

**UFO CRASH/RETRIEVALS:
SEARCH FOR PROOF IN A
HALL OF MIRRORS**

STATUS REPORT VII

By Leonard H. Stringfield

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Before the year is out, the government -- perhaps the President -- is expected to make what are described as "unsettling disclosures" about UFOs -- unidentified flying objects. Such revelations, based on information from the CIA, would be a reversal of official policy that in the past has downgraded UFO incidents.

Geriatrician Diagnoses Ailing Alien

A well-spoken lady called me September 25, 1993, using "Beth", her made-up name. This introduction had been arranged, on my suggestion, with her friend and my contact, Kurt Thiel, a researcher in Texas. In this manner, she agreed that her disclosure about an ailing alien having been treated by medical specialists would safeguard her identity and location and, in turn, not compromise her relationship with a doctor, in his field of expertise, who treated the patient.

According to Beth, she was a secretary for a geriatrics (human aging specialist) who operated a clinic near Los Alamos, New Mexico. In 1985, she said, her "boss", a former navy officer with a top security clearance, was sent to a New Orleans Veterans Hospital to diagnose an alien patient suffering from a paralyzed larynx, Beth recalled that the disorder, a result of an injury, which prevented "verbal communication", was designated by a high authority as "urgent".

Beth's only involvement in this case was at her doctor's clinic where she typed his diagnostic recommendations from a Dictaphone tape. The addressee: another medical facility in another state. When the report was finished, she recalls putting it into an open folder with an addressed envelope for his review. She made no carbon copy, she said, however, he may have privately copied it for his confidential file. Although she does not recall the report's contents, or understandably, deemed it not wise to disclose its details, she said that there was no question that the patient was of extraterrestrial origin.

Here, again, we have an alien with at least one human characteristic -- a voice box, which leaves a long trail of questions. Of course, if it had teeth (Beth didn't know) it probably also had a digestive and alimentary system, et cetera. Also, was it a crash victim or a guest?

An Anecdotal Classic

There is something extraordinary about this Hall of Mirrors case which first surfaced to me shortly after my return from the MUFON Richmond Symposium. The source who made fabulous revelations, including being a witness of a retrieved alien craft and entities in 1947, is an active lady professor who teaches chemistry at a southern college, who agreed to the pseudonym, Edith Simpson.

Briefly, after getting all of her disclosures into some semblance of order, I find that some fit into the scheme of events occurring in 1947 as I know them, and others that suggest foul play and harassment, that are either imaginative or contrived by outside manipulators.

Potentially, the Simpson story is a breakthrough, mainly because it involved her alleged association with a person who can be rated as one of the world's greatest scientists. Professor Simpson also claims that she has various kinds of material evidence to back up her claims, including photographs of she and the scientist together and still others that show the alien craft and the entities. But, after a long wait, the evidence never came. Despite excuses, there are pluses in her testimony about her experiences and maybe there are some plausible explanations for these shortcomings.

The story began for me with a phone call from a long-trusted researcher in Florida, Sheila Franklin. She confided that she had learned some basic details from an associate, who got Simpson's story from one of her students. The rest of it she got on tape when she, accompanied by two friends, were privileged to interview her in a restaurant near her college

in another city. A copy of the confidential tape, dated July 10, was sent to me so that I could join in on the investigation.

Because of the impact of the retrieved evidence on the scientific community and the craft's high-tech military potential, scientists and others, on a need-to-know-basis, were invited by the authorities to see the craft and crew members, some still alive, at a secret location somewhere in a southwestern state.

Listening to the tape, it contained basically general information in response to Sheila's questions. Apart from Simpson's claim to have seen "nine bodies" her most stunning disclosure was that she had 48 photos showing the aliens, some close-ups. But her story became vague when she explained that she had most of them in a briefcase in her car which had been stolen. The photos were missing. She also spoke of being under surveillance and complained of many kinds of harassments, house break-ins, muggings, and many other strange happenings, all apropos to having been in the proverbial Hall of Mirrors. Sheila Franklin's in-depth observations in her role of the case appears at the close of my investigations.

According to bits and pieces of information gleaned from 15 phone calls, starting September 4, with Professor Simpson, a chronicle of her 9-day adventures, follows:

As a top science student, in competition with many nominees, she won the honor of being selected as a summertime trainee under the wing of one of the world's greatest scientists. It was during this summertime course in 1947 that she got a fortuitous invitation to join her mentor on a scientific mission at a secret location in southwestern USA.

