

Experience draws professor to close encounter with UFO group

By Steve Schmidt
Herald Staff Writer

UND professor John Salter says he and his son had an encounter with a UFO early this year. Now he is a state officer with a national group that investigates unidentified flying objects.

Salter, who chairs the Indian studies department, has told students and fellow faculty members about seeing a shiny, silvery object along an Illinois highway. He's also reported having flashbacks about meeting a group of humanoids the night before in Wisconsin.

"I know that some eyebrows have been raised," Salter said. Then he said, smiling: "Without trying to sound Nixonesque, I'm not a crackpot."

One of Salter's colleagues, Jung Lee, chairman of the UND religious studies department, says he thinks Salter is telling the truth.

Earlier this fall, Lee asked Salter to speak to a mysticism class. Both professors said that while there is some skepticism, many of the students seem open-minded and receptive.

Salter announced in the campus newsletter this week he is the North Dakota director of the Mutual UFO Network, based in Seguin, Texas. His interest in UFOs began after his own sighting this year. It happened en route from Grand Forks to academic and civil rights meetings in Mississippi and Louisiana.

Salter said that on March 21, he and his son, John Salter III, saw a saucer-shaped flying object as they rode in a pickup along a highway five miles east of Peoria, Ill. They checked the

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The

UFO

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time on the dashboard clock. It was 10 a.m.

He described the UFO as "technologically extraordinary."

"It glowed with a shimmering silveriness," Salter said. "The closest analogy I can make, would be the red and purple glowing coals of an oak fire, as the lights moved back and forth."

At 6:30 the night before, Salter and son shared a memory blackout as they were driving down a lonely road they had turned onto by mistake near Richland Center, Wis. They couldn't remember what happened in the next 1½ hours. Flashbacks since then have convinced the older Salter that they met a group of extraterrestrials during that "missing time" in Wisconsin.

Salter says he has learned that the missing-time phenomenon, and other things they observed, are not unusual in the international history of UFO sightings.

What is unusual, he said, is at least half a dozen physical changes he's noticed in his body had since the encounter.

For example, he said his hair and fingernails grow two to three times faster, cuts and scratches heal more rapidly and he has a higher energy level and needs less sleep.

Salter said the scene that he's pieced together so far in his mind, through periodic flashbacks and dreams, is of a gathering with three or four "small humanoid figures, four to four-and-a-half feet tall." He said, "They were thin, and had large heads. There also was a tallish humanoid, almost as tall as I am — six feet — and also very thin."

John Salter III, a UND graduate, directs a community Indian education program in Greenville, Calif. He said, in a phone interview Wednesday, he remembers most vividly the shining lights on the highway.

The elder Salter said, "One or two friends have suggested that perhaps we were being used as guinea pigs. But I don't have that impression at all. You don't go back to say goodbye to a guinea pig or a possum. They came back the very next day to say a

very friendly adios."

He said the UFO they saw near Peoria was in front of their pickup several seconds, then flew away with incredible speed. He said the UFO was round and metallic, and about as wide across as two-thirds of the four-lane highway.

He said they didn't think to report their experience to authorities in Illinois or Wisconsin.

Salter, a sociologist by training, said people under 35 appeared most open-minded about his UFO report. He said, "I haven't encountered any open skepticism. I have encountered some fear and hostility. I also recognize this is something that can take a while to get used to."

Religious studies professor Lee said Wednesday of Salter's account: "My impression is, if I heard about it from someone else I don't know at all, I'd probably be pretty skeptical. But I know him enough to think he's telling the truth. I cannot deny what he's saying. . . . Some of the physical evidence he showed me seems convincing."

Ethics

Salter address:
503 Oak
Grand Forks,
ND 58201

- Over -

Salter Discusses the Continuing Arduous Life of Native Americans



Calcagno photo

By Byong Hee Cho

John Salter, professor of Indian Studies at the University of North Dakota gave a lecture entitled "Native Americans: Contemporary Challenges and Visions", last Thursday in the Biology Auditorium. A rare combination of academician, humanitarian,

tough-guy and story-teller, Salter gave a thorough overview of the American Indian situation past, present and future. With a scholastic perspective, Salter recounted the numerous tragedies and heartaches that have constituted much of the American Indian story. Having an activist's perspective, he made projections of the various changes and efforts that will be needed to insure a brighter future for the North American Indians.

Salter began his lecture with the all too familiar and painful stories that make the average American cringe with embarrassment. Underlying the guilty feelings is the fact that with the progression and expansion of the white man's society came the simultaneous up-rooting and stifling of the Indian's. Even by a conservative estimate, it is thought that about 75 million American Indians were killed between the years 1500-1900. In addition to the loss of lives, the Indians watched their land holdings dwindle down to a fraction of their original as the U.S. government broke treaty after treaty in order to accommodate the incoming settlers and businesses. Salter emphasized the impact of treaty-breaking throughout the history of U.S. government relations with the American Indians and iterated his belief that the upcoming administration's handling of the pre-

sent treaties will be crucial to the future of the American Indian. To throw in his one political sentiment for the evening, Salter asserted that Dukakis would be better for the Indians because Bush is likely to continue the cuts that the Reagan administration has been making in the Indian support funds.

In speaking about the present, Salter noted that there are as many of as five-hundred distinct tribal societies in America today; almost all have undergone some degree of acculturation and assimilation. From this circumstance stems the Indian's problem of adapting to the present society without losing his or her distinct identity and heritage. In addition to this, the American Indian faces the more immediate problems of poverty, education, and low-life expectancy. A study done in 1975 showed that native Americans as a group had one of the lowest standards of living in the American populace. Salter quoted the unemployment rate for the American Indians as between forty and sixty percent.

Salter completed his lecture by presenting the issues that are currently impending and crucial to the Native Americans' future. In the courtrooms, tribes are fighting to win back the land-base and water rights that were taken by the government. Presently, Alaska

is the focus of a great deal of anxiety for the native Americans. Forty-four million acres of land has been ceded to the naive people and is under trust protection until 1992, after which non-Indians can buy into the land. It is feared that corporations will try to obtain this rich land for their enterprises. If there is an enterprise to undertake the tribes themselves would like to be the ones doing it. On the judicial level, the governments of many reservations are working to gain full civil and criminal jurisdiction over the land and its people since the reservation courts are not allowed to handle most felonies or try non-Indian offenders.

Along with these efforts, Salter listed many more issues that are of present concern to activists. They include: freeing of Native American political prisoners, revision of accounts and portrayals of American Indians in the curriculum and in the movies, more publishing of native writers, protection of burial sights, and greater enforcement of the Civil Rights Acts of the 60's.

