

VI. Mr. Olsen's Letter of March 9, 1991

Dear Mr. Creighton,

Corrigendum to my letter of 4 February 1991:

THE witness, on receiving her copy of the subject letter, advises me that I erred in the name of the radio announcer. It is Rob *Early**, not Rob Langley. Thus, there should be no confusion with the name of the "IAA document" sender.

I regret any complications this may have caused.

Sincerely,

Thomas M. Olsen,
Phoenix, Arizona 85051
March 9, 1991.

*As we have already mentioned, we understand that Mr. Robert Early, whose name is well known in the field of UFO investigations, is an official of Radio Station KBIS-AM in Little Rock, Arkansas. And, as we have already mentioned, we have spoken to Mr. Early about this case, and we have received his statement that, on the whole, he is inclined to view the "IAA Document" as more likely to be genuine. EDITOR, FSR.

VII. Final word on the case

MR. Olsen informs me (June 1991) that, curiously enough, the lady never did set out for Newfoundland as she had told him she intended to do! But we do not know why. *Maybe the "IAA" simply terrorized her into desisting from her plan?*

Nor do we know of any reports of sightings or landings of UFOs in Newfoundland in September 1990 (which naturally enough *does not mean that there were none.*)

So, here again, we trust that our U.S. and Canadian readers will let us know about any information that they have on such happenings. If my memory serves me correctly, I think that Mr. Robert Early also told me, when I telephoned to him in mid-June 1991, that he had no information regarding reports of any UFO sightings or landings said to have occurred in the St. Johns area of Newfoundland in the Autumn of 1990.

CRASHED DISC REPORTS AND DEAD CREW REPORTS; THE VERY NUB OF THE UFO PHENOMENON

By Gordon Creighton

As most of our readers are no doubt aware, a great Argument has raged for many years in the United States about the numerous reports of crashed alien discs and small crew members (usually dead, but two or three are alleged to have been captured alive).

Unquestionably, in our opinion, the most reliable authority on this entire problem of crashed discs and their crews is the veteran U.S. investigator Leonard Stringfield, of 4412 Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 455227, because he has devoted many years of concentrated research to this key facet of our entire problem. *Since 1978 he has devoted no less than five Status Reports to it, and he informs me that at present (June 1991) he is engaged in writing the sixth!*

If FSR had had sufficient pages, and if we had had sufficient resources, we would have asked Mr. Stringfield for his permission to reprint in FSR every one of these *Status Reports* long ago. As things stand, we have so far managed to publish only *Status Report I* dated July 1978, which we gave in full in FSR 25/4, 25/5, 25/6 (1979), and *Status Report II* (1980), which we gave in FSR 28/1, 28/2, 28/3, 28/4, 28/5 (1982-1983).

We understand that the original limited American editions of all the *Status Reports* will long ago have been sold out. But we have Mr. Stringfield's authority to continue to put out British issues of all of them in due course, and had it not been for the additional recent congestion due to such matters as the big Russian and Belgian UFO Waves, we would certainly have hoped to

be much further ahead by now than we are. Nevertheless, we shall do our best.

In addition to the work of Mr. Stringfield, there are also *three books* on this "vexed problem" of crashed discs and "deadies"; and we would urge everyone who can to read them. I list them below:-

1. Frank Scully: BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS. (1950 U.S. and British editions). The British publisher was Gollancz, and he issued it twice. In the entire history of "Ufology" probably nobody (with the exception of Adamski) has ever been mocked and ridiculed so much as poor Frank Scully, a man who had previously written nothing but lightweight stuff about the world of Stage and Variety, but who, by mere chance, stumbled at a very early date upon the story of one of the first crashed discs. He may have got some of the details of the story wrong. *No matter!* The fact remains that we now know he seems to have got *most* of it right! And we know that, in 1953, after his retirement from the Air Force, Captain Edward Ruppelt, the officer in charge of *Project Blue Book*, told Scully: **"Confidentially, of all the books that have been published about flying saucers, your book was the one that gave us the most headaches because it was closest to the truth!"**

2. Charles Berlitz and William Moore: THE ROS-

WELL INCIDENT. (1980) (U.S. and British editions. The British edition was a hardback issued in 1980 by Granada, price £5.95).

This was another very valuable book, copiously attacked of course by plenty of fools (or, more likely, *paid agents*). But the story stands up all right, and I understand that in a few more months we shall have another smacker of a volume about Roswell from two more authors (Kevin D Randle and Don Schmitt) which will set things a-humming again.

3. William Steinman and Lt.Col. Wendelle Stevens: UFO CRASH AT AZTEC: A WELL KEPT SECRET. (1986), U.S. edition only (limited), published by UFO Photo Archives, P.O. Box 17206, Tucson, Arizona, 85710.

