

The REGISTER Wednesday, October 30, 1974

POLICEMAN 'CAPTURED' BY UFO UNDERGOING TESTS AT STATE UNIVERSITY

By DAVID BRANCH

Herbert Schirmer, like most of the "good" contactees, has been meticulously checked out medically and psychologically; his health, his family, his work background are all impeccable. As a witness, he cannot be discredited, so how can we ignore his testimony? (Ralph Blum, in "Beyond Earth: Man's Contact With UFOs," p.p. 119-120.)

A Nebraska policeman who in 1967 reportedly encountered the other-world crew of an unidentified flying object (UFO) is now undergoing extensive psychological testing and hypnotic-regression sessions at a major university in California.

Herbert Schirmer, a twenty-nine year old Navy veteran who, reacting to ridicule after his report, has avoided UFO investigators for over five years, recently met Ralph Blum, the highly regarded author of the new best-selling Bantam paperback, "Beyond Earth: Man's Contact with UFOs" (written with his wife, Judy). Quickly becoming friends with Schirmer, Blum arranged for the thorough, professional study now being made of the dramatic case.

"This man has just gone through four-and-a-half hours, roughly, of living in the past." Ralph Blum told a Los Angeles gathering of about 30 top UFO report analysts Sunday.

Schirmer, well-built, with an easy smile and a no-nonsense manner, began describing what he says occurred on the night of Dec. 3, 1967.

"I was primarily on routine patrol (in Ashland, Neb.), and I was going up the highway (toward the intersection of Highway 6 and 63). It was about quarter of two (a.m.). And I pulled in and checked two service stations out. And I got back in the patrol car. And it was twenty minutes after two. And I called the sheriff's office in Wahoo (Neb.), the county seat and reported all was secure.

"I put the mike down. And then I noticed, about a quarter-of-a-mile away, flashing lights. My first impression was that it was a truck in trouble.

"As my vehicle got closer I saw that those lights were raising up. So I guess I was about half of a quarter-of-a-mile away when I put my high beams on.

And as it started to raise up the lights were flashing and it was shaped similar to a football.

“These red flashing lights seemed to be coming out of circles like portholes. And the object had a catwalk running clear around it. And it had a sort of lightish glow coming from beneath it. And the metal on the craft was very, very highly polished.

“This object seemed to moving over a bank, a slight hill, which was just above the intersection. I had a kind of weird feeling.

“The next thing I remember was standing outside the patrol car up on the bank, trying to figure out how I got there.

“All of a sudden I heard this whining noise. I turned my head and looked around and legs in this object were retracting. And the catwalk was spinning-not the ship. And the red lights were flashing off and on. And all of a sudden this weird whining, humming noise was pitching up kind of high. And this reddish-orangeish glow was coming from underneath this. And it was lifting up and it just shot straight out of sight.”

Schirmer felt hot and nauseated. He immediately drove to Ashland police headquarters, arriving at about 3:01 a.m.

“I went straight to the bathroom,” Schirmer said. “I got a glass of water, cooled off, and tried to figure out exactly what had happened.”

Later, Schirmer passed a lie detector test about his experience.

Soon after the incident, the Condon Committee, an Air-Force-backed university UFO study then underway, discovered about 20 minutes unaccounted for in the policeman’s story. The committee decided to hypnotize Schirmer. During these hypnotic sessions, and six months later under hypnosis administered by an independent doctor after severe headaches had persisted, an amazing story emerged.

Schirmer said he had met several 4½ -to-5-foot-tall beings with thin, long heads, gray-white skin, flat noses, slit mouths, and slanted eyes. Paralyzing him, the crewmen had taken Schirmer aboard their ship for about 15 minutes. They had communicated with him about their origin (“a nearby galaxy) and purpose (“ . . .they want everyone to believe some in them so we will be open to their invasion,” that is, “the showing of themselves completely...”)

But after seven years, Schirmer still believes that he does not remember all details of his encounter. Now, thanks to the effort of Ralph Blum, these data may soon be forthcoming...