In closing, Salter posed two questions for thought. First, he asked, "Will the American Indians survive?" In answer to his own question, Salter asserted that the native people will survive because they are strong. His see **SALTER** page eight

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cond question was, "Will they move beyond survival to prosperity?" The answer to this was also "yes" on the condition that rights increase in an emerging egalitarian society, with the knowledge that rights are not given by the UN or government officials, but instead come from the Creator.

Ohio speaking, trip -
Kenyon & Walsh colleges

(Kenyon Collegian)
11-3-88

- Over -

Karin Burke

424 N 26th St.

Grand Forks ND 58201

Dear Grent,

Hi! Thanks for the note. I will be in Bismarck on August 28-31, but Dr. John Salter will be looking forward to meeting with you on the 29th. John has recently joined MCFM and has had some very interesting experiences. He ~~will~~ will be visiting you in a few days. I hope that we can eventually meet together. Take care and thanks ~~to~~ again for writing.

Sincerely,

Grenn Sparks

August 24, 1988

Dear Grant,

Hi! John passed on your letter to me. Unfortunately, I have a wedding and a rehearsal on Sept 2 evening and Sept 3 pm. My daughter's birthday party is also on Sept 1 evening. However, both John and I are free for lunch at Noon Thurs. Sept 1 or after 1:15 pm Fri. Sept. 2. I have to be back to work in about 1 hour; however, John's schedule is very flexible and he will be able to meet with you for a longer period of time on Thurs., Fri. (9-2) or Saturday (after 1pm), if you desire.

I assume that John has given you directions to his office. We could meet there, in the student union, or at some other convenient place. Let me or John know about your plans. Feel free to call me, if you wish:

Home (701) 775-7095 after 5 pm Central

Our state director is:

Robert E. Engberg
1022 Elbowoods Drive
Hazen, ND 58545

We look forward to meeting with you. Take care.

Sincerely,



Kevin R. Henke

THE
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OF
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DEPARTMENT OF INDIAN STUDIES
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213 Merrifield
Grand Forks, North Dakota 58202
(701) 777-4314

August 13, 1988

Mr Grant Cameron
649 Silverstone Ave
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3T 2V8

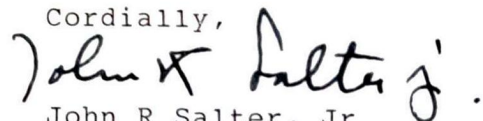
Dear Mr Cameron:

Kevin Henke has called me, indicating that you will be in Grand Forks and at UND on August 29 -- and Kevin has suggested that you and I get together at some point during that time. (As he may have indicated to you, he will be unavoidably away during that period.)

Although I'll be tied ^{in the morning} up with last minute student advising, etc. (our fall classes begin the next day), I will be free from about 1 pm to 3 or 3:30 pm or so. My office is in Merrifield (#213), a building quite close to Chester Fritz Library and Twomley (administration offices). I'd certainly be glad to meet you.

Although I have long-standing involvements in psychical research, my own interest in UFOs is relatively new -- stemming from an interception/ encounter experience that my 22 year old son and myself had one evening last March, a consequent 1½ hrs or so of missing time, and a rather spectacular UFO sighting up-close (very close) next mid-day. (My son and I were on a trip to Mississippi.)

Anyway, it'll be good to see you.

Cordially,

John R Salter, Jr
Professor & Chairman

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OF
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Sept. 3, 1988

Grant -

Certainly enjoyed visiting
with you. This limited-circ.
book - not many copies printed
& it doesn't seem to have gotten
around very well - strikes me as
being well done. Altho it may not
offer too much that's new
from your perspective, it's possible
there's a helpful insight or two.

Anyway, look it over. All best -

John

Grant - This f.y.i.
I like your attack on
the fellow - Persinger -
at Sudbury. If you
have an idea where this
paper might be published,
let me know - As Ever - JRS

John R. Salter, Jr.
503 Oak Street
Grand Forks, N.D. 58201
(701) 775-4146

March, 1989

(Professor & Chair
American Indian Studies
University of No. Dakota)

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SALTER UFO ENCOUNTERS OF MARCH, 1988:
THEIR BACKGROUND, DEVELOPMENT, AND RAMIFICATIONS

By John R. Salter, Jr.

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When I think, as I so frequently do, of that late March, 1988 night -- the strange night of the UFO encounter and interception of my almost 23 year old graduate student son, John III, and myself -- I have only positive feelings (as does he) about the not-so-different from us people from afar whom we met and with whom we spent well over an hour. Still continuing recall images and sequences which have come to both of us, slowly and persistently, through the fabric of induced (but obviously only intentionally temporary) amnesia, consistently point to good motives and beneficial actions. The physiological changes, more than a dozen, which have occurred in me -- beginning since the encounter and still continuing -- are witness to this.

There was no conscious sense of expectancy when we left Grand Forks, North Dakota on Sunday morning, March 20th, in my 1987 red Ford pickup. A light snow disappeared after we'd gone 30 miles but the cloudy sky continued. We were pointed toward Mississippi, and ultimately New Orleans

at which I was scheduled to give a paper, "Civil Rights and Self-Defense," at the annual Popular Culture Association/American Culture Association gathering, a commitment made the previous August. Other activities were scheduled in Mississippi. None of this even remotely touched on UFOs and neither my son nor I (although we accepted the reality of these things and assumed their friendly extraterrestrial origins) had spent much time at all thinking about any of this.

In retrospect -- even very early post-encounter retrospect -- it was clear that the route I had picked some days before for the first day of our junket was certainly not logical. I projected Grand Forks to the Twin Cities to Rochester (Minn.) and then to LaCrosse (Wisc.), Dubuque, (Ia.), and the Bettendorf/Davenport (Ia.) area for the night. We had neither the time nor the special interest in the rugged, heavily wooded, and lonely southwestern Wisconsin Mississippi River hill country that would justify that substantially out of the way segment. Our goal was the South -- and just as fast as we could get there. Near the Twin Cities, John III spelled me off on driving. I looked at the road maps and, suddenly, noted the illogic of proceeding to LaCrosse and down to Dubuque (the roads between those two towns being narrow and winding); conversely, it obviously made much better sense to proceed from the forthcoming Rochester area down to Waterloo, Iowa, and double-highway, and then to Cedar Rapids, Iowa City, and an hour of Interstate into Davenport. Reasonably, I moved to make this practical change. And then, welling up into my mind like a great wave of nostalgia from the past, came Kookaburra, the Australian lullabye:

Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree
Merry, merry king of the bush is he.
Laugh, Kookaburra; laugh, Kookaburra
Gay your life must be.

