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Grand Forks, ND 58201

9/15/88

Mr Grant Cameron
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Dear Grant:

Your good letter of September 6th arrived today, along with the packet of interesting material. I am glad to get it all and will certainly welcome anything you feel like sending. Thanks, too, for Betty Hill's address; I'll write her shortly.

I am sure we can work out a satisfactory book exchange! By now, you should have the copy of UFO Incident at Pascagoula -- which I sent several days ago. As I indicated in the note accompanying it, there may be one or two things therein of "new" interest to an old hand like you. Anyway, hope you find it at least half-way OK.

Kevin Henke and I enjoyed our visit with you immensely. I found our talk that Friday afternoon to be one of the best I've had in years -- the first of many that I hope we'll have. On your questions:

The humanoids I saw in my dream/recall were short -- like four to four and a half feet or so -- and were essentially thin. I think their heads were -- in proportion to their torsos -- rather large. In the dream/recall, I was definitely not paralyzed. I saw the pickup door on the passenger side closing behind someone and then I turned my head to the left (a short turn but a definite turn) and saw the two or three humanoids up on the back bumper. I'm certain there was no paralysis. While I really don't yet know what happened specifically during the missing time period, this is what I think: I believe I was given a substantial medical boost of some sort -- as indicated by the several new, positive physiological changes presently going on in me, changes which came after the March 20th encounter. I believe it's possible that, at the same time, these people began a relationship with my son. I don't think this has or had anything to do with medical tests. You don't come back as the UFO did the next morning to say goodbye to "guinea pigs." My son and I saw (and see) the events of the morning as a comradely farewell-for-now. I believe the particular stretch of road for the evening encounter (3/20) was selected because of its isolation and the fact that dusk and then darkness would be present -- and also because the short stretch of four lane (at whose conclusion the encounter occurred) would later be remembered by us (after the UFO appearance the next morning placed things in perspective!) and the awareness of the four-lane, plus the time and distance factors, would conclusively establish to our satisfaction the fact that such an interception/encounter/missing time situation actually occurred.

Walter Andrus called me the other night and we had a long talk. Among other things, he asked if I would become the MUFON state director for North Dakota (the present guy is moving to Minneapolis or St Paul) and I agreed to do so -- so I'm now the ND State Director. I'll certainly do my best to meet the challenges effectively. Look forward to it.

In my answer to your questions, I forgot to indicate that I do not know, at this point, what the humanoid people were wearing.

I have a strong ~~h~~ hunch that more recall will be coming shortly and I'll keep you posted. I'd be open (as is my son) to hypnosis at the hands of the right person.

We'll certainly keep in close contact, Grant. . Take care and all the best.

As Ever,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "John", with a horizontal flourish underneath.

John R Salter, Jr
503 Oak Street
Grand Forks, ND 58201
September 20, 1988

Mr Grant Cameron
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Dear Grant:

I've just had a good luncheon with Kevin, and a good visit. He's kindly loaned me your letter to him, and its enclosures. I've given him the stuff you sent me. This letter of mine, kind of a follow-up to the one I sent the other day, responds to the material you sent -- and also serves as a mechanism for the organization of my thoughts.

I found the "alien plot" statement, and the alleged diagrams from Dulce, New Mexico, to represent some of the most bizarre and paranoid nonsense I've ever seen. (I gather you agree!) It's even worse than the Red Scare contentions. The 4,000 or so pages from my own FBI file that I've recovered via FOIA/PA indicate that, in the 50s and 60s and into the 70s at least, I was placed by FBI on its high priority list of dangerous agitators -- Section A of the Reserve Index -- and targeted for summary roundup during periods of "national emergency." That was because of my presumed "redness." What irony if I were someday to be corralled because of my UFO encounter. Let us trust that neither your government or mine will succumb to the "alien plot / programmed abductee puppets" contention.

I should add that I'm familiar with the Dulce, NM area (the whole region is where I'm from). Dulce is in Jicarilla Apache country (the reserve is right close). There are no secrets in and around that setting and no possibility of a spectacular (or even mundane) alien base of operation. Hell, they can do better than Dulce if that's what they want.

I was interested in Budd Hopkins' contention that all UFO "abductions" (not my term) are coldly clinical, etc. While there is certainly lots about this whole UFO business that I don't know, I can't say that I'm much impressed with most of the so-called "abduction" researchers. I think Streiber (not really a researcher) is an opportunist. Hopkins strikes me as being consciously honest (from what I've read and heard) -- but I firmly believe that he's badly hung up on sex and is superimposing his orientation into everything into which he comes in contact. (If I were really cynical, I'd blame his publisher -- and I think I do to some extent.) His condescending statements, in the thing you sent, about contrary interpretations to his perception: "wishful thinking and, sadly, people with extremely active imaginations" -- strike me as an effort to fend off (indeed, suppress with ridicule) experiences that don't fit his "orthodoxy." This sort of thing is a characteristic of a guy who sees the whole "abductee" situation as his franchise and preserve. Hopkins has even tried to impose his interpretation into the Betty and Barney Hill experience (which, of course, occurred 15 years or so before he even became involved in these things) -- despite Mrs Hill's consistently positive view. (I have just written her a long letter.) I'm inclined to like the work and approach of Dr Leo Sprinkle at Univ. of Wyoming (with whom I've had some contact). He had an encounter experience; Sprinkle is inclined to see these things in a sensibly positive fashion. Hopkins has never had an encounter experience.

I'm certainly not impressed with the oft-strident skepticism that has crept into some of the CUFOS journal's (International UFO Reporter) pages: the attack on the MUFON work at Gulf Breeze, Fla.; articles endeavoring to depict "abductees" as fantasy prone individuals, etc. CUFOS obviously has done some good work and, I'm sure, will continue -- but what I see as these negative dimensions are downright troubling. I may not know a lot yet about the UFO situation (although I have had at least one quite complex experience!) -- but I do know a hell of a lot about psychical research. There's a difference between rigorous and relatively objective inquiry and implicitly hostile, suspicious examination. Negative skepticism -- unfriendly and manipulative -- is designed to impress the conservative and stodgy scientific folk (a futile exercise); it can prove to be counter-productive as hell. It's exactly that kind of reaction by some psychical researchers -- hoping to butter up their scientific critics -- *that* has had such a profoundly chilling effect on trance mediumship and the more exciting dimensions of parapsychology.

