

Reviewed by Walter B. Nilsson.

Mr. Coleman has accomplished a rather detailed work with respect to his travels and ventures into the realm of the paranormal. The text of the book, "Mysterious America", is written in a fun and refreshing manner. No heavy slugging through statistical data and/or unusual word structures here; the author lays down the stories of the unusual, the strange and the inexplicable almost in the format of a spy or thriller novel. We the readers are swept away into the vortex of worlds unknown and experiences unheard of. These are the experiences of a "Portean Traveller". Events and sightings discussed span the Pacific Northwest to the US Virgin Islands, from the New England States to the broad expanses of the Southwest.

As the reader becomes more involved in the book, he joins the author on his unusual adventures of tracking beasts and monsters, "mad gassers", teleported animals and metaphysical creatures, plus phantom kangaroos and black panthers.

The author's discussion of nature's tendency for teleporting animals was on occasion rather humorous indeed. Under the heading of "The Summer of the Synchronistic Species", Coleman discusses investigations into such topics as man-sized meandering monitors at the Lamancha Golf Course in Royal Palm Beach and crazy crocodilians in California's Central Valley. The author suggests that such experiences are there for anyone who takes the time to see or research such events. Such happenings would appear to occur on a more regular basis than most people would think.

The author suggests in his work a very interesting point for the serious paranormal researcher to consider. This is the interface between certain locations where unusual events have occurred in the past and place names which attempt to reflect the idea that the locals were special or different in some manner, and indeed, strange. The fact that some areas had strange and weird vibrations or events connected to them gave native Americans and later settlers enough evidence to actually label these locales after the ruler(s) of Hades itself. In North America, the use of the word, "devil"; regarding certain geographic locations, hence yields some indication of a history of mystery surrounding these areas. For example, some of the most frequent sightings of phantom, black panthers in California occur in the Diablo (Spanish for devil) Valley, east of San Francisco.

Some of the hotbeds of activity in the USA today are the New England states. The temperate climate and basically open territory of this heartland have reserved a special place in its soul for the unknown creatures paranormal researchers just love to pursue.

Closer to home, the author suggests that lake and river monsters have been seen in Cedar Lake, Lake Dauphin, Dirty Water Lake, as well as Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba and Winnipegosis.

With regards to reoccurring "Spook Lights" in Canada, Coleman suggests the forested area near Woodridge, Manitoba, as an excellent viewing spot. Two other areas mentioned are that of the lights seen at Lake Simcoe, Ontario, and the Buffalo Basin District in Saskatchewan.

Summing up, one can certainly develop all sorts of explanations for unusual events. They may well be the result of hoaxes, coincidences or natural forces that have yet to be understood. As Coleman puts it in his book, psychic energy, the power of suggestion and the fertility of the imagination may well be contributing factors. One may as well conclude that supernatural or extraterrestrial forces are at work. The public in general is still seen as treating such phenomena with a healthy skepticism. However, there are indications that people are indeed beginning to believe. →

LoC (Excerpt)

from Steve George (Winnipeg):

Your comments in the October issue (SGJ v.3 #5 - CR) about a unified theory of ufology were interesting. When a "science" deals with a phenomenon so subjectively perceived as UFOs, a theory that balances and compensates for extreme interpretations is the only one that can give a valid picture. Or so one would think. Maybe. Trying to conceive of such a theory, however, is mind boggling.

Your offhanded remark that only main sequence stars are capable of supporting life brought to mind Robert Forward's incredible high-tech nuts and bolts akiffy novel Dragon's Egg which postulates life on the surface of a neutron star. Have you read it? (Yes. - CR) Quite interesting stuff. Of course, the variety of life that could evolve orbiting a main sequence star is also mind boggling to contemplate. What could evolve around our own Sun, even in our own orbit, on our own ball of dirt, given different environmental parameters (say, after this century's byproducts have had time to do their stuff, to alter the delicate radiation "window" we survive in), can also induce shivers. Not that this has anything to do with your short essay, or anything else for that matter.

With the exception of the Song of Rutkowaki (and I wonder even about that) your science fiction issue was a waste of time...Fan fiction does not become the SGJ, especially bastardized Comanica (you just broke Laurence's heart. - CR).

