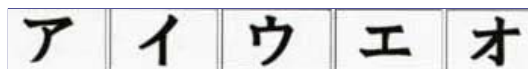




Highly Strange Missing Time in 1947

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"It looked like a military formation of three groups of shiny silver flying saucers. The three groups of 13 silver saucers each, totaling 39, were arranged in respective diamond formations." - Frank, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Japanese katakana symbols similar to what Frank in Brooklyn, New York, in 1947, saw written by tall, auburn-haired female aboard silver saucer craft. Graphic source *Wikipedia*.

March 17, 2009 Albuquerque, New Mexico - In one of my 1988 correspondence files about high strangeness, I have a report from a man named Frank that is nine, typed pages about his eyewitness sighting of thirty-nine saucer-shaped craft divided into three groups over Brooklyn, New York, in 1947, when he was 14-years-old. In a separate note, he explained he wrote up his experience for a book he hoped to write some day, but "you may use this data in the hope that perhaps others who might have had a similar experience will know that they are not alone, and perhaps with your reporter's experience, might somehow formulate what I and others experienced." The purpose of Earthfiles Real X-Files is to share the strangest phenomena described by civilians, military and intelligence, even if events cannot be proved.

Frank's Story, 1947

"The location was in an area of Brooklyn, New York, located on Lafayette Avenue and Cumberland Street overshadowed by the Dimes Savings Bank Building, which had at its apex a huge clock face, actually four clocks in all facing to the four cardinal points of the compass. It was an ideal convenience for Brooklynites miles around. The time was noon as indicated by the Bank Clock's face on a Saturday when my pal, Dinky, and I arrived. We were both 14-years-old. None of the other usual crowd showed up maybe due to other pursuits or chores at home.

We went into Joe's Candy store located on Cumberland Street and Lafayette Avenue, ordered our usual cherry cokes and tuna fish sandwiches on toast and were browsing through the magazine racks much to Joe's consternation. Joe's edict was, 'Buy the magazines first, then read!' Joe was well-liked by all, as he was our 'Mr. Rogers.' He was always available for friendly advice. He trusted Dinky and me in that he often left us alone in his store while he ran a quick errand. Such was the occasion this Saturday afternoon when the newspaper truck arrived outside with its blaring horn and screeching tires. It was the reliable delivery of the *New York Times*. At the sound of the horn, Joe asked us to stack the newspapers in the store up against the magazine racks.

Joe left for a few minutes to run an outside errand and when he returned, he seemed perplexed about something. I asked him, 'What's the matter?'

Joe said, 'If you guys want to see something very unusual, just go outside and look up at the Williamsburg Bank.' Dinky and I thought that perhaps the clocks had gone haywire. So we went outside and looked up. What we both saw took us completely by surprise.

Above the Bank Clock and somewhat more to our side, we saw 13 objects about 100 feet above the height of the Bank Clock. It looked like a military formation of three groups of shiny silver flying saucers. The three groups of 13 silver saucers each, totaling 39, were arranged in respective diamond formations. It appeared as if all the saucers were providing protection for a saucer that was located within the center of their groups. All the saucers were

hovering as if they were on a sight seeing tour with a focus on the Bank Clock.

There was a slight oscillation to their hovering maneuver and sometimes one of the craft would start to oscillate rather wildly, but would soon recover into a stable hover.

Both Dinky and I were totally amazed by the display. I said, 'Boy, I never thought that there was such a thing in existence! I wonder where they come from?'

Dinky answered, 'Oh, it's probably some kind of new secret weapon that the Army has finally built.' It was only two years after the end of World War II in 1945.

I told Dinky I did not think it was new Army weapons. 'I think they are real space ships because of the way they can maneuver.' By that time, the time on the clock showed 1300 hours (1 PM).

The saucers were quite large with a bright silver color. They were perhaps at least forty feet across and had a height of at least fifteen to twenty feet. About one-quarter of the upper body protruded above the rest of the ship, which was encircled with large, clear portholes.

The saucer at the center of the three formations - maybe the Command Ship - detached itself and took up a position on the Staten Island side of the Clock (east) and then moved again to the Brooklyn Navy Yard side of the Clock and hovered there for several minutes.

Then Dinky yelled, 'I bet that they have probably come down to see if we here on earth have finally destroyed ourselves with the war and they are just conducting a tour.' At that point, I burst out laughing and said, 'Man! Wait until they fly over Europe and Japan. When they see that destruction, they won't think that we are so civilized.' Both Europe and Japan still had lots of destruction then in 1947.

