head from behind, I guess with a billy club. I went down but it didn't knock me quite out. As I recovered from the blow, I looked up and there stood two men in dark business suits. One of them was holding an automatic rifle on me.

" 'If you pass this test, there's going to be a lot of daylight seen through you in more than one place,' he told me.

"'Now Git!' he exclaimed, and I got.'"

After he returned home late that evening and told his wife how he had "flunked" the test, a car drove by the Watts residence and sprayed the house with large caliber ammunition, from a machine gun or some other automatic weapon.

Who was responsible for making Watts change his story and deny his early statements, then go to the extreme of shooting at his home as a further warning to be silent? An organized group exists whose only purpose is to silence individuals who know too much about flying saucers. One thing which is agreed upon is that neither the Air Force, CIA, nor any other government agency, is behind these sinister attempts to hush UFO witnesses and contactees.

Seeing a flying saucer or encountering its occupants is not always a pleasant experience, as the Watts case illustrated. Disaster has stalked many contactees and persons involved in low-level sightings in a senseless pattern of destruction, unfortunate luck and even death.

Men in Black, Strange Cadillacs, Doppelgangers and Laser Beams

Author's Note The late John J. Robinson was a close friend of the writer for many years. He was a tireless and fearless investigator who was never for a moment fazed when the unknown seemed to come right to his front door. In the following account, Robinson tells of odd encounters with possible MIB, witnessed, in part, by his wife, Mary.

Before I begin to recount all that has been happening, let me state that I am only reporting. I have seen nothing, nor has anything happened to me. Sometimes I wish it would, for I feel sort of left out.

I have no reason to doubt my informants —and as for one of them, I had better not, for she is my wife!

The beginning of this report might be said to start on the battlefields of Korea, for it was while one of my informants, George Smyth, was fighting in that land that he became interested in UFOs. He and two other soldiers saw a flight of two saucers sweep over them, and reported the incident to their commanding officer. They were requested to report to Intelligence. When they did so, they were then told that they were suffering from battle fatigue. Regardless of this "battle fatigue," however, they were not relieved of their front-line fighting duty.

Smyth then became very interested in the UFO phenomena and began to seek information regarding it. When he returned to civilian status he proceeded to study it from his home in Elizabeth, New Jersey. He also became a Saucer News subscriber.

On October 10, 1966, two teenage boys o f Elizabeth reported observing a very tall (more than six foot) being, which was green in color, while they were walking in nearby woods. Before they ran away, however, they also noted that the green-headed being had two small beady red eyes and a mouth which seemed to be drawn into a horrible grimace. The creature had no nose, ears, nor hair on its head.

Smyth learned of the incident and joined a crowd of people who were questioning the lads. As he did so he also noticed a large black car parked a good distance from the crowd. While the excited crowd questioned the teenagers, he observed two dark-visaged, heavy-set men who emerged from the car, leaving one of their party seated behind the wheel. The two men joined the crowd as Smyth watched them and once or twice he heard them question the boys. Smyth also noticed they had a slight slant to their eyes and spoke with an accent which he was unable to identify.

Smyth informed Saucer News about the incident, and a team of investigators from the magazine investigated the report. Smyth, who remained outside the home of one of the lads while the team interviewed the witness inside, again noticed the same black car parked down the block from the house. Again the same two men got out; they came close and watched the house until the Saucer News investigator emerged; then they returned to the black car. Other witnesses in the neighborhood reported to him later that the car remained in the vicinity for at least ten minutes before it departed.

Two weeks after the incident, Smyth received a mysterious phone call. An unidentified voice told him to give up UFO investigation and then broke the connection. A year passed without any further incident. Then on Thanksgiving eve of 1967 a black car stopped in the dark, a short distance from his home, while Smyth was in front of the house, walking his dog. A swarthy looking man got out of the car and approached Smyth, calling him by his name, as the dog arched its back and began to howl like a wolf. The man, who never identified himself, told Smyth that he wanted all the material on any UFO investigation he had obtained. When asked for identification, the man would give none. Smyth refused to show him anything.

"Are you sure you want it that way?" the swarthy man asked.

"Yes," Smyth replied.

"You'll be sorry!" stated the visitor, as he returned to his car, the door of which opened weirdly for him without his touching it. The door had no handle which Smyth could observe. He was able to get a glimpse of a red upholstered interior before the car moved off silently, as if it might have been electrically powered. He also noticed a gold "V," with a lightning bolt superimposed upon it, decorating the door, and the license plate which bore the number, "U 1496."

Smyth reports that the man's eyes seemed to have a hypnotic quality and tended to affect him in an unexplained manner.

The next day a battered car driven by a black-leather-jacketed man wearing large sun glasses almost ran him down in a deliberate manner; the day after, a very tall, white-faced man, with silver-colored hair, followed him to the usual bus he took for work, passing him as he got on the bus, and turning the corner. As the bus reached the corner, Smyth observed a large dark car speeding away. The next day was uneventful until an evening telephone caller advised him to give up his interest in UFOs. Then the phone went dead.

About a month later, a man phoned, claiming to be a Major White, of "UFORCE." When Smyth said he had never heard of any such group, White said it was a California organization, that he was visiting New Jersey and had received information about Smyth from a friend. He knew a great deal about Smyth, including incidents which the latter had not mentioned to anybody.

White refused to identify the friend, explaining, "I do not wish to get him into any trouble."

The next day Smyth observed the same white-faced man with the silver-colored hair following him again, this time from work to the bus stop. Once again he disappeared rapidly. A week later Major White called and asked him if he would be interested in seeing a UFO. When Smyth answered in the affirmative, he was told to be at Montana Park, in Elizabeth, at 8:30 PM. Smyth complied, but no UFO appeared as promised.

About the same time the above events were transpiring, a Mrs. Caporino, of Jersey City, reported to me that she had sighted a UFO out over the ocean, from the shore of Ocean Grove, New Jersey. The sighting was reported in the Robinson Report (a limited UFO news report service made available to the author's colleagues in the UFO investigative field) and carried in several UFO publications. Mrs. Caporino later reported to me that just after dark on three consecutive Fridays at exactly the same time (7:00 P.M.), a large black car with red upholstery pulled up under a tree, which left the car in the dark, and on each occasion two men got out, mounted the steps of her house, stood in the darkest spot of the porch after ringing her bell. One of the men carried some sort of case with him.

Mrs. Caporino did not answer the door on any of the three occasions, after peeking through the Venetian blinds to ascertain who was ringing. She was too frightened to find out who the men were, and also unable to get their license number and other pertinent information.

Chased By Men in Black

A person in North Jersey (who did not wish his name or research group identified) called me about the same time to give me some unusual information. This man, Ron (I am permitted to use only his first name), had extensively investigated the Wanaque Lake sightings in the 1960s and had continued to investigate the entire area.

He was particularly interested in a convent which had previously housed children each summer, but which had closed down after the wave of strange sightings; and a college in the same area which had also closed its doors, and erected a steel barricade on the road leading to it.

Ron was driving over the roads surrounding the reservoir when suddenly his companion in the car called his attention to a parked car with some kind of electrical equipment set up in the rear seat. The equipment, with extensive dials, illuminated in a bright, bluish light, reminded him of a large amateur broadcasting set a friend of his once possessed. As they drove on, discussing this development, he noticed a roadside telephone booth in his rear view mirror. A man suddenly emerged from it and darted to a car across the road which began to follow him. Ron drove up a dead end road and stopped. The other car drove past him, with only one man, carefully keeping his face in the shadow, inside it. It parked 50 feet beyond Ron's car. When Ron turned his car around and drove off, the other car took off after him.

Ron drove into the town of Wanaque and parked outside the police station. The other car drove about 100 feet beyond him and also parked. This alarmed Ron and his companion further, so he made a U-turn and left the town, with the other car in hot pursuit. An expert driver, Ron managed to elude the pursuing car in turnpike traffic and swiftly drove home. Since this incident he requested and received a permit to carry a gun.

The Imposters

During the first week of May, 1968, a car pulled up across the street from the home of George Smyth. Three men stepped out. Although Smyth had never seen the men before, he quickly identified them from a picture published in Saucer News. They were John Keel, Gray Barker, and James W. Moseley—or so he thought. Smyth, who had observed the men from an upstairs window, ran down the stairs to greet them, only to see their blue Volkswagen speeding away up the street. It bore no license plate.

Feeling there had been something strange about the men, he telephoned Moseley and Barker, who told him they had not been away from home all day. He checked again with the picture. Although the men bore facial characteristics identical to the men in the picture, including Keel's then-copious beard, Smyth knew there had been something wrong with what he now believed to be an impersonation. Then he remembered: Barker and Keel had been of the same height— that is the impersonators —while Moseley was the shortest of the group. In reality, the actual order of height in the picture was Barker-Moseley-Keel! Whoever the impersonators had been, they had "goofed" on heights.

A week later, while he was passing a parking lot on his way home from work, three men stepped out of a black Plymouth, of 1960-62 vintage, and which bore West Virginia license plates (strangely distorted, since the "West Virginia" was printed at the top instead of properly at the bottom—while the numerals, "1436," have since been determined not to exist on such plates without some other type of prefix or designation).

The men accosted him as if they knew all about him, even though they asked him if his name was George Smyth. When he replied in the affirmative, they displayed S.A.U.C.E.R.S. membership cards (as members of Saucer News operating organization), bearing the names of Arthur Davidson, Thomas Murphy and Walter Mulburry (or Mul-barbery). They next asserted that they were well aware of all the events which had happened to Smyth and which he had related to the Saucer News staff. They simply wished him to relate once more the events as they occurred. Smyth then reviewed for them the entire series of strange happenings, while one of the trio wrote in a notebook. Then they urged him to continue to report all future events to Saucer News.

Later, when Smyth spoke to Gray Barker by telephone, he learned that neither Barker nor any of the staff had disclosed any of the information to anybody!

Our House is Watched

During the last week of May the strange series of events seemed to be drawing closer home, when my wife, Mary, mentioned during a supper conversation that she had noticed some odd people near the house each morning as she went marketing.

A large black car was parked near our front door and a statue-like, tall, corpse-white man with very light hair was always standing beside it. The car, she told me, had bright red upholstery. The tall man, however, had not caused her any alarm. But a dark, swarthy-faced man in a dark or black suit had looked piercingly at her as she emerged from the outer door, and then had peered into the vestibule, as if to determine if anyone else were coming out. Since this had occurred on four successive days, it was getting on her nerves. She had hesitated to mention it, she told me, for fear I would think she was "imagining things," and assured me that she actually had seen the men.

I pondered on this, for I knew that when I left work at 8:00 each morning, I had seen nobody on the street. Whoever the men were, they were avoiding me and showing up half an hour later, when
Mary went shopping. Why did they not try to frighten me, for I had been involved with the Saucer News investigation of the experiences of Smyth, and other strange events?

Suddenly I remembered that James W. Moseley's name was on my mail box. He did this so that he could receive mail from certain confidential sources at our address —and then he often stayed for several days at a time at our house when engaged on research projects which involved much reading and concentration (thus he would avoid telephone calls and the many personal visits by friends and people inter ested in interviewing him).

Could it be that the visitors were checking up on Jim and were relatively disinterested in Mary and me?

I immediately phoned Jim and told him about the men, though noises on the line led me to believe the line was being tapped. Jim told me to instruct Mary to secure the license number of the car, should she see it again, and suggested I familiarize her with the Cadillac emblem so that she might recognize it. (Both Jim and I knew that most of the men-in-black reports included a large car, usually a Cadillac.)

The phone call evidently set off another series of happenings which are difficult—or impossible—for me to evaluate.

Next morning when Mary went to shop, nobody stood at the factory entrance as

usual; nor did a large black car with a pale-faced individual occupy its usual position. However, as she returned home, she noticed Jim Moseley standing in the middle of the nearby street acting almost, it seemed, like a traffic policeman! She stood and watched him for perhaps three to four minutes, while he turned and looked in all directions, apparently without noticing or recognizing her. Mary had the impression that he was attempting to see what would happen if he exposed himself, and that he evidently did not wish her to approach him. So she entered the house. She gave it little further thought, except for thinking that it was a very early hour for Jim, who usually arose about noon, to be in Jersey City (Jim at that time lived in Manhattan and the trip to Jersey City would have consumed about 45 minutes).

A grocery item she had forgotten to purchase made it necessary for her to return to the market, so she went out again. Jim was still standing in the same position, still looking in all directions and not appearing to notice her. She observed that while he was dressed in the usual business suit, he was also wearing the gray topcoat he had worn the past winter. She knew that I had gone to work dressed only in a business suit, and that I had remarked how warm the morning was. In fact, the topcoat was the only circumstance which really struck her as odd about his being at the intersection.

She went to the store, and when she returned, she again stood and watched Jim at his "station." Then she entered the house and proceeded to clear the breakfast table, with the thought that Jim probably would ring the bell, have a cup of coffee and a chat before he returned to New York. She also again wondered how Jim had managed to get up so early—for he liked to do his UFO research late at night, and into the early morning hours, away from the pressures of his office and the many telephone calls.

In about ten minutes the phone rang and it was Jim on the line. He explained he was still in bed, but has awakened and was wondering about the "MIB" situation. He had an impulse to call her briefly before going back to sleep. He asked her if she had looked outside yet to see if the men were still there.

Without explanation, she asked Jim to hold the phone. Then she ran outside (our windows do not overlook the street). Jim or the man who had looked exactly like him, was no longer there, and, for the first time, this was very upsetting to my wife. She wondered if she were "imagining things," due to her worrying about the visitors. She ran back into the house, and tried to explain what she had seen to Jim; though by that time she had become quite shaken.

Although he couldn't quite understand just what she had seen, Jim advised her either to stay in the house, or dash over to her neighbor's house and stay with her until I returned that evening.

When I returned I found a very frightened wife, who by that time had regained her composure and was able to give me all the details in a coherent manner.

I called Jim, and although I kidded him about Mary's seeing his doppelganger, I secretly wished that I were able to get my hands on the impersonator. Later that Night I called Gray Barker and gave him all the details, and he tended to connect it with the Smyth report of the impersonations described above.

Days passed without further incident. Mary, however, had begun to leave the house the same time as I did on weekdays, and would visit various neighbors while I was away. On Saturday, May 18, Jim called to make arrangements for Timothy Green Beckley and himself to visit us and make copies of some of my many tape recordings. It was agreed that they would arrive early (for Jim), at ten o'clock the next morning.

As they approached my house, they observed a black Cadillac parked in front of the closed factory next door. They decided not to stop, but to drive around the block and make some passes in front of the house, to observe and take pictures (Jim had thoughtfully brought his camera). They also noted the swarthy man Mary had described, standing in the factory entrance. They managed to make only two passes and to secure the two pictures accompanying this article, before the man evidently fled; on the third circuit of the house both he and the Cadillac were gone.

Mary had identified the man in the photograph as the same person who had looked at her so piercingly on those five mornings.

At this writing (July 1st), there has been no repetition of any of the visitations. Yet, on June 11, George Smyth had called me with a report which seemed to tie in with Mary's experiences.

He asked me what I thought Jim had been doing in Elizabeth that morning, and I replied that he had not been there, for I had just talked to him at his apartment, having awakened him in order to get a telephone number which I urgently needed.

Smyth then related what had occurred. He had been on the bus, going to work as usual, and had observed Jim standing in front of the Carteret Hotel in Elizabeth, as he passed there on his usual route. Jim, he said, had smiled and waved at him. Smyth stated that Jim had worn a gray suit, with striped tie and white shirt (Moseley's favorite mode of dress). The only relevant information concerned a trench coat "Jim" carried on his arm, which Smyth described. Jim has never worn that type of coat, to my knowledge.

A day or two after the incident, Smyth began to hear from acquaintances who told him they had been questioned by a very tall, gray-haired man, who also made inquiries about him. All but one of the people had asked the man for identification, whereupon he departed abruptly without further questioning. Those questions by the tall stranger had one thing in common: all were employees or owners of the various eating places Smyth frequented near his place of work. Only one person, the operator of a hot dog stand, had spoken at length with the person. Apparently the tall man already possessed a great deal of information about Smyth (although the stand operator knew much about Smyth, it seemed he was unable to supply the man with anything he did not already know!).

During the early evening of June 15, Smyth's phone rang and a "cultured voice," as he described it, advised him to stop all saucer research and to discontinue any connections with Barker, Moseley, Beckley, Keel and myself. Further, he should not

Photograph of MIB Taken By Tim Beckley

attend the forthcoming Congress of Scientific Ufologists (later National UFO Conference) in Cleveland. If he did not comply with the requests, he would deeply regret it, the voice warned.

Since Smyth does not know Beckley, nor exchange information with him, and since he did not plan to attend the Congress, his caller was evidently partially misinformed.

On the 18th Smyth called to tell me had had been unable to go to work that day, due to a particularly upsetting occurrence. Early in the morning, as he was preparing to leave and catch his bus, his dog had begun howling like a wolf while it looked out the window. Smyth went to the window and looked out. On the other side of the street was a large black car, with one man in the driver's seat, and two people in the rear, both of which were attending some kind of electronic equipment. One of the men apparently wore earphones, while the other raised a contraption which he described as "a crystalline wheel," with a two to three foot rod extending from it. The wheel began to glow with a yellow light; then the light suddenly concentrated into a yellow beam, which shot out, striking Smyth in the forehead, as he felt a blast of heat. Before he blacked out, he was able to note the license plate on the car. It resembled a U.S. Government plate, and bore the identification, "U 1436." The car quickly left after the ray struck Smyth. When he recovered consciousness, he was suffering a splitting headache. The headache persisted throughout the day and two more "blackouts" occurred.

They Have Been in Cleveland, Ohio

During the Cleveland Congress, a rather odd incident occurred in the luncheon room of the Wild Boar Inn, a part of the Sheraton Airport Motor Inn, where most of the attending delegates were lodged. On the afternoon preceding the Open Session, a group of delegates met to have lunch prior to departure for the Valley Forge High School auditorium where the public lectures would take place.

The tables, each seating four, were occupied by the elite of the Congress, such as Captain Robert Loftin, Moseley, Beckley, Ralph Fanning, Gene Duplantier, and Allen H. Greenfield. Mary and I, along with Barker and Roseanne Maruca (a bibliographer, interested in Ufology, who has just completed cataloging the huge UFO publication collection of Moseley—and is trying to track down the many items which recently have disappeared).

Mary suddenly glanced toward a table, directly behind me, and near the door of the Inn. In a voice, which suddenly had been raised, and which startled all of us, she exclaimed, "Concentrate, everybody, we are being watched. Quiet everybody! We are under surveillance!"

Barker looked up from his late breakfast to determine what was causing Mary's concern. He said nothing, but just stared past me. As quickly as propriety allowed, I managed to turn my chair and my head to look in that direction. I saw the backs of two male figures, leaving the room in a most precipitate manner.

Mary, who had observed the men for some minutes before speaking out, and then, in her fright, had cried out rather loudly, told us that a very pale, blue-eyed man, with silver-colored hair, had been staring at Barker from an uncluttered table near the entrance of the room. He had been dressed in a black turtle-necked sweater, and had been accompanied by another man, in a black suit, and who wore large sun glasses. The latter had not been looking at our group; but when Mary made her exclamation, he appeared to be startled, quickly arose, and beckoned for the silver-haired man to follow him.

And that is just about all of it. Barker did call me, immediately after he had returned home from the Congress, noting that he had been unable to evade the constant "tailing" of a car driven by a dark-clothed priest, which followed him most of the way home from Cleveland.

"Doppelganger is a German word describing the exact double of an individual. It is not so much associated with the etheric or astral body as it is a kind of physical double. Although this phenomenon is said to occur rarely, it is firmly implanted in occult tradition. I personally feel this case involved an impersonator, carefully made up to resemble Jim, with the rather glaring mistake of wearing a topcoat in summer.

Much evidence points to Moseley having a double, or that a person of the New York area looks very much like him. When I appeared with him on the Long John Nebel "Versus" show early in the spring of that year, John chided Jim for not speaking to him when he encountered him in a passing taxi cab. He told Jim he had rolled down the window and spoken to him, and that he (Jim) had looked him directly in the eye, but had apparently not recognized him at all. Jim had been on various Long John radio shows many, many times, and surely would recognize John. Jim told John he had no memory of the encounter, and apologized for not speaking—though he could not possi bly imagine how he could fail to recognize the famous radio personality.

'Smyth's dog behaved similarly to "Bandit," the dog belonging to Newell Par tridge, of West Virginia, who complained the animal might have been kidnapped by "Mothman," in November, 1966. He said the dog "howled like a wolf' prior to his seeing two glowing eyes near his barn. Men in black were also connected with the Mothman sightings. Readers may also remember that Albert K. Bender, who first publicized the three men, suffered painful headaches (see Flying Saucers and the Three Men, published by Paperback Library,

Inc.).

The Problem of Unidentified Flying Objects

There has been a new theory advanced to explain—and not explain away—the more mysterious elements and behavior patterns of the flying saucers. Much of the speculation on this theory came from Allen Greenfield, of Atlanta, Georgia, one of the principal proponents of the "Alternate Reality" theory. When first advanced in the 1960s, the theory caused a spark of speculation among many saucer researchers as to the actual origin of many of the objects reportedly observed.

Although now retired from UFO research, Greenfield met with us in the days of his heavy UFO involvement. On one such occasion, we sat him down to sound him out on his theory.

Our first question was an expected one: "What actually is the Alternate Reality Theory?"

"Maybe it's just another theory, like so many others: hoaxes; psychological solutions; natural phenomena; spaceships, 4-D or whatever. But I think we just may have hit upon something of significance—as I suspect my colleagues in this theory will agree." Mr. Greenfield went on to explain that if his theory turns out to be valid, we are dealing with "awesome implications which are really tremendous. It will alter our entire concept of human history. Indeed, it may well alter our very way of living."