I am thoroughly well aware of all the criticism and vituperation flung at this book and at its authors, and I am also well aware (if nobody else is) that the alleged example, contained in it, of the *alien writing* found in the craft at Aztec is a total and ludicrously childish fake, but the fact remains that I am still certain that a UFO did crash at a place called Aztec. Years ago we published in FSR (and I shall re-run it again soon) the explicit story of the British show-biz person-

ality Hughie Green who (himself an officer in the Royal Air Force at the time) was driving across the USA from west to east *when he heard, on his car radio, the successive news flashes about this flying saucer that came down at Aztec, in New Mexico, USA, on May 25, 1948. Hughie Green told FSR's first Editor, Derek Dempster (also a former RAF pilot) how excited he had been by the story. He searched the American newspapers that evening, and also next day, for further word of the story. But the curtain of censorship had descended with a bang. Nothing about the startling affair had "got out". Except of course for those few excited news-flashes from a local radio station in New Mexico!*

All of this, above, is by way of introduction to what now follows. For another startling thing has happened. A new witness (a policeman) has been found for the San Agustin/Roswell "Double Crash" of July 3 or July 4, 1947. ("Double Crash", because it looks very much as though two discs may have collided and blown up, the wreckage of the one being found at Roswell and the other at San Agustin, about 150 kms. to the N.W. of Roswell. An alternate theory is that only one disc was involved - the one seen by the boy Gerald Anderson at San Agustin on July 5th., and that the remaining material found at Roswell was merely a part of the same craft).

NEW WITNESS TO SAN AGUSTIN CRASH

© Mike O'Brien, *News-Leader, Springfield, Missouri*

In view of its extraordinarily interesting nature, FSR has received the special permission of the Editor of MUFON UFO JOURNAL to reprint the following article from MUFON UFO JOURNAL NO. 275 (March 1991), and we take this opportunity to express to him our warmest thanks.

Mr. O'Brien informs us that both the witness, Gerald Anderson, and the hypnotist, John Carpenter, were sent copies of this article for their approval as to accuracy prior to publication, and both have agreed and consented.

Carpenter, a professional therapist, is a MUFON state section director living in Springfield. EDITOR

To a five-year-old kid from Indianapolis, the mountains and mesas and vast scrubland surrounding Albuquerque seemed an alien world.

"I was in awe," recalls Gerald Anderson of his arrival in New Mexico with his family in July 1947. "I was in the wild frontier. There were real, live Indians out there."

Then, says Anderson, on his second day in the Southwest, he bumped into real live creatures from a truly alien world.

There were four - two dead, one dying, one apparently uninjured. The creatures were about four feet tall, with heads disproportionately large for their bodies by human measure, and almond-shaped, coal black eyes. They huddled in the shadow of a 50-foot-diameter silver disc - a "flying saucer" that had crashed into a low hillside on the rim of what locals call the Plains of San Agustin.

Anderson, a former police chief at Rockaway Beach and Taney County deputy sheriff, who now works as a security officer in Springfield, Missouri, is adamant about events on that hot midsummer day so long ago.

"I saw them. I even touched one of the creatures. I put my hand on their ship. And I wasn't alone - my dad, my uncle, my brother and my cousin all saw the same things. And so did a lot of other people. But they aren't talking."

Anderson is talking, publicly, after 43 years of silence.



Gerald F. Anderson. Photo courtesy of *Springfield News-Leader*.

Among those listening most intently are some of the foremost researchers into unidentified flying object (UFO) phenomena. These experts say Gerald Anderson appears to be an important link in a frustratingly fragmented chain of evidence concerning the most famous - or infamous - chapter in UFO annals: the so-called "*Roswell Incident*."

No one denies that something happened in July 1947 in central New Mexico, cradle of U.S. nuclear and rocket technology. However, military authorities insist reports of strange craft in the sky and bizarre wreckage

on the ground were traced at the time to an errant weather balloon and other manmade or natural circumstance.

Nonetheless, over the years, persistent whispered rumors grew into published articles and books, even movies, which fanned speculation that what actually occurred was a visit by creatures from another planet - an intergalactic expedition that turned to tragedy on the high desert and then into a massive coverup in the highest circles of the U.S. government.

Anderson says he was unaware of ongoing fascination and controversy over the strange episode from his childhood, until one evening this past January when he was flipping through channels on his television set and stumbled across the popular program "*Unsolved Mysteries*."

"I wasn't looking for any unsolved mysteries - I have enough mysteries in my life that are unsolved, and I don't need any more", Anderson jokes. He is a burly, barrel-chested man, standing 6-4 and carrying a muscular 250-plus pounds, with reddish hair and a ruddy complexion creased from easy laughter.

"But, bingo! On comes this story, and everything was wrong," Anderson recalls of the TV show. On sudden impulse, he dialed an 800 phone number that flashed onto the screen. "I guess I figured that if people were still interested in this thing, they might as well get it straight" is the only explanation he can muster for speaking up after years of keeping mostly mum on the matter.

