

UND

To several people who've shown a particular interest in our UFO experiences:

503 Oak Street
Grand Forks, ND 58201
December 19, 1989

Dear Friends:

Attached is the updated report on our March 20/21, 1988 UFO encounters and ramifications. Several of you have gotten this in various segments but here it's all gathered together -- integrated, so to speak -- plus a few new bits and pieces. You're all busy and there is no need to acknowledge this.

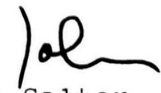
Other news around here is that it's due to get down to 30 below zero tonight and I'm reminded again why Indians and whites never fought over the God-forsaken Red River Valley.

On December 5th, North Dakota voters overwhelmingly rejected three modest tax increase proposals critical to education at all levels, human services, roads, etc. This has precipitated the worst crisis in the state's history since the 1930s. I'm president of the UND chapter of North Dakota Higher Education Association (NEA) and am presently taking a lead role in pressing for militant action on several fronts to preserve our modest 1990-91 pay increment (ND faculty are about 50th in the U.S. pay-wise) and prevent attacks on tenure, accrued tenure, and staff seniority. We're also trying to organize maintenance and clerical workers into AFSCME. On other fronts at UND, I'm busy as chair of our department and as chair of the Honors Program Committee.

Our Sovereignty Commission lawsuit in Mississippi continues right along -- bitter as pure hell. As you know, our side is endeavoring to prevent uninhibited release of the now sealed and guarded "paper sea" of poisonous files gathered by the old secret police agency during the 1957-1973 period. We've developed a formula which would process this stuff according to FOIA guidelines, preserve the right of the victims to sue the state for damages, etc. We feel the ^{OPEN} release of this stuff (vicious, false for the most part) can only benefit the right wing in Mississippi. Briefs are now being filed at the Fifth Circuit at New Orleans. We suffered a sad setback recently when our senior lawyer, Leonard Boudin of New York, died suddenly at 77 of a heart attack. Leonard was one of the great civil liberties lawyers -- in the tradition of Darrow. He'd defended Paul Robeson, Rockwell Kent, Daniel Ellsberg, Dr Spock -- and many others, and we're honored he took our case. Younger lawyers in his firm are carrying it forward and we're getting full backing from the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee.

Eldri and all the kids -- some here, some in California -- are just fine. I'm working on biography of Maurice Travis, a much-witch hunted (1950s) leader of my old union, the Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers -- and have the only transcribed oral history Travis provided before his death.

Yours (freezingly) -


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(revised & expanded)

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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 night of March 20, 1988 -- the strange night of the UFO encounter and interception of my then 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. We had certainly read virtually nothing on the subject.

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 often rugged, frequently wooded, and generally lonely southwestern Wisconsin Mississippi River hill country that would justify that substantially out of the way segment. 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 trade unionism in the Southwest where I grew up, 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.¹ 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,

¹See John R. Salter, Jr., Jackson, Mississippi: An American Chronicle of Struggle & Schism, (Melbourne, Florida: Robert E. Krieger Publishing Company, 1987).

March and John III. In 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 and Regional Planning at the University of Iowa. I and our family¹ 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 overwhelming. 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:² fully awake, vigorous.

² An odd thing occurred at a Mobil station at LaCrosse. Just as we were climbing into the pickup after gassing up, a strange looking little man, bundled in a coat and with a "Greek Fisherman's" cap, rushed, in stumbling fashion, from the station office to his Volvo. His eyes locked briefly but intently with mine. As we left the station on a little intra-LaCrosse freeway, he followed us; I slowed substantially but he declined to pass. He remained behind us until we took the 14/61 turnoff. In the aftermath of the encounters, our minds were drawn repeatedly to this seemingly insignificant episode.

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. All of this was "new country" to us. 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 two or three miles beyond LaCrosse and I looked westward/southwestward to the far horizon and the late afternoon sky, feeling an odd and intense twinge of expectant anxiety which registered quickly and then passed.