Greenfield continued by making the following six points:

1. The UFO phenomena and other "border" phenomena seem to be, at least in some cases, linked.

2. Many of the accounts of contact or near-contact seem to be true to the extent that they are reasonably accurate subjective accounts of actual experiences of one kind or another. However, there are indications that these experiences, while accurate so far as the witness is concerned, and while having objective external stimuli, are viewed within the context of the observer's own background experience. Also, there is the distinct possibility that some amount of willful deception may be involved on the part of the UFOnauts.

3. The concept of "they walk among us" is not only not "farfetched," but is probably quite true. This may serve to explain a num ber of baffling cases that have shown up over the years.

4. We seem to be dealing with groups of entities with more than one purpose. In other words, some saucers may well be hostile, some unconcerned, some friendly in one sense or another.

5. The work of such persons as Tom Cornella (Peter Kor), the late Ray Palmer, Steve Erdmann, Jerome Clark, Paul Thomas and others are particularly important to understanding this theory.

6. Other works, outside the direct usual UFO sphere, are also relevant.

Greenfield then pointed out that the Fall, 1966 issue of Saucer News, edited by James W. Moseley, had an article which should be of interest to anyone engaged in "AR" studies. The article, "Perspective: Flying Saucers—Physical or Psychic," is by Peter Kor. In this article, Kor poses three possible frameworks of explanation for the saucer phenomena: 1. Psychic; 2. Conventionally Physical; 3. Substratic (intangible).

"Each of these frameworks has unique consequences," Kor points out, "which can be tested by fundamental trends in the saucer evidence. Which one do you think best fits the history and facts of the flying saucer saga?"

While the degree of Greenfield's agreement with Kor's alternatives is "tenuous" (in his own words), he did find much of what Kor had to say of interest. "Here we apparently have a new term introduced to the field: substratic. Let's not make a mistake, 'substratic' is not the same as 'alternate realities.' It seems to mean a UFO phenomenon that is inherently tangible. It would be interesting to hear how, within this framework, Mr. Kor accounts for cases of physical evidence."

At about the time interest in Greenfield's comments on the AR theory had attracted a number of "inner circle" researchers in the New York area, who had gathered mainly for the purpose of discussing plans for the 1967 Congress of Scientific Ufologists. Mr. Greenfield continued by stating that "Another article can be gleaned from the July- August, 1966 issue of the outstanding British journal, Flying Saucer Review. The article by Jerome Clark, 'The Strange Case of the 1897 Airship' poses a very basic question about the nature of UFO and con tact accounts: Are they accurate to the extent that the witnesses are reporting what they have seen within the witnesses' own ecological framework? If the answer is affirmative, the implications are quite vast.

The following series of informal questions concern, generally, the "AR" theory, and were asked of Mr. Greenfield over the course of many deep conversations on the subject.

In relation to the so-called "interplanetary" theory of saucers, what does the AR theory have to offer:

"As you know there are inconsistencies in the interplanetary theory, that is, in relation to the evidence. The AR theory does not rule out the possibility of interplanetary visitations, but rather says that this may be only a part of the explanation for the phenomena observed. Pure physical phenomena might explain some of the evidence submitted, but there is a large body of evidence that it does not explain. Similarly, a wholly non-physical phenomenon would not explain all the evidence. The AR theory seeks to coordinate all the evidence into a single coherent pattern."

How then, Mr. Greenfield, does the AR theory account for saucers, per set

"At this point, a theory does not offer a definite reason for UFOs. There does not seem to be the idea that they are vehicles of a sort, though their exact nature and reason for existence is unsure. There is also the matter of the sub-theory of seeing the phenomenon as a manifestation of the viewer's own background experience, that is as subjective viewing of an objective stimulus, the exact nature of which is currently unknown."

Does the AR theory account for mysterious disappearances?

"Yes, if one accepts the idea that reality is not fixed (at least not fixed in our present understanding of reality), it is not difficult to understand how persons or objects might be caught in some sort of reality warp and enter or leave a given state of reality. This would serve to explain many legends and Fortean phenomena as well."

In relation to the above answer we pointed out to Mr. Greenfield that many sightings are made by more than one person, each of at least a slightly different background, yet their descriptions normally coincide to a large extent. His reply was well thought out.

"Firstly, persons coming from the same general ecological framework would probably see a given UFO in generally the same way. Secondly, there are cases where persons of totally different backgrounds sight unidentified aerial phenomena (example: the Rev. Gill incident). Further study of these special cases would be needed before a full evaluation of this consideration may be given."

Just what then are the mechanics of inter-reality travel?

"At this point we can see several trends in the evidence. First, if UFOs are indeed in some way manifestations of vehicular activity, then it would follow that some form of vehicular inter-reality transmission is possible. Secondly, we have the above mentioned matter of 'reality warps.' Thirdly, there are the indications of fixed transfer points, such as the Holes at the Poles Ray Palmer often mentioned."

Another question which came to our mind was: "Why do some UFOs appear hostile, and others not?"

"In our opinion, some UFOs appear to be hostile, some do not, and others appear to be indifferent. Using 'reasoned speculation,' one may assume from this that we are dealing with at least three different groups of entities. This seems consistent with the Shaverian concept of dero, tero and 'elder races.' It is also consistent with our own experience in that there do seem to be three possible basic points of view on a given question: pro; anti; and neutral."

We then asked Allen Greenfield how he might approach the various contact cases in light of his theory.

"The alternate reality can shed a whole new light on cases of alleged contact with alien entities. The idea that contactees have been honestly reporting things as they see them is not new. Dr. Leon Davidson some years ago posed this idea in relation to

Adamski's case, but attributed the deception to the government. The flaw in this is the widespread nature of these cases, and the lack of real motivation.

"However, the AR theory can provide a much more plausible rational explanation. For example, if we accept the ecological premise, we can easily see how a contactee, having a legitimate experience, will hear from the space people what he wants to hear. We can also see why persons from more sophisticated backgrounds might have less sophisticated experiences.

"The problem of deliberate deception can be dealt with in either of the following ways: An individual chances upon a landed UFO. The entities aboard are not welcoming company, so they tell the unfortunate passerby some cock-and-bull story and send the poor devil on his way.

"The other instance would be the planting of deliberately contradictory stories with various contactees in order to keep a state of confusion about their nature in effect. Either of these instances are plausible.

"The 'Men in Black' type cases might have connections in the same vein. Here there might also be an authentic element of knowing too much about flying saucers,' although at least in the famed Bender case, it hardly seems possible that Bender knew all that much. In fact from his magazine of the period, one would be inclined to say that Bender seemed to know very little about UFOs."

UFO Witness Abducted By Agents of Terror—The Men in Black Strike Once More

We will not reveal to you in what Eastern city Patricia Hyde currently resides. The cracking in her voice as she tells her tale of personal terror is sufficient reason for us to believe that the last few years have been a living hell for this young woman. For Patricia is the first to admit that it took her quite a long time before she was able to go about her everyday business without looking over her shoulder at every little sound, paranoid that someone—or something—was keeping tabs on her movements.

Before July 1972, Pat Hyde hadn't thought much about UFOs. Sure she had read articles in the popular press; however, still in her early twenties, she had more pressing matters on her mind. But on the humid summer evening when it all began, Pat was to have her consciousness altered and at the same time leave herself open for harassment by the sinister Men in Black, whose sole purpose seems to be to "silence for good" those individuals who have had close encounters with other-worldly intelligence and are not bashful about keeping their experience a secret.

It was around 9:00 P.M. and Pat was in the front seat of her car attending an outdoor movie with her mother in Arcadia, Florida when something unusual in the twilight attracted her curiosity.

"It started off looking kind of like an ordinary star in the evening sky," Pat began her fascinating narrative. "But as I watched it move across the heavens from north to south over the giant movie screen, I began to realize that the object could not be attributed to any astronomical phenomena, as the bright yellowish light was tumbling toward the earth in a falling leaf motion.

"When the object got directly over the car I couldn't see it any more so I got out of the parked automobile and strained my neck looking upward, interested in knowing if it was still visible to the naked eye. At this point, I saw a white light—a ray—shooting out from beneath the object. The best I can describe it is to say it closely resembled a searchlight beacon in that it scanned the ground near where I stood before eventually landing directly upon me."

Pat was understandably frightened as the eerie beam was cast down onto her body. Looking up directly into the blinding light the witness was almost positive that she could make out the bat-like shape of a huge craft hidden behind the brilliant glow that made it difficult for her to see.

"The light stayed on me for only three or four seconds, I would estimate. Then it continued to move along the ground as if it was searching for something." Pat says the only sensation she got from being enveloped in the light was a feeling of "warmth." For the duration of her experience, Pat's mother was trying to make her get back into the car. "She was almost hysterical, near tears. People in the other cars were caught up in the emotion. Someone yelled, "Is it a helicopter?" —I knew it wasn't and my curiosity got the better of me. I just wanted to watch it, so in awe was I of this object."

Suddenly the beacon of light flickered out and the object itself got dimmer and dimmer. "The yellow glow faded and then went straight up into the air out of view in a matter of a second or two."

Pat says she got back into the car, but never got to finish seeing the movie as her mother was too upset and wanted to be taken home. And while Pats mind whirled with the realization that she had been subjected to a very important experience, her mother refused to discuss their sighting, saying that it continued to frighten her. "My Mom even had nightmares about this for a long time afterwards. She would dream that they were coming to get her and take her up in the ship or something. In the nightmares I was always standing outside of the car telling them to come on and land."

Being inquisitive, Pat found herself asking a lot of serious questions. "I sincerely wanted to know what other people had experienced, if there were others beside myself who had encountered such things." The witness went so far as to keep a note book in which she jotted down information derived from interviewing local residents who had also observed UFOs.

I gathered some really interesting data," Pat proclaims. "There was this one elderly man who had been sitting on his front porch when he looked up in the early afternoon sky and saw what he initially thought was a jet with sunlight shining off it. He watched the object travel across the sky and then it stopped and moved in closer and came down to within a couple of feet of the ground. He told her he was frightened so bad that he almost had a heart attack. He didn't now how to handle the experience so he ran inside to call the police and the Highway Patrol came to his house right away. On their way to talk to him, one of the patrol cars nearly ran off the road, as this strange craft was sitting practically in the middle of the road."

Like others who have had encounters and contacts with UFOs, Patricia yearned to relate her story to someone who would not think she was crazy. Sometime after her bewildering experience she wrote to a small UFO organization located near her home and that's when the really puzzling chain of events started happening one right after another.

"I met this man on the street in front our house one afternoon. He said he wanted to talk with me, that he was a reporter who knew what had happened, and was quite interested in UFOs himself. Almost immediately he started talking about all these strange things, UFO propulsion and so forth. He told me he could teach me how to build a UFO and invited me to his house for a demonstration. I thought he was kind of a nut and I got a genuinely eerie feeling about him, so much so that I even avoided shaking hands with this man. He sort of scared me and I never found out for sure how he learned of my interest in UFOs. He claimed my mother had run into him one day in the supermarket—she supposedly knew his wife—and when the subject of flying saucers came up in the course of their conversation she mentioned my sighting. At the time I didn't think too much about this as we lived in a rather small town and most people know one another."

Pat said she got the impression that the man was evil and meant to "freak me out." He went so far as to indicate that she should refrain from talking about what had transpired at the drive-in theater. "I got the feeling from him that I should keep my mouth shut from now on."

After the man had visited Patricia several times, a truly peculiar thing occurred which continues to alarm her to this day. "I was in the backyard when I saw this car driving by. I noticed it was a black car and it slowed down as it passed by the house. The car had tinted windows and so I couldn't see inside. The car went around the corner and I returned to working in the garden when I heard the sound of a car engine being gunned as it came around the block. It was the same car and this time it came to a complete stop at the curb and I could see several faces peering out from behind the darkened glass windows."

Staring transfixed at the strange vehicle, Patricia's hypnotic gaze was only broken by the sound of the phone ringing inside the house. "I hurried to answer it, anxious to get

indoors where I would be safe from whatever was threatening me. I perceived a definite feeling of evil intent about those inside the black car." Lifting the receiver, Pat was startled to hear the voice of the strange man who had come to see her about her sighting. He was screaming, "What are you trying to do to me? Why did you send those men out to run me off the road?" After calming him down, Patricia was able to draw from him the fact that he was out walking when suddenly a car came barreling around the corner, headed directly for him. He had to literally make a dive for the curb, or he would have been struck down and probably killed, since he estimated the automobile was traveling at least 70 miles an hour. "As he got up and brushed himself off he said he was able to see inside the car as it drove off and that there were three men in the vehicle. He claimed they were all Oriental looking."

Interested in getting to the bottom of the mystery, Patricia hung up the phone and decided to drive over to the man's house. She had written the address down in her notebook and had actually gone by several times in her car and had noticed him either in the yard or on the porch. "There wasn't any doubt that he lived there. However, when I got to the house it was locked tighter than a drum." The neighbors told her they hadn't seen signs of anyone around the property for a while, though she found this hard to believe since she had just spoken to the man on the phone minutes before.

Pat was naturally puzzled by the bizarre sequence of events surrounding the strange black car, as well as the disappearance of the strange man who had frightened her. She wasn't at all familiar with the fact that other individuals who have close encounters with UFOs had also gone through similar experiences.

Life Goes On!

In the years that followed, Pat left home to join the Navy. Upon leaving the service she moved to Washington, D.C., and got a job working for the FBI as a typist.

"I want you to understand that I didn't go around talking about my interest in UFOs during working hours," she explained. "There weren't that many people who I felt were open-minded enough to relate my experience to." Patricia pointed out that the federal government doesn't have the reputation for hiring kooks and so she kept her UFO activities pretty much to herself.

"Late one night I was already in bed in my small apartment when there was a knock at the door. I got up and cracked the door open only an inch or so, leaving the chain lock in place. There standing in the hall was this Oriental man. At first I didn't think it too strange, because I had an Oriental friend and this man called me by name. But it's what he said next that really shook me up. 'Miss Hyde, you will stop investigating flying saucer s?\ just looked at him kind of funny and said, 'You must be crazy,' because I'm not the type of person to be frightened so easily. Next he said something to the effect, 'I'm telling you, you will!!'"

Pat says she slammed the door in the man's face. "I got so mad that I turned around to open the door all the way and yell out at him. However, when I looked up and down the hall there was nobody there." Pat couldn't see how it was possible for anyone to have disappeared so fast.

What was the strange Oriental man dressed in? "Well, he had on a suit that was either dark blue or black." She did notice that he had "deeply slanting eyes," more so than any other Oriental person she had ever met.

Disturbed by the quick disappearance of the midnight spectre who bid her personal doom, Pat tossed and turned the rest of the night, finding it impossible to shake the thought of what had transpired from her mind. Unable to get a grip on reality, soon after this incident, Patricia Hyde quit her job with the FBI.

The Worst Was Yet To Come!

"I was walking on the street, going back to my apartment one night when this man came up and grabbed my purse. I kind of thought, well, he's going to rob me. He just stood still and dumped the contents of the pocketbook upside down, and when I asked him what he was doing, he said it was none of my business. He searched through everything, throwing my wallet to one side. I knew then he wasn't looking for money, but what was he searching for? Eventually he came across my notebook containing notes on the UFO sightings I had investigated in Florida—I still carried it around with me. Finding this he ripped the little pad into many pieces."

Patricia started to protest and with this the man identified himself as a police officer. "I asked him to show me some identification and as I stepped forward to defend my rights as an American citizen, he pushed me aside and then backward. As I made a move towards him, I felt someone else grabbing me from behind and two men took hold of me."

With her hands held tightly behind her back, Patricia was unable to take defensive actions against what she was now certain were muggers. "I was turned around and pushed toward a van at the side of the road with both the front and side doors open. I began to fight with all my might as I realized they planned to abduct me. I knew they weren't police officers as they were dressed in dark clothing and none of them said anything to me, except the first individual who had stated that it was none of my business what he was doing."

Dragged into the waiting van, Patricia was handcuffed and driven around the city for a while. With the doors shut tight and the windows of the van blackened over, it was impossible for her to ascertain where the men were taking her.

"The next thing I knew it was like seven hours later. I don't know what happened during that time and frankly I know we didn't drive around more than 15 minutes. But when we arrived at our final destination, the clock on the wall said 5:00 A.M., though it should have been only around 9:00 P.M."

Patricia was dragged down a hallway and two other men told her that she was in a hospital because she had tried to commit suicide by jumping out the window at the FBI building. "This I knew was a boldfaced lie, because I hadn't been working there for several weeks and I'd never thought about committing suicide in my entire life."

The men took her into an elevator and they came out in an underground passage somewhere. "My voice echoed in there, and there were trap doors in the ceiling. It sort of reminded me of an old armory. When I got to this one room, they wanted me to drink something, and I told them that I wasn't going to do it and they almost broke my neck making me take this liquid down.

"They threw me in a tiny room after this and untied my hands, which had been bound from the time they had put me in the back of the van. They wanted me to sign a piece of paper, and when I refused, they left me alone and didn't come back till the next day."

Pat woke up the next morning feeling like she had been drugged. "There was a small window near the ceiling which was barred and there was a plant growing up by the window so I couldn't see out to the ground. I went toward the door and it opened when I took hold of the doorknob, so I wasn't locked in. I walked out and there was a man standing in the hallway. I asked him who he was and he said it didn't really matter and he chuckled and said I was in a psychiatric ward. He explained that my doctor had me committed for trying to commit suicide the night before. I told him I didn't have any doctor that I was perfectly well and wanted to go home."

Eventually, Patricia was brought to the head "doctor's" office. "I don't know if he was a foreigner, but he had light-colored hair and sounded German. He said to me, 'I'm your doctor,' and when I asked
what his name was he just told me it didn't matter. He knew who I was, my full name, where I had worked. When he told me I had tried to jump out the fifth story window of the FBI building, I reminded him that all the windows there were barred. With this he looked at me and said, 'You will admit that you tried to kill yourself or you'll never leave here.'"

Pat says the "doctor" asked her all kinds of questions. "He wanted to know if I had psychic powers, could talk to the dead, if I believed in flying saucers. Something clinked in my mind, and I just looked at him, refusing to speak."

Pat was kept in the same tiny room day after day. She felt she was being brainwashed. "They went through the same quiz regularly and tried to convince me that I had tried to kill myself. I kept denying this and about a week later the doctor put a telephone in front of me and said I could call my mother. 'Tell her to come and get you.'" As Pat reached for the receiver, the "doctor" pulled the phone out of her reach. "But only

if you promise not to do any more UFO research... "

Seeing that it was the only way out of this horrifying situation, Patricia told the man she wouldn't mention the subject ever again. "I called my mother, told her what was going on, but she didn't believe me. Before allowing me to dial my Mom's number, the man had given me an address where he said she could pick me up in Georgetown. I said, 'Is this the address of the hospital I'm in?' and he said, 'no,' that they were going to take me somewhere and drop me off."

Patricia's mother took the next plane to Washington, got into a cab at the airport and had the driver take her to the designated address. "I had been loaded back into the van and driven around for a while before being taken to the drop off point. When my mother collected me, she commented, 'What is this—it's just a vacant building!'"

"We went to the police station, but they weren't able to help us, other than to confirm that no one had been taken into custody for trying to commit suicide or any other crazy thing."

Doing the only reasonable thing, Patricia's mother took her daughter home, not wishing to recall the incidents that had happened, perhaps on some nether-world on the astral plane. For where could Patricia Hyde have been taken? Who were the men that had tried to prevent her from speaking about flying saucers? Are they agents of the U.S. government? Not hardly, for they operate in a totally alien manner. Are they the occupants of UFOs, then?

Perhaps we will never be able to understand what happened to this young woman, what type of spell she was placed under. Maybe many of the tortures she underwent were implanted in her mind by a power so foreign—so sinister—that we had better not get mixed up in the matter.

But until we get to the bottom of this mystery in all probability the Men in Black will return once again—today, tomorrow, in the very near future—and may threaten you or me into silence.

Tucson's Mysterious Case

A strange story brought to our attention back in 1979 indicated that the mysterious —and deadly sinister—Men In Black had returned to the western part of the country after a long absence.

According to a seemingly sincere Tucson, Arizona newsboy, Warren Weisman, he was delivering the Arizona Daily Star on February 19, 1979, between 5:00 and 6:00 A.M. when he saw an odd looking object crash into a parked car at the side of the road.

This is the youth's story:

"I was on Winstel Boulevard when I saw this "falling star" come from the sky. It was traveling at great speed and landed about a block away. It smashed the back of a white Volkswagen, throwing off its right rear wheel, rolled off the car and knocked over a mailbox on a post nearby."

The 10-year-old fifth grader said the object was about the size of a microwave oven, was black, shiny, and had lots of "lava-like" holes all around it. Weisman said the object was smoking when he walked over to it.

As he bent over to examine his unusual find, a brown car pulled up and, says the witness, "A skinny man in a brown suit and white shirt got out of the car. He was an FBI-type. He told me, 'Why don't you go ahead and deliver the rest of your papers?'"

As he stood talking to the man, what Warren thinks was a Pima County Sheriff's car pulled up alongside the brown car. "I was afraid that the man in the brown suit was going to pull a gun," Warren said. He quickly departed for home to tell his mother about what had happened.

Twenty minutes later, he returned to the scene of the "crash" with his mother. "All we found was the tire and the broken mailbox." The smashed car and the smoking object had totally vanished without a trace.

Interviewed later, the boy claimed he had put a small chip from the object into his pocket while looking it over. However, when he got home a little while later, it was gone.

"I don't know what happened to it," he confessed. "I didn't have any holes in my pocket from which it could have fallen to the ground!"

What at first might seem to be a "tall tale" fabricated by a highly imaginative youth has additional verification in that there were other witnesses to the event.

The Arizona Daily Star says that "three counselors who patrol the area while children deliver newspapers saw it fall but didn't see where it hit the ground."

The woman who lives in the house where the mailbox was knocked down, said she and her family assumed someone had hit it with a car. Margaret Pierce said she hadn't heard anything unusual that morning, but around the time Warren usually delivers the paper to their house "our dogs just started barking and we couldn't calm them down. They were really upset and that's not like them at all."