June 25, 1947: In His Own Back Yard, the Retired Pastor Looks to Heaven and the Flying Saucer Craze is Born

...faith is the substance of things hoped for,
the evidence of things not seen
—Paul, to the Hebrews

Atlantis and Lemuria? He's been that low before.
Alternative dimensions? He's flown, astrally, from here to eternity. Venus? He rode a succubus. Rosicrucians? He's sent away for truth. Hollow earth? Dowsing? He echoes, twitches and points at times. Godtha's perfect flower? Grows his own. Lyserika? He preaches that we inherit our environments, make a home of our legacy. Crowley? He too's the horny beast at times. Cayce? He cures by return mail. Homeopathy? Like cures like, he knows. What doesn't relate hurts. Chiropractic? He's prayed for icy fingers up and down the spine. The organs? He's spent too much of himself in that little box. (Again please, harder.) Whenever he put his head to the pillow and the dark closed in he became both divine and all too human. He's sympathetic about magic, believes all doubt's mere

failure to conceive, connect, comprehend. He once heard borne on radio waves received by a lower molar's gold filling the account of Welles' Grovers Mill alien assault, and believed the voice in his head because it made millions run to church or bed and weep together. Love always comes as a surprise, he's learned. So the wheels within wheels hurtling through heaven this night above his back yard where he's paused with two bags of trash are just what he's been waiting for, praying every Christmas for a vision of the supernova riding over the stable, creatures of light hovering above dumbstruck moonlit herds. He runs into the house to phone Communivul. Our Sunday Visitor and the Wall Street Journal

He knew belief would keep him looking up, knew all along what the mind could spawn it could love like a son, enough even to sacrifice, honor like a father. He knew all along we weren't alone.

DAVID CHINO

↑ As the author states, there may be more to our haunted heritage than meets the eye. So get your tape recorders, camera and hiking boots, and embark on your own ventures into the unknown. Overall, Coleman's book, "Mysterious America", makes a fun and interesting reading into the realm of the paranormal. All the best, and until next time, good hunting - or should I say, haunting...

Mysterious light puzzles Delta cottage owners

By Dan Provedley
Staff Writer

Five days after the baffling event, several Delta Beach cottage owners were still puzzled by the sighting of a mysterious bright light over Lake Manitoba.

Those who witnessed the event said Thursday there are about 10 people at Delta Beach, located about 15 miles north of Portage la Prairie on the shores of Lake Manitoba, that saw the same thing that evening.

One eyewitness, Dorothy Mulvey, who is in her sixties, was out on the sandy lake shore Saturday at about 11 p.m. with her son-in-law Richard Egan viewing the approaching thunderstorm.

"The storm was building up," she said. "We stood on the beach watching the lightning across the lake when we saw the bright light."

"It seemed the light was moving closer. I thought it must have been a boat because it was on the horizon. But, then as we watched, it started going up (into the sky) — it was moving fast — gradually it got closer."

By now the storm was upon them, and Mulvey and Egan scurried to the cottage to escape the high winds and downpour.

Mulvey's husband Morris, 69, who was back at the couple's cottage also claims to have seen the unexplained light.

"It was a strange white light," Mr. Morris said,

adding that it didn't appear to be an aircraft because there weren't any signal lights.

The glare, he estimated was about 1,000 feet high as it soared above the lake. Before he lost sight of the light, it veered to the east and looked like it was following the shoreline.

On another part of the beach that night, 71-year-old Tom Hutchinson was sitting in his cottage veranda with his wife Ann and a couple of friends watching the electrical storm.

His account of the incident is similar to that of the Mulveys.

It was about 10:30 p.m., just before the storm hit that Hutchinson reports seeing the bright glow.

Hutchinson says he first spotted the bright light on the horizon. He figured it was about 2 1/2 miles off-shore. Then it rose into the heavens and streaked toward land at about 80 mph.

"I thought it was strange," conceded Hutchinson, who was born and spent most of his life at Delta. In all the years he has lived on the lake, he said he hasn't seen anything like it.