Until very recently, I was open to working with CUFOS around the encounter situation of my son and myself. They had expressed some preliminary interest and I have sent them a follow-up or two. I have no idea if their interest has continued (and appreciate your word to Jerome Clark on the matter). At this point, at least, I have to say that I'm very wary of the whole idea of outsiders "researching" our encounter experience. To some extent, this is an Indian reaction. It's also based on some of the foregoing concerns. Then too, our situation may have some intensely personal dimensions -- old and complex.

My son and I certainly continue to be intrigued by the positive physiological changes occurring in me. This, and as I've mentioned previously, the fact that the UFO returned the next morning in an obviously deliberate and personal fashion (and, we feel, a very friendly one), makes us see this in a considerably different fashion than Brother Hopkins (who, incidentally, never bothered to acknowledge anything I sent him early in the summer).

Frankly, Grant, assembling everything that I and my son can garner to date, I believe my relationship with the UFO people goes back to the 1950s -- maybe the early 50s; that it is a very personal thing involving, among other factors, the social justice activities to which I've committed my life; and that (as I've said before) this March 20 '88 encounter involved (a) a renewal of relationship with me -- and a hell of a physiological boost (involving blood chemistry); and, (b) the beginning of a relationship with my son.

Both John III and I do feel that we (that is, humanity) or our descendants are going to have to meet other people from far-off places in an open and conscious fashion -- and it's going to have to be a mutually friendly and honorable coming together. We'd like to help that process in any way we can.

Take care and all best.

As Ever,

cc: Kevin Henke



9-2-88

Mr. Grant Cameron -

74 I - This is
not confidential
material. Feel free
to show it to
any interested
person.

John Salter Jr.

503 Oak Street
Grand Forks, ND 58201
(701) 775-4146

Fall, 1988

Resume: John R. Salter, Jr.

Personal: I grew up in the Southwest -- one-half American Indian. I am married and have four children, two of whom are still at home.

Education: My B.S. in Social Studies was received from Arizona State University "with high distinction" in 1958.

I took my M.A. in Sociology from Arizona State University in 1960.

In 1967-1968, I completed the equivalent of 26 semester hours of post-graduate work at the University of Washington, focusing on economic deprivation.

Present Position: Since 1981, I have been a faculty member in the Department of Indian Studies, University of North Dakota. Am tenured full professor and currently chair. I am also a member of the UND graduate faculty. The principal courses I teach -- and I teach both Indians and non-Indians -- involve Federal Indian law and policy, techniques of multi-ethnic community organizing, history of 20th century civil rights and labor movements, Indian history, contemporary problems.

I have also been involved in various local and area social justice issues: initiator and member of mayor's committee on police policy -- which brought about many reforms in Grand Forks Police Department; organizer of legal defense efforts in the major, ACLU-backed U.S. v. Warner (won); initiator and coordinator of civil rights efforts successfully aimed at ending police brutality, securing job equality, achieving integration, and developing bi-racial communication in traditionally hard-core anti-Indian Devils Lake/Ramsey County, N.D.

Member of UND Honors Program Committee; Advisor to UND Black Student Union.

Recipient of the major UND Annual Student Government Award for Student Advising (1988) and the equally significant Honoring Ceremony by UND Native American Students and the Indian community (1988).

From 1978 to 1981, I taught sociology and social work at Navajo Community College, an institution controlled and directed by the Navajo Tribe. Chair of the Behavioral Sciences Division, President of local AAUP chapter, supervisor of student justice system, developer of area ACTION (Vista) project.

1976 - 1978: Director of Office of Human Development for the Catholic Diocese of Rochester, New York. Directed social justice program which involved about 15 staff members in 12 counties, focusing on community organizational and advocacy work on behalf of poor people of all ethnic and religious backgrounds. Organized inner-city block club associations, organized migrant fur workers into successful strike, lobbied at all governmental levels for social justice legislation. Served as an organizer and co-chair of Rochester Metro Labor Law Reform Committee (AFL-CIO Central Labor Council and independent unions) and also served as delegate to Genessee Ecumenical Ministries.

1973 - 1976: Visiting Assistant Professor in Graduate Program in Urban & Regional Planning at University of Iowa. Taught community organizing, minority relations, social policy. Adjunct professor in Hospital & Health Administration and also Social Work. Served on many masters and doctoral committees. Was also, on an essentially volunteer basis, UI's advisor to American Indian students; involved, too, in many area social action endeavors.

1969 - 1973: Served as Southside Director for Chicago Commons Association -- one of the city's oldest and largest private social service agencies -- and supervised about 20 staff persons. Among other things, helped low-income minority people organize almost 300 block clubs, in two large umbrella organizations oriented toward substantial improvement of life on Chicago's racially changing, extremely tense, and frequently violent Southwest Side. Brought white ethnics and non-white people together in successful campaign against urban renewal and for neighborhood improvement on South Side. During this period, I was also involved as a volunteer in many social justice endeavors and, among other things, organized and served as chair of Native American Community Organizational Training Center (funded by churches and foundations). Taught sociology on a part-time basis at Roosevelt University.

1968 - 1969: Taught sociology at Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Was involved in various community social justice endeavors and, among other things, organized a local union of AFSCME. Awarded Teacher of the Year.

1967 - 1968: Handled human relations situations and taught sociology and psychology in New Careers for the Poor Program at Rainier State School, Buckley, Washington. This involved low-income Indians, whites and blacks training for para-professional positions.

