

the apro bulletin

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THE A.P.R.O. BULLETIN

November, 1978

TWO PHOTOS FROM BRAZIL



*The Janusas Photo
(See Column One)*

Follow-up

The June, 1978 issue of the *Bulletin* carried a page one article concerning the sighting of a huge object described by witnesses as consisting of five huge, bright red lights which made no sound as it moved slowly in the area of Scandia, Minnesota. Since the initial investigation, which began a few days after the sighting which took place on the evening of March 22nd, (Wednesday), more information has surfaced.

The sighting was tentatively identified as a flight of Army Reserve helicopters by Brad Ayers of CUFOS (Center for UFO Studies) but this was denied by the Army. Although they admitted they had helicopters in the air, an Army spokesman said it would have been impossible for the 'copters to have accounted for the UFO reports which were all of a low-level silent set of red lights. The helicopters stayed above 2,500 feet, partly because of noise problems until they landed at 9:30 P.M.

Mrs. Stuart (Margaret) Davis, one of our more industrious and capable Field Investigators, turned up some interesting reports in Western Wisconsin which shed considerable light on the events of March 22nd:

(See Follow-up - Page Three)

The following report was forwarded to Headquarters by Sal Giamusso of New York, who interviewed the principal. The photo taken by Mr. Janusas is identical to one taken by Joshua da Silva near Passo Fundo, Brazil two years earlier, the details of which follow the Janusas case.

Mr. Saul Janusas (Electrical Engineer) of Sea Cliff, New York, was in Brazil on business at the time of the incident. After completing work at the International Airport of Rio DeJaneiro that day of June 20 or 21, 1978, Mr. Janusas caught the 5 P.M. bus (Paranapuan Bus Company) to Copacabana for home. About a mile out from the airport Mr. Janusas observed an object through the bus window at approximately 10° to 15° toward his front (from an imaginary line perpendicular to the broadside of the bus). Not believing what he saw, Mr. Janusas grabbed for his camera and snapped a picture, Mr. Janusas estimates that the time to change frames and reorient the camera on the object took about 20 seconds before the second picture was taken. Almost right after the second frame was taken, the bus made a right turn which caused the object to be obscured from Mr. Janusas' vision. A sketch of the sequence of pictures taken is included to help clarify any questions. Whether anyone else saw the object is not known at this time. The few other people on the bus at the time of Mr. Janusas' sighting were Portugese. This caused Mr. Janusas to refrain from alerting anyone else of the object. (note: Mr. Janusas suspects that the second picture taken might have been of a second object. He *did* take his eyes off the object while he was changing frames - just a thought.)

And now, the earlier report and photo:

On the 12th of May, 1976 Mr. Joshua da Silva and Mr. Gesareo Goncalves were driving in Goncalves' car from Iteri to Passo Fundo, Brazil. At ten A.M. when they were less than fifty kilometers (thirty-one miles) from Passo Fundo, near the Jacui River, da Silva spotted a silver metallic spherical object resembling the planet Saturn, replete with ring.

Gesareo drove slowly toward it until they were abreast and it was approximately twenty meters (one hundred and thirty feet) distant. They estimated the object which had a "brushed metal" surface to be six to eight meters (twenty to twenty six feet) in diameter.

When abreast of the object, Goncalves stopped the car while da Silva turned and fumbled in a bag

(See Brazil - Page Three)

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A MESSAGE FROM HEADQUARTERS

This issue of the Bulletin is being printed in the week preceding Christmas. As many of you know, APRO owns its own offset printing press which is in the Lorenzens' home because the terms of the lease on APRO'S office does not allow noisy machinery.

Therefore, the printing is done in the Lorenzen home during Mr. Lorenzen's spare time, which isn't a lot because besides his duties with APRO, he runs a nine to five business five and one-half to six days a week. The availability of his time has

not been a major factor but one of many, including typesetting delays and paper shortages.

For instance, we had to settle for poor quality paper, in order to get the Sept. and Oct. issues out, resulting in printing which is not up to standard.

