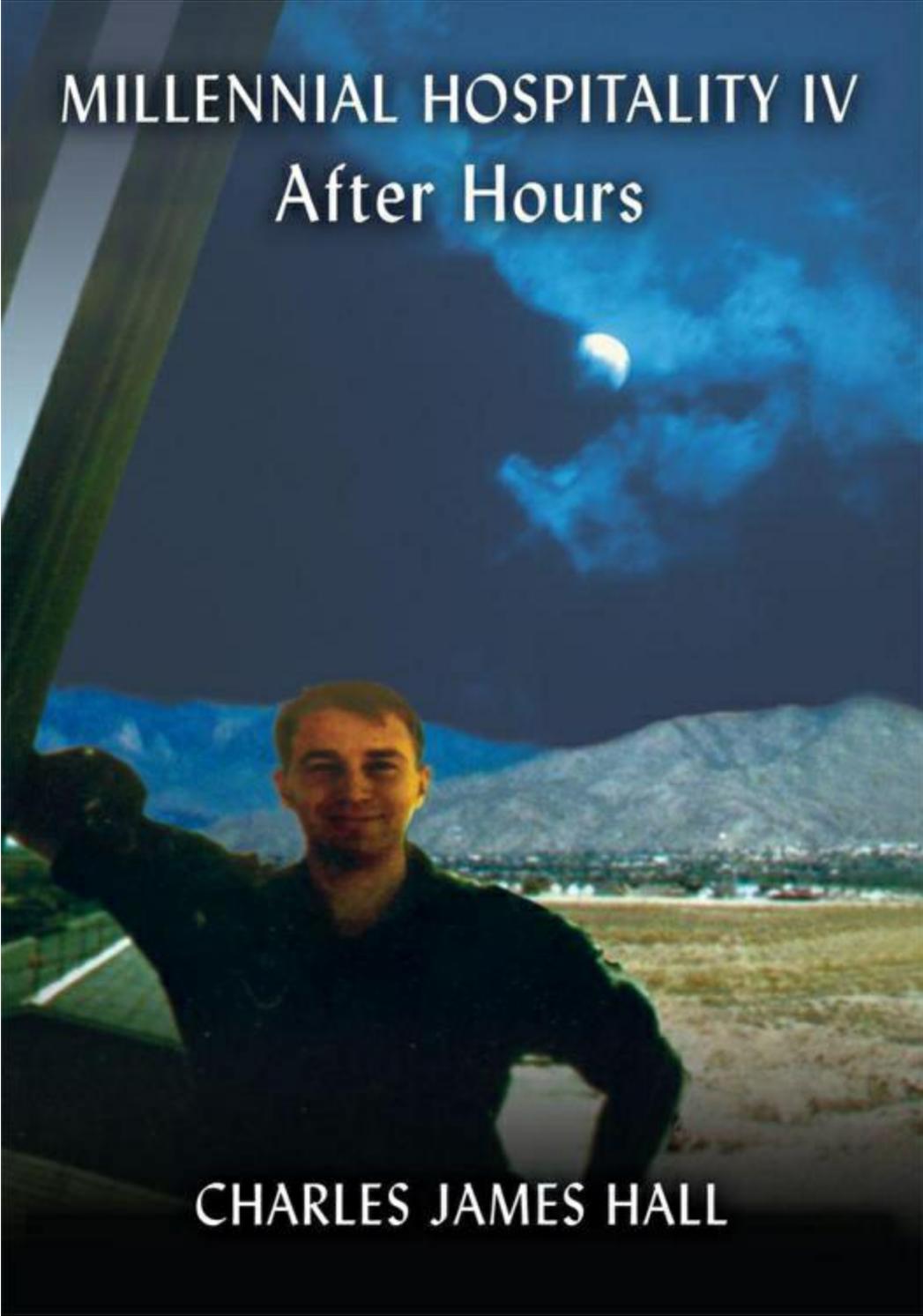


A man with short hair and a goatee, wearing a dark long-sleeved shirt, stands in a field at night. He is leaning against a dark structure on the left. The background features a range of mountains under a dark sky with a crescent moon and some clouds. The overall color palette is dominated by dark blues and blacks, with some highlights from the moon and the man's face.

MILLENNIAL HOSPITALITY IV After Hours

CHARLES JAMES HALL



MILLENNIAL HOSPITALITY IV
After Hours

CHARLES JAMES HALL

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fields

which enable travel faster than the speed

of light

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Millennial

Hospitality IV

After Hours

By

Charles James Hall



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All events & place names in Millennial Hospitality IV, After Hours, are true.

*Actual identities of humans have been concealed in order
to protect the innocent.*

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[Foreword](#)

Here it is with thanks to many readers and the persistent encouragement of my wife. The first thing to note, is that Millennial Hospitality IV, After Hours is a bit different than the previous three volumes. Timidity reigned in 2002, and I disguised place names. Here you will not find Mojave Wells or Desert Center, but rather, Indian Springs and Nellis

AFB, as I have always stated when addressing groups or talk radio. The identities of people continue to be concealed, but everything in Millennial Hospitality IV, as in the earlier volumes, is true and happened to me while serving in the UNITED STATES AIR FORCE (USAF) in the mid-nineteen sixties.

Since Millennial Hospitality was published, we have been fascinated by credible accounts that have come our way from our readers. My wife and I thought it would be well received if we included a section delineating some of the more interesting accounts in MH IV.

My original intention was to write my memoirs for our grandchildren.

Naturally, since I have to compete with computer games, my first goal was not to prove anything, but rather to produce interesting and informative reading. I lived through these years of naivety, without ever once receiving an official briefing. I wanted to chronicle the many intense and diverse emotions which I felt as all these events were transpiring.

Everywhere we go, people have questions. It seemed logical to include answers to frequently asked questions. The biggest surprise in this section, for people who have heard me speak, is the brevity of the answers. In many cases, they are so short; they are best described as provocative. Lastly, I have included my second copyrighted paper on Hall Photon Theory. Like everything else in my books, Hall Photon Theory is

completely, physically real. Hall Photon Theory explains why it is possible to build spacecraft that travel faster than the speed of light. Hall Photon Theory predicts the existence of additional physically real force fields and additional corresponding physically real sub-atomic particles known as quarks, all of which were unknown to Einstein. Thanks again to the many friends who have supported and encouraged me along the way. You know who you are.

Charles James Hall

2007

www.millennialhospitality.com

[Dedication](#)

This book is dedicated to the greater honor and glory of God, Who created us all, extraterrestrials included.

[Acknowledgments](#)

The Millennial Hospitality series is in print only because of my wife's support and encouragement. She is responsible for the books title, the design for the cover, and was my editor. I am also grateful to the young men whom it was my privilege to serve with during the Vietnam War years, especially Kenneth E. Baker, who died in order to save my life.

[Credible Updates](#)

In my father's house
are many mansions:

If it were not so,

I would have told you.

... John 14:2

... ..

Soon after the Millennial Hospitality series was published, my wife and I began receiving e-mails, phone calls, and visits. We were approached by people, who after reading the books and/or hearing me speak, were emboldened to tell us of their own encounters with individuals whom they now believe were the same Tall Whites. Some had never before told their stories. Below are some of these accounts.

... ..

Thomas Finley from Essex, England writes, “Before I even read any of your books and what you had encountered in

the desert in the 1960s, I shared some letters and e-mails with an ex state department official that was assigned to a group of these same beings in the Washington DC area in the early 1950s. When I first started to share letters with this gentleman, I was only looking for others that shared interest in UFOs, and those that were in the military.

In his emails, he told me his small cadre of secret service and a mixture of military affairs personnel had the task of providing care to a group of tall white aliens that were guests of the U.S.

Government in the D.C. area. One of the beings he told me a great deal of was a young female that was called, the “Princess”.

He related that she would like to go for long night drives around the city, and

on occasion, go out in disguise and meet regular humans.”

...

One of the most interesting things about Tom Finley’s letter is that his friend was taking care of a group of tall white aliens in the early 50s. I was very pleased, as I had earlier received a copy of a January 5, 1951 Las Vegas Review Journal newspaper clipping from Bob Wood. It is posted on our website:

www.millennialhospitality.com. The article said that the government was spending \$300,000,000 on housing facilities! It makes perfect sense that such a sum in 1951 dollars was indeed needed to build the underground living quarters and hangers for the Tall Whites at Indian Springs, and that the Tall Whites were guests in the Washington D.C. area during the construction.

Las Vegas **REVIEW-JOURN**

XLIII, NO. 4

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1943

Indian Springs Project Keyed to Defense Plans

The Indian Springs project, preliminary work on which already has begun, will not be an A-bomb program but definitely will be tied into the defense plans, it was learned from authoritative sources this morning.

The contract, which recently was awarded to the McKee Construction company, is a preliminary project, it was stated, and is for the construction of housing facilities at the Indian Springs base.

It is understood, from reliable Washington sources, that the over-all expense of constructing the project may run somewhere around \$300,000,000 and will be even larger than the huge Basic Magnesium plant, as a construction job for southern Nevada.

The actual details of the program are cloaked in a security blackout, and no information will be released regarding the use to which the construction will be put when it is completed.

This newspaper clipping supplied by

Dr Wood offers documentary evidence

that a classified project was being
conducted at Indian Springs that may
have been intended for the Tall White
extraterrestrials

discussed

in

the

Millennial

Hospitality

series.

The

construction of a large hangar facility for
interstellar Tall White ships and
accommodation for the Tall Whites in a
secure mountain location presumably
would have required a large outlay of
capital. The 300 million dollars spent in
1951 according to the American Institute
for Economic Research converts in 2005
terms as 2.2 billion dollars (see

<http://www.aier.org/colcalc.html>

).

Given the lack of surface constructions at Indian Springs that would explain where these 'accommodation' facilities were constructed, it's likely that these were underground and/or constructed inside the super restricted areas in the mountains located in the north end of the Indian Springs Valley.

... . .

NASA's exploration Rovers, named Spirit and Opportunity landed on the surface of Mars during January of 2004.

The expectation was that the rovers would only be able to send back pictures for about ninety days, when the dust settling on the solar panels was expected to shut them down. Both rovers experienced problems because the dry

Martian dust routinely collects on the solar panels. As these layers of dust become thicker, the amount of electricity produced by the solar panels slowly decreases. However, on December 21, 2004, NASA announced in a press release that something or someone had been cleaning the dust off the solar cells at night on the Mars Rover vehicle named Opportunity. NASA could not explain the apparent nightly washing while the vehicle is shut down for the Martian night. At the time of NASA's announcement, the regular cleaning had been increasing the efficiency from 40 or 50% to almost 100%. During the intervening years, on a number of occasions, the layers of accumulated Martian dust on both of the rovers has suddenly decreased or vanished. Since

then, NASA has been publicly attributing all of these dust reduction events to Martian dust devils or to the Martian winds. However, the publicly released pictures of the panels returned by the camera on the Opportunity Rover itself, on December 24, 2004, showed that the solar panel appeared to be too clean for the wind alone to have cleaned the dust from it.

In December 2004, both the Earth and Mars were roughly on the same side of the sun. The agreement the USAF has with the Tall Whites is one of mutual assistance. The Tall White scout craft are capable of such high performance. They could easily make the trip out to Mars, clean the solar panels, and return to Earth in just a handful of hours, anytime they choose to do so. In

addition, their scout craft had ample room to take along a small group of USAF American Generals to observe the cleaning.

.....

On January 26th, 2006, we received one of the most recent and most detailed accounts.

“The other day, I had a truly strange encounter while walking to work. I would like to relate this to you because the first thing I thought of at the time was the Tall Whites.

I work in downtown Toronto. A few days ago I was walking to work having taken the train. I moved along the sidewalk with the throngs of other commuters, all absorbed in their own worlds. I am a people watcher and as an ex-cop I tend to notice things that most

miss. You see all kinds walking in the city. I work in the financial district and even there the crowds are far from being a homogeneous mass of business-suited execs. People of every race, size, economic class, age and occupation go by. We even have to step over the occasional homeless person sleeping on the sidewalk grates.

My attention was drawn to a very tall woman walking towards me, in the midst of her own little crowd. She was very tall to begin with and as she walked by I noticed her winter boots had heels, making her easily 6' 8" or more. That's what initially caught my attention. As she came closer I noticed she was very skinny, almost fragile looking. Anorexic perhaps? She also had a peculiar gait. It was a little wobbly in a way. She wasn't

unsteady in the way she would be if intoxicated; it was more like she was unsteady in her heels, the way I would probably walk if I popped on a pair of heels!

She was wearing a mid length winter coat which, while not Unfashionable wasn't exactly in style; more a 70's look in fact. She had a briefcase bag over her shoulder which she held with two hands, contributing to the awkwardness of her gait perhaps. As she came within feet of me I noticed two other rather striking things. First, she seemed to be wearing a wig of short hair that came to just below her jaw line. It was an odd mixture of blond/red/bronze streaks and the cut was at once modern and 70's. Then her face. She was quite pale but not unattractive; more plain than anything and her makeup

created a slight mask-like effect. I'm not saying it was 'caked on' at all, but the cosmetic foundation was quite obvious at close range and too light in color. Her eyes appeared normal. To everyone else passing by, my guess is she didn't get a second look from anyone but me.

Initially my attention was drawn to

her

because

of

the

physical

characteristics. For some inexplicable

reason, I stopped dead in my tracks as

she walked by and suddenly thought

'Holy cow I just walked past a Tall

White' and then I thought 'Eben' and

then (I listened to a Project Serpo

broadcast on Coast not long ago). I

turned and watched her move along the sidewalk with everyone else. She was moving quickly but that gait...it was even more strange looking at her from behind. Small, wobbly steps and an odd lean to her posture, almost as if she were walking on a slight lateral incline and had to lean into the slope to stay upright, if you know what I mean. I watched her disappear down the street, literally several heads taller than the rest of the crowd.

I was inclined to think that she was in fact just a tall gal, perhaps with some sort of muscular skeletal disorder that would explain her frail structure and her odd gait. But I have seen many many many folks that have physical issues and I have never been struck the way I was here.

Could she be a Tall White or an Eben
working 'incognito'? Do they do that?
Could they tolerate a Toronto winter? I
would be interested in your thoughts.

B.

Toronto”

.....

My response to Toronto was lost in a
computer meltdown. (I pause here to
thank wife again for taking time to print
out original communication) I told him
that I was particularly impressed with
his description of the woman's gait and
though the Tall Whites prefer a climate
much warmer than Toronto in winter, it
seems reasonable to think that they could
employ current technology in order to
wear clothing that would allow them to
endure being in cold climates when
necessary. I also found his comment

regarding the manner in which she held her briefcase to be congruent with my own observation of their frail muscular strength.

.....

This next story comes from a man named Tom Fox, whom my wife and I met in person. He later sent an e-mail to reiterate the story he had told us and to advise us of his willingness to have us share his story including mention of his name.

“In 1990 I met 4 Tall Whites very late one night, (approximately 3:00 A.M.) at the Tropicana Casino. I came out of the bathroom and passed a staircase where a peculiar man was walking and struggling his way up. It was a rather perplexing sight. Each step he took looked as if his feet were stuck in mud. There were three

others at the top of the stairs. One seemed to be watching me closely. All of them looked the same. One was tallest, all with the same white/blondish hair, slim, ultra white skin, sunglasses and hats. The one climbing the stairs finally stopped, turned around, looked at me. At that point, I felt guilty for staring at someone who might have a handicap. I went back to the blackjack table. I said to the dealer, 'Man, I saw something real freaky.' He asked me what I had seen. I told him, and then he answered, 'Oh, you saw the people from Spain.' In 2005, I went back to the Tropicana to see what was up those stairs. Since 1990, it had been remodeled, but a worker there told me it had been the poker room. I believe that I had a run in with the extraterrestrials Charles named the Tall

Whites.

I have also camped at Indian Springs in 2005, and saw a craft that appeared to be their scout craft. It was egg shaped, white, slight fuzzy outline, & flew silently. It approached my campsite late at night. It stopped within 300 yards, then went into reverse. It hid itself in a low hanging cloud. On another night, I believe I saw a Tall White levitating about at the bottom of a mountain. It was met by another glowing body that descended down from the top of a ridge to meet it. The one already at the bottom oscillated it's light from time to time. It moved around at fast speeds. It almost looked to me, to be dancing. So, do the Tall Whites exist? I would say so. I also want to say 'Thank you so much' for sharing this information. Your books are

a great read!”

My response upon hearing Tom’s story was that he had described them to a T. In particular, I have always stated that there was a CIA support team engaged in protecting the Tall Whites even to the point of working at the tables in the casino when the Tall Whites were in town. The response explaining that the odd people were from Spain is also consistent with my statement that the CIA team was only told that these individuals were from Northern Spain, engaged in a trade mission.

The fuzzy outline of the scout craft is proof that there is more to Physics than Einstein knew about. It supports my Hall Photon Theory which hypothesizes the existence of

several

additional,

physically real force fields.

... . .

In October of 2005, my wife and I were treated to our first ride in a limousine. We are fairly unsophisticated people, and found ourselves telling the driver that we were in Las Vegas because I was addressing a conference regarding my experiences with extraterrestrials at Indian Springs in the 1960s. The driver was interested and encouraged us to tell him more. After listening for a few minutes, he had a story of his own to tell. He said he had been mystified for years about an

incident that happened to him in the mid
nineteen eighties when he was working
at a convenience store in North Las
Vegas. The store advertised 'satisfaction
guaranteed or your money refunded.'

One day, a strange looking woman got
out of a rather nondescript black car,
entered the store with about a dozen
empty TV dinner trays and asked to have
her money refunded. The woman was
tall, thin, had unusually white skin, & a
peculiar way of walking. The limo
driver explained that he could not refund
her money since the items had been used.

The woman listened, accepted his
explanation, & left. At the time the limo
driver said he thought the woman was
either a drug addict or someone who
was trying to get money to gamble with.

After hearing my account of the Tall

Whites, we both agreed that he had probably met a Tall White Lady.

I found his account to be most telling in that it exhibited a characteristic of theirs which I often recount, namely; the Tall Whites are very precise. They mean what they say, and they expect you to mean exactly what you say as well.

We received an interesting e-mail & later on a phone call from a man in the Midwest. He had read Millennial Hospitality & could hardly wait to relate his story. He was stationed in northern California in 1962. One day, he was transported to an undisclosed location. He thought it was in Nevada, but, the vehicle had blackened windows; he was young, and, wasn't paying all that much attention to it at the time. He was told to stand guard on a road. In the course of

this duty, he witnessed an unusual occurrence. A large black automobile was approaching. Instead of stopping as his presence clearly indicated, the vehicle only slowed down a bit. The window was rolled down. The general inside said, "It's O.K. soldier. I just have my wife and child with me." Off he went, but, not before our man was able to see the woman and child. They were like nothing he had ever seen before; chalk white skin and clearly strange looking for a human!

A short time after that phone call, we received another from a truck driver in Minnesota. He was so relieved to have read the first three books. He felt they explained his experience which had happened four years earlier and which he had not even told his wife, as he was

certain she would think he was crazy. He said he was parked off road north of Las Vegas, and, had gone to sleep inside his locked sleeping compartment over the cab. He awoke to find four, which he now believes were Tall Whites, with him inside this very small space. The beings “put him back to sleep”. When he awoke again, they were gone and his compartment was locked as before.

Nothing about the above reports or the individuals who related them to us, gave any reason to doubt their veracity.

... . .

[Answers to Frequently Asked](#)

[Questions](#)

And in the evening

he cometh with the

twelve.

...

... Jesus took the bread ,
and blessed,
and brake it,
and gave it to
them,
and said,
“Take, eat: this is my
body.”

And he took the cup,
and when he had given
thanks,
he gave it to them:
and they all
drank it.

And he said unto them,
“This is my blood of the new
testament,
which is shed for
the many.”

... Mark 14:17-24

... ..

**How much of what we read in the
Millennial Hospitality series is true?**

Everything in this and the previous
three books is true and happened to me.

When I was preparing to publish the first
three books, I did change the names of
places as well as the names of persons
in order to protect the innocent. In
Millennial Hospitality IV, I do not
disguise place names, but have not
revealed peoples specific identities.

Because I kept no diary or journal, the
actual dates for these occurrences are
generally approximate.

**How is it that you ended up on the
Indian Springs Gunnery ranges with
the extraterrestrials you calling the
Tall Whites?**

While I was in Air Force boot camp, I

was given a number of tests. I scored very high on convergent & divergent reasoning, & got the highest score in Math. I was told that I would be sent to Radio Intercept Analysis (RIA) training if my Top Secret clearance came through. Otherwise, I would be sent to weather observer school. The day I walked into the office to receive my orders, the person at the desk was unaware that both my Top Secret Security Clearance and my real orders to RIA school had come through . They were locked in the safe. He handed me the cover orders to Weather Observer School. I had been in school at Chanute AFB in Illinois for about six weeks, but had not received a pay check. I decided to inquire about the situation. The next day, two MPs with a dog, interrupted

class to escort me to the Base Commander's office. Luckily, I had a copy of my orders. At the end of school, though my stated preference was to be stationed in California, Germany, or England, I was sent to Nellis AFB, Las Vegas as per a direct request from the Pentagon.

O.K. that puts you at Nellis. What about Indian Springs?

Interestingly enough, I had barely arrived at Nellis, certainly was nowhere near finished with On the Job Training, when another direct request from the Pentagon waived my OJT requirement and had me sent to Indian Springs gunnery ranges. The request specifically directed that I be sent alone. I later found out that in the past, two servicemen were frequently sent out to the ranges together.

Why don't you have any photos of the Tall Whites?

Initially I was too terrified to even consider taking a picture. Later, though I saw the people I call the Tall Whites many times, practically on a daily basis during the two plus years I was stationed at Indian Springs, I never wanted to upset them. Their responses were unpredictable, and I simply wanted to stay alive, while doing my job.

Why not include a drawing of the Tall Whites in your books?

I have tremendous respect for the extraterrestrials I call the Tall Whites. Each was an individual, unique as we are. I do not want to promote a stereotype, or worse, a caricature. When a movie on the Millennial Hospitality series is in the works, I will naturally

consult with the directors/producers etc.
to ensure that the Tall Whites are
presented to the world in an accurate
manner.

**Where did the Tall Whites come
from?**

They never gave me a specific answer
to this question. The Tall Whites were
selective about what information they
would share with me. Some, generally
the women, were more likely to visit.
The men were more business like. All
came around me for their own purposes.

**Did
they
come
from
another
dimension?**

They had vehicles that clearly were

able to travel faster than the speed of light. I had no indication that other dimensions or “time travel” was involved, or even possible.

That’s interesting! Tell us more about traveling faster than the speed of light.

I am convinced that there is more to Physics than Einstein delineated. I am convinced that there are more physically real force fields and more ways to transfer and store energy than Einstein was aware of. Scientists today do have problems with experimental results that seem at variance with Einstein. Please read the paper on Hall Photon Theory, an appendix in Millennial Hospitality III, The Road Home, as well as the second paper in the appendix of Millennial Hospitality IV, After Hours.

Did the Tall Whites believe in God?

Did they give you warnings about the future of our planet?

The Tall Whites clearly understood the concept of God, and they appeared to live by the Golden Rule. They never came to conduct philosophical discourse with me. They were more interested in practical matters. I did not however, notice anything about them or their behavior that contradicted my own Roman Catholic religion.

Were the Tall Whites involved in creating alien/human hybrids?

The Tall Whites live ten times longer than we do. They noticed that we heal faster than they do, when we have an injury, but overall, they seemed quite content, & proud to be who they were. I received no indication that they would

be remotely interested in such a venture.

What do you think about the current obsession regarding climate control?

The simplest way to answer your question is to remind you that the primary force generating the weather is the sun heating up the atmosphere & the earth's oceans. History teaches us that the sun, itself, goes through many periodic cycles that alternately heat the Earth, and allow the Earth to cool off. I do not believe that anyone is claiming to be able to control the sun. It is curious to see people thinking climate is something we should try to control without taking the Sun's periodic heating and cooling cycles into account.

I understand history is a great interest of yours. After observing world events for half a century, what do you think

**about the current level of American
Technology?**

Thank you for asking. I believe that
American
technology
is
now
approaching the level used by the second
type of Extraterrestrial beings that I have
personally met. I referred to them in
Millennial Hospitality III. I call them the
“Norwegians with 24 teeth”. I believe
that the “Norwegians with 24 teeth”
have been coming here to Earth from a
very close, nearby star for many years. I
believe that America is working closely
with both these “Norwegians with 24
teeth” as well as with the Tall Whites. I
believe that we are actively helping the
“Norwegians with 24 teeth” build a

spaceport which will provide them with a reliable way to land, repair and refurbish their worn out ships, and return to their planet. I believe that their facilities require a large flat open area at a proper northern latitude. For example, on the northern plains here in North America, or perhaps out on the Russian Steppes there are many large flat open areas at an ideal latitude for their facility.

Were the Tall Whites telepathic?

The Tall Whites had communication equipment in their helmets which enabled them, under certain conditions, to read my thoughts and/or plant thoughts in my mind. If they were not using their communication equipment, and had not taught themselves to speak English, we were reduced to using hand signals.

Because their vocal chords could produce sounds too high for a human to hear, and their hearing picked up sounds too high for a human to hear, it would be easy to think they communicated telepathically with each other. The Tall Whites had suits which enabled them to levitate, but they were not supernatural. They simply understood the real physical world that we all live in, much better than Einstein did. Although the Tall Whites live ten times longer than we do, they did get sick; they eventually died and they were vigilant about avoiding injuries.

How do you feel about the subject of disclosure?

I believe that in a very short time, the world situation will be such that disclosure will happen. The president

knew about the Tall Whites in the mid-sixties. Each president since then must also have been briefed. I believe that every

American

President

since

Franklyn Roosevelt has known about the existence of the Tall Whites, although I believe their existence came as a stunning shock to Harry Truman when he was President. I don't believe that FDR told Harry Truman about their existence.

I heard you mention the 'Ghost of Dona Ana' county on a talk radio show. Please expand on that topic.

When the first Spanish explorers following the Rio Grande river north, arrived at the village of ancient peoples that has become the modern day city of

Las Cruces, New Mexico, they asked about what lay ahead of them to the north. They were told by the natives that a female ghost inhabited the mountains and river valleys that lay ahead. The ghost was described as a tall white woman surrounded by fluorescent white light that resembled the veils of a wedding dress. The natives said that she had been there, waiting for them up along the river, for as long as the village itself had been there. A now forgotten Spanish explorer named it “The Ghost of Dona Ana.”

The ghost it was said, was very curious. It would come at night when the humans were sitting around their campfires. It would stand just outside the light of the camp fires and watch them and everything they did. Of course, the

natives explained, the ghost seldom came alone. Usually, it came with friends – and ran away if you tried to approach it too closely. Curiously, they reported that the ghost liked to hide behind things such as trees and bushes, and always appeared to have a solid form. Just as curiously, the ghost and her friends were usually reported as approaching the camp fires from the direction of the desolate mountain range that lies west of the modern day city named “Truth or Consequences”, New Mexico. If the ghosts were chased, they usually retreated back towards those same desolate mountain peaks and distant wind swept ridges.