At first he thought it was a helicopter but it didn't, have flashing beacons or emit noise. "I have no idea what it was."

The Mulveys are also perplexed by the incident and say they can't offer any explanation for what they saw.

The Portage Leader/The MacGregor Herald Tuesday, June 26, 1984

More Rael People

In June, I had a close encounter with a Raelian and his friend on their way to seminar in Quebec. They gave me some recent pamphlets on the group, with some new information. First of all, the initiation or baptism into the religion can be held on one of four days throughout the years. "Through manual contact", a Raelian Guide transmits an initiate's genetic code to the ELOHIM. This is sort of a "registration process" on a galactic scale.

The Raelian initiate is thus prepared to witness for the religion, to "spread the naked truth" and prepare for the coming of the ELOHIM. The ELOHIM "deserve to be welcomed, not on our knees, or with our face in the dirt, but standing upright, proud to be the result of such an intelligent action, and not the result of a succession of hazards, or the result of a creation by a bored god, who takes pleasure in tormenting his creation." Not your basic Christianity or Judaism, let me tell you.

Major seminars are held each summer in Quebec and France, to train new Guides for giving addresses and spreading the word, as well as finding recruits. There are six levels of Guides, the upper three of which are allowed to transmit genetic codes to the ELOHIM computer (hardware) on their planet. I have been told I could easily become a high-level Guide, because I understand the mission of the Raelians. I have been told that I will play an important part in the Raelian mission.

I can hardly wait.

MANITOBA MYSTERIES RESEARCH ASSOCIATION



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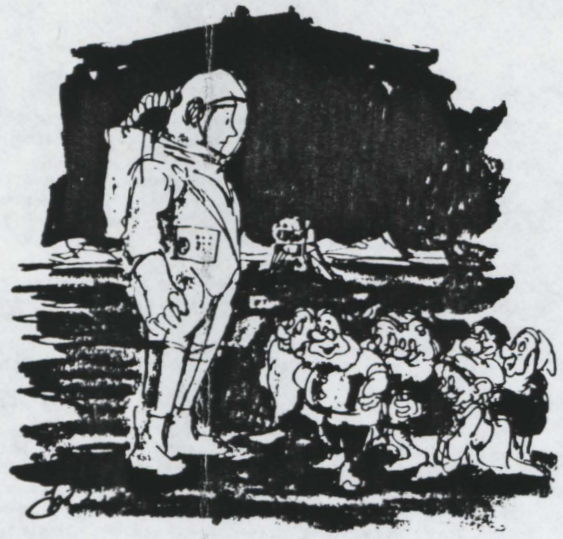
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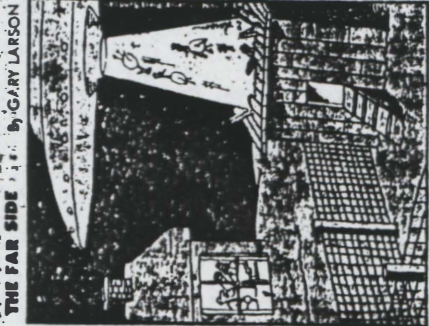
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WILLY 'N' ETHEL



"Have we got a girl for you?"



"Don't get my shotgun, Normal the others are after the chickens again."

THE FAMILY CIRCUS



"Call the Ghostbusters!"

When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
 When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in
 columns before me,
 When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to
 add, divide, and measure them,
 When, I sitting, heard the astronomer where
 he lectured with much applause in the lecture
 room,
 How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
 Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by
 myself,
 In the mystical moist night air, and from time
 to time,
 Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

Walt Whitman
 (submitted by
 Linda Slusarenko)

CHRIS RUTKOWSKI
 BOX 1918
 WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
 CANADA R3C 3R2

More UFO-Mail

Dear Cousin Glybts:

