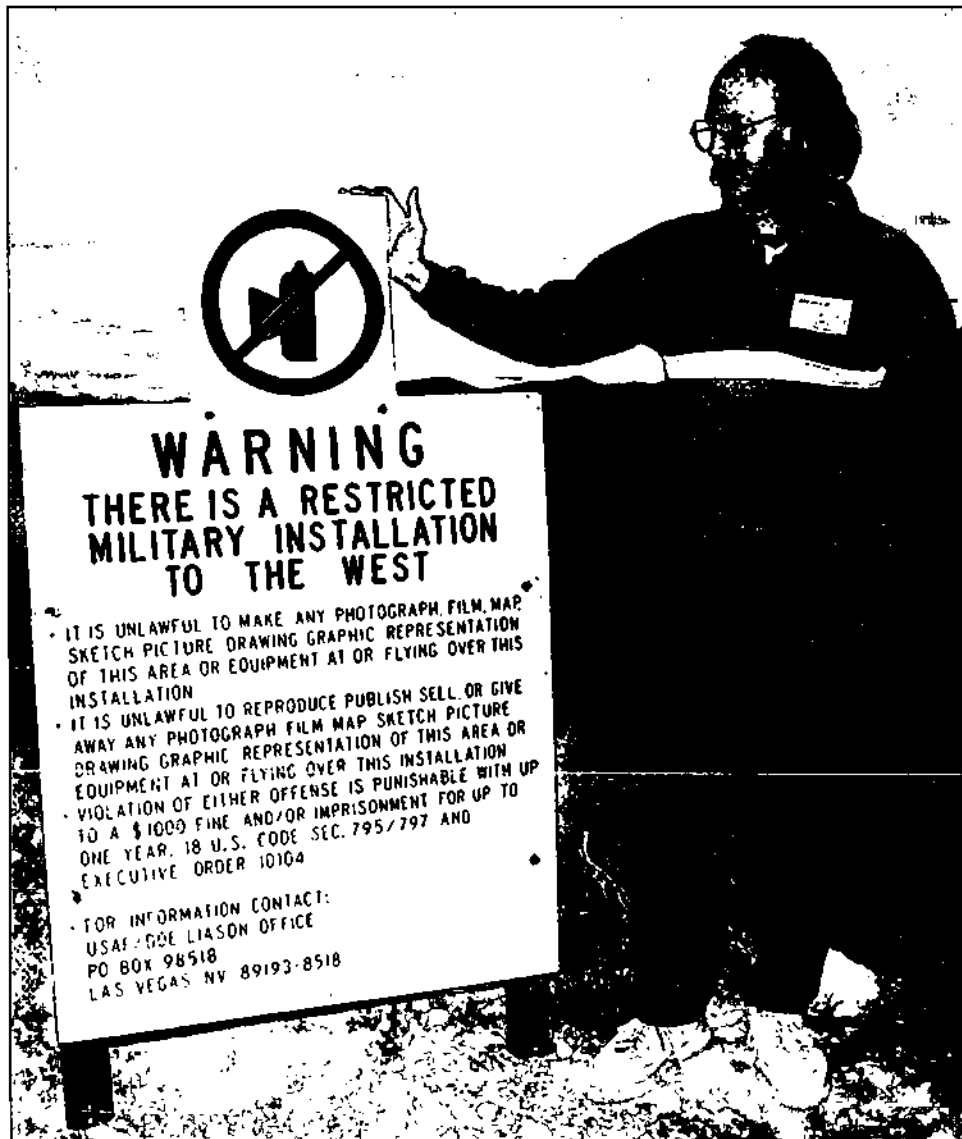


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THE ULTIMATE UFO SEMINAR

A recent revival meeting reveals equal portions of paranoia and a distinct paucity of hard evidence.

By Dennis Stacy

The idea arose shortly after the local utility company raised Joe and Pat Travis' electrical bill a whopping 80 percent. The Travises, proprietors of the Little Ale-Inn, operate the only watering hole within 50 miles of the Air Force's supersecret Groom Lake facility, also known as Dreamland. Their own dream was a benefit UFO conference of which they would receive the majority of proceeds, the better to serve as a "command center" and impromptu jumping-off point for UFO researchers in search of H-PACs — so-called Human-Piloted Alien Craft.

Whether H-PACs exist or not is of course a controversial question, one of the more controversial within all of ufology. Its origins can be traced to one Bob Lazar, a young, bespectacled physicist who claims he once worked at an area 15 miles or so south of Groom Lake known as S-4. While thus employed, says Lazar, he saw nine alien flying saucers. Lazar's job was to help reverse-engineer the propulsion systems of same, which he claims employ an exotic Element 115 to generate gravity waves. At one point, Lazar received a sample of Element 115, or so he says, and managed to perform a few rudimentary experiments on same before it was presumably stolen back by the powers-that-be.

In other words, little hard evidence exists in favor of H-PACs other than Lazar's own anecdotal testimony to that effect, and the fact that hundreds of would-be believers have since descended on Rachel and environs, binoculars and telephoto lens in hands, who also claim to have seen marvelous lights and objects performing aerial feats of derring-do of which terrestrial technology, however advanced, is thought to be incapable. The focal point of these observations is the legendary "Black Mailbox," some 18 miles south of Rachel on Nevada State Highway 375 at the juncture of a dirt-road dead-ending at Groom Lake itself. Park here and watch the saucers come up, particularly "Old Faithful," an alleged H-PAC that purportedly appears on schedule every Thursday morning at precisely 4:45 a.m.

Granted such an intriguing background, the Little Ale-Inn benefit was almost a given. Where else, other than possibly Gulf Breeze, could one hope to attend a UFO conference and possibly see a real-life UFO at the same time? Originally, the "Ultimate UFO Seminar" is to be limited to 75 participants, but thanks to some zealous promotion the number of anticipated attendees rapidly swells to two to three times that, overwhelming the overnight accommodations of Rachel, a combination truck stop and speed bump on Highway 375 with a normal population of about 100, situated at an altitude of

4790 feet. Joe and Pat have a few RV hook-ups to rent, along with some trailer rooms, but it's apparent that latecomers will have to fend for themselves in terms of sleeping quarters.

I fly out on Friday morning, April 30, via Southwest Airlines and in the company of Jim Foster, a fellow MUFON member who operates a woodworking shop in San Antonio. Apprised of the anticipated room crunch by former Bostonian Glenn Campbell, author of *Area 51: A Viewer's Guide* and now a Rachel resident, we rent the largest van we can find, which turns out to be a Ford Aerostar with removable seats. Stocking up on supplies in Las Vegas is somewhat of a trick — casinos, yes, grocery supermarket stores, no — but eventually we're on our way, fortified with food, water and a cheap styrofoam ice chest. For the next two nights, van and sleeping bags will be our home away from home.

Outside Vegas, beyond Nellis Air Force Base, we turn off Interstate 15 on Highway 93 headed north. The road leads up through rocky mountains on either side but we soon find ourselves entering the Pahranaagat Wildlife Refuge, a series of small, spring-fed lakes and ponds spotting the valley floor. Both snow and rain have been relatively plentiful this past winter and spring so the lower lying areas are brimming with water, sky-blue surfaces dotted with ducks and other water fowl. Other birds are awing as well. High overhead, little larger than black specks, first two, four, then six jet interceptors engage one another in high-speed mock combat, weaving in and out of the jagged mountain peaks like angry hornets.

RACHEL'S LITTLE ALE-INN

Near a wide spot in the road called Crystal Springs we turn left on Highway 375, a nice two-lane blacktop that twists and turns up through the Pahranaagat Range, culminating at Hancock Summit, elevation 5592 feet. Down the other side we descend into the Tikaboo Valley, site of the Black Mailbox and a dirt road leading to Groom Lake. Twenty miles away lies Rachel, just over a crest in the Groom Range called Coyote Summit. To our left, a smattering of snow still glistens atop Bald Mountain, the highest peak around and home to some sort of structure rumored to be a government observation post.

Rachel won't win any state tourism awards, but then it isn't supposed to. To the hundred or so who call it home, the scattered collection of corrugated trailers and recreational vehicles is just that and nothing more. It's



Shadow physicist Robert Lazar/Photo by Dennis Stacy

the shadow cast by the rumors creeping out of Groom Lake that have put Rachel on the UFO map. And for the next three days its population will almost triple.

In fact, there isn't even a town hall in which to hold a meeting, let alone a UFO seminar, ultimate or otherwise. Instead, a surplus military tent has been set up some 20 yards west of the Little Ale-Inn, flanked by two portable toilets and fronting a dusty dirt parking area about the size of a football field. It's here that most attendees, ourselves included, will spend the next two days bundled in sleeping bags against the night desert air or stripped to T-shirts, shorts and sandals by day. On our arrival the wind is gusting upwards of 20 to 30 miles an hour.

No one promised us a rose garden, however, and as the weekend unfolds the makeshift tent seems more and more appropriate, both literally and symbolically. Probably not since the faithful gathered at Giant Rock in the late 50's and 60's has there been such a fundamentalist-oriented tent-meeting ostensibly devoted to the UFO subject. Before week's end a lot of air, both hot and cold, will blow through the tent's canvas flaps.

The first order of business is registration, preceding a 5 p.m. buffet dinner to be supplied by Joe and Pat Travis and helpers at the Little Ale-Inn. The only scheduled speaker this evening is John Lear, to be followed on the morrow by luminaries like Bob Lazar and George Knapp. I ask for a press pass but am told, this being a fund-raiser, that no freebies are available. This seems fair enough — the cost of admission includes four meals — so I fork over the \$50 entrance fee. A final crowd-count is unavailable, but a good guess is that just under 200 paying customers will wander through Rachel before the weekend is out, some more satisfied with the proceedings than others.

The meals are uniformly good, the speakers less so, sometimes to the point of indigestion. What was originally intended as a benefit and information sharing seminar centered around Groom Lake, a.k.a. Area 51, S-4 and Dreamland, rapidly devolves into no-holds-barred Bible-thumping and conspiracy-mongering. Conference moderators are Norio Hayakawa and Gary Schultz; Hayakawa believes that a "technology exchange" is definitely taking place just out of sight over the hills behind us and that the government should come clean about same. Schultz sees a much darker (and poisonous) spider web of conspiracy, with strands stretching in every direction, all controlled by a "shadow government" out of Washington. UFOs, in fact, are only the half of it.

Accordingly, both John Lear and Bob Lazar are introduced as incomparable patriots and national heroes whose every utterance is to be taken as the gospel truth, as opposed to private individuals whose statements, opinions and experiences might otherwise warrant outside verification and objective confirmation before being accepted as ultimate proof.

After providing a brief background to Area 51 lore, Mr. Hayakawa, a former regional director for the Civilian Intelligence Network, turns the microphone over to Mr. Schultz, who proves extremely reluctant to relinquish same. Introduced as a "firebrand crusader," he more than lives up to his advance billing, although the words evangelical and fundamentalist also spring to mind. Schultz directs a southern California-based group, Secret Saucer Base Expeditions, which sponsors regular guided tours to the area in question.

JOHN LEAR

John Lear delivers either the most impassioned speech of his life, according to Schultz, or else he reads his standard paper in a somewhat lifeless monotone, depending on your point of view, mine happening to lean to the latter. During questions and answers, someone in the audience of under 200 asks Lear why he left MUFON shortly after hosting the 1989 Las Vegas Symposium, and Lear jokes "because I still believe in flying saucers and MUFON doesn't." Certainly Mr. Lear has never met a flying saucer *story* he didn't believe in, and they

all come tumbling out inside the flapping tent on this cold, windy Friday night. A typical example: "In 1979, our alliance with the aliens became a disaster...44 U.S. scientists and approximately 66 members of Delta Force security personnel were killed by the aliens in an altercation at a jointly occupied U. S.-alien base north of Los Alamos, New Mexico...the exact cause of the altercation is not known, but the cause of death was listed as external head wounds. This effectively terminated the alien alliance for an indefinite time."

There's more, of course, much more beyond your basic alien exchange programs, underground bases, and H-PACs at S-4, including the 80 or more extraterrestrial races currently visiting our planet, the some 40 crashed flying saucers over the years, et cetera, all nicely rounded out with color slides and videos.

