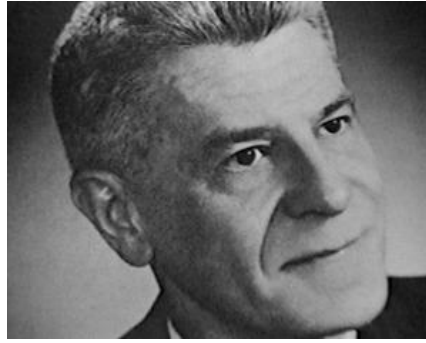
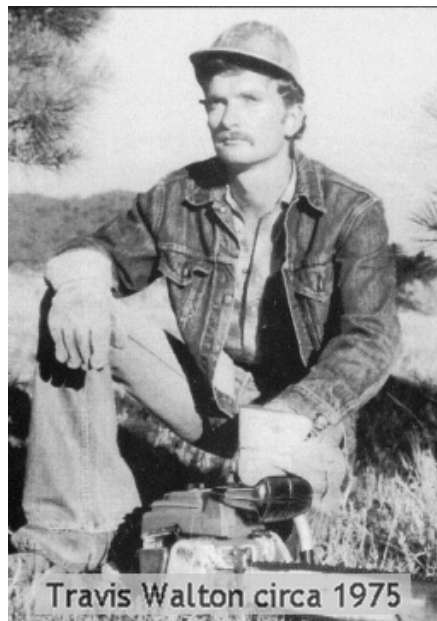


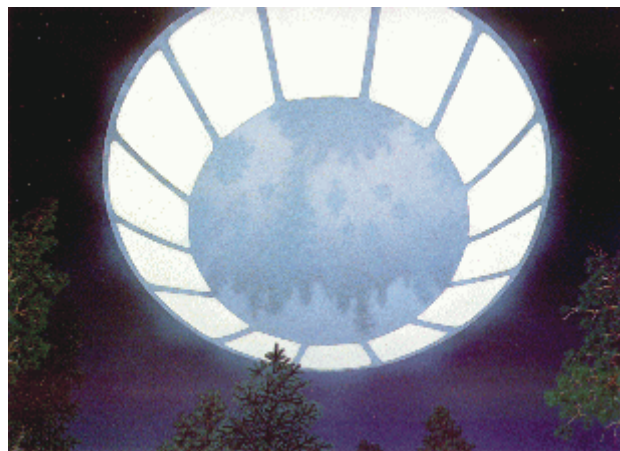
Wilbert Smith



Travis Walton



& Some Notes on UFO / ET Disclosure

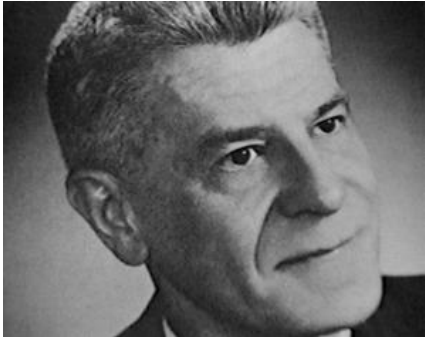


www.disclosureproject.org

www.travis-walton.com

www.presidentialufo.com/wilbert-smith-articles

Wilbert B Smith - from Sceptic to Contactee



Wilbert Brockhouse Smith (1910-62)
Canadian Radio Engineer and Ufologist

Wilbert Brockhouse Smith is not a name which normally comes to mind for most people when they are discussing the evidence pertaining to UFO's and extra-terrestrial intelligence. Indeed, most people tend to confuse Wilbert Smith with Wilbur Smith - the author of numerous historical fiction novels. Wilbert Brockhouse Smith was himself a writer, though his main work "A New Science" was never finished nor widely published.

Wilbert Smith was a rare individual indeed – naturally inquisitive, kind-hearted, methodical, analytical, thorough, resourceful - yet open-minded. Some of his writings read like those of a spiritual leader, whilst remaining grounded, straightforward and accessible. Unusually, for someone like Smith, through the

1940's and 1950's, he rose to a high position in the Canadian Government and eventually became the Superintendent of Radio Regulations. In 1950, his interest in "flying saucers" (as they were called then) was triggered by a magazine article and he began to investigate "saucer" cases himself, developing questionnaires for witnesses and contactees. He was a contemporary of people such as Major Donald Keyhoe, George Adamski and the legendary Frank Edwards, who all played a significant role in developing our knowledge of "The Boys Topside", as Wilbert Smith came to call them.

Smith took his research very seriously and he realised and expressed the implications of what he discovered. He made repeated and strenuous efforts to obtain the support of the Canadian Government in specific research projects that he and a small team of associates undertook. These projects were not without success, although in later years, government officials disavowed their involvement with them and withdrew support.

In 10 years of research, Smith's understanding developed and he began to see "the bigger picture". He realised the key role that awareness and consciousness played in the phenomena that he was investigating.

When I first came across Wilbert Smith, I strongly identified with his writings and conclusions – partly because we have both worked in engineering disciplines – which are all about solving problems.

The information obtained by Smith has been preserved and disseminated by the work – spanning a quarter of a century – of Canadian Researcher Grant Cameron (www.presidentialufo.com). Other researchers, such as Arthur Bray have also collected and preserved Smith materials and prevented their untimely removal by government employees. However, it was Grant Cameron that collated (and placed in the public domain) thousands of pages of WB Smith-related documents, including the famous "Top Secret Memo" written to the Canadian Dept. of Transport in 1950. In that document, Smith discloses the secrecy classification on the study of the "saucer" phenomenon. Cameron and others have also preserved several hours of compelling audio recordings of Smith and his associates. These recordings, even today, jolt our grey matter in surprising directions.

Wilbert Smith left us an extremely valuable legacy. I truly hope we can use it wisely.

Andrew Johnson, June 2009

An Ordinary Day

By Travis Walton - Condensed from the book, *Fire in the Sky*

It was the morning of Wednesday, November 5, 1975. To us, the seven men working in Apache-Sitgreaves National Forest, it was an ordinary workday. There was nothing in that sunny fall morning to foreshadow the tremendous fear, shock, and confusion we would be feeling as darkness fell.

We were working on the Turkey Springs tree-thinning contract. Basically, thinning involves spacing and improving the thick stands of smaller trees to allow for their faster growth. That day, November 5, we were cutting a fuel-reduction strip up the crest of a ridge running south through the contract. Fuel reduction is the process of cutting the thinning slash into lengths and piling it up to be burned in the wet season.

The boss, Mike Rogers, was twenty-eight, the oldest of the seven men. He had been bidding these thinning contracts from the Forest Service for nine years. That had been long enough to learn (the hard way) all the tricky pitfalls of the business. He was getting to where he could fairly consistently gauge the price per acre that would underbid the other contractors and still allow a profit margin. Turkey Springs was the best contract, profitwise, Mike had ever been awarded. In fact, it paid the highest acre-price he had ever received.

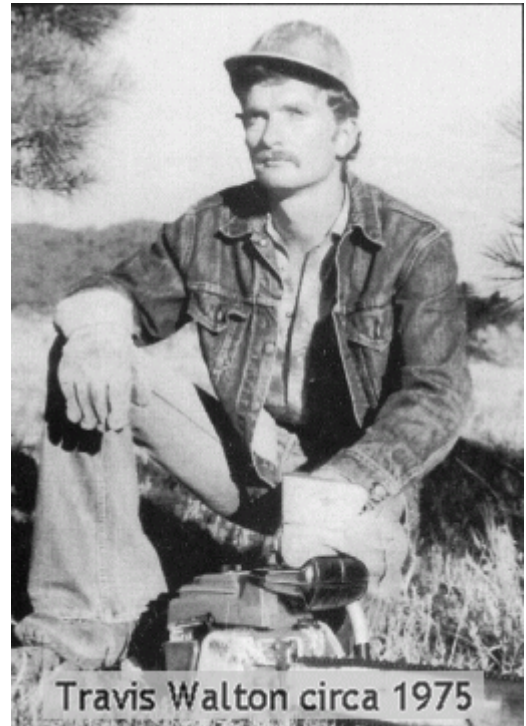
When we are piling, some of the men run saws while the others pile. I was running a saw, as were Allen Dalis and John Goulette. Dwayne Smith, Kenneth Peterson, and Steve Pierce were piling behind the cutters as we worked our way up the strip.

Dwayne Smith wasn't aware of it, but I had to be constantly careful to fell my trees so as to miss him. His inexperience, or maybe over eagerness, was causing him to work too close to me, instead of allowing a little accumulation of slash to put some distance between us. But at least he was trying.

I could not say the same for Steve. I could see Mike far back down the strip, restacking some sloppy piles to bring them up to specification. Steve took advantage of the boss's absence to rest his can momentarily on a handy log. He was ordinarily a good worker, but was a little disgruntled today because Mike had blamed him for some bad piles Dwayne had made.

I was trying to keep my distance from the other men, but we were coming together on a thick place to one side of the piling strip. The noise of my own saw is loud enough, even with earplugs, without revving all three of them in one spot. Just then I saw a shadow and jumped barely in time to escape a falling tree. I looked to see who had cut it. Allen. His mocking grin let me know it was no accident. I didn't let on that he had needled me. I moved farther up the strip to work. Allen always cut like a crazy man. He was a faster sawyer than anyone out there, even me. His speed helped acre-production, but it kept him from being up to working every day. His uncontrollable temper was probably what made him saw like that, taking his anger out on the trees. Allen had nearly come to blows with almost everyone on the crew, including me. He had a way of picking fights he never finished. Although our differences were forgotten as far as I was concerned, and we were friendly on the job, I suspected that Allen might have one or two lingering bad feelings toward me.

The afternoon sun was starting to cool as it began angling steeper down in the west. In the mountains,



Travis Walton circa 1975

Photo courtesy Michael H. Rogers ©1978

sundown comes early. It gets dark very quickly when old Sol slips behind the trees and out of sight behind the high ridges. The gathering chill was beginning to numb my nose. With summer ending, it was starting to get down to five or ten degrees at night. I worked a little faster to ward off the chill, eagerly anticipating the reprieve of the day's conclusion. Not long to go before we could head for home.

Sunset had been fifteen minutes earlier, but we kept cutting in the waning light. I checked my watch again. It was six o'clock at last! Mike was still down the hill a little way, picking up and repiling. I yelled and took the liberty of giving the stop-work signal. The sound of the saws died; the final echoes absorbed into the deepening dusk.

We loaded the chainsaws and gas and oil cans into the back of the '65 International. After arranging the gas cans so they would not tip over and leak on the bumps, Mike slammed the tailgate tightly. The decrepit pickup groaned on its tired old suspension as everyone piled in. There was Dwayne by the left rear door, Jown and Steve in the middle, and Allen by the right rear door. In the front, I sat by the door, riding shotgun. Ken sat in the middle, and of course Mike was driving. The seven of us usually sat in the same place every day. Nonsmokers in front, smokers in back.

Mike started the old pickup and we climbed north up the ridge toward the Rim Road. It was 6:10. Barring any breakdowns, we should be home before 7:30. We left the windows down so we could cool off some. We were still warm from laboring, in spite of the evening air. Mike, Ken, and I do not smoke and we prefer to inhale genuine, unadulterated air. The four in the backseat lit up as soon as we were in the truck, eager after hours without a cigarette. The fresh air coming in my window was bracing. We usually nap on the way to work every morning, but none of us ever feels drowsy on the way back to town. The rousing activity on the job hones a keenness that stays with us all the way home.

Bouncing over the water-bars in the road — humps of dirt that prevent the road from washing out in the rainy season — the truck kept bottoming out on its springs with a dull clunking sound. The fellows started cracking jokes about the pickup.

Just then my eye was caught by a light coming through the trees on the right, a hundred yards ahead. I idly assumed that the glow was the sun going down in the west. Then it occurred to me that the sun had set half an hour ago. Curious, I thought it might be the light of some hunters camped there — headlights or maybe a fire. Some of the guys must have caught sight of it too, because the men on the right side of the truck had fallen silent.

As we continued driving up the road toward the brightness, we passed in sight of it for an instant. We barely got a glimpse through gnarled branches before we rolled past the opening in the trees.

"Son of a . . ." Allen started.

"What the hell was that?" I asked.

My eyes strained to make sense of the glimmering through the dense stand of trees blocking our vision. From my open window, I could see the yellowish brilliance washing across our path onto the road another forty yards ahead. Intrigued, I was impatient to get past the intervening pines.

From the driver's seat, Mike could not look up with the proper angle without leaning way over, "What do you guys see?" he demanded curiously.

Dwayne answered, "I don't know — but it looked like a crashed plane hanging in a tree!"

Finally, our growing excitement spurred Mike into wringing out what little speed the pickup could still achieve on the incline. We rolled past the intervening evergreen thicket to where we could have an unobstructed view of the source of the strange radiance. Suddenly we were electrified by the most awesome, incredible sight we had seen in our entire lives.

"Stop!" John cried out. "Stop the truck!"

As the truck skidded to a dusty halt in the rocky road, I threw open the door for a clearer view of the dazzling sight.

"My God!" Allen yelled. "*It's a flying saucer!*"

Abduction

Mike shut off the engine. We watched, spellbound. The men on the left side of the truck leaned over so that they could see. There, a mere twenty feet above the ground, a strange, golden disc hovered silently. Our attention was riveted on that object poised in the air. Impaled by the sight, we were held transfixed for one long, silent moment that felt like an eternity.

The cold, jarring reality of what we were witnessing struck fear and awe to the core of every one of us. Suddenly beholding its vivid, magnificent structure summoned all emotions at once. You could almost hear our hearts pounding above that suspended instant of silence. Less than thirty yards away, the metallic craft hung motionless, fifteen feet above a tangled pile of logging slash.

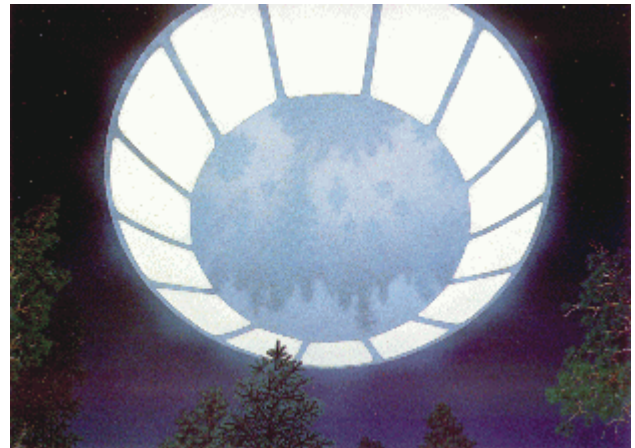


Image courtesy Michael H. Rogers ©1996

The craft was stationary, hovering well below the treetops near the crest of the ridge. The hard, mechanical precision of the luminous vehicle was in sharp contrast to the primitive ruggedness of the dark surroundings. Its edges were clearly defined. The golden machine was starkly outlined against the deepening blue of the clear evening sky.

The soft yellow haze from the craft dimly illuminated the immediate area with an eerie glow. Under the weird light, the encircling forest took on bizarre hues that were very different from its natural colors. The trees, the brush, and the grass all reflected subtle, peculiar new shades.

I estimated the object to have an overall diameter of fifteen or twenty feet; it was eight or ten feet thick. The flattened disc had a shape like that of two gigantic pie-pans placed lip to lip, with a small round bowl turned upside down on the top. Barely visible at our angle of sight, the white dome peaked over the upper outline of the ship. We could see darker stripes of a dull silver sheen that divided the glowing areas into panel-like sections. The dim yellowish light given off by the surface had the luster of hot metal, fresh from a blast furnace.

There were no visible antennae or protrusions of any kind. Nothing that resembled a hatch, ports, or window-like structures could be seen. There was no motion and no sound from the craft. It almost appeared to be dead in the air.