Although in retrospect, some time later, we felt we might have remembered a few landmarks after the large hill, a visit to the scene by me and my daughter, Josie, in early June, 1989, indicated that John III and I had been under very pervasive "mind control" characterized, among other things, by amnesia, for the next more than 60 miles. In the June, 1989 junket, I saw nothing beyond the large hill that I recognized -- everything was "new" -- even though there were quaint towns, unique hill formations, and Indian (and other) place names that would have definitely registered. (In checking with John III, now in California, no landmarks that I indicated were remembered by him). Among other things, we did not recall Readstown and the much advertised forking of the roads with highways 14 and 61 very conspicuously parting company. Inexplicably, by conventional

yardsticks, John III and I took Highway 14 -- much lonlier than 61 -- and thus went off course, southeast (although the two routes remain close together in that general area).

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 on Highway 14. (Turning out to be a very short stretch, this begins 68 miles or so from "inside" the LaCrosse setting and ends two miles before Richland Center, Wisconsin).³ Here the amnesia lifted (we would say, in retrospect, to give us a clear geographical point for future reference) and later both John III and I vividly recalled the wider road. (I remembered it very clearly in June, 1989). 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 not unconsciousness) descended on each of us. When I think about what came immediately after that, I sometimes 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 was going down a very steep hill (by the highway). Quickly and smoothly

³The short stretch of four-lane is indicated in some quite recent road atlases and maps (such as our contemporary Mobil Wisconsin road map) but not in others.

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 in the immediate area where the physical interception had occurred). On 14, we reached the outskirts of Richland Center and passed through that small town. (In June, 1989, I realized that, although I had that March night noted the outskirts of Richland Center and a long line of buildings on the other side of it, I had no recollection of passing through the business district. In checking with John III, I learned that he, too, had no recollection of the "downtown" section of the community. We both feel that double-amnesia was once again and briefly induced in order that we, still somewhat sonambulistic, pass through the business section without stopping and perhaps attracting negative attention). On the other side of Richland Center and immediately beyond, I saw a series of 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 utterly 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 interception of Betty and Barney Hill, an interracial couple (he black and she white but with some Indian ancestry 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.⁴ I recalled, too, that Mrs. Hill especially had had a

⁴See the very well done book on the Hills' experience: The Interrupted Journey by John Fuller (New York: Dial Press, 1966 and various other editions) and also a fascinating compendium of articles dealing with the "star map" shown Betty Hill by the cordial captain of the UFO: The Zeta Reticuli Incident, (edited by Terence Dickinson, (Milwaukee: Astro-Media Corporation (publishers of Astronomy), 1976.

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. In August, 1989, Eldri and I and Josie spent an excellent week with Mrs. Hill in New Hampshire and, among other things, observed a number of UFOs at night with her. (On the way back to North Dakota, we visited the Richland Center setting and the location of our encounter).

The remainder of our trip South, 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 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 topics⁵ and affiliated with the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON) -- one of the

⁵Of particular value has been Thomas E. Bullard's massive two volume work: UFO Abductions: The Measure of a Mystery (Washington, D.C.: Fund for UFO Research, 1987) and Richard Hall's Uninvited Guests -- A Documented History of UFO Sightings, Alien Encounters, & Coverups (Santa Fe: Aurora Press, 1988). Both men have since provided me with some excellent insights through correspondence.

several quite reputable UFO research organizations. (In September, 1988, I became its State Director for North Dakota. Thus I became acquainted with Kevin Henke, a young scientist at the University of North Dakota and a MUFON member who has become an excellent friend and whose sharply critical mind has been of great help to me). John III received his M.A. at UND and accepted an important position in Northern California, directing a grassroots Indian education program. He and his wife moved there two months after the encounters. (In the fall of 1989, his program ^{was} designated as the best of its kind in the state). In mid-June, 1988, 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 A.T. & T). Then, in late June, 1988, 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 November, 1988, tends to come just as he's slipping off to sleep, and