After his second session with doctors at the university (the name of which is being withheld because of the sensitive nature of the study), Schirmer told me Sunday he has recalled some things previously not remembered. And he hopes that all facets of his experience will benefit others who may have UFO sightings or similar encounters in the future..

Writer Blum concludes: "Next to the case of Barney and Betty Hill, the New Hampshire couple who, under hypnosis, accounted for several lost hours aboard a 'spaceship,' Schirmer's case is the best documented case of its kind on record."

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"THE UFOS USE LIGHT BEAMS TO LOOK IN AT ANYTHING ON EARTH"

cruising toward the intersection of Highway 63, he saw ahead of him an object with a row of flickering lights.

He thought at first it was a truck, but when he snapped on his high beams, the "truck" took off into the sky.

Schirmer, a 22-year-old Navy veteran whose father was an Air Force career man, had never really thought about flying saucers, but when he returned to the police station at 3 a.m., he entered in the logbook: "Saw a flying saucer at the junction of Highways 6 & 63. Believe it or not!"

When Schirmer went home that morning, he had a bad headache, and a buzzing noise in his head that kept him from sleeping. He also notices a red welt running down the nerve cord on his neck, below the left ear.

But until the Condon Committee discovered 20 missing minutes in his police report and put him through time-regression hypnosis. Herbert Schirmer hadn't even the faintest suspicion that he was a UFO "contactee".

After his session with the Condon Committee, Schirmer returned to Ashland and his duties as a patrolman. Before long, he was appointed to head the department, and became the youngest police chief in the Midwest..

He served for two months then resigned because "I kept wondering what had really happened that night. My headaches were getting pretty fierce; I was gobbling down aspirin like it was popcorn. You can't be a good policeman if you have personal problems. So I quit."

Someone in Ashland suggested to Schirmer that he talk with author Eric Norman, who had written several magazine articles on UFOs. Schirmer

contacted Norman and told him his story. "I know a lot must have happened that night." Schirmer said. "It's down there somewhere in my mind."

Norman made arrangements for Loring G, Williams, a professional hypnotist, to join him and Schirmer on June 8, 1968, in Des Moines, Iowa, where once again Schirmer was

Real fast. My God! What is that thing? What....it's leaving the highway and going up in the air ...hmmmm. That's an old field . . . nothing can land there. I'd better follow.

WILLIAMS: where are you now?

SCHIRMER: Going up the mud road to the field,, toward the light. It's very bright. The lights are flashing. I'll call. I'll call...

WILLIAMS: Who are you going to call?

SCHIRMER: The police at Wahoo (Nebraska), Wahoo . . . four oh eight.

WILLIAMS: What's wrong now?

SCHIRMER: They're getting out. THEY'RE COMING TOWARD THE CAR! It can't be! . . . Trying to draw my revolver. I am being prevented. Something in my mind. . . The one in front of the car is holding up an object . . . stuff shoots out of it and goes all over the car. . .

WILLIAMS: What is this stuff?

SCHIRMER: It's funny stuff, like a greenish gas. My God! It can't be! Stuff all around the cruiser. Hmmmm. . .What's he doing?

WILLIAMS: Who do you mean?

SCHIRMER: The one in front of the He says I can come aboard for a few minutes.

Schirmer then walked with the occupant toward the craft. On the underside, a circle opened and a ladder descended.

As he entered Schirmer noticed that both the ladder metal and the interior were strangely cold.

Measured by our time, real time, Herbert Schirmer spent at most 15 minutes on board the craft. During a "briefing" by the crew leader, it was

explained to Schirmer that, as they talked, his mind was simultaneously receiving data input.

He was told they do this with everyone one they contact.

In the following extracts, paraphrased material is in italics.

Schirmer is standing in a room about 26 feet by 20; the ceiling is about 6 feet high. The lighting comes from strips in the ceiling and has a reddish glow. Two triangular-backed chairs are facing a control panel of some type. Above the panel, fixed to the wall, is a large "vision screen." There are portholes along the side of the craft.