I glanced from one to another stricken face. Turning back to that impelling spectacle in the air, I was suddenly seized with the urgency to see the craft at close range. I was afraid it would fly away and I would miss the chance of a lifetime to satisfy my curiosity about it. I hurriedly got out of the truck and started toward the hovering ship.

The men were alarmed by my sudden action.

"What do you think you're doing?" Mike demanded in a loud, harsh whisper.

Placing my feet quietly, I quickly stalked closer to the mysterious vehicle. Stepping over a low-leaning fir sapling, I carefully picked my way through the opening in the trees. I put my hands in my pockets in response to the cooler twilight air outside the truck.

"Hey, Travis!" the men warned insistently.

I stopped walking for a long, hesitant moment. I paused and turned to look back at the six men staring questioningly at me from the truck. The sober realization of what I was doing abruptly heightened the doubt I was already wrestling with. What should I do? I asked myself. Maybe I'm being foolhardy, I told myself. I won't get too close . . . but what if there's somebody inside that thing? I faltered. Finally I reassured myself with: I can always run away.

I was committed. Without replying to the guys, I resolutely turned and continued my brazen approach. I moved more slowly, cautiously covering the remaining distance in a half-crouch. I straightened up as I entered the dim circular halo of light softly reflecting onto the ground under the craft. I was about six feet from being directly beneath the machine. Bathed in the yellow aura, I stared up at the unbelievably smooth, unblemished surface of the curving hull. I was filled with a tremendous sense of awe and curiosity as I pondered the incomprehensible mysteries possible within it.

I had become aware of a barely audible sound coming from the ship. I could detect a strange blend of low- and high-pitched mechanical sounds. There were intermittent high, piercing, beeping points overlaid on the distant, low rumbling sound of heavy machinery. The strange tones were so mixed that it was impossible to compare them to any sound I could remember ever hearing.

"Travis! Get away from there!" Mike yelled to me.

I shot a fleeting look at the pickup parked in the road, then turned my attention back to studying the incredible ship.

Suddenly I was startled by a powerful, thunderous swell in the volume of the vibrations from the craft. I jumped at the sound, like that of a multitude of turbine generators starting up. I saw the saucer start wobbling on its axis with a quickening motion, in a pattern like the erratic spin of an unstabilized top. The same side continued to face me as the craft remained hovering at approximately the same height while it wobbled.

I ducked into a crouch when a tremendously bright, blue-green ray shot from the bottom of the craft. I saw and heard nothing. All I felt was the numbing force of a blow that felt like a high-voltage electrocution. The intense bolt made a sharp cracking, or popping, sound. The stunning concussion of the foot-wide beam struck me full in the head and chest. My mind sank quickly into unfeeling blackness. I didn't even see what hit me; but from the instant I felt that paralyzing blow, I did not see, hear, or feel anything more.

The men in the truck saw my body arch backward, arms and legs outstretched, as the force of the blow lifted me off the ground. I was hurled backward through the air ten feet. They saw my right shoulder hit the hard rocky earth of the ridgetop. My body landed limply and lay motionless, spread out on the ground.

"It got him!" Steve yelled.

Dwayne screamed: "Let's get out of here!"

"Get this son of a bitch moving!" Allen shrieked hysterically.

Mike did not need to be asked. He was already desperately groping, fumbling around for the ignition switch. His shaking fingers finally seized the key. The engine roared to life. Mike gunned the truck up the boulder-strewn track. He frantically spun the steering wheel one way, then the other, navigating the tortuous road.

"Is it following us?" he yelled over his shoulder. Nobody answered.

"Is it after us?" he shouted again.

When again no reply came, he turned to see the looks of stupefied shock on the faces of his crew. Their pale faces stared straight ahead, blankly. In reaction to the unbelievable horror of what they had witnessed, six hardened woodsmen were reduced to mindless terror.

Mike was fearful that the saucer was pursuing them. He put his head out the open window to try to see behind and was stung in the face by the sharp pine needles of a passing limb. He kept hitting boulders and other obstacles in his attempts to look behind. The erratically vibrating rearview mirrors only produced a blurred, flickering image, a faint yellow glow in the blackness. Goaded by a surge of terror, he stomped on the gas pedal.

The rattling truck shot forward at thirty-five miles an hour — far too fast for the condition of that road. A passing limb slammed into the right rearview mirror, bending it uselessly to the side of the truck. The old International went flying through the air over the dirt ramp of a high water-bar. As it landed, the pickup smashed down destructively on its weakened springs with a terrible crash.

The powerful jolt of metal on metal brought Mike to his senses. He was gripped by a sudden icy realization. If the truck broke down, they would be stranded and at the mercy of the unknown threat they were fleeing. He slowed the truck down to ten miles an hour. He was grateful to find the truck still working, capable of carrying them away.

The truck passed behind dense thickets of pine saplings, and the ship was once more lost from sight. In diverting his attention from his driving, Mike made the wrong approach to a water-bar in the road. It was the largest of them, and the last one before the Rim Road, a hundred feet farther on. Mike stopped the truck to back up and make another run at it.

"It doesn't look like it's after us," Mike shuddered as he shoved the gearshift into reverse.

The pause broke the men out of their shocked silence. They began to jabber hysterically. Instead of continuing over the obstacle, they sat there with the engine running. They struggled to collect themselves and decide what to do. Everyone was yelling at once, in a confusion of high-pitched shouting.

Mike anxiously asked: "I saw him falling back, but what happened to him?"

"Man, a blue ray just shot out of the bottom of that thing and hit him all over! It just seemed to engulf him." Ken's voice was solemn with awe.

"Good hell! It looked like he *disintegrated!*" Dwayne exclaimed.

"No, he was in one piece," Steve contradicted. "I saw him hit the ground."

"I do know one thing. It sure looked like he got hit by lightning or something!" Dwayne returned. "I heard a zap — like as if he touched a live wire!"

"Hey, men, we better go back!" someone said.



Image courtesy Michael H. Rogers ©1996

"No way, man. I ain't going back there!" said someone else.

As the men argued, Mike interjected. "Let's build a fire so the guys who don't want to go can stay here in the clearing while the rest of us go back there."

Just as Mike was about to get the gas out of the back, they were startled by the sudden approach of headlights coming west on the Rim Road. The dim outline of a camper-pickup could be seen passing in the dark.

"Let's go catch that pickup and get help!" John yelled excitedly.

Everyone piled in the right side of the truck. As Mike went around the driver's side of the truck, he exclaimed: "Look! Did you see that?"

The men scrambled to look. One of the men ran to the front of the pickup. "What was it?" he asked.

Mike told them he thought he had briefly seen the outline of the golden disc through the trees to the south. It had raised itself vertically to treetop level and streaked away toward the northeast at incredible speed.

They got in the truck. Mike angled the forgiving old pickup over the high water-bar and pulled out onto the Rim Road, heading west. The men argued on, rehashing what had happened. They were still arguing a mile down the road, where they reached the turnoff that went north to Heber. There, they finally worked their way around to the inevitable conclusion.

Mike turned the truck around at the turnoff. He said firmly: "This truck is going back. Anybody who doesn't want to come can get out right here and now, and wait! We've been acting like a bunch of cowards. We're all scared, there's no denying that, but we've got to do what we should've done in the first place!"

The embarrassed men no longer protested returning to the site. Even if any were still reluctant, they were ashamed to say so. Also, the prospect of waiting alone at the turnoff in the dark was much worse than going back together.

Their courage had been reinforced by the time and distance away from the site. However, as they turned left, off the Rim Road toward the original scene, their apprehension began steadily to rebuild. They began speculating on the dreadful possibilities of what they might find when they returned. The nearer they got, the more anxious they became.

"Hold it! It was right back there!" Ken exclaimed.

Somebody suggested pulling the truck around and pointing the headlights toward the log pile above which they had seen the hovering ship. They backed up and pulled in, driving over the fir sapling leaning in the way. Their eyes searched the area illuminated by headlights.

They found nothing.

"We're just going to have to get out and look around," said Mike.

They searched first in the security of the headlights. Everybody stayed together, huddling close to Mike, who carried the only flashlight. The flashlight beam probed into the night, examining every dark shape. They searched behind every log, bush, and stump. They called repeatedly: "Travis! . . . TRAVIS!!" Except for their calls, the woods were deathly quiet. They searched farther north, as Allen had suggested. They searched beyond the crest of the ridge and farther south. They found no sign anywhere — no foreign objects or unusual markings. No burns, pad impressions, or disturbed ground. Not a trace of tracks and no evidence of a struggle.

then stood, looking down struggling to control his feelings. The loss of his friend, his guilt at driving away, and the pressure of the leadership being demanded of him all became too much to bear for a moment. Finally, Mike managed to regain his composure. "Okay, you guys, we're not doing any good here. Let's go!"

They got in the truck and began the long drive back to Heber. The memory of what they had so recently witnessed left them with a spectrum of strong emotional reactions.

Then Ken voiced the one thought they had all avoided so far. "We're gonna have to tell the authorities about this."

The Aliens

"Ugng . . ." I moaned silently. My first glimmer of slowly returning consciousness brought with it the single overpowering sensation of pain.

"Oh, damn!" I gritted my teeth against the agony. The excruciating ache almost caused me to lose consciousness again. I felt badly burned, all over, even inside me.

I was lying on my back. I didn't try to move or even to open my eyes at first. I was weak, so watery-weak, that I knew if I attempted to move even my arm I'd lapse back into unconsciousness. A bitter, metallic taste covered my tongue. My mouth was dry and I was very thirsty. Oddly, the weakness in my muscles did not seem to come from hunger. The trembling felt odd, like a strange mixture of exertion and illness. Something was terribly wrong.

I sluggishly dragged my eyelids open. I could not see anything. Then a blurred image began to coalesce. My eyes struggled against the agony. My sight shifted in and out of focus. My vision slowly became clearer. The hazy scintillations of light gradually solidified into an image. I could make out some kind of light source above me.

The fixture was a luminous rectangle about three feet by one and a half feet. The diffused light came from the flat, frosted surface of the rectangle. For an instant I could distinguish the brushed metal luster of a ceiling in the softer, reflected glow above the light. The fixture seemed to be suspended lower and closer to me than the ceiling. I deduced from the nearness of the ceiling that the hard flat surface I was lying on was a raised table of some kind.

What's the matter with my eyes? I asked myself. The ceiling is all crooked. It's too small on this end and too large on that end! Were my eyes playing tricks on me? I closed them against the discomfort, but soon opened them again to ward off the feeling of vertigo that welled up in me. The odd-shaped ceiling was indeed as I had perceived it: generally triangular, with the base toward my feet.

What a weird place! I reflected wonderingly. I had been hurt. Yeah, that was it! . . . But what? I could remember straightening up and feeling as though somebody had whacked me with a baseball bat.

Suddenly, the memory of what happened before I'd blacked out came rushing back with stunning impact. I remembered standing in the clearing in the woods looking up at the glowing saucer!

Where in hell am I? . . . Oh my God — the hospital! They brought me here to the hospital! I thought.

It was very hot and humid. The heavy air was almost stifling. It smelled slightly stale and muggy. I was sweating; warm moisture beaded my temples. Feeling my jacket bunched up under my arms, I wondered why a nurse had not removed it. I still had all my work clothes on, even my boots, and the jacket was just too warm. I must be injured so bad there wasn't time to take off my coat, I thought. Maybe I was in an emergency room of some kind.

Then I felt something pressing down lightly on my chest. It felt cool and smooth. I looked down and managed to hold my eyes open long enough to see that my shirt and jacket were pushed up around my

shoulders, exposing my chest and abdomen. A strange device curved across my body. It was about four or five inches thick and I could feel that it extended from my armpits to a few inches above my belt. It curved down to the middle of each side of my rib cage. It appeared to be made of shiny, dark gray metal or plastic.

I looked past the upper edge of the device. I could see the blurry figures of the doctors, leaning over me with their white masks and caps. They were wearing unusual, orange-colored surgical gowns. I could not make out their faces clearly.

Abruptly my vision cleared. The sudden horror of what I saw rocked me as I realized that I was definitely not in a hospital.

I was looking squarely into the face of a horrible creature! It looked steadily back at me with huge, luminous brown eyes the size of quarters.

I looked frantically around me. There were three of them! I struck out at the two on my right, hitting one with the back of my arm, knocking it into the other one. My swing was more of a push than a blow, I was so weakened. The one I touched felt soft through the cloth of its garment. The muscles of its puny physique yielded with a sponginess that was more like fat than sinew. The creature was light and had fallen back easily.

I lunged unsteadily to my feet and staggered back against a utensil-arrayed bench that followed the curve of one wall. I leaned there heavily, keeping my eyes riveted on those horrid entities.

My action had caused the device across my chest to crash to the floor. No wires or tubes connected it to me, or to anything else. It rocked back and forth on its upper side. The rocking sent shifting beams of greenish light out onto the floor, from the underside of the machine.

My aching body would not do what I told it to. My legs felt too weak to hold me up. I leaned heavily on the counter. The monstrous trio of humanoids started toward me. Their hands reached out at me.



Image courtesy Michael H. Rogers ©1996

With the superhuman effort of a cornered animal, I ground out the strength to defend myself. Fighting the splitting pain in my skull, I grabbed for something from the bench with which to fend them off. My hand seized on a thin transparent cylinder about eighteen inches long. It was too light to be an effective club. I needed something sharp. I tried to break the tip off the tube. I smashed the end of the glasslike wand down on the waist-high metal slab I had been lying on. It would not break.

I sprang into a fighting stance with my legs spread wide to brace for the attack. I lashed out with the weapon at the advancing creatures, screaming desperate, hysterical threats. The creatures slowed but continued toward me, their hands outstretched.

"Keep back, damn you!" I shrieked menacingly.

They halted. In a snarling crouch I held the tube threateningly back behind my head. I felt hopelessly trapped. I was surrounded, with my back to the wall.

They stood still, mutely. They were a little under five feet in height. They had a basic humanoid form: two legs, two arms, hands with five digits each, and a head with the normal human arrangement of

features. But beyond the outline, any similarity to humans was terrifyingly absent.

Their thin bones were covered with white, marshmallowy-looking flesh. They had on single-piece coverall-type suits made of soft, swedelike material, orangish brown in color. I could not see any grain in the material, such as cloth has. In fact, their clothes did not appear even to have any seams. I saw no buttons, zippers, or snaps. They wore no belts. The loose billowy garments were gathered at the wrists and perhaps the ankles. They didn't have any kind of raised collar at the neck. They wore simple pinkish tan footwear. I could not make out the details of their shoes, but they had very small feet, about a size four by our measure.

When they extended their hands toward me, I noticed they had no fingernails. Their hands were small, delicate, without hair. Their thin round fingers looked soft and unwrinkled. Their smooth skin was so pale that it looked chalky, like ivory.

Their bald heads were disproportionately large for their puny bodies. They had bulging, oversized craniums, a small jaw structure, and an underdeveloped appearance to their features that was almost infantile. Their thin-lipped mouths were narrow; I never saw them open. Lying close to their heads on either side were tiny crinkled lobes of ears. Their miniature rounded noses had small oval nostrils.

The only facial feature that didn't appear underdeveloped were those incredible eyes! Those glistening orbs had brown irises twice the size of those of a normal human eye's, nearly an inch in diameter! The iris was so large that even parts of the pupils were hidden by the lids, giving the eyes a certain catlike appearance. There was very little of the white part of the eye showing. They had no lashes and no eyebrows.

With all the screaming and the hysterical questions I had thrown at them, they never once said anything to me. I did not hear them speak to each other. Their mouths never made any kind of sound or motion. The only sounds I heard were those of movements, and my own voice.

Just as I girded myself to spring at them, they abruptly turned and scurried from the room! They went out the open door, turned right and disappeared. The anticlimax of their retreat was incredible. The extra adrenaline that had squirted into my bloodstream left me trembling uncontrollably. I collapsed back against the bench, struggling to slow my racing heart. I gulped the heavy air in ragged gasps.