The significance is this: An active organizer in social justice endeavors since the mid-1950s, starting with civil rights and militant labor unionism in the Southwest, I spent a long period (beginning almost immediately after my marriage (to Eldri) in 1961) and extending to the latter part of the 60s decade, in the Deep South as a key organizer in the Southern Civil Rights Movement. During the academic term, 1968-69, we were glad to spend a pleasant recuperative year at Coe College, Cedar Rapids, where I taught sociology before going on to Chicago and four years of rough-and-tough community organizing on the South/Southwest Side. During that year at Coe, we often drove up to Waterloo to the K-Mart -- myself, Eldri, and our two thus-far children, Maria and John III. On the way back, we would always sing Kookaburra and remembered those times fondly -- along with many other happy occasions. From Chicago, I occasionally got over to Cedar Rapids and Iowa City to give talks and, in 1973, we moved to Iowa City where I was attached for almost four years as a professor in the Graduate Program in Urban & Regional Planning. I (and our family) often got to Cedar Rapids and, sometimes, in and around Waterloo a number of times after the Coe sojourn. We never thought poignantly of Kookaburra, though sometimes in the years since we would sing it. Now, in the afternoon of a late March day, 20 years after the Cedar Rapids experience, the plaintive Australian lullabye rose up -- an extraordinary wave of sweet, nostalgic wine. It was simply over-

whelming. In no way could I steer into those incredibly sweet and emotional waters: no swing down to Waterloo and beyond. We continued to Rochester and then to LaCrosse. (If, as I'm quite certain, Kookaburra was drawn somehow from my psyche by an external force and magnified -- intensively magnified -- it was certainly a far more sensitively pleasant means of dissuasion than, say, a conjured up vision of our pickup colliding with a Semi on the outskirts of Waterloo. We now sing Kookaburra regularly with our nine year old daughter, Josie).

We were at LaCrosse late that afternoon: fully awake, vigorous, well-fed (thanks to McDonald's), myself driving -- and we left on combined highways 14 and 61, a narrow road. Our firm and clear intention was to keep on 61 when the roads forked at the small town of Readstown: at that point 61 proceeded to Dubuque and 14 to Madison. Neither John III nor I have many memories at all of what happened the remainder of that late afternoon and early evening. Initially, of course, it was still quite light and the cloudy sky had broken somewhat. 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. There was virtually no other traffic on the road. We were fully awake when we passed Westby but, at some point thereafter, an externally induced amnesia (not unconsciousness) began to settle on John III and myself. I do not recall Readstown and the forking of the roads nor does John III appear to do so. Although both of us are experienced highway readers, neither of us were aware that, apparently at Readstown, we took Highway 14 (much lonlier than 61) and thus went off course, southeast (although the two routes remain close together in that general area). There are a number of road signs indicating that 14 points toward Madison; we noted none of these

during this period.

Sunset in that region on March 20 was about 6:13 p.m. It was twilight and about 6:25 p.m. when we came to the stretch of four-lane (a very short stretch as it turned out) on Highway 14 two miles or so before Richland Center, Wisconsin. Here, the amnesia lifted (we would say, in retrospect, to give us a clear geographical point for future reference) and both John III and I clearly recall the wider road. We expressed hope to one another that it would continue and regret when, after two miles, it ended. I recall saying, "I'm slowing down a little and turning on the lights." At that point, the curtain of amnesia (but, again, not unconsciousness) descended on each of us. When I conjecture about what came immediately after that, I get waves of strange, "electrical-like" sensations -- vibrant chills -- throughout my body. John III talks of "spooky" feelings.

And this was the point of interception and close encounter -- very close!

Then I was aware that I was driving (at normal speed) and were going down a hill on the narrow highway. Quickly and smoothly my consciousness expanded -- an awakening awareness -- to include the bright lights of the pickup, the pitch-dark night, and the sounds of the engine and the tires. For a moment, a very sharp and clear moment, it was a summer night in 1957 when I, 23 years old, was driving in the isolated Arizona country somewhere around the little cow-town of Mayer. My second thought was, "This was just like that time, then." It was about 7:45 p.m. Neither John III, whose amnesia lifted at the same time as mine, nor I

had any particular sense of interruption; the interception and resumption had been accomplished with only a ripple of transition, if even that. (Later we realized that, at the point we'd "come out of it," we were not much more than one mile from the end of the four-lane stretch). We crossed the Pine River just before Richland Center and passed by that small town. I now saw several signs indicating Madison before grasping their significance; checking our map, we realized we had been on the wrong highway since far-away Readstown. The loss of time was bewildering. From Richland Center to Dubuque is about 85 miles, including the back-on-course routes; we were in the Iowa town at 9:30 p.m., pushing on to Bettendorf for the night. We slept well and breakfasted at Peoria, Illinois.

We left that city shortly after 10 a.m., March 21st, on a double-highway going east. I was driving. The day was clear and there was no wind. At 10:14 a.m., there was no traffic right around or ahead of us in either direction. And it was then that we both saw a bright, expanding light coming directly toward and above us; immediately we realized it was an incredibly bright object, glowing with an extraordinary shimmering silveriness. (The closest analogy I can make is the glowing coals of an oak fire, moving back and forth). It was about two-thirds the size of the full double highway and, when about 200 yards from us, swerved slightly and rose over the pickup at an angle. We could now make out its saucer-like form and, I think, a slight dome. Then, with incredible speed, it was gone. At that point, John III and I had three simultaneous thoughts: this was a deliberate appearance for us and for us alone; this was quite friendly; and this somehow explained the strange occurrences of the previous night. I then

had another thought: I remembered the 1961 UFO interception of Betty and Barney Hill, an interracial couple (he black and she white and both much involved in civil rights and related activities), in New Hampshire. I had heard of this situation in the mid-60s, when it became well publicized.* I recalled, too, that Mrs. Hill especially had had a positive, essentially friendly view of the UFO humanoid people. Mr. Hill died many years ago but Betty Hill continues quite active on social justice fronts and maintains a strong interest in UFO-related matters. I have had an excellently helpful correspondence with this extraordinary person, beginning early in the fall, 1988.

The remainder of our trip, while quite interesting and productive, did not involve anything related to UFOs. (Later in the day, March 21st, John III realized he'd lost his sunglasses, couldn't remember having them in the motel, and we searched the pickup fruitlessly). But the strange events of March 20/21 were always no further than one remove in our thinking, and were frequently to the fore. Back in Grand Forks, I finished the University of North Dakota academic year in a conventional fashion, assuming the chair of our Indian Studies Department. (Just before the trip, I'd received the prestigious UND Award for Student Advising; soon after the trip, the American Indian students honored me with a very special ceremony at the annual pow-wow). I began doing some reading on UFO topics** and affiliated with the Mutual UFO

* See the very well done book on the Hills' experience: The Interrupted Journey by John Fuller, (New York: Dial Press, 1966) and also a fascinating compendium of articles dealing with the "star map" shown Betty Hill by the captain of the UFO: The Zeta Reticuli Incident, edited by Terence Dickinson, (Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Astro-Media Corporation (publishers of Astronomy), 1976).