Boarding a commercial airliner, with a stopover in Chicago, she was among the scientist's entourage landing at a small airport. When I probed for clues as to the airport location, at first she thought it was at Edwards AFB because it was a well known base in a desert area. However, when I informed her that the base in 1947 was not named Edwards she then admitted that she was unsure of the name and just assumed that it was Edwards. I then asked if she was familiar with the name, Muroc, the base's name in 1947. "Maybe" she said, "I've heard that name but I'm not sure."

In later talks, I again tried to locate her landing field, or airport. "I'm sure it wasn't Los Angeles" she said, "but I remember it was a small airport, maybe in New Mexico or even Phoenix. No one told me anything; after all, I was just a peon."

Still hoping for clues, allowing for the passing years when memory fails, I checked with Tim Cooper, a research authority on military bases, nuclear installations and rocket test sites in the late 1940s. In response, he sent me a raft of material on Muroc, which he considered as a possible storage area, but his guess for the rendezvous, was either Albuquerque, Los Alamos, or near White Sands Proving Grounds, all locations where need-to-know dignitaries had allegedly convened to see the evidence. This included viewing the crash victims reportedly flown to Ft. Worth from Roswell and onto a secret location. But, back to Muroc, he referred me to his source, a former air force operations officer, reminding me that I had quoted him answering questions in my book, *Status Report VI*, as follows:

Cooper: Did the air force recover flying discs?

Answer: Yes, Some were found in 1946 and and 1947. Some in the Mojave Desert and some in New Mexico.

Cooper: Where were these discs taken to?

Answer: Some to Muroc and others to Langley. They wanted to know what they were made of and how they worked.

Cooper: What were these things that were taken to Muroc?

Answer: They were "lifting bodies". They looked like inverted bathtubs.

Wherever Simpson's group landed, they were greeted in rainy weather by an officer of high rank. She believed he was a colonel because she could see what looked like a silver eagle on his shirt collar, hardly visible under his raincoat with an attached hood. In a military vehicle, she said, they drove 50 to 75 miles across desert to a base with scattered buildings. Unlike the others in her group, who probably stayed at the base, she was escorted to a small motel.

During her stay at this location, Professor Simpson recalls visits to a well-guarded old hangar. Inside, she got her first glimpse of the aliens on display for all to see. "Some of the specialists", she said, "were allowed closer looks, including my boss. To me, they all looked alike, *all five of them*. They were about five feet tall, without hair, with big heads and enormous dark eyes. And, yes, their skin was grey with a slight greenish tinge but for the most part, their bodies were not exposed, being dressed in tight-fitting suits. But I heard they had no navels or genitalia." After a brief pause, Simpson went on, "One of the aliens stood out above the rest. It had a bilious green fluid oozing from its nostrils. But it was strange; after exposure to the air, the ooze gradually became bluish, suggesting maybe a copper or cobalt base. I'm guessing, but it might have seeped from a gall bladder-like organ. In fact, I wondered if it was still alive, but I wasn't close enough to see any body movement or hear any comments from the medics."

In the same hangar, at its far end was the alien craft. "It was disc-shaped, sort of concaved," she said, and then added in a piteous moan, "I'm a terrible judge of size and distances, but I'd say its size took up about one fourth of the hangar floor."

Sounding a little disappointed, Professor Simpson said she could not see much of the craft's features as she was not allowed to get up close for a good look and, besides, there were too many technicians and military people standing around it. But she did observe that one side of the craft was severely damaged. Notably, she was told that some of the privileged onlookers were pilots. But, there, before Professor Simpson's eyes, was the proof of an alien mission and it's failure. "My reaction" she said, "was wonderment, half curiosity and, maybe half fear."

After pinning down the time-frame of her trip with the eminent scientist to the early part of July in 1947 (which wasn't easy) I asked the key question: Was the saucer you saw the one that crashed near Roswell? Her non-committal response: "No one said that it was from the Roswell crash, but I did hear that name pop up during my trip. Now, remember, I told you, they didn't tell me anything of importance, no secrets, no details. My boss who had the right clearance made a report, which I didn't see. I was just told to keep my mouth shut."