Someone described only as "Captain Eric" follows Lear and gives an interesting illustrated talk based on Paul Bennewitz's assertion of an underground UFO base on the Navaho Indian Reservation near Dulce, New Mexico. Other researchers have had a hard time locating and confirming the base according to Captain Eric, presumably because they've concentrated their searches on Archuleta Mesa. The *real* base, if there is one, is suspected to be under Archuleta Peak, a few miles to the west, and accessible only in the presence of a paid Indian guide. Captain Eric offers several aerial photographs of the area, including the site of a jet crash a few years back. The saucers are said to fly in and out of the peak via a hangar door in a limestone ledge, although ground expeditions have reportedly failed to turn up any concrete evidence of same.

Video presentations continue after midnight, but for us it has already been an extremely long day. So shortly after 2:30 a.m. Texas time we turn in, scrunched together in sleeping bags on the floor of the van, a half-moon lighting up the parking lot like a searchlight and washing out the stars overhead. At 4 a.m., cramped and cold, we step outside for a stretch. The moon is down now and the stars above blaze like icy diamonds, barely twinkling in the clear, still air. In the east Venus looms as bright as any flying saucer's landing lights.

LITTLE ALE-INN

Homestyle breakfast as served in the Little Ale-Inn the next morning couldn't have been more welcome; in fact, all four meals supplied by the Traveses and helpers, laid out buffet-style atop a pool table, are excellent, whether washed down with coffee, iced tea or a cold beer. The Inn can't contain everyone present at any given meal, so there's considerable peak-time overspill, with people parking their plates and sitters anywhere they can.

Several of Saturday's scheduled speakers cancel at the last minute, including George Knapp, former anchorman at KLAS-TV, Las Vegas, the CBS affiliate that first aired Lazar's claims, and journalist Tony



Rachel resident Glenn Campbell/Photo by Dennis Stacy

Pelham, leaving a slight scent of fizzled firecrackers. More and more the ultimate UFO seminar, with its jury-rigged auditorium, sound system and video screen, assumes the irrepressible atmosphere of an edge-of-town revival meeting. Blue noses and high-brows might have been appalled, but as the weekend wears on I find myself appreciating an almost perfect blend of form and function. If you're going to throw an evangelical flying saucer camp meeting, do it in the middle of the desert outside a "secret" Air Force base — inside a tent — and do it right, snobbery, creature comforts, the loyal opposition and other considerations be damned.

To say the prevailing attire is casual dealer's choice would be an understatement; a three-piece suit would have looked as out of place here as a white bridal veil on a Man in Black. Both would have been dirt-brown in a matter of minutes, anyway, thanks to the powder-like dust thrown up by passing cars and a stiff breeze that keeps the Ale-Inn's American flag at full attention for most of the weekend. (Incidentally, if you're ever

out this way, the Ale-Inn may have the best little UFO library in the state of Nevada.)

BOB LAZAR

As far as undercurrents of anticipation are now concerned, the most ill-suppressed is the much awaited appearance of one Robert Scott Lazar, who could just as easily have passed himself off as Lazarus. In fact, with a beard, sandals and white robe he might have been able to pass himself off as Jesus Christ. When he does show up, well after noon, it's behind the wheel of a Corvette with his latest female flame. He's dressed in a white turtle-neck shirt (he later changes to an Indy 500 T-shirt) and dark jeans, and is immediately mobbed at the bar of the Inn, presumably by the merely curious, but also by some who apparently want to touch the man who touched the saucers, or at least who claims he has.

Lazar is a slight, youngish man with thick lips and glasses and a somewhat stylish swept-back Hollywood hair-do who seems genuinely uncomfortable at being surrounded by a curious crowd, as I would, too, were I to be mobbed everytime I stepped outside of my car or opened my mouth. If he's hawking his story he's definitely adopted a low-key marketing approach, although rumors are also rife of a large pending advance for a movie treatment of "The Bob Lazar Story." Scuttlebutt is that Lazar doesn't hold much truck with most UFO researchers these days, rarely makes public appearances of this nature, and agreed to only on this occasion in order to help raise funds for the Traverses. Certainly there was no accompanying entourage selling his somewhat stilted homemade video tape. What he does do for the next two and one-half hours between sips of water is field questions from an eager audience, which tosses up its share of softball floaters and only a few curves.

Lazar's story can only be summarized here. A more detailed account can be found in several places, including Timothy Good's *Alien Contact* (a revised, updated version of the author's earlier *Alien Liaison*), which has just been published in this country this month by William Morrow and will be reviewed either in this same issue of the *Journal* or the next, space permitting.

Briefly, Lazar claims to have graduated from Cal Tech with a master's in electronics and from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) with a similar degree in physics. Unfortunately, confirmation of his academic career seems hard, if not virtually impossible, to come by. He says that shortly after graduation from MIT, "I believe in 1982," he went to work for the Los Alamos Laboratory in New Mexico. A few years later, now living in Las Vegas, Lazar is reportedly hired to help in the reverse engineering of nine alien flying saucers sequestered in high secrecy at an area called S-4, situated near Papoose Lake, some 10 to 15 miles south of Groom Lake, i.e., Dreamland, the whole en-

compassed within the Nellis Air Force Range and Nevada Testing Site, the latter presumably under the auspices of the Department of Energy. From December of 1988 until April of the following year, Lazar spends only six or seven days actually on the job, that is, being flown out of Las Vegas on a 737 to Dreamland, loaded aboard a bus with blacked-out windows, and then transported to Area S-4. But what a week it was for ufology, giving rise to gushing fountains of unsubstantiated allegations about H-PACs, gravity waves, anti-matter generators and alien interventions on this planet dating back at least to the time of Christ, who may Himself have been but an extraterrestrial exercise in crowd control on a massive planetary and temporal scale.

As UFO stories go, Lazar's certainly ranks tops. Gary Schultz obviously has no trouble accepting it whole, and neither for that matter does John Lear. Both have been to the mountaintop and returned home believers. But it's also worth mentioning that the Las Vegas area sprouts high-stakes stories year-round in much the same way that bluebonnets blossom in Texas in the spring. My blackjack dealer at the Barbary Coast hit 21 on five cards, too. Does that mean I get to draw down on the dealer, that the entire state and federal governments of Nevada and the United States and all their employees somehow conspired to scoop up my measly \$2 minimum wager? I suppose anything is possible, which is not necessarily the same as likely. For the record, Lazar's most credible piece of evidence is a single W-2 tax form from the "United States Department of Naval Intelligence" authorizing the withholding of \$71.94 in social security from total wages of \$958.11. Someone is getting off cheap.

That said, Lazar definitely comes across better in person than on video. Asked a question outside his expertise or experience, he simply responds "I don't know." Even an objective observer like Glenn Campbell remains reluctant to make a definitive pronouncement. "I've got a *private* opinion about Lazar," he admits, "but I think it's premature to express it. At the moment it's simply another UFO story and stories have a tendency of sorting themselves out one way or the other over time as data accumulates. They either get substantiated or discredited. A lie is a different matter altogether because you have to invent an entire world or complex scenario in order to back it up and maintain its viability. The more you lie the better you're chances of eventually being caught out. What impresses me about Lazar's story is that it remains so consistent and constant over time. I would have thought that he would have blown it big time by now if it were only a personal fabrication and nothing more."

One also expects Lazar to be an enthusiastic supporter of every UFO case around; surprisingly, that doesn't prove to be the case. Asked about the darting

I don't say it aloud, but the thought occurs to me: does ufology give rise to paranoia or is it a case of vice versa?

lights shown on video tape taken by the space shuttle mission SST-48, Lazar answers clearly and unequivocally that he thinks the images are those of "dust particles close to the camera lens." What the Lord giveth the Lord taketh away, and for a moment it appears as if Lazar might be stripped of his special status. It's the only time the audience turns against him and seems openly skeptical.

DARK SIDE OF WHITE SIDES

After dinner, master of ceremonies Schultz continues to regale the assembled with tales of government perfidy, sprinkled with liberal quotations from the "only authorized version of the Bible," which just happens to be on sale outside. A small, admittedly minority segment of the crowd urges that Campbell be allowed to speak at this time, of which I am one. The moderator says he has a schedule to adhere to, and all in good time. No printed schedule has been adhered to previously, so the imposition of one now is slightly surprising to say the least. Moreover, at least three featured speakers have already canceled, so it's doubly difficult to determine why Campbell isn't allotted a reasonable time at the podium. Instead, Schultz launches into an amplified diatribe against the shadow government and all its ills that begins with the death of David Koresh and the Branch Davidians outside Waco, circles to include the Stealth-2 bomber debacle and the Council of Foreign Relations and ultimately arrives at the doorstep of S-4 and Dreamland, not to mention that of the Lincoln County Sheriff and Wackenhut, the civilian agency contracted to provide security.

I don't say it, but the thought definitely occurs to me: does ufology give rise to paranoia, or vice versa?

At one point someone asks what Waco and David Koresh have to do with flying saucers, and at another someone demands their money back. Meanwhile, to scattered applause, we leave for White Sides, the sole remaining overview — following an 86,000-acre, 1986 government land grab — overlooking Groom Lake and environs. Rumor has it that White Sides will be seized next and conceivably at any time, perhaps this very weekend! How long can we risk waiting?

The drive out from Rachel is uneventful; we encounter neither the dread Broncos nor the County Sheriff. We do find a new sign, however, at the White Sides turnoff, informing us that there is a highly restricted military installation to the west, and that photography of same from outside the area is strictly prohibited. (See cover.) Campbell tells us it hadn't been there a week before, when a video crew from WFAA-TV in Dallas went out to White Sides; the crew hadn't been in search of saucers, but the Aurora

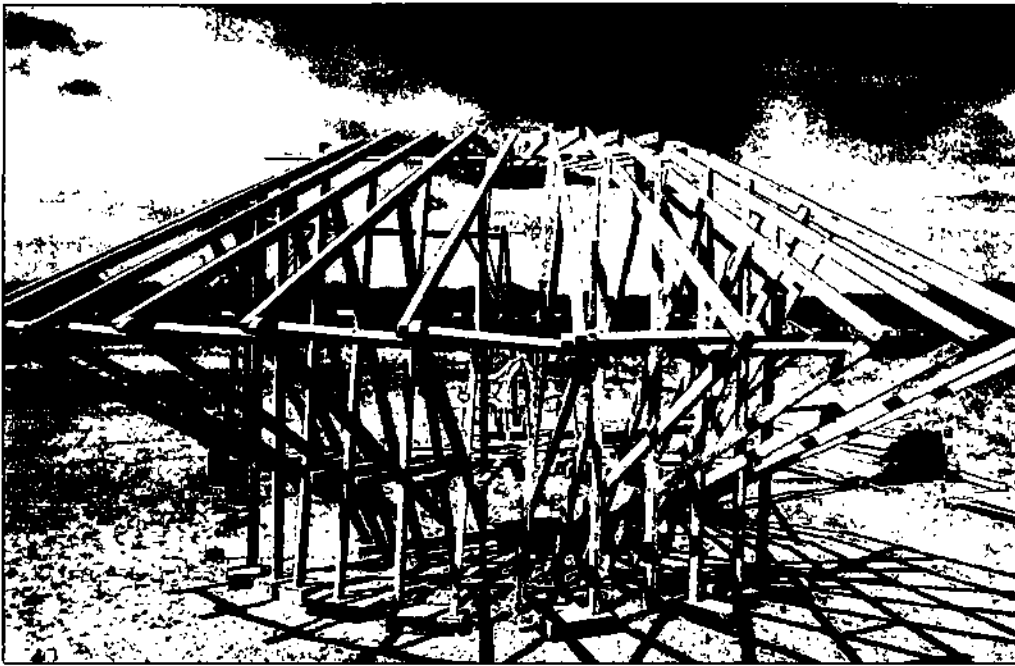
airplane. All they got was a few shots of a curious black, unmarked helicopter and a grand hassle. True to reported form, Wackenhut called the Sheriff, who drove up and demanded the crew's cameras and film, which they refused to hand over. Taken into nearby Alamo, they were allowed to call the station's lawyers, who argued that there was no sign prohibiting such photography at the time. In fact, the existing signs are a couple of miles on down the road, just prior to an occupied guard shack, but they hadn't driven that far. Sometime within the past week, the new sign had gone up, effectively eliminating that excuse for the moment. In the meantime, the video crew were allowed to keep their cameras and video cassettes.

