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## March 2015

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### Message from the State Director



As I look out my office window and see all the icicles hanging from the awnings it's hard to imagine that spring is right around the corner. With spring will finally come a break in the weather and relief from subzero weather and heavy snow. During the last few months UFO reports have been few and

far between. That should all begin to change as people escape the confinement to their houses the weather is brought.

So what should we expect from 2015? Last year we saw slight decline in the number of reports submitted MUFON of Ohio. In 2013 we reached an all-time high of 285 reports. In 2014 saw slight decline in the overall number of cases to 253, but on the plus side investigative techniques showed marked improvement. What the numbers are going to look like for 2015 is hard to say. But based on the number of events planned by MUFON of Ohio

and MUFON national we could see a marked increase on those numbers. Let's look at some of those events.

In February I said I was going to take a little hiatus from doing outreach programs. Well that didn't happen since I found it too difficult to turn down two libraries and the opportunity be the featured speaker at the Mantua Rotary Club. Events like the Rotary club allow us to reach a new sector and in this case be featured in articles in the local newspapers.



Mantua Rotary Club Promotion  
(These three aliens appeared in businesses all over town.)

In March I'm scheduled to address the MUFON of Missouri monthly meeting via Skype conference. I'm very appreciative of Missouri state director Debbie Ziegelmeyer for providing the opportunity.

The new season of Hanger One was scheduled to begin in February, but pushed back until April. The series is promising a new season of exciting stories based on MUFON files. This is a tremendous opportunity for MUFON to get more public exposure and inform the public about the investigations we conduct.

June 6<sup>th</sup> will be the MUFON of Ohio conference in Ashland, Ohio. I'm excited about the presenters we have for this year which include: producer James Fox, author Nick Redfern, and field investigator from Pennsylvania Terry Ray. I know attendees will be in for a treat after seeing Fox present at the national symposium. His high-energy and unique perspective on the subject pleased everyone in the audience. He will be presenting on "UFOs and the Media". His current project is "701". The documentary gets its name from the number of Project blue book files classified as unknown.

Redfern will be releasing a new book just before the symposium. Indications are that Ohio MUFON would be the first audience that he will be talking to about the new book. Redfern is a wealth of information, and I'm sure attendees will take advantage of the opportunity to talk to Nick before and after his talk. He will also be bringing along copies of his new book.

Terry Ray will be talking about the invasion of the orange orbs. Over the past few years there been an increasing number of sightings attributed to orange orbs. While some may write these off as Chinese lanterns, Ray will be providing his insight based on extensive research of the subject.

September 24-27, 2015 has been set for the date of the MUFON National Symposium in Irvine, California. Tickets are set to go on sale soon, so make sure you mark your calendars for the event. Currently no speakers have been announced, but we'll keep you updated.

The following weekend is the Encore Comic Con in Cleveland, Ohio. International Director Jan Harzan contacted myself and eight other state

director's about participating in Comic Con events across the country. The October 1-3 event in Cleveland will allow MUFON of Ohio the opportunity to sell merchandise, provide membership materials and applications, present a discussion panel, and most importantly reach out to younger audience. We need to attract this younger audience to build for our future.

These are just some of events that we have on tap. Throughout the year will be adding more local programs around the state along with conducting our bimonthly meetings in Hilliard, Ohio. I would like to thank everyone for their contributions throughout the last year and going forward.

Thomas Wertman  
MUFON of Ohio State Director

### Editor's Notes



This newsletter is expanded to 16 pages this month. Importantly is the announcement of the Ohio MUFON meeting in Ashland, Ohio on June 6, 2015. Included is the second part of three on Ohio UFO crashes from Dr. Irena Scott's book *UFOs and the Millennium*. Tom Wertman did a moving article on a visit he made fulfilling an ailing man's "make-a-wish" request which was to talk to a UFO expert. Tom is also including the first of a possible series on his strange personal experiences which will also be published in the national MUFON UFO Journal.

If any subscribers would like either 1) the electronic version of future newsletters only, or 2) both electronic and hard copy please notify me ([phyllbud@yahoo.com](mailto:phyllbud@yahoo.com)). I might add the electronic version is also being made available on the Ohio MUFON website.

Finally, Pennsylvania MUFON will hold their Erie Conference on May 16, 2015. Both Tom Wertman and myself will be speakers. Tom will speak on "Media and UFO Investigations". I will speak on "Analyzing Alien Trash".

Phyllis Budinger  
Newsletter Editor



Mantua Rotary Club Promotion  
(Aliens visit the drug store)

## 2015 MUFON Ohio Conference Announcement

Ohio MUFON is pleased to announce firm commitments from James Fox, Terry Ray and Nick Redfern to speak at our 2015 Conference in Ashland, Ohio, on Saturday, June 6<sup>th</sup>, 2015. Tickets at the door are \$30 for members and \$37 for non members. If you register in advance (before 5/30) deduct \$5. The speakers' bios and topics follow.

### James Fox "UFOs and the Media"



For nearly 20 years, James Fox traveled across the world in pursuit of the truth regarding UFOs. He directed and produced three films on the subject and in 2007 orchestrated an event, with help from journalist Leslie Kean (Coalition for Freedom of Information), which to this day is hailed as the most credible civilian effort of disclosure on UFOs in history. Fox assembled 14 speakers, including two retired generals and several other military officers,

a former governor, civilian pilots and government scientists from seven countries (Belgium, Chile, France, Iran, Peru, U.K. and the U.S.) at the National Press Club in Washington, D.C., to give firsthand testimonies on their encounters/investigations with UFOs. The result was the world-renowned documentary, "I Know What I Saw", distributed by A&E and Content Films International. Fox is convinced not only that UFOs are real, but that governments have concealed information on this subject from the public for more than 60 years.