Over the intervening centuries, the ghost and her children have been frequently reported to have been seen

playing out in lonely stretches of the desolate desert valleys in the American Desert Southwest. Back on one summer evening of 1948, the ghost was reportedly seen up close, out among the beautiful, pristine white sand dunes of New Mexico's White Sands National Monument. I met the adult grandson of an old man, once, many years ago. He told me that back when his grandfather was young – back in the beginning of the 1920s – early one evening, his grandfather had seen the ghost of Dona Ana up close. His grandfather was driving two horses and a farm wagon, he said. He was out in a small desolate valley near the Rio Grande probably 70 miles north of modern day Las Cruces. The ghost stopped both his grandfather and his horses, and kept them standing

and sitting perfectly still for probably half an hour – the man in his farm wagon, the horses on the trail. The grandfather said that at the time, both he and his horses were “frozen” in their places and were unable to move. It appeared to him that the ghost was protecting its children who were playing further down the trail. Even though the ghost had appeared to be a perfectly real creature made out of flesh and blood, both the grandfather and the grandson firmly believed that the grandfather had seen a ghost. “What else could it have been?” the grandson asked. When the ghostly white children had finished playing, the grandfather reported, the children ran off into the distance, then the ghost of Dona Ana released him and his horses and took off running after

them. The grandfather had tried all his life to remove the memory of that evening from his mind. But, his grandson explained to me, the grandfather was never able to because “Some memories just won’t die.”

I met another man some years ago. He was likable and unusually easy to talk to. Like the old man and the grandson before him, he was unaware of my background. He wanted only to unburden himself – to share his emotional experiences with me. He had an unusual past time which he enjoyed very much. He liked to go into the old mines in the American Southwest and either reopen the mine or, failing that, salvage old abandoned mining equipment. I pointed out to him what he already well knew – profitable as it may be - going into old

abandoned mines is an extremely dangerous hobby. Many mines contain old collapsed shafts and deeply flooded chambers. I asked him why he spent essentially all of his time in old dangerous mines, instead of concentrating on those abandoned mines that were safe and in good condition. The smile which he was wearing, ran away from his face. For the first time, he showed visible fear. He informed me that when he was in the old dangerous mines, he was certain that he was truly alone. However, he said, some of the mines that were safe and in good condition, were also haunted by ghosts. Meeting them, he said, in the darkness of

the mine shafts, was extremely terrifying.

Yet, it isn't just in the abandoned mine shafts and desolate stretches of the endless deserts of the American Southwest where Tall White creatures reported as ghosts can be encountered.

One time many years ago, I met a highly trained mine safety engineer with many years of experience. He reported that he had encountered them when he was alone, miles ahead of the other miners, down in the deep and seemingly endless mine shafts in the underground mines located north of Cairo, Illinois. The experience was so terrifying he related, that he chose to change his profession.

He said that after he had left the mine in near hysteria that memorable afternoon many years ago, he was never willing to go back into another mine again. "...

because of the memories,” he said. “I can never get rid of the memories.”

Neither is it only in desolate places that such terrifying incidents have occurred. Consider former President Harry Truman’s White House

experiences in the late 1940’s, just a handful of years before that summer of 1951. Historians tell us that for several years, Harry Truman’s wife, Bess would not live in the White House with him.

She would never say why. Although she was America’s First Lady and therefore at the top of Washington, D.C.’s social structure, she chose, instead, to live with her mother in Independence, Missouri.

Bess and Harry were clearly happily

married and deeply in love with each other. Perhaps Bess's reasons, relate to The White House, itself. It has been widely reported that President Harry Truman believed the White House was haunted by the ghost of President Lincoln. According to the published reports, President Truman stated that one evening, while he was alone in his bedroom and, except for his guards, alone in the White House. He heard a knocking at the door to his room. He opened it. He said that standing there facing him was a tall chalk white-skinned man surrounded by a zone of fluorescent white light. The White House guards standing their posts downstairs, he said, had both unaccountably fallen asleep – as though they had both been hypnotized. Truman was surprised and

in shock. Since Lincoln was tall, Truman guessed that he was looking at the ghost of Abraham Lincoln. The ghost is reported to have stood watching Truman for a few minutes, thereby giving the President a good close look at him. Then the ghost is reported to have turned and walked and floated down the long second floor hallway to an open window. Truman said the ghost stepped out through the open window and, using the drainpipe to steady himself, floated down to the ground and walked quickly away. After the ghost was gone, the White House guards woke up slowly, as if coming out of a trance. It took them a few minutes to come back to their senses.

President

Harry

Truman's
approval was required to initiate the
huge 1951 building project out at Indian
Springs,
Nevada.

I
have
always
wondered, "Would Harry Truman have
approved the massive building project
without first meeting with the people
who were going to benefit from it?" I
have
also
always
wondered,
"Considering the nature of Science,
Physics, and UFO studies in 1951,
exactly how would the Tall White
leaders go about first approaching The

American president? After all, that first meeting would have had to be face-to-face.”

After Hours

Then I said in my heart;

As it happeneth to the fool,

so it

happeneth to

me;

and why was I then more wise?

Then I said in my heart,

that this also is vanity.

For there is no remembrance of

the wise

more than of the fool for

ever;

seeing that which now is

in the days to come

shall be

forgotten.

And how dieth the wise man?

as the fool.

Therefore I hated life;

because the work

that is

wrought

under the sun

is grievous

unto me :

for all is vanity and vexation of

spirit.

Yea, I hated all the labour

which I had taken under

the sun :

because I should leave it unto the

man

that shall be after me.

And who knoweth

whether he shall be a wise

man

or a fool? ...

... Ecclesiastes 15 – 19

... . . .

The brilliant desert sunshine glistened off the tall Nevada sagebrush plants and their captivating purple flowers which carpeted the northern end of the Las Vegas valley that day in March 1965.

The

blossoming

spring

with

its

occasional rain showers had left little

wonder why the early pioneers had

chosen the purple flower of the

sagebrush to be the Nevada State

Flower. Las Vegas was a very small

town in a very big desert back then. The

single highway that connected Las

Vegas' downtown Casino Center with
Nellis AFB, several miles to the
northeast, traveled through open desert
for almost the entire distance. The paved
runways of Nellis were little more than
carefully constructed pathways through a
surrounding

Eden

of

flowering

sagebrush – fenced everywhere with

distant

desert

covered

mountains.

Anyone – or anything - that enjoyed the
desert and the mountains, on any warm
evening that spring, could come down
onto Nellis from the mountains to the
north. They would pass through nothing

except this silent night time Eden before entering directly onto the airbase with its paved tarmacs, visiting aircraft in their parking areas, fighter aircraft in their supporting hangers, and equipment filled machine shops.

The

small

Base

Operations building which also housed the weather station as well as the U.S.

Military equivalent of the passenger terminal, sat alone and exposed on the northeastern edge of the built up section of the airbase. Base Ops was the first building they would encounter. Setting apart from the others, it would also be the only isolated building on Nellis AFB with a decent set of public restrooms –

for both men and women.

Las Vegas, even in those days, was always a city of dreams. It wasn't just the casinos, the jackpots, the gamblers, the hotels, the strip clubs, and the starry desert nights that held dreams. The dreams seemed to be ingrained into the very heart and soul of Las Vegas. They seemed to be part of the rocks, the gravel, the soil, the sagebrush, the purple flowers, the burning sunshine, and the dry air. Yes, on some starry beautiful moonlit nights, the deep purple covered desert itself seemed to have been constructed out of nothing but dreams.

The very highways had been built from dreams. Little more than ribbons of pavement passing as narrow lanes through hundreds of miles of lonely and endless desert, they all had very big

names that called forth very big and very distant dreams. The only ribbon of pavement leaving Las Vegas heading northeast, passed by Nellis. It was called 'The Great Salt Lake Highway' after the Great Salt Lake, some 400 miles distant. The northwest ribbon of pavement heading towards distant Indian Springs AAF was called 'The Great Tonopah Highway' - after Tonopah, the next distant oasis in the all encompassing desert. The one heading east towards Hoover Dam and Kingman in the Arizona desert beyond, was called 'The Great Bolder Highway'. There was

no 'Great Highway' heading west
towards Death Valley and its gateways
at Shoshone, and Death Valley Junction,
though there should have been. That road
– 'The Road to Nowhere' - ended out in
lonely stretches of long forgotten desert
valleys – some valleys were covered
with sand, some covered with salt,
others covered with sodium borate. Only
the highway heading southwest towards
faraway Los Angeles by way of
Halloran summit, Button Willow, Baker,
and San Bernardino didn't have a name.
Presumably people abandoned their
dreams somewhere in the Las Vegas
Valley before heading out into the
trackless Mojave Desert on their way
back to the unimaginably distant Los
Angeles basin. The 11 or 12 casinos that
sat isolated out in the desert, huddled

along both sides of that highway, had given it its only name. That name was 'The Strip'. 'The Strip' was presumably the place where California gambler's dreams were left to die.

At 3:30 P.M. in the afternoon I straightened my USAF brown uniform, retied my new black USAF regulation shoes, left my barracks and began the walk over to the Nellis Weather Station.

It was just over a mile away. As I walked, I remembered my Commander's statement from a month before at Weather Training School. He had said that The Pentagon wanted me assigned to Nellis.

I had arrived at Nellis AFB, Nevada only a handful of days before. I was a USAF weather observer, fresh out of weather training school, an enlisted man,

proudly wearing two stripes and I was 20 years old. This would be my first duty shift. It would be a Sunday night swing shift – 4:00 P.M. to Midnight. Since this was my first duty assignment, I would not be working alone. Instead, I was scheduled to work nights with an experienced weather observer for the first several weeks. According to the schedule, it would always be the same experienced weather observer. It would be an Airman First class – let's call him Mike, since both his real name and mine have long since been forgotten by the men who now comprise the Nellis duty roster. I will always remember entering the weather station – how carefully and respectfully I crossed the parking lot outside, how deliberately I skirted the two parked cars, opened the outer door

to the office area, and went inside, slowly closing the door behind me as I did so. I proceeded through the front office area, past the clerk's desk on my left, past the entrance to The Major's office on my right, then past the door to the supply storage closet on my right as well. I continued through the door in front of me into the observer's work area in the back. Once inside the observer's area, the doorways into the teletype room and into the adjacent forecaster's area were once again on my right in that order. Across the room, directly in front of me, stood the doorway to the outside. It opened to the wide, miles-long tarmac and to the aircraft parking area. The sign-in-duty roster and the other log books sat on the large observer's table on my left.

Across the room, the large windows on the far wall provided a stunning view of the Nellis runways, the adjoining sagebrush covered desert, and the distant desert covered mountains beyond. The building sat along one of the tarmacs. It was lined up generally north to south with the weather station taking up the northern third of the building.

Mike was sitting on a tall bar chair at the observer's large, long raised work table on the near wall, the western wall on my left, as I entered the room. The large table top was slanted by design for the convenience of the observers. Their duties required recording the weather reports every hour and also whenever the weather changed, frequently plotting up the various types of weather charts for use by the forecasters, and tending

the constantly running teletype machines.

Consequently,

Mike

was

quite

comfortable as he sat working there.

Mike was recording the 4:00 P.M.

weather report when I entered. I greeted

him as I signed in, “Hi Mike. I’m

Airman Second Class Hall. I’m just

starting my OJT – you know On the Job

Training – and I’m assigned to work

with you tonight, and for the next several

weeks. According to the schedule, you

and I will be working night shifts for the

next several weeks. The Major said that

swing shifts and mid shifts are the shifts

you enjoy the most. I have always

enjoyed working nights so I’m looking

forward to working them with you. I see

you relieved the day shift observer early today.”

“Hi Charlie,” Mike responded, his voice betrayed a certain nervousness.

Then, after a long pause, he continued, “Yes. I relieved the day shift observer a couple of hours ago, so I need to finish the 4 o’clock report. You should begin by reviewing the recent log book entries while I finish. Silently he returned to his weather duties.

Mike seemed an exceptionally nice young man, instantly likable, unusually easy going, and only a year or so older than myself. I picked up the observer’s log, the duty log, and the equipment log.

Then I took a chair in the far corner where I was out of the way and began reviewing the various entries made by the observers before me. I waited

quietly while Mike finished preparing and transmitting the weather report. As soon as he had finished, the weather forecaster, a five stripe Tech Sergeant, came in through the doorway to the forecaster's section next to our section and quietly informed Mike that he was leaving for the evening early. Since Base Operations had already closed, the two of us were now alone in the building. The Tech Sergeant then left by way of the front office door without actually greeting me. I wasn't surprised. Mike seemed a better man than I was - and easier to talk to. In a few minutes, only one parked car could be seen through the windows of the office area. The silent forgotten emptiness of a Sunday evening proceeded to descend on the weather station and on the remainder of the

darkened Base Operations building.

Now that Mike and I were alone in the building, Mike began showing me around and familiarizing me with my duties. It was a slow process, and the time passed even more slowly. My duties were obviously very similar to the ones I had learned at Weather Training School. When Mike had finished, I began by tearing off the latest hourly weather reports printed out by the teletype machines. I separated them into groups, and posted the resulting pieces of paper on clipboards out in the next room in the forecaster's area. The reports would be available for use by the forecasters for the next 30 days or so. The most important group, the group of stations that included Nellis, was named SAUS 5. The next groups were

the ones that included George AFB, Murdoc Lake, March, Luke, Navy Mirmar, etc. They had names like SAUS 6, SAUS 7, and so on. They came in all according to the schedule put out by Tinker AFB in distant Oklahoma. SAUS 5, the heart of the desert southwest, always came in first. Summer nights in the southwestern deserts were usually quite uneventful. There were many reporting stations in seldom visited locations. There were also many different weather reporting codes, most of which were seldom used. In order to perform his duties properly, a weather observer needed to be very relaxed, hardworking, clear thinking, logical, and have a very good memory. He also needed a willingness to patiently work alone through the many long night shifts.

As I was working on the large number of 4:00 P.M. reports, I resumed the previous conversation that I had begun with Mike. He still seemed to be quite nervous. I was hoping to get him to relax and calm down. "That's a nice car you have parked out in the lot."

"Yes," replied Mike. "It's almost new. My father gave it to me just last January when I was home on extended leave. He felt that it would help me rest up and relax."

"I see your car has California license plates," I stated. "Does your father live in Los Angeles?"

"Yes," answered Mike. "Actually he lives in Pasadena. Have you ever been there?"

"Yes," I replied. "Even though I grew up in Wisconsin, I drove out here to Las

Vegas by way of New Mexico and
Arizona, then on to California – Los
Angeles and San Francisco - and then all
over the west, Utah, Wyoming, and the
Dakotas. That was just 2 years ago, back
in the summer of 1963. Pasadena is one
of
those
unforgettable
places
in
California. I had fallen in love with the
west, the deserts, and the mountains.
By the way, I see that you don't live in
the barracks.”

“No,” answered Mike. “When I got
back from leave last week, I moved into
an apartment down in North Las Vegas.
My father is helping me with the rent.”

“Doesn't living off base require the

Major's approval?" I asked.

"Yes," responded Mike." Actually it requires the Nellis Base Commander's approval. He approved it because it's a quiet neighborhood and it's easier for me to rest when I'm there than when I'm in the barracks here on base."

Laughing, I responded, "I never thought of Las Vegas, Nevada as a place to rest up and relax." I paused for a few minutes as I was retrieving one of the large weather charts from the Thermo-fax machine. Then I continued, "I understood you to say that you relieved the day shift observer early today."

"Yes. I had a special meeting with The Major at one o'clock this afternoon." Mike responded. "When it was over, I signed in and relieved the day shift observer. I've been on duty

ever since. The Major said I have a lot of time to make up. By the way, The Major referred to you by name at the meeting. He said the Base Commander wanted you to work nights and weekends with me for a while, to see how things go. I guess the command post officers feel that it would be good for me if you worked with me. I do have your name right, don't I? I mean, that's your first name, isn't it, Charlie?"

"Yes," I replied, "Although many of my close friends have nicknamed me Watash."

"Watash?" he replied, still nervous and now surprised.

"Yes, Watash," I laughed, hoping to get him to relax. "Watash was a god of the Puget Indians who lived up by modern day Seattle, near Puget Sound in

Washington State. Watash was the god of the Deep Inner Willful Self. Watash was a good god. He was stronger than all of the other gods. He could handle anything. Every time he came he did something good for you, even if that meant sometimes he had to break you leg to do it.” Then I laughed some more. Mike refused to join in laughing with me. He appeared to be too nervous to respond. Something I had said obviously touched a nerve. For my part, I felt ashamed and embarrassed that my reply had caused him to become more nervous. “Yes, you can call me Charlie if you want.” I added hurriedly, hoping to make amends. Then I continued, “What I don’t understand is why the Nellis Base Commander was involved in the decision to assign me to work with

you. I mean, we're both weather observers. The Nellis Base Commander isn't part of our immediate chain of command. As you must certainly know, our immediate chain of command goes through Tinker AFB, Oklahoma. Aren't all personnel decisions here at the detachment supposed to be just up to the Major?"

"Yes," responded Mike, guardedly.

"But the Nellis Base Commander is a Two Star General. The Major said that both you and the Commander have friends in The Pentagon. He said that he was just doing what The Pentagon Generals wanted."

Surprised, I responded, "Well, The Nellis Base Commander must certainly have friends in D.C., but I'm just an enlisted man from Wisconsin. I can't

imagine that anyone in The Pentagon even knows I exist.”

“Well, The Major says you’re wrong,” responded Mike. Then, without saying anything more, Mike picked up the clipboard holding a clean weather reporting form, and went outside to begin the 5:00 P.M. hourly weather report. Seeing that he preferred to be alone, I didn’t follow him.

Mike and I continued to work in silence for the next hour and a half or so. Then, at 6:25 P.M., with the darkness of night time settling in, I noticed that Mike, without saying anything, began locking all of the doors of the weather station.

He appeared to be feeling a great deal of fear at the time. He started by going out into the office area and locking the front door to the outside. Then he closed the

door between the observer's area and the office area and moved one of the chairs in front of it. Then he locked the door to the outside to the tarmac and to the aircraft parking area. Then he made sure that all of the windows were closed and locked, and drew closed all of the curtains. Then he went out into the forecaster's section and closed and locked the door between the forecaster's section and the adjoining Base Operations area. Finally, he closed and locked the door between the observer's section and the forecaster's section, thereby making it impossible to carry the hourly weather reports and charts out

into the forecaster's area and post them properly on the clipboards in the forecaster's area. I asked him about this. He responded quietly that we would simply group the hourly reports and charts into piles in the observer's area. Then, he said, when the forecaster arrived in the morning, the mid shift and the day shift duty observers could finish posting them.

Something about the entire affair seemed to me to be really out of place.

In Weather School, I had been taught that observers work around the clock, all three shifts – day shift, swing shift, and mid shift, also known as graveyard.

Weather reports and charts were supposed to be posted in the forecaster's area as they were received on all three shifts. Weather observers are expected

to actually go outdoors and check the weather at least every 10 minutes, not just look out the windows. I struggled for some way to question Mike on these issues. I had to be careful. He did, after all out rank me and he was my OJT instructor. In the meantime, Mike moved one of the tall chairs into the northwest corner of the weather observer's area where the slanted table along the western wall and the north wall joined. There weren't any windows on the interior western wall or on the adjoining piece of the northern wall. There was, as expected, a large window further along on the northern wall where it met the large windows of the eastern wall. Mike positioned the chair so that he could sit in the corner with his back to both walls and keep a sharp eye on all of the locked

windows and doors. Then, with his sandwich bag and coffee thermos next to him, he took his seat and proceeded to begin a very careful and nervous vigil watching all of the locked doors and windows. Before I could begin asking my obvious questions, he spoke. "If you need to go to the men's room or get a cup of coffee from the vending machine down in the passenger lounge, you should do so now. It's already dark outside. In a few minutes, it will no longer be safe to leave this room or to go down to the rest room area."

"I don't understand," I stammered.

"This is Sunday night. Everyone down in Base Operations has long since locked up their portion of the building and gone home. The forecaster has already left. You and I are the only people in the

entire building, or anywhere on this

entire end of Nellis, for that matter.

There's nobody out there – nobody.

There's nobody outside. There's nobody

down in the aircraft repair hangers or

out on the tarmac. There's nobody over

at the Static Test Stand – nobody. I've

never been afraid of the dark. If I feel

like going down to the restroom at the

other end of the building and getting a

cup of coffee from the vending machines

two or three hours from now, what's to

be afraid of?"

Mike didn't answer. He paused for a

minute or so, and then said, "Well, if you

want to go down there now and get some

coffee and go to the men's room, I'll

cover for you. I'll stay here and lock the

door to the forecaster's area behind you.

Then when you get back, knock on the

door and speak up real loud so I can hear you and I'll let you back in."

It seemed to me that Mike was being awfully paranoid about something, but he did out rank me. "Yes," I answered.

"I could use a cup of coffee. I'll go get one now while you cover for me."

"Don't be gone more than 10 minutes," cautioned Mike nervously.

"It's not going to be safe for any longer than that. And make certain that you re-lock the door between the forecaster's area and Base Operations before knocking on the inner door when you come back."

"Yes," I answered. Mike got up from his chair, walked over to the door to the forecaster's area. Very cautiously he unlocked it, and opened it just wide enough for me to pass through. Then he

locked it behind me.

Confused by his behavior, I crossed the forecasters' area, with its desk along its northern inner wall where the many charts and reports were posted. In a routine manner, I unlocked the door to the base operations area. I walked down the long hallway past several rooms on my right and several windows on my left. Finally I arrived at the passenger lounge on the southern end of the building. The Nellis passenger terminal was one of the most beautiful places in the entire southwest.

It wasn't particularly large. However, the entire eastern wall was glass with a glass door

that opened out onto the tarmac and out onto the flight line. On a quiet cold starry night in the winter time, with the lights of the Las Vegas Valley twinkling in the distance, it was a place so memorable that, after capturing a man's dreams, it could almost capture his soul.

The front doors to the passenger terminal were the usual large glass double doors. They were located on the western wall, in the middle of the building, and near the northwestern corner of the lounge. As usual, on this night all of the outer doors and windows were closed and locked.

On the very southern end of the building sat the vending machines and the public restrooms. Facing me against the wall on the right, stood the vending machines, which dispensed coffee and

candy bars. Next to them were the doors to the two public restrooms. The entrances to the restrooms faced each other down a very short aisle way, just long enough and wide enough to accommodate the two opposing entrances. Both doors opened inward. Significantly, the doorway to the men's room was on the right, facing the east. The doorway to the ladies room was on the left, facing west. It meant that if a woman were to stand holding the door open to the ladies room, she would be directly facing a man coming out of the men's room.

When I first entered the lounge, I was so stunned by the quiet stillness and

cathedral like beauty that confronted me
I stood captivated for a few minutes, just
immersed in the scene before me. It was
going to be a night with a bright moon.

The unforgettable scene convinced me
that God, in addition to being Love and
Wisdom,

is

also

Beauty.

Then,

remembering that time was passing, I
visited the men's room, purchased some
coffee and a candy bar from the vending
machines, and slowly headed back up
the building towards the weather station
on the other end.

By the time I got back to the
forecaster's area, and got the door to
base operations closed and locked

behind me, 20 minutes or so, had passed.

Mike, inside the weather station alone, was already in a near panic when I finally knocked on the inner door. The extra 10 or 15 minutes that I left him alone must have seemed like an eternity to him and he had turned into a near emotional vegetable. After opening the inner door for me, he returned to his stool in the corner in a very emotional fashion, sat down, and returned to studying the doors and windows as though his life depended on it. I locked the door behind me and finally got him to calm down a little. Then I took the 7:00 P.M. hourly weather report by myself and, using the teletype transmitter, I sent it to Tinker. All the time he was afraid to come out of his corner. When I was finished transmitting the 7:00 P.M.

report, I let the teletype machines run, walked over to where he was sitting crushed into the corner, pulled up a stool of my own, and began to talk to him in a slow and reassuring manner.

“You know,” I began, “I have always believed that we enlisted men need to be able to say things to each other that never make it to the ears of the officers and the sergeants. I have always believed that it is one of the privileges we enlisted men have – the privilege of being able to say anything we want to each other without worrying about it ever being repeated to the Officers.”

Mike didn't respond. He just sat there on his stool staring at the windows and doors on the eastern wall. I continued, “I noticed in the log book this is your first duty shift since the 14th of January. That

was more than two months ago. An enlisted man only gets 30 days of leave a year.” Still there was no response. “The Major said that I’m assigned to work nights with you for the next several months. It looks to me like we have been assigned the most perfect job for two young single enlisted men in the entire United States Air Force. Nellis has to be the most enchanting place to be stationed anywhere in the world. Those are the lights of Las Vegas out there. Those lights down the valley are showing us the way to dancing girls, sexy young women, gambling halls, taverns and casinos. At night, without any sergeants or officers around, we could hardly have things any easier. This place is way better than the March Air Force Base assignment that I asked for. This building

is warm and safe. The chairs are soft.

After 7 months of boot camp and tech school, this place looks like paradise to me. I can't help but wonder, what are you afraid of in this building? What did you think I was going to find down in the passenger terminal other than rest rooms and coffee? What do you think the two of us are going to have to face at night when we are alone together in this building? I'm asking because, whatever it is, The Major obviously expects me to face it together with you. What is it that I will be facing the next time I go down for coffee and candy bars?"

"Ghosts," responded Mike, finally and nervously. "Tall white ghosts. But nobody believes me because they only come when I'm here alone at nights. No one else has ever seen them because they

never come when the other men are here.”

“Ghosts?” I responded, completely taken aback. “You’ve seen ghosts at night down at the other end of this building?”

“Yes,” he answered emotionally, as he began to spill his guts and unload his mind. “The first week in December, last year, I was working mid shift. I had been working the night shifts since way last summer. I had gone down there about 12:30 at night to get some coffee and to use the men’s room when I came across them. They had come in off the flight line. They were down there using the ladies room. There were five of them, two men and three women. They were about 6 feet tall and completely white. They were thin, thinner than most

humans, and they had unusually large eyes. One man was standing guard outside on the tarmac. The other man was holding open the door to the flight line while the three women were taking turns using the ladies room. For a minute or so, I was frozen in terror. Then I panicked and became hysterical. I ran back up here. I locked all of the doors and phoned the base police but they wouldn't come. They said the Base Commander had ordered them to stay away from this part of the base until morning. I called the control tower and begged the operator for help. But he was all alone and the tower is way down at the other end of the flight line. He can only see the runways. The tower operators can't see the base ops building or anything that goes on up here on the

ground at nights. I spent hours trapped here alone in the station. It was terrible. The forecaster didn't come in until 5:00 the next morning. Everything was a mess. There was teletype paper all over, and I hadn't taken any of the weather reports. The forecaster phoned The Major. I told The Major what had happened but he wouldn't believe me. Nobody believes me."

For a few minutes, I didn't know what to say. I didn't believe him either. The Base Operations building was a new building. Nobody had ever died there. It didn't seem like the kind of building that would attract ghosts. After I collected my thoughts, I asked, "Were the ghosts actually holding the door open – the door to the flight line?"

"Yes," Mike responded quietly. "And

two of the women were also holding the door to the ladies room open while the third was inside using the facilities. It took two of them to hold the door because they're not strong like we are."

"But why do ghosts need to open doors at all?" I asked in disbelief. "I thought ghosts just floated in through the walls. And what would lady ghosts be doing using the ladies room anyway? I mean, ghosts are ghosts, aren't they?"

