



J.A.A.R. is an independent bi-monthly update that will deal with the various cases surrounding Abnormal Abductions & other related phenomenon. We are dedicated to investigating and understanding reported encounters. The Journal will feature writings from researchers both here and abroad. Case Studies, Landmark Cases, and Research Papers will also be in the Journal. Abduction Support Groups will be highlighted in the Journal, along with their contact information.

Butch Witkowski, UFO Research Center of Pennsylvania Director and Founder and Elaine Douglass, UFORCOP Utah Director had discussed many times the need for an outlet where both researchers and abductees can share information, and after many conversations and thoughts the Journal of Abnormal Abduction Research was born. It will be a bi-monthly publication posted on www.uforcop.com

**J.A.A.R is dedicated to the memory of
ELAINE DOUGLASS**

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Strange Reports of the Past from Albert Rosales

Location. Bass Strait, Victoria, Australia

Date: 1920

Time: various

“The Navy submarine depot ship, the Platypus, was involved in the search for a missing schooner, the Amelia J., in Bass Strait. Mystery lights, thought at the time to be “evidently rockets,” were observed. Two aircraft left the flying training school and aircraft depot at Point Cook to join in the investigation. One was piloted by a Major Anderson and the other by Captain W. J. Stutt – an instructor for the NSW Government Aviation School at Richmond...Stutt and his mechanic, Sgt. Dalzell, were last seen by Major Anderson flying into a large cloud. Their plane and the schooner were never found.”

Location. Northern Iraqi desert (Mesopotamia)

Date: July 24 1924

Time: unknown

Both temperatures and tempers were blazing in the summer of 1924, in the Middle Eastern desert. In the area then known as Mesopotamia, the Arabs were fighting and the British were trying to keep a hand on the situation. On July 24, Flight Lieutenant W.T. Day and Pilot Officer D.R. Stewart took off in their single engine plane for a routine, four hour long reconnaissance flight over the area. When the fliers failed to return, a search party was sent out after them. The next day their plane was found---in perfect condition. The craft had not been shot down. Moreover, gasoline was in the tank and the engine turned over as soon as it was started. But where were Day and Stewart? And why did they land in an area of barren desert. Looking for clues the search party noted boot marks where the officers had jumped out of the plane. Their footprints showed that the men had left the plane and walked along, side by side for about 120 feet. Then, while still standing next to each other, the men simply stopped---and vanished. A half dozen of desert tribesmen, soldiers in armored trucks and search planes never turned up a trace of the pilots, who seemed to have walked off the surface of the earth.

Kate Part 6

Ann Castle is a UFO and abduction investigator and researcher. She has been investigating the UFO phenomenon for over 25 years. This is a transcript from a series of interviews from an abductee, “Kate,” who wishes to remain anonymous. Kate is a single, white female in her 40s, who works in the financial industry. She is a lifelong abductee who has worked with

Budd Hopkins and Derrel Sims. Kate has had several missing fetuses, severe endometriosis, and paranormal experiences associated with her abductions. (Copyright 2015: all rights reserved.) This is Part 6 of Kate's experiences:

Kate: Ann, in our previous edition we talked about some Men in Black (MIB) experiences that I had: I think readers would like to hear about some you've had.

Ann: I've had several weird experiences as I've investigated UFOs or abductions, but I'm not sure they all qualify as MIB. In fact, one experience involved black helicopters and not men at all. Even the MIB experience I did have was weird even for MIB – and he seemed to be a very nice fellow, which is not at all like an MIB experience. I think he was an alien.

Kate: So you met an alien?