In his study, Fox proudly displays a framed letter from Steven Spielberg, who called his last film "compelling," and states, "I hope the government will someday reveal the true and natural origins of UFOs."

James was born in England and raised in New York and California. He began his journalism career early in life as an assistant to father/writer Charles Fox, a quadriplegic with Multiple Sclerosis. Together they traveled on many magazine assignments, interviewing such notables as Stephen Hawking and race car legend Dan Gurney for the likes of Rolling Stone, Car & Driver to Sports Illustrated. James finished and sold his first documentary to Discovery by the time he was 28. He has since completed and distributed TV projects for Sci-Fi, TLC, National Geographic and History Channel and has made frequent appearances on Larry King Live, Night Line, Dateline, Anderson Cooper and others.

**Upcoming Project 701:** Fox and screenwriter and film producer Tracy Torme are working together on a new feature film, *701*, a documentary which explores the origins of the UFO phenomenon and the government suppression of evidence. *701* refers to the number of cases that remained unexplained as part of Project Blue Book, the study of UFOs conducted by US Air Force from 1948 – 1969. For their new film, Fox said he interviewed Col. William Coleman, the spokesman for Project Blue Book, who as a pilot in 1955 had an encounter/chase with a flying saucer over Alabama. Along with Coleman, the passengers in his plane, who were engineers from Lockheed Martin, were all perplexed by the movements of the metallic craft, which had no signs of any propulsion. Fox collected materials at the National Archives regarding the

1964 Socorro, NM UFO case in which police officer Lonnie Zamora saw something fly overhead, and then approached a shiny egg-shaped object that had landed nearby off a dirt road. He saw two occupants, who initially he thought were children. One of the occupants was startled to see him approaching, and the craft took off before he got much closer, Fox recounted. Discussing the pros and cons of various hypothesis for UFOs, Torme gave credence to the interplanetary explanation, noting that the galaxy is probably teeming with life, while Fox considered the dimensional theory a possibility, considering how UFOs seem to wink out or disappear.

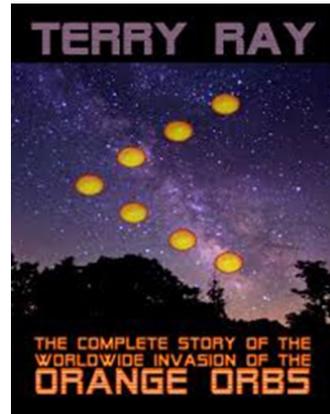
Fox, who announced a \$100,000 reward for proof of an ET craft, also entertained the idea that UFOs could be associated with time travelers, returning to our time period as a kind of history lesson. Torme, who was acquainted with the late Gene Roddenberry (the creator of Star Trek), shared the surprising revelation that Roddenberry actually thought UFO reports were bunk, as did astronomer Carl Sagan and sci-fi legend Ray Bradbury. Another case that impressed Fox, and will be featured in *701*, was the 1994 Zimbabwe incident, in which numerous school children saw a craft landing, and aliens who sent telepathic messages to them.

**Terry Ray**  
 “Invasion of the Orange Orbs”



On the evening of July 29, 2013 in Ocean City Maryland, Terry witnessed eight large orange orbs flying very low and silently along the beach. They performed maneuvers that no Earth-made aircraft could possibly perform, in complete silence. Terry

filed a report of this sighting with MUFON. Terry set about to find out what it was he saw that night. This led to a year-long, intensive investigation and, ultimately, to the writing of a book. In this book, Terry details what could be the biggest event in the history of the human race. “*The Complete Story of the Worldwide Invasion of the Orange Orbs*” breaks entirely new ground in UFO research.

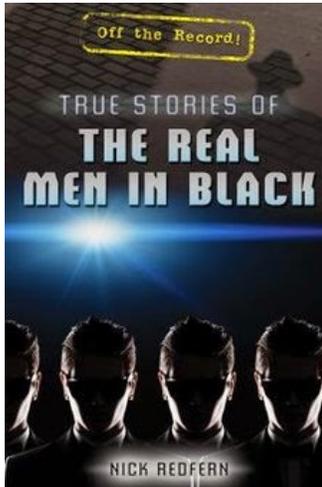


**Nick Redfern**  
 “From MIBs to...”



Nick Redfern is the author of more than 30 books on UFOs, Bigfoot, lake monsters, the Abominable Snowman, and Hollywood scandals, including *Monster Files*; *Memoirs of a Monster Hunter*; *The Real Men in Black*; *The NASA Conspiracies*; *Keep Out!*; *The Pyramids and the Pentagon*; *Contactees*; *The World's Weirdest Places*; *For Nobody's Eyes Only*; and *Close Encounters of the Fatal Kind*. He has appeared on more than 70 TV shows, including: Fox News; the BBC's *Out of This World*; the SyFy Channel's *Proof Positive*; the Space Channel's *Fields of Fear*; the History Channel's *Monster Quest*, *America's Book*

of *Secrets*, *Ancient Aliens* and *UFO Hunters*; Science's *The Unexplained Files*; the National Geographic Channel's *Paranatural*; and MSNBC's *Countdown* with Keith Olbermann. Originally from the UK, Nick lives on the fringes of Dallas, Texas. He can be contacted at his blog: <http://nickredferntean.blogspot.com>



**Audience of One**  
By Thomas Wertman

Those familiar with me know that one of my pet projects is conducting community outreach programs on the subject of UFOs. Over the past four years I have presented over 100 programs at libraries, rotary clubs, and private organizations on topics from basic ufology to government cover-ups. The goals of the programs are simple: educate the public on UFOs, help break the stigma associated with discussing and reporting UFOs, recruit new field investigators, and build our organizations membership.