"These people don't know what they're talking about," Anderson told the operator on the other end of the long-distance line. "The shape of the craft is totally wrong. 'And how do you know that, sir?' she asked, 'I saw it. I was there,' I told her. 'Whoa!' she said, 'There are some people who will want to talk to you ...'"

Anderson's phone soon was ringing with calls from UFO researchers around the country. One in particular, Stanton Friedman, a nuclear physicist and popular lecturer who had advised the "*Unsolved Mysteries*" producers, was struck by correlations between Anderson's recollections and obscure details Friedman uncovered while sleuthing for a book to be published next year.

Friedman, who lives in Canada, contacted John Carpenter, a Springfield professional therapist who in his spare time serves as state section director for the local chapter of Mutual UFO Network, a worldwide organization of UFO researchers. At Friedman's request, Carpenter conducted extensive in-person interviews of Anderson, including sessions under hypnosis.

The results excited Friedman. "Powerful stuff!" he exclaimed upon hearing interview tapes. Friedman arranged airline tickets for Anderson and Carpenter to join him in New Mexico to pinpoint the crash site.

Anderson says the flight was his first return to New Mexico in more than a quarter century. After pointing the pilot of a chartered helicopter to a spot in the desert 75 air miles southwest of Albuquerque, Anderson gazed at a hillside, strewn with boulders the size of Volkswagens and dotted with a few gnarled piñón trees, that he says he last saw in the summer of 1947...

New Home

The Anderson family arrived in Albuquerque from Indiana on July 4, 1947. They took up temporary residence at the home of one of Gerald's uncles, Guy Anderson. Gerald's father, Glen, was about to take a job as a master machinist involved in nuclear weapons

design at the super-secret Sandia base on the outskirts of town.

The next day, another uncle, Ted, struck up a conversation with Gerald's older brother, Glen Jr., who was on leave from the Marine Corps. Glen Jr. was a rockhound, and his uncle piqued the young Marine's enthusiasm with tales of gorgeous stones just waiting to be collected in the desert.

"Ted told my brother, 'I know where there's plenty of moss agate'. So we all piled into a 1940 Plymouth - Uncle Ted, my cousin Victor (Ted's eight-year-old son), my brother Glen, my dad and myself. We went out into this area where the moss agate was supposed to be - followed two ruts into the desert, bounced along out there for a while, and ended up on top of a ridgeline. We parked the car and started to walk down an arroyo (gully) and dry creek bed and out onto the plains.

Strange Discovery

"But we came around a corner and right there in front of us, stuck into the side of this hill, was a silver disc. There were some remarks like, 'There's a crash up here. Something's crashed up here!' And then someone saying, 'That's a goddam spaceship'.

"We all went up there to it. There were three creatures, three bodies, lying on the ground underneath this thing in the shade. Two weren't moving, and the third one obviously was having trouble breathing, like when you have broken ribs. There was a fourth one next to it, sitting there on the ground. There wasn't a thing wrong with it, and it apparently had been giving first aid to the others."

Anderson animatedly acts out the fourth creature's reaction when the family members approached. "It recoiled in fear, like it thought we were going to attack it," Anderson recounts, covering his face with crossed arms. The adults tried repeatedly to communicate with the frightened creature, Anderson says, but there was no audible response to greetings spoken in English and Spanish.

A few minutes after the Anderson clan happened upon the bizarre scene, six other people arrived - five college students and their teacher. They'd been working on an archeological dig around cliff dwellings a few miles away and had decided to hike over after seeing what they thought was a fiery meteor crashing the night before. The professor, a Dr. Buskirk, tried several foreign languages in unsuccessful attempts to coax a verbal response from the creature, Anderson says.

The sun had climbed to a midday peak by this time and, recalls Anderson, "to a kid from Indiana, it was hot, brother, let me tell you." He'd chugged a chocolate-flavored soft drink an hour earlier, and the sweet soda pop was churning uncomfortably in his stomach. So he sought shelter in the shadow of the spacecraft.

"It was 115 (degrees) out there that day. But around the craft, when you got close to it, it was cold. When you touched the metal, it felt just like it came out of a freezer."

Something Not Right

Anderson also touched one of the creatures lying motionless on the ground - and it, too, was cold. In his child's mind, he had thought the figures looked like dolls. But when he felt the cold skin, "I knew something wasn't quite right. Yuck!"

Anderson says he ran to the crest of a nearby knoll to take stock. A pickup truck arrived on the ridge, and a fellow who researchers believe was a civil engineer named Barney Barnett joined the curious audience. "I remember thinking he looked like Harry Truman. In



1947, every kid knew what Harry Truman looked like," Anderson says.