Ann: I believe so. About ten years ago, I was visiting with an old friend -- I'll call Ellen -- in Florida. It was a beautiful, January day with a very clear sky, and pleasantly warm – about 75 degrees Fahrenheit (24 degrees Celsius). We planned to go to a seafood restaurant on the Atlantic Ocean near Daytona Beach for a Sunday lunch at around one-thirty in the afternoon. I drove us to a large, well-known restaurant that sat between the beach highway and the ocean. It had a large beachfront parking lot with beach houses surrounding the property. When we arrived we found the parking lot was empty and the restaurant was closed for renovations. We sat in the car for a few minutes deciding what to do and admiring the beach. We decided to get out and walk on the beach. No one else was in sight, which did not strike me as strange at the time, but it did in retrospect. Florida's beaches are busy year round, and it was a lovely Sunday, with a good wind, blowing at about 15 MPH (24 KPH). It was a great day for larger sailboats and the water was a bit rough. There should have been surfers in the water and people on the beach, but there wasn't anyone in sight. I've been back to that area several times since, and even when the restaurant is closed the parking lot is full and the beach is busy year round. We stepped onto a wooden boardwalk that led from the parking lot to the beach. The boardwalk served as a little bridge over the dunes and beach grass, and it curved up a few feet, giving us a little elevation to get a better view of the water. We actually never made to the beach, but only stood on the boardwalk a few feet from the parking lot.

Kate: Because you met the alien?

Ann: Yes, but a weird string of events happened before that, and all of these events occurred in about a six-to-eight minute span of time. I was admiring the view and postcard-perfect day: Florida skies usually have some clouds even on sunny days, and when I looked up at the sky, there was one very tiny, oval-shaped cloud nearly directly over us. I remarked to Ellen that it was strange that cloud was the only one around. Ellen was looking at the ocean and spotted a large pod of dolphins swimming north. Ellen and I both love dolphins so we were excited. It was a large pod – maybe fifty or more dolphins, swimming very fast and heading straight north. I scanned the water to see how large this pod was and I looked to the south where they had come from. I noticed a lone jogger, all in black, jogging toward us. He was at least a mile (1.6 KM) or more down the beach. I watched him for a second because he had a strange gait; it was very choppy – but after a moment I returned to watching the dolphins that soon passed us. I was suddenly feeling uneasy.

Kate: Were you afraid?

Ann: I was feeling very cautious. Something about the tiny cloud, the dolphins and the jogger didn't feel right. I started looking for other people on the beach or in the parking lot, and there was no one. It was a windy day and when I looked back at the tiny cloud it had not moved – it should have blown west behind us as the wind was coming from the east off the ocean, but it hadn't moved at all. I was puzzled and I stared at the cloud, trying to see some movement. As I watched the cloud I suddenly noticed a tiny plane also moving north. I mean I very suddenly noticed it, as if it hadn't been there before. It surprised me. It was all silver and very small, maybe a two-seater. The sun, which was slightly behind us, was glinting off the fuselage. I could see wings on it but no prop, insignia, nor lights. As a UFO investigator, I knew the plane should have had lights, and since it was flying north, it should have had a visible red light on its left wing, which was the side facing me. Assuming it was a small two-seater, it seemed to be 2500-3000 feet (762 – 900 meters) in altitude. Ellen noticed me watching the plane and she started watching it too. We both watched it fly directly into the tiny cloud. It should have exited the cloud in about three seconds, but it didn't. After a couple more seconds we both look at each other in shock – the plane never came out of the cloud! As Ellen and I were exclaiming about that, the jogger was now quite close to us. He was so bizarre looking I stopped watching the cloud.

Kate: Did he look like a gray?

Ann: No, he looked mostly human, but he had jogged over a mile in approximately two minutes – he should have been in the Olympics. He was

still about 500 feet from us but he was moving really fast, as fast as a person on bicycle might go, maybe 15 MPH (24 KPH). Stranger still was that he could not run with a normal, smooth gait. He jogged like Frankenstein would jog, with very stiff ankles, tilting his body side to side. His elbows and ankles were flying out to his sides, so his arms and lower legs were flopping about, like an exaggeration of how some toddlers run when they are excited. At that moment a part of me knew he was not human. We were two women alone on the beach with Frankenstein and I was truly alarmed.

Kate: What did you do?