Then the Command saucer moved again and positioned itself on our side of the Clock, west, in a somewhat tilted position. The tilt favored our total view of the saucer. There were large circular portholes around the circumference of the craft. The difference now was that we could see what looked like people inside as if they were seated beside each porthole. I yelled, 'Dinky! Do you see that?' He replied, 'You are darn right I do. They all look like people on a vacation.' We both started to wave at the people and they in turn waved back at us.

Suddenly more people came into view as if leaning over the ones seated by the portholes to look at us and waved. We paid more attention to the seated people and Dinky and I became aware that what we were seeing was not normal.

Reptilian-Eyed Woman At Porthole

At one porthole, there appeared a very buxom young lady who was wearing a black and white floral designed dress. The strange thing about her was that she had reptilian eyes (vertical pupils), but was normal in every other way.

Dinky yelled, 'Man, she looks nice, but scares me!' I agreed.

At another porthole was a military man wearing a garrison-type hat and officer's dress coat with Captain bars on his epaulettes. He was also wearing a khaki necktie and shirt. He had black hair, as did the young lady. The military male was also sporting a thin, black mustache.

At yet another porthole, there was an elderly, balding gentleman in what appeared to be a dark blue suit and red necktie. His face was a waxen deep red and bluish color. Dinky said, 'That guy looks like a refugee from a mortuary' I agreed with that, too, and asked, 'Dinky, just what in the heck are we seeing?'

Two other portholes exhibited a very mature woman in a black dress with what appeared to be a lot of jewelry. She also appeared waxen like the older balding gentleman. The mature woman's hair appeared to be dyed a light

bluish color, something we had not seen in that era. In between waves at us, she was busily primping her hair with both hands.

The next porthole person really scared us. He was a gentleman in a gray suit and dark necktie with a slight blue shirt, but his head was skeletal. In other words, it was a skull. He turned his head more to his left and it appeared that the right half was covered in concrete cement, greenish in color.

Dinky and I both verified to each other what we were viewing so we would know we were not hallucinating. Dinky said, 'I'm thinking we are viewing some kind of funeral vehicle because those people look like they might have passed away and are being transported. You know, like the Egyptians used to believe in taking a boat to the stars?'

I said, 'Maybe, or more like vehicles to Hades. The bodies are not transferred, just the souls spiritually.'

Dink surprised me when he said maybe I was right because Dinky was a total atheist. I told him that I wished our normal crowd was there as nobody was going to believe us.

Dinky said, 'Well, at least Joe saw the ships.'

Porthole Passengers Change to “Young-Looking Blond Girls” in Military Khaki

Then strangely, the passengers at the portholes were replaced by young-looking blond girls. Their blond hair was tied up in tight buns, some at the sides, and others on the rear of their heads. The blond girls were all attired in military khaki shirts opened at the neck and were waving at us.

Dinky yells out, 'Hey, take me! I'm yours!!'

Where did these people come from? How far did they travel? Are they really outer space inhabitants? I sure wanted to ride in one of those saucers.

Whole Side of Saucer “Opened Up”

We were not prepared for the next event. It looked like the whole side of a saucer opened up as if we were viewing a 3-dimensional picture or in-depth movie screen is about the only way that we could describe it. Dinky and I could both now see within the confines of the saucer. We observed operators or technicians of some sort all seated to the right at an oval console. All the operators appeared to be busy making adjustments on the console, turning dials or controls, very intent at what they were doing. It seems that we were into the first steps of thought transference, although unaided by any audible communications.

The people in the 3-D scene were all attired in uniforms. They looked like Government Issue khakis. The blond man seated closest to our view had on a khaki shirt with epaulettes and khaki trousers tucked into black boots. He even wore a khaki belt.

There were four operators at the console. Three were young men in their early twenties with blond hair neatly cut and combed straight back. A girl seated at the far end of the console was attired in the same type of khaki uniform, except that she had auburn-colored hair tightly knotted in a bun at the back of her head. That was not the fashion of the 1940s - maybe more like the 1930s or earlier. The console operators all seemed to be conversing, leaning back and forth to check each other out for whatever type of adjustments were necessary.

I said to Dinky that they are not U. S. military as our GIs don't wear black boots. The GI boots worn in the 1940s were brown in color.

Dinky said, 'No matter what it is or what it is trying to foretell, we are probably one of the few people on earth at this time that has seen something like this.'

I had a funny feeling. I wanted to ask questions. It seemed like Dinky and I could only converse with each other. With all those weird-looking civilians, what kind of military would be involved?