Here I am again with news from this odd planet called Earth. I hope I didn't upset you too much with my last letter. Please be careful about leaving these letters around if the children are present. I don't want to shake them up.
 Anyway, getting back to these earthlings, I have a few more interesting things to tell you. By the way, in case you are wondering how I'm getting around undetected, I've assumed the shape of a pet that those earthlings keep, called a dog. I can come and go pretty freely in this shape.
 Well, anyway, in my disguise I gained entry into a house for a few weeks and did I learn a lot. First of all they have a thing called television as a form of entertainment. These television things resemble our

pet ptyxenza very much in shape. Well, on these ptyxenza, I mean, televisions, they have pictures that go on all day long. And these pictures form dramas. The dramas are quite good and I've become addicted to watching them. One excellent drama tells the story of a girl rehearsing in front of her bathroom mirror how to tell the man she works for that he has had breath. Then she goes to work and just as she is about to tell her boss that terrible thing, he tells her that he has discovered something to cure his breath. It's a beautifully done story. Then there is the one about a man being nervous about going to a party because of perspiration problems. A nice lady gives him a secret formula and he overcomes his problem and finds romance at the party.

something came out of the top of her head that read something like "Industrials were up 15; rails down 3 1/2, etc., etc." I realized that I had made a mistake, but the resemblance is remarkable.
 Now these creatures stay in the offices all day and then at night, they have some sort of contest. It's to see who can get out the fastest and go to what I think is a fuel station and have some of that fuel called martini. Then when they have gassed up they go onto a strange vehicle called a commuter train. I suppose all the gas these people have had all the gas. Then they go home and tell their wives what a hard day they had and she goes ahead and makes some more of that fuel. I'm surprised that these earthlings don't start flying around like saucers. It's a mighty interesting planet and I have to do some more exploring.

Will write again with more information.
 Best!
 Cousin Wykes

Investment Dealers' Digest 2 June 1961

UFO-Mail

it's considered precious and they call it diamonds. (If you ever plan on visiting down here bring a supply — you'll make friends very easily that way.) Well, then the women seem to give in to something and they have a ceremony called marriage. I'm not sure what that is at all. Soon after that the oddest thing happens. You know our method for making cars, well the humans down here make babies that way. I've investigated this thoroughly, and am completely confused. I understand there are car factories somewhere and I'm going over soon to see how cars are produced. I have a funny feeling it's the same way we make babies.

I landed somewhere called "Wall Street" by the way, and went morning. These creatures, every morning go into these tall structures and sit down at box-like things. I went into one of them (they are called offices) and what do you think? Sitting right in the middle was Aunt Frazil. At least I thought it was Aunt Frazil and went over to talk to her. Instead of answering me

I have to rush to get this letter out on the next saucer but I did want to write and tell you a little about what's been happening. As you know I've been exploring on this new planet we discovered. (The inhabitants here call it earth). And the things I've seen you just won't believe. Don't let the children read this as it might shock them. First of all the people are divided into two sexes, male and female but they do not really emerge until they are in their 20s. They start out as children of two sexes, then as they approach what is called "teenager" they merge into one sex. They all wear long hair and tight pants. This goes on for a few years; then they start to moult. The men lose most of their hair, (some of them lose all of their hair). The women keep their hair and sometimes add a lot of somebody else's, but wear it shorter and they get out of the pants and into skirts.

Oh, by the way, I've discovered a new fuel for our saucers. It's made of six parts gin and one part dry vermouth. It really gets that saucer moving.

Well, anyway, to get back to these earthlings. When they reach that age where you can tell the difference between them they start what I guess is a fertility rite. The men seem to pursue the women, although in reality it's the other way around. These men take the women out, who by the way are hideous things, only two arms and two legs and one mouth. Pugh! Anyway, they take them out and feed them, buy them gifts and give them drinks. In fact the most popular drink is this fuel I described only here they call it martini. In this mating game, when it gets more serious, the men buy the women rocks. . . . Honestly, you know the kind we use to pave our driveways. Well here

The one that I cried over in where a little girl is worried that her father may have an ulcer. Then he tells her he is all right; he just had acid indigestion and that he's taking a pill to cure him. It's a great one. Anyway, these short dramas are wonderful but they are forever being interrupted by other things that I just can't understand. People talking, or singing or shooting at one another. This television entertainment is pretty confusing.