**Of particular value has been Richard Hall's excellent Uninvited Guests -- A Documented History of UFO Sightings, Alien Encounters & Coverups (Santa Fe: Aurora Press, 1988).

Network (MUFON) -- one of the several quite reputable UFO research organizations. (In September, 1988, I became its State Director for North Dakota). John III received his M.A. at UND and accepted an excellent position in Northern California, directing a grassroots Indian education program. He and his wife moved there two months after the encounters. In mid-June, I sensed a strong, growing stirring within me vis-a-vis the experiences of late March -- and especially the "missing time" period. I began to put together a series of detailed little reports, outlining the development, locale, and times of the encounters and our general thoughts, preliminary conclusions, and what we were convinced was a mutually friendly atmosphere at all points. But, when it came to events immediately following the four-lane stretch in southwestern Wisconsin, I hit a block (as did John III, with whom I stayed in close touch via AT & T). Then, in late June, my recall suddenly began.

Invariably, as they've developed, my recall vignettes -- images and sequences -- have come first as vivid dreams in the early morning hours, then recede back temporarily into unconsciousness before emerging the following late morning or afternoon as clear flashbacks laced with a sharp memory of the earlier dream or dreams. (John III's recall began in late November, tends to come just as he's slipping off to sleep, and meshes with mine). In both cases, the recall is our seeing things with our eyes -- precisely as we saw them that night in Wisconsin. Although this process is still continuing, slowly and steadily in both our cases, enough has come thus far to establish the context, the basic components and participants, and the points of primary focus. Here, with recall arranged, is the basic linear progress of our March 20th encounter:

As the four-lane ended and total amnesia (but not unconsciousness) enveloped us, we are gently but firmly forced off the narrow highway onto a dirt road (of which there are several in that general setting), with strong light coming into my (the driver's) window. The pickup lights are on in the deepening twilight, shining on a white limestone embankment on a steep dirt hill. I'm trying desperately to shift the pickup into number one gear -- "super-low" -- and it won't go in; we then slip backward on the dirt road and stop on level ground. John III is reaching into the glove compartment, possibly for revolver cartridges; my .357 itself is in a case on the seat between us. (There was never any sign that the cartridges had been removed or the revolver taken from its case).

Then we are standing -- John III and I -- not far from the passenger side of the pickup which is parked on the level stretch of dirt road, under some trees. It's almost dark. Completely at ease, I can see two or three small humanoid figures climbing up on the back bumper, looking at our gear in the back of the truck. Up closer, they are four to four and one-half feet tall, thin bodies and thin limbs -- but comparatively large heads and conspicuously large, quasi-slanted eyes. There are several of these small people and a taller humanoid figure, almost as tall as I (six feet) and not as proportionately thin as the others. His features are more, as we would use the term, "human," -- and he may well be a mixed-blood. Whatever clothing type they're wearing, it's tightly fitting and, to us at this point in recall, non-descript. Our communication with them is more than thought-impressionistic; it's telepathically specific. John III sits down. Three of the small humanoids gather around, viewing him with as much fascination as he does them. Everyone is very pleasant. Now we are

walking through the dark woods to the UFO which is some distance from the pickup. I stumble and fall backward but am immediately cushioned by a (telekinetic?) force. Very, very gently, several of the humanoids reach for me and pull me to my feet.

Throughout this entire, still continuing recall process of mine is the clear, persistent, definite sense of a brightly lighted room -- white light -- and a deep, blue glowing panel. An implant is placed up very carefully into my right nostril and beyond. There is also a strong sense that the last time this happened to me was a long time ago -- when I was John III's age -- in 1957.

Then we are out in the open again. The feeling is downright powerful that the meeting has gone very well indeed from everyone's standpoint. Our tall humanoid friend walks with me back through the woods to the pickup. John III is slightly ahead of us. I believe the smaller humanoids have remained with the UFO. John III goes into the passenger side of the pickup, closing the door. I feel a strong, poignant sense of farewell toward the tall figure, sensing reciprocity. The perception is strong for us all that we will see one another again in another meeting in another time. Now, John III and I are by ourselves in the pickup. We wait. Very shortly from his window, John III watches the UFO rise and, brightly lighted, move diagonally up into the dark clouds and beyond.

The still continuing (and this is being written in March, 1989) results of the implant, although initially its presence was not known to us in the fully conscious sense, began to emerge in some cases as early as May. (John III has had none of these). By June and July, other manifestations were apparent. My head hair, fingernails, and toenails are growing two to three times their normal rate. Eyebrows have become very thick. Fine body

hair has developed all over my previously almost hairless arms, legs, stomach, and chest. Cuts and scratches clot immediately and heal very rapidly. (A denture placed in 1984 resulted in almost daily blood until shortly after the encounter -- four years later! -- when the situation healed completely and remained so). Some little age spots have shrunk or disappeared; my skin tone is generally much clearer. For the first time in my life, my beard is heavy, thick, and dark. Blood is much closer to the surface all over my body -- indicating even better circulation than formerly. My immunity is heightened; flu bugs may touch me but don't dig deeply in and I've had no colds of any significance. My energy level is up; I need less sleep than previously (and I've never needed a great deal). I'm convinced that my psychic sensitivities are sharper (and family and friends agree). Occasionally and curiously, a red welt appears on the lower ^{right} side of my neck (often when I'm thinking intensely about the March, 1988 encounters) and then disappears for a time.

In the earlier part of 1957, though deeply involved in good causes, I was having some difficulty in determining just what I wanted primarily to do with my life (portions of which had already been quite interesting). Then, at some point in the summer, my focus sharpened into its permanently fixed commitment to social justice pursuits. My health became notably great. (For example, an effort to kill me via a well planned rigged auto wreck in Jackson, Mississippi on June 18, 1963, left me seriously injured with many broken bones in my face and some elsewhere. I was operated on extensively that night and faced a substantial stay in the hospital. Three days later, so much of me had healed so quickly that I was out of the hospital and back in the arena -- to the great surprise of my physicians and the great displeasure of the white Citizens Council and the Jackson police). In the wake of the March, 1988 interceptions, my normally good health has

been boosted very significantly -- and I feel strong creative urges, constructive restlessness, and a major recharging of my social justice commitment. John III is doing many positive things in his California educational work and is also writing genuinely excellent fiction. Two other interesting physical matters have taken place: A watch, purchased by me in 1984, has been quite satisfactory but lacked any luminosity. I often expressed disappointment that this was so but, soon after the March events, noticed the hands glowing. Although this lasts only a few hours at most before requiring new exposure to light, it has persisted dependably enough. In another situation, John III's sunglasses, lost as nearly as we can tell at the time of the evening encounter, surfaced in mid-December, 1988, behind the pickup seat. We have been behind that seat for one reason or another at least 100 times since spring -- including every morning since well before Thanksgiving; that's where we keep the windshield frost scraper/snow brush. In fact, the glasses were sitting casually on top of the much used frost scraper/brush! The lenses were not at all dusty. During a recent visit to Grand Forks, John III positively identified the glasses as his. The pickup, incidentally, is kept locked at all times when not in use.