We intend to start the climb before sunset and come down in the dark, but it's now nearly dark before we even set out walking. Fortunately, there is a half-moon overhead, eliminating the need for flashlights. The first third of the hike is easy going enough: simply follow the dirt road — ignoring any yellow bricks — until it dies out in a dry gulley. But from there it's all uphill, probably a thousand feet or more, and at a grade that only gets steeper the higher we go. The clean-living Campbell and companion make it look fairly routine. Foster and I, both of whom have spent too much time in too many smoke-filled rooms, most of our own making, have a harder go of it and are soon huffing and puffing to keep up. It occurs to me more than once that chasing UFOs might be a younger man's game. I don't really expect to see any H-PACs cavorting in the night sky over Groom Lake, but I am determined to glimpse the base itself. Isn't this one of the reasons why we came to Rachel in the first place?

Well, to make a long climb short (be prepared to spend at least an hour and a half on the way up alone), we settle for a saddle ridge a few hundred feet below the secondary peak. The view from here isn't as panoramic as from the very top of White Sides, but we can still see the yellow and red lights of Groom Lake and one of the world's longest runways twinkling in the distance. Area S-4, the "secret saucer base," lies somewhere to the south.

We break out binoculars for a closer peek. "It's shut down for the weekend," Campbell says. "Usually there are a lot more lights." Campbell also points out the guard shack in the dark below us, noting that it's the first time he's ever seen it blacked out. The dirt road snakes past it and down to Groom Lake like a giant white worm. Maybe the guards have night scopes trained on us, even as we spy back at them? If so, they don't bother to call the Sheriff.

We sit hunched on hard rocks in silence. The sweat exerted on our upward climb now coalesces in our arm pits like a cold wet sponge. A breeze blows up from the desert floor below, crests the ridge, and cools us to an extraordinary degree, urging us back downhill, to any



There is at least one landed flying saucer in Rachel — or will be shortly after this frame is rounded out with plywood / Photo by Dennis Stacy

activity that will burn calories. We resist as long as we can, beyond the realization that Dreamland is indeed dead for the weekend. It's a little disappointing to think that any self-respecting flying saucers are keeping to a 40-hour work week and not running up overtime on their shadow government salary. Eventually, we start back down, revealing the one indisputable truth about White Sides: it's cold on top at night, and a heckuva lot easier going down than it is coming up.

Other truths about the area are harder to come by even if you're the kind that likes to challenge hired government agents up close, which we weren't. We did talk to another weekend warrior who had "innocently" driven right up to the guard shack in his 4-wheel-drive vehicle, expecting polite directions to a nearby ghost town. Instead, he was promptly apprehended outside his car, frisked, and not allowed to retrieve his jacket from inside. For the next hour he was forced to stand in the freezing cold until a Wackenhut Bronco drove up from Groom Lake and finally escorted him back to the restricted line where he was turned over to the County Sheriff. Taken to Alamo, he was summarily fined \$600 for violating the restricted area, a fine the judge later reduced to \$35 for administrative costs.

You may or may not be so "lucky"; certainly the judge could probably make the fine stick if he wanted to, depending on what hour of the night he or she is roused out of bed by the authorities. We also hear stories of people who claim that they were actually shot at by the guards, hassled by low-flying helicopters, or suffered mysterious flat tires in the proxim-

ity of the former. All said and done, this is not an area in which you want to break down.

Are you likely to see anything anyway? "It's a crap shoot," says Campbell, who admits he's seen a few strange lights in the night sky and may have once heard the Aurora crank up. "I've been living here for over three months now, and I still haven't seen anything that I could honestly and indisputably say was a human-piloted alien craft and nothing but." Campbell's own sightings can be found in his *Area 51 Viewer's Guide*, along with illustrations of the different kinds

of aerial phenomena you can expect to possibly encounter, from the occasional "red darter" to floating "golden orbs." Photos of these and other objects can also be found on the walls of the Little Ale-Inn. The *Guide* itself can be purchased directly from Campbell for \$15 plus \$3.50 priority postage. (Glenn Campbell, HCR Box 45, Rachel, NV 89001.)

"To a large extent," Campbell adds, "what you see depends on what you *anticipate* seeing." There are at least three subcultures now descending on Rachel, he notes, "ufologists, aviation buffs and the military frequency freaks. They all set up in separate places, rarely interact with one another, and pretty much see what they came to see. If you hear from a ufologist that he saw an H-PAC last night, you can ask the aviation buff on the next hill what he saw and he might tell you Aurora, the TR-3A or some other Stealth platform. The radio freak won't care what he saw, he'll just tell you what frequency it was tuned to. Ideally, they ought to get together and share data more often."

Tomorrow the tent will be taken down and Rachel will pretty much return to normal. The sun will shine and set, and visitors from around the world will step up to the bar of the Little Ale-Inn and ask for a cold beer, Alien Burger, fries and directions to the Black Mailbox. White Sides will still be accessible to the public or it won't. Pictures will be taken and stories told. And maybe next year the ultimate UFO seminar to end all UFO seminars will be held once again, hopefully in a bigger tent with room for everyone.

KENTUCKY CHOPPER CASE

A sensational helicopter encounter with a fireball-belching UFO may have been deflated.

By Glenn O. Rutherford

As is often the case with sightings of unidentified flying objects, a February 26, 1993, episode in Louisville, KY, may leave investigators with more questions than answers. What makes the Louisville sighting significant is its witnesses—four Jefferson County, KY, police officers.

Two of the witnesses were in the air in a police department helicopter. The other two officers were in separate squad cars on the ground; they saw little more than a light in the sky, and their contribution to the investigation is minimal at best.

The airborne witnesses are another matter. The pilot, Officer Kenneth Graham, has been with the county police department's helicopter unit for two years. The observer, Kenneth Downs, had been on the job with the helicopter unit just six months.

Their story is compelling. And mystifying. It produced a remarkable outburst of both local and national media attention. The *Louisville Courier-Journal* wrote about the sighting for three days in a row.

The Jefferson County Police Department said it received 75 calls from people reporting that they, too, had seen the glowing object. Another 30 callers contacted MUFON's Kentucky Director also claiming to be witnesses. A researcher from the TV show "Unsolved Mysteries" made numerous calls to Louisville, to both the police department and the local MUFON representative.

The story was carried nationally by the Associated Press and by grocery store check-out-line tabloids. In other words, a UFO sighting by airborne police officers was big news in the winter of 1993.

OFFICERS' STORY

It began shortly before midnight on February 26 while Graham and Downs were on a routine patrol in the air. Heavy snow had stopped falling in Louisville earlier that evening—about 7:30 p.m., to be exact. A fresh, white snow cover of about 6 inches was on the ground, and day-long cloud cover was beginning to break.

The National Weather Service office at Louisville's Standiford Field—the city's main commercial airport—said conditions at the time of the sighting were improving. The temperature was 20 degrees; visibility was five to six miles with scattered, broken cloud cover.

Graham and Downs had been asked to look for a possible burglary in progress in a neighborhood near General Electric's massive Appliance Park industrial center. They were on their way to the address of the al-

leged burglary when pilot Graham noticed "a strange ball of light down about tree-top level."

In a detailed private interview away from the glare of TV cameras and lights, the two officers talked at length about their strange adventure. Graham said he'd spotted the object long before he mentioned it to his observer, Downs. "It was right in the trees and I took a long look before I said anything," Graham recalled. "Then I mentioned it to Kenny and decided to get closer."

Officer Downs trained the copter's 1.5 million candlepower search light on the object, which both men described as about the size of a basketball. "When we hit it with the light, it seemed to begin swaying back and forth," Downs said. Graham agreed, and both men said the intensity of the search light did nothing to help them see the object's outline.

"It rocked back and forth in about a six-foot arc," Graham said. "And then it gained altitude, quickly."

Both men said the object seemed to shoot upward at about a 45 degree angle. Graham carefully pursued. "It went up to about 1,500, maybe 2,000 feet," Graham said. "I didn't want to get too close; you don't want anything coming into contact with the tail rotor. I was concerned about that, but I also wanted to see just what the thing was."

Like the trained aviator he is, Graham on at least three different occasions turned his aircraft so that the object was in his "12 o'clock" position — in other words, dead ahead. And each time, he said, the object traveled to his "six o'clock" position — directly behind the helicopter. "That bothered me; I didn't want anything running into us from the rear," Graham explained.

At one point with the object directly behind his helicopter, Officer Graham accelerated to a speed of about 120 knots. "And the thing passed us up; got ahead of us and did it pretty quickly," said Officer Downs.

When both the helicopter and the object were at about 1,500 feet they passed on a parallel course, the helicopter heading due south, the object heading due north. Both men — who by the way are each 39 years old — said the paths of the chopper and object were about 100 to 150 feet apart. It was during this fly-by that another strange thing happened.

"Three baseball-sized balls of fire shot or were projected outward from the object," Graham said. "All three came out of the object and then fell to earth in a similar arc. The minute I saw them, I banked left immediately because I didn't know what those things were."

Downs said that after the baseball-sized projectiles were fired, he and the pilot lost sight of the object during their high-speed turn. "When we came back around I expected to have it nose-on, right in front of us, but it was gone," said Downs. He also added that just before the turn was made, the light on the object appeared to go out, though he could still see it and still make out its outline. "It looked somewhat gray and somewhat like a cylinder," Downs said. The whole episode took about two minutes.

THE HOMEMADE BALLOON

Scott Heacock and his wife, Concepcion, came forward after newspaper stories of the UFO/Police chopper encounter were published the week after the February 26 sighting.

Heacock said he had made a balsa-wood and laundry-bag hot air balloon, the kind that uses birthday cake candles as a power source. He said he even saw the Jefferson County Police helicopter flying around his balloon, shining the spotlight on it and everything. "There's no question that what they saw was what I made," he said. "I never thought any more about it because I just assumed with that light and everything they saw what it was and let it go at that."

When Heacock and his wife saw the UFO stories in the newspapers, they were shocked. "I couldn't believe it," he told the MUFON investigator. "There's no question that what they saw was the balloon I made. No question. I made the balloon because I'd been telling my wife about them and she'd never seen one before. So that night when she got home from work, I decided to show her."

It was cold, Heacock said, so he knew the balloon would rise fairly easily. "It got hung up in the trees a little bit, and that's when the helicopter came by," Heacock explained. "Then it went on and floated out of sight."

But Heacock insisted that he saw the police helicopter circle the object. Saw the helicopter shine the powerful spotlight on his balloon. "I didn't say anything about it to anybody because until it hit the paper, I didn't know anyone had noticed," he said. "It's a joke, really. I thought they knew what it was; I couldn't believe all the fuss that was made. It wasn't a UFO at all. It was just a homemade hot-air balloon."

Heacock and his wife live adjacent to the GE Appliance Park, right in the neighborhood where the UFO sighting took place. If what Heacock and his wife claim is true, then this UFO is quite possibly an IFO — an Identified Flying object.

Ah, but as is often the case, this episode isn't so easily dismissed. Both police officers say they're certain — convinced — that the object they saw wasn't a homemade balloon. They've been offered a chance to test their powers of observation — to witness a recreation of that night, using a homemade hot-air balloon as the ob-

ject to see if that was indeed what they saw. So far, they haven't said yes or no to such a recreation.

IN SUPPORT OF THE OFFICERS

- Speed. That's one aspect of the object's behavior which seems to contradict the "homemade balloon" explanation. How could a homemade hot-air balloon pass from the rear to the front of a Hughes helicopter flying straight and level at 120 knots? Rotor vortices? A violent prop wash? "That's the thing we can't figure out," said Downs. "We thought about what it could be and we don't see how our prop wash could have made a balloon do the things this thing did. No way."

- The rapid rise in altitude. Even with enough candles for a teenager's birthday cake, it's unlikely that a homemade balloon could make the rapid ascent from tree-top to 1,500 feet in the manner in which Graham and Downs described.