One day during her stay over at the base, something unexplained happened, causing a change in her schedule. She and her team were boarded into a troop carrier, "with a canvas top" and driven about 50 miles across desert terrain, escorted by jeeps, to an isolated building with a number of vehicles parked outside. In the distance she could see many one-floor buildings and a bustle of activity.

Once ushered into the lone building, with guards at the door, her group was greeted by an officer and directed to an area where medical and uniformed people were concentrated around a gurney on which was a patient struggling in pain. At times, it was prone and then it sat up trying to free itself, making strange groans but it never spoke. Although she was kept at a distance she said she could readily recognize that it, too, was a grey alien biped, looking more human than the other five she had seen. At one instant, according to Professor Simpson, its whole torso incredibly expanded, looking grotesque, giving the attendants a hard time keeping it restrained. "It must have been a fresh case," she said, "But I was told nothing and before long all of us were dismissed from the premises." She learned later that the injured alien survived.

For the sake of posterity, or for my own edification, I asked Professor Simpson, based on her observation, for the reaction and/or any comments by her esteemed scientist who had more access to privileged information. Without hesitation, she said, "He was not disturbed at all by seeing the actual evidence. I didn't record in my notes his initial comments but he said something to the effect that he was not surprised that they came to Earth and that it gave him hope that we could learn more about the universe. Contact, he said, should be a benefit for both of our worlds."

Later, I tried again to get more about his reaction, hoping to learn what might have interested him the most. Her response: propulsion and more about the universe.

"On the sensitive subject of secrecy, Simpson commented: "We were reminded daily of our pledges of course, but I signed no papers. However, I was surprised to see photographers who were free to take photos, even movies of everything in view. Thanks to a trusting member of our group, I managed to get a set of photos. I kept these hidden for years until I made a mistake and showed one to a student and the word got out."

Photos of real aliens? Photos are not proof of anything. Most, in UFOlogy, are fakes. But the thought that having a number of shots showing bodies in various positions and close-ups of a face, a hand or even atrophied genitals, as I told Simpson, would be a "godsend". At least, it would substantiate her claims -- and would, undoubtedly, open the eyes of medical specialists.

The original plan was for Simpson to show Sheila Franklin the photos, and other pertinent evidence such as dated letters, postmarked envelopes, school mementos, or any other materials, to lend credence to her case which I, in trust, would accept. Nothing materialized. Finally, on October 27, I called Simpson, explaining that I had reached a deadline. I needed the promised evidence if her story were to be published credibly in my new Status Report. In the interim, I said a FAX or a photocopy from the original would do. Then, according to plan, I advised that she should call Sheila to visit her to see its original. To my surprise, she said that she had already starting searching her office files where she knew she had hidden a photo in a folder with other notes about her secret trip. "So far no luck" she said, "but I'm sure I'll find it". Then came the shocker, "I've already decided to send the photo to you with my permission to publish it in your report."

As she suggested, I called her the following day. She had finished her search, she said, then added glumly, "I found the right folder but the photo and some of the notes were missing." Needless to say, I was disappointed.

Did she or did she not, at any time, have photos? If so, were those kept hidden in her home taken during a house break-in which happened several times. Was the photo in her office also rifled? And, what of the other photos, of a total of 48 she mentioned on tape? If her collection

of photos were as revealing as she claimed, then it can be assumed that she would have been a victim of surveillance, search and seizure.

According to Simpson's mathematics, the live alien on the gurney, plus the five supposedly deceased in the hangar with the craft, total six. What of the other three of the nine she claimed were in custody on her tape interview? When I questioned the discrepancy, she was quick to point out that the others were in reference to aliens she heard about taken from crashed UFOs in Russia.

How does Simpson's adjusted figures relate to Roswell? Frankly, we can only guess. According to her vague testimony about Roswell we cannot conclude that any of the bodies were retrieved from that sector. To further complicate the issue of a body count, there were three other crashes in New Mexico during the same time-frame in 1947. Tim Cooper in his research named three locations.

Researchers, Don Schmitt and Kevin Randle, authors of *UFO Crash at Roswell*, in their in-depth investigations into Roswell, suggested initially that four bodies were retrieved. However, despite the early version Simpson remained adamant about her observation of five bodies which she believed came from one crash site. For an update, I called Mark Rodeghier, Scientific Director, of CUFOS at his office November 6 for his latest assessment of the Roswell retrieval figure. He said that two new independent sources that had surfaced in 1993 claimed they had witnessed *five bodies* and that there were a few other claimants who had earlier used the same number. While it is beyond the scope of this paper to analyze the Roswell retrieval operation, this one correlative detail not only gives credence to the two new informants but also to Simpson and the probability that her "five" were from Roswell.