Ann: I grabbed my keys with my right hand so two keys were poking out from between my fingers as I made a fist, and I placed my hand behind me. I looked around for people, but still there was nobody. Ellen had noticed him and we both moved quickly off the boardwalk back to the parking lot. In a second, Frankenstein jogged up the boardwalk toward us and I got a good look at his clothing. He was dressed all in black, but it was like a black wetsuit, a rubberized, one-piece affair that covered him from neck, to wrists to ankles. He wore thick black gloves that looked like metal mesh work gloves. He wore long, thick, black, knitted dancer's leg warmers, like dancers wore in the 1980s on his calves *over* the wetsuit. His boots caught my attention because they looked so space-agey. I saw why he jogged like Frankenstein – his boots were very stiff, shiny plastic with two-inch soles and two thick straps over his instep. The boots did not allow for any bending of the foot or ankle. They could have been part of the wetsuit. I have never seen anything like those boots before or since. Plus, he was not flushed, nor perspiring and he had just jogged several miles in a rubber suit. I looked at this face and he had no beard follicles on his skin -- I mean he had *never* had facial hair. His skin was lovely and smoother than mine and very white. Before I'd highly suspected he was an alien – but after looking at this skin I *knew* he was, because the texture and color of his skin were *wrong*. In addition, the irises in his eyes were black – not dark brown, but black, and a bit larger than they should have been. I could not differentiate between his pupils and irises as they were the same black color, but he still had white sclera like a human. However, he had really good energy, like a wise, kind person, but I still gripped my keys because the whole situation was too bizarre. He was quite attractive though, and reminded me of a younger version of Omar Sharif at 35 to 40-years old.

Kate: Who?

Ann: Omar Sharif is an Egyptian actor who starred in *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Dr. Zhivago* back in the 1960s. The jogger resembled him in the face and had a similar hairstyle. By now Frankenstein was about 4-feet from me

and I was backing away from him. He ignored the fact that I was backing away, but I knew *he knew* I had keys clutched in my fist behind me. He stopped jogging for a moment and said to Ellen, “Weren’t those dolphins great?” His accent sounded slightly East European to me. Ellen mumbled yes, and then he said, “So was that plane!” He jogged past us toward the beach highway. I looked back at the cloud for a second and it was gone. I don’t mean the cloud dissolved, because there were no remnants of it – it was simply gone. Then I whipped around toward the road and called out to him, “How could you have seen the dolphins?” But he was gone. He should have been visible somewhere in the parking lot, as there was nothing to hide behind and the distance between us and the road was about 250 feet (76 meters).

Kate: You’ve had a decade to think about this incident. Who do you think he was?

Ann: I believe he was some kind of alien. Sgt. Clifford Stone (the former, Army telepathic interfacier with aliens) said that the CIA acknowledges that we have interacted with at least 57 different kinds of aliens. Many witnesses in UFO literature have said that there are many kinds of aliens that can pass for humans and who are interacting in our societies. I have debated whether he qualifies as a MIB, since he was not wearing a dress suit, and he did not threaten us. He had really nice vibes, like a kind, morally superior person.

Kate: What did you do after he disappeared?

Ann: Ellen and I were shaken up as the events were just so bizarre. We got back in my car and drove far from the beach as we discussed everything. We decided the plane was a little UFO disguised as a plane and that the cloud was a bigger UFO disguised as a cloud. We agreed we had never seen anyone jogging that fast, especially wearing boots that did not bend.

Kate: Were you missing any time?

Ann: No. I checked the time immediately after we got back in the car, and we had been gone from the car for about ten minutes. I even noted the relative position of the sun to make sure the time on the car’s clock had not somehow been tampered with. That made me wonder why the event happened at all. What was the point of it? After much thought and consulting with Derrel Sims (AKA The Alien Hunter), I concluded the series of events were an alien experiment to gauge our reactions, but it was a pretty elaborate experiment. Why were there no other humans around? How were they made to stay away? Were Ellen and I specifically targeted for the event? Did this have anything to do with my UFO research, or would any humans have qualified for this experiment? Did the aliens cause the dolphins to swim by? Were the dolphins related to, or relevant to the aliens? Or did