Every time I receive new inquiry I get excited and a million questions start racing through my mind. What topic do they want to hear about? How much time will it take to create the new program? Will they love the program and have tons of questions, or sit there devoid of emotion like a bunch of zombies. What about attendance? How many does the room seat? While the list goes on and on, what I always end up worrying the most about is attendance. All of that was true until a recent request changed my whole viewpoint.

What changed my viewpoint was a special request I received in November to speak to an

audience of only one. You may ask who could be so special to warrant a one-on-one program. The head of a major corporation, possibly a representative from the news media. I hope you're not disappointed to learn that my audience of one was just a simple bolt salesman from Ohio.

Numerous emails were exchanged before the December 29<sup>th</sup> visit and after each communication I was getting more nervous. That all came to a head the day I pulled my car into the drive of the house on the shores of Lake Erie. Snow just starting to fall as I walked towards the house and looked out over the frozen shores of Lake Erie. For those would like to know the individual's name, I'm only going to refer to him as Mr. F., and I think later on you will appreciate why.

As I approached the house I really wasn't sure what entrance to use, so I chose the one with the long aluminum ramp leading to the side door. I was greeted at the door by both Mr. F's wife and the family dog who wanted to check out this new intruder. Mrs. F. happily guided me towards the living room, and it was in the hallway I encountered Mr. F. He was on the way to meet me in the kitchen, but his progress was slowed due to confinement to a wheel chair.

Once in the living room I discovered Mr. F. had a life-long interest in UFO's. To feed his interest Mr. F. watches every documentary he can on Netflix. Seeing the excitement in his eyes as we discussed each topic made you ignore the fact that his daybed was positioned in front of the television. If you were to ask him if he believed there is life in outer space, you would see his eyes light up like I did and receive the same immediate response of "yes". Mr. F. is passionate about the subject, and like an increasing number of people in the US, he cannot understand why the government doesn't release information. The time we spent together passed so quickly, it had been over two hours and I could see Mr. F. getting fatigued.

One of the last subjects we talked about was disclosure. Mr. F. would like to see disclosure happen in his lifetime, but knows that's extremely unlikely. You see while Mr. F. lives at home, he is also under the care of an incredible staff of a local hospice center. My contacts at the center informed me they do everything they can to help fulfill

terminal patients' "Make a Wish" requests. Mr. F. had requested to talk to a UFO expert. The hospice staff informed me they fulfilled the wish of another patient by arranging for him to not only see Frankie Vallee, but meet him backstage.

While I hardly seem worthy of being called a UFO expert, I was humbled by the experience of speaking to an audience of one. My short time with Mr. F. reminded me I can't spend all my time chasing lights in the sky or worrying about how many people are in a room. My audience of one is important as any other and, unfortunately, may not receive a repeat performance.

## OHIO CRASHES AND OTHER CONNECTIONS

By Dr. Irena Scott



(Dr. Irena Scott has given us permission to reprint excerpts from her book *UFOs and the Millennium*. Part I, which reports five UFO crashes, appeared in the last newsletter. Following is Part II. It gives two versions of one purported crash north of Columbus. The late James Moseley was involved in the investigation of this event so detailed excerpts of his and evaluation are a

large part of this article. He was a colorful individual and had a writing style all his own, as you will see by his narrative. The final Part III will appear in the next newsletter. Editor)

### Crash VI North of Columbus , Part I (First Account)

Kevin Randle (*A History of UFO Crashes*) mentions a crash in late summer, north of Columbus, Ohio, that occurred in 1952. Vivian Walton, a worker for the Signal Corps (probably at the Defense Construction Supply Center (DCSC) in Columbus, Ohio, decoded a classified message that told about a crash near Columbus. Walton later was shown photographs of the saucer by a co-

worker. She described it as thirty feet in diameter with almost no damage. The retrieval team had trouble entering the craft. It was unoccupied. It was taken to WPAFB.

Information about what is probably the same crash is reported by James Moseley (*UFO Crash Secrets at Wright/Patterson Air Force Base*): "The scene had been perfectly set for a weird bit of business. An odd weather condition had added a note of unreality and spectral quality to the Ohio city. It was sunset, and the sky had taken on a frightening red color. Somehow it seemed appropriate, for I had gone to this city to visit an Air Force base where a flying saucer had reportedly crashed. I was locating the base so that I could find it easily the next day.

"I planned to find a nearby motel and look for "Miss Y" tomorrow. If my lead had been reliable, she would have a fantastic story to tell. In looking through the Air Force files I hadn't expected to find, nor found, any reports of captured saucers or little men. Despite official AF denials, however such rumors still persisted.

The late Frank Scully, well known and highly respected Hollywood writer, had caused a sensation with his book, *Behind the Flying Saucer*, which he related how a government scientist had been called in to examine a saucer which had allegedly crashed in New Mexico. Few people now believe Scully's story, which he had obtained from two acquaintances, Silas Newton and Leo Gebauer; for a *True* magazine article had pretty well exposed it as a hoax. It probably wasn't Scully's fault. The article and other reports suggested that the author had simply been taken in.

But at that time the basic rumor, with many variations, vividly haunted the saucer scene. Every month or so a new crashed saucer report, complete with little men, would appear. Most of these reports came from the southwestern US but there was one from Scandinavia and another from Europe. I had little faith in the accounts until I bumped into a bizarre investigation of a saucer said to be in the possession of the AF at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base!

Since my perusal of the AF files late in 1953 I had begun corresponding with people all over the U.S. and was becoming fairly well known as a civilian UFO researcher. In April, 1954, one of these correspondents floored me with a letter, from which I quote:

My opinion is that the Air Force is holding a saucer or parts thereof at Wright Patterson Field. I had this opinion on a great number of collective items--and one solid item' the testimony of a woman who was a WAC at Wright in the fall of 1959 when there was a Red and White aircraft attack alert for two weeks. She learned that a saucer had been brought to Wright Field, and she saw a picture of it!