Addendum

I called Professor Simpson November 11, making an urgent appeal for the photos she claimed she had hidden somewhere in her home or any other evidence that we had discussed in the past two months. Her response brought me to the edge of my seat: "I sent two photos to you about four days ago", she said, "I thought you were calling me to say you received them. One was a good close-up. I packed them carefully with cardboard between each photo."

Later that day, I had a gut feeling that something was amiss. I remember I had instructed her if she found the mislaid photos that she should first make a photocopy to send to me by mail. Then, I suggested she call Sheila, as had been rearranged to show her the originals and let her deliver them to me the safest way. As an alternative, I suggested that once I received the photocopy, or even a FAX, she could send the originals to me by registered mail or Federal Express.

The photos never arrived.

Following is a profile of Professor Simpson by researcher Sheila Franklin based on her keen observation of her behaviorisms and revelations during a personal interview, July 10, 1993:

The Professor and the Professor

Edith Simpson is one of those special teachers that we remember. She knows how to stimulate an often difficult subject matter and make it palatable and digestible. That is why I heard about her. Simpson is a professor at a southern college in the department of Earth Sciences. My friend Wanda's son is one of her students, probably one of her more favored students, since Wanda also has a social relationship with Simpson. When Wanda heard about my interest in UFO research, she suggested that I meet Edith Simpson. She said that Simpson, in an attempt to keep students' minds open to the infinite possibilities in the

cosmos, told an incredible account of her personal experience with the unknown. Simpson said that in 1947, she had seen with her own eyes, the bodies of non-human occupants of a spacecraft and the remnants of the craft in which they had crashed. Of course, I asked Wanda to set up a meeting with Edith and to do that as soon as possible. It took over 3 months until we met.

We met at a restaurant that Professor Simpson favored. It was across the street from her home. She had been going there for many years and knew everyone. Simpson brought along her long-time friend, Marge. My friends Susan, Wanda and I completed the dining group. Professor Simpson is a tall, sturdy woman, 64 years old. She has a commanding, pedagogical presence. She is definitely not a wimp. She uses language very precisely. Accustomed to the paranoia of UFOlogy and witnesses' fears of being seen or heard in public, I was amazed at Simpson's lack of paranoia. I had my tape recorder and microphone out and asked if there was a more private space to hold our conversation but she insisted that it was perfectly fine to interview her right in the center of the dining room, while we were being served. She made no attempt to lower her voice or mince her words. It was her ballgame and ballpark. Waiters and other diners must have overheard our conversations. Apparently, Simpson did not seem to care and she had quite a bit to say.

Edith Simpson was a very bright student, probably brilliant. Her interest was in the sciences. In the summer of 1947, she was one of the university students chosen to study advanced physics with a world famous scientist at an eastern university. It was a dream come true for her. The time spent with him that summer was more of an experience than she had expected. The Professor, as she called him, was very warm and friendly to all he met. He especially took a liking to her.

While she was with The Professor that summer, he was summoned by the U.S. Government to come to an emergency meeting, a gathering of the elite in many areas of sciences and military, to a place in the southwestern or western United States. Edith Simpson, 18 year old student, was asked by The Professor to go with him to his special meeting. Since all of the students that were studying with him that summer needed a security clearance, she already had one and was allowed to attend the meeting with him, as part of his entourage. She had no idea, at the beginning of the trip, what would ensue.

The details of her experience of the meeting are examined in the foregoing section of Stringfield's monograph but how Professor Simpson related the details to me, I believe, is more than interesting. She did not expect such an intense inquisition on my part. At first, her responses were somewhat limited, at times cryptic. Often, she would return to a past vague statement and embellish the details, as if some kind of veil was being lifted away. Sometimes she would say, "I haven't really thought about this in a long time," or "I don't understand why I don't remember this now, I should know this!" The more I prodded her and returned to past questions, the more she seemed to have definitive responses. Her eyes reflected brightly with every newly remembered data bite. I wondered whether she was really remembering or just giving me what I wanted to hear. Probably, the answer to my own internal query came in further questioning.