And a few suggestive but speculative things: In the summer of 1941, we were living temporarily on a Kansas farm -- where I saw something big and strange over the nearby Smoky Hill River woods. It disappeared almost as soon as I saw it. At some point around then, I developed an odd scar above my kneecap, an unlikely place for an injury (there have been reports of small flesh samples taken by UFO visitors from small children at about that age). In that general time period, I drew a picture (which I still have) of an "alien looking" person (large head, slanted eyes, no ears or

hair) holding a human being. Only a few years after that, I developed a really very sophisticated interest in astronomy and chemistry. Strange things, difficult to delineate with precision, took place near Flagstaff, Arizona (my home town) on Woody Mountain, one night in August, 1952, where I was a U.S. Forest Service fire lookout and asleep in my cabin at the base of the fire tower. Early the next morning, haunted by feelings of great "strangeness" (unusual for an 18 year old), I noticed a rock, two feet or so in diameter, which appeared to have moved fifteen feet or so up the slope of the mountain, quite close to the base of the tower. It had rained briefly though heavily at some point that night and there was no particular "sign" on the ground. Unlike my encounter of 1957 and the events of March, 1988, all of which are very definite and tangible indeed, these earlier situations are, as I've said, speculative.

In the last several years, a number of people who have had UFO encounter experiences, and some UFO researchers, have painted a bleak and oft-frightening picture of "alien motivations" -- raising the possibility of genetic experiments and the like. Other people who have had this experience -- such as myself and John III and Betty Hill -- and a number of other researchers, take a friendly and positive view of all of this. I think, among other things, that we need to look at the socio-cultural backgrounds of the people involved in the encounters. Urban people -- especially urban women -- who live, understandably, in perennial fear of theft, rape, or other attack -- are much more likely, I should think, to view a close encounter with UFO people as frightening and negative than are, say, rural people or part-Indian travelers on many frontiers like John III and myself and Betty Hill (or cosmopolitans generally) who welcome new, unusual experiences and new friends. With

no false modesty, I certainly view my life -- especially from 1957 onward -- as having been a quite positive one to date: effective social justice organizing in many hard-core settings and much productive teaching and writing. (I was pleasantly surprised in mid-January, 1989, to receive three awards for my social justice work (both contemporary and historic): one, presented by the general commanding Grand Forks Air Force Base; another from the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. The "big" one was given by the North Dakota Martin Luther King, Jr. Commission -- its 1989 award -- and was presented to me by Governor George Sinner).

As I've said, almost to the point of redundancy, we see all of this as being very friendly. We also see our experience (and that of many others, such as the Hills') as specifically selective (anything except random). From our perspective, I believe there are two basic motivations shaping the actions of the not-so-different from us people from afar: They are helping a good many of "our" people, directly and indirectly, "to keep on keeping on" in what I somewhat presumptuously refer to as the "Save the World Business" -- and they are also, with great caution and equally great ethical care, sensitizing humanity vis-a-vis the fact that we are simply one piece of mosaic, one square of quilt, in a vast Creation which includes many other intelligent people, friendly extraterrestrial people. These are good motives, very good ones, and the ultimate results -- individually if people can keep an open mind, and certainly with respect to the long-term perspective and future of human society -- are and will be deeply beneficial through the many, many ages to come.

John Salter, Jr
503 Oak Street
Grand Forks, ND 58201
7/22/89

Mr Grant Cameron
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Grant:

Thanks for both of your letters -- yours to me and the copy of yours to Professor Baker. I have heard little of the MUFON convention at Las Vegas (a routine mailing to State Directors by Dan Wright mentioned that Moore had been heckled a number of times, but gave little of the context) so I was interested in your news. I liked your response to Baker. At this point, I'm not planning any further involvement with him, communications-wise, since I think it's a flat waste of time. I'm glad you took a shot at him -- lets him know there's a big wide world a-watchin'. I simply don't understand people like Baker, Klass, et al. Whatever else might be involved -- such as machiavellian Federal encouragement of their perspectives and positions -- I do feel a good deal of their problem is just plain fear: fear of the unknown. From that standpoint, they and many fundamentalists have much in common -- but the latter, at least, have a far more interesting Creation to ponder!

to me A nice letter came to me out of the blue from an old physician (and clinical psychologist) friend from here at Grand Forks. : Spontaneously supportive on behalf of himself and an interesting group of intelligensia which he heads (Byron Society). Attached is a copy of his letter.

I found the book Alien Harvest interesting but very, very strange. I don't share her point of view, of course, and find it extremely disturbing since, among other things, it can only further irrational fear in some quarters. I can't figure out if she really believes what she's propounding or if she is out to sell books. Maybe some of both. To paraphrase something someone said about another time and setting (the Soviet Revolution), "there are strange birds in the forests" of UFO research. I passed the book on to Kevin, with whom I had a good visit a couple of days ago, and we'll get it back to you in due course.

I'm going east in early August and my wife and I will be spending several days with Betty Hill in New Hampshire. We certainly look forward to this visit. The excellent film, UFO Incident, depicting their interception, has been playing regularly lately on U.S. cable television movie stations (HBO and Showtime). Anyway, it'll certainly be good to meet and talk at length with her -- about UFOs but also many other things (social justice issues, etc). I've certainly had my hands full, I should add, since I was elected this spring to the presidency of the militant faculty organization (as opposed to the cautious and conservative one). (Am also, as of the election some months ago, an executive board member of our national

2.

trade union of US labor educators. (Here's one of our new brochures!)

Have heard nothing on the FOIA request I made (for you) some months ago. These things take a long time. Have just made another with respect to the late M.E. Travis (a one-time leader of the Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers) about whom Mike Solski (Sudbury, and a long-time Mine Mill leader in his own right) and I are presently writing - a book, ~~about~~. Travis was the target of so much vicious witch-hunting by the Feds that they must have a boxcar full of files on him!