According to the correspondent, the Air Force had found an operative radio transmitting device inside the machine which regularly gave off "beeps." They were afraid the saucer had signaled for help and might attract other craft and a possible attack. The correspondent believed the saucer had crashed near Columbus, Ohio, but wasn't certain. He also said that bodies of six little men had been found and hauled to the base, along with the machine.

I put down the letter and pulled out my special file on crash rumors. I had dozens of them.

A professor of anthropology at Columbia had supposedly been called out to Wright-Patterson to examine these creatures, a scientist in Massachusetts had made X-rays of the bodies; a man in Los Angeles knew of a saucer that landed in Mexico; a man in Florida had talked to a man who knew of, in turn, a man who had driven a truck for the Army, in which a captured saucer had been carried from the place it had "crashed" to a nearby military base; a doctor in New York had examined bodies of little men in a funeral parlor there...

And so it went. The reports had a great deal in common besides crashed saucers: the people involved were not named, so most of them were uncheckable.

The ones I had been able to check turned out to be hoaxes, or else they had no discoverable factual evidence to back them up. I finally decided that all

of the accounts had been appropriated out of the pages of Scully's book.

So I stuck the letter into the "crash file" to lie with the many unsubstantiated yarns, I would have forgotten it had I not found myself routed through the correspondent's home town about a month later. I decided to stay overnight, get myself a hotel room and rang him up. *The man whom I will call 'Bill'* greeted me enthusiastically on the phone and invited me to his house. From his conversation I gathered he might be the first informant who could provide any real, concrete lead on a captured saucer---for he claimed to have a tape recording of a key informant. For the first time I became really enthusiastic about such a matter. I wished I had not waited so long to follow it up.

When I arrived at Bill's house he already had his recorder set up, and after a preliminary cup of coffee, I began to hear a tape made by a woman who sounded very much as if she really know what she was talking about.

Immediately impressed by her apparent sincerity I quickly decided that here at *here was something concrete*—a first-hand account of what a woman working for the government had seen and heard in the course of her duties. Although uncertain about many details (just as many people would be in relating an event which had transpired months before), she in general told her story in such a manner that I could not help feeling that she was probably telling the truth.

There was only one fly in the ufological ointment. Although the woman's first name (I will refer to her as Miss Y) was on the tape, Bill would not give me her full name, nor tell me how to get in touch with her.

"The fellow who made the recording promised her she would receive absolutely *no* personal publicity and made me pledge likewise when he entrusted the tape to my safe keeping. When I wrote you I had no idea that you would take the trouble to come out here and follow it up."

"But Bill," I pressed? "you may be sitting on the hottest news story of all time. Don't you think the public should know about this if it's true?"

"I agree with you, Jim, but a pledge is a pledge. Miss Y is already sorry she made the tape for she fears repercussions should her story leak out."

Miss Y's apparent sincerity on the tape made me determined to smoke her out and talk to her personally for I was convinced that this was one "crash" report really worth following up.

How I finally located Miss Y, three months later, is certainly worth telling, for it is almost like a detective story. But to tell the story I would have to give out many details which most likely would violate the secrecy of the identities of not only her, but others involved; and this I will not deny, even at the expense of reader disbelief that these people do really exist. I know this is not good reporting, but if the reader will go along with me in this respect, I will relate what is to me the most fascinating part of this book.

Miss Y turned out to be a rather fragile-looking woman, probably in her late thirties, bespectacled, with her hair neatly done up in a bun. Her entire demeanor was that of meekness, and I think she finally decided to talk with me because she felt sorry for me after my expressions of disappointment.

Now I know that some fragile little old ladies and middle-aged ones as well, embezzle banks and other employers by the dozens, but I must say that Miss Y seemed to me to be almost the last person in the world who would make up a real whopper—and if Miss Y were lying, she had manufactured a colossal one!

First she straightened me out on some points which Bill had either assumed or got confused. She did not work at Wright-Patterson, but at another large military base in that area which I will not name; she was not a WAC, but rather a civilian employee of the Signal Corps, working under the Army and the FBI (she has since retired and moved away). Her duties, those of a night girl on teletype, included decoding messages and handling classified material of many different sorts. If this were true? I thought, this alone would vouch for her trustworthiness, for such work would require a security clearance granted only after a very thorough check of the background.

In August—or was it September—of 1952 I walked into the photographic lab to get an aspirin from---, who was in charge of this section. (The Army photographer in charge of the lab will be referred to as Mr. Z.) This lab was in the same section of the communication building on the base which I worked in. When I walked in he was developing a number of prints, and I couldn't help noticing that about a dozen of them looked like the newspaper drawings I had seen of flying saucers.

At first he expressed some concern that I had seen the photos; he thought he had the door locked, but had gone to the rest room and forgotten to relock it. Knowing that I had a clearance and being a good friend of mine, he apparently decided to relieve my curiosity."

Mr. Z had personally taken the photos during a recent special assignment at a location Miss Y described simply as "north of the Base." There according to the technician, a Flying saucer had crashed. That in essence was all the information he would give her, as he warned her that the pictures were classified and carried top security designation.

"At the time," Miss Y told me, "I thought this was more or less a routine photographic record of an experimental military aircraft which frequently were tested at the base, and thought little more of it until I handled some startling messages."

"The first communications involved information that the aircraft, which was thought to be of interplanetary nature, was being brought first to our Base, under very heavy guard, where it would receive a preliminary examination and then be trucked to Wright Field."

Further messages ordered Red and White Alert at the base, since it was feared that the crashed saucer had communicated with other similar craft still flying. This made me very nervous, for it sounded to me as if the base commander believed that other machines might attack in an effort to recover the disabled craft."