In the past, we at headquarters have had to suffer the slings and arrows of disgruntled members who wrote lengthy letters and expected lengthy answers. To give the membership some idea of the complications which confront us:

Mrs. Kudrle, our office manager, left us in late August. A local girl came to train, but there weren't funds to pay both of them full time while the new manager was training. Thus, there has been one stumbling block. The office, which is located in a building with a burglar alarm and fire alarm system, is expensive, and the rent was raised the second year.

Because we have had to move the office three times since 1968, the mailing address has remained the same: the Lorenzen's address on E. Kleindale, saving the cost of printing new forms and stationary. The mail, which fluctuates between fifty and one hundred pieces a day, is opened, read, sorted and logged by Mrs. Lorenzen and couriered to the office by Mr. Lorenzen. This mail consists of inquiries about membership or subscription, new memberships, renewals of memberships and subscriptions, clippings, reports, bills, bank business, periodicals and letters. Most of the periodicals and reports and clippings are in foreign languages and, if the proper translator is outside of Tucson, they have to be mailed out. APRO has translators to handle almost any language including Chinese, Japanese and Tagalog.

One of our major problems has been galloping inflation and rising postal rates. Our press, which we bought at a very good price from a hotel which went out of business, came with enough paper to supply our needs for application forms, brochures and many other forms for two years. We order our envelopes from a large mail order outfit which gives us lower than local prices.

Despite all these "cutting of corners", we must increase our revenue in order to accommodate the expected future inflationary spiral, and expand the office hours (now only five hours a day, five days a week) to a full forty to accommodate the increasing workload.

Mr. Lorenzen receives no remuneration for the duties he performs, and Mrs. Lorenzen receives a small token salary which, after the social security fee is deducted, is turned back to A.P.R.O. This was instituted so that at least her Social Security fund would be added to, which is very little indeed, after over twenty-six years of dedicated volunteer work in the UFO field.

The last two books, "Encounters with UFO Occupants" and "Abducted" were written by the Lorenzens but all advance and royalty monies were

(See Message - Page Four)

Brazil

(Continued from Page One)



The Passo Fundo Photo

in the back seat for his Kodak Rio Camera which was loaded with color film.

When the car stopped, the object began to descend. Da Silva snapped one photo, rolled the film and snapped another, whereupon the object began moving into the Northeast, increasing its speed as it went, until it was out of sight. It was gone in just seconds.

Technicians at El Globo, one of Rio's newspapers, examined the negative and said they could find no evidence of a hoax.

It is interesting to note how closely the Janusas and da Silva photos resemble the Trindade photos of 1957.

* * * * *

Follow-up

(Continued from Page One)

Five helicopters sat down at a shopping center south of Spooner, Wisconsin at 7:30 p.m. The crew of 12 had sandwiches and coffee and left — we assume at about 8:15-8:30 p.m. They made a racket when they arrived and when they left and were heard for some time thereafter.

There had been a wake for Mr. Jim Nystrom's sister at the Catone funeral home in Cumberland, Wisconsin which is 21 miles south of Spooner. At around 9 or 9:15 p.m. Mr. Nystrom and his wife Jean were driving home from the wake and when on highway 48, 5 or 6 miles west of Cumberland, Mr. Nystrom commented on a red "reflection" in

the window on the passenger side.

The Nystroms were on their way home where Mrs. Nystrom was to prepare coffee and lunch for friends who were following in cars behind them. Mrs. Nystrom was preoccupied with the plans for the lunch and paid no attention.

Following the Nystroms was Jack Pepourski, a Vietnam veteran who is familiar with helicopters. He was a mile or two behind the Nystroms and at about 9:20 p.m. saw three to five red lights to his right (north) at the tree line. If moving, they were moving very slowly.

Dick and Norma Holmbeck were last to leave the funeral parlor and were at least 10 minutes behind the others as they stopped to help a woman who had locked her keys in the car. When they were nearly at the entrance to the Nystrom farm sometime after 9:20 p.m. they saw 5 large red, steady lights to the right (North). The 5 lights covered an area comparable to that of a football field and appeared to be moving but slowly. When they arrived at the Nystroms it was heading toward the Southwest.