Afraid of the aliens' return, I looked toward the door. No sign of anyone. I needed something better to defend myself with. I noticed an array of strange instruments lying on the bench. The instruments were arranged near the middle of the bench, leaving either end of it clear. There was nothing I recognized, but some of the chromelike objects reminded me of those in a laboratory or doctor's office. All of the objects were too small to be effective as weapons. I was more afraid of *being hurt* by some of those instruments. I touched nothing more, throwing the clear tube I still held down on the floor.

I've got to get *out* of here, I thought frantically with a surge of determination.

There was a curving hallway about three feet wide outside the door. The ceiling of the hall gave off a faint, almost unnoticeable illumination. I looked to the right down the narrow, dimly lit passage in the direction the aliens had run. There was no one in sight.

Seeing nothing in the passage to my left, I began walking that way. I broke into a frightened run down the narrow corridor. The cramped hallway turned continuously in a tight curve to the right. I dashed past an open doorway on my left without looking in, only ten feet down the hall from the door I had just exited. I caught a glimpse of a room but was afraid to stop.

Wait just a damn minute, Travis! I struggled to get a grip on my self-control. What if I missed a chance at that doorway to find a way out of this place? I saw another doorway ten more feet ahead on my right. I slowed down to a walk as I neared it.

Maybe this would be my way out

Human?

The door was only a few feet ahead on my right, on the inside curve of the hallway. I slowed down, turned, and stopped in the opening.

I looked in cautiously. I saw a round room about sixteen feet across with a domed ceiling about ten feet high. Equally spaced around the room were three rectangular outlines resembling closed doorways.

No one there. The room was totally empty except for a single chair that faced away from me.

I looked behind me. The hallway was still empty. I slowly entered the room. I hesitated to approach the high-backed chair. There might be somebody sitting in it that I could not see from behind.

I circled, keeping my distance from the chair, checking to see if anyone was sitting in it. I followed the curve of the wall to get around to where I could see. I was ready to beat an instant retreat if I should see one of those hideous creatures again. I stopped every few steps to crane my neck over the back of the chair. Seeing nobody, I continued around to where I could ascertain, with much relief, that the chair was unoccupied.

Glancing apprehensively toward the open door, I slowly went toward the chair. As I gradually approached it, a very curious thing began to happen. The closer I got to it, the darker the room became! Small points of light became visible on, or through, the walls, even the floor. I stepped back and the effect diminished. I stepped forward and it increased again, the points of light becoming brighter in contrast to the darkening background. It was like the stars coming into view in the evening, only very much faster. The matte gray of the metal wall just faded out to be replaced by the glinting, speckled deep-black of space.

I looked at the controls on the chair. On the left arm, there was a single short thick lever with an oddly shaped molded handle atop some dark brown material. On the right arm, there was an illuminated, lime-green screen about five inches square with a lot of black lines on it that intersected each other at all angles. Under that, a square of approximately twenty-five colored buttons arranged in about five vertical rows with one color for each row. I looked for symbols or written words and found none.

The experiment I was considering was risky, but I was desperate. Maybe one of those buttons would open a door or something. On impulse, I went ahead and pushed one of the green buttons. I looked around the room and listened carefully — nothing happened. When I pushed the button, I noticed that the lines on the screen had moved. I recklessly pushed another green one. The lines rapidly changed angles, slid down each other, then stopped. I pushed some of the other colored buttons. Nothing happened. Nothing moved and no sound could be heard.

Trembling, I sat down on the hard surface of the chair. I put my hand onto the molded T-grip of the lever. The handle was slightly small for my hand. The whole chair seemed a little too small. I rotated the handle of the lever forward, feeling the slow, fluid resistance of it. I felt suddenly disoriented as the stars began moving downward in front of me, in unison. Quickly I pulled my hand off the lever, which returned to its original vertical position. The stars stopped moving, but remained where they were when I released the lever.

If this thing is flying, I could crash it or throw it off course and get lost or something! I resolved not to tamper with those controls anymore. I might escalate a desperate situation into a fatal disaster.

I got out of the chair and walked to the edge of the room. As I did, the stars faded out and the surfaces of the wall, ceiling, and floor came into sight. I moved over to one of the rectangles resembling closed doors. I searched the edges for a sign of a switch or an opening mechanism. Seeing none, I put my eye to the crack; I could not see any light. I looked around for some kind of symbol or writing that would help me figure out where I was or how to get out of there. None.

of them, when I heard a faint sound. I whirled around and looked at the door. There, standing in the open doorway, was a *human* being!

I stood frozen to the spot. He was a man about six feet two inches tall. His helmeted head barely cleared the doorway. He was extremely muscular and evenly proportioned. He appeared to weigh about two hundred pounds. He wore a tight-fitting bright blue suit of soft material like velour. His feet were covered with black boots, a black band or belt wrapped around his middle. He carried no tools or weapons on his belt or in his hands; no insignia marked his clothing.



Image courtesy Michael H. Rogers ©1996

I ran up to him, exclaiming, babbling all sorts of questions. The man remained silent throughout my verbal barrage. I was worried by his silence. He took me firmly but gently by the arm and gestured for me to go with him. He led me out of that room and hurried me down the narrow hallway, pulling me along behind him due to its narrowness.

He stopped in front of a closed doorway that slid open, into the wall. I did not see what caused it to open. The door opened into a bare room so small it was more like a foyer or section of hallway. The door slid shut quickly and silently behind us. Again I attempted to talk to the man as we stood there. No answer.

We spent approximately two minutes in the metal cubicle, no more than seven by five by twelve feet. Then a doorway, the same size as the other door and directly opposite it, slid open.

The brilliant warm light that came through the opening door into the airlock-like room was almost like daylight in color and brightness. Fresh, cool air wafted in, reminding me of springtime in the out-of-doors, making me realize just how dark and stifling that place had been. What relief that fresh air was! The air moved around me in a softly fluctuating current. I stood and inhaled deeply the clean, cool breeze. The last tinges of the ache in my head and chest almost completely disappeared. I had nearly forgotten the discomfort that had been with me constantly since I had regained consciousness.

I descended a short, steep ramp seven or eight feet to the floor. I looked around to discover that, although I was outside that dim, humid craft, I was not out-of-doors. I was in a huge room. The ceiling was sectioned into alternating rectangles of dark metal and those that gave off light. The ceiling itself curved down to form one of the larger walls in the room. The room was shaped like one-quarter of a cylinder laid on its side.

The outside of the craft we had just left was shaped like the one we had seen in the woods, but was very much larger, about sixty feet in diameter and sixteen feet high. It did not emit light; instead it had a surface of shiny brushed-metal luster. It seemed to radiate a faint heat from its hull. The craft either sat flat on its bottom or, if it had legs, they were only a few inches high. It sat nearly in the middle of the large room.

On my left, toward one end of the large room, there were two or three oval-shaped saucers, reflecting light like highly polished chrome. I could see two of them very clearly, and a silvery reflection that could have been another shiny, rounded craft. They were about forty or forty-five feet in diameter, quite a bit smaller than the angular vehicle I had just come out of. I saw no projections or breaks in the smooth, shiny, flattened spheres. They sat on very rounded bottoms and I could not see how they balanced that way.

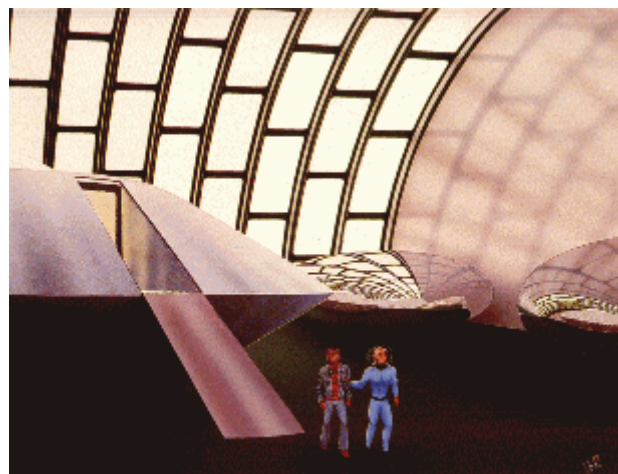


Image courtesy Michael H. Rogers ©1996

The man escorted me across the open floor to a door that opened silently and quickly from the middle outward. We were in a hallway about six feet wide, illuminated from the eight-foot-high ceiling, which was one long panel of softly diffused light. The hallway was straight and perhaps eighty feet long. Closed double doors were distributed along the corridor.

At the end of the hallway, another pair of double doors. I watched closely this time. I did not see him touch anything, but again the doors slid silently back from the middle. We entered a white room approximately fifteen feet square, with another eight-foot-high ceiling. The room had a table and a chair in it. But my interest was immediately focused on the three other humans!

Two men and a woman were standing around the table. They were all wearing velvety blue uniforms like the first man's, except that they had no helmets. The two men had the same muscularity and the same masculine good looks as the first man. The woman also had a face and figure that was the epitome of her gender. They were smooth-skinned and blemishless. No moles, freckles, wrinkles, or scars marked their skin. The striking good looks of the man I had first met became more obvious on seeing them all together. They shared a family-like resemblance, although they were not identical.

"Would somebody *please* tell me where I am?" I implored. I was still utterly shaken from my encounter with those awful creatures. "What in hell is going on? What is this place?"

They didn't answer me. They only looked at me, though not unkindly. One man and the woman came around the table, approaching me. Silently they each took me by an arm and led me toward the table. I didn't know why I should cooperate with them. They wouldn't even tell me anything. But I was in no position to argue, so I went along at first.

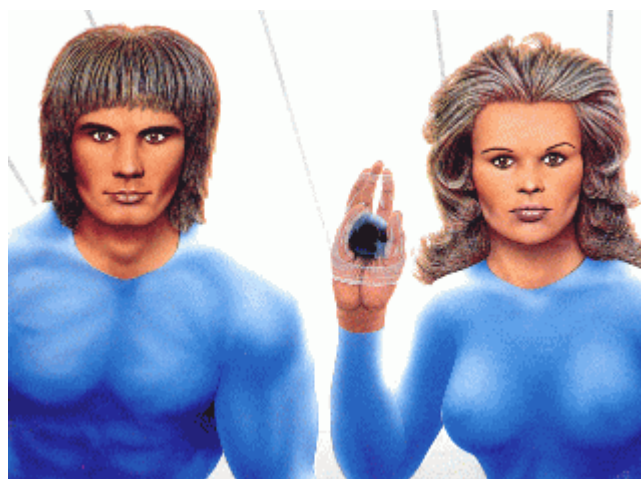


Image courtesy Michael H. Rogers ©1996

They lifted me easily onto the edge of the table. I became wary and started protesting. "Wait a minute. Just tell me what you are going to do!"

I began to resist them, but all three began pushing me gently backward down onto the table. I looked up at the ceiling, covered with panels of softly glowing white light with a faint blue cast.

those clear, soft plastic oxygen masks, only there were no tubes connected to it. The only thing attached to it was a small black golfball-sized sphere.

She pressed the mask down over my mouth and nose. I started to reach up to pull it away. Before I could complete the motion, I rapidly became weak. Everything started turning gray. Then there was nothing at all but black oblivion . . .

Return

Consciousness returned to me on the night I awoke to find myself on the cold pavement west of Heber, Arizona. I was lying on my stomach, my head on my right forearm. Cold air brought me instantly awake. I looked up in time to see a light turn off on the bottom of a curved, gleaming hull. As I'd raised my head up, a white light caught my eye just before it blinked off. Either a light had been turned off or a hatch had closed, cutting off the light from inside. I only caught a glimpse as I raised my head; I could not be sure which it was.

Then I saw the mirrored outline of a rounded, silvery disc hovering four feet above the paved surface of the road. It must have been about forty feet in diameter because it extended several feet off the left side of the road. It was too large for the highway and it extended past the roadside to my left to clear a cutaway rock embankment on the other side of the highway. It appeared to be about fourteen feet high in the center.

For an instant it floated silently above the road, a dozen yards away. I could see the night sky, the surrounding trees, and the highway center line reflected in the curving mirror of its hull. I noticed a faint warmth radiating onto my face. Then, abruptly, it shot vertically into the sky, creating a strong breeze that stirred the nearby pine boughs and rustled the dry oak leaves that lay in the dry grass beside the road. It gave off no light; and it was almost instantly lost from sight.

The most striking thing about its departure was its quietness. It seemed impossible that something so large, moving through the atmosphere at such speed, would not have shrieked through the air, or even broken the sound barrier with a sonic boom. Yet it had been totally silent!

I scrambled shakily to my feet. My legs felt rubbery. I swayed, then caught my balance. I looked around and recognized the deserted stretch of curving road as the highway that wound down the canyon into Heber from the west.

I ran wildly down the deserted highway, across the bridge into Heber, stopping at the new building across from the Union 76 service station. No one answered my desperate knocking. No cars passed by.

I ran down the highway, over the second bridge, to the row of telephone booths at the Exxon station. I dialed the operator — a dime was not required to reach an operator in our part of the country — and panted out the number of my sister. She was the only nearby relative with a telephone.

My brother-in-law Grant answered. It was 12:05 A.M.

I was in an incredible mental state, difficult to describe. As best I can remember, I shouted something

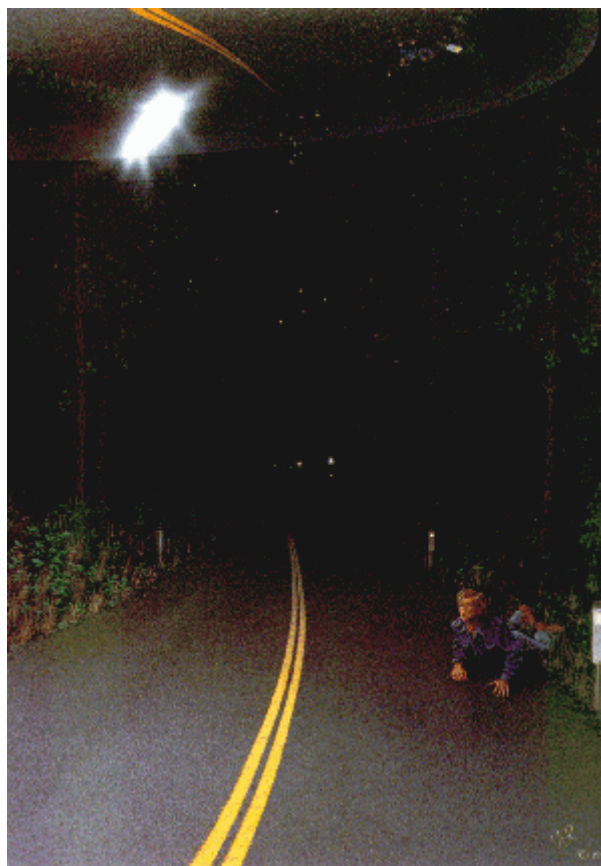


Image courtesy Michael H. Rogers ©1996

get me!" My hand shook as I held the cold receiver.

Grant was not amused. He took this call to be another cruel joke. "Uh, I think you have the wrong number," he replied sarcastically, starting to hang up.

"Wait! It's me, Travis!" I screamed hysterically into the receiver.

"Where are you?" he asked, still suspicious of a joke.

"I'm at the Heber Exxon station."

"Okay," he replied, almost apologetically, yet still cautious of a prank. "Stay right there. I'll come and get you. Just hang on."

Grant drove the three miles from Taylor over to Snowflake and found my brother Duane at Mom's house. He told Duane about the call, and of his doubts it was really me. Duane, too, thought the call might have been yet another example of someone's idiotic concept of humor. But they decided they couldn't risk not investigating. They set out for Heber, thirty-three miles away.

Lights suddenly shone into the phone booth. Relief flooded over me when I raised my head and saw the headlights of Duane's pickup. Duane and Grant got out and came to where I was still slumped in the phone booth. Duane opened the glass door of the booth and helped me to my feet.