Tall, Blond Male

Then on the left side of the interior of the ship, Dinky and I observed a very tall man standing against the left wall facing us. Along his right side, there was what appeared to be a large chalkboard mounted on the wall. The man was at least seven feet tall or more. His hair was what looked like very short, curly, blond hair. It was trimmed very neatly high in the front and tapered off to the back of his head. He was attired like the other males with his pants neatly tucked into his black boots. The boots did not show any laces. In comparison to the others, his belt was black, wide leather with a plain, rectangular brass buckle. Given the size of that guy, Dinky and I both thought he must be the Commander of that ship and probably of the whole fleet of 39 saucers.

Tall, Auburn-Haired Female

Then we saw an equally tall woman who was standing in front of the blackboard in a position that did not obstruct our view of her male counterpart. She was attired in the same type of khaki shirt, opened at the throat. She sported an ankle-length, chestnut-colored full skirt. She had auburn-colored hair, except that it was full, hanging down to her shoulders. She also had on a black leather belt exactly the same as the Commander's. In her left hand, she held what looked like several white paper sheets.

With her right hand, she was making some type of inscriptions upon the blackboard with simple chalk. The script was unrecognizable to me, other than the fact that she was writing backwards, starting at the right upper side and continuing down to the bottom of the board. She would then again start at the top and work down moving right to left across the page, Oriental style. I asked Dinky if he ever had seen script like that.

Dinky said her writing reminded him of hieroglyphics at the Museum of Natural History over in New York City we had both seen there. The script was not exactly the same as the Egyptians. It also did not look like Chinese or Japanese that we had seen in newsreels during the war and it did not look like Hebrew or Cyrillic.

Now as I write these pages in the 1980s after studying and learning to speak Japanese, what we saw back in 1947 that the tall, red-haired lady was writing reminds me of a Kata Kana (katakana) style of symbology. Each symbol is an expression to form the vowel sound of the word. But after much research, I don't think even that is exactly the same, just looked similar.

[Editor's Note: *Wikipedia* - "Katakana is a Japanese syllabary, one component of the Japanese writing system along with hiragana, kanji, and in some cases, the Latin alphabet, perhaps originating in 800 A. D. The word katakana means 'fragmentary kana,' as the katakana scripts are derived from components of more complex kanji. Katakana are characterized by short, straight strokes and angular corners, and are the simplest of the Japanese scripts.]

ア	イ	ウ	エ	オ
a	i	u	e	o
カ	キ	ク	ケ	コ
ka	ki	ku	ke	ok
サ	シ	ス	セ	ソ
sa	shi	su	se	so
タ	チ	ツ	テ	ト
ta	chi	tsu	te	to
ナ	ニ	ヌ	ネ	ノ
na	ni	nu	ne	no
ハ	ヒ	フ	ヘ	ホ
ha	hi	fu	he	ho
マ	ミ	ム	メ	モ
ma	mi	mu	me	mo
ヤ		ユ		ヨ
ya		yu		yo
ラ	リ	ル	レ	ロ
ra	ri	ru	re	ro
ワ				ン
wa				n

Chart of 45 Katakana symbols also found in Hiragana. Source *Wikipedia*.

The tall male appeared to be in his early thirties and while she wrote, he looked over at the console operators and appeared to say something to them. The operators immediately responded by making adjustments on their consoles. Dinky said, ‘The way those people responded when that guy spoke to them, he is certainly the Commander of that ship.’

The tall woman then turned and walked in the direction of the operators at the consoles. Her walk was athletic with long, determined strides. It was at this time that I became aware of what type of foot gear she was wearing. They were black boots that fit like a glove with a sensible low and wide heel. The upper part of the boot was well above her ankle. I had never seen the type of skirt she was wearing. She was quite beautiful in her outfit.

In fact, it did appear that all the uniformed personnel were quite handsome in appearance. The console operators appeared to be much more slender and shorter than the Commander or the woman, who was perhaps second in command.

The tall woman seemed to be engrossed in making notes upon the papers that she held. She would return back to the blackboard and inscribe additional script upon it. We also noted that at times, she would appear to make a mistake with her chalk and would use the edge of her right hand to erase her mistake - quite a human method, we thought.

At one point, the Commander went over to the console operators, leaned over them as if to be correcting or making adjustments himself. He was so tall, had a big chest and shoulders with a slim waist and moved like an athlete.