The last in the series of reports investigated by Mrs. Davis and which shed so much light on these alleged helicopters took place at 9:20 p.m. at Osceola, Wisconsin. Mr. and Mrs. Neil Johnson, who live 4 miles south of Osceola had just returned home from choir practice at church. They had entered the house and were sitting in the living room on the sofa, looking out the picture window toward the St. Croix river to the west. Mrs. Johnson spotted a large bright white light Southwest of them over or beyond the river about three miles away. The time was 9:20 p.m. They watched the light for about five minutes at which time it appeared to turn, move further South and become smaller.

At this point, looking out the window on the North, they both spotted five large, red, silent lights arranged in a semi-circle approaching at between 10 and 20 miles per hour and at an altitude of about 200 feet. Johnson at first thought they were helicopters but their slow flight, lack of noise and perfect "formation" changed his mind.

The Johnsons saw no outline behind the lights, but felt the brilliance of the lights could have obliterated any outline. Conversely, because the moon was out and bright and the size of the lights indicated they were close, Johnson felt they should have seen some other lights and outlines had they been helicopters.

Johnson called his brother's home and notified him and that family viewed the spectacle also. After he hung up, (it took a few minutes to get his brother to the phone) he went back to the window and he and his wife watched the objects continue into the southwest where they appeared to "dock" with the white light whereupon the 6 lights put on a burst of speed and were out of sight in seconds.

The total duration of the sightings was 20

(See Follow-up - Page Four)

Follow-up

(Continued from Page Three)

minutes—from 9:20 to 9:40 p.m.

On the same evening a lady driving South to Osceola saw the five lights which passed above her car, frightening her badly. The children enjoyed it and saw the white light, which she did not.

Johnson later found out that during the sighting the dogs in the neighborhood were very upset. At his mother's home, the cat "went wild", climbed into a shelf in the porch and knocked all the groceries down. The family dog was also upset, scratching at the back door and leaving considerable saliva down its length.

This set of reports indicate that, indeed, there were five helicopters operating over Western Wisconsin and Eastern Minnesota between 7:30 (Spoooner) and 9:35 p.m. But when the objects were seen after the Nystrom wake, the helicopters should have been making their approach to St. Paul—nearly 100 miles away. And when the Johnsons watched the red lights "dock" with the white light near the St. Croix River, the helicopters were *already* on the ground at St. Paul.

* * * * *

Message

(Continued from Page Two)

paid into the organization and it has been these funds which has kept the APRO ship afloat.

But now the headquarters staff and the Tucson volunteers who get out the mailings to save funds must turn to the general membership for help. Dues and subscription rates must be raised beginning January, 1979. After careful deliberation, they have been adjusted as follows:

Yearly Subscription or membership:

United States: \$12.00

Canada and Mexico: \$13.00

All other countries (surface mail): \$15.00

All other countries (air mail): \$17.50

We are sorry to have to do this, but are sure the membership will understand our quandary and continue to support APRO. Thank you.

* * * * *

Bright Fireball Over Arizona

Residents of central and southwest Arizona were startled Sunday night, October 29th when a brilliant green flash lit the ground brighter than a full moon.

APRO's Public Relations Director, Hal Starr,

was out for a walk after the 10 P.M. news and was fortunate enough to have witnessed the display almost from its beginning. He wasn't wearing his watch, but like any good radio-TV man, guesses time fairly accurately. And he guesses it happened about 10:40 P.M., MST.

Starr was looking down at the sidewalk when he first noticed the ground light up with an extremely brilliant glow. Looking up quickly, he observed what was obviously a body entering Earth's atmosphere. Its' bright green flare indicated it was most probably composed of a high degree of copper under extreme heat. The object remained visible for about six seconds, and was seen by Starr the last four seconds of its decay trajectory.