It was good to see you a couple of weeks ago, Grant, and to meet your nice family. We had a good talk and I look forward to more of those. Again, thanks for writing Baker. Since he lists himself as an "emeritus," I assume he's an old-timer. "The old guard dies but it never surrenders," said (I believe) Rhett Butler in Gone With The Wind. If an old-timer agrees with me, then I'm all for him (or her) but, if they don't, I try to understand but I won't pretend to agree -- won't humour them.

Hang with it, Grant, and keep in touch.

All best -



John Salter, Jr

- Olmstead, a crusty old Socialist,
has MD + degree in clinical psych -

PHONE 772-3241

EDWIN G. OLMSTEAD, M.D.

212 SOUTH FOURTH - SUITE 102
GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA 58201

July 11, 1989

To JRS -

Dear John,

I have been meaning to write for some time. It is not because I am so busy it is because I am a terrible correspondent. I have read your missives about the UFO experience with a great deal of interest. I wouldn't be too upset even if they are scoffers about particularly in the academic field. You and I have taught in enough universities to know that the average university professor is a real stand-pat Republican with a thin gild of liberalism over his body. You may recall a few years ago when you spent an hour with us in the Byron Society and we discussed something about Exile. The members of the Byron Society are still the same and they have followed your UFO experiences with a great deal of interest and have no doubt that you did go through some sort of experience such as you have described. The reason they believe that is quite simple and the reason I believe it - because only knowing you a short time I know you're not the type of person that takes any wooden nickles.

I am really surprised at the weakness of the modern unions. A good example is what is happening in Cando, North Dakota with Leonardo's. The workers went on strike (about 250 of them) but the company had no trouble filling the jobs with scab labor and, interesting enough, there is no stigma associated with scab labor as near as I can tell. In my day and in my father's day this was considered a breach of morality next to murder. I haven't followed the coal strike in the Virginia's yet but I suspect about the same thing will happen. It appears to me that probably there will be no major change in the social structure of America in terms of becoming more socialistic until a major depression occurs. This may not be too far away as you are well aware and in the long run it may be a good thing. This country has lived on pure greed ever since the Second World War and the greed gets more overpowering with each year that passes. It is interesting to me that when women were enfranchised to vote there was a great to-do about the increased morality of politics. Needless to say this didn't come about. We have had a couple of decades now of blacks, hispanics formerly disenfranchised able to vote and if anything the situation is worse rather than better. I would be curious to get together with you sometime and discuss this.

Best wishes to you and your wife.



UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY 40506-0044

COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES
DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY
KASTLE HALL

24 July 1989

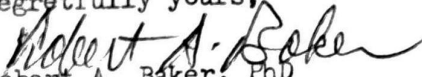
Mr. Grant Cameron
649 Silverstone Ave.
Winnipeg, Manitoba
Canada R3T 0R1

Dear Mr. Cameron:

As much as I would like to help you with your paralogic and delusions--the type you apparently share with John Salter-- I am afraid that I do not do clinical work by correspondence.

I suggest that you contact any one of a number of psychiatrists or clinical psychologists in Winnipeg. I feel confident they can help you with your problems in dealing with the world of consensus reality.

Regretfully yours,


Robert A. Baker, PhD
Professor Emeritus

PS: Please do not waste your time and money on further correspondence. Your letters will be ignored.

Grant R. Cameron
649 Silverstone Ave.
Winnipeg, Manitoba
Canada R3T 0R1

Robert Baker
University of Kentucky
Lexington, Kentucky 40506

Dear Mr Baker,

My aren't we angry! Might I suggest for your reading the following; 1) Paul A. Hauck Overcoming Frustration and Anger. 2) Leon Joseph Saul The Hostile Mind; the Sources and Consequences of Rage and Hate

As to your not responding to this letter. It seems that the great Professor Emeritus is quite willing to give opinions and debate as long as he does all the talking. Let the record show that when challenged to put up or shut up; the professor was unwilling to defend his flat-earth fundamentalist position on abduction experiences. Instead he pouted, threw down his toys in the sandbox, and ran home to cry.

Your threat to ignore my letters seems typical of your research on abductions. Your argument is only as good as the majority of related facts which you chose to ignore on abductions. Your failure to defend the anomalous phenomena is further proof that even you know how weak it is.

As to your statement that you don't do clinical work by correspondence. This didn't stop you from diagnosing W. Strieber on the pages of Psychology Today without ever having met the man. You are also quite sure John Salter and myself are suffering from delusions based on two written letters.

You overlook the fact that I did not write you asking for subjective clinical opinions on the minds of various people. I asked you to provide "precisely, the methods and techniques you used to convince your sceptical colleagues." (I'm one of your sceptics if you haven't caught on yet) I asked you to come up with the irrefutable and concrete evidence you demanded from Mr. Salter. Got it?

Finally in your letter to John Salter you spoke of irrefutable and concrete material evidence. Now you are talking about consensus reality. Could you please decide what standards you want to argue about.

Once again I think the point and challenge are clear.

Sincerely,

cc: Elizabeth Bird
John Salter

Note by JRS -

These are xeroxed
back-to-back.

DEPARTMENT OF INDIAN STUDIES
BOX 20
213 MERRIFIELD
GRAND FORKS NORTH DAKOTA 58202
701 777-4314

Mailing Address:

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

July 10, 1989

Just a quick note on a damn hot afternoon to a few family members and several good friends (some of whom are well attuned to the UFO controversies).

Awhile back, a friend showed me the April, '89 copy of Psychology Today, carrying the scurrilous article by Elizabeth Bird attacking the rationality of people who have had UFO interception experiences. (Ms. Bird is identified as an anthropologist and the response of many Indian people would be to simply say, "What else would you expect from an Anthro?" But there are, of course, good anthropologists!) It was another hot day in North Dakota and, in an earlier and less inhibited time, I might have reacted to the climes by shooting my horse or even my pickup. But I handled it by doing the civilized, academic thing: I wrote a letter to PT. Ms. Bird had cited Professor Robert Baker, and I had, only recently, encountered his work in two settings: his shrill, ridiculing stuff in the one and only copy of the Skeptical Inquirer (Winter 1987-88) that I've ever seen -- brought to me by my daughter, Maria, who works in the local library and found it in Lost & Found); and his only slightly more restrained versions in the new Journal of UFO Studies (CUFOS). So, just for the hell of it, I sent Baker a copy of my letter to PT and attached a covering letter which, among other things, indicated my adversarial relationships with the FBI (at least during the Hoover era) -- since Baker seems so taken with that agency. I also sent along something indicating my recent receipt of the ND annual Martin Luther King Award.