Shortly after the incident was reported, the then-active national UFO organization, Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO) got involved in the investigation and tried its best to get to the bottom of what actually happened. Other witnesses who might have seen the object crash were sought. Though final evidence never came forth, Warren Weisman—just like so many others—became one frightened individual, due to a possible visit by a MIB.

Abduction and MIB Incident in Canada

Another weird account of MIB activity comes our way from Lawrence J. Fenwick and Joseph Muskat, Co-Directors of the Canadian UFO Research Network (CUFORN).

Two different cases involving the abduction of humans by UFO entities in Canada occurred pretty much around the same time in August, 1979. The people abducted were a girl of 14 and a man of about 43 years of age. The girl was aboard for 15 minutes, the man for an unknown length of time.

The incidents were investigated by Canada's then-largest UFO investigation group, the Canadian UFO Research Network, or CUFORN. The evidence included matted-down grass, residual radia tion, physical effects on one abductee, an MIB visit, and an independent observer who saw the UFO moving to the spot where the girl s abduction took place. To this day, the independent observer, a woman, does not know that there was an abduction involved.

The first of a series of UFO sightings which culminated in the abductions happened in the eastern part of Toronto, Ontario, on Thursday night, August 2.

That same night, one hour later, similarly-shaped UFOs were reported in Northwestern Kansas and Southwestern Nebraska, 1150 miles southwest of Toronto. Articles about the sightings in the Norton, Kansas Telegram and the McCook, Nebraska Gazette were sent to CUFORN headquarters by Edmonton, Alberta member John Mus- grave. He sent them as part of his monthly UFO clipping service.

CUFORN, founded in December 1977, is a group with 55 members in five countries. Its membership is restricted to persons with expertise in dozens of scientific fields. CUFORNs policy is to avoid contacting the media which distorts, ridicules, fabricates and exploits UFO events, especially in major cities. This leads to crank phone calls and harassment of UFO observers.

In order to avoid this, the names of three girls and one of their mothers have been changed in this article. The three girls are Sarah Hines, 14, Cathy R., 14, and Jackie B., 11. They and Jackie's mother filled out the appropriate CUFORN sighting report forms, CE2's and one CE3 form.

The incidents involved seven teenagers, 13 parents and one young boy. They saw six UFOs, two of them arrowhead in shape. At 9:50 P.M., August 2, Sarah saw something in the sky nearby and told her two girlfriends to follow her to the field nearby, which is owned by Ontario Hydro. Two lights were hovering low near high tension power lines. The two objects rose when they arrived, one heading south, the other north. From his house window Cathy's father saw one of the objects at 9:50 P.M. He later refused to fill out a sighting report form. When the two objects had left, Cathy sighted two arrowhead-shaped objects, which appeared to be moving backwards from the northwest at 9:52 P.M.

A minute later, Sarah and Jackie observed a cigar-shaped object. It was black with white lights around the periphery and a green light at one end. The cigar was following an arrowhead-shaped UFO at about 500 feet elevation. The cigar emitted a sound like a generator operating at low power.

An oval-shaped object appeared at 9:55 PM. It had a green haze around it and had four curved legs longer than the body of the

object. There was a dull red light on top, red lights along the bottom and yellow lights around the circumference. It appeared to hover over the senior public school roof, two blocks northwest of Sarah's home. This object was 12-15 feet in diameter and about six feet in height, excluding the legs. Another girl, Jodi, saw the object over the roof. When she approached the wall of the school, she felt paralyzed and began to cry. The seven teenagers on the school grounds were soon joined by their parents. The parents said they did not see the oval object, only the arrowhead and cigar objects. The teenagers said the crickets in the vicinity stopped chirping during the incident.

The oval object lifted off the roof about 30 feet, hovered again and then disappeared from sight when its lights went out at 10:05 P.M. Immediately, the sound of the crickets was heard again.

Sarah normally sleeps four to five hours a night, but this night she slept 12 hours with no dreams.

On Friday the 3rd at 9:50 P.M., the same observers plus Cathy's mother, a friend, Bill MacMillan and Jackie's brother, Ernie, went to the field, which is adjacent and to the east of the school grounds. Again, the sounds of life in the field seemed to stop. No cars were seen or heard on the normally-busy street, which led to Buttonville Airport, three miles to the north.

They saw an oval object the size of a football field at a 300-foot elevation. It was flat, dark and solid appearing, with large checkered patterns and three large "fans" of 50-foot diameter beneath. The entire object turned over slowly, rose and headed south very slowly.

At 10:00 P.M., Bill and Ernie observed two large arrowhead objects at about a 500-foot elevation north of the field. The angle of elevation to the observers was 50 degrees. One object seemed to explode silently. The pieces separated as if a jigsaw puzzle was being taken apart. The object's total size was now doubled by the separation of the pieces. This object and the intact object were now separated by 200 feet.

Sarah had an urge to go alone to another field ¾ miles northeast of the Hydro field. Sarah walked, as if in a trance, to the other field. There she saw four bright lights hovering at about 500 feet elevation a t 10:10 p.m. Sarah returned home and again slept 12 hours with no recall of dreams.

At 10:30 P.M. that night, Cathy dialed the telephone operator and asked her whom to call to report a UFO sighting. The operator suggested she call the Ontario Provincial Police. She spoke to David Craig, an OPP public relations officer. He called an acquaintance of his who knew Joe Muskat, CUFORN Co-Director and President. Muskat phoned Sarah on the 5th. That night he visited and interviewed Sarah and her mother Alice, after notifying Co-director and Secretary Lawrence J. Fen wick.

Events began once more at 9:50 P.M. on Saturday, August 4. The same teenagers, along with Jackie's father, went to the Hydro field. Jackie's mother, at this time, was walking a few blocks away and saw an arrowhead object heading north at about 20 miles an hour about two feet above the street level.

Just after her observation, the people in the field watched two hovering arrowhead objects for about two minutes. Then, at 500-foot elevation, the objects all headed eastward "like a flash."

Also at 9:50 P.M., Sarah felt compelled to walk away from her friends to the field northeast of the Hydro field. All sounds of life seemed to stop. Sarah crossed the road to the field without looking for cars. She said she had the feeling that there would be no cars and there were none. There usually is some traffic on the street even late at night, since it is a main North-South Street.

Upon reaching the field at 10:05 PM., she saw an arrowhead object move off the street to the field and in front of her. It settled slowly to a height of two to three feet above the foot-high grass. She walked to within two feet of the object. Suddenly she saw four shadowlike figures emerge from the object and hover in a semi-circle two feet above the ground. The figures were four feet tall, football-shaped, one and a half feet wide and less than an inch thick, like wafers.

She looked at them for one to two minutes and passed out. She recalled being on the UFO and observing the general area. She also saw a man in a blue suit walking a dog. She remembers waking up in the field 15 minutes later at 10:20 P.M., stretched out on the ground about 15 feet south of where the object had been.

Again, upon her return home, she slept 12 dreamless hours. Muskat asked her why her face was orange-red. She said, "You won't believe this." He asked her if she had any other marks on her body. She said "Yes." She showed Muskat her right hand. One pin-prick mark was clearly visible on the inside of her index finger and a one-eighth inch diameter elongated red scrape mark with a pin prick inside it was on the base of the thumb. These marks healed in five days' time with no medical attention.

Her mother said Sarah's eye pupils were dilated and that she had washed off some of the redness on her face the next morning. She had done this out of curiosity and fear. By the morning of the 5th, the dilation was gone, her mother said.

Muskat asked Sarah "What was the thing you said I wouldn't believe?" She replied, "I was onboard a UFO."

Muskat, Sarah and her brother, Jay, went to the site, where they saw a triangular area of depressed grass which had a grey pallor as if the chlorophyll had gone from it. The measurements that Muskat took there corresponded very closely to the description by Sarah. Muskat photographed her hand, the matted-down area and called Larry Fen-wick and Harry Tokarz.

All three went to Sarah's house to ask for further details. Following this, they proceeded to the field. There, she showed them approximately where she had awakened. During the search for the exact location, Sarah noticed a nickel and a penny lying on the grass. She searched her pockets, telling them she had eleven cents the previous day. She only found a nickel in her pocket. This money was found at the location at which she had awoke, 15 feet from where the grass was matted down and dried out.

On August 7th, Claude Freeman, CUFORN member and pilot, was asked to get a Geiger counter to check for radiation. That night very heavy rain fell, preventing use of the Geiger counter. On the 8th, Freeman and Henning Jorgensen, CUFORN radar and electronics expert, took radiation readings, while Muskat obtained soil samples.

The readings were 1.6 to 1.7 higher than the normal background radioactive scintillations. Geiger readings were taken in areas as far as five feet away from the depressed area. The readings ranged from 14 to 19 at that distance. Inside the depressed area, they ranged from 23 to 34 scintillations per minute.

Muskat interviewed Cathy on August 9th. Cathy described her observations of August 2nd. She said the arrowhead object had a red mist around it. It was silent and, inside the red mist, the surface appeared white and smooth. It hovered and moved up and down slowly. She said that at arms length the object would have been the size of an automobile.

On all three nights, the weather was clear and warm. There were many stars in view and the moonlight ranged in intensity, from dull to bright. There were a few fluffy white clouds on the night of August 2nd. Cathy said the arrowhead object came from the northwest on August 2nd. She said there were six objects in view that night. She also noted that the wind was almost non-existent, and was from the southeast. The edges of the arrowhead object appeared sharp. "The bottom looked like pipes on the bottom of a car."

Sarah said that on the sightings of the 2nd, she began to cry while she watched the oval object and could not believe what she was seeing. Cathy also said that on the 2nd, she saw an "orange-red ball of fire." Cathy said that on the afternoon of the 4th, some friends helped her get up on the school roof, where she saw oil and half-square marks. These were no longer visible a day later, when investigators arrived.

CUFORN contacted a doctor who specializes in hypnosis in Toronto. Regressive hypnosis sessions took place on October 10, 18 and 24, with Sarah's mother present. The doctor's name is omitted here as he does not want to be bombarded by phone calls from persons who wish to have regressive hypnosis. He prefers to be contacted by CUFORN.

The following is a summary of the tape recorded regressive hypnosis sessions. For coherence, a few statements made in the second session are included with those of

the first session.

October 10, 1979: Sarah said she was taken on foot through the UFO's wall. The interior was brightly and uniformly lit throughout and sharper than regular lighting. Sarah detected the odor of chicken. Her hands went through everything she touched, except for an ordinary cat from Earth. She was told they had been "growing it" onboard and it was to be released eventually. The creature had not done any tests on the cat, which roamed around freely on the UFO.

She said there were seven shadowy creatures on the UFO and that she could see right through them. They were long and oval, like large American style footballs and were four feet tall. They appeared crys talline. Each was of a different, but strange color. They told her telepathically that they had taken her for tests to see what humans are made of. They said they had been on Earth before and would return when she was 25. She felt she was onboard for "what seemed like a year.

Dr.: Did you stay here on Earth and just look at it from the air?
Sarah: Yes. I saw the whole world.
Dr.: Did they take you to any other world?
Sarah: Well, they showed me this place. It's real and it's there, but it's not.
Dr.: Was it another planet or star?
Sarah: Yes.
Dr.: Do you remember what they did to you that made your skin become tanned, sort of like a sunburn?
Sarah: The bright lights. They've got to stay on. They have to have light.
Dr.: Why?
Sarah: To keep them alive.
Dr.: Why did the bright lights only cause sort of a sunburn on your face and neck and not on your hands?
Sarah: Cause my hands were glowing.
Dr.: Do you know why they were glowing?
Sarah: No.

October 18, 1979 (Second Session)

Sarah described the physical examination administered to her. They put an instrument in her mouth. A "light" was put on her thumb and index finger which painlessly burned holes in each of them. Blood was extracted from the holes. A machine was placed on her head "to find out what I know." She asked the creatures where they were from, but she said she did not know what the answer was.

Sarah saw an ordinary English-speaking human man on the UFO. He said he was there for the same tests. He told her his first name only, but she recalled merely that it began with an "A." He was "from here," Sarah said, but not from her neighborhood. The man said he was taken aboard after she arrived on the UFO. He stayed onboard after she was let go. The creatures told her that they were going to let him go after they had released her. This man may or may not be a Canadian.

"A" told her he did not mind being on the UFO. He asked the creatures questions when Sarah was present, but Sarah could not recall them. "A" had dark hair, which was "going a bit gray." He looked about 43. He was "not very tall" and wore casual clothing. He told Sarah he was a store owner.

Sarah said there were a lot of plants and computers on board, although most of the computers were in another room which she got a glimpse of.

Dr.: How did you get off the UFO?
Sarah: They took me out the door. It wasn't a different color door. It was just a little hole in the wall. I went through a little hole. And then they put me back to sleep and then I was on the ground.
Dr.: Do you remember how they put you to sleep?
Sarah: Yes.
Dr.: How?
Sarah: They told me to go to sleep.
Dr.: Does it still seem very real to you or does it seem like a distant dream?
Sarah: I'd say "real."
Dr.: Were you frightened at all?
Sarah: No.
Dr.: Did you feel they were good people, good beings?
Sarah: Yes.

October 24, 1979 (Third Session)
Note: The incident referred to here occurred on October 11, 1979, one day after the first session.

Dr.: What are you seeing?
Sarah: A funny man. He's tall, skinny, and he's got funny-looking shoes on.
Dr.: How are the shoes funny looking?
Sarah: I don't know. They're just funny.
Sarah told the doctor she was in the school courtyard at lunchtime along with her friends. He had followed her to the courtyard from the cafeteria. The MIB came over to her and told her to move away from where her friends were. Then he started asking questions. She said he wanted desperately to find out who her friends were.
Dr.: He gave you no reason why he wanted to know?
Sarah: I think he wanted to kill them.
Dr.: Why? Did he think they were dangerous?
Sarah: Yes, I guess.

The Man In Black said he had a lot of partners everywhere. He warned her that if she did not tell him about everything onboard the UFO that he and his friends would get after her. And if she went away from him while he was talking to her, he would scare her again. She thought about calling for help, but could not because the man's "mind was stronger" than hers.

Sarah told him exactly what she had seen and heard on the UFO. He seemed pleased with her information, only showing surprise when she mentioned the computers. He said he knew there was a man on the UFO. He told her that he had spoken to the human man since that time.

Dr.: How did your conversation end?
Sarah: He just went.
Dr.: You mean just walked away?
Sarah: No, he just disappeared.
Dr.: Right in front of you?
Sarah: Yes.
Dr.: Do you think that he was human?
Sarah: No.

Sarah had told Muskat about the Man in Black on October 12. She said he stood six feet tall and looked like a dead person. He had a dull grey-toned face, slanted eyes and wore a black suit. Sarah could not remember the shape of the lips, but recalled that his grin was sinister. He had a very pointed nose and long fingernails on tapering fingers. His feet were pointing outward at 90 degrees. His shoes had three to four inch heels.

In a summary of the sessions, the doctor noted that Sarah had been taken to a psychiatrist several months before her experience as
a result of school problems, the strains of adolescent adjustments and sibling rivalry. He said she had a vivid imagination and had claimed to have seen some bizarre-looking ghosts. She had a very strong interest in the occult for the past few years, but, according to her mother, not much interest in UFOs. She had not read books or magazines on the UFO subject.

The doctor said the UFO incidents began on July 23, whereas the three-night sequence of sightings started on August 2nd. He mentioned that Sarah "claimed" to have seen some UFOs on that night and the two succeeding evenings. He used the word "claimed," although he admitted he did not investigate the sightings by other people in the area at the time.

The doctor commented that Sarah was remarkably nonchalant about the entire experience both before and after the hypnosis. This was her attitude toward her father's death, he added. Her nonchalance concerning his demise was understandable due to a reason which must remain confidential. Her casual attitude toward the UFO incidents is partly explained by the absence of serious side-effects on her. An important point to note is that she told CUFORN's investigators that the experience inside the UFO was moderately pleasant.

He said the Hines girl seemed candidly surprised to hear what she had said under hypnosis when the tapes were played back to her. He said her casual attitude returned after her initial surprise.

What he does not know is that, from the moment CUFORN was in touch with her and up to a week after the hypnosis was com plete, CUFORN'S investigators repeatedly told her to be calm about the incident. She was told that abductions are not as unusual as most people think and that any side effects on her would disappear very shortly. In other words, the investigators conditioned her to a casual attitude.

This attitude conditioning was referred to by CUFORN member, John Musgrave, in

his article, "The UFO Investigator as Counselor and Healer," Proceedings of the 1976 CUFOS Conference, pp. 198-200.

The hypnotherapist said that "subjects do not have to relate the truth while questioned under hypnosis." If Sarah was lying, the doctor would not have said that she experienced genuine surprise at hearing a playback of the tapes of the hypnotic sessions, others with years of experience in the UFO field have stated that subjects cannot lie under deep hypnosis. These include Dr. R. Leo Sprinkle, University of Wyoming, and Dr. James A. Harder.

Dr. Alvin Lawson, in "What Can We Learn from Hypnosis of Imaginary Abductees?," 1977 MUFON UFO Symposium Proceedings, pp. 107-131, stated that it is possible to lie under deep hypnosis only when subjects are deliberately told to imagine an event and are fed leading questions and outright suggestions.

After the first session, CUFORN'S Larry Fenwick asked the doctor if he would monitor Sarah's bodily direct current electrical field in subsequent sessions. This technique was suggested by Dr. Harold A. Cahn, a clinical hypnotist, in his article, "Use of Hypnosis To Discriminate 'True' and 'False' UFO Experiences," The A.P.R.O. Bulletin, March, 1979, pp. 4-5. Cahn said when a subject is faking there is either "no great DC potential charge (no trance) or whatever verbal account they present is obviously derivative. The doctor declined Fenwick's suggestion, saying that the device is unreliable, despite the fact that he has never used the instrument.

The hypnotist said that the sessions should stop because of the death of Sarah's father and her recent depressed state. However, the threat by the Man in Black at the school may have been the real reason for discontinuing the hypnotic regression.

Possibly, deeper hypnosis could elicit much information from Sarah. Although they are omitted in this article, five times during the hypnosis she said "I don't remember," indicating that mental blocks may have been implanted in her subconscious by the alien entities. It is ironic that the doctor stated that he hoped his summary "will be of use to you and your colleagues in attempting to get a better understanding of the UFO phenomena" (sic).

The doctor's written summary made no reference to the taped session describing the Man in Black. He did not mention that Sarah saw a cat inside the UFO. He did not refer to the photos Muskat showed him of the marks on her thumb and finger and that her mother noted that the pupils of Sarah's eyes were dilated for 12 hours. In the summary and in a conversation with Harry Tokarz, Joe Muskat and Lary Fenwick, the doctor said that Sarah told him under hypnosis that she heard buzzing and beeping sounds when she was aboard the UFO. Her account of this was not on the tapes.

CUFORN's Joe Muskat arranged for soil sample analysis, which was done on August 17, at the Radiation Protection Laboratory, Special Studies and Services Branch, Ministry of Labour, at Ontario government offices in Toronto.

ROI readout time was 2,000 seconds for gross counts inside the area where the depressed grass was found. Naturally occurring Radon daughters ranged from 123 to 178, with a naturally occurring annihilation peak of 256. Cesium 137, a long lined fallout nuclide reached a peak of 331. Potassium 40, naturally occurring, was also noted. Radiation accounts for the soil ranged from 3 to 83, with an average count of 44.

The counts for the background or normal soil outside the site ranged from 1 to 23, averaging out to 6.743. Thus, the affected soil was more than six times as high in radiation as the soil outside the site, even after a heavy rainstorm.

In the light of the doctor's lack of involvement with this and the other facets of the investigation, it is not surprising to CUFORN that he made the following statement: "I do not believe that any conclusive judgment can be made at this time regarding the validity of her account." In contrast, and in conclusion, CUFORN judges that this was a genuine double abduction incident.

An Alien In Our Midst

Throughout the years there have been widely-circulated rumors indicating that extraterrestrials have already infiltrated into our society and are at this very moment walking unhindered and defiant amongst us.

Exponents of this ever-growing theory maintain the reason they are not easily detected is because—like chameleons, with the ability to blend in perfectly with their surroundings—these alien beings have the power to literally hypnotize human beings into believing they are as normal-looking as you and I. Others who postulate on this are of the firm opinion that any abnormality that may show is simply chalked up to some mental disturbance.

Society is filled with individuals who just don't "fit in." There are the vagrants who inhabit the streets day and night, the "shopping bag" ladies who call the city's subways their home, and the "crazies" who we try to avoid every day. We simply shake our heads at these unfortunate ones and continue on about our business, often closing our eyes totally to that which we live side-by-side with—shut away from our world— but part of it nevertheless.

"You've just got to talk to this fellow. He's no crackpot!" I had been a guest on the Larry Ford talk show several times. A veteran of Pittsburgh radio, Larry has a keen interest in the offbeat, and he's not afraid to air the views of experts in a wide range of controversial fields. As usual, Larry was right in his character analysis.

Pittsburgh musician Tony V. recently came face-to-face with a "man" whose unusual behavior and strange abilities rate him as being "mighty peculiar" in anybody's book. For anyone who can vanish with out walking away, who can materialize behind locked hospital doors in the middle of the night, and who is the possessor of "highly unusual" body characteristics, is certainly "strange," as you are likely to agree as you read further along in this amazing incident.

"Being a musician, I get to play in some pretty unusual places," the talented drummer points out. Tony has done the circuit of bars, concert halls and after-hours clubs. It's simply a part of his job—what he does in order to make a living.

Tony remarks that a lot of the bars he performs in are packed to the rafters on weekends. "They're the types of places where the girls come to dance and the guys come to pick up chicks."

One evening, Tony was standing near the bar in one of these places when he was suddenly engaged in conversation by a stranger. "He said his name was Robert and that he was interested in astronomy and UFOs. Someone, he said, had told him that I was interested in the same subjects and he felt we might have something in common."