"I don't know,"

he

answered

emotionally "I don't know, but I can't make them go away. They started coming at nights whenever I was here. They only came when I was here alone, and they

wouldn't come when there were any other people any where around here."

"Did you see them any other times?" I asked, still not believing any of his emotional statements.

"Yes," he answered, "but nobody believes me. Last December The Major was angry with me. He said that I had embarrassed him in front of the Base Commander. The Major would have court martial-ed me and given me a section Eight discharge, but the Base Commander wouldn't let him. I was sent to see the base neurosurgeon instead.

They brought in a special neurosurgeon from back east just to talk with me. The neurosurgeon wouldn't say anything. He wouldn't even agree with me when I said that I had gone nuts and that I hated myself and I hated what I had become

and that I needed help. He wouldn't give me a sedative or any advice or anything. He just sat and listened to me. What a waste of time he was. One time he asked me, 'Have you ever considered the possibility that maybe there's nothing wrong with you? Maybe what you have been seeing is real?' He was just as nuts as me. He gave me a week's rest leave back to my home in Pasadena and told The Major to put me back on night shifts when I returned. He said it was so I could relax and learn to overcome my fears. But it didn't help. As soon as I was back on duty, the ghosts started coming again. It was almost as though they were waiting for me. I would see them out in the desert north of here, and down in the hangers and in the machine shops. I would lock all the doors, but

they would come and stand out on the flight line and look at me through the windows and wait for me to come out to take the weather report. Then, that night in January, one of them was out in the forecaster's room. I had locked the inner door but he unlocked it, and opened it slowly anyway. He was peeking at me around the corner. He was trying to talk to me. He was saying, 'Don't be afraid. The women just need to use the rest room.' I couldn't take it anymore. I became hysterical and started screaming. I had a complete nervous breakdown. I went totally out of my mind. I was so hysterical and screaming so loud that finally the Air Policemen had to come. The Base Commander would only allow two policemen to come and they weren't even armed when they got here. They

came in the front door and grabbed me. They wouldn't listen to me. They wouldn't even check out the flight line or the rest of the building and see that I was telling them the truth. They took me back down to the base neurosurgeon. He wouldn't even talk to me. He just gave me a sedative and checked me into the hospital for three days. Then he gave me 2 months of rest leave and ordered me to go back home to Pasadena. Yesterday, The Major said the only reason The Pentagon was allowing me to return to duty was because you were going to be here with me. They won't let anyone else work with me. He said that if my nerves can't take working nights and seeing ghosts, I will be given an ordinary honorable early discharge for the convenience of the Air Force. It'll be

a discharge that I can be proud of, he said, and that people would treat me like a hero. But he also said The Pentagon wanted you and I to work nights together first to see if you can help me get a handle on my problems.”

“So the ghosts won’t come if I’m here with you or if one of the other men is here with you?” I asked. By now I was convinced that Mike, nice as he was, must be suffering from severe emotional problems. Perhaps, I supposed, he had caved in from the stress of the military life style, or maybe from having worked so many night shifts alone.

“Oh, they’ll come when you’re here,” Mike stated with certainty and finality.

“You won’t keep them away! They’ll come when we’re both here! They only refuse to come around when the other

men are here.”

By now, I had become convinced that Mike had completely lost his sanity and I was beginning to wonder if I was safe working nights alone with him. I began worrying that since he had spilled his guts to me, both he and our Commanders might now think that I was as insane as I believed he was. To my way of thinking at the time, the only difference between me and the other men was that they were better soldiers than I was - and most of them were a lot better workers as well. The time was now rushing towards 8:00 P.M. and the hourly weather report needed to be taken. Mike, for his part, pressed himself back into his corner and seemed unwilling to discuss his situation any further. He did seem to spend a lot of his time looking through the windows

out into the night time desert beyond.

I hurried through the 8:00 P.M. hourly weather report and busied myself filing the weather reports from the other stations into their various groupings.

That took the entire hour. By the time I had caught up with the teletype machines, it was time for me to take and transmit the 9:00 P.M. hourly report.

Then I had to file more weather reports and plot up a large weather chart. I

finished just in time to take the 10:00

P.M. weather report. By 10:20 P.M.,

when SAUS 7 finished printing out,

Mike, for his part, didn't seem as

frightened as he had been earlier in the

evening. He seemed to be slowly

overcoming his previous fears. He

appeared to have started thinking slowly

and logically again, although he still

hadn't gotten back to where he could laugh about things. "Charlie," he said quietly as he got up off his stool for the first time in almost 4 hours, "I shouldn't let you do all of the work like this. Now that SAUS 7 has finished printing, it's a good time to put a new roll of paper in the Thermo-Fax machine. I should show you the tricks of how that is done. There are some things that you only learn through experience."

"Sure," I responded seriously. "I'll get a new roll of paper out of the corner of the teletype room – and Mike – I want you to know that I will be careful of ghosts and things whenever I go down at night to get coffee or go to the men's room." It seemed to set Mike's mind at ease. Neither Mike nor I ever mentioned the topic of ghosts to each other again.

Taking

the

11:00

P.M.

report

proceeded

routinely.

As

midnight

approached, Mike asked me to very

carefully unlock and open the door to the

front office. He stated that he would take

and transmit the midnight report while I

carefully watched out the front windows

for the weather observer who was

scheduled to relieve us at Midnight.

Only when I saw him, was I to unlock

the front door and let him in. At 11:55

P.M. the next duty observer finally

pulled up in his car. Naturally, I

unlocked the front door and let him in. Then, after he had signed in, Mike and I collected our things. The mid-shift observer walked Mike out to Mike's parked car and saw him safely off. I, myself bid them all Goodnight and began the long walk back, alone, to my barracks.

That was the last time I ever saw Mike. The next afternoon when I reported for duty at 4:00 P.M. a different weather observer was waiting to work with me and take on the duties of OJT instructor. Before he left for the day, The Major spoke with me for a few minutes. He said now that I had worked one night shift alone with Mike, and Mike and I had talked, the Pentagon agreed to give him an honorable early discharge. It would be an ordinary discharge that he

could be proud of. Mike, he said, was already on his way back to Pasadena, California. According to The Major, Mike stated before he left that talking with me had been a tremendous help to him. Mike had said that he now felt like he could leave all of his previous fears and nightmares behind here in the Las Vegas Valley, and go home to Pasadena happy.

[That's All I Wanted](#)

[... Understanding](#)

... I communed with mine own heart, saying,
Lo, I am come to great estate,
and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem:

yea, my heart had great
experience
of wisdom and
knowledge.

And I gave my heart to know
wisdom,
and to know madness and
folly:

I perceived that this also is
vexation of spirit.

For in much wisdom is much
grief:
and he that increaseth
knowledge
increaseth sorrow.

... Ecclesiastes 1:16 - 18

... . . .

The return of the sea gulls and the
warming desert air heralded the spring
of 1965. I was new to the desolate

desert valleys and to the distant
wilderness covered mountains and the
many
secretive
U.S.
Government
restricted areas that surrounded Indian
Springs, Nevada. The distant mountains,
in their pristine beauty, seemed naturally
untouched by what little human presence
had ever existed out in the empty valleys
and on the forgotten dry lake beds and
the few narrow trails that disappeared
into the far away gravel covered
arroyos. The deeper canyons had long
since been turned back into wilderness
by the constantly shifting desert winds,
the desert heat, and the always drifting
desert sands. On some days when I was
out hiking through the beautiful distant

gardens of healthy flowering sagebrush,
listening to the always present sounds of
happy unseen meadowlarks and the
whispering desert sands, it didn't seem
like it was necessary for me to
remember much of anything about human
civilization – or even to remember how
to speak English. Some days it seemed
that
just
by
thinking,
I
could
communicate with the sun, the sky, the
sagebrush, the beautiful purple flowers,
the distant, desolate dry lake beds, the
far-away mountains, the whispering
desert sands, and with the happy unseen
meadowlarks. Sometimes the thoughts I

was thinking and the ideas that appeared in my mind didn't seem to even be mine.

On those occasions, the ideas seemed to come to me on the very wind itself.

I was so new to Indian Springs Valley and its ways. I enjoyed proudly displaying the second stripe that I had earned by graduating first in my weather observer class at Chanute AFB Illinois, less than 3 months ago. Now, as an enlisted man, I was the duty weather observer on TDY at Indian Springs AAF, although I was still permanently stationed at Nellis AFB some 90 miles way. I sometimes wondered why the Pentagon and the Nellis Base

Commander had specifically wanted me rushed up to Indian Springs, even though they surely knew that I had just barely begun my required “On the Job Training” back at Nellis. I needed at least four to six more months to complete my OJT. The successful completion of such training is normally required

before

a

new

Weather

Observer can be sent TDY or assigned to be the Duty Observer anywhere. The US Air Force took such training quite seriously.

When I was handed my orders down at Nellis, I was informed that there were four widely separated weather shacks

located in distant desolate places out on the Ranges. It was said that the Nellis Base Commander wanted me to get used to visiting all four of them. He wanted me to feel comfortable in them, they said. I was still so new to the Ranges that I had not yet gotten up the courage to actually visit and inspect all four of the weather shacks. They lay secluded, hidden, and forgotten, out in the vast expanse of desert known as The Indian Springs Nevada Gunnery Ranges. As the duty Range Weather Observer, I was in complete charge of all of them – their locks, their floors, roofs, lights, coats of paint, windows, doors - wherever they all were - whenever I had the courage to visit them. I could do anything I wanted to with them - anything except move them. I was even in charge of the distant

desolate patches of desert land on which they each individually sat.

When I took over The Ranges, I was short of weather balloons out at my weather shacks. I drove by the Indian Springs base dump every morning on my way out to Range Three. I decided to inspect the Indian Springs base dump. I hoped to recover any usable weather balloons that the observers before me might have discarded. The patch of desert that passed for the dump at Indian Springs Auxiliary Field, Nevada never looked lovelier. The dump was littered with hundreds of old discarded colorful balloons. I had noticed them from the road as I drove by. The many balloons had been dumped there by the many weather observers who had been stationed at Indian Springs before me.

All of the balloons had been new when they were originally dumped there. Most of them were still in their original boxes. Weather balloons can be used only once. Consequently, none of the balloons discarded at the dump had ever been used. One box I remember specifically. Like so many of the discarded balloons, it was partially covered up with sand. According to the writing on the fragmented box, it had been issued many summers before. The weather observer so many years before me, who had dumped it there, had made only a handful of entries in my weather log books before he was given a medical discharge. His entries had been made years earlier. Most of his entries were quite frightening. They described nights and days of abject terror. Consequently,

I had read very few of his entries. I was, after all, his replacement. Protecting myself, and my sanity, were two of my highest priorities. Unfortunately the balloons were very fragile. The hot desert sun and the years, had not been easy on the balloons or their boxes. Only a handful of balloons were recoverable. As I stood there enjoying the stunning view of the desert valley that stretched to the north, holding the pieces of that fragmented box in my hands, I wondered about the man who had thrown it there years ago. Whatever sort of man he was, he had obviously thrown it there out of fear. I wondered what he would have said to me, if he had met me, knowing I was his replacement – and that I had been ordered to perform the same duties alone out in those desolate valleys that

stretched for miles to the north – the same duties that years before, he too, had been ordered to perform out in those same desolate desert valleys.

I had settled into the barracks at Indian Springs AAF for only a few days when I first noticed that the barracks I had chosen was a very unusual place. I occupied the barracks alone, although late at night, on a great many nights, I seldom actually felt alone as I lay in my bunk trying to sleep. My duty day started at 3:00 A.M. Monday through Friday. It was necessary to be well rested in order to make the long drive out to the ranges to take the always scheduled 4:30 A.M. balloon release and weather report.

The building I bunked in was a one-story WWII style wooden barracks. The otherwise empty, long, single story,

double barracks that I had chosen, sat isolated, apart from the other barracks. It sat along the south side of the East-West aircraft parking ramp. Across the parking ramp lay the main east west runway. Beyond the runway, to the north, indeed, stretching in all directions, lay the open, empty vastness of the Nevada deserts with their wilderness covered mountain ranges. Indian Springs valley with its gunnery ranges, stretched more than 40 miles to the north, bounded at last by the distant, secretive, pristine, US Government owned mountains with their heavily defended, forbidding peaks. The barracks sat with its latrines in the middle. It had few windows, very few lights, and only two doors. One door was on the west end. The other graced the north-east corner of the

building on the north side. Both doors opened out. Both doors were hinged on the left as a soldier would approach them from the outside. Of course, that also meant that the door on the northeast corner of the barracks – the door that opened directly out onto the paved parking ramp out towards the vast empty trackless desert to the north - was hinged on the right of any soldier leaving the barracks from the inside.

Since I bunked completely alone in this large barracks, I had my choice of many unused cubicles. Most cubicles contained a metal military style bunk. Some had a small nightstand. A few contained metal lockers and a metal framed chair. The cubicles were otherwise empty. I began by choosing to bunk in a cubicle on the eastern side of

the barracks. I picked one of the many cubicles without a window. It was on the north side of the aisle, and sat half way between the door on the northeastern end and the latrines in the middle. However, from almost the very first night that I slept in that cubicle, I began experiencing what I supposed to be nightmares. I would be awakened late in the warm spring nights by chalk white people, both adults and children, who sometimes walked, and sometimes floated silently into the barracks. Always they opened the doors on ends of the barracks, even if those doors had

been locked from the inside. One night I had gotten up at about 1:00 A.M. to relieve myself in the latrine. There was a great deal of moonlight flooding into the barracks that night. I had not turned on any of the few lights in the barracks. As I started walking back towards my cubicle, with the soft moonlight streaming in through the few windows, I saw a thin, chalk white man who was about my height, peeking at me from around the entrance to my cubicle. Apparently, he had been going thorough my things while I was using the latrine. He clearly wasn't human. I was too terrified to continue walking back

towards him. I stood frozen in fear.

Then, shaking, I retreated back to one of the empty cubicles in the west half of the barracks. Supposing myself to be having a nightmare, I lay down on one of the unused cold steel bunks, uncomfortable as it was, and tried desperately to go back to sleep. After a while, it seemed like I was alone again.

The next day I changed cubicles. I chose the cubicle on the west end, on the south side of the aisle. It didn't help. The nightmares seemed to get worse. Now, when I was awakened late at night, in addition to chalk white people, there seemed to be several high ranking USAF officers coming through the barracks as well. One night, about 1:30 A.M., I had just returned to my cubicle from the latrine. The lights were off as usual, and

the darkened barracks was filled with nothing but moonlight and starlight. I was bent over with my back to the cubicle's entrance. I was in the process of getting back into my bunk when the door on the west end opened unexpectedly. A USAF four star General along with 3 other USAF officers and several chalk white people walked in. The four star General was almost past the entrance to my cubicle when he exclaimed in a low voice, "Oh, there he is now. I see he's moved. Harry, go in and get him like you always do." I did not stand up or turn around. I was so

certain that another one of my nightmares was beginning. All I wanted to do was make it end. I hurried to get back into my bunk and go back to sleep. However, I had just barely laid back down in my bunk when a thin chalk white man walked into my cubicle. Terrified, I did not want to look at him. He clearly wasn't human. My mind fuzzed over.

When I finally came to and got control of my thoughts again, I found myself outside in the night. It was now about 2:30 A.M.

I was walking around in my shower clogs outside near the west end of the barracks. When I went back inside to my cubicle, it was obvious that during my absence, someone had gone through, touched, or moved every single one of my few belongings. For my part at the time, I was just glad that for this night, at

least, the nightmare was over and I was alone again in the barracks. Exhausted, I lay down in my bunk and went back to sleep.

The next day, I decided to try a different cubicle. When the nightmare had begun by the USAF Generals entering my barracks from the door on the west end, there hadn't been any place for me to run, or any place for me to hide. So when I changed cubicles, I intentionally picked the cubicle closest to the door on the northeast corner of the building. That cubicle contained a metal bunk, a small nightstand and a metal framed chair. It did not contain a metal locker. My few belongings that Summer, fit easily into my duffel bag, so changing cubicles was a simple matter. Frequently I parked my truck directly outside next to

the east end of the building when I came in to base for meals anyway, so the cubicle was conveniently located. Its location also made it more difficult to surprise me during the night, whereas, it had been quite easy to do so before.

I arranged the furnishings within this cubicle so that as I lay in my bunk, I could look directly out through the door to the north, if that door were open.

Naturally, I always closed the door before going to bed at night, even though the desert nights had been warm, relaxing, and unforgettable. The next few days, my nightmares seemed to improve.

I didn't pay much attention when I found the door propped open as I arose at 3:00 A.M. I just thought to myself that sooner or later I would meet up with whoever was doing it and make friends with them.

As for my previous nightmares, I recited a large number of my favorite prayers asking for God's help. I decided for my own sanity and happiness, I had no choice but to block the nightmares completely out of my mind – in short – to just forget them – to just forget everything when morning came.

My day's duties as a weather observer began early. Every day, Monday through Friday, Nellis required a 4:30 A.M. balloon release and corresponding wind measurement, usually from distant, desolate Range Three or sometimes from the even more distant and desolate Range One.

Whoever it was that came through my barracks at night and left the door open

obviously knew both my schedule and my barracks very well. Usually they would use either the metal chair from my cubicle or a large rock that sat outside, to hold the door open. On a few of those early nights, they even opened my locked duffel bag and looked through my belongings, all without waking me. So at first, it seemed as if my nightmares were improving, even though I was mystified by the nightly events. I had very few belongings. There was simply nothing of any interest in my duffel bag. Yet, night after night, every item in my duffel bag, even those items located at the very bottom were being routinely taken out, piece by piece, and inspected. With equal care each item was carefully placed back into my duffel bag. Then the bag was returned to its original position

for me to find where I expected it to be when I woke up in the morning. If I hadn't been paying careful attention, I would never have noticed.

Within only a handful of days however, my nights alone in the barracks, once again, steadily became more confusing. My nightmares returned and once again, became more terrifying, as did my entire life out on the Ranges.

Once again, I began waking up in the night, not sure if I was dreaming, having a nightmare – or losing my sanity. On one of those early nights, I got up from my bunk and began walking slowly down the central aisle in the darkened barracks about 12:30 A.M. I needed to use the bathroom located in the center of the barracks. Later, I woke up in my bunk at 3:00 A.M. and began putting on

my USAF uniform just as my alarm clock rang. All I could vaguely remember of the previous evening was standing at the urinal, while someone else was standing a short distance behind me on my right.

Over breakfast in the chow hall, one day in those early weeks, I asked one of the cooks about the barracks. He said that on a Monday a few weeks before I had arrived, an aircraft mechanic had come up from Nellis to work on an F105 that had landed with engine trouble. The repairs took a few days, so the mechanic took to sleeping nights in the same barracks that I was now in. On the third day, the mechanic reported that other people were coming into the barracks at night while he was sleeping. Since there were only 8 or 10 other men on base,

and no high ranking officers, he naturally wondered who they might be. The mechanic spent his first Thursday evening at the Airman's club. When he returned to the barracks very late that night, he said there was a chalk white man standing in the aisle facing him when he came in. The mechanic had used the doorway from the flight line to enter the barracks. At the time, the door had previously been propped open. The mechanic used the same door to leave the barracks screaming in terror. The mechanic swore that the chalk white man wasn't human. After that experience, the mechanic refused to stay over night at Indian Springs. On those few occasions when he would come, he would return to Nellis each day as soon as he finished the evening meal at the Indian Springs

chow hall. The cook added thoughtfully,
“You know, Charlie, any more, you’re
the only man that will go into that
barracks late at night. Where you get the
courage to sleep over night in it is
beyond me. All of the rest of us think it’s
haunted.”

For my part, I wondered why the
mechanic’s nightmare had been so
similar to one of mine.

The days passed slowly into weeks.
Each one was successively more
confusing, more difficult to understand,
more terrifying than the one before – and
the events of each successive week were
becoming progressively more difficult to
block out of my mind. Still, I was
convinced that I had to forget them – to
forget them all, if I was to survive.
Every day it was becoming more

difficult. I remember one warm night early in that summer. It was a Thursday night and perhaps a day or two past the full moon. That day, I had learned that the Nellis Base Commander wanted my TDY tour extended by several weeks. He was very happy with my work, it was said. I remember being awakened as I lay sleeping in my bunk. I checked my alarm clock. It was just past 12:30 A.M. I heard the door of the barracks open, and I heard several people enter the barracks from the west end. One of them was a four star USAF General whose voice I recognized from several of my earlier “nightmares”. He was saying, “Our man is sleeping in a bunk down at the other end. Harry, please go down and get him. Have him stand in one of the other cubicles like we always

do. That will let our visiting white friends get a good close look at him.”

I lay quietly in my bunk in the darkness, moonlight streaming and floating silently in through the few widely scattered windows. I was carefully watching the entrance to my cubicle. I felt myself to be completely awake, so I was waiting for some high ranking USAF officer to come into my cubicle and call me to attention. I was expecting a bird Colonel perhaps, or maybe even a one star General.

Consequently, I was quite unprepared when a man about my height, with chalk white skin, a silvery white uniform, and large blue eyes began quietly peering at me from around the left edge of the opening to my cubicle. I immediately became frozen in confusion and fear. It

was obvious that the man wasn't human.

I remember thinking to myself, "Oh, no!

Another one of my nightmares is

beginning again!"

The USAF General and the other

members of his party had stopped a few

feet back down the hallway and were

waiting. They were still talking quietly

among themselves. "It's pretty crowded

in here, Harry." said the General. "It's a

warm night outside. Go in and get him.

Have him put on his shower clogs to

protect his feet. Then walk him out to the

flight line. We can show him off to our

white friends out there."

The tall white man stood upright and,

facing me, stepped into the entrance to

my cubicle. He had a white pencil-like

object in his right hand. He had it

pointed towards the temple area on the

side of my head. He was just barely the length of my bunk away from me. A second creature, who looked very similar, stepped out behind him and proceeded to open the door to the flight line. Using the rock outside, he blocked the door open.

Believing that I was dreaming, or having a nightmare – or going insane in record fashion, I sat up on the side of my bunk and slipped on my plastic shower clogs, which sat on the floor where I had left them the night before. I sat there for a minute, my mind struggling in confusion. My mind seemed to fuzz over for a few minutes. Then, unlike my previous nightmares, I was able to break part way through the confusion. My mind cleared up

suddenly.

“Stand

up,

Charlie,” said the chalk white man

pleasantly. “Let us go for a walk

outside.”

I remember being very surprised. I

was only an enlisted man. USAF officers

weren't usually that polite to me, and

this officer wasn't even human. Although

my mind was now clear, I was still not

really able to say no. I stood up. The

chalk white man stepped back into the

aisle, and opened a path for me to walk

outside. I walked calmly outside into the

captivating moonlight. The chalk white

man followed along behind me as I did

so. I stopped when I got a short way

outside onto the tarmac. Across the

Tarmac from me sat a large solid white

ellipsoidal craft. It was approximately the height and length of a large mountain sized diesel semi-truck with double mountain trailers. The craft was obviously constructed with a thick set of double hulls. Through the windows along its sides, the moonlight illuminated its otherwise darkened interior. It was constructed in a manner similar to a recreational vehicle with the cockpit area in front and the storage and equipment areas in the back. It sat 50 feet or so in front of me on the tarmac with the cockpit area on my left, facing west. The door was located on the near side. It stood open. It was hinged from the top. The steps up to the open door folded down to the tarmac. The food preparation and sleeping area, along with a few seats, 10 or so, took up the

middle two thirds of the craft. There was a bathroom inside, along with the storage and equipment areas. Those were in the rear of the craft. Most parts of the craft appeared to have been constructed using American made parts. The door and its folding steps appeared very similar to equivalent parts made by one of the American aircraft manufacturers. Inside, the doors to the overhead storage bins were labeled in English.

Two other chalk white

individuals stood next to each other at the top of the steps, just inside the craft. They stood apparently at ease, although they were both studying me in a very intent manner.

I was left standing on the tarmac facing the craft for perhaps 20 minutes. The American Generals and several of the chalk white individuals came outside from the barracks behind me and talked awhile. The four Star American General did most of the talking. He began by describing me to his “New White Friends”. I ate both meat and plants, he said. I could be fed almost anything, all different kinds of plants and all different kinds of animals. He pointed out that I had a good set of teeth. They could look at my teeth, he said, if they wanted to. No one wanted to. Apparently my teeth

were very scary, and two or three of the 'New White Friends' were already becoming frightened. They talked about other things as well. They discussed some joint projects that everyone found to be quite interesting. One of the projects was intended to produce better quality electronics and radios that everyone could use.

Then

the

discussions moved on to other topics.

One of the American Officers, a bird

Colonel, suggested that I should be

walked over to a nearby wooden shed

and told to wait alone inside, in its

comfortable and familiar interior, for a

while. He was worried that I wasn't

getting enough rest, he said, and I didn't seem to be as hypnotized as he would have liked. He was afraid that I might possibly be able to remember many parts of this evening. If that were the case, he worried, he was afraid that I might not be able to handle the memories. Such memories would haunt me for the rest of my life, he asserted. The Generals agreed. They didn't want to "ride a good horse to death", one of them said. So one of the white guards walked me over to the nearby Petroleum Oils and Liquids (POL) shed and had me wait inside in its darkened interior. It had a bare dirt floor and various gaps between its wooden wall boards, all for fire safety reasons. I stood inside, facing the eastern wooden wall for perhaps another 20 minutes or so. Outside The

Generals and their “White Friends” continued talking about several joint projects which they were planning. They went back inside the barracks for a few minutes and rechecked my sleeping area and my few belongings. When they came out again, they all agreed that I would fit nicely into one of the smaller compartments on their deep space craft, but I would need a friend to join me, they said. I was only human, after all. And the preparations would probably take a couple of years. Next, the group of Generals and high ranking officers decided to show their

“New White Friends” the rest of the Indian Springs base. With the USAF Generals in the lead, the group began walking around the east end of the barracks, across the large area covered by river rock stones until they reached the nearby roughly paved east-west street which ran parallel to the flight line and its buildings. They set out in an easterly direction, walking slowly on the rough pavement. The General began pointing out the aircraft hangers, supply sheds, and the unmanned Indian Springs Control tower as they walked. There was an Aircraft hanger down at the end, the General said, with an airplane, lots of aircraft parts, and tools inside that he wanted to show them. They would find it interesting, he assured them.

The white guard watching me, and the

two white individuals waiting on the steps to the white scout craft appeared to be surprised and taken “off-balance” by the American General’s decision. The flight line was quite long and the white guards appeared to become anxious. They obviously wanted to catch up with the Generals and the tour group by moving the scout craft down the flight line next to the hangers where the Generals with their “New White Friends” were now heading. In hurried, but friendly fashion, then, the white guard watching me, had me come out of the wooden POL shed and walk back onto the paved tarmac. He quickly pointed me in the direction of the door to my barracks, some 70 feet or so distant, and had me begin walking slowly back towards it. He pointed his white pencil

like instrument towards my exposed right temple and activated it. My mind fuzzed over slightly for a few seconds. I stopped walking as I struggled to clear my mind. Behind me, the white guard hurried back onto the scout craft. My mind cleared suddenly. I turned around slowly to watch the craft as the guard raised the steps and closed the door.