- The smaller fireballs. Both observers saw the fireballs, but neither of the other two officers on the ground saw them. And both airborne officers said the fireball projectiles shot out in front of the object as it traveled due north. In other words, if these smaller objects were remnants of the homemade balloon, burning then falling away, they would have fallen to the rear if the balloon was moving, or straight down if the balloon was rising softly in the cold February air.

"But these fireballs shot straight out in front of the object, in the same direction it was headed, then went down in a gentle curve before going out or disappearing," said Downs.

- The object in the helicopter spotlight. One would think that a 1.5 million candlepower light would allow officers to see a homemade hot-air balloon made with a laundry bag. But the light was of little help to Graham and Downs, they said.

- The credibility of the officers. Both men were reluctant to discuss the sighting. They probably wouldn't have discussed it publicly if a newspaper reporter hadn't heard other officers talking about it. Once it was in the paper, both Graham and Downs tried to the best of their ability to explain what they saw. "All we can tell anybody is what we saw," said Graham. "This did happen. This object did do the things we said. We don't know what it was and all we can say about it is all we've told you."

The officers have no reason to lie or attempt to deceive. And to suggest that they may have been mistaken about what they saw isn't meant to impugn their credibility or integrity. The officers are obviously telling the truth to the best of their abilities.

- The questionable credibility of the alleged balloon launchers.

Scott Heacock is described by officer Wendy Peters, the department's public information officer, as someone who has had frequent disagreements with the police. Peters, who lived in the same apartment complex as

the Heacocks—the Forsynthia Apartments on Barley Avenue near the GE complex—said Scott Heacock had two outstanding warrants for his arrest pending at the time of the alleged balloon launch. Peters didn't know, and later couldn't determine what the warrants were for, and Heacock said he was unaware there were any warrants with his name on them. The Heacocks, by the way, moved from the apartment complex within a matter of days after their hot-air balloon story was reported in the local newspaper and on TV.

- The lack of other witnesses to the balloon launch.

According to Heacock and his wife, they were the only witnesses to the balloon launch. "Hey, it was late. Nobody else was around," Heacock explained. "All I wanted to do was show her that it would work, that the balloons I'd been talking about really would fly. There's no great mystery to this."

CASE FOR THE HOT AIR BALLOON

- The size of the reported object. Both Graham and Downs said that, despite their distance from the object, anywhere from 100 feet to 500 feet or more, the object's size never changed. "It always looked exactly like a yellow-orange basketball," said Downs. "When we were close; when we were further away. It was always basketball-sized."

Veteran electronics expert and Ufologist Larry Baysinger said that, if the officers really were seeing a homemade hot-air balloon, then the constant-size phenomena may have an explanation: light diffusion. "The closer the observer to a low-intensity light source, the more the eye sees the source in its true size," Baysinger explained. "From a distance, the light would appear more diffuse, seem to emanate from a slightly larger area, especially if that light is being seen through a clear plastic film. So, it's possible that the size of the light would appear to stay the same despite changes in distance. Up to a point, of course."

- The object's maneuvers appeared to involve upward flight. At no time did the observers say the object changed altitude to go lower. However, both men in the helicopter maintained that the object flew parallel to their flight path, at a constant altitude. That's something a hot-air balloon probably could do for a time, given the nature of its hot-air source.

- The "fireballs." The three baseball-sized projectiles seen coming from the object could well have been debris burning and falling away from the laundry-bag balloon. But what about the fact that both men say the balls "shot out" in front of the object in the same direction in which it was headed?

Well, in the air and especially at night, it's difficult to tell when an object at the same altitude as yours is actually flying toward you or not moving at all. Both men say they are certain that the object was headed toward them when the fireballs came out. But veteran aviators have said that it is possible to be confounded by the ac-

tual path of a slowly moving object, such as a small hot-air balloon. If you're heading right toward it, and it's not moving very much, you may well think the stationary object is moving toward you.

- The Heacocks. Both say they made and launched the balloon. Both say they saw the helicopter shine its searchlight on it. Both say they're absolutely sure the UFO was in fact their homemade balloon.

WHAT DOES MUFON SAY?

Is it possible that the police officers actually saw a homemade hot-air balloon? Yes, it's certainly possible.

Is it probable?

We don't know. And until we either recreate the hot-air balloon and let the officers fly near it at night, or until another witness to the balloon launch and flight comes forward, we may never have an accurate answer.

This much is certain: Wild news reports of a UFO shooting at a police helicopter haven't done anyone any good. The police officers involved in the case are credible witnesses with nothing to gain from this story.

The Heacocks seem believable, too, though certainly less credible that the police officers, given Scott Heacock's police record and their sudden change of address. (Why'd they move? "Just wanted to," Scott Heacock said.)

Other observers who came forward after the news reports were of absolutely no help. Vague descriptions of lights in the sky, seen from a good distance and with little or no detail, only complicated the task of investigators.

So this one, like so many other incidents, is unexplained. But with a little luck and a little more work, perhaps it won't stay that way forever.

Mr. Rutherford Is MUFON's Kentucky State Director.

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A LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL

The principal figure in a controversial abduction case tells her side of the story in her own words.

By Linda Cortile

Five years ago, in 1988, I went into a bookstore to purchase Kitty Kelly's bestseller, *His Way: The Unauthorized Biography of Frank Sinatra*. That day, I also bought a book entitled *Intruders*, by Budd Hopkins. I glanced at the book's dust jacket which showed lights emanating from within a forest. I thought to myself that they must be lights from the garage of someone's home. The owner, perhaps, was searching for an intruder on his property. I purchased this very interesting-looking "mystery" novel.

That evening, I decided to read Hopkins' book first because it was smaller. So I sat comfortably in bed and began to read. I quickly realized, "Aw, Jeez! A book about UFO's!"

Much to my surprise, *Intruders* was scarier than any mystery I'd ever read. But it didn't scare me in the same way. No, the fear was *different*. And I neither liked nor understood my reaction. I stopped one page short of finishing Chapter I. A passage near the bottom of page 26 read: "...there is evidence that both Kathie and her son Tommy have had implants inserted near their brains, one through the nasal cavity..." At this point, I began to feel panicky. And I knew why.

In 1976, twelve years before I bought *Intruders*, I discovered a lump on the right side of my nose. I thought it might be a tumor and became frightened. I immediately made an appointment with one of the best medical specialists in town. This couldn't be happening to me, I thought! I'd just given birth to my first child (Stephen) and I was so very happy.

The doctor gave me good but curious news. "The lump is built-up cartilage, a surgical scar." My response was, "No, that's impossible. The only surgery I ever had was for the removal of an impacted wisdom tooth. Perhaps it was a fingernail scratch?" "No," he insisted. "It was a surgical scar caused by a scalpel." We could have debated all day, but I was just thankful for the good news. Still, I couldn't shake a very peculiar feeling everytime I looked into a mirror.

So here I was, more than a decade later, face-to-face — no, *nose-to-nose* — with a very disturbing passage in a "mystery" book. I spent all of 1988 debating with myself the reasons for and against trying to contact Budd Hopkins. It was the Spring of 1989 (April or May), when I mustered the courage to send him a letter through the publisher of his book. Much to my surprise, Hopkins telephoned me only a few days later. My emotional reactions were contrary to my intellectual views: I wasn't sure if I believed UFO's existed, much less Aliens. Little did I know

that I was going to learn a new fact of life, as baffling as the miracle of birth.

I envy those of you who can yet be skeptical. I no longer have that luxury of doubt. Skepticism is a healthy thing to possess. It's like glue, holding a person together. However, I haven't fallen apart, and I don't intend to.

You who wish to know more about the case will soon find out. When you do, please take it one step at a time. It's very complex and I want you to get the details right. A good way to start is not to fall for the adverse propoganda three Disinformants have been circulating. They've based their pronouncements on scant information, outdated particulars, rumors, lies, etc., then slanted them to try to make them sound believable. This wasn't simply an injustice to Budd, his colleagues and me. It was unfair to you as well. You have a right to know the truth as we know it. If you have a serious interest in the case, you can count on Budd Hopkins. He's *the* appointed researcher who has in his possession *all* the evidence, testimony and updated particulars on the case. As for me, I'd like for you to know and understand me, as much as I understand what you may be feeling as far as this case is concerned.

What has happened here is something that no one wants to believe is true, certainly not I. However, *it happened* and the implications are frightening. You know, at times I see "a light at the end of a tunnel." But then I feel afraid because it may be the headlight of an oncoming train. One of the reasons why I'm feeling this way is because all of this has mushroomed to the status of "The Linda Case," and as far as I'm concerned, it all happened in the blink of an eye. I don't know, I must've been elsewhere, deep in a stage of denial, when the years flew by and left me behind. Consequently, when investigations have been completed and the case has been fully presented, we're *all* going to draw our own conclusions anyway. In my opinion? This case will affect everyone outside and inside the UFO community.

My name is Linda Cortile. I was born and raised in New York City, to a middle-class American family. My parents were good parents who provided a strict, protective, but loving environment. My family has never been superstitious or interested in the supernatural, or in UFO's. The only non-secular aspect to our lives was our religious faith. As Roman Catholics, on occasion my Mom would have a priest bless our

home. I have a much-loved older sister who is herself a wife and mother. My heritage is Italian-Swiss. I am a patriotic Conservative Republican. I graduated from high school, then went to work as a secretary. When I was younger, I had a brief and enjoyable sideline as a singer.

At the age of 20 I lost my 22-year old husband-to-be, a Navy Seal, to the Viet Nam war, two months before we were to be married. His death triggered in me a five-year letter-writing campaign to hundreds of GI's who were receiving little or no mail. At the end of those five years, I married my husband Steve. Four years after that, my elder son Stephen was born. John, my younger son, was born seven years later.

I am not a contactee because I do not contact Aliens. I'm not special, nor do I have special gifts. I'm not a psychic, or a New Age person. And neither am I a showbiz person, or whatever has been rumored. I'm just "Linda." And because a number of independent witnesses claim to have seen me undergo an abduction by ... well ... a UFO and three little beings, I have been labeled an "abductee." Considering that their eyewitness accounts confirm mine under hypnosis and what I consciously saw in my room, then, Yes ... I am an abductee, one who has otherwise lived a nice average life. My world was my family and my home, until one early morning ... about 3:00 a.m. or so, November 30, 1989.

I prepared for bed as always. Steve was off from work and was already asleep. Mentally, as usual, I began to recite the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father, Who art in Heaven ..." when a peculiar feeling came over me. There was a strong presence in the room. Steve was snoring away, so it wasn't him. Perhaps one of my sons? I whispered, "Stephen? Johnny?" There was no answer. "OK, Kids! No TV tonight until you answer me!" Still, no answer.

I began to feel the familiar sensation of numbness that I'd felt periodically over my lifetime, creeping up slowly from my toes. Only this time, having known Budd and the abductees for some seven months, I knew what it meant. So, with eyes still closed, I reached over to my husband, yelled, and shook him a couple of times. He didn't respond. I knew that if I were to stand any chance of fighting this off, I had to open my eyes! I was so scared and at the same time, "Aw, Jeez! I felt like such a wimp!" But I couldn't help it. Well, I did open my eyes, and I looked straight ahead. I screamed holy terror and began to cry, because it was there, standing at the foot of my bed, staring at me! At this point, my legs were completely numbed. I knew it was now or never, so I sat up, dragging my heavy legs with me. I pulled up a large pillow from behind me and threw it. I hit him too! But immediately after that, my whole body went numb, except for my head. I felt remorse for what I'd done, because

I began to feel the familiar sensation of numbness that I'd felt periodically over my lifetime, creeping up slowly from my toes.

I thought that thing was going to get angry and take my children, or worse. I screamed out to Steve one last time, without a response, and then I cried like a little kid, "I'll be good! I'll be good!" My last fragmented memory was that of white fabric flowing up and over my eyes, and down again. Then, the vibration of something (perhaps little fists) pounding up and down my back.

My next conscious memory was of falling into my bed. In a panic, I ran to the childrens' room to check on them. I turned on the light, stood in the doorway, and watched them sleep. Something was wrong. It was *too* quiet. The boys were too still and I couldn't even hear my husband's snores from our bedroom. I moved a little closer to get a better look at the boys. It seemed as though they weren't breathing and my heart began to feel like it was going to jump out of my chest. I bent down and put my face close to theirs so as to feel a faint breath on my cheek. Nothing! The boys weren't breathing! "Oh, my God, they're dead! They've killed my whole family!" I blamed myself for having thrown that pillow.