By the way, I ran into Rilakna last week. He's been here for a year studying the inhabitants for his thesis. He stands on a corner in his red and blue suit and people come over very so often and drop letters in his mouth. He likes it fine since, as you know, he just loves to eat paper.

Klnezet is here, too, and he is having a ball. With his red, orange and green eyes he's been standing on a corner blinking, holding up traffic when he feels like it and letting cars pass by when he feels like it.

The only problem I have is moving our space ship from time to time. I've put it on a thing called a used car lot and it's been there now for months. That idea of Ntoprx of putting the word Edsel on the front has helped. No one comes near the thing. When I'm ready to come home all I have to do is put on new tires and I've found a very good supply of them. They sell them in stores, only they are called pizzas. But when they are cold (they are sold hot by the way, but for what reason I don't know), anyway, when they are cold they are terrific tires for the saucer. I told you about the fuel called martini, so my take off is virtually assured any time I want to leave.

If you run into Ynta tell her that the eggs she left here have finally hatched. They all turned out fine except a few of them and they came out very peculiar. The last I heard of them they were going around the country singing and playing weird instruments. Strange as they look the young earthlings like them, and they call themselves "rock stars".

Give my best to the folks and I'll be writing soon again.
 Sincerely,
 Cousin Wykes

Investment Dealers' Digest

Twilight of the Gods

by Michael Baran. Exposition Press, NY 1984.

Reviewed by Wally Nilsson.

Michael Baran has undoubtedly done a lot of research for his new book, "Twilight of the Gods".

Twilight of the Gods takes the reader on an ancient historical exploration of the legends and folk tales of various world cultures - both past and present - as they relate to an earth-shaking catastrophe that may have occurred around 11,000 BC.

The author makes a rather strong case with respect to this world-wide cataclysm (firestorms, winds, earthquakes, global flooding, etc.) and the impact that this destructive energy had upon existing civilizations at that time.

Mr. Baran lays out in a rather persuasive manner an old theory that long-forgotten, advanced civilizations once flourished on the Earth - especially one on the Pacific island continent of Lemuria, and her sister land mass in the Atlantic, Atlantis.

The leaders of these advanced civilizations brought upon themselves a terrible destructive force - their energy source - which caused a reshaping of the world and the course of history along with their own destruction. Basically, they sunk themselves into oblivion.

As Mr. Baran has indicated, the foundations of traditional Atlanteology has come under rather serious attack over the last few decades. The author does a rather amenable job of addressing negative criticisms regarding Atlantis' credibility and has indeed shown in a rather strong fashion that it is now within our power to covert Atlanteology and late prehistory from pseudoscience and pseudohistory to perhaps a more truer science and truer history than before.

The author's rather detailed examination of ancient tongues reveals basic similarities - especially in words relating to the human sphere like religion - and these affinities are traceable to many areas of the world. He continues by stating that these similarities led him to examine in much greater detail linguistic analogies for insights into mankind's origins.

Mr. Baran's theory of inner-earth gravitation-electromagnetic forces is really "far-out". He tries to link these forces as a key to the ancient and modern mysteries of this planet. It is questionable to say the least. However, it is very thought-provoking.

The last chapter of the book is appropriately called "The Twilight of the Gods" and it goes into great detail what may have been the greatest catastrophe to befall man - "Götterdämmerung" - an event that lashed the world with unbelievable firestorms and then enveloped it in a cold, murky darkness it has never really forgotten in legend. Mr. Baran examines these legends in detail in this chapter, shedding new light and understanding into the whole topic.

There would seem to be no doubt that such a catastrophe did occur at around 11,000 BC to planet Earth. Now, whether it was natural or manmade is another question. I personally favor the natural mode.

Well, summing up, Mr. Baran's book, "Twilight of the Gods" is unusual indeed, but does make a very interesting read. He has done his homework.

Until next time,

...Wally Nilsson

Here are two reviews of the same book, showing how two reviewers can differ on the same material.