Meanwhile the other two white guards took their seats in the pilot and copilot positions. While I stood watching, the scout craft, in total silence, lifted off the pavement until it was only 3 or 4 feet off the pavement. Still in total silence, it rotated slowly in place towards the north – that is in clockwise fashion – until it was facing towards the east. Then it began slowly floating down along the flight line towards the hanger and The

Generals at the other end.

As I stood there watching the scout craft, I slowly realized that I was now wide awake and had complete control over myself. The immense confusion I felt is difficult to describe. I remember thinking to myself, "So this is what it's like when you wake up suddenly after sleep walking in a dream. Even after you're awake, you keep thinking that you are seeing things." I was quite tired and I wanted very much to return to my barracks and go back to sleep. So I turned back towards the door to my barracks and began walking slowly towards it. As I walked I remember wondering why these kinds of things had never happened to me before I came to Indian Springs. I could still see the scout craft down on the flight line, and I could

still hear the Generals talking in low normal tones in the distance. When I was still 20 feet or so from the door to my barracks, I decided, then, that I had to know - I had to know why I was out late at night walking on the flight line in my underwear and shower clogs – I had to know, was it me – was it really me? So instead of continuing back into my barracks, I turned to my left, finished crossing the tarmac, and began picking my way across the large stones and river rock between the tarmac and the roughly paved street. I could see the Generals and their “White Friends” down the street a ways by the hanger. They were assembled down there under the large trees, standing in the moonlight and shadows perhaps 200 feet away. They appeared to be studying the other widely

scattered barracks from a safe distance.

Closer to me, perhaps only 70 or 100 feet away stood a USAF Officer with the rank of Bird Colonel. He had dropped back from the others. He was half turned back towards me. He stood watching me as I picked my way across the river rock.

The

Colonel

appeared

to

understand that it was my intention to continue down to where the Generals were and to convince myself that they were actually real. He stood there watching me intently, obviously very alarmed by my actions.

My shower clogs were hardly suitable footwear to be wearing while crossing

the river rock. They were constructed from cheap, yellow plastic. As I was reaching the roughly paved road, I slipped on one of the large rocks. My right shower clog tore off my foot. I stubbed my toes and the clog was no longer usable. I limped my way to the pavement and struggled with my shower clog. I was finally forced to accept the inevitable. I had no choice but to return barefoot to my barracks. I stood for a few minutes watching The Colonel and The Generals with their white friends in the distance. The Colonel appeared torn between his desire to stay with the Generals and the tour group, and his obvious desire to come back up the street to where I was, and, I suppose, put me in line. I was, after all, only a low ranking enlisted man.

After a few minutes or so, my aching toes reminded me of my need to return to my barracks for better foot wear. I turned back towards my barracks and began the laborious process of picking my way back across the river rocks. The Colonel stood watching me while The Generals and their tour group entered the last hanger at the end of the flight line. When I had finally limped my way back to the tarmac, The Colonel finally turned back towards the distant hanger and resumed his slow, thoughtful, walk. For my part, I was only too happy to limp back into my barracks, wash my feet off, and go back to bed. As I had done so many times before, I proceeded to convince myself that it had all been just another one of my many nightmares. I needed to forget them all, I said to

myself as I went back to sleep, in order to maintain my carefree way of life – and my sanity.

The next day was Friday. The morning runs progressed normally enough. I was alone out at Range Three. I was just starting the preparations for the 10:30 A.M. balloon run, when the phone rang.

It was the Nellis weather station phoning me. The airman on the other end was one of my close friends. He was unusually formal. He informed me that I was in

very

serious

trouble

with

the

Commander.

I

was

ordered

to

immediately close down the Range

Three weather station, pack up my few belongings, and, using my weather truck for transportation, report immediately to the weather station down at Nellis. My immediate commander had scheduled a meeting with me for 3:00 P.M. this afternoon.

I was in shock. “What could the problem be?” I stammered. “I haven’t done anything wrong.”

“I don’t know,” my friend responded seriously.

“When

the

commander

returned

from

the

Nellis

Base

Commander's Office, it sounded to me like our commander wants you court martial-ed”

Having no other choice, I hung up the phone, shut down the Range Three weather station, and drove in to base.

After filling my truck with gasoline, I collected my few belongings, tossed my duffel bag into the back of the pickup truck and began the agonizing drive down to Nellis.

I was little more than an emotional vegetable by the time I arrived at the Nellis Weather Station. My commander kept me waiting until 3:00 P.M. sharp. Then he sternly ordered me into his office. He was normally a very gentle

and soft spoken commander. Lying on the desk in front of him was a set of papers, as yet unsigned, apparently giving me an honorable Section 8 discharge for medical reasons. My commander began shouting angrily at me. He ordered me to not speak even a single word, but to just shut up and listen. He said that I had embarrassed him in front of the Nellis Base Commander. He said he didn't have the faintest idea what was going on up at Indian Springs and that no one would tell him. He said a four star General told him there were things up at Indian Springs and out in those distant desert valleys and mountains that only I knew about, and understood. My commander said he had received direct orders from the four Star General not to ask me a single

question about anything, and that I was not to be allowed to say anything to him in this meeting. He said The Nellis Base Commander had refused to even allow him or anyone else to drive up to Indian Springs, or to inspect my barracks or any of my weather stations or anything. Then he screamed and shouted at me until his frustration and anger finally started to subside. He said that he had met one of the Colonels from The Pentagon over at the Nellis Command Post. The Colonel wanted me to spend the next week resting, and reporting for psychological testing and evaluation. My Commander said all The Colonel would tell him was that I had been spending a great of time “Sleepwalking” late at night, and that he was concerned that I wasn’t getting enough rest. My Commander said I was

ordered to report to the Nellis Base Hospital at 1:00 P.M the following Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday for psychological testing. Otherwise, I was to spend the next week resting. I could go into Las Vegas, or read in the library, or anything I wanted. I had no duty shifts to pull or anything. Whatever I did, it was my choice, he said.

Then he added sternly, "A few of the men before you had sleepwalking problems up at Indian Springs too.

Unlike you, they came running into my office in a panic, on their own, begging to be discharged or reassigned. All of them failed their psychological tests and were given honorable Section 8 discharges. I expect that you will fail your psychological tests, too. I am personally ordering you to report back to

me at 3:00 P.M. next Friday afternoon.

By next Friday, you will have your business affairs in order, and stand ready to receive your Section 8 medical discharge. Be ready to be sent back home to Wisconsin!”

Without saying a single word, I came to attention, saluted, and left his office. I was in near total shock at the time.

It was a long, emotional, and depressing weekend. I didn't get much in the way of sleep. Even gambling in Las Vegas didn't make the emotional pain go away. When 1:00 P.M. in the afternoon arrived on Monday, as ordered, I was sitting in the reception area of the Nellis Base Medical Facilities. One of the doctors came out, greeted me in a calm and perfunctory manner. He took me to a back room and gave me a large written

psychological test. Completing it took a long time. Then he came back and gave me the standard ink blot test. During the entire process, he appeared almost afraid to say anything to me. When 3:00 P.M. arrived, I, along with my test results, was escorted into one of the rooms in the back of the facility. It was a very comfortable room with a large couch, soft chairs, and an over-sized desk. To my immense shock, sitting there behind the desk, waiting to talk to me was The Bird Colonel that I had been looking at the week before out on the rough paved road at Indian Springs.

“Good afternoon Airman Hall,” he began pleasantly.

“Good
afternoon,
Colonel”

I

responded nervously. “Who are you?” I instinctively blurted out.

“I don’t have a name,” he answered slowly, shaking his head as he did so. “I am trying to decide if you should be given an Honorable Section 8 discharge for medical reasons, or if you can be allowed to remain in the U.S. Air Force and be reassigned to some other place such as England or Hawaii.”

“Why?” I asked nervously. “I haven’t done anything wrong.”

“You seem to have a problem walking around outdoors at night during your sleep,” he responded, smiling as he spoke. “And you seem awfully nervous. The men before you who experienced these same problems all had to be discharged for medical reasons. You

must need to rest. It doesn't appear to me that you have been getting the rest that a man needs if he is to remain fit for duty."

"I can get over it," I answered emotionally. "I'm not tired, and I have been getting lots of rest this week. I don't want to go back to Wisconsin, at least not yet. I'm looking forward to using the G.I. Bill to go back to college.

I come from a very poor family. I lost my scholarships the last semester that I attended the University of Wisconsin.

Madison and the University is extremely expensive. I've got nothing to go home to." I was practically down to begging at the time.

My answers seemed to affect him very little. He sat reading my test scores and thinking things through for a few minutes.

"Well, you do have a lot of friends," he

answered thoughtfully. “But I am still not convinced. However, there are some other people I need to talk to about you. They come from places very far away from here. It’ll take me a day or so to get their advice. You see, even I have commanders, and have to take orders, just as you do.

We’ll get back together at 1:00 P.M. on Wednesday. As for tomorrow, I want you to report back here at 1:00 P.M. for further testing. There’s another IQ test I want you to take. I still can’t believe your score on the last one we gave you – 147. Your IQ is high, I’ll bet that you could manipulate that last test to get any score from blithering idiot to Einstein if you wanted to. I have never seen any human think as fast as you do.

Tonight, I want you to spend the hours

from 8:30 P.M. until 11:00 P.M. resting at your favorite casino down on the strip. It's the one with all the stars on it. You don't have to be gambling or anything if you don't want to. You can be doing whatever you want. But I want you to rest, sit in a soft chair or the sofa in the lounge, and watch all the young women walk by. I want you somewhere inside the building continually during those hours.

Give some thought to the things we have discussed here. In the meantime, make sure that your business affairs are in order so you can be discharged on Friday afternoon."

I did as I was ordered. I spent the evening enjoying my favorite casino down on the strip. I spent most of the time sitting quietly on a nice soft sofa in

a quiet dark corner in the lounge,
listening to the music. I was only
drinking soft drinks. The night was
almost half over before I noticed that the
lounge staff already knew me and wasn't
charging me for any of my drinks, even
though I wasn't gambling. I began
wondering, "How did The Colonel
know that this was my favorite strip
casino? I thought it was my own little
personal secret. I've never told anyone."
Then I began feeling so paranoid that for
a long time it seemed as if some people
were frequently looking at me from
across the casino floor, and peeking at
me from behind the rows of slot
machines. When 11:10 P.M. finally
arrived, it was with a great feeling of
relief that I finally got up from my place
on the soft sofa and exited the casino.

The next days dragged by. The many psychological tests seemed easy enough.

As usual, no one would talk to me about anything. It was with a certain grim determination, then, that I reported back to the Nellis Base Hospital at 1:00 P.M. on Wednesday afternoon as ordered.

After waiting a short time, I was escorted back into the same room with nice wood panels, in the back of the building. Once again, the same Bird Colonel was sitting behind the desk, waiting for me. He was looking over my test results as I entered. I took the nearest soft chair and waited for him to speak first. After a few minutes, he sat up and addressed me, "Good afternoon, Airman Hall. I have been looking over your test results. They certainly are impressive. Today, I would like to talk

with you some more about a few topics.”

“Yes,

Colonel”,

I

responded

nervously.

“I understand that you got a good rest down at the casino. While you were there, did any women come up and talk to you, or stand for a while in your vicinity? Any women at all?” asked the Colonel smoothly.

“No,” I responded. “None at all. But then, I’m not exactly movie star good looking.”

“Hum,m,m... ” responded the Colonel thoughtfully. Then he changed the subject. “Did you have any problems sleepwalking when you were growing up in Wisconsin?” he asked.

“No sir,” I answered.

“When is the first time you remember walking around in your sleep?” he continued.

“I’m not sure,” I responded. “It was just a day or so after I first checked into the barracks at Indian Springs last spring. I remember it happening too many times for me to relate them all in a short time. The experiences I had were unusual; I’ll say that much. One night, it seemed like some USAF Generals with their tall white friends came in about 12:30 A.M. I was walked over to the cubicle next to mine and told to stand there for 15 minutes or so. There was a little girl with white skin, large blue eyes, wearing a white fluorescent suit floating up towards the ceiling looking at me in that cubicle. She seemed to be

enjoying herself, playing up there by the ceiling. She was only 3 or 4 feet away from me at the time. She seemed to enjoy playing where I was. The tops of the cubicles do not go all the way to the ceiling in that barracks, and sometimes she seemed to want to float over into the next cubicle.”

The Colonel seemed shocked. “You can remember that evening?” he gasped. “That was months ago! Have you have been carrying around these memories since then?”

“Yes, ” I answered calmly.

“And it doesn’t bother you?” he blurted out.

“No,” I answered. “Don’t get me wrong, it’s kind of annoying. I wish I could just forget everything. I wish my dreams and nightmares and all of the

sleepwalking would stop,” I stated, trying desperately to look sane enough to receive the Colonel’s approval. “But being the Duty Range Observer is a good life for an enlisted man like me. I get my own truck, extra pay, and there aren’t any sergeants or officers bothering me. I spend a lot of time counting my blessings and praying and thanking God. I don’t mind a few drawbacks. I get to sleep all I want to, in the daytime out on the Ranges. If I get too short of sleep, I can always rest.”

The Colonel seemed speechless.

Then,

apparently

defenseless,

he

continued, “I thought by now you’d be in here in a panic, asking to be discharged

or reassigned to somewhere else. I
already have your transfer papers drawn
up for Hawaii, and your commander
already has your discharge papers ready.

How much do you remember about the
other night? Do you remember hurting
your right foot on those large rocks?”

“Yes, I remember everything,” I
answered. “But I didn’t hurt my foot. I
only tore up my shower clog. I was all
right once I got back to my barracks.”

“You
certainly
saw
enough!”

exclaimed the Colonel. “Any other man
would be in here begging for a transfer
or a discharge.”

I wasn’t sure how to respond. I,
myself, wasn’t emotionally ready to

accept the reality of the things I had seen close up on that night, and many other nights. I was especially afraid of alarming the Colonel any further. For that reason, discussing the events of those previous nights seemed pointless. Whatever had happened was whatever had happened. I wanted only to convince the Colonel to allow me to remain in the Air Force and let me return to duty at Indian Springs where I wouldn't be harassed by the sergeants, and I could continue serving my country with pride. I decided to make fun of my difficult situation. "Well, I have this dream about buying some land," I responded in a nervous and humorous manner. "And walking around on moonlit summer nights seems like a good way to locate a nice place to settle down and start a

farm.”

The Colonel looked shocked. I continued laughing nervously, “And that piece of land inside of the POL shed is really interesting. If a man was to buy that land and tear down the shed, I mean, just think of the corn that piece of land would grow.” Then I laughed nervously. “And as for the loneliness, that stretch of desert is getting to be so crowded, some nights I wish I could be a little more alone so I could just sit quietly and remember my childhood.”

The Colonel looked stunned. Then, he started laughing too. “I see that you have a fine sense of humor, Airman Hall,” he exclaimed. “It must have saved you many times in the past.

Well, I’ve seen all I need to see here today. I have to hurry over to your

Commander's office. There's a woman that none of us have spoken to or heard from yet. I guess she's off somewhere. One of us needs to speak with her, too. Enjoy the rest of today and tomorrow. Spend it resting here in the Las Vegas area. Then, at 3:00 P.M. on Friday, report down to your commander's office as you have been ordered. Be fully packed and ready to travel."

I thanked The Colonel. I was emotionally crushed as I left the Nellis Base Hospital. I was certain that I had failed, and that I would be given an honorable discharge, a Section 8 for medical reasons at 3:00 P.M. on Friday Afternoon.

Friday at 3:00 P.M. arrived. I was fully packed and wearing my dress blue uniform as I reported as ordered to my

commander's office. I was expecting to be given an Honorable Section 8 discharge from the U.S. Air Force. I was expecting it to be the end of my enlistment and of my military career. I was in a distant and nostalgic mood as I carried my fully packed duffel bag down to the Nellis weather station. I had already made my airplane reservations and was expecting to return to Wisconsin the next day.

At 3:00 P.M. sharp, in a very stern manner, my immediate commander ordered me into his office. I left my duffel bag sitting on the floor outside. My Commander ordered me to take a chair directly in front of his desk, facing him. I supposed it was so it would be convenient for me to sign my discharge papers. Then my commander picked up

the packet of Section 8 discharge papers that were lying on his desk in front of him. Holding them up for me to see, he proceeded to tear them up and throw them into the waste paper basket that was clearly marked for shredding. He opened one of his desk drawers and took out a second packet of papers that would have reassigned me to Hawaii. In like manner, he tore them up and threw them away, too. Then he looked me in the eye and began exclaiming forcefully, “The Indian Springs weather truck is parked outside in the parking lot.

As soon as I finish giving you your orders, you will immediately leave this building. You will place your fully packed duffel bag in the back of that truck, and drive it back to Indian Springs immediately. You are not to stop

anywhere on Nellis Airbase tonight for any reason. The chow hall up at Indian Springs has been ordered to remain open until you have arrived. You will take the evening chow up there. You are ordered to be checked back into the barracks where you were, by 8:00 P.M. this evening. You will immediately resume the duties of the Indian Springs duty range weather observer, until further notice. Your next weather report is scheduled for 4:30 A.M. Monday morning to be taken from Range Three. It is the morning wind report to be phoned in to the station here at Nellis by 5:15 A.M. on Monday morning.

The direct orders that I have received from a four star General in the Pentagon is that you and I are never to discuss this incident again, or I will be court martial-

ed!”

Then he put both of his hands down on the desk in front of him, looked intently across the desk into my face and momentarily losing control of himself, exclaimed in shock and anger, “My God Airman, do you have friends! They damn near went through the roof ... !”

Then he sat back in his chair and demanded of me, “Do you understand your direct orders?”

“Yes, Sir,” I shouted in response, with tears of gratitude already forming in my eyes.

[... Only](#)

[Human,](#)

[After All ...](#)

Blessed are they which hunger
and thirst
after righteousness:

for they shall

be filled.

Blessed are the merciful:

for they shall obtain

mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart:

for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers:

for they shall be called

the children of

God.

Blessed are they which are

persecuted

for righteousness sake:

for theirs is the

kingdom of

heaven.

... Matthew 5:6 – 5:10

... . . .

1965 was the summer of my 20th year.

The long hot summer days, in the deserts
and mountains on the Indian Springs
gunnery Ranges seemed endless. I sang
the happy 'car cult' songs that were
popular that summer as I drove my
USAF 1964 Ford pickup truck out to the
ranges and back to base. Although my
blue, white topped government owned
pickup truck would never be confused
with a GTO, or the 409 by Pontiac, I
enjoyed it just the same. For me, my
government owned truck was my
freedom machine. It was assigned solely
to me. Only I could drive it. Everything
about my truck was free. Even the
gasoline I put into it was paid for by the
U.S. Government. No one questioned me
about my truck, what I did with it, or
where I took it – Pentagon's orders. I
took my truck on many a joy ride up the

valley and into the distant mountains and deserts. I used it to break free of the bonds of this earth, and escape into my special world of youthful happiness and enjoyment. My special world was a place where only free spirits could go.

When I was alone out on the ranges, my truck was also a place of safety and refuge. Many times I returned to my truck, shaking in white terror. My truck was the place to which and in which I escaped.

It was a perfect summer day, just a day or so before the night of the full moon. The clear blue bright sunlit desert sky had a cathedral like quality, decorated as it was in the early afternoon by a few distant strands of wispy white cirrus. The Moon was not visible in the afternoon. It would not rise

until the time for sundown was much closer.

I had taken my noon meal early and I was now back out at Range Three for the remainder of the afternoon. I was standing by my theodolite, just finishing up the balloon run that had been scheduled for 11:45 A.M. I was already running late. The Nellis Command Post had asked that the balloon be tracked to 30,000 feet if possible, but hadn't given any reason. There was hardly any wind that afternoon, and it had been an easy matter to track the balloon all the way to the lowest layer of cirrus at 32,500 feet. I had chosen to use a white balloon that day. It stood out well against the clear blue sky. I lost the balloon when it entered the thin, nearly transparent layer of white cirrus. The balloon apparently

became coated with ice and finally broke as I was tracking it. The neoprene balloons were very fragile. The winds were so light that day, the balloon had drifted only nine miles or so towards the northeast of my release point when it finally reached its breaking point in the cirrus.

The ranges were closed to everyone except me for that entire week, and no planes were flying. Practically everyone else on the Indian Springs base that day, except for one cook, had been ordered to spend the entire day training down at Nellis. The training orders had come suddenly from The Nellis Command Post, and were totally unexpected by everyone.

As I was preparing to put the lens cap back on my theodolite, I suddenly

noticed a large rocket rising slowly and silently up into the sky, off on the distant horizon to the north-northwest. The large rocket was obviously in its initial stages of ascent. It had appeared suddenly and without warning, above and beyond the ridges of the northern mountain ranges, some 40 miles away. Instinctively, I turned to my theodolite and began tracking the rocket. I adjusted my theodolite to its highest magnification and began recording the rocket's azimuth and elevation at one minute intervals. I wrote my readings on the unused back of my balloon release data form. The rocket had been launched from a location that was just 10 or 15 degrees west of north from my Range Three location. I estimated the rocket was launched from some unknown place

roughly 65 miles north-northwest of me.

The rocket's actual launch site was out of sight beyond the horizon. I was able to get a good estimate of the distance by recording the theodolite readings, the azimuth and the elevation, where the rocket entered the thin, transparent layer of cirrus at 32,500 feet. The laws of Trigonometry did the rest.

The sight of the rocket through my theodolite was stunning. I tracked it with a certain fascination. The rocket assembly had a large white central fuel tank and booster rocket. Strapped on each side of the white central booster were two white side booster rockets, which also acted to stabilize the entire assembly as it rose silently into the blue sky. It was too distant to actually hear any sound. Each section was of

considerable size. Hung onto the central booster rocket was a scaled up version of the X-15 rocket plane. The attached plane was titanium jet black. It had two separate cockpits, one closely behind the other. This two man space-plane also had a noticeably large, wide, extended fuselage. Inside the fuselage appeared to be a reasonably sized living compartment with space for the two crewmen, positioned just behind and below the second cockpit. The living compartment appeared to have space enough to support the two crewmen for several days in space.

I wasn't particularly surprised by the

sight of the rocket launch. I had always found the X-15 rocket program to be fascinating. I had been following the public reports and analysis of the program for many years. Over the years, a great many such analysis had appeared in various popular public magazines. At the time, I remembered having read in the public newspapers and popular public magazines that the USAF had planned on building a scaled up version of the X-15 and using a rocket to launch it on a trip that would circumnavigate the moon. Consequently, it just seemed to me at the time, that I was witnessing a relatively ordinary event which the USAF had been planning for years. The rocket launch proceeded in a perfect, nearly hypnotic manner, with a beauty that was simply out of this world.

The rocket was leaving contrails as it rose, and arced slowly towards the east.

I missed taking many of my planned theodolite readings just because I was watching the launch. When the side

boosters separated and parachuted back to earth, I was stunned by beauty of the sight. The main engines continued

burning, and I continued taking my theodolite readings until the rocket had left

the

earth's

atmosphere

and

disappeared out of sight down range. By

then it was well out into space, over

Utah or Arizona somewhere. The rocket

plane was still attached to its main

engine and fuel tank as it vanished in the

distance.

Many minutes passed before my excitement subsided and I was breathing normally again. I checked my watch, hurried back to the weather shack, and completed the computations that went with my now, very late, balloon run.

There was a new weather observer just starting his second enlistment on day shift at Nellis. He had cross-trained from equipment repair, and he out ranked me. He was an airman first class, just transferred from March AFB outside Los Angeles, passing through weather training school at Chanute AFB, Illinois along the way. March AFB was a Strategic Air Command base (SAC).

Consequently the new airman was used to much higher levels of military discipline than most weather observers

were, myself included.

The new Airman had very little in the way of patience with anything or anyone. He seemed to bear a special dislike for me. I gathered that there had been a time in the past when a very high ranking USAF officer had visited with him alone. My name had apparently been mentioned, along with generally phrased words of exceptional praise for my self control and my ability to survive under circumstances too difficult to describe – circumstances which had broken many of the men before me. The new Airman had apparently misunderstood the meaning of the general words of praise that were spoken. He apparently expected me to possess a very high level of military discipline, the way his friends back at March AFB had. The first time I met him

down at Nellis, he apparently had expected me to show up in a new clean dress blue uniform with highly polished shoes, complete with spit and polish on the medals and on the hat brim. In fact I had shown up wearing my usual faded, paint speckled, heavily worn, green military fatigues, along with moderately worn but serviceable, sand covered military shoes. I was dressed for duty out in the desert. I had driven in to Nellis straight from the deserts north of Indian Springs that day. Of course, the work uniform that I was wearing did actually comply with U.S.A.F regulations. My shoes were thick with protective shoe polish under the dust and

desert sand. Every seam, every tear, every button, and insignia of rank on my uniform was in good repair or securely sewed on in its proper place. I had hand sewed everything myself. Even so, the new Airman was obviously heavily disappointed with me. He did not understand what it took to survive alone for even 10 working days out in the mesquite and sagebrush on The Ranges. This day, the new Airman phoned me for the results of my very late balloon run just as I was finishing up the calculations. He was out of sorts and noticeably annoyed. I was surprised when the new observer, after checking with the Nellis Command Post, rudely informed me that I must be incorrect about the rocket launch that I was reporting. He informed me the Command

Post stated to him there weren't any
rocket
launch
facilities
located
anywhere in the State of Nevada. Then
the Nellis weather observer began
making fun of me, saying I couldn't be
either sane or sober, since The
Command Post had stated that all rocket
launches were conducted from Florida. I
didn't push the issue, and, a little angry,
I politely hung up the phone.

A few minutes passed while I sat
down, cooled off, and thought things
through. Every time I tried to describe to
the other observers at Nellis even a few
of the events of the world that I lived in
every day out on the Ranges at Indian
Springs, the discussion usually ended in

a great deal of frustration. The new Airman was no exception in that regard. I thought about what I had seen. The contrails left by the rocket launch were still clearly visible in the clear blue sky to the north. I wondered if it was possible that I had actually witnessed a moon rocket launch. This was, after all, 1965. NASA was, after all, planning on going to the moon, although they hadn't done so yet.

I wondered if there really could be a moon rocket launch site 65 miles north of me. I began studying the two large maps that hung on the wall of my Range Three weather shack. Although both maps had been printed by the United States Geological Service, that is to say the USGS, I knew the maps did not accurately depict the terrain to the north,

east, or west of my weather shack. The distant mountains directly north and slightly east of me were not shown on the maps. Instead there was a blank white area labeled “Unexplored Territory”. Using my estimated distance, my theodolite readings, a protractor, and a ruler, I located the estimated rocket launch site. According to my USGS maps, it was on the high sloping ground on the south side and at the base of some distant unnamed mountains. The launch site was also just a short distance north-northeast of a dry lake bed. According to my maps, the dry lake bed lay just west of the Groom Mountains and, therefore, the dry lake bed was named “Groom

Lake”. The USGS maps showed nothing at, or anywhere near Groom Lake – no facilities – no building – no roads – no fences – no runways – nothing – nothing, that is except highly restricted airspace.

But then, everything out on the Indian Springs Gunnery Ranges was highly restricted. That included all the land I loved to joy ride over, as well as all of the airspace above it.