It was first observed at an azimuth of approximately 200° from north Phoenix and at an elevation of roughly 65°. It prescribed a perfectly straight trajectory (as seen from his angle) to a point of about 240° and an elevation of about 45°, at which time it flared more brightly, apparently exploding, with small fragments of brightly glowing green pieces scattering in all directions.

There was no sound, even after several minutes, because Starr waited to see if any explosive noise would reach him later, giving a much more accurate estimate of its distance. That distance was probably quite great, though, because reports of the sighting came from as far away as Yuma, a distance of 160 airline miles to the southwest. What fascinated observers, though, was the vapor trail the object left in its wake, looking much like a jet contrail, and hanging motionless for about 20 seconds before dissipating.

* * * * *

PENNSYLVANIA REPORT

By J. Allen Smith

It appears that Pittsburgh and surrounding areas experienced a major UFO "flap" starting on March 1st. Those knowledgeable in the phenomena feel that these flaps occur mostly on the 24th of the month, then on the 10th or at any given Wednesday. Although the odds are about 4 to 30 for "any Wednesday" sightings, the Pittsburgh flap did start on a Wednesday, which may be coincidental to the alleged pattern. In my opinion, the sightings included in this report are the tail-end of the flap. The Pennsylvania Center for UFO Research has investigated the majority of the sightings in the Pittsburgh area.

SONICBOOMS

You no doubt are aware of this new phenomenon

(See Pennsylvania - Page Five)

Pennsylvania *(Continued from Page Four)*

associated with UFO activity that the Eastern States have witnessed since November of last year. The sonics that I've heard are similar to the sound that known aircraft would produce while approaching the sound-barrier, but yet with a difference. What I've heard is a 10 to 15 second thunderous roll with a 5 to 10 second interval before the next display of sonics. I really have heard no "boom" at the end of the roll.

A brilliant display of lights are sometimes associated with the sonics. One Saturday in February I heard the sonics the whole day through, and during that evening, while seated in my living room, I witnessed flashes of blue-green light coming through the windows on two occasions. This is the only time I witnessed the light display with the sonics.

The sonics emanate from no particular part of the sky; instead the complete surrounding air is filled with this noise. Some researchers term the sonics as Sky-quakes. The May issue of "UFO Report" featured this phenomenon.

During our flap I heard the sonics on March 2nd continuously from 9:30 p.m. to 12:15 the next morning. I also heard the sonics one-half hour before I received the call from the Coraopolis Police Department concerning the UFO sighted on March 4th.

SIGHTING SIMILARITIES

1. All were of the First Kind.
2. All were nocturnal.
3. All were sighted quite a distance from the witnesses.
4. All were sighted by more than one witness.
5. All sightings were in the same general location.
6. All sightings were approximately the same time of the evening.
7. All UFOs traveled a straight course.
8. All UFOs were illuminated.
9. All rotating lights were counter-clockwise.
10. Sonic booms were heard prior to all sightings.

SIGHTING DIFFERENCES

1. Only one sighting of the three exhibited more than one UFO.
2. One sighting has the UFOs descending.
3. One sighting has the UFOs speeding rapidly, while the others were slower.
4. Two sightings occurred within 1/2 hour of each other, while the other took place 25 hours prior.
5. Two UFO shapes could be made out, while the other two couldn't.
6. One of the four UFOs sighted did not exhibit blinking or rotating lights, but was all aglow.
7. Rotating lights--two UFO's displayed white lights, while one displayed colored lights.

Multiple Phenomena on a Rocky Mountain Ranch

By John S. Derr, Ph.D.

and

R. Leo Sprinkle, Ph.D.

(Continued)