"Am I ever glad to see you!" Grant said.

Duane helped me into the warm truck and asked Grant to drive. On the way to Snowflake I tried to tell them about what happened to me, but I just couldn't get it all out.

"They were awful — white skin — great big eyes . . ." I sobbed in horror.

"Take it easy, Travis, you're all right now. They didn't harm you, did they?"

"No . . . but those eyes, those horrible eyes! They just kept *looking* at me!"

"Just so you're okay, that's all that counts," Duane said. "Everyone has been worried sick about you."

"If it's already after midnight, I must have been unconscious for a couple of hours," I replied shakily. "Because I only remember about an hour or an hour and a half inside that thing."

Duane and Grant looked at me strangely.

"Travis, feel your face," Duane said.

"Good hell, I just shaved this morning and it feels like a week's growth!" I exclaimed, still not comprehending.

"Travis," Duane said gently, "you've been missing for *five days*!"



The Greatest Secret in Modern History

UFOS AND A SOLUTION TO THE ENVIRONMENTAL AND ENERGY CRISIS

The Cover-up: UFOs

Mercury & Gemini Astronaut, Colonel Gordon Cooper

A saucer flew right over [us], put down three landing gears, and landed out on the dry lakebed. [The cameramen] went out there with their cameras towards the UFO...I had a chance to hold [the film] up to the window. Good close-up shots. There was no doubt in my mind that it was made someplace other than on this earth.—Video interview. Transcribed in *Disclosure*, Steven M. Greer, MD., ed., pp. 226-227. See also Gordon Cooper & Bruce Henderson, *Leap of Faith: an Astronaut's Journey into the Unknown*, pp. 80-91, 194 - 200.

FAA Division Chief of Accidents and Investigations, John Callahan

The UFO was bouncing around the 747. [It] was a huge ball with lights running around it....Well, I've been involved in a lot of cover-ups with the FAA. When we gave the presentation to the Reagan staff, they had all those people swear that this never happened. But they never had me swear it never happened. I can tell you what I've seen with my own eyes. I've got a videotape. I've got the voice tape. I've got the reports that were filed that will confirm what I've been telling you.—Video interview and *Disclosure*, pp. 80 - 85.

Former Chief of Defense, British Royal Navy, Admiral Lord Hill-Norton

I have frequently been asked why a person of my background—a former Chief of the Defense Staff, a former Chairman of the NATO Military Committee—why I think there is a cover-up [of] the facts about UFOs. I believe governments fear that if they did disclose those facts, people would panic. I don't believe that at all. There is a serious possibility that we are being visited by people from outer space. It behooves us to find out who they are, where they come from, and what they want.—Video and *Disclosure*, pp. 305 - 307.

Former Director of CIA, Vice Admiral R.H. Hillenkoetter

It is time for the truth to be brought out in open Congressional hearings. Behind the scenes, high-ranking Air Force officers are soberly concerned about the UFOs. But through official secrecy and ridicule, many citizens are led to believe the unknown flying objects are nonsense. To hide the facts, the Air Force has silenced its personnel.—*The New York Times*, Sunday, February 28, 1960: "Air Force Order on 'Saucers' Cited," p. L30. See also *Disclosure*, p. 58.

US Navy Pilot, Lieutenant Frederick Fox

There is a [military] publication called JANAP 146E that has a section that says you will not reveal any information regarding the UFO phenomenon under penalty of \$10,000 fine and ten years in jail. So the secret has been kept.—*Disclosure*, pp. 145, 146.

Marine Corps, Corporal Jonathan Weygandt

[The UFO] was buried in the side of a cliff. When I first saw it, I was scared. I think the creatures calmed me....[Later] I was arrested [by an Air Force officer]. He was saying, "Do you like the Constitution?" I'm like, "Yeah." He said, "We don't obey. We just do what we want. And if you tell anybody [about us or the UFO], you will just come up missing."—Video and *Disclosure*, pp. 275 - 277.

UFO Message: Don't Mess With Nuclear Weapons

US Air Force, FAA, Captain Robert Salas

[The security guard called and] said, "Sir, there's a glowing red object hovering right outside the front gate. I've got all the men out here with their weapons drawn." We lost between 16 to 18 ICBMs [nuclear-tipped InterContinental Ballistic Missiles] at the same time UFOs were in the area....[A high-ranking Air Force Officer] said, "Stop the investigation; do no more on this and do not write a final report." I heard that many of the guards that reported this incident were sent off to Viet Nam.—Video and *Disclosure*, pp. 168-171.

US Air Force Lieutenant, Professor Robert Jacobs

So this thing [UFO] fires a beam of light at the warhead, hits it and then it moves to the other side and fires another beam of light. And the warhead tumbles out of space. What message would I interpret from that? [The UFOs were telling us] don't mess with nuclear warheads. Major Mannsman said, "You are never to speak of this again." After an article [about the incident years later], people would call and start screaming at me. One night somebody blew up my mailbox.—*Video and Disclosure*, pp. 184, 187.

Russian Air Force, Space Communications Center, General Vasily Alexeyev

As a rule, [places where UFOs appear] are objects of strategic significance....[The Air Force] came up with a table with pictures of all the shapes of UFOs that had ever been recorded—about fifty—ranging from ellipses and spheres to something resembling spaceships....The study of UFOs may reveal some new forms of energy to us, or at least bring us closer to a solution.—pp. 345–347.

US Army, General Stephen Lovekin

Colonel Holomon brought out a piece of what appeared to be metallic debris. He went on to explain that this was material that had come from a New Mexico crash in 1947 of an extraterrestrial craft, and that was discussed at length....I got an opportunity to travel with the President [Eisenhower]. He was very, very interested in what made [the UFOs] go. But what happened was that Eisenhower got sold out. He realized that he was losing control of the UFO subject. He realized that the [study of these technologies] was not going to be in the best hands. That was a real concern.—*Video interview and Disclosure*, pp. 230 - 236.

US Air Force, Aerospace Illustrator, Mark McCandlish

This [US made] antigravity propulsion system—this flying saucer—was one of three that were in this hangar at Norton Air Force Base. They called [it] the Alien Reproduction Vehicle [ARV], also nicknamed the Flux Liner.—*Disclosure*, p. 501.

US Marine Corps, Captain Bill Uhouse

The [flight] simulator was for the extraterrestrial craft they had—a 30 meter one that crashed in Kingman, Arizona, back in 1953. I was inside the actual alien craft for a start-up....There are probably two or three dozen [ARVs] that we built.—*Disclosure*, pp. 384, 385.

US Air Force, NRO Operative, Sergeant Dan Morris

UFOs are both extraterrestrial and manmade....It's not that our government doesn't want us to know that there are other people on other planets. What the people in power don't want us to know is that this free energy [from energy generators developed with UFO technology] is available to everybody. So secrecy about the UFOs is because of the energy issue. When this knowledge is found out by the people, they will demand that our government release this technology, and it will change the world.—*Disclosure*, pp. 364.

US Air Force, Colonel Charles Brown

I was getting 20 to 30% improvement in efficiency on an internal combustion engine. I sponsored the US Army race team on a racing car, [and] we won a race. [Then] the Federal Trade Commission performed an illegal act. I lost my vehicle, about \$100,000 worth of equipment, and a test vehicle was stolen....So in three weeks, psychologically I was wiped out.—*Disclosure*, pp. 247 - 251.

US Army, Ph.D. in Nuclear Engineering, Colonel Thomas E. Bearden

Probably 50 inventors have invented [virtually cost-free energy systems]. If we use these systems, we can clean up this biosphere. But, what we have is a situation where the entire structure of science, industry, and the patent office are against you. And behind this, we have a few people who are quite wealthy. The more powerful the agency, the more they will resort not only to legal, but to extra-legal means to suppress their competition. Lethal force is used.—*Disclosure*, pp. 534 – 542. See also www.cheniere.org.

The Grand War Plan: It's All Based on a Lie

Corporate Manager of Fairchild Industries, Spokesperson for Wernher Von Braun, Dr. Carol Rosin

Von Braun [founder of modern rocket science] told me [in 1974] that the reasons for space-based weaponry were all based on a lie. He said that the strategy was to use scare tactics—that first the Russians, then the terrorists are going to be considered the enemy. The next enemy was asteroids. "The last card is the alien card. We are going to have to build space-based weapons against aliens, and all of it is a lie."....I was at a meeting in Fairchild Industries in the War Room. The conversation [was] about how they were going to antagonize these enemies and at some point, there was going to be a Gulf War. Now this is 1977!—*Video, Disclosure*, pp. 255-259.

DISCLOSURE PROJECT, FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR, STEVEN M. GREER, M.D.

The situation is so dire that senior Joint Chiefs of Staff leaders in the Pentagon who I have briefed, have no more access to such projects than any other civilian—unless they are on the 'inside.' The government is really quite outside the loop. We have insiders and scientists who can prove that we do in fact possess energy generation systems capable of completely and permanently replacing all forms of currently used energy generation and transportation systems. Every single person who is concerned about the environment and the human future should call for urgent hearings to allow these technologies to be disclosed, declassified, and safely applied.—*Disclosure*, pp. 14, 15, 567. See also Dr. Greer websites at www.disclosureproject.org

The following are Sample Documents from

www.disclosureproject.org

(The full document contains 500 pages of information, including 159 pages of official documents)

TOP SECRET		CONFIDENTIAL
DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORT		2
INTRA-DEPARTMENTAL CORRESPONDENCE		2-50
OTTAWA, Ontario, November 21, 1950.		
YOUR FILE	SUBJECT	DATE
	Geo-Magnetics	
		(2.57.)
MEMORANDUM TO THE CONTROLLER OF TELECOMMUNICATIONS:		
<p>For the past several years we have been engaged in the study of various aspects of radio wave propagation. The vagaries of this phenomenon have led us into the fields of aurora, cosmic radiation, atmospheric radio-activity and geo-magnetism. In the case of geo-magnetics our investigations have contributed little to our knowledge of radio wave propagation as yet, but nevertheless have indicated several avenues of investigation which may well be explored with profit. For example, we are on the track of a means whereby the potential energy of the earth's magnetic field may be abstracted and used.</p>		
<p>On the basis of theoretical considerations a small and very crude experimental unit was constructed approximately a year ago and tested in our Standards Laboratory. The tests were essentially successful in that sufficient energy was abstracted from the earth's field to operate a voltmeter, approximately 50 milliwatts. Although this unit was far from being self-sustaining, it nevertheless demonstrated the soundness of the basic principles in a qualitative manner and provided useful data for the design of a better unit.</p>		
<p>The design has now been completed for a unit which should be self-sustaining and in addition provide a small surplus of power. Such a unit, in addition to functioning as a 'pilot power plant' should be large enough to permit the study of the various reaction forces which are expected to develop.</p>		
<p>We believe that we are on the track of something which may well prove to be the introduction to a new technology. The existence of a different technology is borne out by the investigations which are being carried on at the present time in relation to flying saucers.</p>		
<p>While in Washington attending the NARS Conference, two books</p>		

*Source: [unclear]
CONFIDENTIAL
SEE MEMO 15/4/69 CR*

the other "The Flying Saucers are Real" by Donald Keyhoe. Both books dealt mostly with the sightings of unidentified objects and both books claim that flying objects were of extra-terrestrial origin and might well be space ships from another planet. Scully claimed that the preliminary studies of one saucer which fell into the hands of the United States Government indicated that they operated on some hitherto unknown magnetic principles. It appeared to me that our own work in geo-magnetics might well be the linkage between our technology and the technology by which the saucers are designed and operated. If it is assumed that our geo-magnetic investigations are in the right direction, the theory of operation of the saucers becomes quite straightforward, with all observed features explained qualitatively and quantitatively. 309

I made discreet enquiries through the Canadian Embassy staff in Washington who were able to obtain for me the following information:

- a. The matter is the most highly classified subject in the United States Government, rating higher even than the H-bomb.
- b. Flying saucers exist.
- c. Their modus operandi is unknown but concentrated effort is being made by a small group headed by Doctor Vannevar Bush.
- d. The entire matter is considered by the United States authorities to be of tremendous significance.

I was further informed that the United States authorities are investigating along quite a number of lines which might possibly be related to the saucers such as mental phenomena and I gather that they are not doing too well since they indicated that if Canada is doing anything at all in geo-magnetics they would welcome a discussion with suitably accredited Canadians.

While I am not yet in a position to say that we have solved even the first problems in geo-magnetic energy release, I feel that the correlation between our basic theory and the available information on saucers checks too closely to be mere coincidence. It is my honest opinion that we are on the right track and are fairly close to at least some of the answers.

Mr. Wright, Defence Research Board liaison officer at the Canadian Embassy in Washington, was extremely anxious for me to get in touch with Doctor Solandt, Chairman of the Defence Research Board, to discuss with him future investigations along the line of geo-magnetic energy release. I do not feel that we have as yet sufficient data to place before Defence Research Board which would enable a program to be initiated within that organization, but I do feel that further research is necessary and I would prefer to see it done within the frame work of our own organization with, of course, full co-operation and exchange of information with other interested bodies.

I discussed this matter fully with Doctor Solandt, Chairman of Defence Research Board, on November 20th and placed before him as much information as I have been able to gather to date. Doctor Solandt agreed that work on geo-magnetic energy should go forward as rapidly as possible

and offered full co-operation of his board in providing laboratory facilities, acquisition of necessary items of equipment, and specialized personnel for incidental work in the project. I indicated to Doctor Solandt that we would prefer to keep the project within the Department of Transport for the time being until we have obtained sufficient information to permit a complete assessment of the value of the work.

It is therefore recommended that a PROJECT be set up within the frame work of this Section to study this problem and that the work be carried on a part time basis until such time as sufficient tangible results can be seen to warrant more definitive action. Cost of the program in its initial stages are expected to be less than a few hundred dollars and can be carried by our Radio Standards Lab appropriation.

Attached hereto is a draft of terms of reference for such a project which, if authorized, will enable us to proceed with this research work within our own organization.

D.M.A.

enclosed

22/11/50

WLS/cc

W.B. Smith

(W.B. Smith)
Senior Radio Engineer

Go ahead with it & keep me posted from time to time

G.P. Edwards

2/12/50

(Elements of the content of this document are corroborated by a 1983 telephone conversation between Stanton T Friedman and a man called Robert Sarbacher, who worked for the US Government).

Testimony of Admiral Lord Hill-Norton

July 2000

[We are grateful to James Fox for sharing this interview.]

Lord Hill-Norton is a five-star Admiral and the former Head of the British Ministry of Defense who was kept in the dark about the UFO subject during his official capacities. In this short interview, he states that this subject has great significance and should no longer be denied and kept secret. He emphatically states, "...that there is a serious possibility that we are being visited — and have been visited for many years — by people from outer space, from other civilizations; that it behooves us to find out who they are, where they come from, and what they want. This should be the subject of rigorous scientific investigation, and not the subject of rubbishing by tabloid newspapers."

I know a good bit about the Bentwaters incident. I've interviewed a number of the people who took part in it, and what I have decided after careful thought, is that there are only two explanations for what happened that night in Suffolk. The first is that the people concerned — including Colonel Halt, who was, at the time, the Deputy Commander of the Base, and a lot of his soldiers — claim that something from outside the Earth's atmosphere landed at their air force base. They went and stood by it; they inspected it; they photographed it.

The following day they took tests on the ground where it had been and found radioactive traces; they reported this. Colonel Halt wrote a memorandum, which was sent to our Ministry of Defense. He has appeared on British television at least once, to my knowledge — possibly more often — in which he has repeated, effectively, what he said in that memorandum. What he said is what I have just described. That is one explanation — that it actually happened as Colonel Halt reported.