Spring/Summer 1968: Consultant in charge of developing a large-scale minority hiring program for Pacific Northwest Bell Telephone (Washington, Oregon, Idaho), which involved training company personnel at all levels and local union leaders in race relations. This effort, subsequently rated as one of the best in the country, was carried out under the joint auspices of PNB and Communications Workers of America (AFL-CIO) with backing from National Alliance of Businessmen.

1966 - 1967: Based in North Carolina, I did extensive consultant work for Southern anti-poverty projects -- including North Carolina Fund, the Peoples' Program on Poverty, and various local efforts.

1965 - 1966: Taught sociology at Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont and provided many volunteer consultant services to Southern civil rights movement.

1963 - 1965: I was field organizer for Southern Conference Educational Fund -- a South-wide civil rights organization, based in New Orleans, whose president was Reverend Fred Shuttlesworth of Birmingham, national secretary of SCLC. Worked with blacks and some Indians and a few low-income whites -- and was deeply involved in civil rights organizing and desegregation activities, political education and action, and much anti-Klan work. Specialized in developing county-wide and multi-county multi-issue civil rights movements in some of the most poverty-stricken, recalcitrant sections of the South. Also organized large-scale community organizing conferences at grassroots level. Brought union labor dimensions into all of these activities whenever possible.

1961 - 1963: Was Assistant Professor of Social Studies at Tougaloo Southern Christian College, Tougaloo (near Jackson), Mississippi. During this era -- a time of major crisis in Mississippi -- I served as Advisor to the Jackson Youth Council of NAACP, board member of the Mississippi NAACP, and chief organizer and strategy committee chair of the Jackson Movement -- one of the largest and most dramatic of the Southern struggles of the 1960s. Awarded Faculty Citizen of Year (1963) by Tougaloo students.

1960 - 1961: Taught sociology at Wisconsin State College, Superior.

Pre-1960 work experiences involved trapping, farm labor, forest fire fighting -- and much work for organized labor (e.g., International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers (Mine-Mill)).

Publications:

Through the years, I have published a book, a great many articles, and a few short stories. Some representative recent works:

Jackson, Mississippi: An American Chronicle of Struggle & Schism (large book), Exposition Press, 1979; new, enlarged edition issued in 1987 by Krieger Publishing Co. JM has drawn about 30 quite positive reviews in academic, labor, religious, and social justice journals.

"Civil Rights and Self-Defense," Against the Current, July/August, 1988.

"The Destroyers," short story reprinted with author's comment in North Country, UND literary annual, 1988. ("The Destroyers" originally appeared in Mainstream (May, 1960); was picked as one of the 50 best U.S. short stories of the year by Martha Foley, Yearbook of the American Short Story, 1961).

"Red Encounters," Pacific Northwest Quarterly, January-June, 1987.

"Reflections on Ralph Chaplin, the Wobblies, and Organizing in the Save the World Business -- Then and Now," Pacific Historian, Summer, 1986.

"Their Long Travail: The John and Frances Warner/Native American Church Cases," Liberty: A Magazine of Religious Freedom, May-June, 1986.

"American Indians Threatened with Uranium Mining and Nuclear Testing," New Perspectives (published in English, French, Japanese, German, and Spanish), Second Quarter, 1984.

"The Native American Struggle for Freedom," Third World Socialists, Democratic Socialists of America, Fall, 1983.

"Beneath the Burning Crosses: Reflections on the Klan and Poor People," Sojourners, July, 1981. Reprinted in The Ku Klux Klan: A History of Racism and Violence, Southern Poverty Law Center, 1982.

"Letter to a Younger Indian (And To Our Anglo Friends)," Integrated Education, University of Massachusetts, issue of January-August, 1980, published in 1981.

"The Next Great Step of the Way: John Beecher's Grassroots Poetry," Sojourners, March, 1981.

"Navajo Uranium Miners Dying of Lung Cancer," Labor Notes, July, 1980.

(Two short essays, "Ralph H. Chaplin " and "A.S. Embree and the Great Colorado Coal Strike of 1927-1928" are currently in press in Encyclopedia of the American Left (Garland Publishing).

Since 1981 or so, I've done approximately 30 book reviews -- mostly for academic journals.

Other:

I give many presentations and speeches each year. In addition to a large number locally and regionally, some are further afield geographically: e.g., Pacific Northwest Labor History Conference (1986); Pierce Co. Central Labor Council (Tacoma AFL-CIO), (1986); Popular Culture Association/American Culture Association, (at New Orleans, 1988); major lecture scheduled at Kenyon College, Ohio, (late October, 1988).

I belong to Workers' Education Local 189 (an old and national organization of labor educators) and presently serve as its elected Executive Board Member from the Midwest Region; National Education Association (am Vice-President of UND local); Mississippi Historical Society (life); Pacific Northwest Labor History Association; American Society for Psychical Research; Southern Historical Association; Washington State Historical Society.

I have done a number of extensive oral histories for various historical collections. My pertinent papers reside in the John R. Salter, Jr. Papers, National Social Action Collection, State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison; and Collected Papers of John R. Salter, Jr., Mississippi State Department of Archives and History, Jackson.

My reference file is held by the career placement office at Arizona State University. I can easily arrange to have this furnished.

note by JRS -
 UFO sighting 3-21-88
 is described in detail
 on page 2 of 4-2-88
 report.

John R Salter, Jr
 July 5, 1988

This is an addendum to my recent short reports concerning the March 20, 1988 UFO interception of myself and my son, John R Salter, III, "missing time," and the March 21, 1988 up-close sighting of a UFO by us. This report concerns time.

In the late afternoon of March 20, 1988, en route from Grand Forks to Mississippi, we arrived in the Minnesota border town immediately adjacent to Lacrosse, Wisconsin, a few minutes before 5 pm. We gassed up, etc., but did not eat -- and we left the Lacrosse area no later than 5:20 pm or 5:25 pm, on combined highways 14 and 61, toward Dubuque, Iowa.