[illegible][illegible]

一、**政治**：政治是国家的核心，决定着国家的命运。政治制度、政治体制、政治文化等，都是国家政治的重要组成部分。政治的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的兴衰。

二、**经济**：经济是国家的基础，决定着国家的实力。经济制度、经济体制、经济政策等，都是国家经济的重要组成部分。经济的繁荣与衰退，直接关系到国家的命运。

三、**文化**：文化是国家的灵魂，决定着国家的软实力。文化制度、文化体制、文化政策等，都是国家文化的重要组成部分。文化的繁荣与衰落，直接关系到国家的形象。

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五、**科技**：科技是国家的前途，决定着国家的竞争力。科技制度、科技体制、科技政策等，都是国家科技的重要组成部分。科技的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的竞争力。

六、**军事**：军事是国家的安全，决定着国家的稳定。军事制度、军事体制、军事政策等，都是国家军事的重要组成部分。军事的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的安全。

七、**外交**：外交是国家的关系，决定着国家的国际地位。外交制度、外交体制、外交政策等，都是国家外交的重要组成部分。外交的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的国际地位。

八、**法治**：法治是国家的基础，决定着国家的法治水平。法治制度、法治体制、法治政策等，都是国家法治的重要组成部分。法治的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的法治水平。

九、**民生**：民生是国家的基础，决定着国家的民生水平。民生制度、民生体制、民生政策等，都是国家民生的重要组成部分。民生的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的民生水平。

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十一、**宗教**：宗教是国家的基础，决定着国家的宗教状况。宗教制度、宗教体制、宗教政策等，都是国家宗教的重要组成部分。宗教的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的宗教状况。

十二、**民族**：民族是国家的基础，决定着国家的民族状况。民族制度、民族体制、民族政策等，都是国家民族的重要组成部分。民族的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的民族状况。

十三、**人口**：人口是国家的基础，决定着国家的人口状况。人口制度、人口体制、人口政策等，都是国家人口的重要组成部分。人口的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的人口状况。

十四、**资源**：资源是国家的基础，决定着国家的资源状况。资源制度、资源体制、资源政策等，都是国家资源的重要组成部分。资源的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的资源状况。

十五、**能源**：能源是国家的基础，决定着国家的能源状况。能源制度、能源体制、能源政策等，都是国家能源的重要组成部分。能源的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的能源状况。

十六、**交通**：交通是国家的基础，决定着国家的交通状况。交通制度、交通体制、交通政策等，都是国家交通的重要组成部分。交通的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的交通状况。

十七、**信息**：信息是国家的基础，决定着国家的信息状况。信息制度、信息体制、信息政策等，都是国家信息的重要组成部分。信息的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的信息状况。

十八、**金融**：金融是国家的基础，决定着国家的金融状况。金融制度、金融体制、金融政策等，都是国家金融的重要组成部分。金融的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的金融状况。

十九、**农业**：农业是国家的基础，决定着国家的农业状况。农业制度、农业体制、农业政策等，都是国家农业的重要组成部分。农业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的农业状况。

二十、**工业**：工业是国家的基础，决定着国家的工业状况。工业制度、工业体制、工业政策等，都是国家工业的重要组成部分。工业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的工业状况。

二十一、**服务业**：服务业是国家的基础，决定着国家的服务业状况。服务业制度、服务业体制、服务业政策等，都是国家服务业的重要组成部分。服务业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的服务业状况。

二十二、**制造业**：制造业是国家的基础，决定着国家的制造业状况。制造业制度、制造业体制、制造业政策等，都是国家制造业的重要组成部分。制造业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的制造业状况。

二十三、**建筑业**：建筑业是国家的基础，决定着国家的建筑业状况。建筑业制度、建筑业体制、建筑业政策等，都是国家建筑业的重要组成部分。建筑业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的建筑业状况。