Jim: Because it's necessary to develop what bothers me. Well, the night that we saw the box, I stopped at the top of the hill and looked down into the trees and there was a light in the trees. I told Joe to go on to the house, and I walked down into the trees, and I think that's the closest I ever came to being afraid. I didn't feel fear, in that sense, but my legs wouldn't move. I had to force my legs to take me down cause I didn't know what I would see. I walked down to the light and there were two individuals waiting for me in the light. The light didn't come from anywhere--I can't describe it--it was just light. They obviously weren't nervous and as soon as I walked up, they spoke to me by name and told me. . . . I can quote that exactly, "How nice of you to come." It was just as though I had been expected. Down below, possibly 50 to 60 feet from us, was a disk on the ground. It was lightly lit, just light enough to see; I can describe it exactly. I've burned that in my memory. I was up there maybe five minutes; they apologized for the inconveniences they had caused us, told us that a more equitable arrangement would be worked out between us, whatever that means. I wanted to ask a lot of questions but found that I didn't--you know, like, where are you from? I didn't ask any of that. There are several things they asked me not to repeat that have no significant meaning at all--they are unrelated to anything. I think maybe they were just checking to see if I would keep my mouth shut. I told them that if they were mutilating cattle, it was very foolish to do so and draw that much attention to themselves. I complained about the damage to the cars; they never admitted doing any of it. One thing they did do was that they mentioned the box and that I did the right thing backing away from it--it was what I called an implied threat. They nodded, and approximately 20 to 30 feet away, "Big Foot" as I called him, got up and walked toward the box. The box changed tone and he dropped. They said, "As you can see, they are quite lethal." They said that they would come back and talk again. There were no goodbyes; I just somehow felt it was time to go. They did tell me that my memory wouldn't be tampered with. I think that is about it. I didn't ask any of the questions that I had figured I would want to ask. Somehow, they seem juvenile. And I had no doubts that these were two men--they were men--I can describe them almost exactly. I had seen them before; this is the thing I hadn't

(See Ranch - Page Six)

Ranch

(Continued from Page Five)

mentioned. I hadn't gotten a really close look but the two that spoke to me were not identically the same as those that I had seen before. They were similar; these were definitely humanoid. They were approximately 5 ft., 6 in. tall, I would say. They had on tight-fitting clothing, you know, like a flight suit. I noticed the clothing changed colors, from brown to silver, but I don't know how. They were very fair, had large eyes and seem perfectly normal, completely relaxed. They had blond hair with something over the head but I could still see their hair. They had something like a flight suit on, skin-fitted. The hair was obviously blond and wasn't long; it didn't make much of an impression. The thing that impressed me the most was the eyes, and if I were judging what they were, I would say they were humanoids. They were different than people but not different enough that you couldn't call them people.

Investigator: If you saw them on the street, you would stare at them as being different?

Jim: Right, but not freaked out by them. Their facial features were finer, their eyes were larger; they would have been striking but. . . . almost effeminate, almost delicately effeminate, completely self-assured; they obviously were handling the situation with me very well.

Investigator: Did you turn around and walk away from them or did they go first?

Jim: I went first. We talked; there were no goodbyes. It was just like, well, we're finished, and I just walked off. I thought about all of the things I would have liked to have asked but I couldn't figure out why. Then I couldn't figure out why they had even bothered to talk to me. It was obvious that I was supposed to come. They didn't say anything that would indicate why, except a more equitable arrangement.

Barbara: You weren't feeling well that night, I remember.

Jim: I was feeling very badly.

Barbara: Jim has a heart condition too.

Jim: A myocardial infarction--I didn't particularly want to go up the hill but I felt somehow compelled to go up. Nothing that happened was phenomenal; I can't figure why or how. They didn't give me any earth-shattering information or even admit they were mutilating the cattle. The only thing I found out for sure is that this big fuzzy thing, "Big Foot," obeys the commands. I found that out. I found out the box can be lethal, if they were telling me the truth. It was, all in all, a very pleasant conversation we had--no trouble with them after that. This happened approximately in January of 1977. The part that was interesting was that they would see us again, and I was really excited. I came back and told everybody that they would be down to the house to visit one day. It was a very pleasant conversation and I would

define them as diplomats. They were very capable of handling what they had to--they were very smooth and if I were judging by the ones that I have seen before, they were larger and they were more humanoid; if anything, they were half-breed. They looked enough like people that--in a laboratory, we could produce people that looked just like it. That was my first thought--that somehow the government was trying to do this. They were completely self-assured; they spoke vernacular English. I was pretty rocked, because I did see the disk and it was quite clear. I walked on back to the house; it wasn't very long that I was gone, I'm sure. I wasn't with them very long. I was excited over the more equitable arrangement; I guess I had some illusion that they were going to give me the cure for cancer or a billion dollars or something--at least pay for the car's transmissions. Shortly after that is when Barbara saw the other type of UFO--the ice cream cone-shaped one.