It is about 70 miles from "inside" the Lacrosse setting to Richland Center, Wisconsin (via Readstown) and thus about 66 miles to the end of the quite short piece of four-lane (Highway 14) just north of Richland Center. It is at the end of the four-lane that the interception occurred, right in that immediate area. I drove at varying speeds -- 50 mph to over 60 mph but averaged about 55 mph. (At Readstown, we erroneously took the Highway 14 branch of the 14/61 split.)

Sunset on March 19, 1988, at Madison, Wisc., (the closest date and location I could secure) was at 6:11 pm. It was probably about 6:14 pm in southwestern Wisconsin on March 20. When we hit the end of the short stretch of four lane, it was still light but twilight was deepening: about 6:35 pm or 6:40 pm. It is at that point -- the end of the four-lane and only about four miles north of Richland Center -- where the recollections of myself and John III end completely and simultaneously.

When we "awoke," myself driving, it was pitch dark and we were not yet at Richland Center -- though we were quite soon to pass by it. From Richland Center to Dubuque, Iowa, it's about 87 miles: Highway 14 from Richland Center to Gotham, and from Gotham onward -- Muscoda, Montfort, etc. -- on Highway 80. Aware shortly after we passed by Richland Center that I had taken the wrong route at Readstown and that there had been a then inexplicably extraordinary passage and loss of time, I drove as fast as I could with safety -- speeds ranging from 50 mph to the early 60s, but averaging about 55 mph or so. We arrived at Dubuque at about 9:25 or so.

The period of interception was from 6:35 pm or 6:40 pm to about 7:45 pm. (This is, I should add, a conservative calculation; the time parameters of the interception could be a bit larger.)

The short stretch of four-lane is indicated in some quite recent road atlases but not in others. It is indicated on our contemporary Mobil Wisconsin road map.

John R Salter, Jr
 JRS

RE: UFO-RELATED INTERCEPTION OF JOHN R. SALTER, JR. AND JOHN R. SALTER, III

"MISSING TIME"

-DIRECT UFO APPEARANCE

The attached documents -- my reports of April 2, 1988 and June 19, 1988 -- focus on two very closely related dimensions of a situation which occurred in the late afternoon and early evening of March 20, 1988 and at mid-morning, March 21, 1988.

Until this situation took place, neither my son nor I had spent five minutes total in our lives thinking about UFOs and UFO-related situations.

I am making these short reports "selectively public" because both myself and my son, John III, believe the evidence that we were intercepted by a UFO in the late afternoon and early evening of March 20 on a lonely and narrow highway in southwestern Wisconsin (consequently "losing" about 1 1/2 hours of time) is incontrovertible -- as is the spectacular appearance of a UFO close up and in front of both of us and our Ford pickup on a highway several miles outside of Peoria, Illinois at 10:14 am, March 21.

We believe that the interception was deliberately set up for (and occurred at) the one stretch of highway -- i.e., the only and very short four lane stretch on Highway 14 -- which could be easily located on any contemporary Wisconsin road map and thus be later pinned by us as the specific location of the interception. Conscious awareness and recollections of both John III and me stop, concurrently and simultaneously and precisely, at the end of that four lane stretch, and they stop in daylight. They resume as an "awakening awareness" of driving through the night, only a few miles further on and in pitch-black darkness -- significantly later in time. Following this awakening awareness (characterized by only a ripple of transition), I recall driving past Richland Center, Wisc., which is only a few miles (five or six at most) from the end of the four-lane stretch. All of this -- four-lane and Richland Center -- establish the specific area of the interception.

The interception of March 20 is presently blocked by a strange, pervasive amnesia affecting both my son and me in an identical fashion. Either this will slowly break loose on its own or I shall undergo hypnosis.

The deliberate appearance of the UFO the next day, with a clear and specific relationship to us personally, can only be interpreted as, among other things at least, a successful effort to get us to place the events of the preceding evening in contextual perspective -- i.e., a UFO experience.

We can only speculate with respect to the reasons this situation transpired. Without getting into the presumptuous use of "chosen," it was clearly specifically selective. We do not believe it involved physical study or medical tests. There were no marks on us of any sort (At no point in our conscious feelings has there been any fear of any sort.) The UFO we directly saw the next day (presumably the same one which intercepted us the previous evening) was relatively small -- perhaps two thirds the size of a double highway -- and certainly not a "hospital ship."

We speculate that its occupants engaged in discussion with us. It may be salient to note that I've devoted much of my life so far to working within -- deeply within -- various racial/cultural groupings for interpersonal and integrated understanding in the context of social justice.

Quien sabe? But we somehow expect to experience more of this and are inclined to welcome it.

John R Salter, Jr.
John R Salter, Jr
503 Oak Street
Grand Forks, ND 58201

John R Salter, Jr
June 19, 1988

These ARE

addenda to the April 2, 1988 report of mine covering the late March trip of John III and myself to Mississippi and New Orleans -- and focusing on the strange events of the late afternoon/evening/night of March 20 and the UFO sighting of March 21. We now definitely believe that we were "intercepted" on March 20 but the details of the interception have not yet surfaced -- and may be recoverable only through hypnosis (something I'm willing to undergo if the hypnotist is well-trained). However, "things" relating to this strange -- experience are now moving and perking in my mind. Much of the specific background and context of the situation have, in the past few days, moved into focus:

When we left the immediate Lacrosse, Wisc., area -- after getting gasoline -- it was shortly after 5 p.m. We drove south in the hill country on combined highways 14 and 61. It was, of course, quite light and the cloudy sky had broken. I clearly recall, as we topped out on one large hill and I looked westward/southwestward to the far horizon and the late afternoon sky, feeling an odd twinge of expectant anxiety which registered quickly and firmly and then passed. At that point we were fully awake and -- fully alert. I recall passing Westby and, rather vaguely, Vitroqua. I firmly believe that, somewhere in this particular area -- i.e., between Westby and Vitroqua -- an induced, very slow daze began to settle on both John III and me. I do not recall Readstown, Wisc., where highways 14 and 61 separate. John III may vaguely recall Readstown. Although both of us are experienced highway readers, neither of us were aware that, apparently at Readstown, we took Highway 14 instead of Highway 61 and thus went somewhat off course, -- southeast, (though the two routes, 14 and 61, remain close together in that general area). Nor did we notice the "error" for many miles thereafter. We both recall that, while it was still light, we hit the very short stretch of four lane road (on 14) that exists a few miles before Richland Center, Wisc. We vaguely recall the end of the short stretch of four lane. (When I conjecture about what came immediately after that, I hit a "block" -- but I do get waves of strange "electrical-like" feelings -- vibrant chills, so to speak -- throughout my body. John III's recollections stop at the end of the four lane stretch.

