



***John Robert  
COLOMBO***

***UFOs  
OVER CANADA***

***Personal accounts  
of sightings and  
close encounters***



**UFOs Over Canada**

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## *The Falcon Lake Encounter*

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*Stephen Michalak*

*The Falcon Lake Encounter is the name given to the most intriguing of all Canadian sightings. The sighting of not one but two unidentified flying objects occurred in Manitoba's Falcon Lake Provincial Park on 20 May 1967. More information is available on this sighting than on any other Canadian UFO sighting.*

*The sole observer of the two UFOs was Stephen Michalak, a fifty-one-year-old Polish Canadian. Later that year Michalak offered the following account of himself:*

*In 1949 I came to Canada, and some years later, settled in Winnipeg, Manitoba. I live with my wife, two sons and a daughter in a modest home. I have a steady income from my job as a mechanic at the Inland Cement Company. Two of my children attend the University of Manitoba. We live a happy, satisfied life of average Canadians, fully enjoying all the blessings this country is offering us.*

*It was Michalak's passion for amateur prospecting that took him that weekend to Falcon Lake. What he saw that Saturday is open to interpretation. What is laudable and*



*sincere is his desire to tell others what he saw and how he felt about it. His account comes from a privately printed booklet, forty pages in length, called My Encounter with the UFO (Winnipeg: Osnova Publications, 1967). Michalak wrote about his experiences in Polish; the manuscript was translated into English and printed by his friend, Paul Pibichyn.*

*There were unexpected consequences of the sighting. The encounter left Michalak, as he wrote, "desperately in need of medical attention." He suffered nausea and first-degree burns on his chest. He was admitted to the Misericordia Hospital in Winnipeg, his first hospital treatment for recurring, sighting-related health problems. This did not deter him from leading investigators to the exact spot where the sighting had taken place. "Landing traces" were found there. Earth analysis showed "some radiation but not enough to be dangerous."*

*The case was widely reported by the media. There were investigations by the RCMP and the RCAF, by representatives of the National Research Council and the Atomic Energy Commission, as well as by the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization. A question about the government's silence connected with the case was asked in the House of Commons by Ed Schreyer, then a Member of Parliament, not yet Governor General of Canada. As the Minister of National Defence replied to Schreyer's question: "It is not the intention of the Department of National Defence to make public the report of the alleged sighting."*

**I**t was 5:30 a.m. when I left the motel and started out on my geological trek. I took with me a hammer, a map, a compass, paper and pencil and a little food to see me through the day—wearing a light jacket against the morning chill.

The day was bright, sunny—not a cloud in the sky. It seemed like just another ordinary day, but events which were to take place within the next six hours were to change my entire life more than anyone could ever remember. I will never forget May 20, 1967.

Crossing the Trans-Canada Highway from the motel on the



south side, I made my way into the bush and the pine forest on the north side. After travelling some distance I got out my map and compass and orientated myself.

By 9 o'clock I had found an area that particularly fascinated me because of the rock formation near a bog along a stream flowing in the southward direction. I was searching for some special specimens that I had found on my earlier expedition.

My approach had startled a flock of geese, but before long they became accustomed to my presence, quieted down and went about their business.

At 11 o'clock I began to feel the effects of the breakfast I did not eat that morning. I sat down and took out the lunch I had brought with me. Following a simple meal of smoked sausage, cheese and bread, an apple and two oranges washed down with a couple of cups of coffee, and a short rest, I returned to the quartz vein I was examining. It was 12:15; the sun was high in the sky and a few clouds were gathering in the west.

While chopping at the quartz I was startled by the most uncanny cackle of the geese that were still in the area. Something had obviously frightened them far more than my presence earlier in the morning when they gave out with a mild protest.

Then I saw it. Two cigar-shaped objects with humps on them about half-way down from the sky. They appeared to be descending and glowing with an intense scarlet glare. As these "objects" came closer to the earth they became more oval-shaped.

They came down at the same speed keeping a constant distance between them, appearing to be as one inseparable unit, yet each one completely separate from the other.

Suddenly the farthest of the two objects—farthest from my point of vision—stopped dead in the air while its companion slipped down closer and closer to the ground and landed squarely on the flat top of a rock about 159 feet away from me.

The "object" that had remained in the air hovered approximately fifteen feet above me for about three minutes, then lifted up skyward again.

As it ascended its colour began to change from bright red to

an orange shade, then to a grey tone. Finally, when it was just about to disappear behind the gathering clouds, it again turned bright orange.