Tony brought out that the man said he lived around Arnold, Pennsylvania, and had read lots of books about flying saucers. At that point, Tony didn't feel anything was out of place. Then the man began discussing Frank Edwards, author of several best sellers on UFOs. "My new companion then made a rather strong statement: 'You know he's dead.' And when I told him I hadn't realized the fact, he continued, saying, 'You wouldn't want to know what happened to him.'" Tony said the man's voice was rather ominous as though his words were meant to be a warning or some type of threat.

From Tony's description, we can determine that the individual who called himself Robert was very cold—calculating. He was also quite peculiar in that he was abnormally thin compared to the woman he almost always came into the bar with, who was exceedingly fat. The woman was supposedly Robert's wife.

As a further description, Tony says the man was Caucasian, but with yellowish skin, as though he were suffering from Jaundice, a disease due to excretion of bile pigments in the blood, characterized by yellowness of the skin. His eyes were slanted, but he wasn't Oriental. He was about 5'7" and his hairline came to a widow's peak. I never saw him dress in anything but black. His manner of speech was low and sort of stiff. He did not have a good command of English, although he seemed to have knowledge of science.

Tony explained: "The three of us were seated at one of the tables one night when Robert suddenly passed out. It was as though he'd had a seizure—that is he just keeled over. He was out cold. I tried to revive him, but there was no sign of a heartbeat."

Tony says that he and another customer picked up the man and took him to Tony's van, which was parked outside. "I was going

to drive him to the hospital, even though it appeared that he was dead." This was when Tony noticed that the man had some very strange physical characteristics. "I unbuttoned his shirt, and I saw that he had absolutely no body hair. In addition, he had no belly button, nor nipples."

Apparently, the man came to, and apologized for being trouble. "The really strange thing was that his wife seemed to be unconcerned about her husband's condition. She didn't try to help us and went about her business as though nothing had happened which was out of the ordinary."

As peculiar as that night might have been, Tony tried to push Robert out of his mind. "I had dislocated my shoulder and was in extreme pain." He checked into a private room in one of the area hospitals and completely forgot about the incident involving the strange man at the bar.

"While I was in the hospital, Robert came to visit me a few times to see how I was getting along. I really didn't have much to say to him, but I figured it was nice to have a visitor in my condition." It wasn't until Robert showed up at the hospital in the wee hours that Tony began to put two and two together.

"I really don't know how he got into the hospital or past the security desk at that hour, but I awoke at about 3:00 A.M., and there he was, standing right beside my bed." Having been under sedation at the time, Tony was extremely tired and couldn't talk to the man. "I just sort of told him to come back later, at another time. It was as though he had materialized in the hospital room and just as suddenly vanished into thin air."

As far as his interest in UFOs went, Tony says the individual who called himself Robert had a technical fascination with the subject. "He
was interested in the mechanics of how these interstellar craft operate. One night, after I'd been out of the hospital for some time, he called me up and said to meet him in a rather isolated wooded area about 40 miles north of Pittsburgh. He said that he wanted to show me something. Being that it was such a desolated spot and that I was beginning to feel increasingly uncomfortable around him, I decided to ask a friend of mine to come along for the ride."

Then, together, Tony and his friend drove to a spot very near the river. "We sat in the car waiting for him. It was a cold day and so we were anxious for him to show up. We never did hear or see a vehicle approach, but from out of nowhere he was standing in front of our automobile."

Tony maintains that the man seemed unduly upset because the musician had not come alone. "My friend was almost laughing at this guy, that's how strange he looked. It was kind of comical. I couldn't hear him speak—his mouth didn't move—but I had the distinct impression that he was in a bad mood. He repeated several times the phrase "You must get out of here. It's dangerous."

One minute Robert was beside the car and the next he was inside in the back seat. "If he opened the door I didn't see him." Tony can't swear that it was a case of walking through a solid car door or of teleportation, but doesn't rule these possibilities out completely.

Tony never did find out why he was asked to come to this particular area. "There has been any number of UFO sightings and landings in Pennsylvania over the years, but none that I know of in this vicinity."

Because of what had transpired, Tony didn't want anything more to do with the man as he thought he was quite dangerous. "One of the girls, who hung out at the bar where Robert usually showed up, said he scared the hell out of her just by being around. She wanted to know why I associated with characters like this.

"Anyway, he telephoned me again one night and said he had to see me once more and I told him in no uncertain terms to get lost, that I really had no time for this kind of stuff. It was just so weird how he always wore the same clothes—the same black pants, the same black shirt, and the same, very cheap-looking black sports-coat. He would give the creeps to a ghost."

At around this time, Tony's arm started acting up again, and he wasn't able to play for a while. "About five months later, I went back to drumming in the same after-hours bar and I just happened to ask the owner if he's seen my peculiar-looking friend. I was told he hadn't been in the place since I'd stopped playing."

I asked Tony if he'd noticed anything else particularly unusual about the "man in black." Tony thought about the question for a few minutes before answering. "He would never drink. He didn't smoke, and for the life of me I never saw him eat anything."

As far as UFOs are concerned, Tony feels this person knew quite a bit about the subject. "I'm pretty well read on the topic and know more than the average person. However, he knew a whole lot more. He would talk a great deal about how UFOs actually ran and he went into this big spiel about radio waves, and concentrated radio beams which I couldn't make heads nor tails of. At times he sounded like a physics professor while on other occasions he said some really stupid things."

Several times the man talked about how he wanted to actually capture an alien. "He had this device which he said told him when UFOs would appear at certain times of the year. He said this contraption would make a huge beacon, like a homing device would. It was really off the wall."

Tony doesn'l' know what to make of the incident. He isn't one hundred per cent positive—not having any concrete proof—that Robert was a genuine alien, but then again so many strange things happened in connection with this man that he isn't willing to rule out this possibility. Tony would like to know the truth, but he isn't about to spend the rest of his life searching for it by tracing down this man.

If he should show up again, he's quite ready to ask him all kinds of questions. But in the meanwhile, he's more concerned with his musical career. Tony's group has been getting quite a bit of attention and their music has begun to get airplay on some radio stations. Maybe fortune will be good and he'll make it too—right to the top. Then he'll be among a select group of celebrities whose talents may be known about in some pretty distant places.

The MD & MIB

Doctor Herbert Hopkins of Orchard Beach, Maine, is no kook or crackpot. In fact, up until he became involved in using hypnosis on a young man who claims to have undergone a series of UFO-related experiences, the reputable physician hadn't paid that much attention to flying saucers, although he admits that he read an occasional magazine article on the subject. Usually, though, he refused to take the mat ter seriously, feeling that the reality of UFOs could not be proven or disproved.

It was not until he received a telephone call from a woman friend who was interested in probing the subconscious of a youth named David Stephens, that Dr. Hopkins ever had any first-hand dealings with this field. A bright and intelligent person, he isn't by any stretch of the imagination an overzealous investigator of such unexplained phenomena. And while he was convinced that young Stephens had no rea son to lie when he said he was sitting in a car one night and a large mother ship appeared in the sky and took him and a friend onboard, Dr. Hopkins does not normally involve himself with aliens and other dimensions. However, what transpired later, after his investigation was completed, convinced him in no uncertain terms that strange beings are quite capable of wandering into our reality and out again.

Many of the Men In Black cases can no doubt he attributed to paranoia on the part of those who have been shocked into a state of fright by face-to-face confrontations with the unknown. The same cannot be said for Dr. Hopkins, who has been trained in the workings of the human mind. Though he was not anxious to talk about his meeting with an obvious MIB, he did agree to speak with investigator Lee Spiegel, since Spiegel had traveled all the way from his New York City home just to meet with the doctor. The following is an accurate transcription of the investigators interview, conducted in Dr. Hopkins' home.

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It started out one night when I was alone in the house. You see, I'm practically never alone, as my wife goes out only maybe for 10 minutes to half-an-hour at a time, to stop at the store. But that Saturday night—September 11, 1976, the time was 8:00 P.M.—my wife and son decided to spend the evening at a drive-in movie. There was something they wanted to see, and so they asked me if I'd mind if they went out. I didn't object, saying I'd had plenty of things to do at home.

And so they left, leaving me alone for an extended period of time —for the first time, virtually ever you might say. It practically never happens. I don't go to movies. I sit home and watch TV, although I feel I'd be better off utilizing my brain power absorbed in something of factual interest. It has to be fact, something I can make use of. I never read about the MIB, but I most assuredly had heard of UFOs, flying saucers and what-not. Who hasn't? Usually, though, if there is a magazine story about UFOs, I characteristically skip over the article, because I feel it's neither proven nor disproven, because there is other factual material that I want, material that is known, that I could use as part of my knowledge.

Anyway, while they were out to the movie, the telephone rang, and I answered it, and a voice on the other end said—he identified himself, if I remember correctly —he was from the New Jersey UFO Research Organization. He told me he was the vice president of the group, in fact. I understand from Dr. Berthold Schwartz that this has been checked out and verified and there is no such organization. He used a purely fictitious name. And he wanted to know if he could come here and talk with me about an abduction case I'd been asked to investigate. Well, I thought, the man has credentials. Strange, though, that I didn't ask his name, and this is not characteristic of me, as I always like to know who I'm dealing with.

Anyway, he asked if I was alone. I said that I was and agreed to talk with him. And after saying that he'd be right over, he hung up. I walked from the telephone in the hallway to turn on the light in the room and the man was already coming up the stairs outside, leading to the second floor. Now, if he was even as close as across the street or even next door, he couldn't have possibly gotten here so soon.

I just opened the door and said, come in. That too is not entirely characteristic of me, either. I don't know what was the matter with me then to be so lax, so open. So the man came in, asked if he could sit down, and I said, yes. So he took a seat, and while doing so I noticed that his attire struck me as a little odd. He wore a black suit—a neatly tailored black suit—black shoes, black socks, and what looked like a very dark blue shirt—it wasn't quite black—and a black tie. He wore a derby—you just don't see derbies very often these days—and that was black, too. The derby was round and polished, and I thought to myself, my God, this guy looks like an undertaker.

We sat down, and I said to myself, this character is as bald as an egg, and indeed he was. He didn't even have eyebrows, or eyelashes for that matter, and I saw this as soon as he removed his derby. He had smooth skin, like a soft plastic, smooth, like a dolls. But it was a dead white color. His nose was very small, set low and set rather far back. His features didn't have the normal balance. His lips were ruby red— brilliant red—which I thought was odd, and I wondered about it.

As we talked, he wanted to know about the Stevens case. I asked him what he wanted to know, specifically. He began to question me, and to everything I said he would nod and agree with. He'd say, "That's the way I understand it." His eyes were —remarkable. They weren't round. They weren't slit-like. And from where I was sitting, I really couldn't tell the color of his eyes. They certainly appeared to have an iris pupil, but I wasn't observant enough to see the color, except that they were darkish, perhaps dark blue—I'm just not sure.

The lights glowed very brightly and I noticed when he sat quite still he had the appearance of a clothing store dummy. His suit looked like it had just been put on, as though it had never been worn before or even walked in for that matter. And not a wrinkle. Flawless, with a nice sharp crease in the pants. And the odd thing was, when he seated him self, the crease just stood right out over the knee. The super perfection of this individual's attire, even after he sat down, was still absolutely-perfect—it struck me as uncanny. He confirmed that it was as he understood it, and I wondered why he was even asking me these questions if he already knew the answers. The only talking he did was to ask me "what happened next?"

He didn't lead me on, or ask me too many questions. He simply kept the conversation going by saying, "And then what?" Other than that he didn't speak much and when he did talk he spoke in an expres sionless monotone. This was the way I recognized his voice being the one on the telephone earlier. It was characteristic. He spoke flawless English, absolutely perfect English with no accent whatsoever. He con structed no phrases and contracted no sentences—just a sequence of words very evenly spaced. A scanning speech they call it. His voice was completely neuter and passive—no inflection, no intonation, no nothing! Just like you'd get from a machine that could talk, if you could picture that.

He was wearing gloves. They looked like gray suede, and he idly brushed his lips with the back of the glove, and when he put his hand down, the back of his glove was bright red, and the red on his mouth was smeared. At that point I said to myself, this guy is some sort of queer—he's wearing lipstick. Then I could see that his mouth was per fectly straight. He did not have what we call lips, so the lipstick, I concluded, was there as some sort of decoy, so to speak, only it was done poorly. The lips did not turn down. They did not smile. They did not turn up, nor did they form an oval. They were just simply flat, like a dummy—Charley McCarthy—and I didn't see any teeth, and his head seemed to blend into his collar. He had a receding chin, and he didn't move his head at any time. Neither did he nod his head. He was perfectly immobile except that his entire body moved. He could apparently read my mind, telling me that I had two coins in my left pocket. Everything else was in my wallet, and it was in bills. So I admitted that I did have two coins, and he asked me to remove one of them and hold it in my hand. I put my hand in my pocket and took out the larger of the coins—the penny.

It was a bright new copper penny, and I held it up in my fingers, but I was asked to hold it flat in the palm of my hand. I did so and looked at him not knowing what to expect next. "Don't look at me, watch the coin," he said. And I did. It suddenly began to develop a silvery color—and the silver became blue, and then I had trouble focus ing. I could focus on my hand perfectly well —that was my reference point—but the coin simply was gone. Not abruptly. It simply slowly dematerialized—it just wasn't there anymore. I didn't smell anything. I didn't feel anything. I didn't hear anything.

I was just fascinated at that point. I was spellbound, and I knew something strange was happening in my hand, because I could feel the weight of the penny going away. I don't know how he did this. He didn't perform any hocus-pocus; he didn't move his hands in any way.

Then with a sudden change of subject he asked if I knew Barney and Betty Hill. I said I'd heard of them, yes, but I don't know them personally or anything about them, except that I was under the impression that Barney Hill had died. To that, his only response was, "That's right, and do you know what he died from?" I said that I wasn't entirely sure, but I thought he died suddenly, so it might have been from a heart attack. I later found out that this was not so. And he said, "That is not entirely the case. The reason he died was because he knew too much!" He added, "Barney didn't have a heart, just like you no longer have a coin." It's pretty convincing evidence to me that these things can be done. I knew it, with my own eyes, it's not a second-hand thing that could have been rigged.

Later I discovered that Barney Hill had died under suspicious circumstances. Then he told me—or, rather stated—that I had tape recordings on the Stevens case in my possession. Naturally, I was a little frightened after the coin disappeared. I got a little more uneasy when he ordered me to destroy the tapes and any other correspondence, and anything I had in writing or otherwise that had anything to do with UFOs. It was not the least bit indignant, not the least bit angry, he just said, do it. That's all he said and he would know when I had done so. He did leave a threat that if I didn't do so, I would suffer the same fate as Barney Hill. He did not say that he would come back or anything, just that he would know. It was all put in an inhuman machine-like way.

As he spoke his last words, I noticed that his speech was slowing down, slowing up markedly, not slowing down in a phonograph way, with a change in pitch. His words became slower and farther spaced, but retained the same tonality. He slowly got to his feet unsteadily and he said, "My energy is running low—must—go—now—goodbye." He spoke like that. He walked a few steps to the door—I never got his name. I must have

been absent of my senses that night. I opened the door for him and he clung tightly to the wall and walked down the steps one foot at a time—in other words he didn't go from step to step; he took one step at a time with both feet on the step, very unsteadily. And I was afraid that he might fall, and I watched him, he very slowly walked to the corner of the building, not the way he had come in, but towards the other way.

He walked to the corner of the building and held on to the corner of the building for a long moment and then he disappeared around the corner. Well, as he was going out, I saw a bright light coming down the driveway. As he disappeared around that corner I first became aware of the light, and I thought he was getting into a car. I figured he must have a car parked in the driveway. But it was different; no ordinary automobile headlights; the light was bright, bluish-white, and it was a cold light, brilliant. I did notice one other thing. I didn't see his shadow as he walked. I suppose he was walking towards the light and wouldn't cast a shadow, and I reasonably and firmly believe that, if he were in the beam, he would have cast a shadow, because he was of material substance, no question about that.

Next, I rushed to the kitchen window which was right alongside the driveway, because I wanted to see if he were getting to a car, and I didn't see anything. I didn't see any light, nor any car, nor did I see any man. I rushed out to the front porch—that's the only way to get out of the driveway, because there's the large hedge on one side and the house on the other. You can't get through the hedge very easily.

I waited there for a few moments, but nothing came out of the driveway, so I went off the porch, went to the entrance of the driveway, I didn't see anything—cars were going by, but I didn't see any cars going out, and I didn't see anything in the driveway. So I wondered if perhaps it had gone through. You could drive through this driveway and around back of the other house and come out another driveway. It's sort of a horseshoe-shaped driveway, which serves three houses. So I didn't know what to make of it. I didn't think to look up. It just didn't occur to me. If I had looked up, I might have seen something or I might have not, I don't know. I was shaken badly. I'm not a little boy afraid of the dark, but I wanted to know who was around me.

The rest of the night I kept the outside lights on. I kept the kitchen lights on as well. The "interview" took only a matter of min utes. I can't tell how many, because I didn't have much of a sense of time, maybe 20 minutes. One other thing that comes to mind —when he came to the house, the dog, half collie and half German Shepherd, began to whine, and ran into the closet and hid. The cat was unmoved. But the dog was horrified. I had quite a time getting the dog out of the closet. He was so frightened he had even urinated right there. I was afraid if he was outside he would never have come back in. Normally, the dog is not a scaredy-cat. Really, he's a darned good watchdog. I'd never seen him frightened of anything at all. He just has no fear. And if anyone made a move towards me or any member of my family, well, he's right there.

I did something irrational then. I took out my revolver. I have a .38 Special for self-defense. I never had to use it, but I have had a few scares with junkies coming into the office looking for drugs and I decided I should have a weapon for protection. The police had to be called a couple of times, and the Chief of Police advised me to purchase a handgun. I was unwilling at first. I never before had a gun in my life. I never handled one, except when I was a kid, I had a BB-gun. I dislike guns, but he advised me to carry one, and his plea was put so strongly that I finally relented, secured a permit and purchased a personal weapon. He said, "I know you're not going to shoot anyone. You're safe enough to have a permit." I guess he regards me as a fairly stable individual.

So, I sat at the kitchen table with the gun —terrified. Then, after a while I got up, taking the gun with me. I had the tapes and UFO- related correspondence in the other room, and I just ruined the whole thing. I demagnetized the tapes—all of them—and I destroyed them physically. I absolutely wanted to get rid of them. And so I burned every damned thing I could.

Eventually my family returned from the drive-in and I told them of the experience. My boy said, "let's look at the driveway," and he got a flashlight. He wanted to see if there were any tire marks. And right in the middle of the driveway we found a series of marks that looked like a stalled caterpillar tractor-trailer, not indented in the top but there was some sand and stuff that had blown on the driveway and the marks were in the sand. The marks were about 4 inches wide and continued for about a foot-and-a-half. The driveway was not clean; there had been a storm, and there was a lot of sand blowing around, and if anything had been moved out of the driveway there would be a continuous track, and no automobile could possibly have made it, being that the driveway is too narrow for a car to get far enough so its wheels could get in the middle of it. Also, they had been too deep and distinct to have been made by a motorcycle. A rubber tire doesn't make a track that looks like that —even snowtreads. This looked like it was an imprintable metal—a clean-edged metal.

The marks were gone the next day and the driveway had not been used in the meantime. And there was no high wind during the night. It had been quite calm. No traffic in the driveway. Immediately after everything had been destroyed I called a woman reporter I knew who had been doing a story on this particular case for the National Enquirer. I asked her to tell them not to publish anything on the case, that I would not endorse it. I wanted this stopped right then and there. And I really hated to spoil those tapes. They weren't hurting anybody.

I was still terrified though I slept well that night. A week later I had recurrent nightmares in which I could see this creature's face getting bigger and closer. The nightmares stopped in about a week and they did not come again. But since then I had an awful lot of trouble with the telephone. And I just about drove the telephone people crazy with my complaints. I had this difficulty with the phone going dead and not being able to call outside. Patients would complain that they were unable to reach me, and wasn't I answering the phone anymore. And time and time again they would get a voice telling them that the number they'd dialed was no longer in service. That's a standard tape the telephone company uses. And I assured them that the phone was in service, never has it been out of service, and never will it be out of service—as long as I'm alive anyway.

I had to inform them when they had trouble reaching me to immediately contact the phone company and tell them it's a medical emergency and that the operator would get hold of me. In several instances, however, they couldn't even reach me through this method. The operator said she just couldn't get through. In one particular case, a patient had to get through to me, so the operator rerouted the call. I've also had calls cut off, and people getting quite upset with me because they'd said I'd hung up on them. I had to assure them over and over that this just wasn't true. Lots of times there have been clicks following background sounds indicating an open line someplace, and I could hear things going on, and they weren't going on here or at the other end of the telephone line. I never heard any voices. I just heard sounds, something being moved, or paper rustling, or whatever. I did some complaining myself to the telephone company—many times— but there was no way, they informed me, that anybody could get through my line, except at the central station, where a repairman could —but there was nothing there. No repairman was on the line—at any time.

They had telephone men come out here and listen. They connected a "demand-on" tape recorder, so that anytime the phone would be used, the recorder would start automatically. It would also start any time the instrument would ring. In fact, the mechanism was locked in. I couldn't take it off even if I wanted to. The telephone people contacted me and reported there was no question about it: somebody was tampering with the telephone. So they put in a separate relay stack for my phone, locked in a separate steel box, so nobody—absolutely nobody—could touch it.