I sat down at my large Ivory plotting table. I took the theodolite readings that I had taken of the rocket launch, and began plotting

them

up.

I

based

my

trigonometric

computations
on
the
distance to the launch site that I had
previously estimated at 65 miles. Using
my readings and the mathematics of
trigonometry, I calculated that the side
boosters had separated from the main
stage when the rocket was somewhat
more than 50,000 feet up. By the time the
rocket was 50 miles up, I calculated that
it was traveling at somewhere between
8,000 and 12,000 miles per hour. I
calculated the path the rocket was
following. Like all objects that travel in
space, the rocket was following an
elliptical path. The path that I calculated
would have placed the scaled up version
of the X-15 into a circular orbit at
22,500 miles. At 22,500 miles, one more

short rocket burn would, therefore, have sent it on a figure 8 shaped path that would have circumnavigated the moon.

The rocket plane's design obviously would allow it to fly itself back to its base on earth on its return, no matter where it had taken off from. From a distance, two large pods, one embedded in each wing appeared to be jet engines designed for that purpose.

I wasn't particularly surprised by my rocket computations. The path I had computed actually seemed to be quite ordinary. I remembered having read in the public magazines that the British plan for going to the moon in 1951 was to build two rocket planes, a smaller one that would sit on top of a larger one. The smaller one would fly to the moon and back. The two planes would follow a

launch sequence virtually identical to the one I had just witnessed. The USAF had already publicly stated its intention to build hypersonic airplanes of that type, based on the X-15 fuselage design. As I drove back into base later in the afternoon, it just felt as if I had witnessed an incredibly beautiful, although perfectly ordinary, event in the steady march of science. The two balloon runs that I took later in the afternoon seemed quite pale by comparison, but just as necessary.

A day or so passed. I was trying hard to forget the rocket launch and put as much distance as I could between myself and its memory. The nights in the barracks, and on the Ranges had also been extremely difficult. I was trying very hard to forget those events too. I wanted to get my life back into a normal, everyday, sort of routine. I just wanted to go back to being young, and being myself, again.

I had checked two interesting history books out from the Nellis base library, and I had also purchased two new Paint-By-Number paint sets. I wanted to go back to relaxing between punctually taking balloon runs, and enjoying my hobbies. I was phoning the 10:00 A.M. winds in to Nellis. The balloon had been released right on time. The same new

weather observer was working the day shift down at Nellis. He continued his newly acquired habit of making fun of me to my face, whenever he answered the phone. This morning, he was laughing as he informed me that NASA would be conducting a rocket launch in a few hours from its launch site in Florida. If I tried hard, he laughed, I might be able to see that launch through my theodolite too. I suffered his remarks in polite silence. This was, after all, the U.S. Air Force.

One of the Nellis forecasters came on the phone line. He informed me that the Nellis Base Commander had requested several additional special balloon releases. The Nellis Command post was requesting two night releases starting tonight, and every night for the next 6

days, which included Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. The Command post was requesting balloon releases at 10:00 P.M. and at 1:00 A.M., in addition to the usual release schedule. Although the typical summertime good weather was forecast, they said more releases might be needed depending on the weather. As before, the Nellis Command Post was requesting that the balloon be tracked to 30,000 feet if possible. As usual, no reason for the request was given. The Nellis Command Post had ordered the Indian Springs chow hall to open midnight chow for me, so that I could drive in to base and eat in between runs, if I so desired.

The next week passed quickly enough.

The moon light and the desert nights were so beautiful that I might well have

driven out to The Ranges at night just to enjoy it. I spent a lot of time studying the stars and the planets with my theodolite. I remember trying to find the planet Saturn. I wasn't sure if the Earth and the planet Saturn were on the same side of the sun at the time, so after a while I gave it up. I also spent a good deal of time studying the white fluorescent lights that came down from the north west part of the Valley and seemed to dance and play on the dry lake bed at Range Four. There were several different places up the valley that the lights seemed to come from. The most common one was out in the desert, a few miles northwest of the Range Four dry lake bed. Although I greatly enjoyed going out to the ranges and making the requested balloon runs, there were two nights when something

out in the darkness and sagebrush seemed to be following me around. It left me so terrified that several times I decided to take refuge in my parked truck. I locked the doors, rolled the window down a little for fresh air, and sat for a time studying the darkness and the sagebrush. Staying out on the ranges at night, even during good times, took courage.

A day or so later, in the afternoon, after the night duty had ended, I was sitting at my desk in the weather shack out at Range Three, looking at one of the weather training manuals. I was sitting with my back to the side door which was open behind me. I could hear some quiet whispering sounds coming from behind me, outside in the sagebrush. I heard what sounded like the door to my truck

slamming closed. My truck had been parked in its usual position over west of the generator shack. I could also hear sounds that convinced me that two people were out behind the weather shack, slowly approaching the southeastern corner. In fear, I picked up a canteen full of water, got up from the chair, stepped out through the front door, and walked quickly out to my theodolite stand. I wanted to see what was going on.

I couldn't see anything that seemed to be out of order. I stood out by the theodolite stand studying the desert, the mountains, the dry lake beds to the north, and the ever present sagebrush. I also

walked over to my truck and inspected it. Nothing seemed out of order. Of course, while I was outside in the sunshine, I was not able to see the inside of the weather shack. After being outdoors for 20 minutes or so, I started feeling noticeably foolish, and I went back to my weather shack to resume my studies. As I approached the open front door, I could see that during my absence, someone had come in from the side door, and turned several pages of my weather manual. I would have believed that the desert wind had turned the pages, except that a dusty set of woman's boot prints were clearly visible on the nicely waxed floor of the weather shack. I refused to accept the obvious conclusion. I preferred to believe that I was alone in the desert and

that my mind was playing tricks on me. I didn't feel as if I had any other choice at the time.

In order to take my mind off the afternoon's events, I tried to settle down by reading some of my log book entries. "The men before me had it tough too," I said to myself. I noticed one entry from a weather observer several years before me. In it he said that one afternoon when he was out at the theodolite tracking a balloon, alone on the Ranges, someone had come in the side door and moved several of the hardware items on his side shelves. When he looked around outside, he said, he thought he saw glimpses of white people hiding from him around corners, and behind some of the buildings. Now, he said, he was so afraid of the entire Range Three area, he

was afraid to even touch his tools. The only place that he felt safe when he was out on The Ranges, he wrote, was when he was sitting locked in his truck. In the log book entry, he said he was driving in to Nellis to ask to be reassigned. He didn't expect to ever return. Based on the subsequent log book entries, he never did.

A day or so later, I had just finished the 12:30 P.M. balloon release, and phoned the results in to Nellis. I had some free time on my hands. I was wondering about some patches of white that I had previously glimpsed during the 12:30 P.M. balloon run. The white patches had been out in the sagebrush, over to the east, beyond the skip bomb area. Because of the heat waves, the distance, and the afternoon haze, I hadn't

been able to get a very good look at them. Supposing that they were white seagulls, I picked up two canteens of water, put on my fatigue hat, and began leisurely walking out through the sagebrush. I began heading over in that direction to get a closer look. When I reached the east side of the skip bomb area, however, I suddenly found myself surrounded by perhaps a dozen meadowlark sounds. I couldn't actually see anything. However, the sagebrush north, south, and to the east in front of me, seemed to erupt in a chorus of meadowlark sounds. The situation I found myself in was so unexpected that I

became nervous, intimidated, and afraid.

Instinctively, I turned around and
retreated quickly back to the emotional
safety of the Range Three weather shack.

It was time to began preparing for the 2:00 P.M. balloon release when I arrived.

It was at least 3:30 P.M. by the time I phoned the 2:00 P.M. winds in to Nellis.

The balloon had been released about a half hour late. Nothing, it seemed, had gone right. I was so afraid of whatever it was that was making meadowlark sounds and stalking me from out in the sagebrush,

that

I

could

hardly

concentrate on my work. The same new weather observer was working the day shift down at Nellis. He again made fun of me, when he answered the phone. He was increasingly more persistent at it. In

his opinion, he stated, I was so late with
the
wind
report,
our
immediate
commander should subject me to an
Article 15 disciplinary action. Since he
outranked me, I didn't answer.

After I hung up the telephone, I
remember just sitting in my chair for
several minutes gazing out the side door
into the sagebrush. I remember wishing
that the rude observer done at Nellis
would just go away somewhere and stop
bothering me. From somewhere out in
the sagebrush, it seemed as if the
meadowlarks agreed with me.

A few days went by, and a new week
began. The Nellis Command Post

requested that for this week, the last balloon release for each day be made at 3:00 P.M. sharp. For these runs, Nellis needed only the first seven readings.

Down at Nellis, the same new weather observer was scheduled for day shift for each day of that week. I remember the last run for Thursday of that week. As soon as the new observer answered he phone, he began making fun of me, as he had done so many times before. I was trying to relate the wind results to him. I was quite nervous, and in a hurry to shut down and get off the ranges at the time. Fear was slowly building inside of me because of the many meadowlark-like sounds that I kept hearing out in the sagebrush outside of the Range Three weather shack. It seemed like someone was out there in

the sagebrush down to the east and the southeast, listening to me as I talked nervously on the telephone. The Nellis observer was in the middle of one of his favorite fun and rude phrases when an unnamed bird Colonel walked into the Nellis weather station, unannounced.

Over the open phone line, I could hear the bird Colonel call the airman to attention and announce sternly, that he was a full Colonel from the Pentagon. It sounded like two Nellis Air Policemen accompanied the Colonel. I could hear The Colonel order the Nellis weather observer to hang up the telephone immediately. It was the last time I ever saw, spoke with, or heard anything about that particular weather observer. His replacement arrived in a few days.

One time, months later, I happened to

mention the missing observer's name in passing, to my immediate commanding officer. He smiled, and behaved as though that particular observer had never existed. Then he walked quickly away from me.

[The Dance](#)

Now many signs and wonders
were done among the
people
through the apostles.

And they were all together
in Solomon's Portico.

None of the rest dared to join
them,

but the people held them
in high esteem.

... so that they even
carried out the sick into
the streets,

and laid them on cots and
mats,
in order that Peter's
shadow
might fall on some
of them
as he came by.

A great number of people
would also gather
from the towns around
Jerusalem,
bringing the sick and
those tormented
by unclean
spirits,
and they were all cured.

... Acts 5:12-16

... . . .

The summer of 1965 had come to the
mountains and the desert valleys that

surround Indian Springs, Nevada. The unrelenting desert sun and the burning desert heat and the furnace-like desert winds had first desiccated, then baked, then browned, and finally burned the rocks, the dirt, the sagebrush, the sand dunes, and of course, every exposed square inch of the USAF gunnery ranges that lay hidden out in those same desolate mountains and out in the valleys and far out in the barren deserts and on the hidden dry lake beds. Although the gunnery ranges were a part of Nellis AFB, Nevada, and were under the command of the Nellis AFB Commander, they were so desolate and

so far from human habitation, sometimes it seemed as though many of their valleys and mountains had never been visited by humans. As I sat quietly in the front doorway of my weather shack, watching the late afternoon dust devils play across the dry lake bed out at Range Four to the distant north, it seemed as though the very desert winds passing by in front of me reeked of desolation and loneliness. Another gentle gust of wind passed through my weather shack. This one brought with it the usual desert dust, dry dirt, small pieces of burnt sagebrush, and finally a large amount of dry desert sand. It came in through the very large side door that lay open behind me on the east side of my weather shack. It deposited its load of lonely treasures on the floor, my tools, desk, instruments, the

helium cylinders and, lastly on the back of my USAF military work uniform.

Finally it left by way of the front door which faced north. This was the door in which I was sitting. Even the two enlisted man's stripes that I proudly wore on each arm of my uniform were left looking dusty and brown. This had been an unusually lonely summer day, and it didn't seem like the loneliness would ever end.

I was the USAF duty weather observer for the Indian Springs gunnery ranges that summer and I was the only one. I was unmarried, and on my first duty assignment. I held the lowest possible rank a new weather observer can hold – that of Airman Second Class.

I was new to the ranges, and to the deserts that held them that summer and it

didn't seem as though I would ever get used to any of them. I found the ranges with the four weather shacks that I maintained, and the unending deserts that contained them, to be lonely, desolate, confusing, and sometimes terrifying places.

Still, I wasn't the first or the only weather observer that had been sent out into the desert. According to the log books in my four weather shacks, at least 41 weather observers during the 7 years before me had been sent out to the Indian Springs gunnery ranges. Each one of them had many more years experience and training than I had. They had held significantly higher enlisted ranks than I did. Like me, their duty had been to fill the weather balloons with helium, release them into the wind, track the

balloons using the theodolite on the stand located out in front of my Range Three weather shack, compute the valley's winds, and phone the winds in to distant Nellis AFB. However, according to my log book entries, after only a few days of duty, observer after observer before me had been compromised by the experience. Some had been intimidated and quietly refused to go out onto the ranges, others terrified – then transferred to far away places, a few had been burned – then given medical discharges. Few - if any – had ever returned.

I, too, on a good many prior days, had

left the ranges in fear, sometimes even in white terror. So far, however, I had always rebuilt my courage with a good meal in the Indian Springs base chow hall, a warm shower, a good night's sleep, and the careful repetition of many of my favorite Roman Catholic prayers. So far, I had always bravely returned the following weekday morning at 3:45 A.M. to begin the always scheduled 4:30 A.M. balloon release. So far, I had always returned.

To control my fears, some things I refused to think about. For example, some of my friends among the handful of servicemen who were assigned to maintain the ranges, had told me that hidden in the mountains to the distant north was an alien base. They claimed that the extraterrestrials from that base

would frequently come down into the valley where Range Three was located. They claimed that many of the weather observers before me had seen them. They asked if I too, had ever seen them. At the time, I had pushed the many log book entries made by the men before me from my mind. At the time, I had pushed aside my carefully forgotten terrifying memories of rescuing a little girl down on Range One. At the time, I had refused to think about the nights I had spent alone, stopped out on the Range One road, the night I spent unloading my supply truck out at Range Three, the terrifying afternoons out at Range Four and Range Two – At the time I refused to think about the many other nights and days I had spent out on the Ranges, and in my barracks when my terror had

turned the minutes and the seconds into hours. I wanted to forget the nights I had been forced to walk out onto the flight line and onto the river rocks, and the medical discharge I had narrowly avoided. I wanted to forget everything that had happened. I wanted to pretend that all of my memories had been bad dreams or nightmares or me losing my sanity or maybe some food I might have eaten at the chow hall or perhaps as a blood flow problem I sometimes supposed I might be having in my brain. I wanted to go back to performing my USAF duties in a normal way. I wanted to go back to a normal way of life with normal everyday worries, such as finding a beautiful woman I could trust — and when I was out on the Ranges, I wanted to go back to being alone again.

So, at the time, I had smiled nicely, and at the time, I had politely answered “No. I’ve never seen or experienced anything unusual out on the Ranges.” I didn’t call it lying. I called it surviving. They had their problems – I had mine.

After all, The Indian Springs Gunnery Ranges, day or night, were not places for the faint hearted. Neither were they places for a man who spent very much time thinking about things. I went out there, day and night, because I was ordered to. I was only an enlisted man in the USAF. As the duty range weather observer, my orders contained the signatures of high ranking officers.

Those officers would enjoy overseeing a simple drum-head court martial if I ever failed in my duties. I decided, therefore, that my life would be easier if I just

went about my duties and didn't think very much about the things that happened on some of those nights. I intended to approach life that way for as long as God allowed me to.

For example, there had been the night out on this same Range Three a couple weeks earlier when I was completing the computations after the 4:30 A.M.

balloon release. As usual, I was sitting at my ivory covered table inside my Range Three weather shack. I was facing the western wall. I was performing the computations and the side door on the east was open behind me. I was completely alone out on the desert ranges. As usual, I was completely unarmed. I began hearing two sets of footsteps outside. They were obviously walking slowly up to the window behind

me, the one on the east side of my weather shack. Whoever it was, they were obviously looking in on me. Trembling in fear, I did not turn around. Instead, I sang some of my favorite summer romance songs as loudly as I could. I carefully recited my favorite prayers, and begged God to make them go away. After a while, it sounded as though they did. The terror I felt, however, didn't go away until well after sunrise. I didn't have the courage to check the soft desert soil on the east side of my weather shack for footprints until much later in the afternoon. The memory of their presence still terrified me, so I refused to think about them. I just sang my songs and recited my prayers, and waited for the desert winds to blow the foot prints away.

Then there was that night the previous week. I was carrying my helium filled balloon out to the theodolite stand to release it when I heard the sound of a horse whinny come from behind the Range Three lounge building. The building sat a short distance north and west of me. The whinny was much louder than any horse could actually make, and obviously could not have been made by a real horse. You see, my Range Three weather shack sat on the southeast corner of a small graveled square located out in the Indian Springs Valley several miles north of the town of Indian Springs, Nevada, and also several miles north of the very small supporting air base known as Indian Springs Auxiliary Field. The ranges contained no open water, were fenced

with barbed wire, and were protected by an anti-tank ditch. A horse would have had to been able to fly to make it out there.

The Range Three lounge was a one story building that sat on the northwest corner of the graveled square. It had two inner rooms, only one outside door opening to the north, and a long row of very large windows also located along its northern face. It had no other windows. Outside on the north was a sidewalk. The roof on the north also overhung the outside door and its sidewalk. During the hot summer days, it was a relatively cool shaded oasis in the otherwise furnace-like desert. Range Three also contained other buildings. There was a two story wooden control tower, a generator shack, two supply

sheds, a large set of red and white range billboards, and an outhouse. You see, Range Three did not have a well or any water supply, but it did have plenty of outdoor plumbing.

When I heard the apparent horse whinny, I immediately noted that the moon had already set. Consequently, the only light available was provided by the stars. The idea of meeting a wild horse, or whatever it was, at night while I was alone in the darkness immediately filled me with fear. After a few minutes had passed, I could hear the apparent sounds of several meadow larks singing out in the sagebrush to the east, perhaps a half or three-quarters of a mile distant beyond the skip bomb area. The sounds of the meadow larks did nothing to lessen my fears. I had grown up in

Wisconsin. I was well aware that
meadow larks do not sing at night.

Neither do real meadow larks respond
to real horse whinnies.

Yes, that had been another night of
intense fear that I was no longer willing
to think about. Now, once again, I chose
to sing my pleasant summer love songs
and recite my prayers. That night I didn't
have the courage to inspect behind the
lounge or to inspect the distant
sagebrush. Neither did I see any reason
to find the courage once the sun had
come up.

A second gentle gust of wind came in
through the open side door behind me,
scattering still more dust and burnt
pieces of sagebrush across the floor of
my weather shack. This time, however,
as a few scattered pieces of the dust and

debris gently hit the back of my USAF fatigue uniform, it seemed for a moment as though some playful person out in the desert had intentionally tossed them in my direction. Somewhat startled, I stood up, brushed myself off, and began slowly walking around outside in front of my weather shack. As I did so, I checked the desert and the sagebrush to the east and southeast to see if anything was out of place. For a while, I felt as though I was being very carefully watched. After a few minutes had passed and nothing else seemed out of place, I decided that my mind must just be playing tricks on me. This had, after all, been a very lonely tour of duty.

I thought about things for a few minutes. I decided that I had too much idle time on my hands and that I was just

letting my fears get the best of me. I decided that it would be better for my morale if I were more active when I was on duty out on the ranges. Since I was going to have to clean the sand and dust out of my weather shack anyway, I decided to do it in style. I decided to begin by cleaning, polishing, waxing, rearranging, and painting my four blue and white weather shacks from top to bottom. I wasn't particularly military, but I felt that I had to do something active to control my fears. As the duty range weather observer, the weather shacks were, after all, my weather shacks to do with as I pleased for the summer. I might as well clean and paint them. The USAF would provide all of the necessary supplies for free. All I had to do was drive my USAF pickup truck

down to the supply warehouse, sign a supply requisition and start filling my truck with anything I wanted.

So now filled with a fresh spirit, I stepped back into my weather shack, sat down at my desk, and began making up a nice long list of supplies to check out from the supply warehouse. It included a new broom, mop, pail, floor wax, window cleaner, sponges, rags, paint, brushes, and any other item I could think of. I decided that I could put some garbage cans in the back of my pickup truck and fill them with water when I was on base. Every morning, after I completed the 4:30 A.M. balloon run, I drove back into base for breakfast. I had plenty of time to fill the garbage cans and pick up more cleaning supplies. That would give me plenty of water and

supplies to wash, rinse, polish, and paint everything in my weather shack. Every day I also drove back in for the noon meal as well. If I started making a habit of bringing two or three garbage cans of water out with me every day I was out on the ranges, it wouldn't take long for me to have everything in my weather shack clean and sparkling. Since I would naturally play my radio loud and sing my happy summer romance songs while I worked, soon, I decided, I would be having such a good time that all of my silly nameless fears would just blow right away in the wind and quickly be totally forgotten. As for the first two of the three garbage cans that I needed, the two that sat just to the northeast, up along the cable fence marking the boundary of the skip bomb area to the

east of the graveled area would do nicely. I could pick up a third garbage can when I was on base. That would give me one can for soapy wash water and two cans for clean rinse water. Everything seemed to fit neatly into place. I decided to start my new cleaning project the very next working day. In keeping with my carefully laid plans, the very next morning I happily arose an hour early, at 2:30 A.M. I decided since I was a grown man, it was time for me to stand up like a man and prove to myself that I wasn't afraid of anything that I might encounter at night when I was alone out on the ranges. "Walk like a man", I said to myself, "if you intend to feel like a man." I shaved, got dressed, drove carefully out to Range Three, singing all the way. I

decided that for my own good, I would enjoy this 4:30 A.M. balloon run, and I should let nothing get in my way. I arrived at Range Three an hour early. As usual I started the diesel generator so I could turn on the lights, the heater, and the radio in my weather shack. As I walked from the generator shack to my weather shack, singing all the way, I ignored completely the occasional soft sounds and other quiet whisperings that could sometimes be heard coming from in between the supply sheds and passing behind the other buildings. “Just rabbits.” I said quietly to myself.

“They’re here to help me enjoy my party – my G.I. Cleaning party.”

Since I had arrived out at Range Three a full hour early, I had plenty of time to carefully inspect the state of

cleanliness of everything inside my weather shack, including the old linoleum that covered the rough wooden floor. I decided that everything I had, needed cleaning, polishing, painting, or replacing. My weather shack contained many tools and supplies, and the old linoleum obviously needed to be replaced with a new layer, so I was very happy. It meant that I had lots and lots of work to do. No more fearful idle wasted time for me, I decided. Humming and singing quietly to myself as I worked, I decided that I had been lonely too long. I tuned my radio to one of my favorite Las Vegas popular rock stations, turned up the volume, and proceeded to sing along with it as I worked.

During the previous days, I had brought several cans of soda pop, along

with some jars of peanuts and other snack foods out to my weather shack and stored them on the shelf overlooking my desk. I had also brought out a fire extinguisher, a collection of mail order catalogs, and some ordinary medical supplies such as aspirin, rubbing alcohol, and a military first aid kit. I stored these supplies up on the shelf as well. I felt these supplies were necessary for both my comfort and safety – and looking at the catalogs could be quite interesting.

One of my favorite popular rock songs came on the radio. It seemed only natural for me to open one of the cans of soda pop, munch on some corn chips, and dance around my weather shack in an animated fashion while the song played. I decided to really enjoy my party. Being

a young man, and single, this didn't seem to me to be at all out of place; although, I suppose, had anyone been watching me from a distance, it would have been the first time they had ever seen me in such a state when I was alone out on the ranges.

The fact that the lyrics of the song included words such as "broken Hearted" and "lost", never once crossed my mind.

The time passed quickly – almost too quickly, it seemed - and at 4:05 A.M., I started

the

4:30

A.M.

balloon

preparations right on schedule. I became a little annoyed with myself as I was filling the morning helium balloon. It had

been an enjoyable morning for me and I had wanted to remember and savor every moment. However, try as I might, I couldn't remember what I had been doing between about 3:40 A.M. and 4:02 A.M. I could remember the announcer on the radio stating that the time was 3:40 A.M. Then I could remember dancing and singing along to a particular one of my favorite songs as it came on the radio. Then I could remember hearing what sounded like one or two sets of footsteps outside as they slowly and quietly approached my weather shack from the northwest. There also seemed to be a third set just outside the front door to the northeast. I could remember just starting to step out through my front door in a very happy manner, expecting to greet someone. The

next thing I could remember, I was sitting in my chair at my desk, still singing happily, only now I was singing along to a different song. That song was just ending as the announcer stated that the time was 4:02 A.M. A weather observer relies heavily on his memory. The missing gap in mine annoyed me greatly.

In order to repair my memory and shake off that fuzzy gap in my mind, I began by mentally retracing every minute that had passed since I had gotten up at 2:30 a. m. To my surprise, the gap in my memory wouldn't go away. I simply couldn't remember anything that had happened during those missing 22 minutes.

After thinking things through carefully and struggling with the annoying gap in

my memory, I decided that my mind must just be playing more tricks on me. I shook off my doubts and my annoyances. I decided to just forget about everything that annoyed me, the way I had intentionally pushed so many other events from my mind. I decided that for my own good, I should just return to taking the wind and weather reports. I finished filling the balloon, released it on schedule, completed my computations and phoned the results in to Nellis AFB. By now I had returned to being very happy. Something about the knowledge that I was happy, healthy, and on the job apparently made The Nellis Base Commander very happy, too. Now it was time to load the two empty garbage cans into the back of my pickup truck. First I closed and locked

my weather shack. Then I locked the theodolite I used to track the balloons after I released them. I shut down the diesel generator that sat in the generator shack on the southwest side of the graveled square. The generator shack contained two diesels and opened to the west. Now alone in the night, I started my pickup truck, drove across the graveled square and carefully backed it up to the two empty garbage cans. I set the parking brake and left the engine idling with the headlights on. My headlights were on bright. My truck was now sitting in a position that it had never been sitting in before during my short time on the ranges. Since the weather observers before me had apparently never used these garbage cans to carry cleaning water out to the ranges, this

was probably also the first time that any truck had sat in that position on a dark night like this one.

Since I was enjoying myself, and it was a very dark night, it seemed only natural to test all of the lights on my truck. First I tested my bright headlight switch. Then I tested my dash panel light switch and my inside truck cab light switch. Then, in turn, I tested my directional signals, my backup lights, and my brake lights. I even tested my flashlight by whimsically shining it around and out through the windows of my truck. I noted that my bright white headlights, my yellow turn signal lights (when I tested them), my red tail lights, my backup lights, and my brake lights (when I touched the brakes), were now illuminating the buildings, the two

garbage cans, the sagebrush, and the surrounding desert in a variety of ways that the desert might not have been illuminated before.

Still singing my summer romance songs, I quickly got out of my truck, walked around back and put down the tailgate. I grabbed the nearest one of the two empty garbage cans and swung it up into the back of my truck. As I reached for the second garbage can, my thoughts were suddenly flooded over by an immediate and intense wave of fear and emotional confusion. It was like a light going on in my mind and it struck me as suddenly as any radar beam would have. For a short time I was almost frozen in fear and confusion. Then my thoughts were suddenly filled with a series of confused,

overwhelmingly

intense,

sometimes half formed questions. The questions that I could understand began to appear in pairs, as if one set was coming from a young man and the other from a young woman, both about my age.