The crewmen, who stand 4½ to 5 feet tall, are wearing close-fitting silvery-gray uniforms, boots and gloves. On the left side of the chest in an emblem: a winged serpent...

Their suits come up around their heads like a pilot's helmet. On the left side of the helmet is a small antenna. Their heads are thin, and longer than a human head..

The skin on their faces is gray-white, the nose flat, the mouth merely a slit which does not move. The eyes, slightly slanted, yet not like those of an Oriental, do not blink; the "pupils" widen and narrow, like a camera lens adjusting.

SCHIRMER:He's asking me if I would like to see how some of their things work. In my mind I am thinking no, because I want to go home.. But something tells me to say yes. He's showing me things that look like computer machines. He pushes a button and the tapes start running. I am starting to tingle... He is punching buttons on the machine. Through my mind ...somehow... he is telling me things ... My mind hurts there is something . . . he is speaking . . he is telling me this is an observation craft with a crew of four men. . . .

WILLIAMS: Is he communicating with you by voice or through the mind?

SCHIRMER: It seems to be both methods. It appears they do all their own speaking through the antenna devices on their helmets. . .The one who is talking with me speaks with a voice, with a sort of "broken" English.

It is very strange-sounding and appears to come from deep inside him rather than from his mouth. I can't describe it. He is saying they study our languages on earth through some sort of machine.

My mind tells me that they have computers to speak any language somehow – wherever they may land.

WILLIAMS: Where are they from?

SCHIRMER: From a nearby galaxy. They have bases on Venus and some of the other planets in our galaxy.

WILLIAMS: Do they have bases on earth for their saucers?

SCHIRMER: Yes. There are definitely bases in the United States. There is a base located beneath the ocean off the coast of Florida which is a big thing . . . this would be used for our benefit and theirs. There is a base in the polar region – he did not say whether it was the North or South Pole. There is another big base right off the coast of Argentina. These bases are underground or under the water.

WILLIAMS: How do their craft operate?

SCHIRMER: The ship is operated through reversible electro-magnetism . . . A crystal-like rotor in the center of the ship is linked to two large columns.. ..He said those were the reactorsReserving magnetic and electrical energy allows them to control matter and over the forces of gravity. . . .

WILLIAMS: Is there any defense against UFOs?

SCHIRMER: I would not even disclose that to the Air Force because they would try and destroy them. . .now they are telling me their ships have been knocked out of the air by radar. . .before they hit the ground the mother ship destroys them by a built-in mechanism that blows them up and burns them up.

WILLIAMS: What do you know about “mother ships”?

SCHIRMER: They are huge affairs, what we would call interplanetary stations. All of their headquarters-type operations are carried out in them. They are the main observation stations . . . so high out in space that we cannot acknowledge them. The saucers arrive here carried by the mother ships: they are then released to bases on earth.

Both mother ships and saucers use light beams to “look in” at anything on earth, into any factory or house. They also monitor our earth communications system. . . .

Above the ship is a disc-shaped object about six feet in diameter. This disc is used for remote-controlled reconnaissance and surveillance, and transmits pictures and sound back to the "vision screen".

The crew leader flicks a switch and the screen comes on, revealing the outside of the craft: two of the crew are walking back and forth like guards. They walk with a stiff military posture that reminds Schirmer of men who have been the armed service a long time.

The crew leader presses another button: three saucers of a different shape appear flying in formation against a background of stars that includes the Big Dipper.

Schirmer is told that these are "war ships" flying in outer space. Again the crew leader shifts the picture: the mother craft comes into focus, cigar-shaped, very long, far above the earth. The screen goes dark.

WILLIAMS: For how long have they been watching us?

SCHIRMER: They have been observing us for a long period of time and they think that if they slowly, slowly, put out reports and have their contacts state the truth it will help them.

He is telling me they want everyone to believe some in them so we will be open to their invasion and ----

WILLIAMS: Think carefully now. Did he use the word "invasion"?