the aliens use mind control on the dolphin pod to make them swim by us merely to get our attention? Did Frankenstein beam down onto the beach from the cloud-UFO or the plane-UFO? Did he beam back up from the parking lot? Why did he first appear so far south on the beach and not closer? He could have approached us from the road behind us and it would not have seemed as strange, because our backs were to the road as we watched the dolphins. Instead, we watched him jog up the beach like a spastic Frankenstein – and so fast we knew he could not be human. Why were we allowed to watch him come closer to us? Were the aliens trying to see if we would be afraid of him and run away, or attack him? Why didn't Frankenstein do a better job of passing for a human, instead of dressing so strangely and moving so fast? I could have dismissed his strange skin and beardless face as a hormonal abnormality had he not been dressed in such a bizarre fashion and moving so abnormally. If this were a cultural experiment, the aliens had impressive technology but really poor intelligence information; they didn't bother to research what Florida beach joggers wear – or maybe they wanted to see if we would confront someone who dressed outside the norm. Now here is a really weird thought: I felt the dolphins were somehow connected to him or this experiment. What if the dolphins had given the aliens the intel on what humans wore, and dolphins see humans wearing wetsuits, so that is what Frankenstein wore? When he spoke to us, why didn't he say something important instead of lame chitchat? He wanted us to acknowledge the small plane – why? He never mentioned my UFO investigations or threatened me in any way. I've lost a lot of sleep going down this particular rabbit hole and all I have to show for it are a few assumptions and lots of questions. All these bizarre things remind me of your Niagara Falls experience, and make me think my experience was another kind of MIB experience, only far more pleasant than yours was.

Kate: You said in the last edition that there are two kinds of MIB; human and alien. Which do you think came first?

Ann: Many people know that MIB act and dress strangely, like my Frankenstein and your Niagara Falls MIB. What many people do not know is that MIB reports go back centuries, so I do not think secret government groups were involved in those. Celtic myths tell of strange men dressed all in black who warned people not to talk about their fairy encounters. There are reports all across Europe of tall, sinister beings in black, spraying mist from a scythe-like device on the outskirts of towns just before the Black Plague would overtake the town. Were these aliens who were killing off large numbers of humans to decimate Earth's population? Think about it:

roughly a third of Europe's population was killed by the plague – this drastically cut down on our population. Those black beings were the basis for how our current image of the Angel of Death began. Ancient Chinese myths tell of MIB working for an underground civilization who would threaten Chinese leaders. In 1864 in Texas, a UFO dropped some artifacts in a town, which were put on display in a store window: the next day a visiting salesman took them away. People who reported the mysterious airships between 1895-1897, were sometimes harassed by MIB. Often MIB are not obvious and may not always wear black, but their goal is usually to threaten and silence witnesses about UFOs, aliens, and paranormal phenomena. This is why I'm not sure my Frankenstein experience qualifies as an MIB experience, because we were not threatened. The modern era of MIB dates back to June of 1947, with the UFO encounter in Maury Island, Washington State.

Kate: What happened then?

Ann: Three lumberjacks witnessed a UFO that dropped molten metal on the ground, damaging their boat and killing a pet dog. They collected samples of the metal and told no one about their encounter, thinking the UFO was a secret American aircraft. The next morning, one of them was threatened by an MIB who knew all about the UFO encounter. It is interesting that this was a few days *before* Kenneth Arnold had his UFO sighting near Mt. Rainer, Washington State, which resulted in a journalist coining the term *flying saucer*. This was several weeks before the Roswell crash. MIB were present in the modern era before UFOs were in popular culture.

Kate: So assuming the alien kind of MIB have been here as long as the aliens have, when did the human kind of MIB begin?

Ann: From what I've read, I believe that also began in 1947 and was probably started by the Federal Security Agency. Now at the time, The FSA included the Social Security Administration, Food and Safety, and other government agencies that split into other agencies in 1949. A part of the FSA became the National Security Agency, or NSA, that now oversees the Central Intelligence Agency, The Defense Intelligence Agency, Homeland Security, Department of State, Department of Treasury, and probably a few agencies we don't know about. Many of these agencies operate as private companies so they don't have to answer to Congress.

Kate: But they are still funded by black operations.