I didn't expect much from Bro. Baker but I did expect something more than that which came. (In the Skeptical Inquirer, I saw names I recognized: B.F. Skinner, who I've always suspected would like to put humanity in a box and bury it and whose admiration for the "mechanical rationality" (my quotation marks) of Chinese Communism are even more intriguing today than 20 years ago when he voiced such sentiments; Sidney Hook, arch red-baiter from the 50s and 60s -- willing to deny Communists the protection of the First Amendment and the accepted principles of academic freedom; C.E.M. Hansel, whose distorted attacks on such respected parapsychologists as J.B. Rhine and J.G. Pratt in the 1960s embarrassed even many "skeptics;" and, of course, Klass -- of whom I'd never heard until I became involved in the UFO situation.

Baker's letter strikes me as strange -- very strange. His is more than simple jocularly and flippancy. It can't be attributed to the fact he's a psychologist: William James, in the twilight of his life, befriended my father (then a child) and assisted him in many tangible and non-tangible ways (incidentally, we have a complete set of James' works, first editions signed by him, and much related James material); Gardner Murphy was another hero of mine; and I've known lots of thoughtful, reflective psychologists. It can't just be

Baker's obvious agn⁶osticism or atheism. I remember lots of old-time Wobblies (members or former members of the Industrial Workers of the World), packing along their copies of Bob Ingersoll's works, who would never treat religion in the fashion Baker has. Perhaps Professor Baker has succumbed in his own way to the Kentucky fundamentalists.

Anyway, I pass this all along -- again, just for the hell of it. "When you fish for trout," say the Micmacs (of which I am one), "you have to expect to be bitten by mosquitoes."

Semper Fi

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'John R Salter, Jr.', with a stylized, cursive script.

John R Salter, Jr

UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY 40506-0044

COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES
DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY
KASTLE HALL

4 July 1989

Dr. John R. Salter Jr.
503 Oak Street
Grand Forks, N.D. 58201

Dear Dr. Salter:

Thank you very much for your friendly letter. It was indeed most interesting and most welcome and very timely since you may be able to be of considerable help at this time.

I, too, have had some recent fascinating encounters. One which is particularly intriguing. A few weeks ago my granddaughter and I went on a short camping trip down on the Kentucky River where we have a small summer cabin. One evening after dinner while I was sitting at the table playing solitaire and she was listening to rock music on her walkman, we heard a knock on the door and when I answered it this tall, thin, gaunt man in a long white flowing robe appeared at the door and walked into the room. He had a glowing halo around his head and nail holes in both his hands and feet. It took us only a moment to recognize that we were in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ himself. Without further ado he sat down at the table across from me and we played a few games of twenty-one--all of which he won of course since he had outside help. I am beginning to doubt the "suffer little children" bit however since he refused flat-out to discuss rock music and a singing career with my granddaughter. After a few minutes more he got up walked out the door and disappeared.

As you might suspect, all of my friends and colleagues think I'm crazy and have accused me of being drunk or doped. What they fail to realize is that people have been seeing the Lord off and on for over a thousand years and walking and talking with him.

Now here's how you can be of help. Since we are both men of science and know that the burden of proof about our encounters is on our shoulders--not on the shoulders of the skeptics, and since I know that you would not have written me unless you have been able to come up with irrefutable and concrete material evidence of your encounter with the aliens--proof of their existence in other words. Thus I need to know precisely, the methods and techniques you used to convince your skeptical colleagues. Using your methods and techniques then I will be able to convince my jeering friends that the Lord really did visit us! I would be most grateful for an immediate reply. May I also suggest since alien contacts are, undoubtedly, among the most significant events in the history of man perhaps you should consider a long journal article or scientific paper giving the details of your encounter and the "true" motivations of this alien race. This way, the entire scientific community will be able to benefit.

Thanking you in advance for your kind assistance in this matter, I remain,

Cordially yours,

Robert A. Baker
Robert A. Baker, PhD
Professor Emeritus

cc: Elizabeth Bird

Xerox
of carbon
copy

DEPARTMENT OF INDIAN STUDIES
BOX 26
213 MERRIFIELD
GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA 58202
701 777 4114

Prof. Robert A Baker
Psychology
University of Kentucky
Lexington, Ky 40506

Mailing Address:
503 Oak Street
Grand Forks, ND 58201
6/23/89

Dear Professor Baker:

This is a friendly letter but not an agreeable one. I've read several of your pieces (including those in the new CUFOS journal) attacking the UFO interception experiences and writing these off as fantasies of one kind or another. I've intended to take a few minutes to give you my perspective, and my enclosed response to Ms. Bird's not very thoughtful article in PT gives me the opportunity. (She has, as you know, cited you as an authority). Anyway, here is my response to her -- and an added word or two for you.

Together at every point, my son and I had an essentially identical series of experiences involving friendly extraterrestrial humanoids, UFOs, and a fascinating evening meeting. For us, this has all been very positive indeed (we differ politely with Hopkins, et al. on "alien" motivations) and certainly very real (and so we differ politely with you). We had these experiences. Neither you nor Budd Hopkins ever have.

A half-breed Indian, I grew up in rough-and-tumble Northern Arizona -- active in the 1950s on behalf of the always radical International Union of Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers, deeply involved throughout the 60s in the Southern Civil Rights Movement (Mississippi, Eastern North Carolina, and elsewhere), urban community organizing in the 70s (Chicago and Rochester, NY) and a good deal of activism in the 80s. A sociologist, I've done much teaching and was, for several years, on the faculty of the Graduate Program in Urban & Regional Planning, University of Iowa. I've been falsely labeled a Communist on many, many occasions -- but I've never been accused of being a dreamy fantasizer! (Under FOIA/PA I've recovered over 4,000 pages from my FBI file; they appear to have perceived me, I must say, as coldly rational and quite dangerous -- since they put me on Section A of the Reserve Index: the high priority listing for dangerous agitators.

My son -- who now directs a substantial Indian ed. program in Northern California -- and I would be delighted to see our humanoid friends again.

Cordially,

John R Salter, Jr
Professor & Chair

7:00 p.m.
Heritage Center
ND Commission on Martin Luther King, Jr. Holiday
January 16, 1989

Chairperson - Audrey J. Henderson-Nocho, University of North Dakota, Grand Forks

Vice-Chairperson - Reverend Lionel P.A. Muthiah, United Methodist Church, Linton

Members:

Lieutenant Governor Lloyd Omdahl

Bruce Hagen, Public Service Commissioner

Eugene Johnson - Treasurer

Cheryl Miller - Secretary

David M. Gipp

Charles Koch

Kathleen Koch

Edward Johnson

Muhammad Ndaula

Teresa C. Younger

The North Dakota Commission on the Martin Luther King, Jr. Holiday was established in 1985 by Governor George Sinner to encourage North Dakotans to explore creative and meaningful ways to observe this new national and state holiday. The first ND Martin Luther King, Jr. Holiday Award was presented to Judge Ron Davies of Fargo in January of 1986. The second to Tillie Walker of Mandaree in 1987. The third award to former Lt. Governor Ruth Meier. This year's January 1989 award will be presented to Dr. John R. Salter, Jr. for his work on civil rights in North Dakota for Native Americans, all people of color.