Security had been clamped down very tightly. Officers and one scientist were brought in from other bases to complement the staff, and no enlisted men except Mr. Z had anything to do with

the matter. No less than a major, Miss Y told me, drove the truck that hauled the craft to the base. Enlisted men were told that the alert was for practice only and that the officers had been flown in to observe how well it was carried out.

“How large do you think the saucer was, from seeing the photographs?” I asked.

“I’m not good at this, but I would say thirty feet in diameter. In a couple or three of the pictures there was a jeep parked by it and this gave a good frame of reference. It would be thirty feet at the most, I would say. “It had no protrusions, other than a rim where the upper and lower halves of the machine met.

“It appeared to be made of pieces of metal riveted together, though I couldn’t see any rivets, only the different sections. It didn’t have any windows that I could see. One of the messages, however, mentioned that it had windows or portholes of one-way glass which you couldn’t see through from the outside.”

Miss Y also said she had heard from Mr. Z that scientists employed by the government had trouble getting inside the saucer, and that it was composed on one or more alloys not found on Earth.

And here her description departed from the classic tale; this saucer contained no dead little men. It was a remotely controlled device, evidently equipped with devices to collect and transmit information. Also, the saucer hadn’t really crashed, having floated gently to the ground due to a “lack of magnetic power on which they run.”

Miss Y had heard vague information about other saucers which had previously been captured, these actually containing bodies of humanoid creatures. I discounted this part of her story, however, feeling that she had perhaps overheard conversations about the Scully book (she had never read it).

I was still greatly concerned with her sincerity, but I felt I still didn’t have quite enough to warrant the conclusion that the Government did actually have a captured saucer and possibly little men.

So I begged Miss Y for the name of Mr. Z, the photographer, which she finally gave me after much hesitation.

“He won’t talk, though. I can tell you that right now. He’s still on active duty with the Army. He’s getting almost ready for retirement and fears anything that might get him discharged.”

Whether for the reason that Miss Y gave, or whether she had for some almost unbelievable reason, concocted the story and was indeed lying? She was certainly correct about one thing: Although Mr. Z did talk, it wasn’t in confirmation of her account.

He began with a summary denial of having any knowledge of flying saucers, what’s more photographing one. During the two-hour conversation, the latter part of which was in the presence of his superior, a Signal Corps officer, he completely refuted her claims.

Miss Y did work as a night girl on teletype during the period she claimed to have been there—but she had never read any highly secret messages. She most likely had handled coded messages, but she had no way of decoding them. If any highly classified messages had indeed come through she would not have known what they contained.

“Sure we know about flying saucers,” Mr. Z told me, “but only what we read in the papers. If you run around and investigate these sightings, you know a lot more than we do.”

Certainly no saucer had ever passed through their base, and they certainly had no knowledge of saucers captured anywhere by the government—or so they said.

They described Miss Y as a very efficient worker and “an upstanding woman.” They couldn’t guess why she would be telling such a story,

Walking out of the officer’s club, where I interviewed the two, the seemingly almost organized confusion of the saucer mystery began to trouble me. If the two men were telling the truth, Miss Y was lying. One thing was obvious; someone was lying!

As I drove by the rows of barracks to the base exit, I tried to analyze the situation.

First I assumed that Miss Y was telling the truth. She had said that the facts she gave me were "public knowledge" and that she was not breaking security to tell them to me—though on that point I tended to disagree. It was quite understandable that she didn't want her name connected, even though it may have been public knowledge. She also had said that the government was holding back the facts from the public because of fear and panic, and also because they didn't have all the answers themselves—these observations probably were only her own personal opinion.

If indeed Miss Y had been telling the truth, it certainly would fit in with Mr. Z's statements. He would be required to say she was lying and deny having made the photographs or having knowledge of them.

If the government did indeed have captured saucers, it probably would be known to only a few people, which would include a few with the necessary skills, such as photography for investigative purposes. Probably none such people would know the full story—only his or her tiny part in the drama. Only a handful of brass at the very top would have all the details, anyhow.

The whole thing would be guarded as well, if not better, than the atomic bomb. If all that Miss Y had told me were true, I doubted if even the people at the Pentagon, whom I had talked with and who had let me see the files, knew it. It was then that I got a fantastic idea. Suppose that the Project Blue Book was merely a cover-up, which analyzed routine saucer sightings; while somewhere else, within a highly guarded section of Wright Field---or some other base---a super-secret group was prying open saucers and desperately trying in an attempt to get ahead of the Russians, to find out what made them and their extraterrestrial operators tick!

In keeping these secrets, the government had many advantages, and the main one probably was that the saucers themselves carried a ridiculous connotation in the minds of most of the public. Quite possibly of course, there were very effective ways of dealing with individuals, in or out of the

service, who knew too much or and talked too much.

In Scully's case (if his story had some truth to it) it was fairly simple, he was not dealt with in any dire cloak-and-dagger manner, but by the simple technique of ridicule. At first his book caused a sensation; now very few people believe it, for every possible effort has apparently been made to discredit and make him look ridiculous. Two principal characters of the book had been arrested on fraud charges, and then, their cases then undisposed of, were claiming that they were being persecuted for their saucer revelations. Could they be right and could Miss Y be right? There probably was a fifty-fifty choice either way.

I thought of the flying saucer the Canadian Government had first started building and later sold to the U.S. Department of Defense. Were we desperately trying to build such a machine, basing our design on what we had learned from the possible inspection of genuine interplanetary craft? True, *the* news releases said the AVRO Saucer would employ conventional jet power. Later the government put the AVRO saucer on public display and indicated its design was unsuccessful. But its design would be strangely changed from that of the much publicized jet craft and turn out to be a ducted fan hover craft much like the model the British experimented with about the same time. Was the AVRO saucer a red herring or a possible preparation of the public to accept some startling announcements and increased congressional appropriations?