二十四、**采矿业**：采矿业是国家的基础，决定着国家的采矿业状况。采矿业制度、采矿业体制、采矿业政策等，都是国家采矿业的重要组成部分。采矿业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的采矿业状况。

二十五、**电力业**：电力业是国家的基础，决定着国家的电力业状况。电力业制度、电力业体制、电力业政策等，都是国家电力业的重要组成部分。电力业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的电力业状况。

二十六、**水利业**：水利业是国家的基础，决定着国家的水利业状况。水利业制度、水利业体制、水利业政策等，都是国家水利业的重要组成部分。水利业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的水利业状况。

二十七、**林业**：林业是国家的基础，决定着国家的林业状况。林业制度、林业体制、林业政策等，都是国家林业的重要组成部分。林业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的林业状况。

二十八、**畜牧业**：畜牧业是国家的基础，决定着国家的畜牧业状况。畜牧业制度、畜牧业体制、畜牧业政策等，都是国家畜牧业的重要组成部分。畜牧业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的畜牧业状况。

二十九、**渔业**：渔业是国家的基础，决定着国家的渔业状况。渔业制度、渔业体制、渔业政策等，都是国家渔业的重要组成部分。渔业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的渔业状况。

三十、**盐业**：盐业是国家的基础，决定着国家的盐业状况。盐业制度、盐业体制、盐业政策等，都是国家盐业的重要组成部分。盐业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的盐业状况。

三十一、**烟草业**：烟草业是国家的基础，决定着国家的烟草业状况。烟草业制度、烟草业体制、烟草业政策等，都是国家烟草业的重要组成部分。烟草业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的烟草业状况。

三十二、**酒业**：酒业是国家的基础，决定着国家的酒业状况。酒业制度、酒业体制、酒业政策等，都是国家酒业的重要组成部分。酒业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的酒业状况。

三十三、**医药业**：医药业是国家的基础，决定着国家的医药业状况。医药业制度、医药业体制、医药业政策等，都是国家医药业的重要组成部分。医药业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的医药业状况。

三十四、**食品业**：食品业是国家的基础，决定着国家的食品业状况。食品业制度、食品业体制、食品业政策等，都是国家食品业的重要组成部分。食品业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的食品业状况。

三十五、**纺织业**：纺织业是国家的基础，决定着国家的纺织业状况。纺织业制度、纺织业体制、纺织业政策等，都是国家纺织业的重要组成部分。纺织业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的纺织业状况。

三十六、**服装业**：服装业是国家的基础，决定着国家的服装业状况。服装业制度、服装业体制、服装业政策等，都是国家服装业的重要组成部分。服装业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的服装业状况。

三十七、**皮革业**：皮革业是国家的基础，决定着国家的皮革业状况。皮革业制度、皮革业体制、皮革业政策等，都是国家皮革业的重要组成部分。皮革业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的皮革业状况。

三十八、**珠宝业**：珠宝业是国家的基础，决定着国家的珠宝业状况。珠宝业制度、珠宝业体制、珠宝业政策等，都是国家珠宝业的重要组成部分。珠宝业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的珠宝业状况。

三十九、**玉石业**：玉石业是国家的基础，决定着国家的玉石业状况。玉石业制度、玉石业体制、玉石业政策等，都是国家玉石业的重要组成部分。玉石业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的玉石业状况。

四十、**陶瓷业**：陶瓷业是国家的基础，决定着国家的陶瓷业状况。陶瓷业制度、陶瓷业体制、陶瓷业政策等，都是国家陶瓷业的重要组成部分。陶瓷业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的陶瓷业状况。

四十一、**玻璃业**：玻璃业是国家的基础，决定着国家的玻璃业状况。玻璃业制度、玻璃业体制、玻璃业政策等，都是国家玻璃业的重要组成部分。玻璃业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的玻璃业状况。