Clear Intent

by Lawrence Fawcett and Barry J. Greenwood
Prentice-Hall, NJ 1984

reviewed by W. Ritchie Benedict

Several months ago, I attended a lecture given by UFO expert Stanton T. Friedman at the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology. One of the most impressive documents was one that he

had obtained from the U.S. Government through the Freedom of Information Act. The first few pages had perhaps one sentence or two that were blacked out by censorship. The following pages showed entire paragraphs missing. When he reached the end, there were virtually entire black sheets with no discernable information at all.

For years, the public and press have suspected that the U.S. Government has hidden a great deal of data about UFOs, but it has never been able to prove it, beyond the typical wild stories and rumours such as the infamous Hangar 18 episode where President Eisenhower supposedly viewed the bodies of aliens the Air Force recovered from a crashed saucer in New Mexico.

This new book by two longtime UFO researchers will give the lie to the idea that the government knows nothing, and it will startle even the saucer buffa who think they know all there is to know about U.S. Air Force secrecy. It makes the reader downright uncomfortable when he comes to realize that UFOs have been scouting missile bases in Maine and Montana (October 27 and November 7-8, respectively), at the same time a wave of cattle mutilations was reported.

However, even the military has sighted mystery helicopters hovering over the area and they don't know whom they belong to!

The title of the book stems from the Loring (Maine) Air Force Base teletype which cryptically stated a UFO "demonstrated a clear intent in the weapons storage area". As research progressed, it was found that the Maine/Montana sightings were just the tip of the iceberg - they were part of a much larger pattern that included sightings over military installations in New York, Ontario, Florida, Maryland, New Mexico, North Dakota and Michigan - all in roughly the same time frame. Obviously, something quite astonishing was going on.

Vital information on virtually every major UFO incident of the past decade is contained in this book. Sightings outside the U.S. are not neglected, as there is a chapter on foreign reports. A highly significant finding is that former U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger responded to a sighting in Morocco that was alarming the government there. This occurred in 1976, at the time of the famous Tehran case (one of the Shah's jet fighters pursued a UFO). Kissinger's statements were far from enlightening, following the typical Condon Report line that most UFO sightings were due to meteors and other natural phenomena. This followed on the heels of an earlier case in March, 1975, where Algerians spotted UFOs that were observed by multiple witnesses, and seen not only visually but also on radar. This was a simultaneous event, and several landings were made. It is hard to believe that an intelligent man like Kissinger who is famous for delicately handling Middle East relations would palm off such fatuous remarks on a friendly pair of countries, UNLESS he had been briefed and warned by the military in advance.

There are chapters on the history of UFOs, as concerns FBI and CIA involvement. There is also another on the super-secret National Security Agency which is still sitting on at least 270 UFO documents. Attempts by groups of concerned citizens (such as CAUS) to pry material loose have been stymied so far by the U.S. Supreme Court. There are some documents that have been released that provide tantalizing hints at what may be hidden through veiled references to other sources.

This book contains so much data, it is hard to summarize it all in a brief review. Suffice to say that it is probably the best book yet on the problems of government secrecy as regards UFOs, and that it is also extremely well documented. The appendix contains (among other things) a copy of a letter to FDR by General George C. Marshall about the 1942 "Battle of Los Angeles", which may have been a UFO mistaken for a Japanese raider. As well, there is a 1967 letter from the U.S. Air Force concerning the impersonation of officers by the so-called "Men-in-Black".

I consider myself well-informed about UFO lore, having given lectures to school classes on the subject, but there is a lot here that I have not heard of before. One particular case is a 1944 eye-witness account of a possible Nazi "flying disc" experiment. Another is a 1974 encounter with the occupants of a set of landed, unmarked, black helicopters that may (or may not) have been delivering nuclear warheads to a military depot in New Jersey.

The authors have clearly made a valuable contribution to UFO literature. This book will help prevent a dictatorship arising in the West through the suppression of information under the blanket excuse of "national security". It should be read by every srch-skeptic and bureaucrat who believes the government "knows best". A real tour-de-force and an eye opener.

Clear Intent
Reviewed by Vladimir Simenko.