27. Tall Creature With Helmet

Jim: I was asleep on the couch. John was there because it was a weekend. It was about two in the morning. I sleep very soundly, as a rule. I woke up completely awake--wide awake--and I couldn't move. I was lying on the couch looking out--there are French doors in front of it. I couldn't talk but I could breathe alright and I wanted Barbara and John to get in here and turn the lights on and see it. I was forcing the air out of my larynx and making strange sounds. They could hear me but they weren't coming. And this thing was just looking at me. And I can describe it vividly--all that was working was my eyes--I couldn't move. It was approximately seven feet tall, very skinny arms and legs, extremely skinny. It had an object on its chest--I could see the shaping of it very clearly, like a box, but it wasn't flat. It was pointed. It had three hoses on each side; this creature had a thing over its head, like a space helmet with a plastic covering. It wasn't at all terrifying; it was more or less pathetic in appearance--almost helplessly pathetic. It was just looking at me in the same way that you would look at a patient on a table, not cruelly or indifferently, just looking. I kept making these noises and it just vanished. It just wasn't there anymore and I said, "Oh, God, I'm hallucinating--I've lost my mind." Then I decided, no, I really couldn't be.

Barbara: John and I got in there just after it had disappeared so we didn't see it. The reason it took us so long was that John could not get me awake, and he was torn between running to see what was happening and trying to wake me. And we lost a few seconds that way. By the time we finally got in there, it was all over. John has had some experiences on his own and I'll leave that to him.

Jim: I think the reason that it is all so interesting to me is that we were headed toward a more amiable relationship with them, you know, after my talking with them. The disasters had stopped, the pounding on the house had stopped, the terrorism had stopped, and after talking, I

kind of liked them. They were pleasant and whatever they were-I hadn't decided they came from space and I'm still not sure of that. But then again, after that, the hostilities started up again. That was extremely disorienting. The situation got extremely tense with no apparent reason. No disaster happened after that, but from the time that I talked with whatever it was on the hill until I saw the thing at the couch, everything was running so smoothly.

28. Decision to Leave

Jim: It was almost exciting that we could live peacefully with whatever it was from wherever they were from.

Barbara: I think this is what finally broke me because everything was going so peacefully and I thought we were going to be able to stay. And I really love that place and I thought everything was going to smooth out--and then it didn't.

Jim: Then after whatever it was--it obviously wasn't humanoid--it wasn't a humanoid form at all--it wasn't hostile--it wasn't threatening--it wasn't dangerous--after that everything went back to double doses of tension. It got much worse--the tension, not necessarily the activity. It was a thing of--we knew we were unwanted. It's a gut-level feeling that's hard to describe exactly. We knew that something wanted us out. Barbara felt the same thing. Shortly after this sighting, we had an accidental fire with paint on the porch. It had nothing to do with them, but on top of all this feeling, that was it.

Barbara: I've often read about what they call the "Fight or Flight" and I've often wondered which one I am; well, I've decided I'm definitely flight. The only reason I didn't leave right then was that the children were there and Jim was there and how can you leave someone. But it took me an instant to make that decision; it wasn't a gut-level decision. I froze, instantly, and then I very stupidly grabbed a candlestick and ran out to the porch. Naturally what he needed was water but I didn't know that. I really thought we were being attacked. I just decided that I couldn't take that anymore because I had faced that fact that if I ran out there, I would probably die. And I figured that I was getting far off the end of the stick when going out there to die didn't seem that important. And I thought, it's time to leave before you lose it all.