Ann: Yes. They get to take whatever money they want off the top of the budget and then the rest goes to Congress for our national budget. One such organization is OSIR, Office of Scientific Investigation and Research. They also began in 1947 and I believe they were under the FSA, but later they

became a private company to retain their autonomy. I think they employ the human MIB, who don't just investigate UFO encounters and abductions, but other weird stuff, such as crypto-zoology; anything paranormal; telepathy and psychic phenomena; as well as rare geological events. In the 1990s they even had a public relations office, which featured OSIR on national news and in some magazines. This is when I was first exposed to OSIR and began to connect them with MIB. Human MIB intimidate people who have a wide variety of experiences, not just UFO or abduction experiences.

Kate: I've heard you say that MIB use gangster tactics. What do you mean by that?

Ann: I mean both human and alien MIB use bullying, intimidation, and threats to silence witnesses: sometimes these threats seem to be carried out and the witness disappears or dies under mysterious circumstances. The witness will never know the identification of the MIB, there is no authority the witness can call for help, and the only option is to comply. Even military officers have to comply with MIB! Think about how powerful MIB are if they control the military! These are the same gangster tactics used by criminals to extort protection money from businesses. In addition, both UFO debunkers and MIB use the weapon of *shame* upon the witness. According to psychiatrist and mystic David R. Hawkins, shame is the most negative emotion we can suffer, and it takes a huge psychological toll. The stress of it even compromises our bodies and our health. People will typically do anything to avoid shame – and aliens know our psychology well enough that they use this tactic very successfully. Governments use gangster tactics and shame for the same reasons. They are trying to convince us that UFOs are not real, so they have to control the flow of information to ensure that the more interesting UFO cases are kept out of the public eye and the media. It is probably the more interesting cases where the human MIB intimidate witnesses.

Kate: Black helicopters intimidate people, too.

Ann: Yes. In 2012, I was investigating a very large, well-lit UFO that hovered over a shopping mall in Florida. Hundreds of witnesses saw it and it was chased for at least 20 minutes by two F-16s, as well as a black helicopter and a news station van. After my initial investigation, I had three black helicopters hover over my house at about 200 feet. They hovered for about three hours, between 21:00 – 2:00 in the morning. The noise was deafening. I called the sheriff. The dispatcher could hear the roar of the helicopters – I had to shout on the phone. I asked them to call the Federal Aviation Administration and to come see the helicopters, as I wanted an authoritative witness. I waited about 45 minutes and called them back; then

they said there was “nothing they could do” for me. My neighbors called the sheriff as well and got the same response. Now, when I’ve called to complain about a barking dog, a deputy is here in five minutes, so their lack of response was unusual. This happened on two nights about a week apart. Afterwards, my neighbors were very cool toward me for a good year.

Kate: Did your neighbors ask why you were targeted?

Ann: Yes, and I told them I was being harassed for investigating UFOs. Some thought it was interesting, but one man openly laughed at me and stated there are no UFOs. When I asked him why anyone would bother sending helicopters to harass me if there were no UFOs, he had no response. About six months after the helicopters, I set up a telescope in my driveway to observe a huge “star” that should not have been there. Through the telescope I could see it was a huge oval craft with multiple colored lights spinning around it. I banged on the skeptic’s door, and he and his family came out to see it. His wife and children were all excited that they saw a UFO, while he did not say a word. I think I broke his paradigm that evening, which is good. We only grow when our paradigms break.

Kate: How do they treat you now?

Ann: They are friendly toward me, but I’m definitely not in the barbeque circle. Sometimes a child will point at Venus and ask me if it is a UFO, and I try to teach them the basic constellations.

Kate: Back to the Men in Black: I’ve heard they are telepathic. Is this true?

Ann: For decades it has been reported that alien MIB are telepathic. Lately, I have been researching how aliens and our own government can use mind control over witnesses as well. I’m sure either kind of MIB can erase memories or implant screen memories into witnesses’ minds.

Kate: Like the flashy-thingy neutralizer in the *Men in Black* movies?