SCHIRMER: Yes.

WILLIAMS: Then this would mean they are operating to conquer the world?

SCHIRMER (emphatically): Oh no. no. No. He used the word "invasion" but meant it in a friendly way. He said it would be the showing of themselves completely.

The crew leader's hand is on Schirmer's shoulder. He says a word unlike any Schirmer has ever heard before, then walks with him to the hatch.....

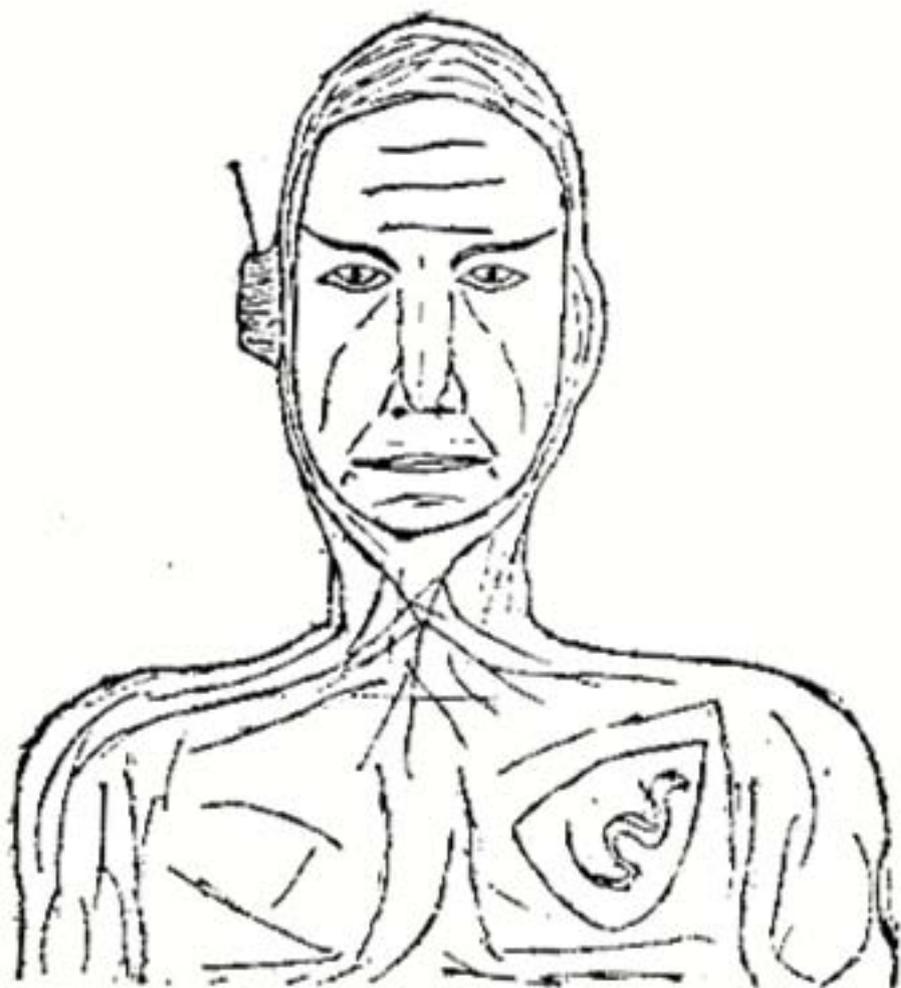
The two crew members who have remained outside climb aboard. Schirmer gets back in the police cruiser.

The legs on the ship retract. A reddish-orange light emanate from the underside. There is a humming noise as the ship winds up and shoots up into the sky.

Patrolman Herbert Schirmer drives his cruise back into Ashland.

He arrives at the station at about 3 a.m.

He writes in the logbook all that he remembers of the past half hour: "Saw a flying saucer at the junction of highways 6 and 63--." Perhaps he hesitates a moment, then adds: --Believe it or not!"



Herbert Schirmer's drawing of the crew leader.