I asked Simpson if after she returned to academic life she ever had any follow-up phone calls or contacts with any government agencies. At first, she replied that she didn't think that she had although soon after she returned she had a feeling that someone was listening in on her phone calls, but it was just a vague feeling and nothing came of it. Then, Simpson recalled an experience she said she had forgotten but upon my questioning just remembered. She said that she was called out of her college class by the Dean. He introduced her to a woman that he called a "psychologist." He said that the "psychologist" wanted to ask her some questions and that she should go with her. Edith followed her to a cleared out utility closet. There were

just 2 chairs in it. They sat down and the "psychologist" proceeded to ask her one question, "As a child, did you walk or talk first?" The next thing Edith could remember was that she looked at her watch and it was an hour and a half later! She couldn't recall anything that had transpired in that hour and a half, Professor Edith Simpson said, "It was just as if she had hypnotized me, although I had nothing to hide but I just didn't know what the probe went to."

I thought that off-handed statement about the "psychologist" could be important. It might prove the beginning of a mind control scenario, one way or other. I asked whether she had ever had any buzzing or ringing in her ears currently or in the near past had any strange phone calls at regular intervals. Simpson looked across the table at her friend Marge and they shared a knowing glance. "Oh, yes, I often have had phone calls where no one was responding." At first, Simpson said that she thought that they were just "wackoos" who were interested possibly in breaking into her home. But then she continued, "I thought for several years that maybe the government wanted to know whether I was telling anybody about what happened and they'd listen in and I sensed that. But that was just my own perception and has no basis in fact, whatsoever."

Professor Simpson has a penchant for ambivalence on the matter of government concern about what she knows. At first, she denies that there is any interest in her and then she indicates the polar opposite of that position. On one hand, she feels she is nobody important and in the next statement she states an experience of feeling surveilled. She stated another incident while she was working at her current college where a "...couple of Federal men came by one day and asked a lot of general questions about me to different people. I wondered what they were asking those kind of questions for?"

Professor Simpson revealed that she has been having continual problems with the IRS since 1975 that have not been resolved yet, even though she has affidavits from many witnesses regarding the existing problems. Then there is the unending scenario of disputes she has with her local municipal government-related to her home property. She is currently in court over these. In the last few years, her home phone service has been regularly interrupted. For the last 3 months, there has been a constant busy signal on her line. She has not been able to use her phone. The phone company says it is a problem within the home lines and Simpson maintains that it is the Bell System's. No matter, she is incommunicado, phone-wise, and is only reachable at her school's office.

Most bizarre is Professor Simpson's being the one woman victim of a major crime wave. In the last 7 years, she states that she has been subjected to 6 home invasion burglaries, 15 muggings, (we were shown scars to corroborate this fact) and numerous car thefts and break-ins. Professor Simpson's friend Marge shook her head in agreement to all of this terror. I asked Marge, who is older and more fragile looking than Simpson, if she has encountered the same problems. She replied that she just had one mugging only! Showing my incredulous reaction at the large number of criminal events in Edith Simpson's last few years, I said, "Don't you think that is an outrageous amount of crime directed at you?" Professor Simpson shrugged off her response with, "This neighborhood isn't what it used to be." My friends and I looked at each other and knew that there must be more to this than just a neighborhood in transition.

There certainly was. Perhaps the reason for all of this crime was the fact that Professor Simpson said she had in her possession 48 35mm photos of what she saw with The Professor in 1947. She said that the "scientific group" that was there had access to them. The spaceship and the dead aliens, in both full figures and parts of bodies, appear in them. I asked her if I could see the photos and Professor Simpson replied that most of them are no longer in her possession. She said that her car was stolen from a large shopping mall and that the briefcase in which she carried most of the photos was in the stolen car. Simpson said

that the car and the photos have been found and retrieved but that the police refuse to release them. She says that the police told her that they had the photos even though she did not list the contents of her briefcase on the police report. She was afraid to say what the photos were, due to her position at the college and in the community. Although when the police told her that her car had been found, they also mentioned they found the photos and made sarcastic remarks about the subject matter. She said that she was afraid to make an issue about the photos, since she was having so many problems with the local municipal government but would take up the issue of their return, once her problems have been resolved.