They both seemed to be terrified of me.

There were at least a half of dozen sets of terrified questions and for all of them, my mind was unable to function well enough for me to form an answer.

All I was able to do for several minutes was to hold on grimly to the side of the back of my pickup truck and wait for my mind to clear. Two of the questions I could make out clearly and distinctly.

“What do you want with the garbage cans?” they asked emotionally. “Why do you want to use the garbage cans to

clean the weather shack? None of the observers before you ever did.”

After several minutes of intense mental struggling, I began to get hold of myself. Still holding onto the side of my pickup truck, I slowly stumbled back to the driver’s side door, climbed inside, and closed and locked both doors. Then I rolled up both of the windows. Rolling up the window on the driver’s side seemed to noticeably reduce the level of confusion that was surging through my mind.

I spent the next several minutes struggling with the fear and the intense mental confusion that continued to invade my mind. When I finally got hold of myself, I found myself unable to shake the conviction that the source of the confusion and fear was hiding out in the

desert and out in the shadows – and out
in the sagebrush perhaps a half or
quarter of a mile down to the southeast,
down in the direction that I had heard the
meadow larks on that earlier evening.

I sat in my truck for a very long time
before I finally settled down and felt I
had control of myself. I wasn't sitting
quietly though, or even singing quietly.

You see, when a man is forced to face
up to his fears, his terrors, his confusion,
and his loneliness, it is never a quiet
process. Not even the prayers I recited
at the end were done quietly.

Once I finally got control of myself,
and dried my eyes, I decided once again,
that the entire episode must just be my
mind playing tricks on me. After all, I
had worked hard this morning and I still
hadn't eaten breakfast or had my

morning coffee. Of course, there was also, as always, the intense loneliness of my duties. Therefore, I recited another set of my favorite prayers and resolved to get out of my truck and get the second garbage can. I decided that, alone in the night time desert as I was, and alone in the night time sagebrush and in the starlight and alone in the shadows, I simply had no other choice but to face up to my fears like a man. Therefore, with my muscles still shaking from my previous experience, I began by pushing all thoughts and memories of my previous experiences from my mind. I carefully opened the door to my truck. After slowly getting out, I held on to the side of my truck and slowly walked around to the back. I picked up the second garbage can and placed it in the

back of my truck. Then I sat the two
garbage cans upright and firmly against
the back of the truck cab, and closed the
tailgate. I had to concentrate very
intensely on my movements. However,
this time, the confusion in my mind was
much less than before. With a certain
grim determination, I said to myself,
“That’s how a man overcomes his fears,
I wonder how a woman would do it. ”
Then I hurried back to the driver’s side
door. Still shaking in fear, I got back
inside. Of course, through it all, I had
also been completely unwilling to glance
even once towards any of the Range
Three buildings, out into the sagebrush,
down the valley to the southeast, or
anywhere else out into the surrounding
desert. My tunnel vision and forced
ignorance were powerful tools for

combating my obvious terror.

I placed the truck in low gear and began carefully driving back into base.

When I finally shifted into second gear, the empty garbage cans in the back banged around a great deal. So the trip back to base was a slow one. Halfway to the Range Three gate, one of the cans bounced out of the back of my truck and down the road into the ditch on the east side of the road. I had to stop the truck, back up to where the garbage can had fallen, place the truck in neutral, set the parking brake, and with the truck engine idling, get out from my truck and pick up the can. That was another showdown in raw courage. There simply was no other way. A man either says his prayers and believes that his God will protect him, or he doesn't. He either recites his

prayers as I did, opens the truck door and gets out alone onto that deserted night-time desert road, and then walks, still alone in the darkness, across that same deserted night-time desert road, enters the deep, dark shadowy depths of the ditch and retrieves the can, or he doesn't. It took all of the strength and courage that I could find within me to do so. I felt certain that I was being watched and followed every step of the way. I certainly didn't waste any time making the trip back to my truck.

Once back in my truck, I closed and locked the doors, released the parking brake, placed the truck in gear, and continued heading slowly and carefully back to base. I could hardly have been happier when I finally arrived.

I took my good natured time eating

breakfast,

loading

some

cleaning

supplies into my truck, locating a third garbage can, filling the three garbage cans with water, and finally filling my truck's gas tank from the pump at the motor pool. Rebuilding my courage that morning was a slow process, but by the time 7:30 A.M. arrived, I was finally ready to head back out to the Ranges for the 8:15 A.M. balloon release. I was obviously going to be late with the 8:15 A.M. release, but that was the best I could do.

The third garbage can had a small rusty hole in the bottom and on the drive out to Range Three all of its water leaked out. It made no difference to me. I

decided to continue with my cleaning plans without it. The leaking water evaporated into the hot, dry, gentle desert winds so quickly that the back of my truck almost never appeared to be actually wet.

Since I was running late and I also had water in the remaining two garbage cans, I parked my truck in a new position. Instead of stopping to park in the usual position west of the generator shack, I continued driving on to the graveled square and pulled up diagonally to the front of my weather shack. I stopped the truck, and left it parked facing towards the southeast just

a few feet northwest of the front door of
the shack itself. Then, in hurried fashion,
I got out of my truck, opened my weather
shack,
and
began
the
balloon
preparations and the weather report.

Because of the position of the truck, I
could not actually see any portion of it
while I was inside in my weather shack.

Running late as I was, I did not have
time to start the generator. Consequently,
I did not have any electricity in my
weather shack, so my radio was off.

This was not a problem since I could
easily start the generator after I had
completed the balloon run and had
phoned Nellis. It did mean, however,

that while I was taking this run, the
Range Three area was unusually quiet.
Soon,
the
gentle
whispers
and
occasional foot steps that I usually only
heard at night coming from the clump of
bushes, the stunted pine trees and the
other vegetation located behind the
supply sheds, could be heard coming
from behind all of the buildings of the
Range Three area. I found the whole
experience to be very unnerving,
especially since the makers of the
sounds seemed to be getting braver.
They seemed to be learning how to
overcome their fears. I hurried with my
work and resolved to start the generator

as soon as possible – and then to play my radio loud as well.

The balloon run went smoothly. Still running late, I hurried the last reading and broke off the run as quickly as I could. Then I double timed back to my weather shack and began performing the computations. I was sitting at the ivory table inside of my weather shack, facing its west wall, intent on my work when I heard the third garbage can tip over in the back of my truck. Since this was the can that had been leaking, I ignored the resulting noise. I supposed that the gentle desert winds had probably just tipped over the now empty garbage can. The whispers and foot steps that followed, I also ignored.

It took me another 10 minutes or so to complete my computations and phone my

results in to Nellis. Then I could finally relax, take some deep breaths, munch some corn chips, and begin planning my day. I was feeling safer now, and the loud noise generated by the garbage can tipping over had galvanized my nerves. I guess a man can feel afraid for only so long. I decided that starting the generator and getting some loud popular music playing on my radio should be my highest priority. I still hadn't checked on the status of things outside. I was still missing 22 minutes from my memories of this morning's events. Stepping blindly out the front door of my weather shack to greet visitors no longer seemed like such a good idea. I, too, was learning.

It was with a great deal of circumspection, then, that I exited my weather shack by the side door and

circled around back of my weather shack to the south, finally arriving at the generator shack to start the generator. I was feeling braver now that I was outside in the bright sunlight. Still, I can't say that I did a very good job of checking into the various nooks and crannies behind the supply sheds and the buildings and the various other hiding places located out at Range Three. But then, I had decided that whatever I didn't know about wasn't going to hurt me.

After giving the matter more careful thought, I had concluded that anything which stayed hidden from me must believe I was more of a danger to it, than it was to me.

So it was with renewed strength and courage that I began singing my summer romance songs very loud, started the

generator, and returned to my weather shack to begin my chosen cleaning chores. Through it all, I was surprisingly unaffected by the two sets of boot prints that I found out back in the soft dirt next to the vegetation behind the supply sheds. I was feeling brave enough to actually look at them for a minute or so before I once again pushed their memory out of my mind.

I decided to begin cleaning my weather shack from the top to the bottom and from back to front. It was immediately apparent that getting my weather shack into shape was going to be a big job which would require several days and a great deal of effort.

Realizing that this was going to be a big job made me very happy. I decided that for today, I would just try to get off to a

good start and clean only as much as time and cleaning water allowed. I also needed to measure the size of the floor of the shack and the size of its linoleum piece so I could get a new piece of linoleum of the proper size and dimensions. First I had to make myself a nice long measuring tape. I took a long piece of the cord that I used to tie off the filled balloons. I marked off a length of cord that was just a little longer than the length of my weather shack. I measured the cord using the new yard stick I had brought out with me from base supply. I marked the cord using one of the ink pens from my desk. I attached some small pieces of tape to the cord. Then, using a ball point pen, I wrote the measurements on the tape. I rolled the tape around a carefully chosen piece of

sagebrush, which I had broken from a nearby bush. This took a surprising long time. My measurements showed the cord to be 20 feet long. This surprised me. I could distinctly remember estimating the dimensions of the weather shack several days before. I had estimated it to be more like 35 feet long, maybe even 50 feet from the front to the back.

Measuring the cord had been an easy enough task. I remember sitting in my chair with my back to the front door humming to myself as I did so. During the middle of the process, my mind had suddenly fuzzed over momentarily for some unexplained reason. The slight dizziness I had felt cleared up quickly enough and I blamed the entire episode on the always present desert heat. Still I found the difference in the distances to

be confusing. In any event, there wasn't time to re-measure the cord or my weather shack. It was now time for another balloon run. "Gee", I said to myself, "where has all the time gone?" I put my cleaning tasks aside then, and began making preparations for another balloon release. I was standing next to the equipment shelves on the east wall of my shack when I happened to glance out through the side door to the northeast. It was a beautiful day with very light winds from the southwest, so I was surprised to notice two nearly parallel waves ripple through the thick sagebrush out in the skip bomb area. The waves were heading slowly towards the north and were northeast of my weather shack at the time. The waves were still in the skip bomb area and, therefore, they were

still south of the bunker road. The bunker road ran east to west and, unlike the graveled area, it was paved. The open bunker road seemed to form a barrier for them. For a moment, the whole thing struck me as being odd. The wind, after all, was very light and coming from the southwest. However, it was a hot day and I was busy with my balloon preparations, so I ignored the waves and continued my work.

When the balloon run was completed and the computations and weather report had been phoned in to Nellis AFB, I returned to my cleaning duties. I hurried through this initial “shake-down” cleaning run since noon was rapidly

approaching. By the time I had used up all of my cleaning water, I was quite tired, so I decided that was enough cleaning for one day. I removed the two good garbage cans from the back of my truck and placed them next to my weather shack. I wanted them handy for use on the following day.

The next day was another gorgeous day. I submitted a supply requisition for the linoleum. I was told that it would take a few days for it to arrive. That was fine with me. I also picked up another garbage can. I repeated my cleaning routine using this new garbage can. It worked fine.

Things progressed normally and my spirits were soaring. I

concluded that all of my previous fears were just the result of my mind playing tricks on me. I spent most of the time cleaning my desk area and various supply shelves, so by the end of the day the linoleum floor was covered with dust and dirt. It seemed to be covered by an unusually large number of boot prints as well.

The next day came on schedule. After breakfast, I continued my cleaning routine. Cleaning my shack, while also taking my balloon runs on time, required a lot of work and careful planning. I could hardly have been happier. The task of cleaning the shack, all by itself, was very hard work. Moving the heavy helium cylinders from place to place so the floor underneath them and behind them could be cleaned, was brutal work,

especially in the hot dry desert summer air. By the time I had finished my cleaning chores for the day, my muscles were tired and sore. I had cleaned behind only a few of my helium cylinders and I had many more to go. I had to mop and rinse my floor twice to remove all of the boot prints on it. I didn't want to waste any wax on the old linoleum. I mopped and rinsed the floor once. Then, using the front door only, I went outside to rest, sitting in my truck to wait for the floor to dry. While I was resting outside in the truck, I couldn't actually see any portion of the inside of my weather shack. When I went back inside my weather shack after 20 minutes or so had passed, the floor was clean enough. However, several boot prints could be clearly seen coming in

from the side door. It was only after I had mopped and rinsed the floor a second time that I realized I hadn't used the side door after I had finished cleaning the floor the first time. Then my mind began playing tricks on me again. When I remembered what the boot prints had looked like, it seemed like they were slightly smaller, and narrower, than the military boots I wore. Since I had already cleaned the floor, I couldn't be sure. Then it seemed like the pattern on the sole of the boots didn't match the pattern left by the leather boots that I was wearing. The prints looked more like those left by woman's boots. Soon I was so confused I didn't know for sure what the boot prints had actually looked like. Once again, I decided to just brush the entire incident from my mind and go

on about my duties. I had worked hard that day and I was already becoming very tired.

I began the last balloon run for the day on schedule. When I stepped outside my shack at about 1:30 P.M. in the afternoon and

began

taking

the

weather

observation portion of the report, I

wasn't paying much attention to the

various sounds and whisperings that I

had heard coming from behind the

supply shed, and back in the alley

between the generator shack and the

supply shed. As I was measuring the air

temperature, I noticed what appeared to

be a person with a chalk white face

watching me intently from out in the sagebrush. His eyes were larger than those of an ordinary human. He seemed to be hiding behind some of the taller sagebrush plants off to the northeast out in the skip bomb area. He was perhaps a quarter of a mile away from me. Then, after it was apparent that I had seen him, he hid down in the sagebrush out of sight. It all happened so fast that at first I didn't know what to think. My mind didn't seem to be willing to process any of the information. As a result, I just stood there dumb-founded trying to get hold of myself. After a couple of minutes had passed and I didn't see any more of him, my fear subsided and my mind began to function again. I decided that once again my mind must be playing tricks on me. It was, after all, a very hot

day. My muscles were sore, and I was now very tired. Under the circumstances, walking out into the sage brush to get a closer look was totally out of the question. I bravely finished my balloon run as quickly as I could, shut everything down and headed back into base. Getting off the ranges and resting for the remainder of the day seemed like the best plan.

Once I got back into base, I went to my barracks and rested. I took a late dinner at the chow hall. Then I showered, put on my civilian clothes, and rested some more in my barracks. A dance was planned that night at the Indian Springs AAF Airman's club. Five or so young ladies who worked as secretaries at the Nevada Test Site were expected to attend. The dance was

scheduled to start at 9:00 A.M., just after the mid summertime sundown. Lonely as I was, I had been looking forward to the dance for the last two weeks. It was still only 8:00 P.M. when I entered the Airman's club, ready to help set up for the dance. My early arrival made no difference. Even though only eight other Airman showed up to dance with the five young ladies, I still spent the entire evening dancing only with the empty chairs, the cola glasses, and the three empty beer bottles on my otherwise empty table. I had spent many long hours alone out on the desert ranges, and I guess that it showed whenever I asked a young lady to dance.

When my watch showed it was 11:30 P.M., I finished my third beer, drank my last cola, stepped out the front door on

the east side of the Airman's club, and headed slowly northeast, back towards my barracks. I didn't want to spoil the party that my friends were having back inside, and I was hoping that my intense disappointment didn't show. I had spent the entire evening trying to throw a party and nobody came.

I was bunking alone in the big double barracks that sat parallel alongside the Indian Springs tarmac. The Airman's club sat in the southwest corner of the base area some distance away, and noticeably uphill from that barracks. The Indian Springs base area had very few outdoor lights and street lights.

Consequently, there was little more than moonlight to light the downhill path back to my barracks.

As I was walking back towards my barracks, I happened to notice some dim florescent lights floating just above the sagebrush, perhaps eighteen miles to the north, up the Indian Springs valley. The lights were quite dim. However, the lights still caused a certain pain in the retinas of my eyes when I looked at them. I stopped to watch them for a few minutes. I was standing in one of the darker parts of the base area at the time, and my barracks was still a hundred feet or so in front of me and off to my right. For that reason, I was quite surprised when the florescent lights appeared to react when I stopped to watch them. The lights immediately formed up into a

straight line. Then they broke off their original path which had been towards the south-southeast. They turned directly east and continued in a straight line for perhaps three miles until the western edge of my barracks blocked my view. I was so surprised that I hardly knew what to think. The lights were perhaps 18 miles up the valley. No human could have seen me from that distance, let alone have known that I was watching them.

I thought about what had happened for a few minutes. Then I decided, once again, to brush the entire incident from my mind. The lights were, after all, very far away and it was almost midnight – and I had drunk three bottles of beer that night. I resumed my slow, steady walk back to my lonely and otherwise empty

barracks.

My barracks sat east to west. It was a large wooden one story World War II style double barracks with the latrines in the middle. It had very few windows, only two doors, both of which opened outward and were hinged on the left when approached from the outside. One was on the west end. The other was on the northeast corner and opened to the north. It was directly opposite the cubicle inside in which I bunked. Since I bunked completely alone in this large barracks, I had my choice of many otherwise empty cubicles.

I

had

intentionally picked the cubicle closest

to this door. Frequently I parked my truck directly outside next to the east end of the building when I came in to base for meals.

Inside, I had arranged my cubicle so that as I lay in my bunk, I could look directly out through this door to the north, if that door were open. Frequently that door was open, especially when the sun came up in the morning after a warm summer night. The following morning was no exception. It was Saturday and almost 7:30 A.M. when my alarm clock finally woke me up. The first thing I noticed was that during the night someone had come into my barracks as I slept and, as usual, propped the door open. Whoever they were, as usual, they had used the medium sized rock outside and the steel framed chair from my

cubicle to prop the door into an open position. Whoever they were, they had done so many times in the past. Many times before, they had done so. Many times before, I had simply pushed the memory of those incidents out of my mind. In the past, it had never quite sunk into my consciousness the way it did this morning. The chair they had used was, as usual, the one in my cubicle. My locked duffel bag had sat on the floor next to it, between me and the chair. I had laid my civilian clothes on the chair the night before, instead of laying them on top of my closed duffel bag the way I usually did. Then I had laid down in my bunk and gone to sleep. Whoever had come in during the night had taken my clothes off the chair and laid them neatly on the end of my bunk – as neatly as any

cleaning lady would have. As I sat there, I couldn't help but notice how neatly, and how carefully, my clothes had been laid across the bottom of the bunk. None of my USAF coworkers were that neat or that careful – yet nothing had disturbed my sleep during the night.

Whoever had done this, had left boot prints on the dusty floor as they had walked in from the open door and stood next to the end of my bunk. I couldn't help but notice that the pattern on the boot prints on my barracks floor was the same as the pattern on the boot prints I had seen the day before on the floor of my weather shack. Still I refused to accept the obvious conclusion. The many miles between my barracks and my weather shack seemed to me to be too large a distance for anyone but me to

cover in a single day. Except for me, my barracks was as empty and deserted as a barracks could get. The same could be said about my weather shack. It didn't make sense to me that anyone would ever care to see the inside of both buildings. Confused and frightened, once again I decided that for my own good, I had to push all memory of the incident from my mind.

I got dressed and went for breakfast. Afterwards I returned to my barracks and did my laundry. The USAF provided a washing machine in each barracks. The hot sun and air outside immediately dried my laundry as quickly as I hung it up on a nearby clothesline. I took my noon meal, rested in my barracks for several hours, took my evening meal early, and caught the 5:30 P.M. bus from

Indian Springs into Las Vegas, Nevada. I was young and well rested and I just loved spending all of Saturday night wandering from casino to casino, blackjack table to blackjack table, show room to show room, restaurant to restaurant. When 5:00 A.M. in the morning arrived, I was back at the bus station in downtown Las Vegas \$10 dollars richer, waiting to catch the bus back to Indian Springs.

I slept some on the bus, my dreams full of many happy gambling memories. The bus got me back to Indian Springs in time to catch breakfast at the chow hall.

It was Sunday, and I am Roman Catholic. As soon as I finished breakfast, I walked over to the base chapel for Sunday Mass. The Mass was held for everyone in the little town of

Indian Springs, as well as for the men on base. This morning there were perhaps a dozen or so people in attendance. The mass, as usual was given by an old Irish priest. He had a personality all his own, and he was certainly pushing 75. Even though he was a very comical priest, I had tremendous respect for him. He and his assistant had driven probably 70 miles this morning, just to come down to Indian Springs to celebrate Mass for the few people that ever showed up. He had to be doing it only because he loved both God and us.

This Sunday the point he was trying to make in his sermon was that God the Father loved each of us individually, and therefore treated each of us differently. He was perhaps half way through his sermon when he began remembering his

father and his childhood and his now departed younger sister. He became very emotional. In a very comical fashion, he went “non-linear” in his sermon. He began raising his voice and exclaimed emotionally, “But not my little sister. She could get away with anything. My father would never do anything to her. She would come in where I was playing and take my toys and hide them. Then she would tease me and my father would never do anything to her. He would never let me hit her or anything. ... “ We all sat quietly, holding our sides, trying our best not to break out laughing as he carried on. Then he continued by describing a day when he and his sister were attending grade school and a large bully was beating him up. His sister came over and beat up the bully and sent

him packing. His sister began by screaming at the bully, “and if you ever even try to hit me back, I’ll tell my father and you know what he will do to you. He never lets anyone hit me back.” The bully knew what would happen, too. As the bully was running off, his sister stood beside her brother, facing the bully, shouting, “Remember, anytime you start a fight with my brother, you’re starting a fight with me.” As the old priest was wiping the tears of nostalgia from his eyes, he said, “My sister was a very beautiful person. Beauty is as beauty does.”

When the mass was over, I walked slowly back to my barracks. I tried to wait until I was well out of sight and hearing range of the chapel before I busted out laughing at the old priest’s

sermon. He could hardly have delivered it in a more comical fashion. When I arrived back at my barracks, once again the door had been propped open the night before. By now I was too tired to care. I closed the door, got undressed, lay down in my bunk, and soon I was fast asleep.

Monday morning arrived. My alarm clock woke me at 3:00 A.M. as usual. I had slept reasonably well. However during the night I had another one of my unusual “dreams”. Like the others, this one was so vivid and so completely real that I woke up in the morning feeling terrified and confused. It took me some time to work up enough courage to walk down the center aisle in my barracks to the latrine in the middle so I could brush my teeth and shave. In the “dream” the

usual group of high ranking USAF
American Generals had come through
my barracks at night accompanied by a
group of tall chalk white humanoid
“friends.” In what I supposed was a
dream, they had walked me outside for a
while, as they had done so many times
before, so they could show my cubicle
and its few belongings to their “new
white friends”. They seemed to be
discussing a proposed joint star base to
be built somewhere on another planet
somewhere in another solar system. It
was one of their favorite topics, and they
had discussed it on several previous
occasions. The plans seemed to be
progressing
nicely,
and
everyone

seemed to be quite happy. Like the many similar “dreams” before it, I pushed this one from my mind as well. My weekend had been very emotional. I had drunk the free brandy drinks that had been offered me when I was down in Las Vegas. I decided that I should drink less and pray more. That way I would sleep better at night. I had to laugh at myself as I was getting dressed. I remember saying to myself, “You know Charlie, if you ever decide to go nuts, I’m sure you’ll do it in style. Hell, you’re half way there already.”

The day passed quickly out at Range Three. It was a Monday and very hot. I was still tired from the weekend so after taking breakfast, I didn’t bring any cleaning water out with me. Instead, I busied myself cleaning, scraping, and

preparing the wooden window sills and the equipment shelves so that I could paint them later in the week. My weather shack had the usual USAF blue and white coloring motif. I had checked out some corresponding blue and white paint, along with several brushes and other supplies from the Indian Springs base supply. I had also checked out some turpentine to clean the brushes with. In the morning, I worked until I ran out of energy. Then, after taking the noon meal and the 12:15 P.M. Balloon run, I walked over to the Range Three lounge and rested in the shaded area. I took one of the steel framed chairs from inside the lounge and placed it outside on the sidewalk next to the building on the north side. I had a beautiful view of Indian Springs valley whenever I looked

to the north, east, or to the west. The building, of course, blocked my view to the south, southeast, and southwest. In particular I had a near perfect view of the open paved bunker road that ran straight east from the graveled area over towards the old concrete ammunition bunker. That bunker sat a mile and a quarter distant over along the base of the mountains to the east – northeast of me. I had brought a history book with me. I had checked it out from the Nellis base library some time before. I spent a happy two hours resting, reading my book and sleeping in my chair. Then I returned to my weather shack, took the last run of the day, and headed in to base.

As I was walking back to my weather shack from the Range Three lounge, I noticed something chalk white hiding out

in the sagebrush a short distance to the northeast of me. It was hiding several hundred feet out in the sagebrush just north of the bunker road. At the time, I hadn't paid much attention to whatever it was. I had guessed that it was probably a sea gull or something since it moved from place to place much faster than any human could.

The next morning came on schedule. It began with my alarm clock waking me at 3:00 A.M. as usual. The door to my barracks was also propped open as usual. I closed it as I always did, got dressed, and headed on out to Range Three to begin the morning run. On the drive out, I did everything I could to push my memories of the previous night's events from my mind, as I had always done in the past.

I had more cleaning and scraping to do in preparation for painting the window sills and some other areas on my weather shack. I brought two of the garbage cans in to base with me when I came for breakfast. After breakfast, I filled them both with clean water and headed back out to the Ranges.

In between balloon runs I continued scraping and cleaning the old paint off the window sills and other places inside and outside of the weather shack. This raised a certain amount of dust. Soon, blue and white paint chips were all over my fatigues. I scraped my knuckles several times. I swore some when I washed my knuckles in the clean water and then put some rubbing alcohol on my open wounds. Some of the paint dust and smaller paint chips had gotten into my

open wounds. I hoped the paint wasn't going to cause me any additional problems with my nerves. I felt that I was nuts enough already.

Noon came. I quickly completed my 11:30 am. balloon run and came in to eat. Then I hurried back out to Range Three for the 1:30 pm. run. After completing it, I returned to my cleaning chores while waiting to take the final run of the day. Today, that run would be at 3:00 pm. I was working on the inside window sill on the east side of my weather shack. I happened to notice some unusual movement in the sagebrush outside. The area was to the north and east of my weather shack, perhaps only 100 yards out in the sage, on this side of the bunker road. When I gazed out through the open window, and then out

through my open side door, I could see two different patches of something white hiding and then moving and then hiding again out between the bushes. From the few occasional glimpses that I was able to see, they appeared to be two thin, white, frail people with very unusual faces. They were moving slowly north towards the bunker road. As before, they appeared to consider the openness of the bunker road to be something of a barrier to their progress. Instead of continuing across it, they remained hiding out in the sagebrush on the south side of the road. I didn't pay much attention at the time. It was a very hot day. I had been working very hard. No one but me was allowed out on the ranges that day. The Ranges had been closed for several weeks, and would remain closed for several more. I

just supposed that my mind was again playing tricks on me.