I believe the interception occurred at this -- point -- only a few miles before Richland Center. I believe the interception may have lasted as long as 1 1/2 hours.

Then, I was aware that it was pitch dark and we were driving through the night. I had the persistent sense that something very strange had happened and I believe, too, that I had the faint sense of an "interruption." Neither John III nor I talked. I recall dazily seeing a sign for Madison (still on 14, the wrong direction) but this did not register with John III or me. I vaguely recall passing Richland Center and seeing -- another Madison sign which still did not register. (John III does not appear to recall Richland Center.

Several miles beyond Richland Center, right after we passed the turnoff for Twin Bluffs and Sextonville, I was now sufficiently in possession of my faculties to note another sign for Madison and to realize suddenly that we were on the wrong route. I asked John III to check the map and he confirmed our error. Neither he nor I, then and now, can understand how we took the wrong turn -- though eventually we pinned it at Readstown. It was at around this point -- our awareness that we were on the wrong road -- that we became conscious of the significant passage of time. I expressed surprise that we had made such extraordinarily poor time since we'd been clipping along at about 50 - 55 mph. At Lacrosse we had even thought we might push beyond Bettendorf that night (since we had anticipated getting there at 9 pm or 9:30 pm; now we began to consider gotten at 7:30 pm or so).

Increasingly awake, we now passed on to Gotham and then, on Highway 80, to Muscoda and thence to Highland, Cobb, Montfort, and Plattville -- and from Plattville to Dubuque on Highway 151. We were now quite tired but fully alert. (At Plattville, a rather large university town, we saw people and bright lights on its main street, and I recall immense feelings of relief at seeing these -- feelings I don't normally have and feelings which, at the time, surprised me very much.)

We arrived at Dubuque about 9:30 pm and then pushed on to Bettendorf. We arrived there shortly before 11 p.m.

On this strange late afternoon/evening/night, neither of us consciously thought of UFOs. But we were both very aware of very strange feelings. Things seemed extremely unreal. At a late supper around 11:30 pm, things continued to seem extremely unreal and we both had the strong sense that we'd passed through ^{earlier} something very strange (and, in the context of those towns -- Betterville, Dubuque, and Bettendorf -- felt like outsiders). But we slept well that night and longer than we'd planned.

Our feelings, the next day, were quite "normal." But when we saw the UFO at mid-morning, we immediately made the connection with the utter strangeness of the previous late afternoon/evening/night.

At the very most, the trip through the Wisconsin hills east of the Mississippi River, from Lacrosse to Dubuque, should have taken 2 1/2 hours even with our turn-around, via-a-vis Highway 14 instead of 61, we should have lost only 30 minutes or so since it's all in the same local area at that point.

We lost a substantial block of time -- probably about 1½ hours. I definitely feel that this was due to interception somewhere just after the short stretch of four lane and before Richland Center. Even allowing 30 minutes "normal leeway" in this experience (in addition to the aforementioned allowance for 30 turnaround minutes), we still lost at least, a flat one hour from our lives (and I do think it was 1½ hours).

Some further thoughts and observations:

- 1) The sky was absolutely clear on the morning of Monday, March 21; there is no possibility of any form of lightning.
- 2) There is no question in my mind and that of John III that the UFO deliberately presented itself to us on that morning. It was as deliberate as anything could be.
- 3) When we saw the UFO, neither of us was surprised or apprehensive -- perhaps because we'd been told the evening before that we'd see it (or them) in daylight.

John R Salter, Jr.

John R Salter, Jr
Grand Forks, ND

June 19, 1988

By J.R.S., April 2, 1988

Brief Report of Salter trip to Mississippi and New Orleans -- including inexplicable events of one night and a close-by UFO sighting the next day.

On Sunday, March 20, 1988, at about 7:45 a.m., my oldest son, John III and I left Grand Forks in a snowstorm, headed south. We were traveling in my 1987 Ford 150 Pickup (bright red). We spent that night at Bettendorf, Iowa (on the Mississippi) and got to Jackson, Mississippi very late Monday night. The next day, March 22, we visited with Frank Smith and his son at Choctaw Books (Jackson) and visited various sites around town -- mostly old civil rights locations. On Wednesday, March 23, we spent much of the morning with Atty. Dixon Pyles on various matters (including our Sovereignty Commission lawsuit), spent time at the Old Capitol building (including the civil rights exhibit), and spent the afternoon with Doris and Ben Allison (old NAACP colleagues). Thursday was spent in its entirety with Erle Johnston, former director of the Sovereignty Commission, an old enemy and now a friend. He came from Forest, Mississippi to see us and we talked at great length about his developing book, Mississippi: The Defiant Years, the civil rights movement, etc; and I gave him permission to quote extensively from my 1979 speech on the Jackson Movement, "An Organizer's Perspective." Erle loaned me a copy of the first one-third of his book, took us to lunch, and then to his trailer on the Barnett Reservoir, and for a ride in his boat. The next day, John III and I went to New Orleans and, the day after that, Saturday, March 26, I gave my paper at the Popular Culture Association/American Culture Association meeting. I was attacked by a sociologist, Gary Kleck, who termed my case-history approach in my paper ("Social Justice Community Organizing and the Need for Protective Firearms") "anecdotal material of little value." I in turn attacked Kleck angrily and became angrier when he interrupted me constantly and I forced him to stop interrupting. In my presentation, I had given many examples of the positive uses of firearms for protective purposes during the civil rights movement, using Medgar Evers as a prime example along with my own experiences. Almost everyone in the audience, including the older sociologists, supported me. John III and I figured I'd carried the day on that one and we went to Grenada, Mississippi that night; Council Bluffs, Iowa the next night; and Grand Forks the next. It was a very positive trip all the way around.