The other explanation is that it didn't. In that case, one is bound to assume that Colonel Halt and all his men were hallucinating. My position is perfectly clear — either of those explanations is of the utmost defense interest. It has been reported and claimed — and I, myself, have raised it to ministers at the Defense Ministry in this country — that nothing they have been informed about regarding UFOs is of defense interest. Surely, to any sensible person, either of those explanations cannot fail to be of defense interest. That the Colonel of an American Air Force Base in Suffolk and his military men are hallucinating when there are nuclear-armed aircraft on the base — this must be of defense interest.

And, if indeed what he says took place, did take place — and why on Earth should he make it up — then, surely, the entry of a vehicle from outer space (and certainly not manmade) to a defense base in this country also cannot fail to be of defense interest. It simply isn't any good for our ministers — and the Ministry of Defense in particular — to say that nothing took place that December night in Suffolk, or that it is not of defense interest. It simply isn't true.

Since my name has become connected with UFO matters in quite a big way in this country, and in one or two other countries too, I have frequently been asked why a person of my background — a former Chief of the Defense Staff, a former Chairman of the NATO Military Committee — why I think there is a cover-up, or what the reasons may be for government's wishing to cover up the facts about UFOs. A number of explanations have often been put forward. The most frequent, and perhaps the most plausible, is the government's concern (which [is] primarily that of the United States, and that of my own country) over the public's reaction if they [were] told the truth — which is that there are objects in our atmosphere which are technically miles in advance of anything that we can deploy, that we have no means of stopping them coming here, and that we have no defense against them, should they be hostile.

I believe governments fear that if they did disclose those facts, people would panic: people would rush about and jam switchboards like they did that famous day in New Jersey, when there was a spoof that the Martians [had] landed — people will go mad, and they will jump up and down. I don't believe that at all — I've said so in print. I do not believe that people today, in the 21st century, are going to panic at that sort of information. After all, they have put up with the introduction of nuclear weapons and the destruction of two Japanese cities 50 years ago. They take as a matter of course that we can land vehicles on Mars — land to the precise instant, forecast years before. So why should they panic? They are much more interested in doing the pools or the lottery. They would shrug their shoulders and take it as a matter of course. Anyway, they don't trust politicians, in my experience.

What I'd like to say is that there is a serious possibility that we are being visited — and have been visited for many years — by people from outer space, from other civilizations; that it behooves us to find out who they are, where they come from, and what they want. This should be the subject of rigorous scientific investigation, and not the subject of rubbishing by tabloid newspapers.

It seems to me that the Bentwaters incident is a classic case where an apparent intrusion into our airspace — and indeed, a landing in our country — occurred, which was witnessed by serious-minded people in the military — responsible people, doing a responsible job. And, Bentwaters is, in a sense, a benchmark for how not to deal with these matters in the future.

SECRET

3A
~~10~~

From : Headquarters No. 11 Group
To : See Distribution List
Date : 6th December, 1956
Ref : 11G/S.1803/7/Air Int.

WGR 8/1

Reports on Aerial Phenomena

1. Recent reports on aerial phenomena show that some units are unaware of this Headquarters letter reference 11G/C.2802/8/Int. dated 16th December, 1953, and Fighter Command Headquarters letter FC/S.45485/Signals, dated 13th January, 1953, which was sent to Headquarters Metropolitan and Southern Sectors (for onward transmission to appropriate Radar units) under reference 11G/S.5251/OPS. C & R, dated 21st January, 1953. These letters give instructions for reporting and the action to be taken in regard to the detection of unusual aerial phenomena. So that units may know the action to be taken in future sightings, the letters referred to above are summarised in the following paragraphs.

E-1
2004/1

E-1
6004/1

2. Sightings of aerial phenomena by Royal Air Force personnel are to be reported in writing by Officers Commanding Units immediately and directed to Air Ministry (D.D.I. (Tech.)) with copies to Group and Command Headquarters. In addition, any reports from civilians received by units should be acknowledged formally in writing and copies of the reports themselves forwarded direct to Air Ministry (D.D.I. (Tech.)).

3. It will be appreciated that the public attach more credence to reports by Royal Air Force personnel than to those by members of the public. It is essential that the information should be examined at Air Ministry and that its release should be controlled officially. All reports are, therefore, to be classified "CONFIDENTIAL" and personnel are to be warned that they are not to communicate to anyone other than official persons any information about phenomena they have observed, unless officially authorised to do so.

4. Radar detection of unusual targets is to be reported by stations through the normal channels. They should make a special report of any unusual response, i.e. any responses moving at a ground speed exceeding 700 kts. at any height and at any speed above 60,000 feet.

5. When an unusual response is seen, the supervisor or N.C.O. i/c watch should be informed and he should then check that the echo is not spurious, and arrange for the necessary records to be made to provide the information listed in para. 6 below.

6. Reports on such phenomena should contain, a personal assessment of, and where applicable a copy of, the following:-

- (a) Appearance of the echo.
- (b) The signal strength of the echo (strong, medium and weak) throughout the time of observation, including pick-up and fade points.
- (c) Range and bearing of initial plot and fade points.

STAT

HQ. SOUTHERN
SECTOR

12 DEC 1956

CENTRAL REGISTER

FILED ON.....

1318

...../(d)

001055



REF ID:
A111 001

CD

13 Jan 81

SUBJECT

Unexplained Lights

RAF/CC

1. Early in the morning of 27 Dec 80 (approximately 0300L), two USAF security police patrolmen saw unusual lights outside the back gate at RAF Woodbridge. Thinking an aircraft might have crashed or been forced down, they called for permission to go outside the gate to investigate. The on-duty flight chief responded and allowed three patrolmen to proceed on foot. The individuals reported seeing a strange glowing object in the forest. The object was described as being metallic in appearance and triangular in shape, approximately two to three meters across the base and approximately two meters high. It illuminated the entire forest with a white light. The object itself had a pulsing red light on top and a bank(s) of blue lights underneath. The object was hovering or on legs. As the patrolmen approached the object, it maneuvered through the trees and disappeared. At this time the animals on a nearby farm went into a frenzy. The object was briefly sighted approximately an hour later near the back gate.
2. The next day, three depressions 1 1/2" deep and 7" in diameter were found where the object had been sighted on the ground. The following night (29 Dec 80) the area was checked for radiation. Beta/gamma readings of 0.1 milliroentgens were recorded with peak readings in the three depressions and near the center of the triangle formed by the depressions. A nearby tree had moderate (.05-.07) readings on the side of the tree toward the depressions.
3. Later in the night a red sun-like light was seen through the trees. It moved about and pulsed. At one point it appeared to throw off glowing particles and then broke into five separate white objects and then disappeared. Immediately thereafter, three star-like objects were noticed in the sky, two objects to the north and one to the south, all of which were about 10° off the horizon. The objects moved rapidly in sharp angular movements and displayed red, green and blue lights. The objects to the north appeared to be elliptical through an 8-12 power lens. They then turned to full circles. The objects to the north remained in the sky for an hour or more. The object to the south was visible for two or three hours and beamed down a stream of light from time to time. Numerous individuals, including the undersigned, witnessed the activities in paragraphs 2 and 3.


CHARLES I. HALT, Lt Col, USAF
Deputy Base Commander

DOCUMENT #5

SUMMARY OF INFORMATION

PREPARING OFFICE
CIC, FAO # 8, P.O. Box 379, Knoxville, Tennessee

SUBJECT

OBJECTS SIGHTED OVER OAK RIDGE

CODE FOR USE IN INDIVIDUAL PARAGRAPH EVALUATION

OF SOURCE:	OF INFORMATION:
COMPLETELY RELIABLE A	CONFIRMED BY OTHER SOURCES . . . 1
USUALLY RELIABLE B	PROBABLY TRUE 2
FAIRLY RELIABLE C	POSSIBLY TRUE 3
NOT USUALLY RELIABLE D	SCARCELY TRUE 4
UNRELIABLE E	IMPROBABLE 5
RELIABILITY UNKNOWN F	TRUTH CANNOT BE JUDGED 6

SUMMARY OF INFORMATION (Refer: Summary of Information, Subject: as above, dated 15 Oct 1950.)

On 13 October 1950 Atomic Energy Security Patrol Trooper, Edward D. Rymer, and a caretaker, John Moneymaker, from the University of Tennessee Research Farm, at Oak Ridge, saw an object at about 12,000 to 15,000 feet above Soloway Gate of the "Control Zone." This object appeared to be an aircraft which was starting to make an outside loop, trailing smoke behind. Soon these two men realized that the formerly described smoke behind the aircraft was a tail. This object continued to descend in a controlled dive, much slower than an aircraft would dive, and when it approached the ground it levelled off and flew slowly, parallel to the ground. This object came within two hundred and ten (210) feet of the two observers and was paralleling the ground at approximately the speed that a man could walk, at a height of approximately six (6) feet. Trooper Rymer attempted to approach the object but as he approached the object became smaller and started moving in a southeasterly direction. This object is said to have approached a nine (9) foot cyclone chain link fence and made a controlled movement to clear the fence, then a Willow tree, then a telephone post and wire, after which the object gained momentum and altitude and cleared a hill at approximately one (1) mile away. The object appeared to be pear shaped. When this object was over the hill it was still visible as the same sized object that was observed when only fifty (50) feet away. (The explanation given was that this object grew larger as it gained altitude and speed.)

Approximately five minutes later the object appeared again having reappeared from approximately the same location from which it had disappeared. The object was seen again five minutes later for approximately ten seconds.

During the above happenings, Mr. John Moneymaker had visual reference of this object during its first slight for approximately seven minutes. Trooper Rymer was interrupted twice during which times he called his headquarters in an attempt to get other observers. Also, during the fantastic flight of this object, Trooper Rymer stopped Mr. E. W. Hightower, who was on the highway in his vehicle, to verify what was being seen. Mr. Hightower's statement substantiates the description as before.

By the time the object appeared the second time, Joe Zarzecki, Capt. of the Atomic Energy Commission Security Patrol, was present and also witnessed this phenomenon.

Each of the observers described the object substantially as follows:

- a. When the object was first sighted it appeared to be an aircraft, trailing smoke, or better described as "smoke writing."

DISTRIBUTION 3 cc Headquarters, Third Army
1 cc OSI, Knoxville, Tennessee
1 cc FBI, Knoxville, Tennessee

1 cc to Security Division, AEC, Oak
1 cc File

WD-ACG FORM 568
1 JUN 47

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE 16-60390-1

B

CONFIDENTIAL

SUMMARY OF INFORMATION

DATE
17 October 1950

PREPARING OFFICE
CIC, FAO # 8, P. O. Box 379, Knoxville, Tennessee

SUBJECT
OBJECTS SIGHTED OVER OAK RIDGE

CODE FOR USE IN INDIVIDUAL PARAGRAPH EVALUATION	
OF SOURCE:	OF INFORMATION:
COMPLETELY RELIABLE A	CONFIRMED BY OTHER SOURCES . . . 1
USUALLY RELIABLE B	PROBABLY TRUE 2
FAIRLY RELIABLE C	POSSIBLY TRUE 3
NOT USUALLY RELIABLE D	DOUBTFULLY TRUE 4
UNRELIABLE E	IMPROBABLE 5
RELIABILITY UNKNOWN F	TRUTH CANNOT BE JUDGED 6

SUMMARY OF INFORMATION

- b. When the object was approaching the ground in its descent, it took on the shape of a bullet with a large tail.
- c. When the object was sighted on the ground (from approximately two hundred and ten (210) feet) it appeared to be approximately the size of a 2x5 card, with a twenty (20) foot ribbon tail. The object and the tail was alternately moving up and down, and the ribbon appeared to be waving in the breeze. The color was a metallic grey.
- d. When Trooper Rymer came within fifty (50) feet of the object he described it similar to the above except that the first two and one-half feet of the tail appeared more solid, but the last seventeen and one-half (17½) feet of the tail appeared almost transparent and was glowing, intermittently, in sections. The tail appeared to have four or five sections which would glow intermittently.

7
it is my
or you?

Trooper Rymer's record is among the best of the troopers at the Atomic Energy Commission Security Patrol. Mr. John Moneymaker holds badge No. UT-1817, and is employed by the University of Tennessee Agricultural Research Farm as a caretaker for small animals. Mr. E. W. Hightower holds badge No. 6633 and is an employee of the Maxon Construction Company.

The Controller, Capt. W. Akin, of Detachment No. 2, 662 AC and W Sqd., McGee-Tyson Airport, P. O. Box 202, Maryville, Tennessee, at the Knoxville Airport Radar Site, made a report that he had seen peculiar readings on the radar scopes at approximately 1520 hours. Apparently the radar picture was indefinite, intermittent, and inaccurate, because the objects sighted by radar would only make a short "painting" on the scope and would then disappear only to reappear at another location.

On 16 October 1950, at approximately 1520 hours, five persons (as yet unknown) sighted objects hovering over the K-25 plant at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. Further information and description is expected from these sources. However, the radar scopes at Knoxville Airport were giving an unintelligible reading. Apparently the Commanding Officer was reluctant to make any statement concerning these readings due to higher Headquarters doubting the event of the past few days.

Nevertheless, a fighter aircraft from the 5th Fighter Sqd. was sent to identify an object which was reported to be hovering over K-25. Upon approaching the area the radar equipment aboard the aircraft got an image on its scope and the pilot pursued this image and identified it as a light type aircraft. Ground

2

DISTRIBUTION	3 cc Headquarters, Third Army	1 cc Security Division, AEC
	1 cc OSI, Knoxville, Tennessee	1 cc File
	1 cc FBI, Knoxville, Tennessee	

WD AGO FORM 568 1 JUN 47

B

COMPLAINT FORM

NO. 1405

ADMINISTRATIVE DATA

TITLE KIRTLAND AFB, NM, 8 Aug - 3 Sep 80. Alleged Sightings of Unidentified Aerial Lights in Restricted Test Range.	DATE	TIME
	2 - 9 Sept 80	1200
	PLACE	
	AFOSI Det 1700, Kirtland AFB, NM	
	NOW RECEIVED	
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> IN PERSON <input type="checkbox"/> TELEPHONICALLY <input type="checkbox"/> IN WRITING		
SOURCE AND EVALUATION		
MAJOR ERNEST E. EDWARDS		
RESIDENCE OR BUSINESS ADDRESS		PHONE
Commander, 1608 SPS, Manzano Kirtland AFB, NM		4-7516
CR. <u>44</u> APPLIES		

SUMMARY OF INFORMATION

REMARKS

- On 2 Sept 80, SOURCE related on 8 Aug 80, three Security Policemen assigned to 1608 SPS, KAFB, NM, on duty inside the Manzano Weapons Storage Area sighted an unidentified light in the air that traveled from North to South over the Coyote Canyon area of the Department of Defense Restricted Test Range on KAFB, NM. The Security Policemen identified as: SSGT STEPHEN FERENZ, Area Supervisor, AIC MARTIN W. RIST and AMN ANTHONY D. FRAZIER, were later interviewed separately by SOURCE and all three related the same statement: At approximately 2350hrs., while on duty in Charlie Sector, East Side of Manzano, the three observed a very bright light in the sky approximately 3 miles North-North East of their position. The light traveled with great speed and stopped suddenly in the sky over Coyote Canyon. The three first thought the object was a helicopter, however, after observing the strange aerial maneuvers (stop and go), they felt a helicopter couldn't have performed such skills. The light landed in the Coyote Canyon area. Sometime later, three witnessed the light take off and leave proceeding straight up at a high speed and disappear.
- Central Security Control (CSC) inside Manzano, contacted Sandia Security, who conducts frequent building checks on two alarmed structures in the area. They advised that a patrol was already in the area and would investigate.
- On 11 Aug 80, RUSS CURTIS, Sandia Security, advised that on 9 Aug 80, a Sandia Security Guard, (who wishes his name not be divulged for fear of harassment), related the following: At approximately 0020hrs., he was driving East on the Coyote Canyon access road on a routine building check of an alarmed structure. As he approached the structure he observed a bright light near the ground behind the structure. He also observed an object he first thought was a helicopter. But after driving closer, he observed a round disk shaped object. He attempted to radio for a back up patrol but his radio would not work. As he approached the object on foot armed with a shotgun, the object took off in a vertical direction at a high rate of speed. The guard was a former helicopter mechanic in the U.S. Army and stated the object he observed was not a helicopter.
- SOURCE advised on 22 Aug 80, three other security policemen observed the same

DATE FORWARDED TO AFOSI	AFOSI FORM 80 ATTACHED
14 Sept 80	<input type="checkbox"/> YES <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NO
DATE	TYPED OR PRINTED NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT
3 Sept 80	RICHARD C. DOTY, SA
SIGNATURE	
<i>Richard C. Doty</i>	
DISTRICT FILE NO.	DCH RESULT
8017893-0/27	<input type="checkbox"/> NEGATIVE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> POSITIVE (See Attached)

AFOSI FORM 80 PREVIOUS EDITION WILL BE USED.