The "craft," if I may be allowed to call it a craft, had appeared and disappeared in such a short time that it was impossible to estimate the length of time it remained visible. My astonishment at and fear of [the] unusual sight that I had just witnessed dulled my senses and made me lose all realization of time.

I cannot describe or estimate the speed of the ascent because I have seen nothing in the world that moved so swiftly, noiselessly, without a sound.

Then my attention was drawn back to the craft that had landed on the rock. It too was changing in colour, turning from red to grey-red to light grey and then to the colour of hot stainless steel, with a golden glow around it.

I realized that I was still kneeling on the rock with my small pick hammer in my hand. I was still wearing goggles which I used to protect my eyes from the rock chips.

After recovering my composure and regaining my senses to some degree I began watching the craft intently, ready to record in my mind everything that happened.

I noticed an opening near the top of the craft and a brilliant purple light pouring out of [the] aperture. The light was so intense that it hurt my eyes when I looked at it directly. Gripped with fear and excitement, I was unable to move from the rock. I decided to wait and watch.

Soon I became aware of wafts of warm air that seemed to come out in waves from the craft, accompanied by [the] pungent smell of sulphur. I heard a soft murmur, like the whirl of a tiny electric motor running very fast. I also heard a hissing sound as if the air had been sucked into the interior of the craft.

It was not that I wanted a camera more than anything else, but, of course, there is no need for one on a geological expedition. Then I remembered the paper and pencil that I had brought with me. I made a sketch of what I saw.

By now some of the initial fear had left me and I managed to gather enough courage to get closer to the craft and to investi-



gate. I fully expected someone to get out at any moment and survey the landing site.

Because I had never seen anything like this before, I thought it may have been an American space project of some sort. I checked for the markings of the United States Air Force on the hull of the craft, but found nothing.

I was most interested in the flood of lights that poured out of the upper reaches of the craft. The light, distinctly purple, also cast out various other shades. In spite of the bright midday sun in the sky, the light cast a purple hue on the ground and eclipsed the sunlight in the immediate area.

I was forced to continually turn my eyes away from the light which made red dots appear before my eyes every time I looked away.

I approached the object closer, coming to within 60 feet of the glowing mass of metal. Then I heard voices. They sounded like humans, although somewhat muffled by the sounds of the motor and the rush of air that was continuously coming out from somewhere inside. I was able to make out two distinct voices, one with a higher pitch than the other.

This latest discovery added to my excitement and I was sure that the craft was of an earthly origin. I came even closer and beckoned to those inside:

“Okay, Yankee boys, having trouble? Come on out and we’ll see what we can do about it.”

There was no answer and no sign from within. I had prepared myself for some response and was taken aback when none came. I was at a loss, perplexed. I didn’t know what to do next.

But then, more to encourage myself than anything else, I addressed the voices in Russian, asking them if they spoke Russian. No answer. I tried again in German, Italian, French and Ukrainian. Still no answer.

Then I spoke again in English and walked closer to the craft.

By now I found myself directly in front of it and decided to take a look inside. However, standing within the beam of light was too much for my eyes to bear. I was forced to turn away.

Then, placing green lenses over my goggles, I stuck my head inside the opening.

The inside was a maze of lights. Direct beams running in horizontal and diagonal paths and a series of flashing lights, it seemed to me, were working in a random fashion, with no particular order or sequence.

Again I stepped back and awaited some reaction from the craft. As I did this I took note of the thickness of the walls of the craft. They were about 20 inches thick at the cross-section.

Then came the first sign of motion since the craft touched down.

Two panels slid over the opening and a third piece dropped over them from above. This completely closed off the opening in the side of the craft.

Then I noticed a small screen pattern on the side of the craft. It seemed to be some sort of ventilation system. The screen openings appeared to be about three-sixteenth of an inch in diameter.

I approached the craft once again and touched its side. It was hot to the touch. It appeared to be made of a stainless steel-like substance. There were no signs of welding or joints to be seen anywhere. The outer surface was highly polished and looked like coloured glass with light reflecting off it. It formed a spectrum with a silver background as the sunlight hit the sides.

I noticed that I had burned my glove I was wearing at the time, when I touched the side of the craft.

These most recent events occurred in less time than it takes to describe them.

All of a sudden the craft tilted slightly leftward. I turned and felt a scorching pain around my chest; my shirt and my undershirt were afire. A sharp beam of heat had shot from the craft.

I tore off my shirt and undershirt and threw them to the ground. My chest was severely burned.

When I looked back at the ship I felt a sudden rush of air around me. The craft was rising above the treetops. It began to change colour and shape, following much the same pattern as



its sister ship when it had returned to the sky. Soon the craft had disappeared, gone without a trace.