



## Editor in Chief

### The Olds, the Pooors, the Craazies. Forever.

by Nancy Hayfield Birnes

Welcome to the latest issue of this magazine ... this printed collection of pages gathered together with a couple of staples and incredibly, delivered to you by hand. It might even have been encased in a protective transparent plastic wrapping or further enveloped in a white folded-paper contraption with sticky stuff on the inside and your own name and address on the outside.

Antiquity! We're talking ancient artifact here.

The hand-crafted labor of love that you now hold in your own hands is fast becoming a true anomaly, a rarefied product only desired by the Luddite, the paranoid, the arch hipster, and of course, the stubborn traditionalist. This is a real-world creation suitable for the Olds, the Pooors, the Craazies.

It's also an extremely low-cost way to get a fair share of good information and entertainment from me to you. No electricity is needed as long as the sun shines. No DSL, USB, or ISP is involved, and it's a quiet, private thing between the few. We incredible few.

I know this. You know this. And still, we soldier on, actually reading—yes, *reading*—the most amazing articles and alternate thought pieces that you will currently find on this planet. Every issue has ideas in it that will literally blow your mind's cobwebs away.

This issue is no exception, of course, and more about that in a minute. You do have a minute, don't you? Time moves ever so much slower here in these pages. Time can actually stand still here, or at least linger long enough so we can get a good look at it.

And so, dear reader, I just wanted to let you know why there is sometimes more time between these issues than you or I would like. As you doubtless already surmise, your subscription is for a certain *number* of issues and not a certain stretch of time.

We hold off printing each issue until we are absolutely certain we can afford all the costs related to the endeavor. We make sure all prior bills are paid in full from the last issue before we start to plan the next issue. This way, our safety in this tumultuous financial climate is secured. We are not in debt, and we are not in trouble. We are just not—to use a word I despise—*prompt*.

So, instead of breaking a story, which can only be done on Twitter these days, we break *into* the stories. We break them down and lay them out for you to examine when you have the time. In this issue, we reflect on past conferences in depth. We cover the Kansas OZUFO fete through Al Lehmborg's eyes, the Roswell extravaganza from Kevin Randle's

perspective, and the McMinnville happening through Regan Lee's experience.

Speaking of Regan, that's her on the cover, captured from a moment in the past by the talented pen and brush of James Rich, her husband. He's recreated a classic moment: that blessed time with the sun on our shoulders and a book in our hands. In this case, of course, it's a UFO book! We are so proud and honored to have this art for our cover.

And as a very special treat, sit back and enjoy the conclusion of George Earley's deep investigation into the Maury Island incident. It reads like the book in Regan's hand, and it basically proves that that case should henceforth be known as the Maury Island *hoax*. This is the kind of reporting that the UFO field holds dearest: the quiet, after-the-parade-has-passed examination and cleanup. It's how you find out the truth about things.

During the preparation for this issue, computer guru Steve Jobs died. I actually lost a full day of work as the sadness settled in, and I know how foolish that sounds. I only knew him through his Secret Santa gifts of techy toys that thrilled and entertained, but that's not as frivolous as it sounds. These toys are much more than fun and games.

They are the actual *tools* that make this magazine possible. In 1984 it was almost unthinkable that an individual could single-handedly create a publication that would compete and succeed in the professional marketplace. Up until the revolutionary Macintosh, all printed thought was very, very expensive to produce.

Expensive entails subservience; the Macintosh was humble and affordable, but most of all, it was subversive. With the best layout program on the planet and a laser printer, we were able to mimic the five-figure capital-intensive shop-work of mainstream publishing.

And we did, and we thrived. Now, this single-handed creative trick is brought to you each issue courtesy of Steve Jobs and his magic machines. They have been dependable, fun, clever, deeply designed, and fun. Fun, as in rubber-cement and index-card and crayon-sharpener fun.

I fear that the fun might have gone out of the machine with Jobs's departing ghost, and I hope I'm wrong. I also hope we have a permanent place in the store and the newsstand as long as such places exist on the sidewalks of cities. The mailbox in front of your house is another matter entirely, and let's hope it's not going to become this century's hitching post.

Until then, enjoy these colorful pieces of paper and the heartfelt words they carry! **UFO**