In hysterics, I ran to the bathroom to get a small mirror to put under their noses. Tears blurred my vision, but finally, after two or three tries, I saw the faint but welcome mists of their breaths cloud the mirror. They were alive. By the time I reached Steve, he was snoring again. I've had bad days before, but this particular morning was the worst I've had in my life.

A few hours later, I called Budd to make arrangements with him to discuss what happened. And days later, he hypnotically regressed me; however, *I was conscious for what happened in my bedroom that morning.* I know what I saw, and no one can tell me I didn't see it!

Under hypnosis, I saw myself walking down the hallway from my bedroom to the livingroom. One being walked in front of me. Two more were behind. Somehow, they made me go. The next thing I saw was white fabric flowing up and over my eyes, and down again. I thought my nightgown went up over my head. (Months later, Hopkins found out that I was in a fetal position, which I was unaware of, even under hypnosis. My nightgown blanketed my knees, and my knees were in front of my eyes. That's why I saw white fabric.)

I was standing outside my window, twelve stories up, in mid-air, bathed in this treacherous bluish-white light. I was afraid I was going to fall and splatter on the pavement below! I couldn't move! I felt crushing pressure in my chest and in my tear ducts. It was hard

to breathe and my lips wouldn't move. So, although I cried out for help, it was only on the inside. My eyes felt like they were stuck in their sockets, so I could see only in one direction: the direction I was facing. I don't know what was in the light that made it do the terrible things it did, but that's how it felt standing in it.

What was left of my skepticism disintegrated, but I managed to hang on tightly to a hair of doubt. This strand of disbelief helped to strengthen me over the coming months to accept the reality of a phenomenon I could no longer deny. Most times, though, I wished for insanity. There's treatment for that! My compassion for other abductees has grown far and beyond what I thought I was capable of feeling. I finally understood. "Oh, my God! Can anyone help us?"

Fourteen months after the November, '89, incident, in February of 1991, Budd Hopkins telephoned. I may not remember it word-for-word, but it was a phone call I'd not soon forget:

BH: Hello, Linda? It's Budd Hopkins. I have something to tell you. Are you sitting down?

LC: I'm sitting down. Why?

BH: I've received a letter from two police officers named Richard and Dan. They said they've had a UFO sighting and witnessed an Alien abduction of a woman or a child, in late November, 1989, between 3:00 and 3:30 a.m. Your experience happened about 3:15 a.m., right?

LC: Yes ... and so ... [Secretly, I'd wondered who the other poor soul was that had an experience around the same time I had mine?]

BH: What they saw, happened in or around your area.

LC: My area? Are you sure?

BH: Linda, what's the name of the street your windows face?

LC: [I told Budd the name of the street. But by now, I was nervous.]

BH: Linda, it's your street! Their description of the incident matches yours! [Budd went on to explain what Richard and Dan saw and then he said] ... These guys remember which building and window she came out of. They used binoculars from a short distance (two blocks)! They're going to contact her! I think it was you they saw!

LC: Oh, no! Budd!

BH: Yes! I think it was you! I'll call you back later. O.K? I've gotta go!

After the initial shock we felt wore off a bit, Budd telephoned me later. He explained the "do's and don'ts" in a situation like this one. If in fact, I was the one they saw, they were going to contact me. Hopkins wanted to hear the confirmation with his own ears and he didn't want us to contaminate each other's information.

Dan continued asking me who I was and how I knew Hopkins. He even asked me if I was less than human, using the term "half-breed."

One evening in the latter part of February 1991, about two or three weeks after Budd's shocking phone call about Richard and Dan's letter, there was a loud knock at the door. I looked through the peephole and saw two large men standing outside. I asked who they were, and was shown a gold badge; the men were dressed in plain clothes, which led me to believe they were local police precinct detectives making their rounds again. On occasion, my neighbors and I have all been questioned about crimes that were committed outside our building complex, with the hope of finding witnesses.

I opened the door and invited them in. They both took long, hard looks at me, and (I didn't know his name at the time) Dan's jaw dropped. Then they introduced themselves to me as Richard and Dan. I felt my own face drop. I thought, "No...this has to be a coincidence." Then I heard myself ask, "You're not the same Richard and Dan Budd Hopkins told me about ... are you?" Their heads snapped back, and they replied, "Yes, we're the ones." My stomach? Well, it was on the floor. I felt as though I'd taken a ride down in an elevator from the top of the Empire State Building! My legs weakened too! Remember that hair of doubt I hung onto so tightly? Well, it snapped! *And down I went, splattering on the pavement below, after all!*

By now, Dan was seated on the sofa with his head in his hands, saying, "It's her, Rich! It's her!" Richard stood next to me, in the middle of the living room but in front of the sofa, staring at Dan with a worried look on his face. I was lost for words and their reactions made me cry. I didn't know how else to behave to tell you the truth. Not in my wildest dreams would I ever imagine that this could happen. Richard put his arms around me and I was glad because I needed comfort. When I looked up at him to acknowledge his consideration, I felt worse. This big, strong, tough-looking man was almost on the verge of tears.

Dan rose from the sofa and said to me, "What did you do? How did you levitate yourself outside this building?" It was how he said it, as if he held me responsible for what happened that November in 1989. Richard tried to calm Dan down. But Dan continued, asking me how I knew who they were and how I knew Hopkins. He even asked me if I were less than human, using the term "half-breed." Before I knew it, Richard stood between us trying to stop a shouting match which could've led to something much worse. It didn't take much effort to get me to calm down because I was more frightened than angry. I explained how I knew Budd. But they continued to question me,

My family life began to change for the worse. I was restless and lost my patience . . . But every explanation I came up with dissolved every time I thought about that creature I saw in my bedroom.

wanting to see the window I was floated out of. Each took his turn looking out the window. They insisted on knowing more about my experience, but I politely gave them an excuse why I couldn't talk about it. I urged them to call Budd, but they refused, continually. Finally, some 35-45 minutes after they'd arrived, they left. I peeked through the peephole and saw Dan display more disturbing behavior when he thought I wasn't looking. He took hold of Richard's lapels and began to shake him, saying, "Jesus Christ, Rich!" over and over.

I telephoned Budd and told him of Richard and Dan's visit. It didn't take long before we came to the realization that Budd and I were checked out long before they initially contacted Budd. Therefore, it was no big mystery to Richard and Dan that I'd survived the November '89 abduction before they paid me a visit.

During the following weeks my family life began to change for the worse. I was restless and lost my patience. I paid less attention to my family. I didn't feel like talking for days on end. I looked for excuses and explanations for what happened. But every explanation I came up with dissolved every time I thought about that creature I saw in my bedroom. There was no doubt that this case was taking its toll on our lives.

Between February and March, I met Richard two or three times more outside my home. I didn't give up on urging him to contact Budd. Instead, he sent an audiotaped message to Budd explaining what they saw that November '89 morning. But, in April of '91, Hopkins received another letter from Richard and Dan, one of the most important he was to receive at the time. Richard and Dan went into *more* of the "extenuating circumstances" for why they were so reluctant to come forward. There was a "Third Man" (an important political figure) in the car with them that morning. It was then that we understood that Richard and Dan were no ordinary law enforcement people. The complexity of the case began to grow, as did my fears.

Sometime in mid-April of '91, after I saw Johnny off on the school bus, I began to walk to the supermarket to buy apples I needed for a Swiss strudel I was going to bake. I met Richard on the way. We made some small talk and he asked me to go for a ride with him in his car. I refused, but he kept pressing the issue. When we finished our conversation, and said good-bye to each other, I stepped off the curb into the

street. But then, I was startled to feel a determined grip on my upper arm, pulling me back. He insisted I go for a ride and he added, "You can either go quietly, or kicking and screaming." Needless to say, I couldn't believe this was happening or understand why. I was left with the choice he gave me. So, I went with him, "kicking and screaming." Unfortunately, the left hook my father taught me when I was a little girl didn't help. So, in addition to the panic I felt, I was made to feel like a jackass when my left hook missed his face!

Passers-by? Yes! You can add insult to the above when I saw one eating a banana as he watched my struggle with Richard. Can you imagine that? Anyway, Richard finally got me to the car. "My God," I thought, "I wasn't going to see my family or friends ever again." As I gripped my fingers tightly onto the roof of the car, above the open back door, I lost my grip because Richard tickled me. He got me into the car without injury. Dan was seated in the driver's seat. They drove me around for about three hours, asking me questions ranging from "Who do you work for?" to "Will you please take off your shoes? We want to see your feet." It was the last straw when Richard grabbed at my socks because I didn't want to take them off. It was then that I hit him with a shoe I'd already removed!

Our behavior (especially Dan's) wasn't as passive as one would hope during some of the time. At one point Dan had to stop the car at a rest area because I'd made him so angry. He was going to pull me bodily from the back seat to the front seat with him. I thought he was going to beat me up! Of course, Richard intervened, but Dan continued! I'm not sure what stopped Dan, but I am certain that this frustrated anger was related to their fears. It was clearly emphasized in one particular question I was asked: "Do you think they [the occupants of the UFO] saw us?" How would I know? I didn't see them [Richard and Dan]; they were watching me!

The effect of this incident kept me homebound for most of the year. Friends pressured me to contact the authorities (see *MUFON Journal*, April issue, the article by Walt Andrus). *If rumors are true* about some of the actions that are taken against people to keep them quiet, why in the world would I risk that chance (if I were believed) by going head-to-head with any government agency? And if I wasn't believed, why would I want to make a fool out of myself? The government isn't exactly as open-minded as the UFO community! I love my country and my friends, but the buck stopped here. I was so scared I would've believed anything Richard and Dan told me.

Soon, my social life came to a halt. No one passed through my door outside of family and Budd Hopkins. My friends were afraid for me and for themselves. I was afraid to go out alone, and 90% of the time there was no one to go out with me. My husband worked nights and

slept days. His brothers worked days and slept nights. A friend I call "the Angel on my Shoulder" (he knows who he is) made it possible for me to leave my home for that 10% of the time. I'll never be able to thank him enough, or Budd, for having contacted him through the Intruders Foundation. But then, there were the *desperate* times when I went out alone, because I became very lonely and I was in dire need of a resolution to my problem!

Briefly, in May of '91, I was clipped by a car while running away from Richard. In October of '91, I was taken once again by Dan and brought to a summer home on the seashore, where Dan had a nervous collapse. I'll never ever forget that October day. In December of '91, during a Christmas shopping trip, I was terrorized (by who we believe to be Dan) in the South Street Seaport area of Manhattan. Two business men supposedly came to my aid. In February of '92, *after a local UFO researcher referred me to two Ex-military police officers for advice*, I met with them to ask for advice on my personal safety.

I felt hopeful because one of them was a self-proclaimed abductee I was briefly acquainted with, and the other was his friend. I had no one else to turn to, outside of the government authorities, which was what I was trying to avoid in the first place. Ex-MP's sounded good to me! Who could give me better advice? So, I met with them and they said they would help me. They ended up becoming two of the three, as I call them, Disinformants. So, I was lied to and betrayed. But it wasn't an ordinary betrayal. Their deception was conducted in a manner that all decent people would consider not only unprofessional, but "low class." They became obsessed with trying to prove that I hoaxed *all the evidence, the witnesses, and their testimony*, etc.

On a day in November of '91, at the urging of a very concerned family doctor, I had an X-ray taken of my nose. I was unable to stay and wait for the results. But eventually the doctor did call, and made arrangements for me to see the X-ray and discuss the findings. Did I say discuss? "Oh! God help me! *Is that thing really in my nose?*"

After the meeting with the doctor ended I telephoned a good friend named Frank to tell him about the X-ray I had in my possession. I was shaken up a bit. Together we went to Budd Hopkins' home. I didn't want to give this sort of news to Budd over the telephone. I had to show it to him! When we arrived, we found Budd excited about something else, but he wanted to hear what we had to tell him first. All I can say is that I'll never forget the expression on Budd's face when we showed it to him. However, the nose X-ray is another story, for another time.