四十二、**塑料业**：塑料业是国家的基础，决定着国家的塑料业状况。塑料业制度、塑料业体制、塑料业政策等，都是国家塑料业的重要组成部分。塑料业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的塑料业状况。

四十三、**橡胶业**：橡胶业是国家的基础，决定着国家的橡胶业状况。橡胶业制度、橡胶业体制、橡胶业政策等，都是国家橡胶业的重要组成部分。橡胶业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的橡胶业状况。

四十四、**金属业**：金属业是国家的基础，决定着国家的金属业状况。金属业制度、金属业体制、金属业政策等，都是国家金属业的重要组成部分。金属业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的金属业状况。

四十五、**非金属业**：非金属业是国家的基础，决定着国家的非金属业状况。非金属业制度、非金属业体制、非金属业政策等，都是国家非金属业的重要组成部分。非金属业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的非金属业状况。

四十六、**化学业**：化学业是国家的基础，决定着国家的化学业状况。化学业制度、化学业体制、化学业政策等，都是国家化学业的重要组成部分。化学业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的化学业状况。

四十七、**物理业**：物理业是国家的基础，决定着国家的物理业状况。物理业制度、物理业体制、物理业政策等，都是国家物理业的重要组成部分。物理业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的物理业状况。

四十八、**生物业**：生物业是国家的基础，决定着国家的生物业状况。生物业制度、生物业体制、生物业政策等，都是国家生物业的重要组成部分。生物业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的生物业状况。

四十九、**环境业**：环境业是国家的基础，决定着国家的环境业状况。环境业制度、环境业体制、环境业政策等，都是国家环境业的重要组成部分。环境业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的环境业状况。

五十、**信息业**：信息业是国家的基础，决定着国家的信息业状况。信息业制度、信息业体制、信息业政策等，都是国家信息业的重要组成部分。信息业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的信息业状况。

五十一、**金融业**：金融业是国家的基础，决定着国家的金融业状况。金融业制度、金融业体制、金融业政策等，都是国家金融业的重要组成部分。金融业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的金融业状况。

五十二、**农业业**：农业业是国家的基础，决定着国家的农业业状况。农业业制度、农业业体制、农业业政策等，都是国家农业业的重要组成部分。农业业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的农业业状况。

五十三、**工业业**：工业业是国家的基础，决定着国家的工业业状况。工业业制度、工业业体制、工业业政策等，都是国家工业业的重要组成部分。工业业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的工业业状况。

五十四、**服务业业**：服务业业是国家的基础，决定着国家的服务业业状况。服务业业制度、服务业业体制、服务业业政策等，都是国家服务业业的重要组成部分。服务业业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的服务业业状况。

五十五、**制造业业**：制造业业是国家的基础，决定着国家的制造业业状况。制造业业制度、制造业业体制、制造业业政策等，都是国家制造业业的重要组成部分。制造业业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的制造业业状况。

五十六、**建筑业业**：建筑业业是国家的基础，决定着国家的建筑业业状况。建筑业业制度、建筑业业体制、建筑业业政策等，都是国家建筑业业的重要组成部分。建筑业业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的建筑业业状况。

五十七、**采矿业业**：采矿业业是国家的基础，决定着国家的采矿业业状况。采矿业业制度、采矿业业体制、采矿业业政策等，都是国家采矿业业的重要组成部分。采矿业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的采矿业业状况。

五十八、**电力业业**：电力业业是国家的基础，决定着国家的电力业业状况。电力业业制度、电力业业体制、电力业业政策等，都是国家电力业业的重要组成部分。电力业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的电力业业状况。

五十九、**水利业业**：水利业业是国家的基础，决定着国家的水利业业状况。水利业业制度、水利业业体制、水利业业政策等，都是国家水利业业的重要组成部分。水利业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的水利业业状况。