After working a while longer, it was time to begin the final balloon run of the day. I put aside my cleaning tasks. I picked up my sling psychrometer and stepped outside through the side door to measure the temperature and the dew point. As I did so, the two white people out in the sagebrush decided to make a break for it. Together they half stood up and then, in crouched fashion, ran quickly across the bunker road – disappearing finally into the sagebrush on the other side. Although it happened quickly, I got a clean, clear view of the two of them as they were running across the road to the north, away from me. The surprise I felt can hardly be explained. In a nervous and hurried fashion, I

quickly completed the balloon run,
phoned Nellis AFB, closed up the
weather shack, and shut down the diesel.
Then I immediately headed back to base.
I was quite shaken by the experience.
However, once I was back on base, I
rested in my barracks, ate a nice evening
meal, and watched some television
alone in the quiet security of the
airman's day room. I got a good night's
sleep by going to bed early. By the time
3:00 A.M. arrived the next morning, I
was back to my usual self – and back to
my usual level of denial. My orders,
after all, didn't permit me to skip any of
the balloon runs merely because it was
dark out on the ranges or because I had
become afraid to be out there.
My alarm clock woke me up as usual
the next morning. I ignored the usual

open door to my barracks. I closed it as I was heading out to my truck for the morning run, and, as usual, tried to forget the memories of everything that had happened in the barracks the night before. This morning I noticed that forgetting those night time experiences was becoming harder and harder. There seemed to be an awful lot of them.

Taking the morning run seemed routine enough. On the drive out I noticed some florescent lights out in the desert east of the Range Three road. They were partially hidden in a patch of heavy sagebrush and mesquite, perhaps a quarter mile from the road. From the way the lights moved and danced around, I supposed that it was perhaps a group of fathers from the town of Indian Springs, taking their sons camping out in

the desert for the fun of it. It was, after all, a beautiful summer night and ideal for camping out. Some of the lights were just now arriving from the direction of the town of Indian Springs. It lay several miles distant to the south. The fact that I was already deep inside a highly restricted area where camping and hiking by towns people was strictly prohibited never crossed my mind.

Later over breakfast, my friend from base supply informed me that the strip of linoleum I had ordered had arrived.

Since it was large and heavy, we decided that when I came in for the noon meal I would leave my pickup truck on base and check out the larger two and a half ton truck, load the linoleum, and deliver it to the Range Three weather shack. Things proceeded normally

enough. I finished my noon meal early. I picked up the truck and the linoleum. In record time, I delivered the large roll of linoleum out to Range Three. I was quite excited at the time. I spent much of the drive out to Range Three happily imagining how beautiful my weather shack was going to look with its new layer of shiny linoleum.

I took the 1:00 P.M. balloon run, and began the process of unloading the new linoleum. My plan was to store it overnight in my weather shack, and then begin installing it the following day.

There wasn't much available free floor space inside the weather shack, so I began by rechecking the various lengths and dimensions before

actually

unloading linoleum from the back of the truck. My first measurements brought quite a shock. The new strip of linoleum was more than 15 feet too short to cover the floor in my shack. I could hardly comprehend what had gone wrong. I spent the next half hour venting my frustration and anger by kicking the hot orange-brown gravel, screaming at the beautiful decorative white cirrus clouds in the deep blue sky high above, and swearing into the wind. When I finally calmed down, I quickly traced the discrepancy to the markings on the cord that I had used to measure the length of the weather shack. The cord in reality was much longer than the markings that I had placed on it indicated. The markings at the beginning were accurate. However

there was a stretch in the middle – the
stretch that I had been marking when my
mind had fuzzed over – that was
hopelessly
inaccurate.

These
inaccuracies continued all of the way to
the end of the cord. In anger and
mounting
frustration,

I
carefully
reviewed my memories of that prior
afternoon when I had taken those
measurements. Now, with tears of rage
and loneliness building in my eyes, it
seemed like my mind again began
playing tricks on me. Now in anger and
frustration, it seemed like I could
remember two chalk white people

entering the weather shack when I had been marking the tape. They had come in through the open door behind me. One was a young man and the other was a young woman, both apparently about my age. Neither of the two people seemed to be actually human. In my memories, I had been quite dazed at the time. In the confused and tortured canyons of denial in my mind, I could remember showing them how I counted to 20.

Alone in the burning hot summertime desert as I was, I decided that for my own good, I simply had to get hold of myself. No matter how beautiful the desert was, it was an unmerciful place for those who lost their self control. Still struggling to get hold of my anger, rage, confusion, and shame - and above all, my loneliness, I decided that I simply

had to push these memories from my mind as I had pushed so many other memories from my mind. There was simply no other way. It was painful and it took awhile, a long while, but finally I got control of myself. I decided to make the best of things. I took a nice long quiet walk around the Range Three buildings. I recited my prayers and sang quiet love songs as I did so. I also vomited the lunch I had just eaten over the previous noon hour into the sagebrush out behind the range boards. With my head pounding and my whole body aching in rage, it was a very difficult afternoon. In order to relax and calm down, I practiced slowly and carefully counting to twenty. "One, two, three ...", it was all so very elementary. I was going to have to do, whatever I had to do, in

order to stay alive. Whatever was out there - whatever it was, it was watching me – from out there in the wind - and out in the sagebrush. It was simply me, alone but for God - out here in the desert – against whatever else was out there – out there in the wind.

When 2:30 P.M. finally arrived, I began preparing for the 3:00 P.M.

balloon

release.

Once

that

was

completed, I quickly and quietly

unloaded the new roll of linoleum and

stored it in the back of my weather

shack. Then I drove slowly and quietly

back in to base. It was a long, lonely

trip.

The next morning I got up early. I was eager to finish painting and cleaning my Range Three weather shack so that I could lay the new linoleum, such as it was. Consequently I worked hard on my cleaning and painting chores in the morning, expecting to be able to rest later in the day when the desert would be at its hottest.

After taking my noon meal, I stopped by the Indian Springs base supply to see if I could return the 20 foot long section of linoleum and get a larger one. The motor pool office also doubled as the supply office. The desert was already becoming very hot. Consequently, the supply clerk had all of the doors and windows open for ventilation. A nice gentle breeze was blowing through the office. Once I was inside, I stood for a

few minutes looking out through the open front door – into the hot desert to the north, and out through the open bays of the motor pool towards the desert to the southeast. It was a beautiful day and the desert was already a simmering hot pool of heat waves and of summertime beauty. As I stood there, I couldn't shake the feeling that somewhere out there, hidden behind the gentle winds, and dust devils - somewhere out there in the heat waves - even as I stood here in the motor pool office; I was still being very carefully watched.

The supply clerk came over and greeted me. I related my predicament to him and asked if I could exchange my 20 foot piece of linoleum for a piece of the proper size. I was told that I could. The Nellis Base Commander was sure to

approve it. However, as the supply clerk and I discussed the problem, I suddenly began thinking about my kerosene stove. It sat on the floor in the middle of my Range Three weather shack. The existing old piece of linoleum had not been laid under the stove. Instead, a large square hole had been cut out of the old linoleum, and the piece had been laid around the stove. The stove itself sat on a piece of metal and asbestos. I suddenly realized that this must have been done for reasons of fire safety. Under the circumstances, even if I had a single large piece of linoleum, I, too, would have to cut out a large square hole from it so that I could fit it around my kerosene stove. Fire safety is, after all, fire safety. Consequently, having two medium sized pieces of linoleum would

be much easier to work with than a single large piece. So I ordered a second 20 foot piece of linoleum, and decided to cut it to fit when it finally arrived. In true USAF fashion, the supply clerk happily informed me that he could do nothing to insure that the design pattern on the second piece of linoleum would have any relationship to the design pattern on the first piece. Even at Indian Springs, the military is the military. I was laughing all the way back out to Range Three. The entire episode convinced me that my two guardian angels were there beside me with every step I take. The fact that the two pieces of linoleum would have radically different design patterns also convinced me that my two guardian angels both have a very fine sense of humor.

By the time I completed the 1:30 P.M. balloon run, the desert was once again searing hot. My last run of the day wasn't scheduled until 3:00 P.M. As I was completing the computations, and preparing to phone Nellis, I spent a few minutes wondering why the Command Post, for the past few days, had wanted the last run of the day to be so late. After all, the ranges were closed to everyone except me and there weren't any planes flying. After wondering about it for a few minutes, I shrugged it off. After I had phoned Nellis, I decided to quit my painting and cleaning tasks for the day and spend the remainder of the day resting in the shaded area on the north side of the Range Three lounge. I took my favorite history book and walked over to the lounge. As before, I

positioned one of the steel frame chairs outside on the sidewalk and sat down to rest. As before, my position gave me a clean unhindered view down the bunker road to the east. As I sat resting, once again I could see two different patches of something white hiding, then moving and then hiding again out in between the bushes of sagebrush out in the skip bomb area. As before, they were moving slowly north towards the bunker road. As before, the bunker road was obviously a barrier to their progress. Once they had reached the vicinity of the bunker road, they remained hiding out in the sagebrush on the south side of the road. Occasionally they would peep up above the sagebrush and look at me. They obviously knew I was there and that I was watching them. Their behavior

made me quite nervous and I wasn't sure what to do. My weather truck was sitting parked diagonally over in front of the weather shack. The white creatures were in so close that I was afraid to walk back across the graveled square to get to my truck. There was also the matter of the heat. "What if ", I thought to myself, "they are not real and your mind is only playing tricks on you? Wouldn't you be better off if you just continued to sit quietly here in the shade, instead of risking a long walk across the graveled square out in the open sunlight on this hot afternoon?"

Consequently,

I

remained sitting in the shade, waiting for them to make the next move. I had to

wait some time, probably a half hour,
while
the
two
of
them
slowly
maneuvered for position out in the
sagebrush. Then, suddenly and without
warning, one of them, apparently a young
man, bolted across the bunker road and
hid in the sagebrush on the north side.
He waited there, hiding in the sagebrush,
for the second individual to come and
join him. It took perhaps another 15
minutes before the second individual,
apparently a young woman, also
suddenly bolted across the bunker road
and joined him in the sagebrush. Once
the two of them were together again, they

both crouched over and headed off through the various alleyways in the sagebrush towards the northeast. After another 15 or 20 minutes had passed, I could get glimpses of them still heading through the sagebrush toward the mountains to the northeast. By then, they were several miles away. I was too stunned to know what to make of it. The young man and the young woman were obviously very intelligent. Yet, with their chalk white skin, they very obviously weren't human. I decided for my own sanity, to close up the lounge, take the last balloon run of the day and head back in to base as quickly as I could. On the way in, once again, for my own safety and my own sanity, I tried to forget everything that had just happened. That failed. So, I tried instead to pretend

that my mind was being affected by the desert heat. At least it made me feel better. I was, after all, completely alone - and it was a long way back into town.

When 3:00 A.M. the next morning arrived, it took me longer than usual to get up the courage to drive out to the Ranges. It didn't seem like I was alone in my barracks that morning. However, I did not have the courage to look into any corners as I was shaving and getting dressed. I hadn't slept well and, as usual, I was trying to forget the memories of everything that had happened in the barracks the night before.

The drive out to Range Three was routine enough. The desert was adorned in its usual breath-taking nighttime beauty. I found it to be very relaxing. I

parked my truck in its usual location opposite the north set of doors on the generator shack. I went inside, alone as usual, to start the generator. It started quickly in the warm night air. Then I began the short walk over to the weather shack. I checked my watch. It was 3:55 A.M. I had plenty of time to make the 4:30 A.M. balloon release, so I was in no hurry. There wasn't any wind. It was an unusually quiet and beautiful night and I was unusually relaxed. I had just rounded the northwest corner of the generator shack when I noticed that the front door of the weather shack was unlocked and stood half open. I stopped to take stock of the situation. I was certain that I had closed and locked it the afternoon before. As I stood there, I became certain that I was being very

carefully watched by one or more people standing some distance behind me. Afraid to turn around or return to my truck, I decided that the safest thing for me to do was to just continue on, acting like nothing had happened. So, reciting my prayers and singing one of my summer romance songs, I walked over to the weather shack as if nothing was out of place. Once there, I noticed that the side door stood open as well. I stood outside the weather shack for several minutes and cautiously studied the interior before going inside. Everything seemed to be in place. If anything, the interior was a little cleaner than it had been when I had closed up the weather shack the afternoon before. My chair, for example, had obviously been pushed up next to my desk thereby allowing one or

more people to enter the shack from the side door and exit by way of the front door – or vice versa. The boot prints on the floor implied that both routes through the shack had been used. While I stood there studying the weather shack, a chalk white person wearing a white fluorescent suit stepped briefly from out behind the west side of the generator shack. He stood for a few seconds, looking directly at me. When he realized that I was still standing outside in front of the weather shack looking back at him, he immediately stepped back behind the generator shack and out of sight. It all happened so fast that there

wasn't time enough for fear to register in my mind. I decided to double check on what I had just seen. So, after reciting my prayers, I cautiously walked back over to see what was on the other side of the generator shack. I was loudly singing one of my summer romance songs as I did so. When I got back over to where my truck was parked, there wasn't anyone there. Confused, I decided that I must have just forgotten to lock up the weather shack the afternoon before. As for the chalk white person – well, I decided that I must still be half-asleep – or going insane in record fashion. So, singing some more of my summer songs I returned to the weather shack and finished taking the morning balloon run and weather report. The events of the morning had shaken my nerves, so I left

the lights and my radio off in order to make it harder for anyone to sneak up on me. I had long since learned how to perform the computations and fill out all of the forms with only my flashlight and moonlight to help me. You see, every day - I, too, was learning – every single day.

When I drove in for breakfast, I took the three empty garbage cans with me. After breakfast, I brought them out filled with clean water, as before. I spent the morning on my cleaning and painting tasks, as before. After lunch and the completion of the 1:30 P.M. run, I took my favorite history book and walked over to the Range lounge to rest a while before taking the last run of the day. It was scheduled for 3:00 P.M. As before, I brought a chair out from the lounge and

positioned it in the shade on the sidewalk. Once again, I sat waiting, keeping a careful watch down the bunker road as I did so. My efforts were soon rewarded. Once again the two chalk white people could be seen hiding out in the sagebrush down to the southeast. Once again, while crouching down, they slowly approached the bunker road. This time, however, instead of waiting and maneuvering for a position, the two of them together suddenly bolted across the road. They seemed to do so, on a prearranged signal. They were both crouched down as they did so. Once across the road, they continued hiding and crouching down in the sagebrush, moving towards the northeast as they did so. They clearly weren't human – and they too were learning – every single

day – they, too, were learning.

I sat there in my chair for a long while. My mind was unable to comprehend and absorb what I had just seen. Finally, I got up from my chair, placed the chair back inside of the range lounge, and closed the door. Then I walked slowly back to the weather shack. It was nearly 4:00 P.M. when I arrived. I took the 3:00 P.M. balloon run, late as it was, in the slowest and most routine manner possible. Then I phoned Nellis, and closed up for the weekend. Through it all, I did my best to brush all memory of the day's events from my mind, and to pretend that nothing had happened, that nothing was out of order. My sanity depended on it, I told myself. The 3:00 P.M. run was an hour and half late. I didn't care. I was

however, surprised to learn that Nellis didn't care either. The Nellis Base Commander had personally phoned the weather station. He had ordered them not to care.

The following weekend passed quickly, as did several more weeks. Most of them were exceptionally difficult. A Monday morning arrived. It had come too soon. The weekend before had been another exceptionally difficult weekend, and I hadn't slept well. This Monday morning run was routine enough. Someone had moved some of my tools around in my Range Three weather shack. Consequently, it had taken me longer than usual to get set up for the

balloon run. After breakfast, I was already tired and my nerves were on edge. I decided to take short naps in between my balloon runs and let my cleaning chores wait until another day. The floor of the weather shack was warm and comfortable. There seemed to be a lot of meadow lark sounds coming from the sagebrush just outside the weather shack, out on the skip bombing range to the east. I got up a couple of times and looked out. However, there were never any meadowlarks out there to be seen. Each time, I lay back down and returned to my nap. Soon I was feeling somewhat better.

After lunch and completing the 1:30 P.M. run, as before, I took my favorite history book and walked over to the range lounge to rest some more before

taking the last run of the day. It, too, was scheduled for 3:00 P.M. As before, I brought a chair out from the lounge and positioned it in the shade on the sidewalk. Once again, I sat waiting, keeping a careful watch down the bunker road as I did so. Once again, my efforts were rewarded. Once again the two chalk white people could be seen hiding out in the sagebrush down to the southeast. Once again, while crouching down, they slowly approached the bunker road. This time, however, instead of waiting and maneuvering for a position, one of them – apparently a young man who appeared to be roughly my age – bravely and deliberately stood up in the sagebrush, looking directly at me as he did so. Then he slowly and deliberately stepped out of the sagebrush

and nervously took up a position in the middle of the paved bunker road, facing me. He was standing straight up, and facing me directly in the hot afternoon sun. He was little more than the width of the graveled square away from me. He was about the same height I was. He had large blue eyes, larger than those of a human. His hair was short, thin, and nearly transparent platinum blond. He had chalk white skin and a very thin build. For my part, I remained sitting quietly on my chair watching him. After he had stood watching me for perhaps a minute or more, the second chalk white individual – apparently a young woman of the same height and build – suddenly stood partway up in the sage brush and, while still crouched over, ran across the bunker road behind him. Once she was

across the road, he turned suddenly to the north and disappeared into the sagebrush after her. The two of them then hid and crouched down in the sagebrush, and began moving through the alleyways of the sagebrush towards the northeast. They appeared to be moving as quickly as they could, considering that they were crouched down at the time.

For my part, I remained sitting in my chair for a very long time, watching them. Finally, at long last, I got up from my chair, placed the chair back inside the range lounge, and closed the door.

Deep in thought, I walked slowly back to the weather shack, took the last balloon run for the day, closed down Range

Three,

and

drove

slowly

and

thoughtfully back in to base. On the way back to base, I decided on a new plan. I decided that I had to know if they were real, or if I was suffering from the effects of the intense desert heat.

That evening was another difficult night in my barracks. I found myself laying awake in my bunk at 2:30 A.M. in the morning, unable to go back to sleep.

When 3:00 A.M. arrived, I was already dressed and ready to begin my day's duties. My day progressed normally enough. However, today, I hurried through my lunch, and completed the 1:30 P.M. run in record time. It was with a great deal of anticipation and apprehension that I took my favorite history book and walked over to the

Range lounge to rest before taking the last run of the day. It, too, was scheduled for 3:00 P.M.

As before, I brought a chair out from the lounge and positioned it in the shade and in the shadows on the sidewalk.

Once again, I sat waiting. Once again, I very carefully watched the bunker road.

Once again, my efforts were rewarded.

Once again the two chalk white people could be seen hiding out in the sagebrush down to the southeast. Once again, while crouching

down,

they

slowly

approached the bunker road. When the two of them reached the edge of the sagebrush along the road, this time, after only a couple of minutes of waiting, the

chalk white young man stood up and bravely stepped out into the middle of the road, facing me. He was standing out in the open on the paved bunker road, just beyond the edge of the graveled area, less than 100 feet from me. As soon as he had taken up his position, standing there upright in the bright afternoon sunshine, I stood up from my chair which I had previously positioned so carefully in the shade and in the shadows. I turned so I was facing him straight on, and walked slowly towards him. His hands were empty and he did not appear to be armed. I also, of course, was not armed. I stopped when I reached a point that was out in the graveled square, several feet east of the edge of the building. We now stood facing each other less than 80 feet apart. Both of us

now stood exposed in the bright, hot afternoon desert sunshine. I stood perfectly still and I studied him carefully. This appeared to make him very nervous. The young woman, still crouching down in the sagebrush also began to show signs of becoming very nervous. She seemed too frightened by my presence to cross the road. The young man quickly turned his head a quarter turn in her direction and appeared to silently encourage her to hurry up and cross. Then, obviously nervous and upset, she stood partway up, ran across the road, and took off running towards the northeast through the alleyways in the sagebrush. As soon as she had crossed the road, the young man immediately turned away from me and took off running after her. They quickly

disappeared in the distance, as they traveled over the ridge that stood out in the desert some three quarters of a mile to the northeast of me. As I watched them disappear over the ridge, I realized that they were running much faster than any human could run. This confused me greatly. On the one hand, they had both appeared to be completely real.

However, because of their speed and the fact that they were obviously not human, I decided that I must just be suffering the effects of the bright sunshine and the extreme desert heat. I decided to try again the next day to resolve the issue.

The next few days were typical

enough. I continued my cleaning and painting chores. The nights, alone as I was in the barracks, as usual, were very difficult. Out at Range Three, however, I did not see the two chalk white people. On two of the days, I tried a new tactic. After I had completed the 1:30 P.M. afternoon balloon run, I tried walking slowly out through the sagebrush in the skip bomb area, and out along both sides of the bunker road. I took my cap off, and walked bareheaded in the hot afternoon sun for more than a half hour. I didn't drink any water, on purpose, and I sang my summer romance songs loudly as I did so. I was specifically trying to see the two chalk white people. I reasoned that if the desert heat was causing me to see things, then by walking bare-headed out in the sunshine, I should

be able to see them again. However, try as I might, there simply weren't any chalk white people to be seen out in the sagebrush. I abandoned my plan when I came across two sets of boot prints in the soft dry desert dirt on the north side of the bunker road. The two people who had made them had been running towards the northeast. The tread pattern on one of the sets of boot prints appeared to match the tread pattern I had seen on a pair of women's nylon snow boots, described in one of the mail order catalogs which sat on the shelf in the weather shack. It was a very long drive back to base.

Another hot desert morning came in its turn. It had been another very difficult night in the barracks. I had been awakened at 12:30 A.M. when a group

of high ranking American USAF
Generals had walked through my
barracks. They were giving some of
their counter parts another tour of the
Indian Springs Facilities. As usual, their
counter parts had chalk white skin and
obviously weren't human. The Tall
White individuals in this group were
noticeably taller than those in most
previous
groups.

The

American

Generals had me stand outside on the
flight line for almost a complete hour
while they talked with their "white
friends" about the American plans for
going to the moon, and ways the Tall
Whites could help with their scout craft.
Since I was so tired and short on sleep, I

decided to take things easy in between balloon runs. Consequently I spent most of the morning resting in the weather shack.

After lunch, and completing the 1:30 P.M. run, as always, I took my favorite history book and walked over to the Range Three lounge. The last run of the day was again scheduled for 3:00 P.M.

As before, I brought a chair out from the lounge and positioned it in the shade on the sidewalk. As before, I sat waiting, keeping a careful watch down the bunker road. As before, my efforts were rewarded. The same two chalk white people could be seen hiding out in the sagebrush down to the southeast. As before, while crouching down, they slowly approached the bunker road.

Today however, instead of waiting and

maneuvering for a position, the young man again bravely and deliberately stood up in the sagebrush, looking directly at me as he did so. As before he slowly and deliberately stepped out of the sagebrush and nervously took up a position in the middle of the paved bunker road, facing me directly in the hot afternoon sun.

As soon as he had taken up his position, I also stood up from my chair. As before, I turned so I was facing him straight on, and walked slowly towards him. Neither of us appeared to be armed. I continued walking slowly towards him until I was more than halfway across the graveled square which had separated us. I continued until we stood facing each other less than 30 feet apart. Both of us now stood exposed in the bright, hot

afternoon desert sunshine. My presence appeared to make him extremely nervous. At first I had expected him to break and run. That would have allowed me to finish crossing the graveled square, walk the few feet up the paved portion of the Bunker road, and get a closer look at the white woman who was still crouching there in the sagebrush.

However, as I went to take the next step forward, his reaction convinced me that he intended to stand his ground, to the death if necessary, to protect the young woman still hiding in the sage brush. If he had been armed, he undoubtedly would have fired on me. I stood there for a few minutes trying to think of some way to frighten him into abandoning his position so that I could get a better look at his female partner. Perhaps, I thought,

if I came closer and spoke to him maybe that might do it. Then by observing his reactions, I realized that he seemed to know what I was thinking. The young woman also seemed to know what I was thinking. Suddenly she calmly stood up in the sagebrush. Without showing the slightest fear of me, she deliberately stepped out onto the paved bunker road and took up a position next to the young man. She intentionally took a full half step closer to me, and stood calmly facing me. The message she wished to convey to me was obvious. If I didn't back down now, I was going to be facing the both of them, alone, out here in the hot desert sunshine, with no help coming. It was obvious I would never get the chance to close on him because I would have to deal with her first. The

look in his eyes said it all. To him, right there at that time, she could hardly have looked more beautiful.

For my part, I saw things her way. As I stood there looking at the two of them, I felt as though I was face to face with God. I decided to back down. I carefully took several steps backward. Then I quickly retreated back to the safety of my chair, which sat waiting for me back in the shade and in the shadows. I was only too happy to sit down when I got there, and let them take all the time they needed to cross the bunker road in peace. The two of them stood watching me smiling at me, as I did so. Then, as if they had all of the time in the world, they calmly turned towards the north, finished crossing the hot paved bunker road, and took off walking at a leisurely pace

through the sagebrush towards the northeast. They seemed to be laughing and singing as they did so. Fear of me seemed to be the last thing on their minds at the time.

For my part, as I sat in my chair watching them, I felt stunned. I felt that I had just seen God step out from behind the mist, and show himself. I did not feel as though I were watching a young man and a young woman, his near twin, who had come to earth from another planet.

Rather, seeing how much they loved each other, apparently as brother as sister, I felt as if I were looking at the qualities that God must surely have. For, since God had created them, and God had created me, all in his own image, and we all understood the feeling of love, I felt certain that I had just seen

love – that I had just seen the face of
God.

Several more months passed. They were eventful months and many of them were very difficult for me. Summer had ended. The Nevada desert was now wearing its beautiful fall plumage. I had long since finished cleaning and painting the four weather shacks. Out at Range Three, I had long since taken up the old linoleum and put down the two new pieces. Of course, the patterns on the two pieces didn't match. Even today, it must still be giving my guardian angels a good laugh. It was a cool morning. I was still sleeping alone in the big double barracks that sat down along the Indian Springs flight line. I had gotten up an hour early this morning, and made the long drive out to Range Three. On

several previous nights, for no apparent reason, I had difficulty starting the diesel engines. The night before, neither engine would start at all. Both diesels behaved as though all of their batteries were dead. While I was inside the generator shack struggling with the two diesels and their new starter batteries, the V8 engine on my truck with its new battery had also stopped unexpectedly. Then, when I had gone outside to restart it, it too, had behaved as though its battery was dead. Then my flashlight with its new batteries had stopped working. The next two hours were very long hours indeed – although I could only remember what happened in one of them. I remember approaching the trees that were out behind the generator shack and the supply sheds wondering what was

making the whispering sounds that I could hear coming from them. Later, I found myself walking back to my weather shack preparing to take the morning run – now certain that my truck engine would start whenever I wanted it to. The drive back into base yesterday morning had left me feeling very cold and very numb – and very confused about my mental state.

This morning I was driving out to the ranges early, hoping to avoid the difficulties of the previous mornings.

This morning I decided that, once again, I had to throw myself a party out at my weather shack, in order to ease my tensions and help myself relax. When I arrived at Range Three, I was happy to find that everything was working to near perfection. My truck engine was

humming

and

the

diesel

started

immediately. It seemed like a perfect morning for the party which I felt I badly needed. So, for that reason, this morning I switched from my summer romance songs to singing my happy party songs as I walked over to my weather shack – at the time, it only seemed appropriate.