Then Budd told us his news. Bingo! "The Woman on the Brooklyn Bridge," along with all the other cars that were up there with her! A double whammy in one

day! Budd read her letter to us, and showed us her drawings. I couldn't believe my eyes. It was the first time I'd ever seen the UFO, itself. I only saw, at the time of the incident, a bluish-white light and the object's underside. And what hit me like a ton of bricks was the stick figures she drew, representing the three occupants of the UFO and me. *Damn it!* It was such a weird feeling! I sat there looking at myself in a fetal position along with those *things*, elevated in the light that emanated from beneath the craft! After I got over the initial shock, I came to realize that the woman on the Brooklyn Bridge not only confirmed what Richard and Dan saw, but what I experienced consciously, and what I saw *under hypnosis!* Well, so much for the skeptics who feel hypnosis holds no weight! Remember that light at the end of the tunnel? Frank had to take me home, where I cried like a baby. My husband almost hit the ceiling from shock when I told him about the nose X-ray and the Woman on the Brooklyn Bridge.

From that day on, the number of witnesses, their testimony and other evidence began to multiply drastically. I never knew when a new witness was going to pop up! I even learned of one witness at a support group meeting. I sat there listening in total shock (along with about 20 others) to the testimony of a woman I'd never seen before. She went on to describe her experience and the November '89 object she saw from yet another point of view, by the East River, but further north. Her description matched or confirmed the details of the other witness accounts, right down to the month, year and even the *time*. Days later, *she gave Hopkins information that only Budd and I knew!* This witness turned out to be one of the nicest and most supportive persons I've ever met.

In later months, the Disinformants and the debunkers would hope to get people to believe that Richard and Dan were phantoms who only I saw. Naturally, and as usual, they didn't know (discounting my family) that there were even "verbal confrontations" with eyewitnesses during one of my run-ins with Richard and Dan. I have the testimony to prove it. You see, most of the evidence and testimony has been kept secret from everyone but a few *trusted* colleagues, UFO community leaders, experts and some friends. This was because of the sensitivity of the case, and a need to assure the anonymity of most of the participants and witnesses. The Disinformants and the debunkers were only able to circulate "messed up" information because they weren't invited to know more.

Before I knew it, Hopkins was bringing me to several doctors and other experts. The results proved valuable and added to the weight of the evidence. The reality of the case became more frighteningly undeniable.

Time passed. Within the UFO community bits and pieces of garbled versions of the case began to surface. People wanted to know what happened to "that woman in New York City," so Hopkins presented the case at the July, 1992, MUFON Symposium. I boarded an airplane for the first time in twenty years. I flew from New York to New Mexico, solely to hear Budd present the case. But before I knew it, I was up at the podium with him, answering questions. The people were wonderful, and helped me to feel at ease. For them, I would do it again, because they were worth it!

When we arrived back in New York, I couldn't believe what we would find waiting for us there, namely, the malicious attacks made by the three Disinformants—and they had invited Philip J. Klass to join in with them. They revealed my real name, placed my unlisted phone number, etc., on electronic bulletin boards (national and international), along with their science fictional propaganda against the case; they spoke of the case to employees at my husband's place of work; and proceeded to question the workers and management at my residence (their children go to school with my children). *They took from me what was most precious of all ... the safety and anonymity of my family and me.* They left us out there like "sitting ducks" for any crackpot to get at, and I'm worried about my children. Far be it from me, I'm certainly not a John Lennon, but I can't help thinking about what happened to him. Yes, sometimes I feel like I'm being stalked because of the strange mail I've been receiving. Someone has been photographing me behind my back, using special photography and sending them to me. People telephone me to describe what I was wearing and where I was that day. It's the electronic bulletin boards that are responsible for this. If you think the aforementioned is bad:

These three Disinformants not only sought to discredit Hopkins, his colleagues and me (to no avail!), but any leader within the UFO community who wouldn't follow their lead was accused of being conspirators and reported to government agencies along with Hopkins, Richard, Dan and me! "Real American," huh? I have relatives (as many of you do) who fought in wars to protect us from this kind of thinking! But, thanks to the false information these three Disinformants sent to the Justice Department, stating that Richard and Dan were U.S. Secret Service agents who had assaulted and attempted to murder me, I was summoned by the Secret Service for an interview. Budd came along and we weren't at all surprised to find them very courteous, professional and understanding. We had a friendly meeting, and I walked away wishing that I could've applied for employment there! In the end, I was told that I could refer any other government agencies that might summon me to them. *I also learned that government agencies don't like false reports from disinformants!* Especially after I told them of the tactics that were used against my children, my

They took from me what was most precious of all ... the safety and anonymity of my family and me. They left us out there like "sitting ducks" for any crackpot to get at.

husband and me by this trio. The Secret Service seemed worried about the results, more so than their tactics.

You must be wondering how I've managed to cope? I make myself angry. And the angrier I feel, the stronger I become. But this coping mechanism is *only temporary* and it isn't aimed at innocent people. It won't be long (because I know myself) before I go out there in the world to get my share of happiness. But first, I can't help but wonder: Who are these Disinformants? I know I've mentioned only two out of the three. So, never mind guessing at who's the "Third Man" — Who's the third Disinformant? And where does he come from? I've been asked this question before. But to tell you the truth, I don't know where he came from, or who he is! Maybe he's an Alien! I'm certain, though, he's the brains of the other two.

In the forefront, there are only three. A friend refers to them as "The Three Stooges." So, let's just call them Moe, Larry and — no, not Curly, he's too beloved — Shemp. Moe is the brains behind the other two who do all the rooting through the garbage, only to come up with ... *garbage!* Consequently, in the end, I *will* survive, and the truth *will* be known. I believe "What goes around, comes around." After all, these three Disinformants have only succeeded in discrediting themselves. And in the process, they took a couple of debunkers along with them for the ride. They had better buckle their seat belts, because that light at the end of the tunnel isn't my oncoming train. *It's theirs!*

Finally, my family and I want to thank the people of MUFON, International Director, Walter H. Andrus, Jr., specifically, for maintaining true scientific objectivity and refusing to rush into either a pro-or-con judgement of my case. We also want to thank NYC-MUFON, especially Sal Amendola, who has declared himself our friend for life, no matter what. Also, my newest friend, the terminally, objectively skeptical, but lovable Jack Greenfield. And Phil Lord, for his non-judgmental welcome.

Budd's colleagues and my friends ... you know who you all are ... we can't thank you enough for all your support. As for most of you out there, I'm strong in part because of you who have supported me and thickened my skin in the process. Those of you who have been objectively skeptical, please keep your fingers crossed! I want so much for the great stuff you possess to rub off on me! Thanks so much, and God Bless!

Linda Cortile is a pseudonym.

ABDUCTION NOTES

John Carpenter

EDUCATING MENTAL HEALTH PROFESSIONALS

A number of UFO researchers and MUFON investigators seem puzzled over the recent drive to elicit professional help from those working in the mental health field. "Abductees aren't crazy, so why do they need shrinks?"...or, "They may mean well to help, but they just don't know what they're doing in terms of UFO research!"...or, "They will keep precious data and not let us know what they are learning due to claims of confidentially protecting the client." ...or, "They will push us out of our research, claiming that we are not professionals and tell witnesses not to talk with us."

Okay, everybody take a nice deep breath ...and calm down. First of all, UFO investigators have plenty of work to do on their own. Secondly, very few mental health professionals have the time or desire to do all of the fieldwork and investigative follow-up that researchers have been accustomed to performing over many years. Thirdly, and of greatest importance, is the level of involvement and intensity to which UFO encounters have evolved. No longer are simple lights or objects in the sky the main concern. Detailed descriptions of UFO observations do not even begin to involve the human emotions in the same manner as do peculiar periods of amnesia, insomnia, odd and unprecedented dream images, and anxieties allegedly connected with actual contact with UFO crews.

Any occasion or event which disturbs human emotions and the regular mental processes of coping is going to fall under a need for professional assessment and guidance. This *does not mean* that the witness is mentally ill. Any disturbance in an individual's normal coping process may be helped more effectively and efficiently through some form of professional intervention. Post Traumatic Stress Disorders are an excellent demonstration of this disturbance in an individual's everyday routine which overwhelms and derails their usual methods of coping.

It is true that most mental health professionals do not have an in-depth comprehension of ufology's most pressing questions or research needs. Of course these would be secondary to treating the individual's needs and symptoms, anyway. But in treating the UFO abductee the mental health professional is naturally going to hear much UFO data: unavoidably, he or she will become a container for this unusual information. Many UFO researchers have likewise found themselves consoling upset and confused persons without really desiring to be thrown into a counseling role. At this point in

time it seems that both roles need each other in the infancy phase of this emerging exploration of a new frontier of experiences.

The mental health professional should confidentially manage the emotional issues while the UFO researcher helps to comprehend and correlate the content of the experiences. The professional is ultimately in charge of the person's well-being, progress, comfort, and rate of exploration. The researcher can help educate the professional as to data patterns and key questions that may actually unlock further emotional needs. The mental health professional suggests what is most helpful for the person at all times.

Confidentiality is very important and overrides any desires of any other MUFON personnel who feel they want to watch or ask questions in addition to the principal investigator. Investigators must remember that they are "guests" who have been allowed to observe a private and personal therapeutic session *only at the invitation and comfort level* of the subject. The subject ultimately determines who is present and what is allowed to happen in terms of recording, videotaping, or stating a preference for name-changes or anonymity. The confidential rights of the individual override any interpretation of MUFON policy about record-keeping or public reporting. The subject's investigator is a "silent partner" in that he does not verbalize questions during hypnosis but writes his thoughts and ideas down on paper for the hypnotist to see and consider using. Both roles must be played by serious, responsible, sensitive, and non-judgmental persons. The researcher can learn much about the human condition and the depth of the emotional realm within human beings from such professional participation.

But a much greater problem now exists. There are thousands of confused and curious citizens who are quietly asking for help. They are unknowingly overwhelming researchers with many questions and needs that should include this necessary participation of mental health professionals. The problem is that very few mental health professionals have become actively involved. There are many who are curious and even sit in on sessions, but they keep hesitating to jump into active duty due to personal fears and professional insecurities.

Two concerned men with financial means to create new research projects made a commitment at the National Conference on Anomalous Experiences held at Temple University in January of 1991. They decided that one must first obtain a reasonable and realistic appraisal of the incidence of such a phenomenon in the United States — somehow! This was accomplished to some extent by their acquisition of the Roper organization to conduct an extensive series of face-to-face interviews with roughly 2000 persons on each of three occasions. These nearly 6000 individuals responded to carefully-

worded questions about unusual personal experiences. The Roper organization's professional results — with a stated possible error of only one percent — suggest that as many as 3.7 million adult Americans may have experienced a UFO abduction experience. However, this still is only a rough idea of the incidence of this implied problem.

There are those who truly believe that they have had abductions but have never been interviewed, investigated, or hypnotized. They will still fall into the "believers" category during such a survey. Then there are those who will deny such occurrences in their lives despite much suggestive evidence to the contrary. They will quickly say "no" to many of the polling questions because of the emotional need to keep these private concerns concealed. This attitude is initially quite common among those participants who fear an insanity label might attach itself to their foreheads were they to talk candidly. Even if the Roper survey were to have a 50% error statistically, then we are still estimating close to two million abduction encounters (which does not include children)!

Another interesting component of these surveys was the statistical significance of the responses from the subgroup labeled "Political Social Actives". This group is comprised of persons who tend to be trendsetters and leaders because they are more assertive, outspoken, highly educated, and active or involved in community events. If UFO's were a worthless topic with no substance, this group would be more likely to candidly state it. But this subgroup *reported a higher incidence of odd occurrences for every significant question*. Was this subgroup just more willing to report honestly while other groups might actually be under-reporting?

A booklet entitled *Unusual Personal Experiences* was created to include these findings, along with commentaries by Dr. John Mack, Dr. David Jacobs, Dr. Ron Westrum, Budd Hopkins, and myself. These remarks were geared toward introducing the subject of UFO abductions in an intelligent fashion to mental health professionals. Nearly 100,000 of these 60-page booklets were mailed in May of 1992 to psychiatrists, psychologists, and clinical social workers nationwide in hopes of educating and attracting more help for those who await some kind of relief or answer to their nagging, puzzling feelings. Approximately 1000 professionals did respond with an interest to learn more and possibly help. Detachable postcards from the booklets enabled them to register for notification of *free* educational workshops that would be held at a variety of locations around the United States. Successful workshops with an average of 100 professionals in attendance have already been presented in New York City (July 1992), Los Angeles (November 1992), and Atlanta (March 1993).