In summation, there is no telephone close enough to my back door that he could have made it there by the time I turned the light on. I don't have enough basic knowledge to guess about this, the only thing I know for sure, from what he said about the coin, is the reference he made about the coin: that it was no longer on this plane. He didn't say planet, or place—but

plane. Scientists have theorized for years on alternate dimensions. As to what I think this man was, or where I think he may have come from, from his statement, and from the fact that the coin did vanish, is that there are other dimensions. And, I truly believe that this individual undoubtedly was from another plane. I must then go along with what many think: that there are other dimensions. And I think this man undoubtedly was from such a place. He is not an invader. I don't think so, anyway. But I do feel he—and others like him—are around, nosing about. I don't think they intend to do harm to any of us, and certainly as the known record verifies, they haven't hurt anyone as yet. Now there is this nagging, pinching question in the back of my mind that disturbs me quite often—what really happened to Barney Hill?

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Just as investigator Spiegel was concluding the interview, Dr. Hopkins' wife walked into the room. She was prompted to discuss the strange events which had so discombobulated her husband.

"When we came home that night he was so shaken that he couldn't remain still for very long. He had the gun out on the table. I'd never seen my husband that way—so shook up like that. He said that he just didn't want to have anything further to do with UFOs. He was all white and shaking. We saw him destroy everything he had on the subject (as he was told to). Or else, as he related it, he would join Barney Hill. We didn't want that alternative. As he brought out in the interview, we've had more trouble with our telephone since the incident. People can't seem to reach us. They call—the line is busy. We're not on the phone. There have been days—two days in a row—that people just couldn't get us. He's had it, you know. He didn't want to talk about it. He was afraid to! He didn't know what would happen to him. That was quite a night, one we'll always remember. Coming home and seeing the gun out like that on the table. He was that scared. And as John, our son said, "Dad, what good is the gun to a person like that. The bullet will probably pass right through him." I said that I wished we'd been here—he might not have come. Now, every time we go out to a movie, I'm afraid to leave him here alone. I'm always fearful now, if he opens his mouth, what might happen next?"

Researcher Pat Dela Franier of the Stratford UFO Research Team in Stratford, Ontario, Canada, was not shy about reporting on this MIB episode.

###

It looks like there might have been an MIB incident at Camp Bordon. Camp Bordon is a Canadian Forces Base located just outside of Toronto. I was engaged in writing the story at the back of the September issue [of my publication] at the time it happened, and I was stuck at the scene of the radar room. Tracy, one of my members, was going t o Camp Bordon with her father, and said she would ask if I could get into the radar room there. When they arrived at the camp they pulled up to one of those gate stations where the cars are checked when they go in. The public can enter this base but have to state who they are going to see to get in. Lou had been there many times before, being a Korean War Veteran.

The station had one of those bars they can lower to block the road and stop the cars, but the man standing at the station didn't seem to know that he was supposed to use it, or else he just didn't want to. A car was proceeding through as they pulled up to the man. Lou, her father, had never had any problem getting into Camp Bordon before, but this time was different. The man put his hand up to stop them, and walked over to the car. Tracy saw that he wasn't much taller than the top of their car because he hardly had to bend over to look inside. His shoulders were incredibly wide—almost out of proportion with the rest of his body. His hat didn't seem to fit him right—it appeared too big for his head. He was wearing dark sunglasses and when he bent over to look into the car, Tracy could see above them. She said his eyes were very strange—reminding her of Mongoloid eyes. They were large and shaped oddly.

The man asked her father to step out of the car and accompany him into the building. He spoke very softly with almost a female sounding voice. Lou pulled the car to the side of the road to let the traffic pass and went with the man into the station. There were two cars behind them—one was a military car, the other just a regular car. Both cars proceeded through without having to stop or be questioned. This guard seemed interested only in Lou, and both of them went inside the station. Tracy was left in the car by herself. The military car pulled over to the side of the road directly in front of their car and two men were in it talking back and forth. Tracy got out of the car and was at the side of the road playing with a woodchuck that had come right up to the car. She was amazed that the animal wasn't frightened of her. When she stopped playing with it, she walked up past the military car and could hear both men talking. When she approached it, both men shut up right away and just sat there in silence. She felt she was intruding and went back to the car. Her dad came back out and got in the car, and just at that moment the military car started up and drove away.

Tracy quizzed her father on what happened. He told her that the man had told him directions on how to get to their friend's house in the camp (directions that Lou already knew), but the man gave him the wrong directions! You would think if the man worked at the base he would know where the officer lived! Lou said he talked and talked, but really about nothing, almost as if he was trying to hold him up. When they finally got going and drove into the camp, they saw the friend they were going to see, driving out. They had to make a U-turn and chase him out. As they went through the gate station again, the man was on the other side watching them leave. The gate station was pretty wide, and there were cars passing by the station unattended on the entrance side. It took them close to eight miles before they caught up with the man and he stopped. There was no time then to talk to him so they made another date to have him over their place in Stratford.

The man came down to Stratford and visited them, and Lou asked him about me getting into the radar room. He told them there should not be any problem—and he was sure I would get in. He promised to call and let him know. Days passed and he didn't call. Lou tried calling him, and got through—but nobody knows where he is. To date, they still haven't gotten ahold of him! No one knows where he is! I never got into the radar room, so I had to use whatever knowledge I could get from some of my members to write the scene. I think it turned out alright—but it could have been better if I could have got ten in to Camp Bordon.

Former Air Force Project Blue Book consultant, Dr. J. Allen Hynek noted during his interviews with various UFO witnesses, that many felt certain they were being followed, their mail was being opened, and their phone tapped by unknown forces.

An Astronomer's Valued Investigation

The late Dr. J. Allen Hynek by no stretch of the imagination could have been considered a crackpot. His credentials were respected even by skeptics, and furthermore he was employed for many years as a consultant to the United States Air Force to analyze data as part of their now defunct Project Blue Book.

A full-time astronomer who taught at several universities over the years, Hynek eventually formed the Center for UFO Studies in Evanston, Illinois, and even acted as special consultant to producer Steven Spielberg on the blockbuster motion picture Close Encounters of the Third Kind (he had a bit part in the movie also, right near the end of the film). It was Hynek, in fact, who derived the various "classifications" that helped place into separate categories the various types of sightings, landings and face-to-face contacts with UFOnauts.

One thing can be said for certain, and that is that Dr. Hynek was very "conservative" in his approach to UFOs. He would seldom go "out on a limb," nor was he prone to accept some of the far-out cases which may have intrigued his fellow associates. Hynek felt that investigating the "nuts and bolts" cases would best prove most helpful in convincing the scientific community that UFOs were worthy of con sideration as a legitimate phenomenon.

Candidly in a number of conversations, however, he professed an avid interest in the more bizarre aspects of this intriguing subject. As his research took him further and further, he became convinced that some of the " hair-raising" tales told by witnesses might, indeed, have

a degree of basis in reality. In an article published some years ago in Playboy, Hynek admitted that he was genuinely puzzled by the stories often told by witnesses of their phone being tapped, or of being watched —sometimes on a regular basis—either by the "government" or by the occupants of the craft themselves. Hynek told the author of this book in an interview that he considered the MIB to be a "mighty big puzzle," mainly because "those experiences are damn hard to relate to!"

Reclining in his chair to get more comfortable, the astronomer started to relate several puzzling stories involving the "UFO Silencers" ...stories that he had run into personally during the course of his research. This is what he had to say...

###

"The most recent 'Men in Black' case I am familiar with concerns Carlos Montiel, the young man whose plane was flying near Mexico City in May of 1976. Several weeks after his encounter the witness was supposed to appear on a TV show in Mexico to talk about what had happened. He never showed up at the studio. Carlos Montiel later claimed that his car had been forced off the road while he was driving to the station. A strange-looking man dressed in black clothing approached him and said it would be wise if he did not go on the show. The following Saturday, I interviewed him for two hours in my hotel room. As we concluded our conversation, Carlos promised to have breakfast with me on Monday morning. Again he pulled a 'no show' routine. Over the telephone that afternoon he explained how the same individual in black had again 'requested' he not meet with me. It was a 'better not or else,' sort of veiled threat.

"As for an explanation: We really don't know what the nature of these 'silencers' might be. It seems to belong, in many cases, in the category of a psychic occurrence, as some of these 'Men in Black' seem to be able to read the minds of witnesses, thus knowing what course of action they plan to take following their UFO encounter. Again, you're seeking answers and all I can give you is a problem."

But Hynek was not finished relating what he knew about the MIB as he continued on to tell us another tale.

"Now I'll tell you a whopper! Someone called the Center's "Hot Line' in the middle of the night—got me out of bed. It was a police officer from a small town in Minnesota, where a localized flap had been going on since November [1975]. What he told me seems to fit in with these paranormal elements.

"It seems that a couple was riding down a highway toward town, when the man remembered he had to make a phone call. He swung his car into the driveway of a motel and proceeded to walk toward an out door phone booth. Just as he was about to open the door to the booth, a big black Cadillac pulled up in front of him, blocking his path. A man hopped out of the front seat and literally pushed the gentleman out of the way in an effort to get to the phone first. Miffed by this uncourteous action, the man drove down the highway until he came to a second roadside telephone. This time the mysterious black car nearly drove the fellow and his wife into a ditch. They narrowly escaped injury. As before, the big 'Caddy' came to a screeching halt, the front door flew open and out raced the same individual. His destination was the telephone. 'He just about took the dime out of my hand!' was the way he reported the incident.

"The story is not over...

"According to the police officer who called me, the identical format was followed a third time. By now the couple was burning mad. They chased the car down the highway trying to copy down the license plate number, which they were successful in doing. Suddenly—and this is where the whole episode gets eerie—before their eyes, the vehicle in front of them lifted up into the air and disappeared 'as if it had flown into another dimension'!

"Immediately, the confused couple contacted the police. The investigating officer—the lawman who called me—said his department verified the fact that this particular license plate number had been issued to a gentleman residing in a nearby town. When questioned, this individual refused to say whether or not he was involved in the episode. Eventually the officer impressed him with the fact that he might be charged with reckless driving if he didn't 'come clean.' With this, the man stated that he was a Jehovah's Witness and therefore could not tell a lie. The outcome was that he did not see the episode as a UFO experience but accepted it in the context of his religion. Normally he wouldn't bother to investigate this sort of thing, but somehow it just seems to fit in. I know there are many unanswered questions here, but we will just have to leave it as a cliff-hanger until a later date."

Christa Tiltons Personal MIB Encounters

In UFO circles today, Christa Tilton has become a key figure. This is due to her claims of having been abducted and examined by aliens, as well as possibly having been impregnated by an otherwordly force. Her story is a long and sometimes complex one, involving trips to an underground UFO base with its many levels and weird genetic experimentation which she observed while being escorted around by an alien "guide."

In may, indeed, seem like UFOs and ETs have attached themselves to this blonde-haired UFO percipient like a hive full of bees would to honey. The truth is, Christa can talk for hours about the things that have happened to her...things often so bizarre and "out of place" that it becomes difficult to categorize them at all properly.

Currently, Christa is busy working on a book about her experiences—it promises to be a doozie—and edits a journal called Crux (Box 906237, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74112), in which she keeps others posted on her UFO-related activities, as well as the stories of others which seem to confirm her tales of extraterrestrial intrigue.

As might be expected from this brief introduction, Christa has not gone unnoticed by the MIB. They have managed to keep tabs on her, to the point where she was nearly run off the road at least once. But, it's best if we let Christa go into the details herself, as she tells them so much better —and concise—than anyone else possibly could.

###

In May of 1987, I was attending Tulsa Junior College. I had been accepted for a nursing course, but I had some prerequisite courses that I still had to take. I was taking an American History course at the south campus which is in a semi-rural, somewhat isolated area.

I should explain that at around this time several things were occurring in may life. I had begun seeing a person in Tulsa who was trying to help me come to grips with and acknowledge the fact that I was having abduction experiences. I was having problems, including sleeping.

I had been taking this night class in history at the south campus, plus another class in Pathogenic Microbiology at the downtown campus. There were only two classes being taught at the south campus the nights I attended. There was a psychology class next to our class and those were the only two on that basement floor. There were about 25 students in my class. I felt a little uncomfortable in that I was in my thirties and most everyone else was much younger. So I befriended a Pakistani woman in her late thirties. She and her husband had come to the United States and were getting their citizenship, and she was going through the same nursing program as I. So we exchanged phone numbers so we could share notes and use a buddy-system of studying.

One evening in May of 1987, while I was still taking history class, something happened to me at the south campus. This evening we were to take a difficult exam on the Civil War—not my thing! I was out in the hall cramming for this history exam with my book open and notes in hand. Everyone was either sitting in the classroom or standing there in the hall. I remember seeing my teacher coming down the hall. He commented, "You'd better be ready for this test!" "I am," I told him, trying not to look him in the eye. By then it was obvious to me that no matter how hard I studied, I just couldn't keep my mind on the answers. I noticed people were gathering for the psychology class next door. I was leaning up against the wall when someone tapped me on the shoulder. I turned around and there was the most unusual person I'd ever seen. He was tall and lanky and very scary looking!

He was wearing a dark brown suit. My grandfather used to wear one just like that. My first thought was, "Gee, how old-fashioned." The pants did not fit right. They came up too high on his ankles. He was wearing a thin black tie and a starched white shirt. He had Oriental-type features. I tried to pinpoint whether he was Japanese, Korean or what. His skin was olive-colored and it looked like he was wearing makeup to make his face look lighter. He appeared to be wearing eyeliner on his eyes, to accentuate his eyes. I do not know if he was trying to make them look larger or smaller. This person had powder all over his face. He had black hair, smeared back with greasy Brylcream stuff. It reminded me of a greasy monkey! Also his lips appeared to be reddened in some way. This fellow was my worst nightmare!

I looked forward to going back to Boynton Canyon, which is considered to be one of the vortex areas around Sedona. It's considered to be electromagnetic in nature. Some people go there and feel "charged" or energized; but it makes me feel very peaceful, very calm.

When we arrived, my friend Barbara decided to take one of the trails up in the canyon. She wanted to go up higher where it was sunny. I am allergic to sunlight so I told her I would go and sit under this tree by the road. I was only 15-20 feet from the paved road. I laid my blanket out and sat down to listen to my tapes that always calm me when some other hikers went by. I remember Barbara reiterating that I shouldn't leave without her. I wondered why she would even consider that possibility.

Just as I settled down, I heard a car engine on the paved road. My back was to the road. I realized that after many seconds had elapsed the driver of the car was not planning on turning the engine off. So I turned around. What I saw was the weirdest black car I had ever seen. I have never seen one like it. It reminded me of a car a queen would ride in. It was so shiny black, that you could see my reflection in it. Everything about this car was black. It was an older model of limousine, but not a stretch limo. The glass was completely black. The tires were black, no whitewalls. The car was a four-door. The back right- hand door opened and there was a man sitting in the back seat. He had sunglasses on and his hair was black and combed back. Instead of getting out of the car, he just sat there looking straight ahead. All of a sudden his head turned to the right and he looked at me. He stuck his arm out and motioned for me to follow them. His head turned around, almost robotically and then the door just shut on its own without his reaching to shut it. From what I could see it looked like everything in the back seat was black also. I had my camera around my neck and I felt like, "This is it!" I have to go and see what they wanted.

I definitely felt this had something to do with my abduction experiences. Maybe they placed that idea in my mind, but I don't know. I then screamed for Barbara to come and she yelled back for me to go on but to come back and pick her up in a few minutes. I then jumped into my own car, placed a tape in the recorder and pulled onto the road. The black car had driven to my right, which leads to a private compound at a dead-in. There was a guard station at the gate. I figured it was some type of retirement

community, but the guard was wearing olive green. He looked military to me. He motioned for me to stop. I asked him where the black limo went. He said, "Lady, I don't know what you are talking about. I never saw any car like that." I knew the car had to have been seen because it would have been stopped by the same guard. Anyway, that scared me, so I turned the car around and decided to drive down about a mile to where there was a fork in the road. The road to the right was a dirt road that leads to the center of the canyon. The paved road leaves back into town. As I was driving, I was thinking that they probably passed me when I was calling to Barbara. Just at that moment, I reached the fork in the road and there was the black car. It was facing the right towards the dirt road.

Something told me not to drive up too close because I thought they were going to rape me. That is exactly what went through my mind. So I rolled up my window, but left just a crack so I could breathe.

It was very hot and the sweat was running down my whole body. I suddenly was riddled with fear! About that time I saw the same back door open up like before. This time I had a little different view into the car as I was sitting slightly back to the right rear of them, not exactly side-by-side. I could definitely see that there was a driver and another man in the back. They all looked the same—dark-haired. They were all wearing the same type of sunglasses. Their skin looked almost like concrete. They were expressionless. After sitting for a while it was obvious this guy wasn't getting out and I wasn't about to get out, so I just waited. I rolled my window down a couple of inches more and he turned his head to the side and said something like, "The time is all wrong." Then he rambled something about the topography of the area —about it not being suitable. I thought, "Now wait a minute. These guys must be part of 'them'" and I gathered what he was telling me was that their craft was unable to land in that area. I wanted to ask him a question, when suddenly the back door closed and I would say they took off in a flash, because dirt was flying up everywhere.

They drove off down the old narrow dirt road. I realized I had my camera around my neck. I said to myself, "YOU DUMMY, you had a chance to get a photo of that car." So I floored the car and followed after them. As I got up close to them, I grabbed my Canon and aimed. I was ready to feel that click when suddenly I felt nothing. It had gone dead. I tried the shutter again, but to no avail. I stopped the car long enough to examine the camera. It said I was out of film! What was really strange was I had plenty of film left in the camera when we left to go to the canyon. Now there was none. So despondent I was that I decided to drive back and get Barb. There she was standing by the trail sign with her blanket in hand. You have to understand something about Barbara, she is not afraid of anything. She's rock solid. She has been my guide, a source of light in my life. She helped give me courage when other people would not.

I got her in the car and immediately asked her if she had seen the big black car. She said she hadn't. I then began to explain this strange story to her. Then she said, "Christa, you are just letting your imagina tion run away with you." She told me to put it out of my mind and for us to continue our trip. It seemed strange that she had been so open to my experiences before, and now it seemed like she was brushing this off to imagination. I then drove on down to the fork in the road, when suddenly I turned the car to the right and went down the old dirt road. Suddenly, Barbara got real panicked. Now, as I have stated before, she is really strong; she just doesn't get like this. She said, "Please stop this car. Let's get out of here NOW!" I asked her what was wrong, and she said, "I do not want to be in this area." She wanted to leave that area immediately. I wanted to go just a bit further to see if I could find that car and prove to her it did exist!

Then we came up to a clearing, surrounded by trees. There was a big circle of dirt and I said, "This is where they landed." This is what is so weird; it's almost as if something told me to drive around this circle.

I began to drive around and around and then Barbara panicked and screamed, "Let's get the hell out of here NOW." Well, first of all, she doesn't use that type of language. Secondly, she doesn't panic. But I could tell she was very scared; of what I didn't know. So I turned the car around and once we reached the paved highway, her personality completely changed. It was like nothing had happened and everything was just fine. We did not even discuss it after that. I thought this was all so very strange. It was as if this area was having an effect on her and myself. I began to really wonder if the black car was just a projection designed just for me to experience...

It raised a lot of dust for a projection, and since the guard said he hadn't seen the car—where did it go? How did it turn around without the guard seeing it? I don't know if it was real, paranormal, imagined, or a projection, but it seemed real to me.

My next experience took place around late August of 1987.1 had been invited to stay at an investigator's home and take care of it while he was away. I did move in there and it was that next week that I began to receive harassing phone calls.

Anyway, I was driving during the day along Davis-Monthan Air Force Base in Tucson, near the main gate. There are a series of underpasses that you go under, and I was driving along in my aunt's car, when all of a sudden, from out of nowhere, there was this big black car —not a limo like the one in Sedona, but a big black Lincoln. It was staying parallel to me. Again, they had a shaded windshield, but it was slightly tinted. It was not as black as the other car. I realized something funny was going on. And just about then the car inched over into my lane and bumped the side of my car. I swerved over to my right and slammed the brakes on. I was so shaken and scared. I watched them pull over into the right lane ahead of me and they stopped their car. It was as if they were waiting for me to come back along. I was going to have to pass them to get back, because I couldn't turn around. I felt they were trying to harass me, even threaten my life. But then I thought if they had really wanted to hurt me they would have slammed harder into the side of the car. I did not get out of the car to check for any damage. I was afraid. I thought to myself, "Why don't I have any mace with me or a billy club, or for that matter a gun?"

Then I thought the least I could do was try to pull up far enough to get a license plate number. So I did just that. And just as I got up far enough, they sped away. So I went back to the person's home where I was staying and I got out and looked at my aunt's car. Sure enough, there was a very slight dent on the side door with a black streak running down the side. It was soon after that I began receiving threatening phone calls—threatening me not to marry. They also seemed to know about my personal life. And then about a week later I finally received my first visit from the man I know as "John Wallis." I cannot explain any of these experiences, but they are indeed startling and need to be explored further. Those experiences were more frightening than my abductions.

The Mystery Helicopters— MIB of the Air!

In an alarming development which seems to bring the MIB into the New Age, quite a number of researchers have reportedly been repeatedly harassed by mysterious, unmarked, black helicopters which have kept them under surveillance both day and night.

Bob Luca—an abductee himself—is married to Betty Andreas- son, a Connecticut woman whose experiences with aliens has been highly documented and is the subject of three best selling books, including The Watchers by Raymond Fowler, which is just in current release.

Over the course of the last few years, the Lucas' say their home has been buzzed several times by these sinister looking whirlybirds whose pilots try hard to keep their true identity a deeply hidden secret. They have also reportedly seen the choppers in the vicinity of their UFO contact points, and feel very strongly that there is a frightening aspect to the UFO enigma, and that the helicopters are part of this negativity. They also believe that the tragic death of one of Betty's sons is connected with this negative aspect of UFOlogy, and it has taken a great deal of courage for them to go forward to tell the world of their encounters with beings from other worlds and dimensions.

During many of the animal mutilations out west, helicopters have been seen making daily fly-bys as if keeping a close watch on their prospective prey.