六十、**林业业**：林业业是国家的基础，决定着国家的林业业状况。林业业制度、林业业体制、林业业政策等，都是国家林业业的重要组成部分。林业业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的林业业状况。

六十一、**畜牧业业**：畜牧业业是国家的基础，决定着国家的畜牧业业状况。畜牧业业制度、畜牧业业体制、畜牧业业政策等，都是国家畜牧业业的重要组成部分。畜牧业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的畜牧业业状况。

六十二、**渔业业**：渔业业是国家的基础，决定着国家的渔业业状况。渔业业制度、渔业业体制、渔业业政策等，都是国家渔业业的重要组成部分。渔业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的渔业业状况。

六十三、**盐业业**：盐业业是国家的基础，决定着国家的盐业业状况。盐业业制度、盐业业体制、盐业业政策等，都是国家盐业业的重要组成部分。盐业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的盐业业状况。

六十四、**烟草业业**：烟草业业是国家的基础，决定着国家的烟草业业状况。烟草业业制度、烟草业业体制、烟草业业政策等，都是国家烟草业业的重要组成部分。烟草业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的烟草业业状况。

六十五、**酒业业**：酒业业是国家的基础，决定着国家的酒业业状况。酒业业制度、酒业业体制、酒业业政策等，都是国家酒业业的重要组成部分。酒业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的酒业业状况。

六十六、**医药业业**：医药业业是国家的基础，决定着国家的医药业业状况。医药业业制度、医药业业体制、医药业业政策等，都是国家医药业业的重要组成部分。医药业的进步与落后，直接关系到国家的医药业业状况。

六十七、**食品业业**：食品业业是国家

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 highway onto a very narrow and extremely rough road.⁸ (In June, 1989, we determined, on the basis of recall and contemporary observation, that this is the Pier Spring Road, about a mile or so in length. This starts a very short distance after the end of the four lane: a sharp right turn off our right lane -- as one goes down Highway 14. We parked the pickup near the "upper," far end of this winding, timbered road.

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 the Pier Spring Road, under some trees. It is 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 -- perhaps six or seven -- 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

⁸ On May 13, 1989, I took my 1987 Ford F-150 pickup in for its first real maintenance (16,165 miles) since its purchase two years before and, with the exception of routine oil/lube jobs, the first maintenance of any kind since before our March, 1988 trip to the Deep South. The service person at Hansen Ford (Grand Forks) suggested that, in addition to the tune-up and related matters, a full alignment job be done and I agreed. Two very interesting things surfaced: (1) although normally the right front wheel is supposed to be higher and the left front wheel lower, my pickup had things reversed: computer measurement indicated my right wheel was .5 and the left 1.0.; (2) the left rear rim was bent. The Ford people found this inexplicable -- since we drive the pickup with great care and it's virtually never off a paved road. We could recall no conventional situation where this could have occurred.

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. The tall humanoid is attached to us in a special fashion and is obviously our key liason. Now we are walking through the darkening woods, up a ravine and over a small ridge, to the UFO which is in a rather secluded clearing, 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 -- a kind of white light -- and a deep, blue glowing panel. An implant is placed very carefully up into my right nostril and well beyond. There is 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. There is now an injection into my neck, at the thyroid area; and then an injection into my upper, central chest (thymus gland). John III's face is scanned very thoroughly with a "flash-light" type instrument whose head is so soft that it melds into the contours of his face; special attention is given to his chin and jaw area.

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. He is carrying some sort of light, obviously for our benefit. 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 an extremely strong, poignant sense of farewell toward the tall figure, sensing equally strong reciprocity. (His emotional and intellectual reactions are like ours: sharp intelligence, good-natured, smiled a great deal, eager, very interested in things, and sad -- very sad -- at parting. Basically, I think all of this holds true for the smaller people). The tall figure and I tell each other (and John III is included) that we will see one another again in another place 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, moved diagonally up into the dark clouds and beyond. We drive a short distance to the end of the Pier Spring Road and take County Road ZZ, well paved and very steep, back to Highway 14 and on to Richland Center.