Some of these same professionals began writing to those of us who provided commentaries in the booklet. Remarks were complementary, supportive, encouraging, and even thankful. Some respondents were already inquiring about treatment strategies. One psychologist called me long-distance from Virginia in-between therapy hours when he suddenly recognized the symptomology described in the booklet. He had tried to fit his client into a category of Multiple Personality Disorder, but it just was not satisfactory. Though she had never claimed any contact with UFO's or aliens, she had been describing precise details under hypnosis of abduction scenarios from her mysterious periods of amnesia. He now realized what he might be uncovering and asked many sincere and necessary questions. It was a clear indication of how a little education from one booklet could prove helpful to those already seeking help but possibly misdiagnosed.

Despite all these efforts the "buyer must still beware" because we have no control over what motivates a professional to get involved. We cannot vouch for their skills or lack thereof. We cannot guarantee sensitivity or non-judgmental attitudes. We know that a variety of personalities exist behind all of those fine degrees. Ultimately it still rests with the abductee to decide what is best for each of them. Eventually the network of trustworthy helpers will have expanded with increasing communication and perhaps standardization of procedures. We will have to keep trudging ahead ... patiently.

(Next: "Still More Explanations For How Abductions Cannot Exist!")

Mr. Carpenter is MUFON's Director of Abduction Research. He can be contacted in writing at 4033 S. Belvedere Ct., Springfield, MO 65807.

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CURRENT CASES

Donald M. Ware

■ **Log #930305E:** November 19, 1992, at 6:30 a.m. a silver flying saucer hovered three feet above the road in front of two General Electric employees near Moscow, ME; investigator, Arnold Dunning. They were on their way to work at an over-the-horizon radar site when it flew in rapidly and blocked their path. They stopped 12 feet from it. It was 25-30 feet in diameter and 15 feet high with green lights around the edge. After 20 seconds, it just disappeared. A hunter nearby also reported seeing a strange light in the sky at that time.

■ **Log #930309E:** In the fall of 1988, a 42-year-old man saw balls of light a few inches in diameter several times near Delaware City, DE that sometimes appeared to react to him; investigator, Hugh B. Horning. One amber ball followed a C-130. Three amber balls, side-by-side, followed a white ball. One ball stopped over his truck and blinked on and off. Then a white ball about 200-300 feet away traced the outline of a tree that was 50 feet away. This was only meaningful from his position. In September, 1988, in the same area, he saw two aluminum-colored disks, tilted about 20° up, cross 90° of sky in about ten seconds. They each appeared 1/2 inch wide at arm's length. One night in October 1988, from his third-floor window, he saw a flat oval of white and yellow/gold light, perhaps 400 feet long and 100 feet high, move slowly down a canal and disappear, as if passing behind an unseen object. He drove down there, but there were no ships in sight. In early November at 3:00 p.m., from the same location, he saw a flat, charcoal-gray, circular craft (like a giant tire on its side with dark hub caps) slightly wobbling about 100 feet above the water half a mile away. It appeared about 3 inches in diameter and 1/2 to 3/4-inch thick at arm's length. After about 15 seconds, the object faded out "like a picture on a TV going to static and then going off."

■ **Log #930302E:** On March 19, 1959 at 1 a.m., a 23-year-old seminary student had four hours of missing time after encountering a Saturn-shaped UFO at Our Lady of Grace Monastery in Colebrook, NH; investigator, Morton Schafer. The silvery object drew near and retreated from him and his now-deceased brother three times. They could see lighted windows around the lower portion and blinking red, yellow and green lights on the outer rim. It was as large as a baseball diamond, and emitted a low hum like bees flying. In 1992, during four taped sessions, the following events were remembered. The craft landed on three legs as all surrounding noises ceased. Onboard, they were told not to be frightened and instructed to remove their clothing. They saw four humanoids who used telepathy to communicate.

The six-foot-tall leader was much larger than the others. An examination involved intrusion into all of the body openings with special attention to the mouth and throat. Semen was extracted by syringe and wands that were guided over their bodies. He was given a green liquid to drink. He felt some G forces. They arrived at a "mother ship" where many other UFOs were seen to come and go. Further tests were performed. Other humans were there. The host demonstrated how they absorbed a paste-like food through their skin. The beings smelled like moist soil. They were asked not to tell others about their experience. When they did they were met with ridicule. There was evidence of a strange clear substance flaking off their bodies the next day, and body temperature seemed to be increased. There were also signs of other encounters before and after that day.

■ **Log #930403E:** About September 23, 1962 at 10 p.m., a 26-year-old seminary student, while driving on Hwy. 3 near Old Man of the Mountain, NH, had two hours of missing time involving the same UFO he encountered 3 and 1/2 years earlier; investigator, Mort Schafer. When he got out of his truck a blue shaft of light reached the ground in front of him. Without hesitation, he entered the beam and was elevated into the craft. Three aliens greeted him with outstretched hands. The same "old man" he met in 1959 was in control. A description of controls was given. He observed two entities go down a blue beam to another car that was stopped, and the occupants taken to separate rooms. After an examination they were escorted back to their car and immediately drove on. He was told that noise in the vicinity was in an altered state of suspension, and even time was altered. He was taken to a larger UFO as before, where he saw hundreds of aliens of different age groups, but no babies. He was told their primary needs are our minds, spirit and soul. They could produce bodies, but not souls. After leaving the mothership, his next recollection was of arriving at Lancaster, NH in his truck. This is 45 miles from where he was picked up.

■ **Log #930406E:** On May 19, 1992 at about 3 a.m., a 28-year-old machinist and his wife observed from their living room window a ball of yellowish-white light move through their neighborhood in Londondary, NH; investigator, Ken Foster. It came from the left across the backyards of the houses across the street, dropped below the treetops in a zig-zag pattern and moved off to the right through the trees. On June 5, 1992 they saw a similar ball of light rise vertically from behind the same trees, go left, then right, stop, right then left and finally move out of sight. The day before this sighting at 4:15 a.m. the husband said he saw, in the same area, a 40-foot-long rectangular object with a vertical protrusion, a red light across the bottom, and a red and a blue spot glowing on the side. A low hum was heard. After about 10 seconds it went behind the trees.



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EXTRATERRESTRIAL INFORMATION EXCHANGE: ET. I. EX is now offering memberships to its national ET research organization. Three levels of membership. ET. I. EX. links people and information through our computer database. Level 3 membership is a complete package for people wanting to conduct research. Newsletter (The Visitor). ET. I. EX. 86 Jubilee Drive, Plantsville, CT 06479. Phone & Fax: (203) 621-4685.

XLNT RESOURCE: In-dept videos on UFOs, crop formations, abductions, underground bases, genetic engineering, alien bases on the moon. Budd Hopkins, John Mack, Bruce Maccabee, Bill Hamilton, John Lear, Linda Howe, Michael Lindemann, Richard Hoagland, Stanton Friedman \$3 for catalog to UGV, Box 527, Dept. M, Beverly Hills, CA 90213-0527.

NEW VIDEO — ARE WE ALONE? Based on Zacharia Sitchin's "Genesis Revisited." Remarkable evidence of ancient earth civilizations' contact with extraterrestrial. See flying vehicles in ancient history, a mysterious UFO which destroyed a Soviet Mars probe. 60 minutes. \$39.95 + \$5 s&h. Underground Video, Box 527, Dept. M, Beverly Hills, CA 90213-0527.

READERS' CLASSIFIEDS: To place your own personal ad in this section simply enclose a check for \$15 for each issue of the *Journal* in which you wish it to appear. Limit 50 words, please. Acceptance is at the discretion of the editors and in no way implies endorsement by the Mutual UFO Network, its Board of Directors or the *Journal*. Send sample, ad copy and check or money order (payable to MUFON) to Dennis Stacy, Box 12434, San Antonio, TX 78212.

The NIGHT SKY

Walter N. Webb

JULY 1993

• Bright Planets (Evening Sky):

Mars (magnitude 1.6), in Leo, begins to overtake its much larger and brighter neighbor Jupiter (-1.9), in Virgo, during the month. The red planet can be found low in the W at dusk, setting about 10:30 PM (mid-July). The gas giant stands higher in the SW, setting in the W about an hour later. The lunar crescent passes below Mars on the 22nd and below Jupiter on the 23rd and 24th.

Saturn (0.5), in Aquarius, rises in the ESE about 10 PM in midmonth. It advances across the southern sky during the night.

• Bright Planets (Morning Sky):

Venus (-4.1) rises in the ENE about 2:30 AM and lies low in the E at dawn. While the stars are still visible in midmorning, watch the brilliant planet move through Taurus. On July 5 Venus is below the Pleiades cluster. From the 14th through 17th, the crescent Moon approaches and passes the planet which is near the orange star Aldebaran and the V-shaped Hyades cluster.

Saturn can be seen in the S at dawn.

• Meteor Shower:

The July Aquarid meteors, observable from mid-July to mid-August, peak on the morning of July 28 at a rate of about 20 per hour. Wait until after 1 AM when the bright gibbous Moon disappears. Look for yellowish streaks with long paths emanating from Aquarius in the southern sky.

• Moon Phases:

Full moon—July 3



Last quarter—July 11



New moon—July 19



First quarter—July 25



• The Stars:

The summer constellations are well established now. After dark the Summer Triangle nears the zenith. Hercules kneels upside down on the head of Draco the Dragon, whose string of faint stars curves like a giant distorted "S" across the northern sky. Another serpentine character, Serpens, is carried by Ophiuchus (who is shaped more like an Arabian tent). And below Ophiuchus Scorpius seeks to escape the arrow of the centaur Sagittarius (who appears like a teapot).

Besides the usual great telescopic targets in Sagittarius (nebulae and star clusters), two additional ones should be noted. On July 11 and 12 the faint distant planets Uranus and Neptune reach opposition only 11 hours apart (point opposite the Sun). The two objects are only 1.2° apart. For the only time during our lifetimes, the two planets will be visible in the same medium-power telescope field. Brighter Uranus (magnitude 5.6) is located at RA 19h 28m, Dec -22° 23' (1993) 3/4° below a star of matching brightness (View inverted in a telescope). Neptune (7.9) is 1/2° above the star. Although both planets may be visible in binoculars as well if the sky is very dark, appropriate star charts will be necessary in order to find this dim pair.

CALENDAR

UFO CONFERENCES FOR 1993

June 24, 25 & 26 — 14th Rocky Mountain Conference on UFO Investigation, University of Wyoming, Laramie, WY. For further information call (307) 766-2124 or 1-800-448-7801, FAX (307) 766-3914.

July 2, 3, & 4 — MUFON 1993 International UFO Symposium at Hyatt Richmond Hotel, Richmond, Virginia. For information please contact Mark E. Blashak, P.O. Box 207, Manakin-Sabot, VA 23103.

July 24 & 25 — The Seventh International UFO Congress sponsored by BUFORA, University of Bristol; School of Chemistry, Cantocks Close, Bristol, England. For further information contact BUFORA Congress, The Leys, Suite 1, 2c Leyton Road, Harpenden, Herts, AL5 2TL, England.

July 26 - August 2 — Third Earth Conference at the Crop Circles and Stonehenge, England. For information telephone 1-800-234-8687 outside California and (714) 497-5138 within California.

August 1-5 — Ancient Astronaut Society 20th Anniversary World Conference, Imperial Palace, Las Vegas, Nevada. To register contact Ancient Astronaut Society, 1921 St. Johns Ave., Highland Park, IL 60035-3105 or call (708) 295-8899.

August 14 & 15 — International UFO Conference, "UFOs: Fact, Fraud or Fantasy," Sheffield Polytechnic, Main Building on Pond Street in Sheffield, So. Yorkshire, England. For information please contact Independent UFO Network, 1 Woodhall Drive, Batley, West Yorkshire, England WF17 7SW.