For many years, Riley Crabb was the director of the Borderland Sciences Research Foundation in Vista, California. Today, retied from his duties, Crabb lives comfortably in New Zealand, where he has moved partly due to the fact that he believes his UFO activities brought him undue harassment at the hands of the authorities in the United States. Recently, Crabb filed this special report with us which takes into consideration this new tactic by the UFO silencers to keep a watchful eye on UFO witnesses, abductees and contactees. It is a disturbing side of our story which has to be told.

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One proof of the consuming interest of the U.S. Government in flying saucers is the sudden appearance of unmarked helicopters at the site of UFO activity, whether it be physical or mental. Of course the appearance of the copters may be an illusion, created by advanced beings from other planets, other systems, but even this would still be proof of surveillance!

In the book UFO Crash, Bill Steinman writes that unmarked helicopters overshadowed him when he was leaving a canyon after finishing his investigation of the Aztec, New Mexico UFO crash site. Contactee Bob Luca reports that unmarked helicopters of various makes kept his New England home under surveillance. He is husband of abductee Betty Andreasson. Photos of the copters shown to airport and other authorities drew a blank. No one would admit to owning them!

And then there is the famous, or infamous, Cash-Landrum case, in which over 20 unmarked helicopters accompanied the diamond- shaped, glowing UFO floating along at low altitude over a highway one night in Texas. Of course no government employee or government agency will acknowledge the event.

Now we have author Ed Conroy admitting to surveillance while he was writing his book on Whitley Strieber. According to the May, 1990 issue of UFO Universe, Ed had his first taste of unmarked helicopter surveillance on January 16, 1988. He was raking leaves in his mothers front yard in late afternoon when the unwelcome craft startled him with its presence overhead. He had already been involved for some time in writing the book on Strieber. The whirlybird came down to treetop level and to convince him that Big Brother was watching, a light was shone on him—scarcely an illusion—for his mother ran out of the house to find out what was going on.

There was a more spectacular appearance, and in quantity, in early March. This was while Ed Conroy was writing the book in a downtown office building on the seventh floor. He identified the craft as an unmarked Bell-47. Again a light was shone on him through the office window. But others appeared: a Chinook and a Huey, to buzz the building. All were unmarked but painted in different colors. More difficult to explain was the appearance of unmarked helicopters over his home or office when he was talking on the telephone about flying saucers. It appeared that these invisible agents were capable of reading his mind!!

The revelation of Ed Conroy's experience in 1988 reminded me of my own surveillance by unmarked helicopters in Southern California in 1970-71. At that time I was editing and publishing the Journal of Borderland Research from my home in Vista, about 40 miles north of San Diego. A major item of borderland research was the reality of flying saucers and had been since reading Major Donald Keyhoe's articles in True magazine in 1949, backed up by Frank Scullys impressive classic in 1950, Behind the Flying Saucers. This was in Honolulu and the authorities were overwhelmed with reports of sightings and contacts by both civilian and military personnel. Mrs. Crabb and I moved to California in 1957 and I took over Borderland Sciences Research Associates in 1959.

But it wasn't until June of 1970 that I got ambitious enough to set up a flying saucer detector. It's a simple device for reacting to magnetic anomalies in the vicinity. We did get false alarms from breezes coming through the open patio door and from passing "hot rodders" with souped up ignition systems.

It's a simple open circuit using a buzzer activated by the 115 volt house current. The switch is a metal loop about six inches in diameter, and a four-inch Alnico bar magnet, with the South Pole down. In our case the buzzer was mounted near the ceiling on the wall with the electrical current coming in there. The switch combination was mounted on the mop board close to the floor; so the suspension wire for the bar magnet was over seven feet long. Our loop was a stainless steel strap or ribbon from an old percolator. Because of natural magnetic attraction between magnet and loop, the magnet had to be suspended several inches above the loop. A bare copper wire extension below the magnet assured contact with the loop when the magnet was pulled sideways. Then the Buzzer warned of a closed circuit. There would be danger of shock from this circuit in a home with pets and/or children, so a battery powered Buzzer would be safer.

Let me now quote from the July-August 1970 Journal of Borderland Research: "June 24th, 11:35 AM. There was a loud, insistent buzz. Mrs. Crabb looked up from her desk in the study. The leaves on the garden trees were hanging still. She rushed outside to look up into an empty sky, 3-D empty, at least. Your editor was occupied in the workshop, but I was thinking of the Men in Black at the time, planning a new flying saucer talk for the San Francisco Flying Saucer Club in September. How nice to have a physical reminder that we are not alone and unobserved!"

That was the first inkling I had that mental activities only could be "read" and acted upon by both Good Guys and Bad Guys from outer space, and even by special sensors in certain government agencies, possibly human or mechanical?

"The next morning, at 9:50 A.M. there was again a long, insistent buzz from our Saucer Seeker. This time I was at my typewriter framing a suitable letter to Associate Marian Nardil." She is a sensitive who had conscious contact with members of the Ashtar Command for years. Their self-chosen responsibility is to patrol the borders of the solar system and to challenge entry of invaders from other planets and systems. She had written to say that her father died suddenly of a massive stroke—psychic attack? It was Andrew Hardie who took the time and trouble to transcribe the channeled messages from Ashtar, through his daughter, and send them to me for publication in the Journal and thus share with the associates.

"This time there was plenty of activity overhead! A helicopter with U.S. Marine Corps markings made a low pass over our headquarters, and far above I could see the contrail of a jet plane at extreme altitude —but no circular, glowing disc of any kind. Were they looking for an invisible UFO in our area picked up on radar? Or were these physical aircraft illusions, hoaxes, projected at our senses to distract attention from something else?

Reality or Actuality

"After reading John Keel's UFOs, Operation Trojan Horse and Richard Shaver's astute observations of 25 years ago, one must always take the hoax possibility into consideration. Back to my typewriter for five minutes and again an insistent buzzing brought me out into the open again, but only the inconstant, waning moon was faintly visible in the morning sky.

"Then a third possibility occurred to me with heart-warming insistence. This was a tangible, undeniable manifestation of the invisible presence of Andy and his friends of the Ashtar Command, Lance, Hanford, Mario, Bayham, West, Sananda, Ashtar and the others. Thanks for the encouragement."

The surveillance continued for some time, so in the September- October Journal I reported: "Since June 25th we have received periodic inspections by low-flying helicopters, both military and civilian, at least twice a week. The craft came in at low altitude of only a few hundred feet and circled our area three times before going away. It may be the authorities aren't sure at this time exactly which home down below is the UFO contact point, but I'm sure the spot has been pinpointed on maps of the north San Diego county area, at El Toro Marine Corps Air Base, 40 miles north of here, and other government agencies in the area, so it is subject to periodic check-ups from the air."

In his UFO classic of the 1950s, They Live in the Sky, the author, Trevor James Constable, describes his UFO research on the high desert of Southern California around George Van Tassel's Giant Rock

airport. He saw Air Force jets from nearby George AFB fly back and forth through spots where Etheric forms were hovering or floating. Using infrared filters on his camera he obtained photographic proof of this. Trevor's book contains many messages from Ashtar describing the Command's patrol activity in the atmosphere of the Earth.

And finally, this quote from the March-April 1971 Journal of Borderland Research: "By mid-January, with no buzzing signals from the UFO detector for weeks, and no low-flying helicopters, it seemed that we had been crossed off the surveillance list. Then, at 3:04 P.M., the afternoon of January 14th, a helicopter came over so low we could feel the pressure-wave beat of the blades right in our house! I ran outside to see a military-colored Whirlybird zooming up and away after making only one pass over our place. X marks our spot on somebody's map, that's for sure. And it almost seemed that 'someone' had been reading my mind." Now, after reading Ed Conroy's experience 17 years later, in UFO Universe, I'm convinced of it!

"Four days later, at 6:20 p.m., the insistent sound of motor and rotor brought me out to watch an aerial inspector make two leisurely circles above us at about 300 feet, before heading back toward San Diego. The striking picture of the craft's flashing red and white warning lights against the sunset sky is still strong in my memory.

Prince Phillip is "In The Know"

"Then came to mind an item told us by [the late] Ric Williamson in one of his Los Angeles area lectures in 1958. While lecturing on flying saucers in London, he had a royal guest, the Duke of Edinburgh. Afterward, Prince Phillip invited him to the palace for a personal chat. Among other things the Prince showed Ric a huge wall map of the world. It was studded with pinpoint locations of flying saucer appear ances, sightings and contacts all over the planet.

"Now, 12 years later, it becomes clear that similar maps could be used to mark the location of everybody who is anybody in UFO research: not only contactees, but writers, researchers, and publishers of UFOzines. Highly sensitive magnetometers, at strategic locations around the country, are on 24-hour alert. If a significant magnetic disturbance is detected near any one of these pinpointed locations, airborne mobile units are on their way within minutes. You can imagine that the pilots of these outfits are as eager to see a real flying saucer as is the researcher on the ground. They like successful missions too!

"At 4:25 P.M. on February 5th, a persistent sound of buzzing finally registered on my hearing, through a curtain of conversation and radio music. I rushed to the patio to find the UFO detector jammed on. The polarity shift at the surface of the Earth as to pull the downward pointing South Pole of the magnet onto the contact ring and bending the copper contact wire almost 90 degrees from vertical. This was after running into the backyard and looking up, to find the blue afternoon sky criscrossed with jet contrails at 20,000 to 30,000 feet in all directions!

"There were no physical objects of any kind visible in the sky, including the jet aircraft, though I could hear them faintly. Oh, the Moon was there, with Astronauts Shepard and Mitchell resting comfortably in their Lunar Excursion Module after their first exploration of the Moons surface. If there was a UFO flap in this part of Southern California that afternoon, as seems likely from the jet activity above, no hint of it was in the daily papers—just another classified report in the files of the CIA's Flying Saucer Board, in Washington, D.C."

The Ordeal of the Country-Western Singer

In my book, ***Psychic & UFO Revelations in the Last Days***, I detailed the story of Country-Western singer Johnny Sands, who on January 29th, 1976, experienced a hair-raising close encounter outside of Las Vegas.

We'll recap that night just briefly, as we want to get on to Sands' follow up "ordeal" as soon as possible.

"I was 14 or 15 miles outside of Vegas, heading Southwest on the Blue Diamond Highway," states Sands, who had been performing that evening in a well known Las Vegas hotel. "I was headed back into town, when I noticed a light to the side of me coming along the same way I was driving. It was quite high up, but it was losing altitude." Sands' car malfunctioned and he thought he was running short of fuel. "I pulled over to the side of the road and got out of the automobile. I opened the gas cap and shook the rear of the car to see if the gas would flush. I could hear gas so I went around to the front of the car and raised the hood. As I pushed the hood upward over my head I noticed there was a craft directly over me, about a thousand feet in the sky."

The musician says the craft landed and two beings emerged from the object. One of the UFOnauts proceeded to walk towards Sands until he stood right in front of him. "The being looked to be about 5 feet 8 inches tall and was completely bald. His face was really pale. He had no eyebrows, no eyelashes—no hair at all. To me he looked like somebody frozen to death."

The alien and the singer communicated by telepathy. "He touched something on his belt and right after he did so I got impres sions in my mind. It was like listening to someone talking over the telephone from a great distance away." The being asked what the lights were in the distance and what Sands was doing in the desert.

At one point during their conversation, the alien placed his hands behind his back and brought them back out in front of him seconds later. "In his hands," notes Sands, "he held a silver ball the approximate size of a basketball. He held it out in front of him as he turned back to me. He let the ball go and it floated there right in front of us. He passed his hands over the object and made it start rotating in a circular motion as the Earth rotates around the sun. He started to explain something that tied in with our nuclear devices, and why they were coming here. He said nuclear devices cause a 'confliction' in the galaxy—those were his exact words. He then put his hand over the top of the ball, and as he did so there was an explosion just above its smooth surface. There was a flash, a minor explosion like a firecracker going off in an eruption similar to a volcano. Next, the ball started to act up a bit, as if it were being stirred up by the explosion. He said that when we use nuclear devices that it causes both our world as well as his planet to vibrate like this. He added that because of these tremors, the rotation of the Earth is slowing down, and we are actually losing time, and thus we grow older much faster. Sands admits that the alien did not go into detail nor did he explain any of the things which he said. However, the per former contends that all during the conversation he felt like he was talking to a very wise person, who had been around a long time.

Though he had originally decided to remain "quiet" about his experience with the aliens, eventually the story leaked out and was published in the Las Vegas Sun, a city daily with a wide circulation. In no time at all, Sands became a kind of "local celebrity," appearing on area talk shows and even telling his story in the lobby of a hotel on "the Strip," where a painting he did of one of the bald-headed aliens was being prominently displayed.

Because of his newly found "Celebrity Status," Sands didn't think twice when he received a telephone call from the manager of a TV crew requesting an interview. Little did the entertainer know that he was soon to be confronted by an even bigger mystery, which involved MIB-types, as well as hairy beasts not of this world.

But Johnny tells the story best in an interview conducted shortly after this all happened.

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The men called and said they were doing a UFO television special, and wanted me to go on location. I agreed to go with them and show them the spot where the encounter took place. We went out there in the daytime, and when we finished they wanted to do a polygraph and voice analysis as a part of this segment.

I suggested we go down to the polygrapher's office and I would permit them to set me up in the chair like I was taking the test and let the polygraph examiner read the results. At first they thought it was a good idea and then they changed their minds and then said they'd like to go out in the desert and read the polygraph results. It didn't make too much sense to my way of thinking to go out in the desert at 10:00 o'clock at night to read the polygraph results.

They were supposed to have this

camera truck and all. At first I told my business manager—he was a policeman for 17 years in Philadelphia—and he said he'd heard a lot of things and that didn't make any sense. Why would they want to go in the desert at 10:00 o'clock? But, I met them. They asked me to meet them at the Tropicana in Las Vegas. When I drove up, they were all parked outside; two cars and a camera truck. They said they were all going to load up and go in one car, and just take the camera truck. Before leaving, they had a mixed drink—I think it was a Manhattan —and offered me one. They gave me one and we started driving on out.

I had parked my car, I rode in their back seat. They were riding in a Cadillac.

As we started going out to the spot, the drink I had had started to make me feel a little woozy. Normally, I didn't drink at all, so I poured the rest out. What happened was we drove on past the location. And when we reached a new location about six miles up the road, there were about 40 cars parked there waiting for us.

They had all driven off the highway and had turned their headlights back across the road and aimed them at the car I was in, so they all faced in the same direction. We came to a stop so that their headlights were shining right on us. It was then I realized that all these people knew in advance about our coming here, because the production company didn't know anybody in town, and we hadn't advertised that we were going into the desert.

The men got out of the car, but when I started to follow, they said, "Just wait in the car a minute!" So I just sat there, and I could see they were standing in the road. Eventually, a fat man with glasses on came across the road and shook his finger at the others, and was pointing at the car where I sat.

He was saying that I knew too much —meaning me. "We took this thing too far. It's no sense taking it any farther. He knows too much." And then one of the guys with the motion picture company said, "He only knows what they have let him know." And then I thought I was hallucinating. I thought perhaps I had been in the desert too many times.

I said to myself they can't be talking about me. I don't even know that man. He was just out there raising hell. I tried to get out of the car, I wanted to see what was going on for myself.

As I opened the door—this is the part that really makes the whole thing sound totally strange—there were two fuzzy-looking, furry-type creatures, standing in the desert in an upright position, kind of like a gorilla, only they were more square.

Their heads looked like it was not even with their shoulders—like a robot. They looked to be about five feet tall. I thought the whole thing was just my mind, that I was hallucinating.

More than ever, I wanted to get out of the car, but they had done something to that drink. As I got out of the car, one of those furry things started running towards the door. It scared the hell out of me, so I shut the car door right away, locked it, and rolled the window up.

This thing ran right up to the window and just looked in. Eventually, it walked towards where the two men and the fat man were arguing. He made some kind of talk with the fat man and the other two men, then he went back to this direct location where he came from to start with, and stood there like he was on guard.

Then I passed out, and went I came to, they were getting in the car. It seemed like it was only five minutes, but I found out later it was really three hours.

Inside the car, the production people looked at me. I woke up then, and they said, "You have done a good job, we liked the filming."

When we got ready to leave, the cars were gone, everybody was gone. When I got home I told my manager what happened, and he called them up. He played like I wasn't home and said to them, "Hi, have you seen Johnny?" And they said, "Didn't he come home?" And he said, not yet, to which they replied, "He probably stopped some where to get coffee, because we finished filming in the desert."

I told my manager to hang up and so he hung up and then I told him, "I don't care if you believe me or not, but during the time in the desert, I didn't do any filming because I didn't get out of the car."

I told him about the 40 cars, the fat man, and everything. He didn't believe me at first, so I called a friend and told him to watch these people, and check them out. I started raising questions. To start with, the fat man that was doing all that arguing, and one of the guys said, "I don't know, he wasn't my friend, he was my buddy's." Then I went to talk to the other man, asking him about the fat man. He also said, "That wasn't my friend. It was my buddy's." I asked how the filming went, and he said it didn't turn out so well, so they were going to do it again.

I asked to see the film we had done, and he said it was torn up because it didn't come out right. I asked him about the 40 cars and he said he didn't know anything about them.

Investigating some more, I found out they had just come into town three days before. They claimed their home base was in Hollywood, but they had moved their production company to Nevada. Now, since then they have not been in contact. They made me sign a contract that I would not release any likeness of the alien whatsoever until after their television special. They said they paid for the artist's conception, and said they did not want it exposed.

They had no office, just an answering service. Later, I found out that the FBI had a wire tap on their telephone. When I called one of them up, he said not to talk about the incident over the phone, because the FBI has a tap on his phone. I went over there and asked why, and he said, "It's something I don't want to get into." They could be the "Men in Black!"

Warning From The MIB

William Alexander Oribello is a highly spiritual person who channels the essence of Count Saint Germain and other highly ad vanced souls, including members of the Ashtar Command. On his way to visit the author, he maintains that the MIB tried to do him in. Fortunately, he survived the attack. Here is his story.

###

"For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but againstprincipalities, againstpowers, against the rulers of the darkness ofthis world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."
Ephesians 6:12 (The Holy Bible)

Dear friend, what I am about to share with you is of vital importance to you, your family, and all inhabitants of the Earth. This message will cause unrest among those who pervert the way of truth, but will bring hope and comfort to all workers of the Light on this planet.

Since the beginning of time a battle has been in progress throughout the cosmos. The battle began in the misty past when the great light-bearer, Archangel Lucifer, rebelled AGAINST the cosmic plan of God, and plunged into the lower regions of the cosmos, taking legions of rebellious spirits with him.

Much of humanity is influenced by these fallen angels of darkness and this has created all the negative thinking and deeds which have marred the original beauty of life. A person once told me that she believed that there is no such thing as evil—that if God is good and if God created everything, then everything is good, and there is no evil. My answer to her was this: Yes, God is good, and when God made all things He saw that it was good. However, it was the rebellion of the angels, and later humankind that caused the evil that is so evident around us. God gave all beings—angel and human, the mental and emotional power for good, but these beings misused this power to generate all types of negativity, including wars, slavery, deceit and violence. The evil thoughts of corrupt men and spirits continue to plague the Earth.

In my own experience, I have met several individuals who were representatives of a group known as the "Great White Brotherhood" or "The Masters of the Wisdom." These great beings walk among us to guide humankind into higher levels of thinking and progress. Some of the people who direct mystic churches and organizations are channels for the Masters of Wisdom. I also wish to add that leaders of nations who believe in the freedom of all are representatives of the Brotherhood of Light. An example of this is our own nation, the United States of America. This great nation was founded under guidance and inspiration of the Kingdom of God, and His blessing continues to flow to us in our generation.

I have also crossed paths with

representatives of the Brotherhood of Darkness, who have tried to hinder and oppose my work for God. While growing up I kept seeking the right path and means by which I could fulfill my divine mission that I knew was assigned to me. However, at different crossroads of my life were individuals who tried to steer me in the wrong direction.

Dear friend, take heed to my warning: when you are on the path of Light you become a marked person for the Brotherhood of Darkness; you may have a friend (so called) who may, in all appearances, be a normal human being —but beware, if they seek to influence you to neglect or depart from your path of Light they are (knowingly or unknowingly) working for the cause of the Brotherhood of Darkness. Some people who appear very normal, may in fact be one who has sold their soul to Lucifer and live for the purpose of blocking the chosen of God. Some of these individuals have crossed the point of no return and are what is known as a "soul-less one" or an M.I.B. (man in black). The Brotherhood of Darkness does exist, and if you give in to their influence, they will cause you to miss the purpose for which you were born.

I would like to share a more recent experience with you: When I completed my recent book, The Final Solution, the Brotherhood of Darkness tried to BLOCK its publication. To begin with, there were all types of problems which arose during the months in which I was writing the book; personal difficulties, of which I cannot explain, setbacks in schedule planning, mechanical problems with office equipment, and other annoying events which delayed the completion of this book. The negative forces did not want this book published. May God ever bless my publisher, Timothy Green Beckley, of Inner Light Publications. He was a constant source of encouragement in getting the book out to the public. On the day that it was completed, I was directed to take a train from Philadelphia to New York to deliver the manuscript in person rather than mail it. On that day, I witnessed another great demonstration of the eternal conflict between the forces of Light and Darkness. I will now share the details of that experience with you.

As I stood on the platform of the station i n Philadelphia, I suddenly felt negative energy at the back of my head, trying to push me off the platform, and onto the tracks. With such intensity of spirit, I called from within my inner being on the name of Almighty God and the Masters of Wisdom, who assist me. Then I felt a release of the negative force, turned around and saw two men staring at me. These men were very well dressed like businessmen, but their clothing was all black. There was something evil about their very presence, and when my eyes met theirs, it was like looking into the eyes of Satan himself. These men were representatives of the Brotherhood of Darkness, sent to destroy me so that this manuscript would never reach the publisher.