29. Friend Loses Physical Control

Jim: This leads us back to another incident. A friend of a friend who was in the Army came out to the ranch to visit. He knew nothing about it; this was just his trip to the country. He spent the night but he wouldn't go into the woods; he felt something was very wrong and he didn't want to go out. We didn't press him and we didn't discuss anything. The next morning when we got up, he was already up and was walking across the fields. He would walk stiltedly out and then turn and run

back; he was doing that back and forth and everyone thought he was crazy. When we asked him what was going on, he said that everytime he got near the house, something took control of him and forced him to walk back into the fields.

APPENDIX II

WITNESS SPECULATION AND INFERENCE

Decision to Tell APRO Investigator

Investigator: I can see you are really concerned but what made you finally decide to take action?

Jim: I felt the events that had occurred at the ranch were significant enough so that someone of serious intent should be looking into it. Because I'm reasonably sure that there is a permanent installation there. I could go into a lot of reasons, I suppose. But the main reason is that our ranch overlooks a military installation--we have a perfect view. That is the only reason I can think of for a permanent installation being there.

I've read Hynek's book. I inquired into Dr. Condon. I know people who knew Dr. Condon. I checked into his character. I found out that the CU project was basically a sham--at least in my own opinion, and that he was certainly not someone to whom I would have wanted to pass on my findings. I checked into the Herbert Shirmer affair, the state trooper, and I found out how he had been treated. I knew how we treated him because I was additionally a PIO officer for the Air Force and I knew how I dealt with that sort of thing as security officer. No one with good judgement wants to be made a laughing stock.

Barbara: When Jim got to the point that he was going to write the letter, I talked him out of it. But I've known Jim's family for a long time and I know Jim well enough to know that if he wants to do something he'll go ahead and do it anyway.

Jim: I had already made plans to go to Northwestern and talk to Dr. Hynek.

Barbara: I was reasonably sure you would do something like that. Jim picked up a copy of the Sentinel newspaper and was reading the article and saw your name. We discussed it, and I called you. Whether anyone believes us or not, as we have already told you, we decided it doesn't matter. What we have seen, whether it was valid or not, someone else with some interest other than publicity should know. I'm not community-minded. I know the areas that I'm a humanitarian in and that's not one of them. I would let George do it. I've been able to talk to some people who have really helped me understand the fact that my own fears are my own fears, and they have nothing to do with anything else, and I should not confuse them. I have gotten some of that worked out. But, anyway, with Jim bringing it up in front of everyone, I knew that he was going to do something anyway, and I felt that I would rather be in on it and know what was said and what I might have to deal with later. The thing I fear the most is the unknown. If I have a friend I have a

cross word with, and I don't know how she is going to take it afterward, it drives me bananas. The unknown I can't deal with--I'd rather have the fight and get it over with. I agreed to call you because Jim is the one who wanted to give this information. I really just wanted to be away from it. John said that if you were interested in hearing what he had to say (he was at the ranch less than any of us because he had to commute so much), he would talk with you if you wanted to follow up. But he is working tonight and couldn't come. John is as nervous as I am about this because he has been with his company 19 years. He is in management and is doing well, and anything like this would totally destroy his opportunity for further advancement.

Jim: You see, the reason I decided to talk to you is your credentials. If I approach people in the town with your credentials--you know, guaranteeing confidentiality, they would talk to you. But if someone showed up with long hair, looking bizarre, and wanting to talk to space creatures; we would be pretty well ostracized, because they are tremendously clannish in the county. And there's only one place that serves hard liquor in the whole county and that's only a recent occurrence. And I really love the county. I do want to move back there but never back to the ranch.