The still continuing results of my implant and injections (although initially their presence was not known to me in the fully conscious sense), began to emerge in some cases as early as May, 1988. (John III has had none of these). By June and July, other manifestations were present. My head hair, fingernails, and toenails are growing two to three times their normal rate; eyebrows have become very thick; and fine body hair has developed all over my previously almost hairless arms, legs, stomach, and chest. Cuts and scratches clot immediately and heal very, very rapidly. (A denture placed in 1984 resulted in almost daily blood until

shortly after the encounter -- four years later! -- when the situation healed and remained so). Some little age spots have shrunk or disappeared and the few wrinkles in my face have faded away for the most part. My skin tone is generally much clearer. Blood is much closer to the surface all over my body -- indicating even better circulation than formerly. For the first time in my life, my beard is very heavy, very thick, and quite dark. My immunity is heightened; flu bugs may touch me but don't dig deeply in and the few colds I may now get are very insignificant and short-lived. My energy level is up and my sleep needs (never really substantial) are down. Although not in any sense a "craving," my protein needs are very heavy and, in May, 1989, I began taking eight amino acid supplements per day -- which has returned to normal my burgeoning meat consumption! An auto wreck in Mississippi in 1963 left some residual disfigurement on the right side of my face but, by spring, 1989, this had faded completely into normalcy. I smoked for 40 years and very heavily for the last 35: four packs of cigarettes per day (often unfiltered) and then, for the last 21 years, a pound of pipe tobacco per week. In the spring of 1989, my pipe smoking slacked off to some extent; in mid-May, I realized I had gone almost 24 hour without smoking -- and I then stopped completely and permanently, doing so without one single physical or psychological twinge! My psychic sensitivities are sharpened and there are increased telekinetic episodes, especially around electrical equipment. I have a mild aversion to sunlight and increased sensitivity to lights in general, now preferring cloudy weather and darkish offices. My left foot and leg coordinate and walk a

little differently, initially running down my left foot heels; there are no walking problems now since I've learned to let it happen naturally and naturally. Occasionally, a red welt appears on the lower right side of my neck, in the throat area, and a brown, circular spot about a half inch in diameter and with a round point-mass in its precise center surfaces on my upper chest over my thyroid gland region.

In the earlier part of 1957, although 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,⁹ 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 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

⁹ The 1957 encounter, which began to surface in the context of the March, 1988 experience, took place in late May of that year (summer in Arizona!) while I was returning to my home town of Flagstaff from a quick trip to Phoenix. The experience is definite; the details still remain somewhat murky. The humanoids involved are of the same basic racial group as those in March, 1988. The business of somewhat darker eyebrows and beard, heightened immunity, much energy, at least some aversion to sunlight and something of a preference for cloudy and dampish weather, all came after the May, 1957 experience and then, slowly, faded in the mid and late 1970s into the 1980s -- until after March 20, 1988 when all of this bounced back more noticeably than ever before, plus much more. As long as I can recall, I've had some psychic abilities which have been noticed, over the years, by family and friends. There was some sharpening of these after May, 1957; there was no decline in the 1970s and 1980s; and there has been an increase since March, 1988.

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 Indian educational work and is also writing genuinely excellent fiction. Two other interesting physical things 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, 1988 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 had been behind that seat for one reason or another at least 100 times since spring, 1988 -- including every morning since well before Thanksgiving since 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 subsequent (February, 1989) 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 but, for long afterward, even after we had moved to a nearby small town, I viewed that stretch of river woods with considerable

~~EXPERIENCE.~~ At some point around then, I developed an odd sort of
by accident, an unlikely place for an inquiry there have been reports of
small flash 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 my "alien looking" person large head, slanted eyes, no ears or
hair looking a human being. Only a few years after that, I developed a
really very sophisticated interest in astronomy and chemistry. Strange
things, difficult to believe with precision, took place near Flagstaff,
Arizona in Woody Mountain, one night in August, 1951, 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 15 feet 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"
in the ground. Unlike my encounter of 1957 and the events of March, 1988,
all of which are very definite and tangible indeed,¹⁰ these earlier
situations are, as I've said, speculative.