I invoked the great power of the Light of the Christ to surround me, and a few moments later, the train arrived and I was on my way to New York. Mr. Beckley and I enjoyed a time of fellowship as we planned for this and other works to help humankind, and soon I was on my way back to the station for my return trip to Philadelphia. At this time one of the Messengers of Light manifested and encouraged me with a gesture of blessing in my determination to do my work for the Kingdom of Light.

Before giving my closing remarks and words of blessing, I want to tell you of a recent vision. It was late at night and I was working on a forthcoming book, when suddenly, the scenes of the room vanished and a great multitude of people appeared. These people looked fearfully at a great light which appeared and became brighter by the second. And then it was as though an intense heat emanated from the light and their clothes melted off them, and they stood naked before this great light. Then I noticed that a mud-like substance began to form over the bodies of these horrified souls, and they began to scramble violently to escape the light. Suddenly a voice said, "These are the souls of them who have failed to enter the path of Light, to bring about the progress of their own souls, some through slothfulness, others through dedication to evil principles. The closing of a Cosmic Day and the Great Judgment is near. Therefore, tell the people that now is the time to look within and find the Kingdom of God. It is time for souls everywhere to awaken to their true nature in relation to the cosmos."

Dear friend, I strongly suggest that you read my book, The Final Solution, published by Inner Light. It reveals life's mysteries in a simple, yet profound manner, which will give you the power to overcome your problems and take control of your life. You will receive, with your copy, a lovely crystal heart which the Masters of Wisdom have inspired you for protection and good fortune. And now, I pray God's blessings come to you in every way. May the Light of God surround and protect you, and may peace be with you always. Amen.

UFO Terrorists of China

Antonio Huneeus is a top flight investigator with many worldwide contacts. Even before it became "fashionable," Huneeus, through his many "diplomatic ties," was corresponding with Eastern block and Asian investigators. Even from behind the "Bamboo Curtain," the last stronghold of communist censorship, he has managed to extract important news of UFO developments, including the following MIB "attacks" in mainland China.

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Though the vast majority of UFO cases recorded in China consist of purely visual sightings, there are relatively few Close Encounters of the Second Kind (CE-2), where physical evidence such as landing marks or interference with machines is caused or left by a UFO; and still fewer instances of Close Encounters of the Third Kind (CE-3), as well as abductions and cases of alleged contact with aliens.

One fairly obvious reason for this gap is that Chinese UFOlogy is still in its early infancy—publicly acknowledged only since the late 70s. Nocturnal lights in the sky or daytime sightings are still considered a controversial matter. Surely, space aliens would seem like something too outrageous for a country where the media is under heavy government control and communism is the official ideology—nowadays enforced in the so-called People's Republic at the point of a gun, if necessary.

The fact that CE-3's are not reported widely in China, however, doesn't mean that they don't exist at all. They do! The problem, again, is that they are not reported in the Chinese press or hardly even in the specialized publications like CURO's Journal of UFO Research. Therefore, they are quite hard to track down, but not impossible. In Shi Bo's China and Extraterrestrials, a landmark book published in France in 1983, there is a whole chapter entitled, "Humanoids and Close Encounters." However, only four such cases are detailed out of a total of some 130 UFO reports contained in the book.

Curiously enough, two of these cases are somewhat related to the Men-In-Black (MIB) category of the UFO folklore; particularly one incident in 1963, when the MIB warned the witness to remain silent about a UFO sighting. Then there is the close encounter with a strange, big-headed man who was wearing a helmet. The chapter's final section is about a psychic and contactee who claims to have visited a flying saucer three times. Hardly original in the U.S., in China this is explosive stuff.

The oldest case reviewed by Shi Bo took place in 1963 in the outskirts of the city of Yangguan in Shansi province. Li Jing-yang, a security officer in a military factory, was interviewed by journalist Wang Shili, about an experience he had with Men-In-Black when he was six years old, the day after he and some friends had seen "a shining, silvery disc hanging stationary and silent in the air very close to them. It was about seven or eight meters wide and shaped like one plate reversed on top of another plate. No portholes or windows were visible. It looked hermetically sealed and its metallic surface was very smooth." Since UFOs were at the time a subject totally forbidden and unknown to the Chinese people, the boys surmised the disc had to be some kind of new aircraft.

On the following day, however, the boy was stopped in the middle of the street by "a very tall man dressed entirely in black," who interrogated him as to whether he had seen the disc the day before, pointing even to the exact spot in the sky where the object had hovered. As the boy responded affirmatively, the MIB warned him "never to tell anyone else what he had seen," refusing to let him

go until Jing-yang promised that he would keep the secret.

"I recall that I was worried, thinking about this unknown character," continued Jing-yang. "His skin was dark and I was surprised by the aspect of his face and intonation. Several people saw him; everybody was talking about him but no one understood his gestures." Yet the most striking similarity with American reports of MIBs emerged at the end of the interview, when Li Jing-yang stated that "the man in black was walking in a mechanical motion; he spoke, but without moving his mouth and he disappeared suddenly as he turned a corner." "When the journalist asked him if he could have been a normal person, Jing-yang responded, "Its possible, but I swear that everything that I've told you is true."

The second MIB report took place in Gansu Province on July 29, 1974. Ke Jungzhi, a student at the construction workers' polytechnic at Lanzhou, kept the story of the "luminous black man" to himself until he began reading about UFOs in the CURO Journals few years ago; he then finally sent an account of his encounter to ace UFOlogist Shi Bo, who included it in his book. At the time, Jungzhi was a member of a workers' brigade operating in Tengkeli Desert in China's northern Gansu Province.

"On the evening of July 29, 1974," wrote Ke Jungzhi, "I was going to eat at the restaurant reserved for the young personnel from the city on duty in the fields. As I walked around a rice field, I suddenly spotted a man all black, some 30 feet in front of me. He seemed tall and robust, with a height of about 5.9 feet. I couldn't discern his facial features, since it was very dark, yet the black man was plainly visible in the darkness because his whole body was faintly luminous."

Thinking at first that the black man had to be a peasant which had come to inspect the irrigation system, Jungzhi shouted and asked him to identify himself. The MIB remained silent and motionless and then, "began to glow more brightly, disappearing suddenly between the tall grass." The student looked at him, but couldn't find a trace of the mysterious visitor. Although he didn't say a word about it, he heard that "two days later, at precisely the same spot, the chief of our brigade encountered a faintly luminous black man." Only after reading an article about MIBs in the USA in the fourth issue of China's Journal for UFO Research, did Jungzhi finally decide to report his adventure.

In 1981, Shi Bo received a letter from the city of Chongqing, in Sichuan Province, which contained a story of a CE-3 with "a man with a big head," dressed in a "space suit" like a "metallic coverall." The incident had taken place ten years earlier, but the witness—an old peasant named Zhang Rongchang—had died in 1972. Shi Bo requested further information from his correspondent, receiving eventually a more complete account from the old man's grandson, Zhang Chuanxiu. In the second letter, the grandson related that towards the end of August, 1971, his grandfather had arrived one day very upset to his house at lunchtime, telling his family and neighbors that, "I saw today a man with a big head."

As it turned out, after working in the fields, Rongchang was returning home as he was hungry, when he saw an odd man on the road walking towards him. The man was robust and otherwise normal, except for his huge head, which was about three times the size of a normal human head. He was unable to distinguish his facial features, how ever, since the head was covered by a helmet; the man was wearing a one-piece suit covering his entire body from the neck to the feet. The "man" didn't seem to walk in a very flexible manner, "he was faster than us." The elderly Rongchang asked the figure to identify himself and state what he wanted, but as the stranger remained silent and motionless, the peasant was overcome by fear and ran away; a few seconds later he turned his head "to see him one more time, but he had already vanished."

Chuanxiu's account adds that when his grandfather reached the village, he asked some youngsters to look for the stranger in the fields, but they could find no one. Afterwards, the old man was in a state of constant fear, his health deteriorated, and he died a few months later, in January of 1972. Shi Bo concluded that this CE-3 was too controversial to be published in CURO s Journal, yet he believed that "the event is true and the man with a big head could have been a space robot," or a MIB!

A Phantom Car and Protection

You want to know how to protect yourself from the MIB? If you were attacked by a vampire, you'd carry some garlic; a werewolf, a silver bullet. Frank Stranges has his own approach:

In addition to being a popular Christian evangelist, Rev. Frank E. Strangers is a long-time UFO investigator and Director of the National Investigations Committee on UFOs. Because of his bold attitude on the subject of extraterrestrials, and the fact that he claims to have met a space being named Val Thor in the Pentagon, Rev. Strangers has come under continued attack from the "Men in Black," and other "Luciferian oriented silence groups" who have tried to keep such matters hush-hush. His life has been put in severe danger on many occa sions. Just recently, for example, he was sent to the hospital after being pushed off the road by a "phantom car." In this story, Rev. Stranges tells about this incident, as well as his special "Ring of Fire" blessing, which he has devised, so that others may shield themselves from negative forces at work in the cosmos.

Notice

The information found herein has originated from an unimpeachable intelligence source in time and space. The reader maintains the option to either accept or reject its contents.

###

On the 11th of April, a few years back, Dr. and Mrs. Frank E. Stranges were driving on Boulder Highway, returning from Hoover Dam, when all hell cut loose without warning.

The weather was clear, the sun was brightly shining, and the Highway was uncluttered when, without warning a "Phantom Car" cut directly in front of our car, causing a series of events that almost promoted us both from this planet. Our car swerved to avoid hitting the "Phantom Car," blowing a front tire—being struck from behind by another vehicle, thus sending us spinning into the dirt meridian separating the oncoming traffic from that which we were traveling.

According to the Nevada Highway Patrol accident report, the "Phantom Car" was also viewed by witnesses who claim that the car was nowhere to be seen following the impact.

Dr. Stranges had no feeling from his neck down. When the emergency vehicles arrived on the scene, they carefully removed Dr. Stranges from his car (under the watchful eyes of a deeply concerned wife) who sat in the front seat of the ambulance, continuously looking over her shoulder and wondering at the fate of her injured husband.

Upon arrival at the hospital, they were both taken to the emergency room. Mrs. Stranges suffered injuries in her neck as well as to her right wrist.

Dr. Stranges was taken to an isolated area where the resident doctor, following a quick examination, instructed that x-rays be

shot to diminish his pain, while he was being prepared for the x-ray room. The long journey through the hospital corridors seemed endless as he lay helplessly watching the ceiling lights dash by. He was wheeled into the x-ray facility when a voice rang out from the corridor requesting that the three men come out to the corridor immediately.

This is when it happened! From his right eye, Dr. Stranges saw a lone, uniformed figure approaching the stretcher upon which he was still lying.

Commander Val Thor simply stated "Frank, please lie still. Do not move." (His head was still taped down to the steel stretcher upon which he had been placed at the scene of the accident.) Commander Thor then said, "Do not worry, do not speak, everything will be all right." Commander Thor then placed both his hands over the top of Dr. Stranges head, and began to pray.

Within seconds, Dr. Stranges felt what he described as "warm water" passing from the top of his head to the very soles of his feet.

All Pain Was Gone!

When the technicians had returned to the x-ray room, Commander Thor was "gone." They proceeded to x-ray Dr.

Stranges from head to toe.

Following this, he was quickly returned to the emergency room for further examination and evaluation for treatment. Dr. Stranges was then subjected to a host of questions by the Medical Doctors, because he (1) had no pain anywhere in his body, (2) there were no marks or bruises on his body (3) he was sitting up, ready to get dressed and leave the hospital under his own(?) power...

Result? The car suffered over $ 1500.00 damage, and both Dr. and Mrs. Stranges are alive and well—Thanks be to the provision made by Almighty God by assigning His Ministering Angels to assist and help in the hour of deepest need. At this writing, they are both receiving minimal care from their family doctor in the city of Van Nuys.

As a result of the above, I, Dr. Frank E. Stranges, present to you, for the very first time, a topic that will indeed be a challenge to all of our members—friends, and associates, worldwide.

On the following pages, I am presenting the secret of the "Doctrine of the Ring of Fire."

You will read for the first time, certain truths, that if properly applied, can alter your life. Please remember, that this ceremony of which you will read, is also practiced by those from other spheres before they set foot upon this planet.

Do not be at all surprised if you find yourself motivated to travel to Van Nuys, California, in order to observe and take part in this important ceremony that will prepare you to meet the future head-on.

Special Warning

Now, please prepare yourself. Do not lay this report aside until you have completely digested the entire report. Do not allow anything or anyone to interrupt you in any way, shape or form. Disconnect your phone (if necessary) and then, read on.

The Ring of "Fire"

For the first time, you are being informed, in this writing, of a major segment of Divine Order that was established before the very foundations of this planet were laid.

You are about to read powerful words that are "absolute" in all respects. The mystery of the "Ring of Fire" will become a vital part of your life, whether you reside within the United States or abroad.

The "Ring of Fire" is:

a. essential
b. necessary
c. important
d. the only way that you will survive on this planet without being snuffed out like the flame of a candle.

Proposition One:

Since war was declared (many eons ago in the Heavenlies), Lucifer, the son of the morning was thrust forth and literally cast out of the Holy sphere along with "millions" of his angels (demons). Cast where? Cast down and into this Planet Earth.

Proposition Two:

Holy books the world over, record that since the dawning of that awesome morning, the Planet Earth has been captive by Lucifer and his evil forces. He is, in fact, the Prince of the powers of the air, the Prince of Darkness and also, the god of this world.

Proposition Three:

Lucifer is also the one who has polluted the atmosphere that you breathe. This condition is prevalent around this planet 24 hours a day, seven days a week, 365 days a year, thus creating a devastating effect on the human family since the very beginning of man's sojourn on this planet. And—the situation is not growing any better. It is getting rapidly worse.

Proposition Four:

Every evil act that is committed on Earth today by members of the human race as well as those of the animal kingdom is attributable to the Luciferian effect. Satan's hold on this planet hangs heavily like a drape of doom. This also accounts for all of the ravages of crime, civil disorder and general disharmony on Earth today.

Proposition Five:

Because of this condition, those from other planets are instructed to perform a ceremony called the "Ring of Fire." This has been performed by a small number of people in Bible days. However, because of the threat brought to by certain high Church Officials, few people even know of the power of the "Ring of Fire."

Proposition Six:

There is a formula by which all of you can benefit by the Divine Protection which is the result of the Ceremony. Some of you may even take issue with the manner in which this power is invoked. But, this is immaterial. The Name in which the Invocation is pronounced may cause friction. But I will take this liberty of informing you of this great truth because by ignoring it, you may lose your life.

Proposition Seven:

The proof lies in the results. The formula has been "time tested." If those friends from space have invoked this divine protection before setting foot on this planet, can we be so complacent that we can afford to allow the evil forces on this planet to continue to "rule our lives, "plunge us into constant danger, plague us with an atmosphere until there is no more life left in us? Or, shall we maintain an open mind and accept the freedom and protection that has been provided?

And Now Proposition Eight:

Fire has always represented divine protection, cleansing and purification. The three Hebrew children (of the Old Testament) walked freely in the fiery furnace that was heated seven times hotter than usual at the command of the evil King because the three refused to bow down to his idol. They survived (accompanied by a fourth man who was also seen with them in the furnace). In this 20th Century, far too many people are perishing before their time. UFO researchers are fast becoming the target for ungodly forces. Sickness and disease are running out of control in this generation. Governments are likewise deceiving the people into believing a great lie. In view of this, do you or do you not need to be surrounded by the "Ring of Fire"?

Please Do The Following:

1. In the privacy of your home, office, etc., place a lighted white candle before you on a table.
2. Do not permit anyone or anything to disturb you until you are completely finished with this ceremony.
3. Repeat the Lord's Prayer.
4. Pray the following proclamation without doubt in your heart. As you pray, believe that the God of Creation is hearing you at the very moment that you are praying! Do not close your eyes, but look into the flame. Maintain your full senses and know what you are doing at all times! Then, repeat this proclamation aloud: "Eternal Father, Creator of the Universe, hear my petition. Surround me now... with your Divine Ring of Fire. The Fire of Protection, The Fire of Your Abundance, The Fire of Complete Healing, and The Fire of Divine Abundance. I command the Hand of Almighty God on my behalf. Let it be so... this moment, in the Blessed name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen!"

Finally:

Extinguish the candle. Do not remove yourself from the room for at least three full minutes. Stand before the extinguished candle with your eyes open and feel the presence of the Ring of Fire. You will never be the same.

Do this. Follow the instructions very carefully, and you will find actual changes taking place in your life.

MIB In The Andes

Introduced previously, global investigator Antonio Huneeus has come across only a handful of MIB-related cases, but he has no doubt about the authenticity of this report, which, he says, deserves more merit than some of the other cases he knows about.

###

Traditionally, incidents of "Men in Black," or MIBs, have been largely associated with the United States. This is not surprising, since both the story of Albert K. Bender, which started it all, and the book by the late Gray Barker, ***They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers***, which popularized MIBs, originated in this country. However, a careful perusal of the foreign UFO literature will produce a few significant MIB incidents anywhere from Mainland China to the high Andes of Peru.

A case that took place in 1975 in the town of Sicuani, not far from the famous city of Cuzco in Peru, is of particular interest, since it contains the basic theme of MIB harassment of a UFO witness in an attempt to confiscate important evidence in his

possession—in this case a photograph of three flying saucers over the village of Capillani taken by a reporter from Lima.

The case is also important because both the photographer and the investigator, Cuzco Ufologist Anton Ponce de Leon, were probably unaware of the rich American literature in this subject. Ponce de Leon, for instance, doesn't speak English at all. Thus, the case is likely "uncontaminated" by previous accounts, something which sociologists and folklorists studying this or other similar phenomena consider of great importance. The incident has never been published in English as well until this book.

Anton Ponce de Leon is an anthropologist, Ufologist, author and social worker from Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas, who studied at Cuzco University and the National University of La Plata in Argentina. He was the regional director in Cuzco of the pioneer UFO group IPRI (the Peruvian Institute of Interplanetary Relations) founded in the 1950s by Carlos Paz Garcia in Lima, and has therefore documented many interesting UFO cases in the area of Cuzco and Urubamba, the sacred valley of the Incas. Some of his works and ideas were featured in Shirley MacLaine's third metaphysical book, ***It's All In The Playing***, which describes her adventures in Peru at the time of the filming of the TV mini-series of her bestseller, Out On A Limb.

I met Senor Ponce de Leon during his visit to New York City in 1988, where he lectured in Queens about UFO sightings in Peru and Inca Cosmology. He was also drawing support for his latest cause, "Samana Wasi" (The House of Rest), a retreat he built in Cuzco for the care of abandoned children and elders. At his well-documented lecture in Spanish, Senor Ponce described many interesting UFO sightings and close encounters in the Cuzco region which he had personally investigated during the late 70s. These included landing cases with traces of radioactivity, incidents where car engines were stopped, and even a fascinating account of a truck driver who was apparently healed of cancer of the stomach by a light beam from a UFO. The incident that concerns us here, however, is the MIB story from Sicuani, a town located south of Cuzco.

As told by Ponce de Leon, "In the year of 1975 there was much talk about UFO sightings in Sicuani, particularly at night, and the peasants were talking about something very worrisome to them, that they were hearing noises under the ground as if machines were working there, according to their expression." Ponce went to Sicuani to investigate the flap, which had also spread to the Indian villages of Capillani and Churno in the high Andes, and met in Sicuani a reporter from the newspaper Ultima Hora of Lima, who was looking for him for an interview and background information on the UFO flap. The reporter traveled to Capillani the next morning, where he saw and took a very clear photograph of "three craft crossing behind the tower of the chapel," explained Ponce.

The reporter returned very enthusiastic to Sicuani with his photo and left the roll of film with a photographer friend to be developed, because he wanted to return and take more photos. This is the moment where mysterious and so far unidentified MIBs entered the scene. As put by Ponce in his lecture, "When the man returned to his hotel [in Sicuani], he found that his room was all messed up. He inquired with the concierge, who told him that 'two gentlemen in black and with hats had come saying that they were friends of yours. As they told me that they were looking for you, I let them enter your room because they were going to wait for you there. Now, I don't know from where they left the hotel.'"

That was just the beginning of a cat and mouse game that went on for several days. When the reporter went to check the photos with his friend, he discovered that "the men in black had visited the photographer and requested the negatives, saying that the reporter wasn't able to come and had asked them to pick up the photos," continued Ponce. Fortunately, the photographer, who knew that the shot of Capillani was very important, thought that there was something wrong with the story and told the MIBs that the reporter had already been there to pick up the photos.

The harassment went on, according to Ponce de Leon, and the reporter was becoming very worried: "He would leave some papers and the papers would disappear, he would return to his hotel and his room had been inspected again, he changed hotels but the problem continued. Finally," added Ponce, "he grabbed a taxi and came to Cuzco very frightened. He visited me in Cuzco, where I personally studied the negatives and I have no doubt that they are authentic. As he was extremely frightened, he took the first plane back to Lima and left the negatives with me. I sent them by mail and a few days later the story was published in the newspaper Ultima Hora."

Thus, the MIBs were thwarted in this particular case, although I have not yet located a copy of the photograph of the three saucers over the skies of Capillani. Indeed, I have never even seen a reference to this photo in the three-volume UFO picture book by Spanish writer J.J. Benitez or the book ***Los OVNIy la Evidencia Fotografica*** by Argentinian Ufologist Guillermo Roncoroni, both of which contain numerous UFO photos from South America. So it is possible that the MIBs may have succeeded after ail in stealing the negatives from the editorial offices of Ultima Hora in Lima. Who knows?

UFO Contactee Howard Menger (inset) says he was paid a visit by mysterious "agents" following his taking of photos and movies of UFO and space aliens landing in his Highbridge, New Jersey backyard.

The Incredible "Men-in-Black Summer" of 1968

With over 15 million books in print, best-selling author Brad Steiger is well aware of the MIB phenomena, having been confronted with evidence for several decades that the MIB are not the product of overworked imaginations. Here is what his research shows.