Back to the first day, Sunday, March 20th: We went from Grand Forks to Minneapolis, to Rochester (Minn.) and were at LaCrosse, Wisconsin about 5 p.m. We planned to get to the Bettendorf, Iowa area (Quad Cities) that night (as we eventually did, but much later than planned). From LaCrosse, we aimed toward Dubuque, Iowa and this trip, through the impressive Mississippi River hill country, normally takes about 2½ hours. We left LaCrosse shortly after 5 p.m. and headed into the hills on Highway 61 -- not an interstate but a good, wide road. Late afternoon became early twilight. Suddenly, John III and I realized it was dark and we were on a much smaller road, headed east toward Madison, Wisconsin. It was much, much later than it should have been -- eerie, strange. We could not figure out how we had gotten off the much larger Highway 61 nor how we had gotten pointed toward Madison. When we got to Dubuque, it was 9:30 pm.-- two hours past our expected

arrival time. We then went to Bettendorf. In going over the map, several times with great care, we could still not determine (1) how we'd left Highway 61 and (2) where 1½ hours had gone (even with the turnaround, we should have lost -- at the most, only 30 minutes or so, since we were in the same, immediate area.) It was bewildering and downright strange.

The next day, Monday, March 21, we ate a late breakfast at Hardee's in Peoria, Illinois; then left that city headed toward Bloomington and our Highway 55 connection south. Five miles outside of Peoria, I and John III both saw simultaneously an incredibly bright (like a shimmering, silvery brightness) object directly ahead of us, about 300-400 yards, off the double highway. It was about 2/3ds the size of the double highway and it came toward us with incredible speed -- very bright, the brightest thing we had ever seen in our lives, but it did not hurt our eyes. It shot up right over our pickup and, through the windshield, we could make out a "saucer-like" form. Then it was gone. John III checked his watch, 10:14 a.m. No other vehicles appeared to have seen anything -- and there had been no vehicles on either side of the road between the "thing" and us. The whole sighting took only four or five seconds. Each of us saw exactly that which the other had seen and we both had the distinct, independent impression that the thing had deliberately shown itself to us. We forthwith connected this with the strange events of the night before in the dark hill country. At no time during the sighting or afterwards did we feel any fear -- just healthy interest. There was no evidence during the sighting of any effects on the pickup's performance. About the night before, well, we can only speculate.