If saucers were real, they certainly didn't run on jet power. Many technicians had suggested that they must employ control of gravity and likely involve an electromagnetic drive. If the government had indeed captured a saucer or saucers it certainly appeared likely that they could unravel the power secrets involved.

When would the public be informed about the entire matter? Probably only when the government was good and ready, and only after they had mastered the secrets of the captured discs and learned from their operators the purpose of the visits. We would probably be told only after years of being gradually prepared and indoctrinated. This could be done in many ways, with more red

herrings, such as George Adamski; with carefully conceived reports such as the AVRO saucer.

I wondered if the public should know *soon*. After all, I was part of the public, and I didn't think I would panic if I suddenly knew the saucers were real. And I was becoming convinced more and more each day that they certainly weren't temperature inversions and all the other things the government said they were.

Yes, *somebody was lying*. If Miss Y were lying, there wasn't anything to the captured saucer. Yet if Miss Y were *not* lying, somebody should be able to prove it and somebody should tell the public.

If Miss Y were not lying, Mr. Z *would* have to lie. What could I do about it? Not much for I probably exaggerated my own effectiveness. But there was one way I could raise a lot of hell in the field, and probably get a *lot* of public awareness going. Albert Bender had done it and lately Gray Barker was arousing a lot of public interest with his Saucerian.

Knowing very little about how to do it, and with a bravado effected, it seems, only by brash people who have been hooked on saucers, I headed my Ford back toward Fort Lee, New Jersey.

If I drove hard I could make it back home sometime in the early hours of the next morning. I doubted if I would even go to bed. For the next day I *would start* my own flying *saucer magazine*.

### **Crash VI North of Columbus, Part II (Second Account)**

George Eberhart (*The Roswell Report of a Historical Perspective*) gives an account of what is probably the same story, however, different details are given in each.

"Army Intelligence took note of a story related by a stranger to M/Sgt. Ralph E. Brown of Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio. There is no evidence beyond an official report written on April 27, 1953, and sent to the Chief of the Security Division at Army headquarters in Washington, of a follow-up investigation, so the incident is no more than an anecdote, but possibly significant in the context of tales like the one immediately following this one.

On April 24 Brown was waiting for the bartender at Columbus' Deshler-Walleck Hotel when a man at the bar asked him where he was stationed. In the conversation that followed the man, who claimed to be associated with Wright-Patterson AFB, said he knew, having seen them himself, of three crashed space ships held at Wright-Patterson. One was badly damaged, but the other two were relatively intact. Bodies of UFO occupants were also being kept there. Deeply disturbed and unsure how to release this information to the public, the Air Force had given the problem to a small group of prominent Columbus residents. Brown asked if he could meet them, but the stranger said that any meeting would have to be arranged by them; they would know how to get in contact with him. The man was sober and refused Brown's offer to buy him a drink. Nonetheless, after the stranger left, Brown asked the bartender if he knew him. The bartender said yes and described him as a "drunk." Brown felt, however, that the man seemed knowledgeable and convincing (Gross, 1989). Probably the exchange was somebody's idea of a practical joke, but it is interesting to note that in 1951 the Air Force had brought its UFO problem to the Columbus-based Battelle Memorial Institute, a scientific think tank, and asked for its assistance in dealing with UFO data. The result was Project Blue Book Special Report 14, released four years later. The report, of course, says nothing about crashed saucers.

"In May 1954, James W. Moseley, editor of a UFO magazine titled *Nexus* (later *Saucer News*) heard a tape recording made by UFO buff George Wolfer. It was a telephone conversation with the wife of a salesman who worked at the Miami office of a Wisconsin-based cookware company. Wolfer worked in a managerial capacity for the same company out of Milwaukee, and made occasional business trips to Miami. Wolfer told Moseley that the salesman was a new employee to whom he recently had mentioned his fascination with UFOs. When later the salesman remarked to his wife on Wolfer's interest, she surprised him with her response that she knew a great deal more about the subject than Wolfer. She told her husband a story about her knowledge of a recovered UFO. Her husband passed the story on to Wolfer, who subsequently phoned her and had her relate it as his tape recorder ran without her knowledge.

“Moseley, who spent much of the 1950s exposing flying saucer charlatans and was not easily impressed, wrote in his private notes, “I listened to this tape recording very carefully, and could not detect anything that would indicate the woman knew she was being recorded or that it was a fixed conversation. She seemed uninterested in the subject of saucers, and also very hazy on the details as apparently she had not paid a great deal of attention to the incident at the time. (Moseley, 1991). Wolfer refused to give Moseley her or her husband’s name and likewise would not tell him who “Joe” was, though Wolfer said he knew.

“Through some intricate and clever detective work in Milwaukee and Miami, however, Moseley learned that the couple were Ray and Vivian Walton. He was able to interview Mrs. Walton and get a fuller account. As a Signal Corps employee working the night shift, so her story went, she was handed decoded teletype messages inside a high-security building at the Columbus Army Supply Depot [Now the Defense Construction and Supply company, DCSC.] One night in the late summer of 1952, she walked into the photography laboratory, where Joe (whose last name she could not remember but thought might be “Hershey”) was developing photographs relevant to her work. But she noticed some other pictures of a strange object and when she asked him where it was, he told her that it was a flying saucer which had come down in the hilly country north of Columbus [Ohio]. At first she assumed he was joking, but he turned out to be serious. Mrs. Walton was told the saucer was 30 feet in diameter and unoccupied. Military personnel had had a hard time finding a way to enter the ship, which apparently had sustained minimal damage.