The modern era of UFO experiences began in 1947, but although the intervening decades are full of more or less carefully-studied cases and rumors of Government coverups, "The Truth" about UFOs still eludes us. The fascinating cases of misidentification and hoaxes provide intriguing insight into human psychology and perception, while the genuine "unexplained" cases continue to puzzle everyone. The "nuts and bolts" extraterrestrial anthropologist theory seems oversimplistic when some of the "psychic" elements are accumulated and considered objectively, and while the old science-fiction concept of aliens from another dimension (with extraterrestrial and/or time travel possibilities not excluded) begins to seem more plausible, the point is we still just don't know.

This book is more concerned with proving the case for intentional Government coverups than exploring the UFO enigma further. The authors provide abundant evidence that Government interest seems to have been far more extensive and protected than the Government admits. (Usually, by "Government", the U.S. Government is understood) But the usual bureaucratic bungling and left-hand-not-knowing-what-the-right-hand-is-doing seems as likely as the conspiracy theory on a large scale. Further, some of the cases seem to be taken at face value, whereas I've been informed some of them have been shown to be fabrications and misrepresentations. Much is made of the "mystery helicopter" activity, for example, although the authors admit that claiming "those helicopters are really UFOs disguised as helicopters" is going a bit far.

Essentially, then, in this book, we have another good collection of cases, some perhaps made too much of, with emphasis on the point that Government activity is greater than generally realized. There are no outstanding revelations either about UFOs or about what the Government is allegedly REALLY concealing. But it's fun.

Peter, Peter...

One must admit that although getting media exposure certainly has its advantages in the UFO field, it also has its disadvantages. A classic case for the "Close, But No Cigar" category is the writeup that the Manitoba Mysteries Research Association got in several rural newspapers, penned by reporter Peter Warren.

I had appeared on Peter's radio talk show one morning in early October, and had a really good interview and response from the callers. Though Peter has a reputation for being rather hard-nosed and sarcastic to "loonies", he handled the topic of the newly-formed Manitoba Mysteries with dignity and fairness. After the show, he said he would write me up in his weekly rural newspaper column. The result was the "Bumps in the Night..." article in the Selkirk Enterprise of 30 October, 1984.

The article contains several embarrassing statements and misquotes, which I hadn't been expecting given the excellent in-person interview. Aside from calling me a "librarian" and a "professional astronomer" (which are minor errors), I am quoted as asking "Have you ever been to Pango Pango (sic) in Australia?" of a skeptical caller. In context, I had asked a caller if he had been to Australia (usually, the answer is no, and I can ask why he believes in Australia if that is the case), and he said yes. So, I asked if he had been to Pango Pango (sic), which is in Tahiti. He hadn't, and I went on from there.

"Continuous reports of UFOs from Beausejour and Gypsumville" are in reality recurrent sightings of sasquatch. "Ghosts reported at prominent Winnipeg restaurants over the last couple of months" are in reality old stories dating back to 1975.

However, my name was spelled right and the MMRA phone number was right. We aren't "scientists" as mentioned in the article, but the tone of the writing was quite laudable and conveyed the impression that we were being taken seriously.

This case study of a typical article on the MMRA shows how inaccurate statements can be published, even as a result of an objective interview. Comes with the territory.

©1984 by Chris Rutkowski



"All right — space men have landed and captured Grandpa and Auntie Vera. Now go and play something that doesn't make quite so much noise." —Giles in London Express



SIX YEARS OF RESEARCH, THREE YEARS OF SEARCHING AND TRACKING AND THIS IS BIGFOOT? *



Saucer (Flying)

It follows that the vision is hard to describe. For how could a man report as something different from himself, what at the time of his vision he did not see as different but as one with himself?
—Plotinus

That streak of light that ebbed and flowed
About the cloudy midnight sky
Was not a bug, was not a star,
A plane, or anything his eye
Could classify officially.
Officially it was not there,
But lying on his back, a pipe
Clenched in the corner of his jaw
He saw it skitter all around
Like some bewildered meteor
Homeless on earth, homeless in air
Or if not homeless, bound beyond
Local accommodation.
He shrugged, knocked pipe out, and went in.
But lying in his naked bed
He knew he would not sleep alone
Again. The spirit of the age
Had found a place to lay its head.

by E. L. Mayo
New Letters V. 47 #2/3 1981
p. 101