The level of high strangeness in the every day life of Professor Edith Simpson seems to be more than the average person can tolerate or endure. There was a period of missing time in Simpson's life that occurred about 5 years ago. One Friday night, she went to sleep and was awakened the following Monday morning by her friend Marge and Marge's husband, Allan. The couple had tried to phone Simpson the entire weekend but with no response. They feared that she was dead, since her car was in the driveway and she was expected to be at home. Allan had to break a window and enter her home that way. They found her asleep in her bed. Professor Simpson said that she could not remember anything about that weekend, including getting up to go to the bathroom. She said it was a total blank in her mind. She supposed that she might have had the "flu or something."

In my attempt to corroborate Professor Simpson's statements, I had a number of dead ends. She was vague on specific dates and having a very common first and last name, the computer lists of incidents of crime are difficult to penetrate. I know for sure that she is, indeed, a professor of long time standing at the college. She is also well-known and has resided in the same community for 50 years. She showed no anxiety about discussing the issues of 1947 and The Professor she adored. If she did experience the viewing of the aliens and the craft with The Professor, it is very possible that she might be under mind control and surveillance by governmental agencies and has been since the viewing first occurred. This would explain the session with the "psychologist", the "lost weekend" and the vagueness about dates things occurred. It also may relate to the municipal, IRS and telephone problems. But if she truly was under mind control and pressure why would she even mention her experience let alone say that she has photographic evidence to substantiate this?

If Professor Edith Simpson is not telling the truth, what would be her motivation? She has a lot more to lose than to gain. She is an esteemed member of the community and has a job where being a weirdo is not well tolerated. She carries herself with dignity and is very articulate. If she is nothing but a nut, she could easily fool a lot of people into believing that she is telling the truth. But then there is also the chance that the "powers that be" want us to THINK that she isn't playing with a full deck and WANT us to feel that she lacks credulity! Simpson knows some details about a 1947 crash case that has not been published, although, there are still many missing pieces in the puzzle that she created for us.

There was one last effort to procure the photo. After I had expressed my dismay that I had not received the two photos she claimed she sent by First Class mail, I told her, November 18, that I would ask Sheila to call her to make an appointment to visit her college or her home to obtain the duplicate copy. Sheila called and Professor Simpson, busy, agreed to call back Monday, November 22. She did not call. On November 23, Sheila called again offering to visit her at her earliest convenience --- her response was a story of woe.

Following is Sheila's brief account describing our failure to produce what could have been a pictorial breakthrough. But, the Simpson scenario may have had other arcane ties. Sheila explains in this, her final report, December 9, of a sudden shift from Simpson to her own sinister happenings, which follows:

Words on a Window Frame: A Whimsy or a Warning?

On November 23, 1993, I had my last phone conversation with Professor Simpson. It was not satisfactory to me. She had a litany of problems that led to excuses as to why she could not provide "copies" of the photos we requested. The problems she enumerated were so many and so burdensome that it seemed more than one sixtyish woman alone could bear. At the end of our lengthy conversations, she did what she always had done, she promised our satisfaction but sometime way down the line. After all of the months of dealing with her, I did not expect anything more of her.

Little did I anticipate that I had a surprise on the way. On November 24, 1993, after I had completed an early morning tennis match, I went to answer the phone in my den. As I was seated at my desk, I turned to the windows that faced directly out at the ocean. The windows are modern awning-type that have metal frames. They encompass 3 windows together each with 4 panes that open in an awning-type fashion. In the center window on the center metal frame, I thought I saw some kind of writing. I went to the window and couldn't believe my eyes. There deeply etched into the metal were the words -- COME HOME MY LOVE -- and what looks like the initials O.H. I was shocked. I tried to rub the words out but they wouldn't erase; they were engraved into the metal. I look out of the window every day that I am home. It is my favorite window to stand in front of, since it has the best view. I have lived in the apartment for 13 years and never saw this writing before and it would be hard to miss! I check out the weather there everyday, especially the days that I am playing tennis. Why and who would do this? How and when did they get into my home?

My first thought was to check with the cleaning person, Yvonne, who worked for my condo and also cleaned my apartment and windows every 2 weeks. She has been doing that for 8 years and is absolutely trustworthy. I wanted to know if she had ever seen this before. She had just washed the windows 5 days prior. She said that she had never seen the writing before. I then beeped my friend, Don, who had remodeled my apartment 9 months prior and knew every inch of the place. I had him inspect the engraving and he, too, said that he had never seen that before and would have noticed!