After a few minutes, Anderson summoned the courage to again creep close to the strange surface. It was then he says, he felt something more chilling than the surface of the craft or the skin of the corpse: **The upright creature "turned and looked right at me, and it was like he was inside my head - as if he was doing my thinking, as if his thoughts were in my head."**

Anderson remembers a mental sensation of falling and tumbling end-over-end. "I felt that thing's fear, felt its depression, felt its loneliness. I relived the crash. I know the terror it went through. That one look told me everything that quickly," he says with a snap of his fingers.

Other things began happening quickly about this time, Anderson says. A contingent of armed soldiers suddenly appeared. The creature, which had calmed down after its initial fright, "went crazy" at the sight of the soldiers. Thinking back on the creature's plight today brings on "the awfullest, horrible feeling," Anderson says.

"His situation was hopeless. He knew it. He'd just lived through a nightmare that most of us wouldn't be able to psychologically stand. He'd watched two of his crew, his friends or maybe even his family, die. He's watching another one die. He knows there's no chance of rescue, because the military is here and his people aren't going to be able to get to him.

"God only knows how far away from home he was, and he knew he was never going to see - if they have loved ones - his loved ones again. He was totally alone on a hostile planet, and the only people who were showing him kindness were being run off by the military at weapon-point.

"As a kid, I was aware of what being afraid of the dark was like, and the feeling I got from him was that feeling multiplied a million times. It was scary. It was terrifying."

Soldiers on the Scene

Anderson says he lost sight of the creature as the soldiers swarmed over the site. The civilians were brusquely shoved from the craft. Anderson remembers shouts and threats. His uncle Ted threw a punch at one of the GIs. "Things got very tense, very dangerous," Anderson says. "The soldiers ushered us out of there very unceremoniously. Their attitude, to describe it at best, was uncivilized."

Anderson has an especially vivid memory of a tough-talking red-haired Army captain and an equally gruff black sergeant. "They told my dad and my uncle, who also worked at Sandia, that if they were ever to divulge anything about this - it was a secret military aircraft, they said - then us kids would be taken away and they'd never see us again." It seems an outrageous threat in hindsight, Anderson concedes. But at the time, he reminds, "These people had machine guns and you listened to what they said."

Another recollection strikes Anderson as odd today: The soldiers didn't appear surprised about the other-worldly craft and creatures. They didn't gawk, slack-jawed and awestruck, as the Andersons had done. "The soldiers weren't saying, 'Gee, look at that!' They were very cognizant of what they were looking at. They knew what it was."

And it soon became apparent, Anderson says, that the Army knew what it wanted to do with the find. "There was a battalion of military, a real invasion force, when we got back up on the hilltop. There were trucks, there were airplanes - they had the road blocked off and they were landing on it. They had radio communications gear set up. There were ambulances, and more soldiers with weapons."

In the days that followed, all of New Mexico was abuzz with talk of strange lights in the sky, strange echos on radar, strange doings in the desert. On July 7, news reports told of remnants of an unidentified aircraft found by a rancher near the town of Roswell,

NM, about 150 miles east of the hillside where the Andersons stumbled upon the saucer.

Although several witnesses said it was like nothing they'd ever seen before, military officers insisted the metallic pieces came from an ordinary weather balloon...

Two Discs

Forty-three years later, Anderson smiles wryly when reminded of the Army's pronouncement. "A lot of people wondered why, if it was just a weather balloon, the military put the pieces under armed guard and flew them in a B-29 to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio," he observes.

Anderson believes the wreckage scattered near Roswell and the barely damaged saucer on the Plains of San Agustin are connected. "There was a gash in the side of the disc we saw, like it had been crushed in," he says. "The contour of the craft would fit into that gash perfectly - like another one of these things had hit it. I think two of these discs had a mid-air collision. One exploded and fell in pieces near Roswell, and the other crash-landed where we found it."

With all evidence confiscated and the military steadfastly sticking by the weather balloon explanation, the story faded from the news by July's end. And Gerald Anderson says he tucked away the memory as he grew into manhood. "I learned you just don't go up to the average person on the street and say, 'Damn, know what I saw?' The guy will go, 'Get away from me, fool! Are you crazy?' That's exactly the first thing they will say to you: 'You are crazy!'" In later life, he didn't mention it even to his wife until a few years after their marriage.

Anderson joined the Navy in the late 1950s and served a dozen years in posts around the globe. He lived for a few years in Colorado, working as a paramedic and working toward a college degree in microbiology. In 1979, he moved to Missouri to better raise his daughter away from what he terms the "druggy" atmosphere of Denver. In addition to his law enforce-

ment posts, Anderson has worked for two southwest Missouri trucking firms as a driver and instructor.

Anderson also has been active in the Episcopal Church. He recently was elected to the vestry at Ascension Episcopal in Springfield and is studying toward becoming a deacon. A gold crucifix - a cross complete with a figure of the martyred Christ affixed to it - suspended from a chain around Anderson's neck is testimony to his faith.