###

The unpleasant phenomenon known as the men-in-black, the MIB, appears to be an ongoing program of harassment conducted by an agency that remains unknown and unidentified—although nearly every research in UFOlogy has nominated his most likely candidate for the "men behind the mask." I have dealt with the MIB and the more sinister aspects of UFO research in such books as Mysteries of Time and Space and the newly released The Philadelphia Experiment and Other UFO Conspiracies. I tend to believe that we are dealing with an enigma that has both a physical and a paraphysical reality, and I will refer the reader to either of the two above-mentioned works for a more complete examination of my theories. For this present work, I would like to recall the summer of 1968, a time that was maddeningly busy with significant MIB activity.

On the morning of Saturday, June 14, 1968, a man representing himself as an Air Force Major contacted Thomas Wedemeyer, security chief of the Commission on Aerial Phenomena (C.A.P.), Jamestown, New York. The officer presented papers identifying himself as Major Smedley, an Air Force investigator operating out of Jamestown.

Major Smedley questioned Wedemeyer about James Norene, the director of C.A.P. He demanded to know who headed investigations for the organization, and was particularly interested in any information which C.A.P. might have acquired regarding a report made by two state police officers concerning a UFO that had landed outside of Buffalo, New York, on June 12th.

Major Smedley was not driving an automobile and did not carry an attache case. He was wearing an Air Force uniform. Wedemeyer remembers being intrigued by the peculiar accent with which the visitor spoke. After the Major left, Wedemeyer suffered from an acute headache and could remember nothing of their conversation, for about five minutes.

Later, a C.A.P. check of the local Air Force authorities revealed that there was no Major Smedley working out of Jamestown.

"Upon receiving this information," C.A.P. Director Norene wrote to me, "we immediately checked with Air Force Personnel (via teletype) in Boston, Massachusetts. The reply was most interesting. The Air Force lists no Major Smedley on their records. In other words, such a man is not a member of the United States Air Force. The fact that this person, whoever he might have been, seemed worried that our organization might have

pertinent information concerning the reported landing outside of Buffalo prompted us to further our investigation of this incident."

On August 10th, the officers of the C-A.P. were visited by freelance UFO investigators from Erie, Pennsylvania. In the course of conversation, the visitors told Norene and his staff about a strange incident that had occurred to an associate of theirs.

In the summer of 1967, the Pennsylvania UFO investigator had been contacted by an Air Force officer, who wished to question him regarding his research. The officer had been alone, on foot and carried no briefcase. He had interrogated the researcher for an hour. After the Air Force officer had left the UFO researcher became violently ill and had to be confined to his bed for two weeks.

The Air Force "officer's" name? Major Smedley!

The descriptions of the MIB range from the common "short men, dark complexions, Oriental features, heavy accents" to "tall, blond, crewcut, fair-complexioned, Scandinavian-types." Sometimes they appear as "odd-couples," a tall blond with a short, dark companion.

Spreading Confusion and Discouraging Research

In the summer of 1968,1 received a long-distance telephone call from a journalist friend who was covering a UFO flap area for his local newspaper. "Blast Brad Steiger and Joan Whritenour and down with John Keel!" he thundered.

Recognizing my friend's voice, I asked him what the trouble was.

"I'm trying to cover this flap over here —My lord! Everyone has seen these UFOs! —but every time I try to dig deep, the witness clams up and says, 'I won't say any more. Brad Steiger says awful things will happen to me if I tell too much!' One lady said that John Keel had told her that she would be carried off by the saucer people if she talked to anyone about her sighting."

I knew that neither Keel nor I were in that particular flap area at that time, and that neither of us would say such things in even a jesting manner if we had been in the locale, so I pressed my friend for details.

"Well, damn near everywhere I go, the witness has been given a copy of one of the Steiger-Whritenour books or a magazine with an article in it by you or Keel!"

"And the books and articles are supposed to frighten them?" I questioned. "Whoever is delivering these things must be adding their own interpretation."

"I don't know about that, but what the hell are you people saying in these articles?" the frustrated newsman wanted to know.

"Haven't you read them?" I countered.

"I don't need to read them!" the journalist roared. "Every UFO witness I interview is waving a copy in my face and telling me about all the terrible things that will happen to him if he elaborates on his sighting report."

"But who are the delivery boys?" I asked. "Have you seen them?"

"Not until this afternoon," the newsman answered. "I guess I must have arrived at this farmhouse just a few minutes after they did. Damn unfriendly little monkeys!"

"Could you describe them?"

"Well, I didn't pay a whole lot of attention to them. I just shot an irritated glance at them every once in a while. You see, I was trying to talk to the farmer's wife, while they were chattering at the farmer and waving a copy of this magazine in their hands and telling the man how Brad Steiger was warning all UFO sighters not to talk."

"I see," I mused. "How ironic that they should use Keel, Whritenour, and myself to silence saucer sighters. But you must have an impression of their general description."

"Oh," the newsman hesitated. "They were short men in dark suits. All three of them had deep suntans."

"Notice anything about their eyes?"

"Nope. I can't recall even seeing their eyes. Come to think of it, they all wore dark glasses."

"Did you speak to them?"

"Well, I spoke with one. But he lied to me."

"What do you mean?"

"He told me that he and his friends were NICAP investigators, but when I checked with the area NICAP man a bit later to get a quote for my article, he said that he didn't recognize any of the names they gave me and he knew no one in the local group who would fit their general descriptions."

What is the meaning of this experience? My journalist friend had not read the articles or books which dealt with the MIB enigma. He described the short, dark-complexioned men in a tone of naiveté. It was after he had given their description that I urged his reading of the material that dealt with UFO silencers.

I discussed the MIB with several members of NICAP. Certainly neither the central office of NICAP, nor its responsible members, would tolerate their investigators "silencing" UFO sighters. It is possible that some NICAP-ers become overly enthusiastic with their investigative work or become overly impressed with themselves, but it would seem libelous to suggest that NICAP is in any way responsible for the MIB reports. The serious, responsible NICAP member never leaves an interviewee with the impression that he represents the gov ernment, rather than a private, civilian, organization.

Certain witnesses of UFO activity have been approached by "Major Smedleys," that is, by individuals impersonating military or other governmental investigative organizations. Colonel George P. Freeman, Pentagon spokesman for Project Blue Book told John Keel that these men were not connected with the Air Force in any way, and Keels investigations could turn up no other United States security group that would claim them. Colonel Freeman informed Keel that they would like to catch one of the MIB themselves, since the silencers are committing a federal offense by posing as Air Force officers and government agents.

The MIB Recover A Metal Specimen From A UFO

Late one evening, I received a long distance telephone call from a close friend who is a traveling salesman for a large, automotive parts company.

"Hey, Brad," he said, after telling me that he was calling from a city about 300 miles from my home, "would you believe that I'm in the midst of a damned saucer flap?"

I did not believe it. My friend was a skeptic. For four years he had kidded about my interest in flying saucers and had never missed an opportunity to give me the needle.

"But it is true," he persisted. "You should come on over and interview these people."

I was putting the finishing touches on a new book and could ill afford the time to be taken in by one of my friend's practical jokes. "Tell me about the flap," I challenged him.

"A mother and a daughter say they saw a UFO in their field. Several farmers have been seeing UFOs land regularly. Hell, the locals here drive out on certain evenings and watch the things hover over high wires and transformers. Everyone in this town, including the cops, take the flying saucers as a matter of course."

"Have you talked to the observers?," I asked.

"Too busy selling, man," he replied, "but that's what I've been hearing. Are you coming over?"

"Too busy writing, man," I answered, thinking that I had thwarted my friends joke. "You go chase the lights in the sky and the little green men on the ground."

Two nights later, my friend called back. An intelligent fellow with a lion's share of curiosity, he had stayed in town to track down the facts behind the UFO flap. He had been amazed at the high level of intelligence of those who had reported sightings. But his tone had changed in another way. This man was no naive teenager filled with imaginative terror tales telling me that mysterious men-in-black were after him. Someone, he told me, had been following him.

I became extremely concerned about my friend's welfare. The man was unfamiliar with recent areas of UFO research, and had no idea of what he might be up against. He fired questions at me, and I advised him to get out of town. True to form, he told me that he planned to stick around to ask some more questions. He promised to call again the following night.

The next night he did not call. At midnight, I tried calling his motel. I was told that such a party had never been registered. I persisted and told the clerk that my friend had been staying there for nearly a week when at last the man's card was found. The clerk expressed amazement that it was not in its regular place in the file. I, however, was unable to contact my friend

that night.

The next morning I was comforted to hear my friend's sleepy voice answer my call. He had just begun to fill me in on what he had uncovered when the call was cut off. It took my operator five minutes and three channels to re-establish the connection. "That's odd," the operator kept mumbling, as she tried one plug after another.

My friend said that he had been given something of great interest. He would stay over one more night to acquire some additional information before leaving for home.

Two nights later, I was working in my attic-office when one of my children ran up to say that they had heard someone moving around on the first floor. When I investigated, I was surprised to find my friend standing halfway up the stairs. He had driven nearly 300 miles out of his way to visit me. He looked terrible. Dark circles rimmed his bloodshot eyes, and it was apparent that he had not slept for quite some time.

Three days before, a farmer had given him a specimen of a metal that he had seen fall from a UFO. The farmer kept one of the metal shavings for himself.

The next night, the salesman had returned to his hotel room to find two men waiting for him. They did not smile at his wry, "Where's the third man?! they came directly to the point. They wanted that piece of metal which my friend had intended to bring to me. They had taken the farmer's specimen from his pickup when he had gone into the store. They had been unable to discover where the salesman had hidden his piece, and without further delay, they wanted that strip of metal.

My friend had come up against hard men before. When he asked his two visitors, "What happens if I say no?" their response convinced him that they meant business.

"Besides being specific about what would happen to me," the salesman said, "they told me that it was for the good of my family, my country, and my world.'"

My friend stood before me, trembling in fear and unreleased rage, wanting to know who these men had been and how they had known about the metal specimen. "What does all of this mean?" he repeatedly asked. I could do little to answer the former skeptic.

The MIB on the Telephone Line

On the evening of July 13, 1968, at approximately 8:15 P.M., youthful investigator Dan O. was conversing with another UFOlogist when their call was suddenly interrupted by an unknown third party on the line. Dan O. assured me that one of the telephone lines was a private business line and the other a private residential line.

"The third party identified herself as a Mrs. Slago, who, as she said, was accidentally connected with our line," Dan O. writes. "She had been listening to our conversation strictly out of curiosity. A check with the telephone company revealed that a misconnection of this type could not possibly have been made."

"Mrs. Slago" began to question Dan O. about his research. When he told her only a few ambiguous details, she told him that he should not be inquiring into the question of whether or not aliens exist on Earth.

"She also stated that UFO organizations should not attempt to further the investigation and study of UFOs, because as she put it, 'Earthpeople do not understand....' She suddenly stopped short of what she was about to say, as if she caught herself about to say something that I should not hear," Dan O. remembers.

At this point, Mrs. Slago said that no more could be discussed on the telephone, but it would be wise to discontinue all UFO research. Dan O. asked the woman where she might be reached so that they could discuss the matter in greater detail. He requested her name once again. The woman then told Dan O. that her name was Mrs. Nelson and that she was engaged in research for the local police authorities.

"When we checked with the police headquarters, the officers told us that they had no knowledge of either a 'Mrs. Nelson' or a 'Mrs. Slago' being connected with any phase of police research," Dan O. says. "Following this incident, we had a complete check made on our telephone lines, but the check revealed no evidence of wire-tapping or anything of that sort."

The MIB Invade Pittsburgh

Major Joseph Jenkins, Retired, Field Investigations Director for the UFO Research Institute of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, presented "A Serious Look at the Men in Black" for a recent issue of the bulletin of his organization.

"Do we have the 'Men in Black' in the Pittsburgh area? Are people here being intimidated because of knowledge of experiences with UFOs? What is the local picture regarding this mystery?" Major Jenk ins writes that such questions have been cropping up in the minds of the UFO Research Institute's investigators since a few experiences occurred to force them to take a serious look at the MIB.

A sighting over Pittsburgh on June 7, 1968, was photographed by two youths using a Polaroid camera. "Under the circumstances," Major Jenkins writes, "the pictures were rather good."

On July 5th, a "Captain Munroe" called one of the young men and identified himself as a representative of the UFO Research Institute. Captain Munroe told the lad that the pictures had been faked. The boy was told to keep his mouth shut or something unpleasant would happen to him. This call was followed up by another threatening telephone conversation.

"Needless to say," Major Jenkins says, "the calls were not authorized, not were they made, by anyone from the Institute...it could all be dismissed as the work of a prankster, but whom? The persons had told no one except their parents after reporting to us. We at the Institute had told no one, including other members, until after this particular incident had passed. (Primarily, the delay in passing the information or to anyone else was necessitated by time required to study the pictures, make sufficient enlargements, etc.)"

Major Jenkins goes on to detail the experience of an active UFO investigator, whom he calls Frank. Frank, a UFO group chairman from a neighboring city, was in the middle of studying a large flap when he began receiving telephone calls warning him to "forget the UFO thing." Frank ignored the calls, except to report them. Later, some radio equipment was stolen from his automobile, and Frank was warned by telephone, "The next time it won't be your tangible assets."

"Later," according to Major Jenkins he [Frank] had a visit by three men dressed in black suits that reminded him of the quilted uniforms used in the Korean War. The men spoke in a strange manner, seemingly out of breath, and never directly mentioned the UFO subject, but they made intimidating remarks. Frank had the foresight to copy down the license number of their car, but in checking it out, found the number did not exist in the state's files. He had probably made a mistake in copying it, or it could have been altered. The men had repre sented themselves as members of a NICAP sub-committee from a city that has no such organization."

When Frank sighed over the telephone that he was ready to "drop this whole UFO business," he later received an anonymous call saying that they were glad that he was finally wising up.

In January, 1968, Major Jenkins said, a man sighted a UFO in the middle of the afternoon and got a very good look at it. He discussed it briefly with a few of his co-workers, but, finding his observation elicited only ridicule, he dropped the subject. Later, he began to notice a black car following him about. It appeared too often to be coinci dence--the same black car, the same two men inside.

"He didn't connect this with the UFO sighting at first," Major Jenkins writes, "but he did mention it to his wife, and he also mentioned that it was worrying him....Then one morning on his way to work, he spotted the same car with the same two men. This time it was coming toward him, straight toward, him. He cut his wheels and ran off the road to avoid a collision, and although badly shaken, was unhurt. Was there any connection between this incident and his sighting of a UFO?"

Major Jenkins also tells of a man who had eleven minutes of color film of a UFO over Viet Nam. He promised to give the Institute a showing of the film, but a visit by three men from the "Department of Internal Security" nearly prevented any member of the UFO investigative group from ever seeing the film. These men had requested that the film be turned over to him. The owner refused to do so unless the men produced a search warrant, which they were unable to do. As the three men left, he was

able to see that their car did at least have Washington, D.C. license plates. An attempt to follow up on the strange visitors met with no success.

Letters containing reports of men and women having received mysterious visitors after witnessing UFO activity continue to reach my desk. In-field investigation of UFO flap areas invariably uncovers bizarre, frightening encounters with UFO silencers. Whether the MIB are crude, thoughtless pranksters, a secret branch of a government intelligence group or allies or automatons of the UFO occupants, the enigma of the men-in-black continues to offer a challenge to the UFOlogist, and, perhaps, "to our families, our country, and our world."

Postscript: MIB: A Global Phenomenon
By Diane Tessman

Strange entities usually dressed in black and always evil and cold in intent, have appeared to those who have seen UFOs in Europe, Australia, and Africa, as well as to American UFO witnesses. Thus the group or agency which sends these enigmatic beings does not answer to one government alone, but is planet-wide in nature...or perhaps galaxy-wide. In my years of researching UFOs, I have interviewed many people about the "Men in Black" aspect of the UFO phenomena. I have even had a few "close calls" with these entities myself.

Thus, I have concluded that the Men in Black are bound to "enter the picture" at some point when an individual takes up a UFO interest; whether that interest is spurred on by a recent sighting or simply from the fascination of knowing more about this unsolved mystery.

There have been several Men in Black incidents in Europe during the continent-wide UFO flap of 1990, tying in with accounts of mysterious crop swirl activity. Crop swirls are thought by many to be evidence of UFO landings and by others to be evidence of Earth's ley line energy rising to the surface. It is believed that this ley energy is to Mother Earth what psychic energy is to an individual.

The incident involving both crop swirls and a Man in Black comes from a farmer in Co. Tipperary, Republic of Ireland, who was "questioned" by one of these MIB, after crop swirls appeared on his land (he has had no UFO encounter or sighting that he remembers). In June, 1990, perfectly circular swirls started showing up in James McCleary's fields. There were two which showed up in an oat field overnight, and one which manifested exactly a week later in a meadow which had long grass that had not been walked in or tilled for months. Finally, an oval-shaped swirl manifested three weeks after the first swirls appeared, this time in a small field of potatoes. Mr. McCleary noted the swirls because they damaged the crops, but the damage was not significant and so he hadn't paid much attention to the phenomenon, embracing the Irish country attitude that the supernatural is in fact just a part of the natural world.

However, the morning after the final oval swirl occurred--when Mr. McCleary went for a quiet Sunday morning walk around his property—a thin, gaunt man dressed in black stepped out from behind a shed, which is out of sight from his house. Mr. McCleary was alone on his walk, and he felt an intuitive shiver of fear come over him as he focused on this stranger. Mr. McCleary had not seen him in the vicinity before, but it was not the fact that he was a stranger which frightened him. "There was something, well, DEAD about him," he stated."

"I don't know how else to put it!"

The stranger was dressed in a "proper suit," but looked as though he'd been "pulled out of a trunk which had been locked for at least 50 years." Mr. McCleary continues, "The first thing he mumbled to me was something about it being a nice day. It was a common enough thing to say, but he had the words slightly 'wrong.' Now, I am used to Americans and other visitors, but this problem he had with the language was peculiar somehow."

Mr. McCleary explains that the stranger then mumbled abruptly, "Tell us about those designs in your crops you've been having."

"I thought to myself," laughs Mr. McCleary, "that he had some nerve using the word 'us' when there was almost not one of him, he was that skinny and sickly looking. 'Us,' who?"

Mr. McCleary refused to answer the question, not because he thought the crop swirls were a secretive thing, but because the man's attitude was annoying and frightening. "I told him I had to be getting on my way and that he had better get onto the main road again. I meant to insinuate that he should get off my property, but I didn't want to be overly rude."

"But you didn't tell us about the designs. "Why did the second and third bunch come up when the first bunch already had?" asked the MIB. "It is in your best interest to tell us...or else!"

"His question made little sense to me," noted Mr. McCleary. "First, I hadn't thought of them as 'designs' and certainly not as 'bunches.' And how the hell would I know 'why they showed up? He acted as if I was their master or their maker. He talked as if they were trained animals who had found their owner. It was all so illogical that his threat bounced off me."

Moving on, as we view the MIB from a global perspective, is the account from a friend in South Africa. Due to the political situation in South Africa, my friend wishes to remain anonymous as he is not totally convinced that the men who intimidated him were not simply South African agents. He is considered "colored" in South Africa—his father being from India and his mother being from a South African mixture. Bob is very interested in New Age subjects and feels he had several UFO encounters as a child. He has always felt these encounters were with friendly, loving beings and he is not afraid of the unknowns. In fact, he feels more at ease with UFO and related "spacey" subjects than he does in frightening daily life in Johannesburg.

Bob's encounter with the MIB was a traumatic and scary incident which occurred two nights after he had a dramatic UFO sighting and possible encounter. He was just going to bed when very bright lights appeared outside his window. Since his window overlooks a wide ditch (I suspect we would call it a "ravine" in the U.S.), he was surprised to see lights. There is some fear of teenagers coming to this area to drink, or criminal activity going on, but it is inaccessible to some degree and never lighted. Bob jumped out of bed to see a brilliantly-lighted glowing silver disc, about the size of a Volkswagen.

The disc spun around as if on an axis, and Bob guesses that it hovered, not moving an inch upward or downward, for at least five minutes. It was approximately 20 feet off the ground. He saw a small door as it turned, and also three round windows. He remembers seeing movement inside the windows.

Two nights later, just as he was going to bed, he heard voices down in the ravine. The thought crossed his mind that two nights earlier there had been a beautiful silver ship, now there were thugs or drunkards in the ditch. But, he soon realized one voice was calling his name, and he opened his window slightly, keeping a hand ready to slam it shut. He could tell from the voice that people were not right outside his window, but down in the bottom of the ravine. Or so he thought! The minute he opened the window a notch, an unusually strong hand forced it out of his grasp and opened it wide! There, staring him in the face, was a "very ugly, smelly man with a greenish and unhealthy swarthy complexion."

Next morning, Bob could find nothing unusual in the ditch which would indicate his visitors had been there. His UFO encounter and subsequent MIB experience took place in November, 1989. Since then he has not encountered the Men in Black, though they did indicate to him they'd be back. His family's phone rings often and no one is there, something which was not happening until the MIB encounter. The phone annoyance started two days after his frightening night.

In Australia, an amazingly similar MIB visit happened to Penny Carlton of Melbourne. She and her friend Susan Nelson saw a brilliant UFO while on a biking trip. Five days later, three MIB knocked at Penny's door to "have a little chat." It seems Men in Black always talk in clichés as if having viewed too many "B" films. They pushed their way in, they threatened her, they warned her to talk to no one else. As with the garda's well-timed appearance in Co. Tipperary, Ireland, Penny's ordeal of interrogation was cut short when her husband returned from work a half hour early, not feeling well.

"All three of these men arose en masse

and hurried for the door, as my husband made the usual noise driving up and coming in."

Penny has no idea where the men went; they had no visible car. Last seen, they had turned the corner of the housing complex and Penny comments, "They couldn't even walk very well, or else they walked too well, like they were ice skating."

In the two years since the encounter, Penny has been "plagued" by poltergeist activity and emotional ups and downs.

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