The fact that there was no evidence of a breaking or entering really bothered me. There also was nothing missing or out of place. That meant to me that the intention was not criminal even though the act was! How did the person or persons get into my apartment? The only people who had keys besides myself are my mother and Yvonne. I live in a building that has 24 hour security guards at the main entrance but for the days from November 22-24, the service entrance was fully open and unlocked, due to the laying of hallway carpeting in the building. It would be quite easy for someone(s) to slip into the building and ride the elevator to my 10th floor apartment completely unnoticed.

What I found most ominous was the message engraved into the window frame, --- COME HOME MY LOVE. It certainly sounded chummy, kind of like a unrequited lover or a languishing one. To my knowledge, there is no one in my life that fits that stereotype. Romance has not been my focus, since I got involved in UFOlogy.

The logical progression then is to assume that this is linked to the case of Professor Simpson. I am sure that the verbiage used in the message was meant to be construed by the *non-cognoscenti* as innocuous, nebulous and shoulder shrugging. If it was threatening, it would be more damning to the agent(s) involved and lend credence to the illegal entering of my home. I decided to make a police report on this, even though I knew that it would be considered a non-event to them, as there was no real evidence of a crime, other than my say-so. The police officer took the information and it was stated on the police report as a "Miscellaneous Incident." The officer said that in over 22 years of his time on the force, in the area, it was the first time he had ever been to my building for any kind of an incident. I agreed with him that

in the 13 years that I lived in the building, there had never been a burglary by an unknown individual.

An important postscript to this relates to possible phone surveillance on others who are connected to me. After this event, I decided to phone my good friend, confidante and private investigator, Andy. When I told Andy what had transpired, he thought it quite bizarre, even for agents. He also mentioned that he had been having anomalous drops on his phone lines. He would lose phone calls in mid-conversation. His contact within the phone company could not understand where this draw on the line was coming from, even though it appeared that the phone computer room tap was off his line. Now, 2 weeks have past. Andy states that he and his wife have tried to phone me from their home and cannot get my phone. He said that a recorded phone message comes on saying that my phone does not accept incoming messages, or there is a continual busy signal, despite the fact that I have call-waiting. No other people have indicated the same problem with my phone.

Concurrently with Andy's phone problems, my friend, Don, who I had beeped initially about the engraving, also had immediate problems with his phone. He could not get any calls out and only one call in, on his phone. He was very upset since it included Thanksgiving Day, when he wanted to phone his family. When he checked with the phone company, no reason for the problem was given. The service interruption disappeared after 2 days.

My conclusion to this event of very high strangeness is that there is no doubt someone(s) unknown illegally entered my home and defaced my property with the intent to intimidate me. The synchronicity time-wise, it appears, relates to the completed case of Professor Simpson. Why "they" waited for completion is questionable. Perhaps, it is meant to be a permanent reminder of the eternal vigilance of the agents.

The Media and The Censors

My source for this story is Robert Oliveri, an electronic technician, reaching him at his lab, August 1993. Robert is a cousin of Joe from whom he learned of the New York newspaper's headline story of a UFO crash in 1952 and of the events that followed at his parents' apartment in the Bronx. According to Robert, Joe's father overheard a brisk discussion between two government agents and his neighbor, an occupant below him, on the third floor. The gist of their inquiry was to ascertain whether a copy of the newspaper was purchased at the nearby newsstand. Robert is not sure whether or not the neighbor surrendered his paper, but his uncle reasoned that he would be next to face the inquisition. Acting on an impulse, he hid the newspaper under the kitchen linoleum.

Commented Robert, "In those days before air-conditioning, occupants in hot weather depended on screen doors, rarely closing doors to allow for ventilation. Everybody knew everybody else's business."

When the inquisitors came, Joe's dad explained that he had not yet bought the evening paper and out of curiosity asked simply: why all the concern? The frank response: A flying saucer story got into the paper which was not true and that the government feared that it would upset the public."

Like a dreaded curse, the newspaper was left to rest in its tomb under the linoleum until the early 1960s. Knowing of his son's blossoming interest in UFOs, he finally opted to uncover and show him the newspaper, now yellow with age, and admit his feeling of guilt when he misinformed the agents.