No Conflict

Although he concedes his account might make some fellow churchgoers uncomfortable, Anderson sees no conflict between what he saw with his eyes and what he believes in his heart: "When you're talking about the concept of God, you have to be talking in the context of a universal situation, a deity that built the whole Universe. And why should we assume that this speck of sand in the backwater of space would be the only place that an all-perfect, almighty God could create life?"

In fact, Anderson says he "wouldn't be one bit surprised to find out that, wherever this creature came from, there they have a very strong concept of a supreme being. Because my contact with the creature showed a high degree of civilized sophistication, gentleness, compassion - all of the things we hold as ideals."

Of the five Anderson men who ventured into the desert that day in 1947, only Gerald is still alive. Age, illness and accidents claimed the other four in recent years. But not only Andersons were at the scene, Gerald says, and he hopes his decision to come forth, albeit belated, will encourage others to tell what they know and spur official revelations about the captured craft and creatures.

"I want to see the government stand up and say, 'Look, we're not alone in the Universe,' Let's make a 'Star Trek' really happen. Let's do go out there and explore the Universe. That may be our only salvation. Because with what we're doing to this Earth, we're not going to make it much past the year 2000."

Friedman Finds Favor

TESTIMONY SUPPORTED

Mike O'Brien ©

Physicist Stanton Friedman serves MUFON as Director of Special Investigations on the Board of Directors, Provincial Director for the Atlantic Provinces, Canada, and as a Consultant in Nuclear Physics.

WHAT sets Gerald Anderson apart from the thousands of other Americans, including scores of Ozarkers, who say they've seen UFOs or even insist they've been kidnapped by creatures from outer space?

Why are Gerald Anderson's childhood recollections stirring international interest among UFO researchers whose reputations have been built on healthy skepticism and willingness to debunk hoaxes? Because of little things he has to say and how he says them.

Stanton Friedman, a nuclear physicist who has lectured on more than 600 college campuses about UFOs, describes Anderson as "a really significant, potentially the most important" witness to what both men believe was the aftermath of one of two spacecraft crashes in New Mexico in mid-summer 1947.

Friedman is co-authoring a book based upon several years of painstaking investigation into the haunting mystery. He was startled, upon meeting Anderson for

the first time only a few months ago, to hear the Springfieldian echo details of the yet-to-be-published research.

"There's no way he could know some of these things unless he had been there at the time," Friedman believes.

Example: Only days before first talking with Anderson, Friedman coaxed a heretofore reluctant New Mexico mortician into recounting a run-in he'd had in 1947 with an especially unpleasant red-headed Army captain who was heading up a team recovering bodies from a hush-hush aircraft crash. Anderson, too, spoke of a red-headed captain with a mean disposition. Friedman says the descriptions of the ornery officer provided by the two match precisely, although Anderson and the mortician never have met.

In sketches of the desert crash scene drawn by Anderson in Springfield following hypnosis, a lonely windmill appears in the distance. When Friedman later

arranged for Anderson to return to New Mexico to pinpoint the long-ago crash site, no such windmill could be seen on the horizon - until, almost by accident, the windmill was spotted behind trees that had grown up during the 43 years since Anderson was last there.

"I got shivers over that one," says John Carpenter, who has extensively debriefed Anderson over the past four months and went along on Anderson's return trip to New Mexico in October.

Carpenter holds degrees in psychology and psychiatric social work from DePauw and Washington universities, and trained in clinical hypnosis at the Menninger Institute. He's in his 12th year of work at a psychiatric hospital facility in Springfield.

"When Gerald tells his story, it's not just a story - its his life he's telling you, intermixed with his feelings and his beliefs and all that is Gerald," Carpenter says.

"When someone is spinning a hoax or tale, they only give you enough to raise your curiosity. Not Gerald. He gives you everything, in detail, much more than you ask for. He'd be setting himself up to be found out if it wasn't true. He's so confident, he goes so much further than a hoaxer would ever dare."

Carpenter puts great stock in Anderson's recountings under hypnosis. "It's what he didn't say that was significant," Carpenter says, explaining that despite clever prodding, Anderson never committed a hoaxer's mistake of "recalling" something that shouldn't be part of his own memory.

"And when he's under hypnosis, all the bigger, adult words drop out when he describes events from his childhood," Carpenter found. "He relates what he saw in childlike terms."

Carpenter also detected "genuine amazement" when Anderson heard what had been dredged from his subconscious memory under hypnosis. "The look on his face was priceless when he realized he'd produced details he'd forgotten on a conscious level so long ago."

Most subtle but perhaps most telling, in Carpenter's view, was Anderson's reaction to being accepted as a viable witness to an extraordinary encounter with a spacecraft and creatures from beyond Earth.