“A few days later a two-week “Red and White” alert was sounded. At one point either during or immediately afterwards, military authorities briefed her and others in the building and explained that the alert was related to a fear of an attack by UFOs, following the recovery of one such crash. The alert was terminated only after it appeared no such attack would occur. Mrs. Walton also said the UFO had gone through the Columbus depot on its way to Wright-Patterson AFB. She heard nothing more about it after that. Around that time though, “rumors” circulated of other recoveries, some involving beings who looked much like us. The

government keeps all this secret out of fear of panic.

“Moseley thought she seemed sincere, with no apparent reason to concoct such an unlikely tale, and so he went on with the investigation. In Columbus he learned that “Joe Hershey” was really Joe Sheehy, who, Moseley found when he met him in person, was exactly as Mrs. Walton had described him: the depot’s staff photographer and an older man suffering from recent eye trouble. Though they admitted having known “Viv,” as they called her, Sheehy and his superior, Clarence Thorne, disputed her claim that she had worked with classified: decoded messages or that they knew anything about flying saucers. They said they had no idea why she might want to lie about this, but they were going to report her, according to Moseley’s notes, to the “CIA.” Moseley noted, “When I spoke to Sheehy alone, he made one statement that may or may not have been a significant slip. He said, “She’s been talking out of turn,” which would imply that she is telling the truth, without the right to do so. When I pointed this out to him, he corrected himself. (Moseley, 1954).”

A story that is like this was told to Bill Jones and me by one of the workers at Greyden Press, publishers of the *Ohio UFO Notebook*. She said that one of her friends had overheard a Fort Hays (Columbus, Ohio) officer at a nearby Columbus Bar, tell about WPAFB having artifacts and bodies from a UFO crash. The officer had been drunk, when he said this.

In both cases we were unable to locate the primary witness.

We did interview the primary witness for the DCSC story who saw a UFO buzz DCSC and speculated that DCSC might have been buzzed because of artifacts in storage. His report was quite similar to this Mrs. Walton’s account.





Mantua Rotary Club Promotion  
(Aliens working out)

## **Moths to the Flame** By Thomas Wertman

As a child I remember watching the moths bounce off my grandparent's kitchen window at night. They hit the window with such rapid succession that it sounded like raindrops on the roof. Beside moon and starlight the only outside light was provided by the neighboring farmhouses security lights that dotted the countryside. This was the early to mid-1960's and their one bedroom farmhouse was complete with a coal burning stove, running water in the kitchen, and a two-hole outhouse in the backyard.

The major holidays attracted all the family members including aunts, uncles, and cousins you almost forgot about. Can you imagine putting 20-30 people in a house that small? That's why once dinner was over and the table was being cleared most of us escaped from the house like rats from a sinking ship. Once outside, activities were limited. Grandpa could show you the new tools he bought, you could roam though the abandoned chicken coup, go through the barn attic, and then there were the woods.

The woods was at the very back of their property, and the first time I remember going there was when I was maybe 9 or 10 years old. I stopped to check out the two abandoned Model-T Fords as dad went deeper into the woods mushroom hunting. The woods had a kind of creepy, better yet ominous feeling. It was like the suspense scene of a movie building to a climax. That first time other than finding the beehive nothing truly eventful happened, but that was to change.

Grandma loved to fish and invited me to go along. There was one condition; I had to spend the night sleeping on the couch in the living room and get up at 5:00 am. Sounds simple enough, except I think that everyone remembers what it's like sleeping in a strange house for the first time. I heard creeps, crackles, and then the constant ticking of the grandfather clock all night long. But why were there sounds of moths hitting the kitchen window? The room lights were out. I couldn't see anything at the kitchen window and was almost afraid to look at the nearer living room window. Finally I built up the courage to look at the window and nothing was there except the faint moonlight. For some reason, call it a sixth sense, I still felt something was out there. Whatever it was, it was just out of sight, completely devoid of emotion and waiting.

I may have slept sometime that night from sheer exhaustion, but to be honest I'm not sure. This simple event could be attributed to a child's paranoia of the unknown. The unfamiliar surroundings combined with a child's imagination let his emotions run wild. Classify this as case closed and quit wasting my time. Normally I would agree except this is the earliest episode I could recall during a series of three regressions conducted the last year.

Here I am, sixty years old and submitting myself to regressions and the possible ridicule from my peers. I'm not a logger, nor part of a couple traveling near Lincoln, New Hampshire. I see myself as a professional, somewhat well-educated with a master's in education who's entering the golden years of his life. Thirty plus years in education, well respected by my graduates, and now I'm chasing fragmented memories of a white owl. Why the transition from moths to a white owl? Memories of an encounter with an owl are responsible for my series of regressions; the moth is me being drawn to the flame.

## **The Flame**

Flame is normally associated with fire, a state of combustion, or possibly a sweetheart. In my case the flame this moth attraction is like no other you have ever seen. The flame in my regressions is short, grey, and has large black eyes that seem like

they absorb all light. While a fire can dance into different shapes, this flame may have the unique ability to morph into completely different personas of reality in my mind.

The series of regressions began by a passing comment I made to friend. Besides an association with MUFON I am co-director of the Cleveland Ufology Project with Aaron Clark. During one of our conversations I mentioned a childhood encounter with a large white owl. I told Aaron what was so unusual about the encounter was how intent my friend Roy was about what we saw. So the readers of this story don't feel left out, let me repeat what I told Aaron.

The setting is a few miles outside Inman, South Carolina around 1967 to 1968. The county road we lived on was bordered by peach orchards, kudzu vines, and a spattering of houses and mobile homes. We lived in one of these mobile homes while my friend Roy lived in an old farmhouse on the other side of the road. Being such a rural area there was not a whole lot for two teenagers to do other than ride bikes, walk through the woods, and go hunting. It was on one of our hunting expeditions for big game by the name of Maytag and Frigidaire that we had an encounter. You see we normally shot more abandoned appliances left in the peach orchards than we did any animals.