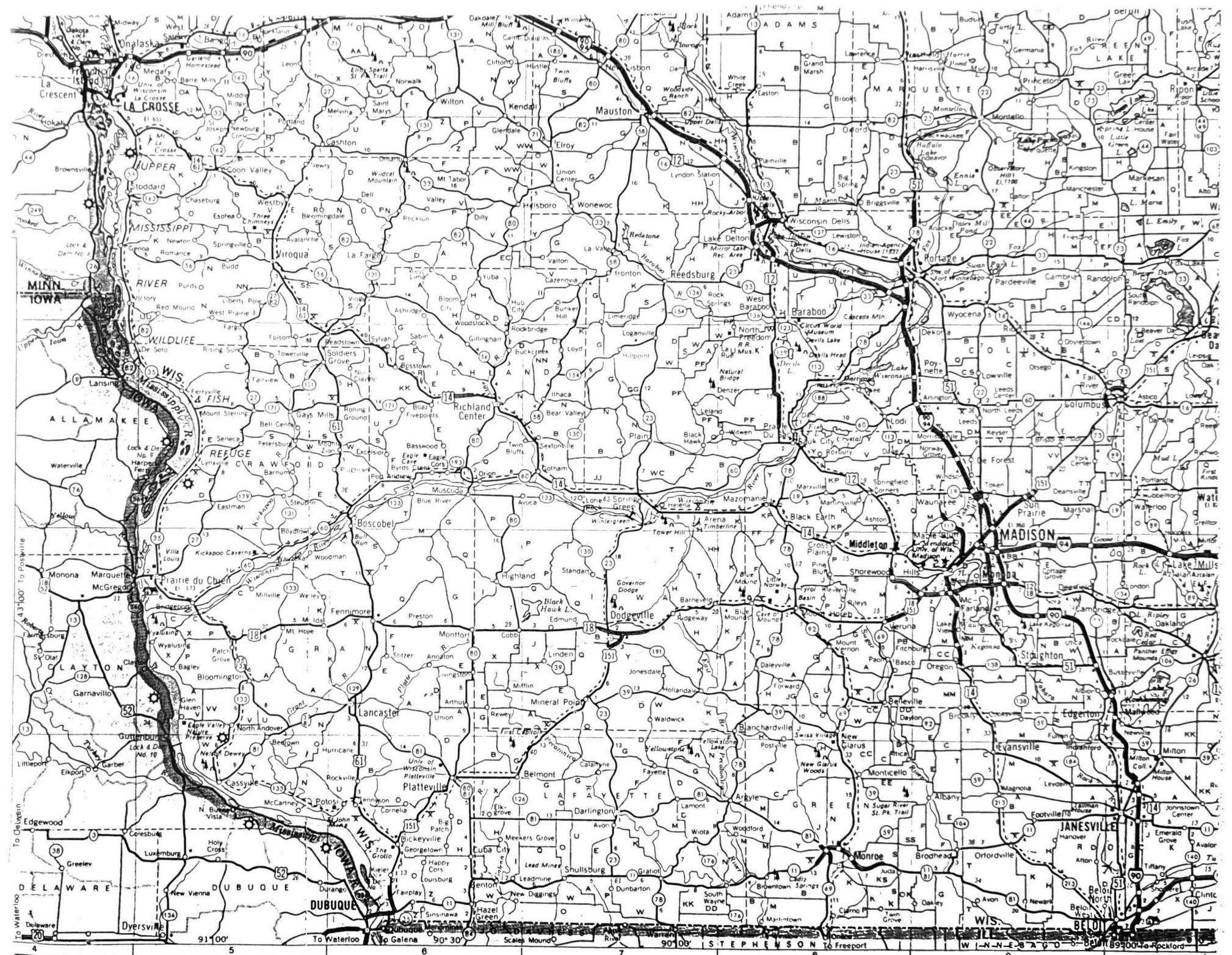


John R Salter, Jr

April 2, 1988

I should add two dimensions. First, nothing further of a strange nature has occurred to date. Secondly, both John III and I systematically explored every possible alternative explanation vis-a-vis the sighting and eliminated every one of them -- reflections, balloons, swamp gas, aircraft, etc. The only thing it could have been was a UFO.





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Mr Kevin Henke
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~~8-1-88~~

8-1-88

Dear Kevin:

Thanks for your interesting letter!

I'll try to answer your questions as fully as I can. This does not have to be ~~xxxxx~~ kept confidential, nor does the little packet of stuff I sent earlier; simply use your judgement.

John III was 22 when the encounter occurred and turned 23 on June 2, 1988. He completed his MA work (English - was a t.a. at UND) in May and took a job of considerable responsibility and challenge in the mountains of Northeastern California: directing a substantial Indian grassroots educational program. As far as I know, his health has been consistently excellent and he has, as always, much drive and verve. About 10 days after the encounter, he had an odd "vision" -- in a kind of daytime reverie: several men in robes, standing by a "space vehicle" of some sort -- which ~~my~~ was partially concealed in a ground opening in a Southwestern setting. We don't know what to make of this -- if anything. When I next talk to him by phone, I'll see if there are any things relating to your questions. I have told him to let me know right away if anything out of the ordinary occurs and he will always do this.

As far as we know, there were no unusual marks on the pickup. I don't know if it was magnetized. Recall/flashbacks in me indicate that we were off the main road. I don't recall a lot of mud (if much at all, really) in that setting at that time. It's ~~xxxxxxxx~~ moderately rocky ground with pine needles and leaves. There was no snow. I believe, too, that there are a fair number of sideroads -- little ones -- in that general area.

Neither John III nor I were ill. My eyes were more red than usual. Some time after the encounter, maybe two/three weeks at the most, I noticed that my fingernails and toenails were growing at ~~2x3x4x5x6x7x8x9x10x~~ two to three times the normal rate and this has continued. My hair has grown more rapidly. I've had sinus trouble for some time (the last 25 years or so after a rigged auto wreck in Jackson, Miss. left me seriously injured). Since the encounter, there has been more stirring in my sinus cavities and my ears have kicked up more than they ever have since I was a child -- especially the left ear -- but none of this poses much of a problem.

Since the encounter, I have more spark -- more verve -- and I need less sleep. I feel much better, frankly.

I feel like there's been a kind of very positive "readjustment" of some kind/ a charge-up and a sharpened focus.

John III and I had no negative emotions. We were surprised but not surprised to see the UFO close-up the next day and immediately connected it with the up-to-that-point inexplicable events of the preceding evening. We had a very serene and friendly feeling about the UFO and, ~~as~~ as we figured it out, the whole series of ~~the~~ events. There was no fear or anxiety. We wanted to meet these people consciously.

I don't recall anything ~~more~~ unusual about our clothing situation. We were wearing Levis, coats, boots. I don't recall any unusual odors or food tastes, etc. Our appetites continued as they always have been -- hungry as hell. ~~Nothing~~ ~~unusual~~ ~~about~~ ~~our~~ ~~appetites~~ ~~continued~~ ~~as~~ ~~they~~ ~~always~~ ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~hungry~~ ~~as~~ ~~hell~~. We'll eat damn near anything and always have and certainly ate well on our trip at every point.

Nothing was missing ~~from~~ from our luggage. I have had a recall/ flashback in which I see two or three smallish humanoids up on the back bumper of the pickup (I'm standing about 20 to 30 feet from the passenger side of the pickup) and they're leaning over and reaching into the back where we have our gear. It's dusk but I can make them out clearly enough. In that recall/flashback, I am quite at ease. I think John III is standing by me/ and someone has gone into the cab of the pickup and is closing the door (on passenger side).

I don't believe we were listening to the pickup radio. We had a little friendly generational disagreement at the beginning of the trip (as we've had on other trips) about what kind of music we were going to turn on/ so we left it off for a good part of the junket.

We've had no unusual dreams -- ~~the~~ other than my recall/flashbacks which seem to come first in dreams, then recede into my unconscious and are temporarily forgotten/ about 10 - 12 hours later they come into my conscious mind (by now it's late afternoon or early evening) with force and clarity and I then recall I dreamed them in the early morning hours. I get up about 3 am or 4 am and eat an early breakfast/ then go back to sleep for, say, an hour or two (at most). the flashbacks come then. There've only been a very few so far/ it seems to be a slow, fairly steady, process.

The UFO was emitting its own light.

The Sovereignty Commission lawsuit is one in which several us are suing Mississippi ~~in~~ in Federal Court at Jackson to secure the orderly release of documents held in its files relating to the ~~unusual~~ ~~events~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~preceding~~ ~~evening~~. ~~Many~~ many hundreds of people targeted and investigated by it. The Sov. Comm., which went out of business in the early 70s (and was inactive for a few years before that) was a state secret police agency combatting the civil rights movement (in which I was a ~~principal~~ ~~leader~~). ~~my~~ principal leader).