CONTINUED FROM CONPLAL P-3M 1, DTD 9 Sept 80

aerial phenomena described by the first three. Again the object landed in Coyote Canyon. They did not see the object take off.

5. Coyote Canyon is part of a large restricted test range used by the Air Force Weapons Laboratory, Sandia Laboratories, Defense Nuclear Agency and the Department of Energy. The range was formerly patrolled by Sandia Security, however, they only conduct building checks there now.

6. On 10 Aug 80, a New Mexico State Patrolman sighted an aerial object land in the Manzano's between Belen and Albuquerque, NM. The Patrolman reported the sighting to the Kirtland AFB Command Post, who later referred the patrolman to the AFOSI Dist 17. AFOSI Dist 17 advised the patrolman to make a report through his own agency. On 11 Aug 80, the Kirtland Public Information office advised the patrolman the USAF no longer investigates such sightings unless they occur on an USAF base.

7. WRITER contacted all the agencies who utilized the test range and it was learned no aerial tests are conducted in the Coyote Canyon area. Only ground tests are conducted.

8. On 8 Sept 80, WRITER learned from Sandia Security that another Security Guard observed a object land near an alarmed structure sometime during the first week of August, but did not report it until just recently for fear of harassment.

9. The two alarmed structures located within the area contains HQ CR 44 material.



U.S. Department
of Transportation
**Federal Aviation
Administration**

Memorandum

Anchorage ARTCC
5400 Davis Hwy.
Anchorage, Alaska

Subject: INFORMATION: Transcription concerning the Date: January 9, 198
incident involving Japan Airlines Flight 1628
on November 18, 1986 at approximately 0218 UTC.

From: Quentin J. Gates Reply to
Air Traffic Manager, Attn. of:
ANC ARTCC

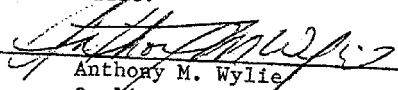
To: This transcription covers the time period from November 18, 1986, 0214 UTC to
November 18, 1986, 0259 UTC.

Agencies Making Transmissions

Abbreviations

Japan Airlines Flight 1628	JL1628
Anchorage ARTCC Combined Sector R/D15	R/D15
Anchorage ARTCC Sector D15	D15
Anchorage ARTCC Sector R15	R15
Regional Operations Command Center	ROCC
United Airlines Flight 69	UA69
TOTEM71	TOTEM
Fairbanks Approach Control	APCH

I hereby certify that the following is a true transcription of the recorded
conversations pertaining to the subject incident:


Anthony M. Wylie
Quality Assurance Specialist
Anchorage ARTCC

DRAFT



U.S. Department
of Transportation
**Federal Aviation
Administration**

Memorandum

Subject: INFORMATION: Unidentified Traffic Sighting
by Japan Airlines

Date: DEC 18 1986

From: Air Traffic Manager, Anchorage ARTCC, ZAN-1

Reply to
Attn. of:

To: Manager, Air Traffic Division, AAL-500
ATTN: Evaluation Specialist, AAL-514

The attached chronology summarizes the communications and actions of Japan Airlines Flight 1628 on November 18, 1986.

Radar data recorded by Anchorage Center does not confirm the presence of the traffic reported by Flight 1628. No further information has been received from civil or military sources since the date of the sightings.

Major Johnson of the Elmendorf Regional Operations Command Center (ROCC) is checking their records and the operations personnel for further details. He will forward any additional information to Anchorage Center as soon as possible.

Should you have any questions or need additional information, contact Tony Wylie, Quality Assurance Specialist, 269-1162.

Original signed by

Quentin J. Gates

Attachment

DRAFT

The following is a chronological summary of the alleged aircraft sightings by Japan Airlines Flight 1628, on November 18, 1986:

All times listed are approximate UTC unless otherwise specified.

- 0219 - The pilot of JL1628 requested traffic information from the ZAN Sector 15 controller. When the controller advised there was no traffic in the vicinity, JL1628 responded that they had same direction traffic, approximately 1 mile in front, and it appeared to be at their altitude. When queried about any identifiable markings, the pilot responded that they could only see white and yellow strobes.
- 0225 - JL1628 informed ZAN that the traffic was now visible on their radar, in their 11 o'clock position at 8 miles.
- 0226 - ZAN contacted the Military Regional Operations Control Center, (ROCC), and asked if they were receiving any radar returns near the position of JL1628. The ROCC advised that they were receiving a primary radar return in JL1628's 10 o'clock position at 8 miles.
- 0227 - The ROCC contacted ZAN to advise they were no longer receiving any radar returns in the vicinity of JL1628.
- 0231 - JL1628 advised that the "plane" was "quite big", at which time the ZAN controller approved any course deviations needed to avoid the traffic.
- 0232 - JL1628 requested and received a descent from FL350 to FL310. When asked if the traffic was descending also, the pilot stated it was descending "in formation".
- 0235 - JL1628 requested and received a heading change to two one zero. The aircraft was now in the vicinity of Fairbanks and ZAN contacted Fairbanks Approach Control asking if they had any radar returns near JL1628's position. The Fairbanks Controller advised they did not.
- 0236 - JL1628 was issued a 360 degree turn and asked to inform ZAN if the traffic stayed with them.
- 0238 - The ROCC called ZAN advising they had confirmed a "flight of two" in JL1628's position. They advised they had some "other equipment watching this", and one was a primary target only.
- 0239 - JL1628 told ZAN they no longer had the traffic in sight.
- 0242 - The ROCC advised it looked as though the traffic had dropped back and to the right of JL1628, however, they were no longer tracking it.
- 0244 - JL1628 advised the traffic was now at 9 o'clock
- 0245 - ZAN issued a 10 degree turn to a northbound United Airlines flight, after pilot concurrence, in an attempt to confirm the traffic.
- 0248 - JL1628 told ZAN the traffic was now at 7 o'clock, 8 miles.

0250 - The northbound United Flight advised they had the Japan Airlines flight in sight, against a light background, and could not see any other traffic.

0253 - JL1628 advised they no longer had contact with the traffic.

A subsequent review of ANC ARTCC's radar tracking data failed to confirm any targets in close proximity to JL1628.

DRAFT

PERSONNEL STATEMENT

FEDERAL AVIATION ADMINISTRATION

Anchorage Air Route Traffic Control Center

The following is a report concerning the incident to aircraft JL1628 on November 18, 1986 at 0230 UTC.

My name is Carl E. Henley (HC) I am employed as an Air Traffic Control Specialist by the Federal Aviation Administration at the Anchorage Air Route Traffic Control Center, Anchorage, Alaska.

During the period of 2030 UTC, November 17, 1986, to 0430 UTC, November 18, 1986 I was on duty in the Anchorage ARTCC. I was working the D15 position from 0156 UTC, November 18, 1986 to 0230 UTC, November 18, 1986.

At approximately 0225Z while monitoring JL1628 on Sector 15 radar, the aircraft requested traffic information. I advised no traffic in his vicinity. The aircraft advised he had traffic 12 o'clock same altitude. I asked JL1628 if he would like higher/lower altitude and the pilot replied, negative. I checked with ROCC to see if they had military traffic in the area and to see if they had primary targets in the area. ROCC did have primary target in the same position JL1628 reported. Several times I had single primary returns where JL1628 reported traffic. JL1628 later requested a turn to heading 210°, I approved JL1628 to make deviations as necessary for traffic. The traffic stayed with JL1628 through turns and descent in the vicinity of FAI I requested JL1628 to make a right 360° turn to see if he could identify the aircraft, he lost contact momentarily, at which time I observed a primary target in the 6 o'clock position 5 miles. I then vectored UA69 northbound to FAI from ANC with his approval to see if he could identify the aircraft, he had contact with the JL1628 flight but reported no other traffic, by this time JL1628 had lost contact with the traffic. Also a military C-130 southbound to EDF from EIL advised he had plenty of fuel and would take a look, I vectored him toward the flight and climbed him to FL240, he also had no contact.

Note: I requested JL1628 to identify the type or markings of the aircraft. He could not identify but reported white and yellow strobes. I requested the JL1628 to say flight conditions, he reported clear and no clouds.

Carl E. Henley

November 19, 1986

DRAFT

PERSONNEL STATEMENT

FEDERAL AVIATION ADMINISTRATION
Anchorage Air Route Traffic Control Center

January 9, 1987

The following is a report concerning the incident involving aircraft JL1628 north of Fairbanks, Alaska on November 18, 1986 at 0218 UTC.

My name is Samuel J. Rich (SR). I am employed as an Air Traffic Control Specialist by the Federal Aviation Administration at the Anchorage Air Route Traffic Control Center, Anchorage, Alaska.

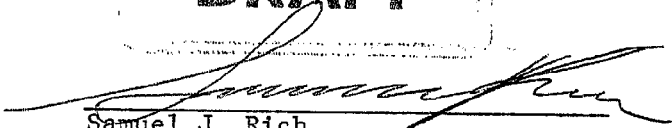
During the period of 0035 UTC, November 18, 1986, to 0835 UTC, November 18, 1986, I was on duty in the Anchorage ARTCC. I was working the D15 position from 0230 UTC, November 18, 1986, to 0530 UTC, November 18, 1986.

I returned from my break at approximately 0218 UTC to relieve Mr. Henley on the sector R/D15 position. In the process of relieving Mr. Henley I heard the pilot of JL1628 ask if we had any traffic near his position. I continued to monitor the position as Mr. Henley was too busy to give me a relief briefing. I monitored the situation for approximately twelve minutes at which time I assumed the D15 position and Mr. Henley moved to the R15 position. During the twelve minute period I heard the JL1628 pilot report the color of the lights were white and yellow. After the radar scale was reduced to approximately twenty miles I observed a radar return in the position the pilot had reported traffic.

After assuming the D15 position I called the ROCC at approximately 0230 UTC to ask if they had any military traffic operating near JL1628. The ROCC said they had no military traffic in the area. I then asked them if they could see any traffic near JL1628. ROCC advised that they had traffic near JL1628 in the same position we did.

I asked ROCC if they had any aircraft to scramble on JL1628, they said they would call back. I received no further communication regarding the request for a scramble.

DRAFT


Samuel J. Rich
Air Traffic Control Specialist
Anchorage ARTCC

- 74 -

PERSONNEL STATEMENT


FEDERAL AVIATION ADMINISTRATION
Anchorage Air Route Traffic Control Center

January 9, 1986

The following is a report concerning the incident to Japan Airlines Flight 1628 (JL1628) North of Fairbanks, Alaska on November 18, 1986 at 0218 UTC.

My name is John L. Aarnink (AA). I am employed as an Air Traffic Control Specialist by the Federal Aviation Administration at the Anchorage Air Route Traffic Control Center (ARTCC), Anchorage, Alaska. During the period of 2230 UTC, November 17, 1986 to 0630 November 18, 1986 I was on duty in the Anchorage ARTCC. I was working the C15 position from approximately 0218 UTC, November 18, 1986 to 0250 UTC, November 18, 1986.

I was on my way to take a break when I noticed the unusual activity at the Sector 15 positions. I plugged into the C15 position and assisted them by answering telephone lines, making and taking handoffs and coordinating as necessary. As to the specific incident, I monitored the aircrafts transmissions and observed data on the radar that coincided with information that the pilot of JL1628 reported. I coordinated with the ROCC on the BRAVO and CHARLIE lines. They confirmed they also saw data in the same location. At approximately abeam CAWIN intersection, I no longer saw the data and the pilot advised he no longer saw the traffic. I called the ROCC and they advised they had lost the target. I then unplugged from the position and went on a break.


John L. Aarnink
Air Traffic Control Specialist
Anchorage ARTCC

DRAFT

DAILY TELEGRAPH 08.06.03

Now the US wants control of space

By Julian Coman in Washington (Filed: 08/06/2003)

The United States is planning to take control of parts of space and develop patrolling military aircraft in orbit as part of a revived Star Wars proposal for an American military empire above the ozone layer.

According to James Roche, the US Air Force Secretary, America's allies would have "no veto power" over projects designed to achieve American military control of space.

The key theme of the ambitious plans is described as "negation" - the denial of the use of space for military intelligence, or other purposes, without American endorsement.

The plans come after the successful use of global positioning satellites (GPS) and other space technology during the recent wars in Afghanistan and Iraq.

The National Reconnaissance Office (NRO), the intelligence agency that is responsible for US spy satellites, is to develop a strategy that ensures America's allies, as well as its enemies, never gain access to the same space resources without Washington's permission. Recent proposals that have been circulated at Space Command and NRO briefings suggest that access to "near-earth space" may be refused to other nations.

All GPS satellites are located within near-earth space, which covers the orbital distance from Earth to the moon. A fleet of spacecraft will be developed, designed to attack and destroy future satellites of enemies and rivals. The rapid-launch "military space plane," the potential cost of which has not been disclosed, would also be used as a mobile "bodyguard" for US space installations. It would be the first "space plane" in history with a directly military function.

A prototype is expected by 2005 although military deployment is not expected before 2014. "It will hopefully be a new kind of vehicle, equipped for the challenges of the future," said a Pentagon official.

After the recent military action in Afghanistan and Iraq, US Air Force Command claimed that American forces on the ground had a decisive advantage in gathering intelligence and targeting enemy troop positions.

As a result, the Pentagon believes that the struggle to control space will form the next stage of a global arms race.

Its plans confirm that America expects space to be "weaponised" in the medium-term future, and is determined to take an unassailable technological lead.

Two years ago, a report commissioned by Donald Rumsfeld, the US defence secretary, warned of the danger of a "Space Pearl Harbor" if America did not take action to protect itself.

At America's National Space Symposium, held in April in Colorado Springs, Gen Lance Lord, the commander of US Air Force Space Command, explained the logic of the new strategy to a largely military audience.

"The pursuit of asymmetric advantage is not new," he said. "In the 20th century, airpower emerged as just such an advantage. Today, at the outset of the 21st century, we are realising the same sort of advantage through space power."

It was at the same forum that Mr Roche warned America's allies not to expect any veto over its plans.

Until now, international treaties have forbidden the deployment of weapons in outer space, although a loophole exists which allows the United States to use its satellites for military intelligence.

The 1967 Space Treaty - the first international legislation on space exploitation - also stated that outer space should be free for exploration and use by all states, and would not be subject to national appropriation by occupation or any other means.

Last month, the Russian foreign minister, Sergei Ivanov, repeated Moscow's demands for the complete demilitarisation of space.

In March last year, however, Peter Teets, the under-secretary of the air force and director of the NRO, said: "I believe that weapons will go into space. It's a question of time. And we need to be at the forefront of that."

A Department of Defence Review in 2001 also stated that "a key objective [for the US] is not only to ensure US ability to exploit space for military purposes but also as required to deny an adversary's ability to do so". Canadian government officials have already complained that senior American officials have begun to exclude them from sensitive areas of joint aerospace defence operations.