It was on one of these excursions that we left Roy's in the afternoon and went to the woods behind his house. As we walked into the woods nothing seemed unusual, there was the normal activity of squirrels and birds flitting between the tree branches. But as we got deeper into the woods Roy began to get a little bit more edgy and nervous. Roy was two years my senior, had hunted the woods for a number of years and even though we were armed with rifles his nervousness continued to increase. Roy asked me if I noticed anything unusual about the woods. Nothing was unusual to me except the fact I didn't see squirrels and birds or hear any noises associated with their movement. Roy said that was exactly it. All the animal life had seemed to part as if on cue. This is when Roy began to tell me about some mysterious creature called the 'swamp willy'.

The swamp willy had a somewhat Bigfoot-like description and been rumored to wander these

woods. When it came around everything would go quiet as if in fear for its existence. I wasn't sure what to make of Roy's story. Was he trying to be scared as if telling a campfire story? It was at this point that I looked up to see a white object, shiny in appearance and approximately the size of the sun moving above the treetops. Roy picked up his pace and made the decision to get out of the woods as fast as possible. Instead of heading directly back towards our homes he went the opposite direction to the nearest county road. All of his body language was now telling me this was no campfire story. Roy wanted out of the woods as fast as possible. It was on exiting the woods that he mentioned the large white owl that we had seen.

We, what did he mean by we? I barely remembered anything about the owl other than the fact it was extremely large and had been in front of us. It was right after I'd seen the object floating above the treetops, and he made the decision to run for the woods. As we walked back the longer route home Roy talked of the large white owl. I kept trying to replay the scene over and over in my mind to no avail. I remembered the silver white object floating above the trees, then running from the woods.

Was there really a creature called the swamp willy that justified his terror? That I'll never know, but idle curiosity did peak my interest to see if there were any reports of unusual creatures in the region. I did find a report from August of 1993 in which the witness reported a terrifying experience with large hairy creature in the woods near his home. I was surprised to see his home was not just near mine, it was on the same road. That's the story as I remember it.

What piqued Aaron's interest in my story was the encounter with the white owl. There've been reports of individuals in abduction cases who reported seeing a large white owl. Why an owl? It could be that the entity plants the seed of a less threatening persona in the abductee's mind. That image needs an association with certain characteristics of the entity. What I remember of the incident was the eyes. They were dark, unblinking, emotionless, and with the ability to peer into my soul.

## UFOs in History Kecksburg Crash 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary

It was a day or two later I received an email from Cassandra Kletch. Cass has conducted regressions over the past I'm not sure how many years. I just know she has been performing them longer than the six years I've done investigations. In the email Cass informed that me Aaron reached out to her and thought I may like to try regression. After a little hesitation I agreed. My reason for the hesitation was not this event or the one at my grandmothers. Over a period from the early to mid-sixties extending to about 1971, I had numerous periods of sleep paralysis, apprehension that something was observing me or coming for me, and a nervous condition prompting a six year battle with ulcers that nearly took my life.

Often I've wondered what attracted me to ufology. I started reading about the subject in the late 1960's, and that tattered copy of Frank Edwards "Flying Saucers Serious Business" is probably someplace in my attic. My passion, or better yet obsession with the subject led to me join MUFON and advance from field investigator to state director and star team member. I can't count the number of nights I've stayed up either doing cases or reviewing them while I lay in bed. There is also my sixth sense that seems to come alive when talking to certain witnesses. When reviewing cases with a small percentage of witnesses I begin to visualize what is in the witnesses mind before they speak. It's like we have a connection that goes beyond words. Maybe that unseen link is what draws this moth to the flame.



Mantua Rotary Club Promotion  
(Aliens order lunch)

The next issue of the newsletter will contain the final installment of excerpts about UFO Crashes in Ohio from Irena Scott's book *UFOs and the Millennium*, except that article will focus on Ohio's connection with famous crashes in other states, and this includes Kecksburg. The famous Kecksburg, PA UFO crash occurred on December 9, 1965. So it seems reasonable, in light of the 50th anniversary, to present a brief synopsis of the event in this issue.

A large brilliant fireball was seen by thousands in at least six U.S states and Ontario. It reportedly dropped hot metal debris over Michigan and northern Ohio, starting some grass fires. Sonic booms were reported in the Pittsburgh area. The press assumed it was a meteor after "authorities" discounted other possible explanations such as a plane crash, errant missile test, or reentering satellite debris.

However, eyewitnesses in the small village of Kecksburg, about 30 miles southeast of Pittsburgh claimed something crashed in the woods.



One boy said he saw the object land. His mother alerted authorities after seeing a wisp of blue smoke arising from the woods. Someone else reported felling a vibration and "a thump" about the time the object landed. Other Kecksburg residents, including the local volunteer fire department members, reported finding an object in the shape of an acorn and about as large as a Volkswagen Beetle. Writing resembling Egyptian hieroglyphics

was also reported to be in a band around the base of the object.



A model of the crashed object, originally created for the show *Unsolved Mysteries*, and put on display near the Kecksburg fire station.

A newspaper the *Tribune-review*, from nearby Greenville had a reporter at the scene. An article “Unidentified Flying Object Falls near Kecksburg – Army Ropes off Area” appeared the next morning. “The area where the object landed was immediately sealed off on order of the U.S. Army and State Police officials, reportedly in anticipation of a ‘close inspection’ of whatever may have fallen... State Police officials there ordered the area roped off to await the expected arrival of both U.S. Army engineers and possibly, civilian scientists.” However a later edition of the newspaper stated that nothing had been found after authorities searched the area.



The official explanation is that the object was a mid-sized meteor. However, speculations as to the

identity of the object range from an alien craft to debris from Cosmos 96, a Soviet Space Probe intended for Venus, but never left the atmosphere.



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