"He was so grateful at being taken seriously. You could see the relief and release after all those years, and the great hope that other people would take him seriously, too, once and for all."

Ironically, Friedman points to Gallup Poll results indicating that 60 percent of Americans who have college degrees say they believe UFOs are real. With such a receptive constituency, why would government officials persist in what Friedman calls the "Cosmic Watergate" - the coverup and denial of the New Mexico crashes? Perhaps, some speculate, because it would be too embarrassing now to admit that some supposedly made-in-USA technologies actually were plagiarized from confiscated spacecraft.

Friedman emphasizes that he's not as interested in uncovering past misdeeds as he is in encouraging future progress. "I believe we should have an 'Earthling' orientation rather than nationalistic orientation. The easiest way to demonstrate the wisdom of this is to prove that lifeforms from other planets are coming here. If we can do that, then everyone will be forced to look at our world differently, as part of a galactic neighborhood."

Hypnosis

RELIVING JULY 5, 1947

John Carpenter, MSW/ACSW ©

"They were up ahead, and they started yelling... there's this thing... it's like a crashed airplane or something... There's all kinds of tore-up stuff, uh, like uh, cardboard and wood, and stuff like that... I was scared. He said there was dead people over there ... they don't look real... There's all kinds of, uh, uh, lights inside the hole in this thing, and they're flashing... there's all kinds of neat stuff in here... And then, Glen grabs Victor by the leg and pulls him off, and tells him to don't mess around, because he could make it explode and kill everybody... That doll or that funny thing - the one just by me - I reached and touched it, and it was cold... It's got big eyes... a big head... it doesn't have lips... four real long fingers... they are like little kids... about my age."

SPOKEN by a 49-year-old gentleman named Gerald Anderson, these words are selected excerpts from a hypnotic regression session conducted on September 4, 1990 as he relived "the day after all the fireworks," July 5, 1947. Gerald Anderson was just three months shy of being six years old. Most people would find it difficult to remember one particular day so many years ago. However, few people are ever likely to experience what Gerald did on that day - which would haunt his family for years.

It was memorable that on only his second day in New Mexico he was experiencing his first excursion into the intense heat of a vast desert while feeling ill from a chocolate soda. It was memorable in that he saw a large metallic disc wedged into the desert terrain that provided cool shade. It was memorable because he saw four "doll-like" beings - one of which was moving and looking back at him!

It was memorable when he thought he saw Harry Truman drive up - only to realize that it was just a man who looked and dressed like him (Grady Barnett). And it was most memorable when a large number of mili-



John S. Carpenter. Photo courtesy of *Springfield News-Leader*.

tary personnel - America's heroes for children of that era - arrived on the scene. Shocked, however, by the abrasive demands and threats to his family at gunpoint,

these "heroes" seemed more like evil villains instead. This unexpected behavior produced a traumatic reaction that would leave young Gerald with scary nightmares for many weeks. If most of us had had that many memorable events and perplexing images in one day's time, we would probably remember that day as well.

It is not unusual in the mental health profession to find people traumatized as children, who can relive details from four, five or six years old, related to those vivid events. Because this was a shared experience with other family members, discussions of the event throughout the rest of his youth would serve to preserve many of the details. For example, the name Armstrong (the nasty-tempered, red-haired captain) was easier to remember because of the sharp contrast with "Jack Armstrong - all-American boy." Gerald chuckles when describing how neighborhood bullies would back off when he and his brother would threaten them with a visit from their "little friends from Mars," because the kids had heard the adults discuss it and treat the event as real.

As an adult, Gerald found that his July 5th recollections were met with ridicule, laughter and disbelief. He found it much easier to just tuck it away in the background of his life. Even after he impulsively called the "Unsolved Mysteries" toll-free number to correct their story regarding a few details, he was reluctant to talk to any researcher - even Stanton Friedman - until he could verify the researcher's credibility and professionalism. Recently, he refused to meet with the national TV program "Hard Copy". Gerald dislikes sensationalism; this story is part of his life, and he hopes for respect and sincere interest - not attention or personal gain.

When we met for the hypnosis session - along with assistant Vincent Serencko (a MUFON investigator with military background), Gerald was skeptical of hypnosis itself - doubting that it could produce anything additional to his conscious recollections. Not only was he amazed at retrieving details he had forgotten, but he was sincerely grateful and relieved that we weren't laughing at him as others had. (This was largely reminiscent of the emotional relief abductees demonstrate after revealing very private encounters and guarded emotional secrets to accepting, non-judgmental ears.)

I tape-recorded an hour of conscious recall to obtain a clear idea of what gaps or uncertainties might exist. I could also then compare the description and vocabulary from an adult's perspective with that of the child's perception under hypnosis. As a child, he immediately began to recall the unpleasant physical sensations from feeling ill, drinking a chocolate soda, and riding in their 1940 Plymouth on a bumpy, rutted road into the open desert. He even developed a sweat from re-experiencing the intense heat. Efforts to lead him or suggest different responses failed consistently. Efforts to elicit responses to "why" questions failed. He did not attempt to explain, speculate, or "fill in the blanks" when they occurred.