Original Passengers Line Up for Liquid

Then on the left side of the ship, it appeared that the civilians that we had seen before were now lined up single file. One of the male operators was standing facing them with his back up against a large hatch-type door. He had in his hand what looked like a plain, old martini glass that contained a clear liquid. First in line was the balding, older gentleman. He was given the glass

and it looked like he was ordered to drink its contents and he promptly obeyed.

When he finished, the blond male turned and opened the hatch from which emitted the most intense bright, white light that I have ever seen. The older gent entered and the hatch was closed. Each civilian in turn went through the same ceremony, even the gent with the skeletal skull. I don't know how he accomplished the drink, but he poured it in his skull.

“Captain” Passenger Does Not Want Liquid

It went fast until it became the Captain's turn (military man with Captain bars on his epaulettes). We could see his full length now. He was wearing what the military of that era called ‘Pinks,’ light-colored pants that were almost khaki. His jacket was of a color that looked like maybe a dark green, perhaps more olive green.

He was wearing what was known as a Sam Brown belt, thin and coming across his right shoulder and chest, connected to a typical wide garrison belt. The whole ensemble was a brown color. He seemed to be arguing with the tall blond male and it appeared that the Captain was not going to drink the liquid in the glass. He would raise his left hand palm up, seemingly pushing the proffered glass away from him. The blond male departed and at this point, the Captain turned around, looked at us, smiled and just shook his head back and forth as if commenting on the blond male.

Then the Commander appeared and seemed to argue with the Captain, shaking his finger in the Captain's face. The Captain seemed to be clenching and unclenching his fist. He appeared to stick his finger in the Commander's chest to emphasize something and it looked like the two were shouting at each other. I was waiting, half expecting the Captain to punch the Commander, as the Captain was also pretty large in stature. It appeared that the Captain definitely did not want to drink the liquid and leave.

Eventually, the Commander got the Captain calmed down. The Commander reached behind to a small cubicle located to the right side of the hatch, which we had not noticed before. The Commander produced a glass that contained the clear liquid and offered it to the Captain. This time, the Captain accepted, putting the glass to his mouth and drank the contents. The hatch was then opened up by the Commander and the Captain stepped into the intense, bright light.

It appeared to us that when a person walked into the chamber, they would take several steps up to a small platform, stand there momentarily grasping each side of the handrails. Then each person turned left, looking downward, and appeared to be somewhat hesitant before beginning to descend a stairwell, which was not visible to us other than the fact that the individual was descending.

I said again to Dinky, ‘What the heck are we looking at? Some kind of communion ceremony? A resurrection? Where did those people disappear to? Was that a symbol of a purgatory, a hell? Perhaps a resurrection? Or were they simply being cremated?’ When the hatch was opened, we could almost experience the intense heat that came with the brilliance of the light. Was this the entrance to Hades? Dinky said he didn't know, but he still wanted to ride in the saucer craft and look at their equipment.

Dinky and Frank Try to Take Ride On Saucer

Then our attention went back to the blackboard area of the ship in which both the Commander and his female counterpart were standing facing us. Dinky pointed at his chest and back at the ship and said, ‘Take me!’

The woman pointed at Dinky and then at the floor of the ship. Dinky yelled, ‘Yes!’ Then she went to the blackboard, inscribed more characters upon it and said something to the Commander. He in turn hung his head down and made a negative reply by shaking his head.

Dinky now pointed to me and I made the same gesture from myself to the ship. The woman seemed to shrug her shoulders, moved back to the blackboard, consulted her paper notes and wrote more on the board. She then spoke to the Commander. He again shook his head in the negative. They both seemed to converse for some length of time in which the Commander kept shaking his head in the negative. Then the woman smiled at us and waved what seemed to be a good-bye. This was the only time that Dinky and I actually had some sort of definite communications.

Saucer Craft “Closes” Back Up

Suddenly, the vision of the interior of the ship vanished. We now were looking at the ship hovering in the sky. The Commander's ship moved to the center rear of the other three ships in its formation. Then the whole fleet of 39 saucers moved very slowly away from the Bank Clock and continued towards the north in the direction of Coney Island on the Atlantic Ocean and disappeared from our view.

5 Hours of Missing Time?

Dinky and I were left standing on the corner in front of Mr. Katz's delicatessen directly across the street from Joe Gilly's candy store. We both noted the clock on the Bank showed 6 PM. Dinky said that meant we must have been out there looking at that craft for five hours. I couldn't believe it! I told Dinky it was time for another cherry coke, so we went back across the street to Joe's place.