Personal Feelings

I go back periodically. We had some guests from California and they wanted to go out and see what was happening. And I took them out and we spent the night at the ranch and we were looked over again. And the reason that I think that I really wanted to bring it to someone's attention is I'm reasonably sure that they play rough. It's not big brothers from space who are interested in us as spiritual beings or whatever. I'm absolutely convinced that they couldn't care less if we live or die. We're nuisances, although I think they may be more humanitarian than we are. And I can only assume that they are watching us, watching our military potential, because I can't conceive of anything else. I have no doubts but what they are mutilating the cattle--none at all. They cattle are being lifted into the air, they are being drained of blood, they are being mutilated, and they are being lowered. If they wanted to do just biological research on cattle, they could have disposed of the remains without them being found. And they are left where they will be found. It is obviously some intent to instill fear and it has been quite successful. The people are extremely fearful. And, about the story that helicopters are doing it--I figured out early in the game that the government is sending in helicopters in large numbers from several sources but they are doing it to cover what is really happening. I'm absolutely sure that the helicopters have nothing to do with the mutilations. They have had intensive radar nets over that area and the law officer has been kept only moderately informed. The reason for what

they are doing, I think, scares me a little. Certainly they have behaved better than man would have under the circumstances. If he wanted something, he would have taken it. But I'm not at all sure that their purposes and intents are at all favorable to us, or that there is anything we can do, but, at least knowledge for knowledge, it is valuable. I have no idea that there is any way that man could stop them or even impede them. But I know that they have no difficulty at all in immobilizing a person--because I've been paralyzed and that's my freak-out. I'm a little bit claustrophobic and when I can't move. . . . With Barbara, it's her mind. I don't care about my mine--they can go through it all they want to. But don't stop me from moving. That happened about six times to me after that.

Barbara: When I was about 18, a friend of mine attempted hypnosis, and I felt the going under, and it terrified me beyond anything other than what has happened in the last couple of years. I suddenly realized that is my big fear--losing control of my mind. It is very frightening to me--losing the ability to think.

Jim: During the 60's I took LSD (it was legal) and I don't fear losing control of my mind. I find it almost enjoyable; it isn't terrifying to me at all. This paralysis has happened to several people and I can't conceive of any purpose they could have out there other than to create terror--maybe again, I think in a military way. And that doesn't go, in my thinking, with wanting to make a favorable association with man. It isn't the basis of an amiable relationship to start off instilling terror and I'm sure what they have done could serve no other purpose. They terrorized us, they terrorized others, and mutilated cattle being found all over nine states, I understand. I'm not at all sympathetic toward them, frankly. The things that went on out there left few doubts that they appear extraterrestrial, and I have few doubts that they are not friendly.

Barbara: All I want is a simple, uncomplicated life. If I never hear from you again, it will be alright. I'm not trying to discourage you but that would be fine. I care not what you do other than--don't involve me. That's really all I care about.

(To be continued in the next issue)

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Note

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N E W S R E L E A S E

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Data for UFO ALERT was obtained primarily from two sources-- the U. S. Air Force Project Blue Book investigation of UFO sightings, and the records of the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO), the oldest world-wide UFO research group.

The data are organized under the following categories:

A Brief History of UFOlogy--UFOs through the centuries
Blue Book Is Not a Book-----an over-view of the Air Force study
Daytime Discs-----photos of objects
Night Lights-----photos of objects
A Worldwide Phenomena-----sightings around the world
Over Your Shoulder-----local sightings
A Case of Mistaken Identity--commonly mistaken objects
Target: UFO-----UFOs on radar
Consider the Source-----reports by pilots, law enforcement officers
and other credible witnesses
HOAX!-----some of the humorous attempts
Photo Analysis-----how to detect hoaxes, film flaws, etc.
UFOs and the Military-----sightings by military personnel over bases
CE II-----UFOs which leave physical evidence
Conclusion: UNKNOWN-----cases that stumped the Air Force
Face to Face-----encounters with UFO occupants
The Classic Cases-----four well-known UFO encounters:
Father Gill, Boinai, New Guinea
Betty and Barney Hill, White Mountains, New Hampshire
Travis Walton, Apache-Sitgreaves Natl. Forest, Arizona
The Sutton family, Kelly-Hopkinsville, Kentucky

Throughout UFO ALERT a series of UFO Quiz Panels test the visitor's knowledge. Toward the end of the exhibit a computer-animated world map summarizes the data by tracing the locations of primary UFO sightings.