September 11 & 12 — Third Annual New Hampshire MUFON Conference, Yokens Convention Center, Route 1, Portsmouth, NH. For information write to NH-MUFON P.O. Box 453, Rye, NH 03870 or call (603) 436-9283 or (603) 673-3829.

September 17-19 — Midwest Conference on UFO Research, Springfield, MO. For information call (417) 882-6847.

October 9-10 — The UFO Experience, Holiday Inn, North Haven, Connecticut. For information contact John White, Omega Communications, P. O. Box 2051, Cheshire, CT 06410.

October 15, 16 & 17 — National UFO Conference, Days Inn in Bordentown, New Jersey, just off Exit #7 of the New Jersey Turnpike. For further information write to Pat Marcattilio at 138 Redfern St., Trenton, NJ 08610.

October 22-24 — Gulf Breeze UFO Conference, Clarion Suites Convention Center, Pensacola Beach, Florida. INFO: Call Vicki Lyons at (904) 432-8888 or write P. O. Box 730, Gulf Breeze, Florida 32562.

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MUFON 1993 INTERNATIONAL UFO SYMPOSIUM

SPEAKING PROGRAM

SATURDAY, JULY 3 MORNING SESSION		SUNDAY, JULY 4 MORNING SESSION	
9:00 a.m.	Welcome to Richmond.....Mark E. Blashak Symposium Chairman, Virginia State Director	8:30 p.m.	"Invisibility and the UFO Abduction Phenomenon".....Budd Hopkins Author, Artist and Abduction Researcher New York, New York
9:05 a.m.	Introduction, Master of Ceremonies.....Don W. Lovett	9:30 p.m.	Question and Answer Panel, Composed of All Speakers..... Moderator, Walter Andrus
9:10 a.m.	Greetings from the Mutual UFO Network.....Walter H. Andrus, Jr. International Director, Seguin, Texas	9:00 a.m.	"UFO Sightings and Research in Modern China"..... Hoang-Yung Chiang, Ph.D., MUFON Representative for Taiwan and Chairman of the UFO Research Association of Taiwan, Taipei, Taiwan
9:10 a.m.	"Abductions in Africa-Worldwide Similarities".....Cynthia Hind Author and Continental Coordinator for Africa Harare, Zimbabwe	10:00 a.m.	"The Astounding UFO Experience in Puerto Rico".....Jorge Martin MUFON State Director for Puerto Rico and Editor of ENIGMA Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico
10:00 a.m.	"The UFO Abduction Phenomenon: What Might It Mean for the Human Future?".....John E. Mack, M.D., Psychiatrist and MUFON Director, Chestnut Hill, MA	11:00 a.m.	"The Signs of Change Are Real".....Colin Andrews, Crop Circles Researcher, Circles Phenomenon Research-USA, Branford, Connecticut
11:00 a.m.	"The Most Significant UFO Sightings in Germany".....Dipl. Phys. Illobrand von Ludwiger, MUFON-CES Coordinator, Feldkirchen-Westerham, Germany	12:00 noon	LUNCH (Place of your choice)
12:00 noon	LUNCH (place of your choice)	1:30 p.m.	"Area 51, Bob Lazar and Disinformation-A Reevaluation"..... George Knapp, UFO Documentary Producer for TV and Researcher Las Vegas, Nevada
AFTERNOON SESSION		AFTERNOON SESSION	
1:30 p.m.	"Truck Driver Injured by UFO: The Eddie Doyle Webb Case"..... John F. Schuessler, M.S., MUFON Deputy Director, Administration, Houston, Texas	2:30 p.m.	"Moving Lights, Disks and Animal Mutilations in Alabama"..... Linda M. Howe, M.A., TV Documentary Producer, Author and MUFON Director, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania
2:30 p.m.	"Spanish Airforce UFO Files: The Secret's End"..... Vicente-Juan Ballester Olmos, MUFON Representative for Spain, and Author, Valencia, Spain	3:30 p.m.	COFFEE OR COKE BREAK
3:30 p.m.	COFFEE OR COKE BREAK	4:00 p.m.	Question and Answer Panel, Composed of All Speakers..... Moderator, Walter Andrus
4:00 p.m.	"Videoanalysis".....Jeffrey W. Sainio, MUFON Wisconsin State Director and Staff Photoanalyst, Hartland, Wisconsin	5:30 p.m.	Invitation to MUFON 1994 International UFO Symposium in Austin, Texas. Hosted by Texas MUFON.....Ellen R. Stuart
5:00 p.m.	DINNER (place of your choice)	5:35 p.m.	Adjournment.....Mark E. Blashak Chairman, MUFON 1993 Symposium
EVENING SESSION			
7:30 p.m.	"Detection and Analysis of Aerial Phenomenon".....Wesley E. Ellison MUFON Staff for Instrumentation, Baldwin City, Kansas		

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their colleagues select for having made the most outstanding contribution to the advancement of the UFO phenomenon during the past five years. The distinguished recipient will be presented with an engraved plaque and monetary award from MUFON. Candidates may live anywhere in the world and do not have to be members of the Mutual UFO Network to be nominated for this prestigious award.

The logistics of nominating and voting for candidates worldwide requires adequate time for the *Journal* to arrive at the far corners of our planet, thus a revised time schedule has been adopted. Please submit the name of your candidate with a paragraph elaborating upon his/ her accomplishments to warrant receiving this recognition. All nominations must be received in Seguin, Texas by September 1, 1993. It is recommended that members in foreign countries use airmail for their nominations. This is an opportunity to express your appreciation and a personal thank-you to the person you so highly regard for their ufological accomplishments. Please submit your nominations promptly so that a list of candidates may be published in the September 1993 issue of the *Journal*. A postcard or letter election will ensue with the winner being announced in the December 1993 issue.

1993 NATIONAL UFO INFORMATION WEEK

Virginia M. Tilly, Director of Public Education, has announced that the 1993 National UFO Information Week has been scheduled for August 14 through 22, 1993.

Recognizing that considerable work is required to build photo exhibits for display purposes, now is the time to start planning local activities for shopping malls, public libraries, etc., for this year. To obtain space in shopping malls requires advance notice and reservations. Popular exhibits are closed-circuit UFO video programs, UFO information hand-outs, and a table to interview people reporting UFO experiences.

MUFON HAS NEW FAX NUMBER

Worldwide communications will improve immensely with the installation of a dedicated telephone line to our FAX machine number (210) 372-9439. An additional telephone line has also been added in our MUFON office in Seguin, Texas to handle not only the increasing number of incoming calls, but to provide an open line for calling out. Please record the above FAX number for your convenience.

CALENDAR - Continued from Page 22

November 13 — The Second Delaware UFO Symposium: 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. at Copeland Lecture Hall, Winterthur Museum and Gardens, suburb of Wilmington, DE. For reservations call (302) 328-3804 or (302) 737-6127.

November 26 - December 5 — Third International UFO Congress, Film Festival and "EBE Awards." Las Vegas Showboat Hotel Convention Center (Nevada). For further information write to Robert Brown, 4266 Broadway, Oakland, CA 94611 or call (510) 428-0202.

DIRECTOR'S MESSAGE

Walter Andrus

NEWS FROM AROUND THE NETWORK

NEW OFFICERS

Former Assistant State Director, **Jorge Martin**, has been promoted to Puerto Rico State Director and **Edwin Velazquez**, assigned to Assistant State Director, both living in Rio Piedras. **Michael Brein**, Ph.D. has appointed **Richard J. Dickison** Major, USAF, to be his Assistant State Director for Hawaii. Major Dickison has been a member of MUFON since 1986. New Jersey State Director, **George A. Filer, III**, has selected three new state section directors: **John D. Pizzo**, B.S. (Vineland) for Cumberland County; **Stephen M. Rulli**, B.A. (West Creek) for Ocean County; and **Richard D. Butler** (Mays Landing) for Atlantic County.

Other new State Section Directors upgraded this past month were **William K. Senter**, B.A. (Hillsborough, NC) for Orange, Catareer, Craven, Duplin, Durham, Greene, Johnston, Sampson, Jones, Lenoir, Onslow, Pamlico, Pender, Wake, and Wayne Counties; **David M. Norris** (Norcross, GA) for Gwinnett, DeKalb, Walton, and Rockdale Counties; **Timothy A. Landrith** (Davis Creek, CA) for Modoc County; and **Edward C. Wolff**, B.S. (Pompano Beach, FL) for Broward County. Mr. Norris is the editor of the new monthly magazine *UFO Encounters* and Mr. Wolff is also amateur radio operator N4G0Z.

CONSULTANTS AND RESEARCH SPECIALISTS

New Consultants volunteering their expertise this past month were **Dixie Lee Sullivan**, Ph.D. (Rolling Hills Estates, CA) in Clinical Psychology; **Richard H. Thornes**, Ph.D. (Lansing, MI) for Psychology; **Roger M. Santilli**, Ph.D. (Palm Harbor, FL) in Theoretical Physics; and **Eve H. Gordon**, M.D. (Tarzana, CA) in Medicine. Three new Consultants in Law are **Steven Vernier**, J.D. (Warren, MI); **Clinton E. Miller**, J.D. (San Jose, CA); and **J. Glen Harper**, J.D. (Anchorage, AK).

New Research Specialists are Miss **Dale Robin Blumenthal**, M.S. (New York, NY) in Biology, joining MUFON in 1979; **Eugene R. Cuthbertson, Jr.**, M.A. (Anaheim, CA) in History; **Beth A. O'Neal**, M.A. (Austin, TX) in Psychology and Psychotherapist; and **Reba B. Bryant**, M.S. (Brentwood, TN) in Counseling. **D. Elizabeth Chavez** (Doraville, GA) volunteered as a translator for Danish and Norwegian.

MUFON 1993 SYMPOSIUM

The theme for the MUFON 1993 International UFO Symposium is "UFOLOGY: The Emergence of a New Science." Hosted by Virginia MUFON, the symposium

will take place the weekend of July 2, 3 and 4, 1993, at the Hyatt Richmond Hotel, 6624 West Broad Street, Richmond, VA 23230. The speaking program is listed in this issue of the *Journal*.

Three-hundred and fifty rooms have been blocked for July 2 and 3 at the Hyatt Richmond Hotel for attendees at a special rate of \$62 per night for single, double, triple or quad occupancy by calling the reservation desk at (804) 285-1234 or FAX (804) 288-3961 and advising the desk that you are attending the MUFON 1993 UFO Symposium. A limited number of rooms have been reserved for July 1, 4 and 5 for those arriving early or staying over for a few days at the same rate.

Other important events scheduled for Friday, July 2, will be the annual State/Provincial Director's meeting from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., a press conference from 1 to 3 p.m., and everyone is invited to the Reception from 6 to 9 p.m. Reservations must be made for the reception, which will feature a light buffet with a cash bar for \$10 per person. This is a grand opportunity to not only meet the speakers but to converse with your colleagues in ufology. When you are making your advance registrations please indicate if you will be attending the reception and include the admission price.

All Assistant State/Provincial Directors, Continental Coordinators, National Directors and Foreign Representatives are cordially invited to attend the State/Provincial Director's Meeting on July 2. The MUFON Annual Corporate Board of Director's Meeting will be held Sunday morning, July 4 from 9 a.m. to 12 noon.

Since the speakers will be videotaped under contract, no video cameras will be permitted inside the auditorium. Still cameras are authorized, but no flash photos will be allowed.

Advance registrations may be obtained before June 1, 1993, by mailing a check or money order for \$45 per person payable to "MUFON 1993 UFO Symposium" to the following address: Virginia MUFON, P. O. Box 207, Manakin-Sabot, VA 23103. After June 1st, the registration fee will be \$50 or \$10 per session.

If you are interested in having an exhibit or a sales table of directly related UFO material at the symposium, please write to the above address for an application form. (New Age paraphernalia will not be permitted.)

Mark E. Blashak, Host Chairman, has announced that a break-out room will be available for special meetings on July 2, 3 and 4 during the symposium. Anyone desiring to schedule a meeting for state members, committees or specialists should contact **Lisa Blashak** at (804) 784-2305 for reservations and time schedule.

MUFON ANNUAL AWARD

Each year MUFON honors a person in Ufology who

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