¹¹Almost from the moment of the March, 1988 interceptions, I have had no
hesitation in talking openly about the experience, its ramifications, and
my positive perceptions of it. I have encountered little open skepticism
and, although initially there was some fear by several older persons, this
appears to have passed. Almost all younger people (under 35), and vir-
tually all Indians regardless of age, have been very open minded and quite
receptive -- and many older non-Indians have, too. Regional newspaper and
television interviews with me have been thoughtful, nicely done, and well
received. OX Honors students have asked me to teach a three semester hour
credit course on UFOs in 1990-91 and I have agreed. Only two colleagues,
neither of whom at all doubts the reality of my UFO experiences, have
suggested that I not draw attention to the episodes in order to ensure my
continued credibility on other fronts. I answered them, reiterating my
response to a television interviewer a short time later: "If I had worried
about what other people thought, I would never have had the experiences
I've had or accomplished the things I've accomplished."

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 racially and culturally open minded people generally) who welcome new, unusual experiences, new friends, new challenges. 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. In late spring, 1989, I was elected president of the UND chapter of the North Dakota Higher Education Association (NEA) and, in the fall of 1989, I was voted chair of the UND Honors Program Committee).

As I've said, almost to the point of redundancy, we see all of this as being very friendly, I do have several basic, concluding thoughts: I believe the number of direct physical encounters with the "alien" humanoids is not nearly as great as some people are presently saying: I see these as rare but not super-rare. I believe these encounters are specifically selective (anything except random) and, as such, necessitate among other things a good deal of careful planning and maneuvering by the humanoids. I do believe that, across the Creation, there are certain universals: e.g., principles of logic, scientific methodology, and the concerns of bureaucrats about cost and time factors. It probably took several days and a good many humanoid-hours to set up and implement the 1½ hour meeting with John III and myself on March 20, 1988. I believe these are extra-terrestrial persons similar to ourselves and perhaps even related in some intriguing fashion or at least the results of a parallel evolutionary course. They are solid and physical and "all-around" tangible entities, sharply intelligent (as one would assume trained astronauts and scientists and perhaps even professors to be), and their range of emotions is comparable to ours. I categorically do not see them as angels/devils/psychic manifestations.

Their actions (motivations and effects and related factors) are quite positive. While I think it's possible that there may be some "experimentation" involved, I think this is ethically and honorably done -- and to good ends. However, I believe the basic thrusts focus on helping some of us (directly) "keep on keeping on" in the business of edging humanity closer and closer to the Sun (figuratively speaking) and sensitizing humanity with respect to the relatively nearby presence of other forms of intelligent life.

New as I consciously am to the UFO situation, it may seem more than a little presumptuous for me to, (paraphrasing, I believe, Koestler's Ivanov in Darkness at Noon), point out that there are some strange terrestrial birds in the trees of "ufology." Without getting shrill about it and recognizing that there can be "reasonable differences of opinion between reasonable people" (as I was reminded occasionally a long time ago and still am from time to time), I do believe that the "gloom and doom" people in UFO research are often either downright paranoid, motivated by commercial considerations, or ideologically endeavoring to resurrect a new version of the Red Scare (but I don't think they'll be able to do that).

I do very strongly believe, and now I'm drawing on cogent impressions existing above and below the water levels of my mind, that the people from afar that John III and I met (and the many other humanoids who look in on our struggling and so very often courageously valiant Earthly turf and drama), have good motives, very good ones, and the unfolding results of all of this -- individually if our 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.