Ann: Exactly, but instead of light, they could use sound waves, such as extremely low frequency (ELF) waves that can mimic our brainwaves, erase our memories, or implant screen memories. Electronic harassment is a very real thing, but that is a whole other topic. In the next edition, I would like to discuss how the alien mind operates.

From the Files of Elaine Douglass

You cannot rely on your government to tell you what the Intervention is or how it is happening or what it means. You cannot rely upon science, which is largely ignorant of this phenomenon. You cannot rely upon your

religious leaders to counsel you about the reality of this phenomenon and what you should do, for they really do not know. —Marshall Summers

A hard truth to hear.

To all in the UFO community, the message is clear—When it comes to facing the UFO phenomena, you're on your own. How can this be? Where is everybody? Human isolation in the cosmos is ending! It is the watershed of human history. Where are the men of God? The men of science? Above all, where are our government leaders?

More than any, it is they we expected to tell us—"what it means" and "what we should do." Yet government is nowhere to be found. In the meantime, who is on the front lines? Who is leading the edge? It is us! The UFO community has stepped forward to embrace the gargantuan mystery.

The UFO community of ordinary citizens is grappling with the extraterrestrials in our bedrooms, our vehicles, our back yards.

The UFO community has chronicled the 60 years of the age of the dawn of the UFO. Without us, that history would be blank!

The UFO community is daily gathering intelligence on the phenomena as it moves across the face of the planet.

And the UFO community has revealed anti-gravity field propulsion, the abductions, the milabs, the implants, the alien structures on the Moon and Mars. We have revealed that aliens walk through walls, that UFOs can be invisible. We have done this. We are doing this. Not the men of science, not the men of God, and not the government. We the Ordinary citizens, and on our own. It seems history has assigned a great and important role to the UFO community. And for whom do we do it? For the people. We do it to create a record of history and a body of knowledge, for the people, from the people. Without us, the people would have only press releases from the Pentagon or the Ashtar Command to rely upon.

Disclosure will come. All the knowledge of the phenomena we have accumulated, and all the traumas of realization the UFO community has undergone in 60 luxuriously long years, millions of others will be required to

absorb in a day, a week, a month. We have much to offer them. That is the role history has assigned to us.

Elaine Douglass

Support Group and Researcher Directory

STARBORN SUPPORT THE ALIEN ABDUCTION SUPPORT GROUP

Starborn Support of Southeastern Pennsylvania

Starborn Support is an organization consisting of professionals, abductees and experiencers who have come together to fulfill a dire need: To render support and guidance to those who feel they have been abducted by alien entities, or who have experienced a traumatic close encounter. We are also available for family members and close friends who are affected by their abductees' experiences.

Starborn Support of Southeastern Pennsylvania is an affiliate of Starborn Support, and we are also dedicated to this population. We offer telephone support to individuals, and we broadcast weekly on the Blog Talk Radio Network. Our show is called "*Starborn Support Radio*." We broadcast live every Sunday from 8:00pm to 10:00 pm eastern time, and our purpose is to help alien abductees, experiencers, their families and close friends get the support they need and the information required to understand and assimilate their experiences and reclaim their lives. We do this by providing our listeners with the most current, up to date information by hosting experts in the field of Ufology and Abduction Studies, and hosting actual experiencers and abductees who have decided it is time to share their stories, their lives and experiences in the hopes of awakening other abductees to come forward and share, moving out of the shadows and loneliness, feelings of rejection, and into the light to be counted.

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www.starbornsupportradio.com
www.starbornsupporter.blogspot.com



The International Center for Abduction Research (ICAR)

Is an organization devoted to the dissemination of trustworthy information about UFO abductions. The ICAR will provide accurate information to therapists and lay individuals who are interested in abductions, and help them cope with the variety of problems that arise from the use of hypnosis and other memory collection procedures. David M. Jacobs is the Director of the ICAR.

www.ufoabduction.com



ANOMALOUS MIND MANAGEMENT > ABDUCTEE > CONTACTEE > HELPLINE

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NOTE: If you would like to have your Support Group listed or would like to have a case study published please send your information to Journal of Abnormal Abduction Research to butch218@dejazzd.com

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