Many details emerged as we helped him relive all that he could see, hear, smell, feel or touch. This process has always been useful in stimulating recall. Most of us can recall the feeling of a dream slipping away from us as we awaken in the morning and how difficult it is to attempt to hang onto it consciously. However, during the day one may experience a cue of some kind that can trigger the dream to return to one's conscious mind. This is the same type of recall stimulation that can occur during a trance stage.

How he would remember details in child-like terms also made sense: (1) "horse tail flapping in the breeze" = a bundle of fine wires; (2) "pink chalk scribbings" =

hieroglyphic symbols; (3) Uncle Ted yelling at Victor that if he broke his ankle, he wasn't going to carry him back = Victor trying to snap a lightweight beam (unsuccessfully) by stomping on it, etc. I also noted his breathing became sharper and quicker when recalling the creatures.

Perhaps most striking of all his details are those of the alien beings because of the precise words and feelings he chose which are so hauntingly similar to what I hear so frequently from abductees. (He states he has not read any books on abductions.) Efforts to trick or mislead him again failed. I especially liked his efforts as a child to describe an apparent telepathic experience: **"It just seemed like if you got near them, it was like they were inside your head or something. It was like you couldn't think - like something was in your head thinking for you... that one was staring right at me."**

Immediately following the two-hour session I had Gerald make several drawings - including a map of the terrain with all the features he had randomly mentioned. Because of the specific arrangement of these features, I find it very difficult to imagine anyone being able to create the map features and have it match the actual terrain of the vast New Mexican landscape by chance!

Our trip to investigate the alleged site proved the map to indeed be a genuine depiction of real terrain with the features existing where they were supposed to be. A hoax theory might be that Gerald had visited the site recently and memorized certain visible details. However, there are two problems with that idea. First of all, Gerald clearly has not had the financial means to make the long trip there and back. **Of greater significance is the fact that the windmill which was casually noticed on the horizon while under hypnosis cannot be seen today while at the crash site. To know that an old windmill is even in existence, one has to get permission to pass through a rancher's combination-locked gate and then drive toward his house on his private drive before one can even catch a glimpse of the old windmill, obscured behind trees that have grown up to conceal it over 43 years. And it's exactly where it is supposed to be on Gerald's map drawn in Springfield, Missouri.**

While in the crash site vicinity, Gerald described his recollection to two local women of the motherly woman who looked after him when he had been feeling ill from the chocolate soda sold at a little store. They both recognized and identified that woman and her store with no difficulty. A respected mortician that Stanton Friedman had interviewed privately just prior to his first contact with Gerald described a visit by two military men - a nasty-tempered, red-haired captain and a black sergeant (both seen by Gerald at the crash site and rather unforgettable due to their abrasive manner).

Gerald had also described the archeology professor, "Doc" Buskirk, as a big man with a round, gentle face and ruddy complexion. Recently, Stanton Friedman re-established contact with a source (name withheld) in the field of archeology whom he had dealt with years ago. This source had known an archeology teacher by the name of Buskirk in Albuquerque who was described as a big, rather shy man with a round face and a ruddy complexion. Stan's same source had been on the Plains of San Agustin himself in October of 1947, looking for possible dig sites when a local cowboy approached him and told of a saucer crash with bodies on the ground several months earlier. He had also, reportedly, run into a document clerk at Los Alamos who claimed to have seen a document on that crash and those bodies. A local Postmistress and several

ranchers have all reported remembering the saucer crash on the Plains of San Agustin. There are other promising leads for more information at the present time. Sadly, an elderly woman on her death-bed in a Florida hospital repeatedly told her nurse of a saucer crash on the Plains of San Agustin just days before she died (one of the female students?) Stan has also found others who knew of Grady Barnett's saucer crash tale - on the Plains - not near Roswell.

Verification of Gerald's involvement comes in a letter sent directly from his cousin, a Roman Catholic nun, in Colorado to Stanton Friedman in Canada. She states: "My family has been plagued by this incident for years and it is far beyond time that such should stop. Why Gerald would wish to reopen this is completely beyond me...My father (Uncle Ted) was obsessed with this unearthly horror and kept several journals to prevent others from getting to them...wreckage and debris from the crash...out there near the caves..."

Stanton also managed to track down a stepsister that Gerald had confided in, but then lost contact with for 33 years. She remembered the incident, but very few details. Stanton Friedman and Don Berliner will be putting forth a book on these saucer crashes in New Mexico later this year.