When we came back into the store, Joe Gill was busy washing some dishes in the sink. He told us he had called the *Brooklyn News* and the newspaper wanted to talk to us over the phone. But Joe said, 'Where did you guys go?'

I said, 'Joe! We were standing right outside the whole time.' Joe turned around, looked at us funny and said, 'No, you weren't. I myself went looking for both of you. I even asked some customers if they had seen either of you anywhere.'

Dinky and I looked at each other. I asked him if he thought we could have gone up in that craft. Dinky said it made his head hurt to think about it. Listening to us, Joe was agitated and told us to stick around for a few more minutes because the reporter would be there any time.

When the *Brooklyn News* reporter arrived, he talked to Joe who told the reporter what he had first seen outside. The reporter said his news bureau had been getting calls from all over the borough about something in the sky. We told him exactly what Joe had told him. The reporter then asked us how old we were and what had we seen. We told him we were 14-years-old.

The reporter looked at Joe and said he had to go and write something up on the incident. As he was leaving, the reporter turned and said to us, 'Are you sure that you guys don't want to elaborate a little more?' We said, 'No.'

Then the reporter turned, hesitated, and said he had talked with an old Czech woman across the street who lives over the delicatessen. The woman was pretty incoherent and shaken when she called the newspaper. But now she refused to say anything. She might have to go see a doctor to get her nerves calmed down because she was so afraid. The reporter then left.

Dinky said, 'Oh, man! I'm going to catch hell because it's nearly 7 PM!' We had both missed supper. Poor Dinky. He lived in the Fort Green Housing projects, which were at least two miles away. We both started to leave when Joe called me back. He said, 'I know that both of you were not out there, Frank, and that something strange is going on.'

I told Joe that Dinky and I had seen some pretty strange things, but that's all I wanted to say about the situation. Joe knew I was a Catholic and he said, 'Frankie, please hurry and tell a priest what you have seen.'

Frank Goes to Confession and Tells Priest

I finally left and started to run towards my house, which was not far from Joe's place. When I arrived home, I caught blazes for being late. I washed up, ate supper and wanted to tell my mother, but for some reason thought better of it, since I figured she would not understand. She then said, 'Well, you better get ready since it's Saturday night and get up to the Chapel right now and go to Confession for tomorrow's Mass. The Chapel was only about 100 meters from Joe's place on Cumberland Street, so I took off as my mother asked.

When I got into the Confessional, I started to relate to the priest what I had seen. He told me we were going to the Rectory. This is a room in back of the altar where preparations for a Mass is made. Right outside the Confessional was a small group of girls that I knew from school. They were laughing their heads off, snorting, and gasping while nudging each other. Were they laughing about me? The priest continued down the aisle and when we got to the Rectory, I related the whole incident to him.

He asked me if Dinky and I had gone anywhere with the ship's people. I said I didn't think so, but I had the feeling that Dinky and I had been aboard the vehicle. This was an old wizened priest from Ireland. He told me that the people that we saw are not what they appear to be. The priest said what we saw were disciples of the Devil that have plagued mankind and misdirected him down through the ages. That information really scared me.

The priest also told me that such visitations go all the way back into ancient history. I said that the strange people seemed to be just like us. Then the priest said, 'No! They have ways of deceiving us, having the ability to alter their appearances and have revisited us before in the form of flaming chariots and have led mankind astray.' He asked, 'Don't you realize that normal people cannot project visions like that? They are known as the great deceivers and are even known among Amerindian (Pacific Northwest) tribes to be tricksters.'

[Editor's Note: The trickster is a mythological figure dominant in creation and recreation stories. The historical global omnipresence of this general character, who can shape shift within the chosen animal or human embodiment, has given rise to much study and debate.]

The priest asked me again if the ship's people took Dinky and me anywhere. I told him that I didn't think so, but we must have been aboard the craft as Joe sent people looking for us and we were not to be found. Yet, five hours later while Dinky and I were viewing the confines of the ship, Joe asked if the strange people had done anything to us. I replied not to my knowledge. The priest said something must have been taken.

He then made me kneel down with him and we both recited prayers. Then the priest stood over me with his hand on my head for what seemed like a long time to chant prayers in Latin over me. With his other hand, he held an incense burner, which surrounded us in its scent. After about a half-hour, I was then given my penance, which I performed. Afterward, I left for home.

After attending Mass the next morning, I drifted back down to Joe's place, joining our little crowd. It seems that Joe and Dinky had informed our bunch about seeing the flying saucers. The whole crowd gathered round Dinky and me with questions. When Dinky and I started to relate the incident, we were met with a chorus of laughter. I looked over at Dinky and he looked at me saying, 'I told you, Frankie. That's why I nudged you when the reporter started to ask questions.'

