

First, it was cattle. Then farmer Hector Vega Rosado was shocked to find two of his goats dead on March 18 with wounds from something very sharp under the thorax and above the haunches. The next day he found ten more dead goats, seven wounded goats and ten missing altogether. There was no blood around any of the one-inch deep holes in the carcasses.

The mutilations increased throughout 1975. In Colorado, there were so many that Governor Richard Lamm met with his state's Cattlemen's Association in August and spoke angrily.

"The mutilations are one of the greatest outrages in the history of the western cattle industry. It is important that we solve this mystery as soon as possible. The cattle industry already is hard hit from an economic point of view. From a human point, we cannot allow these mutilations to continue."

But they did ... and still do.

For me, it all started with a telephone call one night in October 1975. I knew nothing about the mutilation panic that summer. I was producing medical programs for WCVB-TV in Boston (ABC) and was typing a script when the phone rang.

"A UFO has set down on the base!"

It was my brother and he was excited. He had been at a wing party at Malmstrom AFB near Great Falls, Montana where he flew helicopters. Everyone there carried "bricks," two-way radios to keep in touch with the base command post that is manned twenty-four hours a day. Suddenly all the alarms sounded and there was a scramble for phones.

Remote sensors at the Kilo 7 missile launch facility indicated something was violating site security. Two launch control officers ordered a Sabotage Alert Team (SAT) to investigate. Those men radioed the Command Post that an orange glowing disk the size of a football field was illuminating the missile site "brighter than daylight." They refused orders to advance further toward the intruding disk.

My brother was then ordered to pilot a helicopter with security police to the site. Meanwhile, the frightened SAT team radioed

back that the object was starting to rise. When it reached an altitude of about 1,000 feet, North American Aerospace Defense Command (NORAD) detected the moving UFO on radar.

Two F-106 jet interceptors were scrambled from Malmstrom AFB and headed toward the K-7 area as the UFO continued to rise. As soon as the SAT team saw the jets, the large, orange light "blinked out." The SAT team told launch control they were sure the UFO was still there. The jets were told to keep circling, but the object remained invisible.

When the jets left the K-7 area to return to base, the SAT team reported that the orange light blinked back on and continued to rise. At about 200,000 feet, it disappeared from NORAD's radar.

Afterward, my brother called me in Boston.

What happened the next day is even more startling. Targeting teams and computer specialists went to K-7 to examine the missile and its warhead targeting. The investigators found that the computer's information had been changed. The missile was removed from its silo and returned to Malmstrom for further examination. Later, a different missile was put in Kilo 7.

I was unaware that what happened at Malmstrom AFB was also occurring repeatedly along the United States and Canada border at Strategic Air Command (SAC) bases that fall. Nothing about those UFO intrusions of our missile bases was made public until 1980. That year some documents about the "border invasion" were released under the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA).

Four years later, a police officer and a writer put their FOIA research into a book called *Clear Intent, The Government Coverup of the UFO Experience*. (1984, Prentice-Hall.) Larry Fawcett, the policeman, is now publisher of *Just Cause** and Barry Greenwood is the editor. Four times a year they distribute a newsletter to Citizens Against UFO Secrecy (CAUS).

After the incident at Kilo 7, my brother told me the commander of his helicopter unit was working with the Cascade County Sheriff's office in Great Falls, Montana to investigate many cattle

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mutilation reports in the area. One day a rancher brought a mutilated cow to the base. A flight surgeon examined it and told my brother that the incisions were precise and surgical. He also said that the cow had been so thoroughly drained of blood that the muscle tissue was a pale pink-white.

The unit commander had a map with a color legend to identify mutilation locations. Pink was on the legend, but there was no pink on the map. My brother asked what the pink color specified.

"Humans," the Colonel answered, "but we haven't come up with any yet." Perhaps he was referring to top secret reports about human mutilations. The Colonel might have been briefed about bizarre human deaths which resembled what had happened to animals. See Chapters 4 and 8.

By the summer of 1975, there were so many animal mutilations that sheriffs reported some carcasses were still warm to touch with bloodless, cookie cutter cuts.