There is a possibility that I once had an earlier experience, encounter-wise. If so, it occurred around 1957 in central Arizona, at night, near Mayer, a little cow-town in Yavapai County. (I'm from Flagstaff, Ariz.) The possibility of this earlier encounter, in that specific setting, emerged from this contemporary situation. When I "awoke" driving the pickup (my son awakening at about the same time), it was pitch-dark. My first thought was that this was ~~Mayer~~ around Mayer, ~~xxxxxxx~~ at night, in the hills -- in 1957.

It is very clear to my son and myself that our encounter/interception was set up and implemented in such a fashion that we would be aware of essentially just what did happen. In the 1700 miles or so between Grand Forks and New Orleans, there are few spots ~~that~~ could, later, be so quickly and specifically located on a map (and ~~xxx~~ correlated with time and distance to clearly indicate substantial missing time) -- as that very short stretch of four lane road on that lonely ~~at~~ highway in southwestern Wisconsin. The really quite spectacular appearance of the UFO, directly to us and to a point very close-up, on a clear and still next morning, forced the events of the preceding evening ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ into obvious perspective.

I have a history of consistent parapsychological experiences dating back to early childhood. John III has some of this. Both of us have noted that our psychic sensitivity has sharpened very ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ noticeably since our encounter/interception.

Our feelings about all of this are really very positive. I do feel restless -- ready to move on to more challenging things. I'm attaching a resume which indicates the kinds of things I've done in my life to date and I do have the strong sense that it's time to find new ~~xxxxxx~~ *challenges*.

I'll keep you posted. That's a promise.

As Ever,

John R Salter, Jr

*P.S. I'm not planning to write
a book about this!*

J.

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8/23/88

Dr Les Dunbar
Durham, NC

Dear Les:

Seems like a long time since I've written a real letter your way. We've been saddened considerably by Jim Silver's passing and that of Dan Beittel. But what excellent, productive lives! I had kept in pretty close touch with Jim for years; in the last 18 months or so, he was not able to keep it up and I heard mostly from his wife. Dr Beittel and I corresponded less regularly but I did hear from him from time to time and was not surprised to learn that he'd been quite busy all the way through. The leaves fall -- but it's never easy for friends and family.

I think you saw a copy of my "gun paper" a year or so ago. Anyway, here it is in published form. It's probably one of the few things we disagree on. I'm too much of a Westerner to ever change!

Don't go to any bother, but here is a copy of my up-to-date resume. If you ever hear of any outfit that might be interested in me, I'd appreciate it if you'd pass it on and/or let me know, etc. But don't go to any bother. Things have gone very well here -- too damn well: we feel more entrenched -- accepted and welcomed -- than we would have ever expected. All the campaigns have gone pretty well: local police stuff, Devils Lake, etc. I've lived here longer than I have any place since Flagstaff -- and it's time to do a "Shane" and head out to new challenges and dragon-killing.

Not much news on the Sov. Comm. lawsuit. But we expect that, when the material is released, it'll be in the orderly fashion which we have requested -- personal stuff to the victims only and not Lawrence's proposal to toss it all into public domain.

Your stuff on the New Alliance Party was very helpful around here. I duplicated it and gave it wide distribution. It was timely since Fulani (spelling?) came here soon thereafter. She's got Vernon Bellecourt on her payroll and he follows her around like a little dog. But I gave your stuff to the Indian and Black students (I'm also advisor to the Black Student Union) and that helped place things in perspective.

I've never been an admirer of Jesse Jackson. His Southern civil rights "record" as far as I'm concerned, is a fraud; he was Daley's faithful ally in Chicago; and I think he's mercenary as hell. The principles espoused by the now-apparently-dying Rainbow Coalition make sense; it's just too bad (in my opinion) that Jackson became the flag-carrier and the Rainbow thing his campaign mechanism. Well, anyway ... We're working for the Democratic ticket (but I would have much preferred Cuomo -- for whom I have considerable respect. When I was in Rochester, we worked closely with Cuomo around some Indian issues and he was very good -- as was Governor Carey. Their opposition to the death penalty took guts.

The ramifications of the UFO experience continue to be very interesting. There have now been several recall flashbacks. Both my son and I see all of this as anything except lurid and frightening; for us, it is quite positive. I'm convinced it's extraterrestrial. Emerging from this experience is the strong probability that I had a similar experience (blocked until recently) in central Arizona in 1957. It seems clear that John III and I had somewhat different experiences during our March 20th encounter. My fingernails and toenails are growing two/three times faster than they normally have; my hair is growing at least twice as fast and is much thicker. Until these last four months or so, I had no hair on my arms to speak of and now they're covered (in a not unsightly fashion) by lots of longer, fine hair. Cuts heal very fast. My energy level is 'way up. Generally, I need 6 1/2 hours or so of sleep and now it's sometimes tough to get it to five. I feel extraordinarily recharged. (I wish my sinuses -- bad since that rigged auto wreck in Jackson in '63 -- would clear up!) Anyway, these physiological changes have all come since the March events. My son has not had these experiences but, of course, he's barely 23. Two well respected UFO study outfits have expressed a wish to "study" us. We're inclined to oblige but are still thinking it over. I have had parapsychological experiences since childhood -- all sorts of things (used to open combination locks in front of friendly skeptics!) -- and I've always supported (since adulthood) the reputable psychical research societies (American Society for Psychical Research, etc). But perhaps the Indian in me remains wary of researchers. Anyway, as far as John III and I are concerned, our UFO experience has been cordial and extremely positive. I think there's a lot of sensational crap being published about these things -- Communion, etc -- and I don't think that kind of nonsense helps create the kind of atmosphere we're going to have to have when we (or our descendants) meet other people from other faroff places in what has to be a mutually friendly and honorable coming-together.

Take care and all the best. Sometime I'll get to N.C. I spent a lot of time in that Blackbelt. Don't know if I told you, but Claude Sitton sent me lots of stuff on the Robeson Co. situation and I've given it wide dissemination around these parts.

Solidarity -