Human Rights--a full measure of food, freedom, dignity, and spiritual well-being--are rights which come directly from the Creator. But people--all people of good will, regardless of racial and cultural background--must come together to work vigorously and sensibly to secure and maintain those rights. And they must always be cognizant that "an injury to one is an injury to all." When we do that--when we organize and work together--we reach high, toward the sun, and we build things which can never be taken away from us.

Dr. John R. Salter, Jr.



UNIVERSITY OF UND NORTH DAKOTA

DEPARTMENT OF INDIAN STUDIES
BOX 20
213 MEADOWS
GRAND FORKS NORTH DAKOTA 58202
701 777 4314

Mailing Address:

503 Oak Street
Grand Forks, ND 58201
6/23/89

Editor
Psychology Today
80 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10011

Dear Editor:

The rather arrogant, supercilious article by Elizabeth Bird, "Invasion of the Mind Snatchers," an attempt to relegate the UFO interceptions of earthly humans to the status of simple psychological fantasies, (PT, April, '89), is not only 'way off the mark -- but personally offensive to me (and, I'm sure, to many others). I have had the sort of experience to which she refers.

Chairperson of the Indian Studies Department at UND, trained as a sociologist, and with a 35 year background in effective trade union, civil rights, and civil liberties social justice pursuits, I've sometimes been called "red" and once was even honored with the tag, "cut-throat do-gooder." But I've never been called fantasy prone -- not even by my worst enemies!

On March 20, 1988, I and my son (a graduate student), were enroute from North Dakota to the Deep South where I was scheduled to give several civil rights presentations and a conventional academic paper. Neither of us had any prior conscious interest in UFOs. In a gentle, but extraordinary fashion involving a series of stages, we were diverted to a lonely side road in the deepening twilight of southwestern Wisconsin, incurred an hour and a half of "missing time" -- coming out of it in the immediate area where the curtain of amnesia

(but not unconsciousness) had fallen. At mid-morning the next day, a few miles east of Peoria, Illinois, a technologically spectacular UFO appeared two hundred yards or so in front of our pickup -- a friendly appearance, obviously for our benefit and ours alone -- before zipping off at fantastic speed. Within a few weeks, an orderly and vivid (non-hypnotic) recall process began with me and, somewhat later, with my son. Our respective recall vignettes and sequences are complementary and mutually supportive in every sense -- indicating a fascinating, very friendly, and quite positive meeting with ^{extraterrestrial} humanoids, initially at our pickup (parked on the lonely road) and then, a few hundred yards away, in a landed UFO. In addition, I've had over a dozen positive physiological changes (e.g., immediate clotting of cuts and scratches and fast healing) which are still on-going.

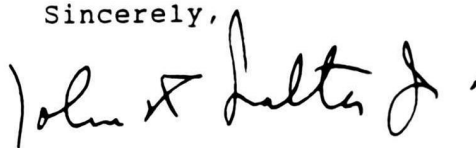
Ms. Bird cannot be faulted for not having had a comparable experience of her own. But she can be very properly criticized for failing to recognize a large number of very thoughtful, scholarly studies of the UFO interception (or, as some put it, "abduction") phenomenon -- of which a number of works ~~done~~ by Dr. Thomas E. Bullard are exemplary. She appears to be unaware also (or at least to ignore) a large number of very thoughtful personal accounts by thoroughly rational and reputable people.

In a generally subtle, but sometimes direct fashion, the Federal government has systematically attempted to ridicule persons attesting to UFO happenings. I certainly don't think Ms. Bird is functioning -- at least consciously -- in that context. But William James put it well when he remarked ("Challenge of Psychical Research") that indisputable and admitted facts are best interpreted by the "academic and critical" people -- "but on the other hand if there is anything which history demonstrates, it is the extreme slowness with which

the ordinary academic and critical mind acknowledges facts to exist which present themselves as wild facts, with no stall or pigeon hole, or as facts which threaten to break up the accepted system. . ."

Ms. Bird and her like-minded colleagues have sounded an eerie echo of certain sorts of Christian fundamentalists -- a frightened flight from the future, but a fruitless one.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John R. Salter, Jr.", with a small flourish at the end.

John R. Salter, Jr.

Professor & Chairperson

701- 775 4146

Grant Cameron
649 Silverstone ave
Winnipeg, Man.
Canada R3T 0R1

Dear Mr. Baker,

I read with interest your July 4, 89 letter to John Salter (who is not Dr.). Perhaps I can help you with some of the help that you are seeking.

I am afraid, however, that I am not able to help you with your encounter with Jesus Christ, but I will definitely pass the story around whenever your name comes up. Perhaps it was one of those anomalous phenomena you are quoted as describing in Psychology Today? As to what your friends and colleagues have said about you I am not able to comment as I don't know you. I would suspect, however, that being friends and colleagues they must be well aware of your drinking and drug habits.

As to your comment about " men of science." Here at the University of Manitoba psychology is still in the faculty of Arts not Sciences. Perhaps you have another degree?

Where I can help is on the concept of proof. In Psychology Today you are quoted as explaining the abduction experience as hypnogogic or hypnopomic hallucinations. Now as you state in your letter to John Salter " the burden of proof about your encounters is on ~~our~~ shoulders-- not on the shoulders of the sceptics." The same applies to the theories that we use to explain the events that take place around us in daily life. Unfortunately, as to your theory of anomalous phenomena as an explanation to all of the abduction cases that have been reported, I find myself among the sceptics. Therefore the burden of proof for that theory is upon you.

Here's the deal that I will make. If you can " come up with irrefutable and concrete evidence " to prove your theory explains all abduction experiences - I will in turn provide " irrefutable and concrete evidence " to back up Mr. Salter's experience. If you can do that perhaps you can provide irrefutable and concrete evidence to prove that man walked on the moon, black holes exist, or that you and the rest of the world are not just some vivid dream in my mind.

I think the point and challenge have been made, so I leave you to your task.

Sincerely,

PS. If you see Jesus again tell him John phoned and left a message for him to call. He'll know the number. Also a personal opinion. Drugs are no good for you. Please just say NO.