Recently, Gerald borrowed a sophisticated police identification kit to produce photo-like composites of five key figures from that memorable day in 1947. He has urged Stanton to show these to other witnesses because he is certain that they will recognize the faces. Hopefully, "Unsolved Mysteries" will display these composites in a nationally-televised update on their Roswell story that they could run in the fall.

I have observed and listened to Gerald closely. Whenever he recounts his story, the details do not change or expand. He never elaborates or tries to answer questions for which he has no information. He displays a great interest and hope for more data to come forth from others. He is grateful for the warm support and respect from his church, friends and co-workers. They know him!

Skeptics will shoot darts from afar: those who have listened closely to Gerald have experienced his sincerity, sensitivity, intelligence and candor. For Gerald it has been a relief and a long time coming for the events of that bizarre day to be taken more seriously. Like a child on Christmas Eve, he gets excited with new developments. And the search for more truths continues.

LIFE WITH MOTHER

By Eve

"I find that country people still living close to the earth often seem puzzled that anyone should need to make a formal proposition of anything so obvious as the Gaia hypothesis. For them it is true, and always has been."

THE concept of a living Mother Earth has been with us since the early beginnings of man, as is shown abundantly by myth and artifact. I suppose we must be grateful that at least one scientist, J. E. Lovelock, here accords her theoretical value, if not existence! And grateful we can be for J. E. Lovelock's two books, *Gaia: a New Look at Life On Earth*, 1979 and 1987, and *The Ages of Gaia*, 1988, both OUP.

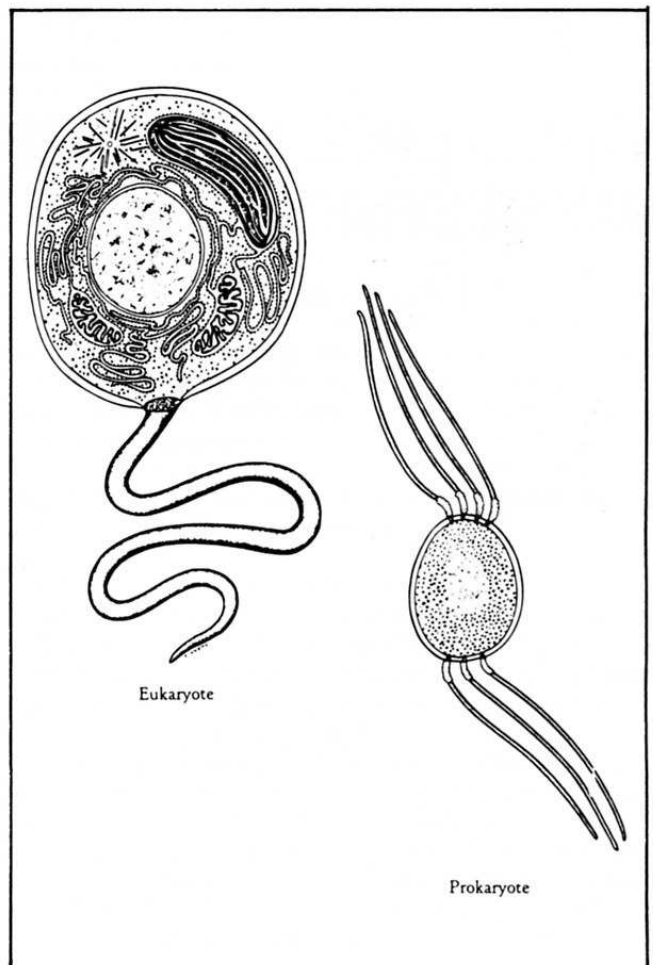
These two books are full of nuggets of accessible scientific information, wonderful confirmations of the instincts of those thoroughly incorrigibly prejudiced people who look for meaning and purpose in the Great Mystery of existence.

Not that James Lovelock dares go quite so far as to commit the cardinal scientific sin of teleology - every science student must recall being slapped down for daring to suggest that the Universe must know what it is about when it sets out to make butterflies out of cabbages - but he does provide the ammunition.

What does seem to be proved, even scientifically, is that Life is not just a passive passenger on a planet which just happens to be suitable for it, but a co-partner in creating and maintaining its viability.

The basic radioactive building blocks of our Earth were created when a Supernova blew up, a vast nuclear reaction which created the debris from which our bodies, our landscapes, our churches and houses, our televisions and all the baubles of our existence, are composed. Somehow, our planet, together with others similar, like Venus and Mars, came under the benign direction of the Sun, and behold - the Solar System!

Note the operative word, system. Once a system is set up, the changes within it are balanced by others, so that the system is maintained. This we can understand. The picture I had until I read these two books was one in which life had arisen once the planet was in place with the right conditions - the right distance from the



Eukaryotic and prokaryotic cell structures. The earlier bacteria — prokaryotes — have no nuclei but the later eukaryotes incorporate earlier forms, mitochondria and chloroplasts.