The implications of an American military monopoly in space are bound to concern European allies, who have recently agreed to launch their own \$3.2 billion satellite navigation system - Galileo - which is to be used only for civilian purposes.

Europe has long resisted the prospect of a military use of space technology.

In the 1980s, Ronald Reagan's Strategic Defence Initiative - the so-called "Star Wars" plan - to use space technology to repel Soviet missiles, ending the era of nuclear deterrence, drew fierce resistance from allies.

President George W Bush's plans for a satellite-guided missile defence system have now largely been accepted.

SCIENCE & SPACE

SPACE PIONEER GORDON COOPER DIES

Cooper believed in UFO coverup

Tuesday, October 5, 2004 Posted: 0144 GMT (0944 HKT)

<http://edition.cnn.com/2004/TECH/space/10/04/gordon.cooper/index.html>

(CNN) -- Leroy Gordon Cooper, one of the nation's first astronauts who once set a space endurance record by traveling more than 3.3 million miles aboard Gemini 5 in 1965, died on Monday, NASA said. He was 77.



Cooper died at his home in Ventura, California.

"As one of the original seven Mercury astronauts, Gordon Cooper was one of the faces of America's fledgling space program. He truly portrayed the right stuff, and he helped gain the backing and enthusiasm of the American public, so critical for the spirit of exploration," NASA Administrator Sean O'Keefe said on the space agency's Web site.

Cooper, an Oklahoma native who entered the Marine Corps after graduating from high school in 1945, later became an elite Air Force test pilot at Edwards Air Force Base in California, where he became fascinated with the space program.

By April 1959, Cooper was named as one of the Project Mercury astronauts, following grueling physical and mental tests each candidate had to endure.

At the news conference naming the future of America's space program, Cooper was joined by Alan Shepard, Gus Grissom, John Glenn, M. Scott Carpenter, Walter Schirra Jr. and Deke Slayton.

On May 15 and 16, 1963, Cooper piloted the Faith 7 spacecraft on a 22-orbit mission that concluded the operational phase of Project Mercury.

A little more than two years later, he would set a new space endurance record, serving as command pilot of the eight-day, 120-revolution Gemini 5 mission, which began August 21, 1965.

It was on this flight that he and Charles Conrad traveled a distance of 3,312,993 miles in 190 hours and 56 minutes. Cooper also became the first man to make a second orbital flight.

During his two space flights, Cooper logged 225 hours, 15 minutes and 3 seconds. He served as backup command pilot for Gemini 12 and as backup commander for Apollo X.

In an interview with CNN in 2000, Cooper said in-house politics kept him off the moon flights.

"I would have liked to have gone to the moon. I would have liked to have been one of the crew that landed on the moon but it just didn't work out that way. And I don't, I certainly don't harbor any bitterness or anger."

In addition to his space flights, Cooper logged more than 7,000 hours flying time in jets and commercial aircraft. He retired from the Air Force and NASA in 1970 with the rank of colonel.

After leaving NASA, Cooper served on the boards of directors as a technical consultant to a number of companies in the aerospace, electronics and energy fields. He also was the vice president for research and development for Walter E. Disney Enterprises Inc., from 1974-1980.

In his post-NASA career, Cooper became known as an outspoken believer in UFOs and charged that the government was covering up its knowledge of extraterrestrial activity.

"I believe that these extraterrestrial vehicles and their crews are visiting this planet from other planets, which obviously are a little more technically advanced than we are here on Earth," he told a United Nations panel in 1985.

"I feel that we need to have a top-level, coordinated program to scientifically collect and analyze data from all over the Earth concerning any type of encounter, and to determine how best to interface with these visitors in a friendly fashion."

He added, "For many years I have lived with a secret, in a secrecy imposed on all specialists and astronauts. I can now reveal that every day, in the USA, our radar instruments capture objects of form and composition unknown to us."

UFO/ ET DISCLOSURE

Introduction

In 2003, I found out about [The Disclosure Project](#) - following some research (that's the old-fashioned and "more serious-sounding" term for "web-surfing"). I was trying to find information after watching [Britain's Closest Encounter](#) (aired in March 2003 on BBC 3). Because I had recently got a fast Internet connection, I was able to download a large video file, which plays for nearly 2 hours. [This video was of a press conference, held in Washington DC in May 2001](#). It covers something that has been in hot dispute since about 1947 – the reality of "UFOs". It now seems abundantly clear to me that we cannot rely on the mainstream media to provide good quality, balanced coverage of this topic, for reasons that may also become clear to you if you study the material presented here. Other factors, which I will discuss later, also seem to work against acceptance of the validity of this material, and what it shows as the most likely conclusion.

It seems clear to me that one's position or view on the subject of UFO's and Extraterrestrial Intelligence (ETI) falls somewhere in the following categories:

1. Has no real interest, no real knowledge.
2. Has some interest some knowledge, but considers the subject largely irrelevant.
3. Has interest and knowledge but considers UFOs to be "all in the experiencer's mind", with no evidence of their "objective reality" (i.e. as real physical objects). Therefore the subject is only a curiosity, a mystery if you will, about which we are unlikely to find any real answers (i.e. fairly sceptical).
4. Has interest and knowledge considers themselves open minded – there might be "something in it" (less sceptical).
5. "Believer" – believes there is evidence that UFOs are real physical objects and perhaps one explanation is that they are intelligently controlled and possibly Extra-Terrestrial Craft.
6. "Experiencer" has seen or had a UFO-related experience and *knows* of their physical reality, in one way or another.

Within each of these categories, there are a number of subdivisions which people might place themselves in. There is also a common perception that "no answers are available" as to "what is going on". This is simply not the case – some fairly coherent and rational answers are available to explain some things – but few people are prepared to listen to them, let alone accept them.

Although I regard myself as a fairly "grounded" person, I am actually someone who falls into categories 5 and 6. I have also had a long interest in the Paranormal Phenomena that, though well - documented, do not seem to fit very well into our current understanding of "the way the universe works", and are often (even "generally") regarded either as fantasy, delusion or the result of hoaxing or trickery of one kind or another. Alternatively, they get tucked away in that "way out wacky" arena of things where people often seize on phenomena and explain them in narrow terms and use them as some kind of basis for their "cult".

As a general comment, people who could be categorised in groups 1-4 (above) seem to hold a kind of prejudiced view against those in groups 5 and 6. On occasion, it seems, the level of prejudice between people in groups 1 or 2 and 6 can be as high as that experienced by those who have political views which differ strongly from "the majority" or prevailing view.

For those of you who have studied this subject before, you must forgive any statements I make which seem obvious or condescending. If any such statements are present, it is because I am attempting to get across ideas to people who may be "uninitiated" in the subject.

Most people's immediate reaction is to be fairly sceptical about any claims of UFO related phenomena. This is something of a natural reaction, and not without its merits. However, when diverse corroborating testimony illustrates things appear to have been happening which we do not fully understand, testimony is too often disregarded as describing something which has been misperceived in some way, or was simply not real. Later, I will try to explore what I think are some of the reasons for this, but for now, I will quote someone called [Wilbert Smith](#), a Senior Canadian Government Communications Engineer, from a [speech he made in 1958](#), regarding this whole subject:

It is not reasonable to assume that hundreds of ordinary, normal people, whose word we would readily accept under more mundane circumstances - for instance, as witnesses to an automobile accident - should suddenly become liars, fools, neurotics, and otherwise quite incompetent observers.

This is particularly true in the case of some of the Disclosure Witnesses who have, for instance, been in charge of Nuclear Weapons.

Common Reasons Why the Reality of Extraterrestrial Intelligence and its Fairly Frequent Visitation of the Earth is Denied or Just Ignored

There are quite a number of reasons why people reject this idea, which I will now try to explore. The "Disclosure" material (on the DVD - not included on here as these are not freely downloadable, but see the "Documents" section for sample) goes into more detail, offering wide-ranging (contemporary) witness testimony to explain why this is the case.

Lack of Balanced Media Coverage

It is stating the obvious, I know, but most people in Western Culture get their ideas about the everyday events through the Television and Newspapers. Though many would reject the idea that our media is "controlled", few would dispute that it *is* often *influenced*. For example, many papers print stories which they know will "sell copies". Particularly in recent years, papers seem almost obliged to print celebrity news for instance. This is, to my way of thinking, a kind of censorship in itself – i.e. the printing of stories which will "sell copies" is a censorship of stories which won't "sell copies" (clearly, the "quality papers" are less guilty of this than the "gutter press"). Similarly, it seems to me that, over the last few years, television and radio news has, on many an occasion, exhibited a tendency to present news in a way which will "attract viewers" rather than simply sticking to presenting known information in a clear and concise way, without excessive repetition or speculation or "flashy" coverage.

Some years ago, Journalist Leslie Kean had tremendous difficulty in getting her story about [The COMETA Report](#) (the "French version" of "Disclosure") published. It was finally accepted

by the Boston Globe (in the USA). She has also [written an essay](#) which offers reasons as to why, in over 50 years, the UFO phenomena has not really been subject to proper scientific study. Again, there has to my knowledge, been no coverage of this story (do a search for "COMETA Report" on the BBC Website and you will find nothing).

As an example, here in the UK, [a \(in July 2003\) in The Daily Mail](#) about how the highly significant events which took place at The Bentwaters RAF base in 1980 were simply the result of a hoax by a man called Kevin Conde.

Why was it necessary to print this story in the Daily Mail, almost 23 years after the event took place, when Jo Public had largely forgotten about it? Curiously, only days before this story was printed, I read the testimony of Lord Norton Hill (a former Chief of Defence Staff and a Disclosure Witness):

"This should be the subject of rigorous scientific investigation, and not the subject of rubbishing by tabloid newspapers."

Was the story printed because anyone who watched the documentary (called [Britain's Closest Encounter](#)) some weeks previously might have realised that the people involved were responsible and well-trained? [Lt. Colonel Charles Halt's memo](#) to the MoD is fairly straightforward in the way it is written, but some people say it's rubbish, and claim Colonel Halt didn't know what a lighthouse looked like at night (they said he mis-took the object for the nearby lighthouse - and a tractor) and he got 1 or more of the dates wrong when he wrote the memo. (Halt's explanation is that the event happened before New Year and he wrote memo after, so he messed up. I accept this as being a valid reason for the wrong date). Admiral Lord Norton Hill (a former chief in MOD) who interviewed many of the witnesses himself, also accepts this explanation. He has gone on record as saying (I quote):

What he (Halt) said is what I have just described. That is one explanation — that it actually happened as Colonel Halt reported.

The other explanation is that it didn't. In that case, one is bound to assume that Colonel Halt and all his men were hallucinating. My position is perfectly clear — either of those explanations is of the utmost defense interest. It has been reported and claimed — and I, myself, have raised it to ministers at the Defense Ministry in this country — that nothing they have been informed about regarding UFOs is of defense interest. Surely, to any sensible person, either of those explanations cannot fail to be of defense interest. That the Colonel of an American Air Force Base in Suffolk and his military men are hallucinating when there are nuclear-armed aircraft on the base — this must be of defense interest.

And, if indeed what he says took place, did take place — and why on Earth should he make it up — then, surely, the entry of a vehicle from outer space (and certainly not manmade) to a defense base in this country also cannot fail to be of defense interest. It simply isn't any good for our ministers — and the Ministry of Defense in particular — to say that nothing took place that December night in Suffolk, or that it is not of defense interest. It simply isn't true.

As with most events of this type, people looking for a "logical" explanation can, often unknowingly, exhibit a high level of arrogance in disregarding the literal meaning of the actual

Witness Testimonies that are made. One of the common phrases used in the media to describe people who are proposing the reality of ETI is "True Believers" – this kind of term tends to imply that there is no evidence *for* a belief in ETI. Disclosure Witnesses, and people like them, show that this is clearly *not* the case.

There Is No Reality In Any Of This Because You Just "Want To Believe It Is True"

This is not a very good basis from which to make an argument, because such remarks are directed personally at whoever is proposing a "different" or "wider" reality than most of us would readily accept. Additionally, having studied material that seems to have been released more recently, I really don't "want to believe it is true". (Consider the case of [Stan Romanek](#) if you want to know why.)

Arguments of "you want to believe it" type, therefore, are not based on any kind of evidence. I e-mailed the reporter who wrote the Kevin Conde story (who had a similar view to the above) and he remarked:

I take the view that the people claiming an alien spaceship has landed have all the proving to do, not the people who believed that no such thing happened ...

In this case, Colonel Halt's memo outlines ample evidence that something did land (depressions, somewhat abnormal radiation etc). The *Daily Mail* report stated what it was:

'There was a large helicopter which landed there the previous night - a helicopter with three landing skids.'

This is stated in the article as being the explanation of the object which landed, despite the witness testimony that this was not the case. I therefore asked the reporter further about the 'helicopter' explanation. I asked:

Was it an Army, RAF or Coast Guard Helicopter? How often do helicopters land in the middle of the forest, in trees, without being damaged? Who was the pilot? Has he been contacted to testify/verify that he landed there?

The reporter's response was that he had "no idea". He had therefore not felt this part of the explanation worth verifying, even though the alternative ("spaceship" – his word, not mine) explanation would appear to be of great significance. It seems all too often to be the case that someone can say "it didn't happen that way" and it is accepted as a valid, sound explanation – without any evidence of the validity of the "more prosaic" explanation being presented.

I also feel that the "you want to believe it is true" argument also equally strongly applies, in reverse, to the very people who make it.

"There is No Physical Proof of Extraterrestrial Life"

It is true that there is no publicly-exhibited physical evidence of extra-terrestrial life – or is there? Around the same time as I came across the Disclosure Project, I also came across the [Starchild Project](#) – which is centred around an unusual "deformed" skull, found in 1930. Again, some dismiss this item as an irrelevance – purely the result of cradle-boarding and hydrocephalus. This,



however, does not explain the skull's 40% of human bone density, unusual hardness of the bone and the vein structure seen inside the skull under X-ray (which differs from that seen with all other Hydrocephalics). Other deformities, when taken together, also seem difficult to explain. Only one member of the academic community who has been asked to study of this object has taken it seriously, everyone else has "turned their nose up" at it. The person who has studied it has not been able to explain all the deformities together.



DNA tests have done on the skull – and the results have become more reliable in the last 10 years, following an initial heavily “botched” test in 1999. In 2003 mitochondrial DNA tests *seemed* to show the mother of the being was human, though no paternal DNA could be recovered. Since 2010, “shotgunning” recovery of nuclear DNA has proved that a highly unusual number of base pair sequences *match no other species on earth* (as catalogued in the NIH DNA databases). “Skeptical” descriptions of the skull almost always omit one or more of the skull highly anomalous features such as the 40% bone density and vein x-ray evidence, preferring to cast doubt on arguments offered because of the conclusion drawn and in doing so was rather hypocritical (i.e. the article states that "things should be judged by evidence" yet the evidence I mention above seems to have been ignored completely, and not even questioned). Additionally, the argument is deflected away from the data presented by introducing references to UFOs, bigfoot etc when this doesn't really contribute to answering the questions that the skull presents. This is another common approach when artefacts of this type are analysed.

So Why Haven't They Landed in Broad Daylight, for All to See?

This is a difficult question to answer. Evidence can be gathered that these craft have landed in broad daylight and people have witnessed them - even made contact with the occupants. However, most of the testimony to these sorts of events is dismissed as fantasy.

As has been discussed above, Witness Testimony describes 2 landing events at Rendlesham forest, but again this is commonly regarded as fantasy.

No, a saucer has not landed on the Whitehouse Lawn - perhaps because if it really did, it would be too shocking for us to bear. How would people react? However, there were [significant events in the skies over Washinton DC in 1952](#), which simply were explained away and people quickly forgot about them, despite the fact that [these objects were tracked on RADAR](#). (At least one was reportedly shot at as well).