Dinky, despite his youth, was pretty wise. I later realized that silence was the better avenue to avoid ridicule and finger pointing by doubters. Soon after that weird day, Dinky moved away and I guess we both kept our secret to ourselves all these years.

I am now 68-years-old, have traveled extensively throughout the world and fought in two wars that puzzle me as to how I survived either one of them. I retired from the U. S. Army in 1976, and then found myself employed with PRC in Virginia, then with Howard Hughes company as a computer technician on flight simulator systems, and remained in industrial employment for another twenty-one years. Then I went into full retirement in 1996.

I have been an amateur radio operator since 1955, when I had obtained my FCC license. I have an electronics degree, which the military never seemed to make use of, but by burning some midnight oil upon my retirement, I was left in a viable position to compete within electronic industry circles. I now reside in Seoul, Korea, with my wife of 31 years.

You may use this data in the hope that perhaps others who might have had a similar experience will know that they are not alone, and perhaps with your reporter's experience, might somehow formulate what I and others experienced."

In the human abduction syndrome, experiencers have described bizarre theatrical events as if the non-humans were trying to communicate with the human subjects through symbols and theatrical human-based portrayals. But who is the prime intelligence in control of the theatrical events? What is the reason for theatrical drama and shape-shifting "tricksters"? The tall blond and tall red-haired beings have been described by eyewitnesses in Peru and Brazil as coming from silver discs. If truly extraterrestrial in origin, why is there not any real effort to publicly and straightforwardly present themselves as non-humans from some place else in the universe?

Or perhaps one of the complex problems in public disclosure boils down to other dimensions and time travel. If the tall blond and red-haired beings are not strictly from this particular universe, but some other dimension or time line, perhaps straightforward interfacing with Earth's surface life is not allowed for reasons having to do with changing, or not changing, particular time lines and pasts, presents and futures.

More Information:

For further reports about unidentified flying objects and entities as well as mysterious aerial lights, please see my books, *An Alien Harvest* and the 2-volume *Glimpses of Other Realities* and my documentaries *A Strange Harvest* and *Strange Harvests 1993* now available in DVD format in the **Earthfiles Shop**.

Also, see **Earthfiles Archive** for dozens of UFO and extraterrestrial biological entity case studies from 1999 to 2009. You can do a search on those subjects for list of archived reports. An example:

- 11/21/2008 — Colorado State Patrol Officer Encountered UFO and "Human" Stranger
- 10/30/2008 — More Encounters with Glowing Humanoids, Green Orbs, Strange Aerial Lights and "Thunderbirds"
- 10/10/2008 — Part 1: Two Pennsylvania Hunters Encountered Strange Lights and Lime Green, Glowing Humanoid on Oct. 4
- 08/26/2008 — Update: Earthfiles Viewer Comments About UFOs and 14th Century Black Death
- 08/22/2008 — UFOs and 14th Century Black Death
- 02/22/2008 — Updated: Three Eyewitnesses in Selden, Texas, Saw Two, Large Rectangles of "White Flames" in Sky
- 02/22/2008 — Abductee Jim Sparks Comments On Alien Symbol Technology
- 02/14/2008 — Update: Mysterious Symbols Projected in Night Sky by Aerial Disc Near Stephenville, Texas, Local Airport
- 02/08/2008 — Law Officers Describe Unidentified Shape-Shifting Aerial Craft in Stephenville, Texas, Region
- 01/28/2008 — Updated 01-28-08: Viewer Letters About Aerial Craft and Military Flyovers Above Dublin, Stephenville and Selden, Texas
- 01/24/2008 — Part 17, Final: In League With A UFO, Interview with Lou Baldin
- 01/18/2008 — Updated: Huge Aerial Craft Over Dublin, Texas, "Longer Than 3 Football Fields"

Websites:

Trickster Mythology: <http://www.humboldt.edu/~me2/engl560/karin.html>

Majestic-12 Documents: <http://www.majesticdocuments.com>

Stephenville Lights Website: <http://www.stephenvillights.com/>

Coalition for Freedom of Information: <http://www.freedomofinfo.org/>

Grant Cameron, Canada UFO Researcher: <http://www.presidentialufo.com/>

UFO Evidence: <http://www.ufoevidence.org/welcome.asp>

UFO Casebook: <http://www.ufocasebook.com/>

NUFORC: <http://www.nuforc.org/>

Credits

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