Interstellar/Intergalactic Space Travel or Faster than Light Travel is Not Possible so no ET's could be here.

Currently accepted laws of physics seem to dictate that FTL (Faster-Than-Light) travel (in a given medium) is impossible. However, some "rebel thinkers" in physics and cosmology believe that certain "models of reality" would allow this to happen. Again, there are literally thousands of solid witness testimonies which describe objects behaving in ways that we can not explain with our generally accepted models. Either all these witness testimonies are wrong or inaccurate or what have you, or our models are wrong/incomplete. If we state that all the Witness Testimony is wrong, we also have to accept that, in at least some cases, radar equipment has exhibited "faults" which show "phantom objects" whose recorded behaviour matches what is described by witnesses. i.e. both the witness testimony is wrong and the radar is faulty at the same time.

Also, for further comments about propulsion systems, see below. Things don't appear to be so clear cut as many would have you believe.

But it Sounds Like Science Fiction – I'm Sorry. It Just Doesn't Ring True – It Can't Be Real

Again, this argument is based on the context we have experienced things in. Many people now have mobile phones – the latest of which are "video enabled", allowing 2-way video communication. Do we reject the idea that these can be real because we first saw devices like them in Star Trek in the 1960's? For those that have seen and used a mobile videophone they are clearly a reality. But, for instance, for those people who do not come into contact with them (and aren't likely to), their existence is known of only through Witness Testimony and possibly written materials – and there are certainly some people somewhere in the world that would deny the existence of a videophone without seeing it themselves.

Cultural Reasons for Non-Acceptance

These are several fold. It seems true that in Western Culture, we are usually exposed to the idea of Extra Terrestrial Intelligence in a "fantasy context" rather than a "factual context" – i.e. we know of the idea of ET's through films, TV and novels as "just a story" of one kind or another. Coverage of the idea in any other "frame of reference" is quite rare, and few people are exposed to it. Consider this portion of an entry from the Grolier's Encyclopaedia 2000:

The date of the earliest UFO sighting in history is unknown, and the evidence for such sightings is scanty and purely speculative, despite the claims of various books on the subject.

This entry is not really very accurate, as it tends to ignore the substantial body of Witness Testimony that describes something very different. [It also disregards historical references to such things](#). Though the possibility of trickery and hoaxing is ever-present and often difficult to prove or disprove, in the final analysis, however, one has to consider the witness testimony very carefully, as I will discuss later.

We live in a "technologically advanced" society and there is something of an implicit view among many people that "we understand everything" and "anything which does not fit our understanding is not real". People whose job depends strongly on a "scientific view of the world" are normally the most guilty of this. (i.e. They have a general view that anything which appears to be an effect but that can not be reliably reproduced under laboratory conditions is not worth taking seriously.) Of course any leaders who were to admit that they didn't understand something or can't explain it are showing a weakness. In many cases, however, it is a weakness of not being able to tell the truth, however uncomfortable it may be.

Since about 1947, due to a deliberate policy of ridicule and misinformation, people who have UFO experiences often do not openly discuss them, for fear of being thought of as "strange". Whilst many UFOs can be explained as "natural phenomena" (and the list of explanations is quite long – I am not going to go over ground that has already been covered 100,000 times or more), it is sometimes the case that a "natural explanation" is applied where it clearly does not simultaneously cover *all* the features of the witness testimony, but when such explanations are offered, non-experiencers tend to accept them because it allows them to "keep their existing picture of reality".

Religious Views

In some cases, certain religious views preclude the idea of Extraterrestrial Intelligence visiting or being active on Earth. Most branches of Christianity tend to quietly ignore it. (But [some religions appear to be based on this](#) idea or have been influenced by it)

"World Views"

If one accepts that ETI visitation is a reality, it forces a complete change of "World View" in the most fundamental and far-reaching way and this, in itself, can be a subconscious reason for rejecting the validity of any testimony or evidence which is presented. (This is like when Galileo discovered the moons of Jupiter, therefore proving that not everything went round the Earth. There were those who refused to accept his evidence by simply not looking through his telescope. Here, I am putting forward the view that we have to look very carefully through the telescope of Witness Testimony before refusing to change our "World View".)

There are So Many UFO and Paranormal Hoaxes, there can't be real Phenomena involved!

It is true that there are a large number of "proved hoaxes" in the UFO and similar fields. Many people are quick to mention Von Daniken and George Adamski, for instance. But it is also true that other more mundane hoaxes, such as the [Hitler Diaries](#), have been perpetrated; yet not all other historical personal diaries are then immediately and automatically assumed to have been falsified (as is often the case with UFO/ET related testimony).

Additionally, when there is testimony that someone has been up Mount Everest, and they offer photographic evidence, it is unlikely they are closely questioned or that we put a great deal of effort into disproving their story, even though there is some conjecture that at least one account of an ascent to the summit of Everest may not be valid ([I refer to a 1960 ascent by a Chinese team](#)).

My thrust is to say that just because one or more hoaxes have been carried out is not a good basis for automatically dismissing all the other Witness Testimony.

People who are Recounting/Dealing With UFO Experiences are Out to Make Money

Again, this is *sometimes* true, but is not the sole reason for Witnesses giving testimony. In many cases, their lives are changed – and usually for the worse. ([Listen to Robert Jacob's Testimony](#)). Many UFO researchers and witnesses do not make any money at all from the evidence they present – and this includes many of those in "Disclosure" and its representatives (like me). Many would say the same accusation can be made against most prominent figures from any given walk of life anyway i.e. they are not doing what they do for the "common good", they are merely seeking to make a "fast buck".

If ETI Has Been Visiting Earth Then That Means There Must Have Been A Massive Cover-Up – I Can't Believe The Cover-Up Would Be So Big. I Don't Believe In Conspiracy Theories.

I too was considerably more sceptical of conspiracy and cover-up theories before reading "Disclosure" material. Whilst many say "there are no such things as government conspiracies"

etc, certain Disclosure Witnesses testify directly to their involvement in a cover-up. The best way to cover something up is to create vast quantities of mis-information and mix this in with valid, legitimate claims. It then becomes very difficult to distinguish between truth and lies. This has probably happened to many subjects (including the Kennedy Assassination and the murder of Marilyn Monroe, both of which, from my research, are linked in some way to the Disclosure Subject). In most cases, the way information is covered up or distorted is quite subtle and difficult to see at first, but one also has to be wary of too much paranoia.

It is sometimes suggested that if the truth that "Disclosure" points to was "officially" revealed, there would be public hysteria (much as there was in the [US in 1938 when Orson Welles' radio programme](#) was taken to be a live report of Martians invading New Jersey), and this is one reason why "official" revelation has been avoided. This is probably not the real reason for the apparent cover up.

"Disclosure" Testimony makes the link between UFOs/ETI and "free energy" and anti-gravity technology. For most of the 20th Century, various people have come forward to say they have discovered "free energy" of one kind or another - [Nikola Tesla](#) is probably the most well known example, though he is more commonly associated with "conventional physics". (He was the "inventor" of the "Alternating Current" method of transmitting power and the unit of Magnetic Flux density is also named after him). But many stories about him have also been snowballed in myth and legend, in much the same way as those in the UFO field. Moving away from Tesla, it is worth noting that [one commercial product is available which appears to generate more energy than goes in](#) - the [Hydrosonic Pump](#).

If one accepts that some UFOs are real ET craft, then it seems clear they don't run on petrol or "fossil fuel"! If one accepts that craft have crashed and have been recovered by the military, then it is likely they are in possession of advanced technologies. Disclosure testimony discusses the treatment of [anti-gravity propulsion](#) and "free energy" technologies.

US Air Force, NRO Operative, Sergeant Dan Morris - UFOs are both extraterrestrial and manmade...It's not that our government doesn't want us to know that there are other people on other planets. What the people in power don't want us to know is that this free energy [from energy generators developed with UFO technology] is available to everybody. So secrecy about the UFOs is because of the energy issue. When this knowledge is found out by the people, they will demand that our government release this technology, and it will change the world.

Talk of anti-gravity technology is normally immediately greeted (like most of the topics mentioned here) with chucklesome incredulity. This hasn't quite stopped Nick Cook, a former editor of *Jane's Defence Weekly* from publishing a book (in July 2002) called [The Hunt for Zero Point](#) (Publisher: Arrow; ISBN: 0099414988), the result of 10 years research into this field, in which he concludes that such technology probably has been developed, with some success, in Black Projects. [As he says himself in an interview](#), the technology involved is so "world-changing" that it has been kept secret by a combination of methods. It hasn't been kept secret by the US Government per se, but by the Military Industrial Complex, whose vested interests – some of which we effectively share - now constrain us into the unsustainable way of living that we now, in the main, subscribe to.

If you don't believe how large some of the Covert projects can be, consider the details of one project, which has recently been de-classified. [Project Orion](#) had considerable funding and planned to build a large ship to be "blasted" into space using atomic bombs.

At the other end of the scale, it is also possible to build, almost in "Blue Peter" fashion, a little device called a [Lifter](#) which appears to exhibit unusual behaviour in relation to gravity (I built and successfully tested one of these using an old PC monitor, some tin foil, copper wire, Balsa wood and Superglue.).

People who study/try to develop the so-called Free-energy technology are usually held in the same regard and treated in the same way as those who believe that UFOs are (in at least some cases) real objects and ET craft. Consider the treatment of [Cold Fusion](#) and the people involved and other figures such as Stanley Meyer.

If the Reality of ETI Visitation is a given, then How Can the Existence NASA and, for instance, SETI be Explained?

The conventional, orthodox view is that "we still do not know for sure of the mere existence of any extra-terrestrial life". Additionally, the basic view is "there is no real proof that any extra-terrestrial life has ever visited the Earth". As we are all probably aware, views other than this, at best, have not been taken very seriously or just taken to be fiction, and, at worst, have been ridiculed and denied for over 50 years. Therefore, they are generally not accepted by orthodox thinkers (who make up the bulk of the scientific establishment). It does seem logical to suggest that a corollary of "non-belief" is that such bodies/projects as NASA and SETI will come into being. However, there does seem to be a basic human need to answer the question of "are we alone in the cosmos?" otherwise, why would probes have been sent to the moon and planets etc?

When you take your this question forward, you are basically saying this: "The SETI/NASA programme/body exists therefore all the Disclosure Witnesses and those people like them **MUST** be lying or mistaken about what they saw." Really, you are using one argument to try and disprove another, without a body of evidence to coherently link them. I am no longer prepared to accept that all the witnesses did **NOT**, in some instances, see ET craft or be involved with the events they say they were. I am therefore of the opinion that SETI has either been allowed to be set up as a "smoke screen", or it has simply come into being by itself because not enough people are aware of, or do not accept, the evidence and witness testimony which (it seems apparent to me) effectively already proves the existence of ETI - or something like it.

But All This Information You Present Has Come From the Internet, which is often Unreliable as a Source of Information

This is another argument which does have some validity – the Internet is a great medium for rapidly spreading rumour and mis-information. How many Virus warning messages have you had on your computer that were about non-existent Viruses? Yes – lots! E-mail scams? Yes – a bucket-load every week! So it is clear that all the information I present is probably not valid – right? Well, if believing that makes you feel better, stick with it.

There are many ways to refute this argument. Simply watch the Disclosure Press Conference Video. What does it matter that the Internet has been the mode of delivery as opposed to TV or Radio? The witnesses are still saying the same things...

Additionally, most of the accounts in "Disclosure" relate to events that happened before the Internet was in public use, so this argument does not really apply.

The Role of the Internet and World Wide Web

One big question which I have is this; "If this stuff is so highly classified then why can I find it so easily on the Web?" This is probably one of the more difficult questions to answer. My own view is that it seems likely that, whilst there seem to have been some attempts to censor or close some Web Sites, the majority remain unaffected. There could be several reasons for this:

- The task of preventing them being accessed is too difficult to undertake – the growth of the WWW has been so rapid that those wishing to keep this information secret have not been able to keep up.
- People can "Publish" their own information – people can read the written thoughts directly, with no intervening publisher or controlling body of any kind. This potentially limits the "filtering" that might otherwise be applied to this type of information.
- There is an active policy of allowing the information to come out so that people will gradually learn the truth, therefore "lessening the shock" of "Official Disclosure" (which I feel will come, some time in the next 50 years or so).
- Those like me, involved in disseminating the information in one way or another, are unwitting pawns in a "game" of actually spreading mis-information.

Clearly, the latter is a possibility (as several people have already suggested to me), but my answer to this is that I tend to take the Witness Testimony literally and believe that there are many honest, ordinary people who have had extraordinary encounters and experiences.

It is clear also to me, however, that with the advent of the Internet and things like Digital Cameras, Digital Recording and CD Burners, it is now much easier than ever before to share vast quantities of information directly and quickly. I.e. what I have produced here could perhaps be considered as some kind of encyclopaedia, yet the cost of compiling and producing copies of this is negligible, considering the amount of information contained herein. This sort of thing has only become possible in the last few years.

A More Conventional View...

"Conventional evidence" now being gathered re [extra solar planets](#) and e.g. [water on Mars](#) lends support to the idea of extra terrestrial life being more likely. And, even mainstream science now seems to mention "[Panspermia](#)" as a possible idea for the origin of life on Earth - because no scientific theory properly explains how it started on earth so early. (But it can, of course, be argued that this is because the idea is "in fashion" again at the moment.) Also, after several years of work, the SETI program (whose PC-screensaver I run) sent out [this message](#). However, no follow up message indicating any success has been sent.

The Nub of "Disclosure" – Witness Testimony

Whole branches of Psychology are devoted to people's perception of events and how they can be changed, distorted etc. It seems to be the case, as has already been touched on, that when witnesses describe unusual events, there is a basic (and/or subconscious) assumption that their testimony cannot be valid. Whole edifices of thought and conjecture are constructed to give reasons to suggest the literal meaning of the testimony may not be valid. Most of this edifice

can, in many cases, be toppled with the simple statement of "Well, you weren't there – you didn't experience it."

Let us simplify the thought process behind judging the validity of witness testimony. When considering any witness testimony, you have the following "stages of acceptance" (or non-acceptance)

1. Is this person "telling the truth"?
2. Have they "correctly perceived" what they saw, i.e. not mistaken it for something else?
3. If they do not seem to be lying and appear to understand what they saw, if I had been stood with them at the same time, would I have perceived what was seen in the same way as the person did?

If you feel you can answer "yes" to all 3 of these questions, then you accept that what the witness describes did actually happen, in that way, and it was a real event. In the list of 3 stages above, different people have different "jumping-off points". (Obviously a great many factors *can* come in to play in making a decision about point 1, but in quite a few cases, I would argue that too much emphasis is placed on the various factors and there is an undue unwillingness to say "yes – they really *are* telling the correctly-perceived truth".)

Psychologists and others can come up with a coherent and scientific explanation of why someone's perception may be altered but again, I regard this as a kind of "cognitive safety net", because the honest and simple answer is often "This person is not lying and did not mis-perceive, they saw something which is clearly beyond our current understanding but it is, nonetheless, almost certainly very real." This sort of statement is rather unpopular because it is an admission of an inadequacy of understanding or an acceptance of a "wider reality" than we commonly experience. This opens up a curious paradox because science is supposedly a process of finding the answers to questions and yet the questions raised by the UFO and ETI topics I am discussing here seem to be actively discriminated against.

If one takes some of the "Disclosure" testimony literally, then point (2) – the "perception" issue is not really relevant. How can one "misperceive" an instruction to be "sworn to secrecy" etc?

In my view, if one can not accept the witness testimony given by the Disclosure Project Witnesses, the reason is either "they are all lying their pants off" or this: "The truth indicated is so radical and world-changing that it can not possibly be real and so even though all factors seem to indicate it as being the truth, I still can not accept it because I will have to change my views so much". (Of course, there are others who freely accept it as the truth and are quite comfortable with the implications of it.)