Out in the darkness, over to the east of Range Three, over by the ammunition bunker, I could see several people standing watching me. They were perhaps a mile distant. From what I could make out in the darkness, they appeared to be ordinary humans. One appeared to be a U.S. Air Force four

star General. The other four that I could make out appeared to be high ranking civilians wearing normal dark business suits. Based on their behavior, they didn't appear to realize that I knew they were there. Because the moon had already set, and I was otherwise engaged with taking my morning weather report, they didn't appear to realize that I could see them standing out there in the darkness, illuminated by the bright desert starlight. Being only an enlisted man, the last thing I wanted to do was to upset a four star General, so I continued taking the morning temperature / dew point measurement as usual. Even so, my attention at the time was focused on the movements of the four Star General in the distance. I wasn't paying much attention to what was happening around

me. One of my happy summer sunshine songs came on the radio in my nearby weather shack. I began singing along with it, as I had always done in the past. I also began practicing one of the modern dance steps. My happy song had just begun. I was standing, dancing, facing southeast at the time when suddenly and without warning, two chalk white individuals stood up from the nighttime shadows out in the darkened sagebrush, less than 70 feet in front of me. It was the same young man and the same young woman – the same twins - that had confronted me out in the open on the bunker road months before. They were both looking directly at me and smiling, as though they wished to join the party I was having. I was too surprised and stunned to do anything

except stand there, transfixed, staring at them. The young man and the young woman were clearly not human. The twins together, walking calmly side by side, approached to within 10 feet of the cable fence that marked the boundary of the skip bomb area. The two of them could hardly have seemed happier.

As the music continued to play and the young man waited, the young woman happily stepped across the fence and proceeded

to

walk

up

to

me,

approaching me on my right side, as though she were playfully walking out onto a dance floor, expecting to dance

with me. When she was little more than arm's length away from me, she proceeded to walk around behind me, turning her back to me, and almost dancing as she did so. I stood motionless, holding a can of soda pop in my left hand, frozen in total surprise. After clearly proving to everyone, including me, that she was not the slightest bit afraid of me, she proceeded to turn back around towards the south, and retrace her steps back around me on my right hand side, staying no more than an arm's length away from me. She seemed to be almost dancing and prancing as she did so. Then she calmly and deliberately returned back to the cable fence, carefully stepped across it, and walked back out into the sagebrush to join her companion. Through it all, the

two of them behaved as though they had just crashed a party. They behaved as though both of them had come just so that the young woman could entertain herself by skipping and dancing in party fashion where I was. Once they were back out in the sagebrush, they bent down until they were once again concealed by the taller plants. Then they headed off down the valley towards the southeast. Within a few minutes, no trace of either of them could be seen.

I stood motionless for a long time after they left. I stood there thinking about the young chalk white lady who had so easily come out of the sagebrush and walked around behind me. Frozen in fear as I was at the time, I would have been helpless against her if she had chosen to attack me from behind. She

had
clearly
proven
to
everyone,
including me that I was not in the
slightest danger when she was around. I
realized that neither the young chalk
white man who was with her, or I had
any reason to fear the other.

[... Except Through Me.](#)

I go to prepare a place for
you,
And if I go and prepare a
place for you,
I will come again,
and receive you unto myself:
that where I am,
there ye may be
also.

And whither I go ye know,
and the way ye
know.

Thomas saith unto him,
Lord, we know not whither
thou goest;
and how can we
know the way?

Jesus saith unto him,
I am the way, the truth, and the
life:

No man cometh onto the
Father
except but by me.

... John 14:2 – 14:6

... .

The Indian Springs Gunnery Ranges
had a captivating, almost mystical beauty
during any season of the year. The desert
valleys and distant windswept mountains

had, I suppose, been that way for countless Millennia However, in the early fall of 1965, after the searing heat of mid summer began to pass, a thin, blue late afternoon haze seemed to flow daily into the distant valleys north of Indian Springs, Nevada. In addition to the constant heat waves and the unrelenting dust blown by the wind, the distant faraway mountains seemed to have found an almost imperceptible layer of blue haze to hide behind. The intervening desert valleys and dry lake beds seemed also to adorn themselves with a shroud of sand and dust and dry sagebrush to feed into the daily afternoon heat waves, mirages, and dust devils. In the early fall of 1965, in the waning days of the summer of my 20th year, The Ranges seemed to take on a

pervading sense of loneliness, homesickness, and nostalgia. The difficult days and nights and times that I had experienced throughout the preceding spring and summer months, and was still experiencing, were slowly changing me, somehow. Now, I was more curious, and less prone to panic. Many of the more terrifying and difficult times, I now thought I had succeeded in forgetting entirely. I supposed that all of them had been caused by something within me. I thought of myself as suffering now and then, from heat strokes, or bouts of loneliness, or perhaps from occasional problems with the way the blood flowed in my brain. I wanted so much to forget it all and to just go back to being me; young, happy, healthy, carefree, and unafraid me.

One morning I was out at Range
Three. The ranges were closed for the
next several weeks. Consequently, no-
one except me, was allowed to be out on
them. Everyone except me, including the
Range maintenance men, was forbidden
to travel past the main Range gate which
was
miles
away,
down
at
the
southeastern corner of the Indian Springs
base area. I, on the other hand, could go
anywhere I wanted to, do anything I felt
like, day or night, as long as I was alone
... as long as I could find the courage to
do so. If I got myself in trouble when I
was out there, no help was coming –

even if it killed me.

The Nellis Command Post made an unusual request. For the next two weeks, Nellis requested special 11:15 A.M and 1:00 P.M. balloon releases. What made the request unusual was that the Nellis Command Post wanted both the 11:15 A.M. and the 1:00 P.M. balloons released as closely as possible to the scheduled release times.

In between the 11:15 A.M. and the 1:00 P.M. releases, the sergeant stated, the Command Post was expecting that I would be able to drive in to base, and take my time enjoying the noon meal.

After I hung up the telephone, I sat down and began laughing. "I guess the Nellis Officers down at the Base Command Post have never actually eaten a meal at the Indian Springs Chow Hall," I

laughed to myself. Some days before, I had “invented” the sugar sandwich – thick layers of sugar and butter on two pieces of toast, seasoned with salt and vitamin pills, all washed down with milk, water, and coffee. It was always “fresh” and it tasted a lot better than the left over fried liver from two nights before. The best part of the sugar sandwich was that I had to drive my truck all the way back in to base to get it. “How could life get any better?” I laughed. Anyway, I did need to eat a lot of salt and drink a lot of water, since, day after day; I spent so much time out in the hot, dry desert.

The simple truth of the situation however, was that the schedule just barely left me time enough between runs to drive to the Indian Springs chow hall

for the noon meal. If at all possible, the 11:15 A.M. and the 1:00 P.M. release time had to be observed if at all possible. That request came from a three star General. The other release times, Nellis didn't particularly care about. If the other scheduled balloon runs got released, fine. If they didn't, well that was fine too. As such, the tight schedule left me under a great deal of noontime pressure.

It was just after 10:00 A.M. I had completed a 9:30 A.M. balloon release. The results had already been phoned in to Nellis. The next release wasn't scheduled until the 11:15 A.M. run so I had some free time on my hands. Instead of sitting down at my desk and reading a history book as I usually did, I decided to walk out to the theodolite stand and

polish the glass lens along with its brass fittings. To combat the haze, I wanted the lens to be as clean as possible. With my cleaning supplies in hand, I stepped out the front door of my Range Three weather shack and began leisurely walking towards the stand out front. As I was walking, I happened to gaze over towards the ammunition bunker which sat a mile and a quarter off to the northeast, along the base of the nearby mountains. This morning, the bunker itself was hard to make out through the glare of the bright morning sunlight, the morning heat waves, and the already forming late summer haze. Still, I was mildly surprised by what I saw. Sitting on the desert floor, 50 feet or so just north of the bunker in the distance was a large white ellipsoidal shaped craft. It

was roughly the size of a large mountain diesel semi-truck with a double trailer. It had large RV style windows in the front, and along both sides. There weren't any windows in the back. The solid white craft did not glint in the morning sun. The front was somewhat more streamlined than the back, which was blockier.

The craft sat facing the ammunition bunker. The door on the far side, hinged at the top, was open. Walking and moving around nearby were five chalk white people. They were thin. Their skin and their clothing were all solid chalk white. Although two of them were noticeably taller than the other three, they were all generally about my height. Based on the manner in which they walked, they all seemed to be men,

although one of the shorter individuals may have been a woman. I seemed to have surprised them by coming out of my weather shack so unexpectedly. As soon as they finally saw me, despite the distance, all five of them became very agitated.

When I first saw them, I supposed they were probably a group of range maintenance men building something over along the mountains, or perhaps they were planning on painting the bunker, since painters commonly wore white uniforms. Then I remembered that the ranges were closed to everyone except me. I couldn't see the people or the details very well, so it was hard to tell exactly what was going on. It wasn't however, the first time I had seen craft of that type, or their occupants. Many

times when I had seen them before, they had been accompanied by USAF American Generals. Although I couldn't see any USAF officers with them this morning, I decided to make sure everything out at Range Three was in military order, in case The USAF Generals should appear later. So I continued my leisurely walk out to the theodolite, and began cleaning and polishing it in a careful and routine manner.

My curiosity quickly got the better of me. I pointed the theodolite in the direction of the ammunition bunker, adjusted the magnification and focus, and began watching what was going on. The craft seemed to have a number of cargo boxes on board. The cargo boxes were generally cubical in shape with

rounded corners. They appeared to be made of a solid white nylon or plastic material.

While

I

watched

through

the

theodolite, the two taller white people boarded the craft, closed the door, and took up positions in the pilot and copilot seats. Outside, the other three white people stood clear. In total silence, the craft floated up a few feet off the ground, and began maneuvering for a better parking arrangement. The pilot was clearly trying to move the craft to a more concealed position. The only possibility was to hide the craft behind the ammunition bunker, out of my sight. This

was a little bit like trying to hide an elephant in a glass crystal shop. For the next 20 minutes or so, the pilot, with the help of the other four white people, slowly maneuvered from one position to another, only to be told in a very obvious fashion, that part of the craft could still be seen from a distance by me. This happened several times as the pilot tried to re-park the craft in any one of several different positions behind the ammunition bunker. The resulting series of scenes could hardly have been more comical. I stood at the theodolite watching them, and also laughing to myself. No matter how the craft was positioned, it was so much bigger and taller than the ammunition bunker, it was always clearly visible. I remember laughing to myself, "Isn't it just like the

Air Force? No-one thought to bring a tape measure.” Finally the pilot gave up trying to conceal the craft and faced the inevitable. The pilot and the copilot disembarked. All five of the white creatures got together for a conference. After a few minutes of discussion, the pilot alone got back on board. While the others stood clear, he silently lifted off and took the craft up along the eastern side of the valley for approximately 3 miles, to a place just over a ridge, and parked the craft out of sight. Later he could be seen walking nervously back down a trail along the side of the mountain to join the others. Although I was laughing to myself as I left the theodolite and returned to my weather shack, I remember feeling a certain sorrow for their plight. I remember

wondering to myself why they cared if I saw their craft or not. Whatever they were doing, it would have been far more convenient for them to have left the craft parked where they had it originally.

Because of the heat waves, the glare of the sunlight, and the haze, I couldn't see anything that I hadn't seen before, close-up and personal.

It wasn't until I was back inside the weather shack and sitting down at my desk that I began to start thinking about the physics of it all. I had just spent a good 25 minutes watching the craft silently maneuver by floating silently on the earth's gravitational field. The pilot had total control over every movement the craft made. The craft was the size of a large diesel semi-truck with a double trailer. To lift a craft of that size, its

engines had to be quite powerful. Yet, through it all, the craft had not raised any of the dust, the sagebrush, or the leaves which I knew lay thick on the ground over along the base of the mountains.

Obviously, the craft didn't move itself by moving the air around it, as a helicopter or an airplane would have.

Then there was the matter of fire safety. The sagebrush was tinder dry, yet the craft had not started any fires the way a jet engine exhaust would have. Neither had the craft altered the heat waves coming off the searing desert by discharging any heat of its own.

Likewise it had not created any sparks or other electrical discharges. I decided that whoever had built the craft must know more about science and physics than was known by Albert Einstein. It

was obvious that no human scientist would have even claimed to know how to build a craft that could float on the earth's gravitational field.

Yes, the problem that I was facing was very simple. The white people were unable to hide the large craft behind the small ammunition bunker. That meant the craft and the white people were real. In order to float a heavy real craft on the earth's gravitational field, the craft had to obey the very real laws of physics, even if Einstein didn't know about them. It meant that there were more physically real force fields and ways of storing physically real energy than Einstein knew about.

Yet, for emotional reasons, I refused to go to the next logical step. I decided to forget everything I had just seen, and

go back to just being me – young, happy, healthy, all alone, unafraid me. I decided to chalk up the entire experience to the desert heat, or maybe to a supposed blood flow problem in my brain. After all, whoever they were, I was out here alone. Day after day, I was ordered to go out onto The Ranges alone. The white individuals, like me, must surely have known that if I got myself in trouble when I was out on The Ranges, there was no place for me to run to, no place to hide, and no help coming. They were only a mile and a quarter away. Surely they knew that they could come get me anytime they chose.

The next day I was back out at Range Three. I was hurrying to complete the 11:15 A.M. balloon run and drive back to base for the noon meal. I got the

balloon released on time, just barely.

However, I was otherwise running late.

It was a day when nothing seemed to be going right. As I was phoning the results in to Nellis there was a sudden static on the line. The static lasted for a minute or so, and then went away just as suddenly as it had started. After completing the phone call, I hung up the phone, closed the large side door behind me in my weather shack, and stepped out the front door to close up. When I looked over towards the ammunition bunker, I saw the same white craft sitting over there, in the same position that it had been originally sitting the day before. It was facing the ammunition bunker perhaps 50 feet or so north of the bunker. It appeared that four of the same chalk white people were moving around,

outside the craft, over by the bunker as well. Today, however, they didn't seem to care that I could see them and the craft that they had arrived in. They also appeared to be a different group of individuals than the ones on the previous day. They appeared to be taking some of the solid white cubical shaped boxes off the craft and placing them in the ammunition bunker.

I was hungry and pressed for time, so I didn't bother to stop and watch them. I finished locking up my weather shack and hurried over to my truck. It was parked in its usual position west of the generator shack. It was facing north. I climbed in, fastened my seat belt, started the engine, turned around, and began driving back in to base. As I was doing so, I looked in my rear view mirror. A

fifth chalk white creature stepped out from behind the Range Three lounge building and stood watching me as I left.

The memory of the white creature standing there watching me, made for a very long, fearful drive back to base. It made it an even longer and more fearful drive back out to Range Three when I had finished the noon meal. When I finally arrived back out at Range Three at 12:45 P.M., I was relieved to see that I appeared to be alone again.

The next day, I was better prepared for the 11:15 A.M. balloon release. I had gotten the release off on time, and things had progressed smoothly.

Although I had completed the run on

time, I was unaccountably running several minutes late. Just after I had recorded my last reading, I had felt a sudden slight wave of dizziness, and there were several minutes I couldn't account for. I supposed it was because I was quite hungry at the time. I hurried to complete the computations so I could get back in to base for the noon meal. I was locking up the front door of my weather shack when I suddenly felt a momentary "fuzziness" in my mind. I turned around and began looking for the cause of the feeling. To my surprise, I could see the head of one of the Tall White creatures watching me from behind the Range Three outhouse, located perhaps 250 feet due north of me. Range Three had outdoor plumbing. The outhouse stood on the northern edge of the graveled

square, a short distance to the east of the rough dirt road going north to Range Four. The Tall White man had large blue irises with a slight pinkish tinge to the whites of his eyes. He was so tall that he had trouble ducking down behind the two man outhouse in order to conceal himself.

Stunned

and

confused

hardly

describes my reaction. The top of the outhouse was roughly 7 feet off the desert floor. He could easily look over the top of it. At 250 feet, he was simply in too close in for my mind to function.

At first, all I could think of, was my need to get to my truck and drive in to the chow hall for the noon meal. I was

feeling extremely hungry at the time. I stumbled slowly towards the west, across the gravel square, towards my parked truck, watching the outhouse carefully with every step I took. When I reached the western portion of the graveled square, the viewing angle allowed me to see more of the Tall White man who was trying to hide behind the outhouse. Besides being tall, he was also quite thin, and intelligent looking. There were several sagebrush plants behind the outhouse. However, judging by the open place where he was standing, he and others like him had hidden there many times before during the past spring and summer months. Still stunned and in shock, I decided that I had to get a better, closer look at him. I had to know if he was real, or if I was

simply losing my mind in record fashion.

So I began very slowly walking north

along the eastern side of the Range

Three lounge building. I was doing so in

a very halting manner. I began calling

out to the Tall White man in a normal

tone of voice, in English, “Hello. Are

you real? Are you injured? Do you need

help?”

As I did so, I expected him to retreat,

or perhaps vanish before my eyes, the

way

a

hallucination

should.

He,

however, remained where he was,

standing his ground, and watching me as

I very slowly began closing the distance

between him and me. By now, it was

going on 11:50 A.M. I was under tremendous pressure to break off the encounter and hurry back in to base for the noon meal. I was however, determined to close the distance and get a better look at the Tall White man.

Suddenly, from over the hill on the Range Four road, perhaps a quarter mile away, a second Tall White man appeared. He was shorter than the first one. This second man was roughly the same height as I was. Like the others, he was quite thin. He was running when he came over the hill, perhaps as fast as 30 miles per hour. He continued running down the road towards me, slowing some as he did so. He finally slowed to a walk when he was not more than 200 feet from me. I stood in place, watching him slowly close the distance between

us. He had obviously come to help his friend. When he reached the open upper reaches of the graveled area, perhaps less than 50 feet from me, he stopped his forward progress, and slowly moved to his right, taking up a military style position to the west of the Range Four road. He was positioned just beyond the wooden Range Three control tower which stood more or less due north of where I was.

His intention was obvious. In order for me to continue my slow movement towards the Tall White man standing behind the outhouse, I would have to turn my back to the second Tall White man waiting beside the Range Four road. On the other hand, trying to close on the second tall White man would obviously be a dangerous waste of my time. Out in

the open as he was, he could run circles around me. They both seemed to understand that I was much too afraid of them to advance any further. It was with a great deal of circumspection, then, that I began slowly backing away from them. They remained standing where they were as I did so. When I got back to the southeastern corner of the Range Three Lounge building, I turned and hurried back to my truck, which was parked in its usual position facing north on the western side of the generator shack. Once in my truck, I started the engine, turned around, and hurried back in to base for the noon meal. Late as I was, I was able to spend only a minute or two actually in the chow hall. Most of the meal I had to eat on the run. When I finally arrived back out at Range Three,

I was relieved to see that I was apparently alone again. I didn't push my luck. Anything I couldn't see, I didn't go looking for. As I was walking quickly towards my weather shack, I remember grimly saying to myself, "Sometimes, being alone isn't all that bad."

I was very late with the 1:00 P.M. run, but for some reason, The Nellis Command Post didn't care. I was told the Generals were laughing too hard to care much about anything.

The next working day came in its turn. The hot sunny early fall weather hadn't changed. Everything went smoothly enough during the morning runs. I finished the 11:15 A.M. as scheduled. This day, however, I spent a lot more time watching the desert over by the ammunition bunker, and the area around

the outhouse. My nerves were on edge, and I wanted to make certain that nothing surprised me. As I was phoning the 11:15 A.M. results in to Nellis, I was standing just inside the open front door of my weather shack, watching the outhouse area to the north. Just as I was hanging up the phone, I saw the same large Tall White man walk in from the desert to the east and take up a standing position behind it, as he had done the day before. Today, however, he didn't seem to care that I could see him, and he seemed completely unafraid of me.

He had openly walked down the bunker road to the graveled area. I remember how ungainly he looked as he was walking carefully through the small patch of sagebrush from the paved bunker road over to the back of the

outhouse.

I responded by closing the side door behind me, and stepping out the front door onto the graveled desert outside. I closed and locked the front door. I turned to face him as he watched me from over the top of the outhouse some 250 feet distance. With my lunch at the chow hall waiting, I was once again under a great deal of time pressure. Still, I wanted to try one more time to get a closer look at him. I decided to try approaching him by way of the same path that I had used the day before. So I walked to the west across the graveled area towards my parked truck. Then, I turned north and began very slowly walking north along the eastern wall of the Range Three Lounge building, as I had done before. The Range Three

lounge building did not have any windows or doors along its east, south, or west sides. Consequently, I could not see around, through, or inside of it until I reached its northeastern corner. This time, the Tall White man did not try to hide himself. He simply stood in place, watching my slow approach.

About halfway along the wall, I stopped to think things through. The Tall White man behind the outhouse and his friend, were obviously both very intelligent. I decided that he and his friend must certainly have anticipated me trying to approach him in the manner that I was. Although I hadn't yet seen his friend, I decided that his friend must have already taken up a military style blocking position on me. To my way of thinking, that blocking position must be

just around the north eastern corner of
the Range Three lounge, which was still
15 feet or so up ahead of me. More
curious now than ever, I slowly and
carefully moved to my right, until I was
20 feet or so from the lounge wall. I
continued my slow and cautious
advance, watching the corner of the
building carefully as I did so. When I
was almost even with the northern side
of the lounge building, I could finally get
a good look at the row of large
windows,
the
front
door,
the
overhanging roof, and the sidewalk that
ran along its northern side. There, not
more than 25 feet away, watching me,

stood the second Tall White man. He also, was obviously completely unafraid of me. The look on his face and the look on the face of the Tall White man standing behind the outhouse said it all. They were looks of friendly respect. For my part, I didn't have the courage to remain standing there for more than a minute or so. Slowly I backed away from them, turning at last and hurrying back to my parked truck. By now it was almost noon. I was very hungry, and I was once again running out of time for lunch. I hurried back in to base and its waiting chow hall. When I returned to the now deserted Range Three area, later than ever, my phone was ringing. Nellis informed me that The Command Post had changed the schedule just for today. Today Nellis no longer cared

about the 1:00 P.M. run. Today it was just fine if the runs came at 2:00 P.M. and 4:00 P.M. instead. I was so late already; I was very relieved by the news.

The next day when I phoned in the 4:30 A.M. run, the Nellis Command Post informed me that the last run for the day would be the 11:15 A.M. run. After completing it, I could take off early for the weekend. The news made me very happy. I completed the 11:15 A.M. run and, began locking up and shutting down for the coming weekend. I was very hungry at the time. I was impatient with myself, and I was hurrying as fast as I could. As I was locking up the front door to my Range Three weather shack, I could see a group of three Tall White individuals standing just below the first

rise on the bunker road, perhaps a mile away, off to the northeast. Despite the distance, the glare of the sun, the haze, and the heat waves coming off the desert, none of them looked familiar.

They were watching me in a very intent manner as they stood there. They seemed to be waiting for me to leave for the weekend. I responded by doing my best to comply as quickly as possible.

I drove back in to base for my noon meal at the Indian Springs chow hall.

Emotionally, I still refused to believe that the Tall White people were real.

There were so many of them, and they were all so different. The individuals that I had seen on the first two days were different than the ones I had seen on the past two days. All of those were different from the ones I had just seen

today. The ones I had seen in my barracks and with the USAF Generals, and out on The Ranges at night, in what I supposed were dreams and nightmares, wore different suits than the ones I had been seeing in the daytime. The suits which they wore at night surrounded them with white fluorescent light and allowed them to float. The clothes they usually wore in the daytime appeared to be ordinary nylon and cotton clothes which did not allow them to float, and they too, all looked different. Then there was the fact that I was frequently terrified or at least very afraid when I saw them at night. Many times I was too fearful of my own safety to spend much time studying them carefully. Then there was my state of mind. I didn't want to remember what each of them looked

like. I wanted so much to just forget it all
and to just go back to being me; young,
carefree, happy, healthy, all alone on
The Ranges, unafraid me.

It must be me, I decided. It must just
be my mind playing tricks on me when
I'm hungry or tired or waking up in the
middle of the night. Or maybe in the
daytime, it's the heat. I thought about it
as I drove. I remembered that for the
past few days, the air temperature had
usually been 96 degrees Fahrenheit or
higher by 11:00 A.M. Maybe the heat
was directly affecting my brain, I
thought. Or perhaps the heat was
affecting the manner in which the blood
flowed through my body. I decided to
pay more careful attention to the
temperature, in the future.

The weekend passed. I spent much of

it relaxing in the casinos down in Las Vegas. Monday came. I brought a new supply of water, peanuts, soda pop, vitamins, and other salty snack foods out to my Range Three weather shack, replenishing my supplies.

After completing the 10:00 A.M. run, I picked up one of my history books, a thermometer, a canteen of water, and sat in the front door of my Range Three weather shack. The Range Three weather shack was raised 2 feet or so off the desert floor with a railroad tie for the front step. The door faced north. It was a comfortable place to sit in the shade, and it gave me a good view of Indian Springs Valley. As I read my

book, I carefully monitored the air
temperature. As the time for the 11:15
A.M.
run
approached,
the
air
temperature went above 96 degrees
Fahrenheit. Off to the northwest of the
Range Three lounge, in the distance, I
saw a Tall White woman about my
height, with several children, come out
from behind a ridge in the desert and
begin playing in the bright sunshine.
Despite the distance, the heat waves, and
the haze, the woman and the children
clearly weren't human. The ridge they
were playing along lay out there,
perhaps a thousand yards distant. Seeing
them didn't surprise me. I had seen her

before from time to time. The fact that I didn't start seeing them until the temperature was above 96 degrees convinced me that my theory was correct and that the desert heat was causing my brain to malfunction. It was with tremendous satisfaction, then, that I got up, put away my book, and began the process of taking the 11:15 A.M.

balloon run. I drank some water, put some water on my forehead, opened a new jar of peanuts, along with a can of soda pop, and began munching some of my salty snack foods. The balloon run went as planned, and Nellis was very happy. As I drove in to base for the noon meal, I had just one minor problem.

Despite all of my medical efforts, the Tall White woman with the children had continued playing out in the desert

throughout the entire 11:15 A.M. balloon run. Nothing I had done affected them. At one point I saw the woman stop the children who were playing, and visibly point out the rising balloon to the children. I decided that curing myself was going to be harder than I expected. The next day I continued my policy of sitting in the doorway of my weather shack, reading a book, and monitoring the air temperature. Once again, by 10:45 A.M. the air temperature went above 96 degrees Fahrenheit. Up the valley at Range Four, through the heat waves and the haze, a single solid white craft could be seen slowly following along the northeastern edge of the mirage-filled dry lake bed. It seemed to be heading towards a place to park that was hidden in the mesquite. Once again,

the sight of the white craft in the distance seemed to confirm my supposition that the desert heat was affecting the blood flow in my brain. Without giving the white craft much thought, then, I instinctively got up from where I was sitting and went back inside my weather shack to begin preparing for the 11:15 A.M. balloon release. There was a soft pleasant breeze flowing through the weather shack, and I felt it would do me good.

The next day began much as the previous one had. However, at about 10:00 A.M., while the air temperature was still only 92 degrees Fahrenheit, once again, up the valley at Range Four, through the heat waves and the haze, a single solid white craft could be seen slowly following along the northeastern

edge of the dry lake bed, this time
coming south in my direction. The sight
of the white craft before the air
temperature had reached 96 degrees
caused me a great deal of consternation.

I had grown up in Wisconsin where the
summertime air temperature routinely
rose

to

and

above

92

degrees

Fahrenheit. Yet, I had never seen Tall
White people anywhere except out here
in these deserted desert valleys and
mountains, in my barracks, in the town of
Indian Springs, and in and around the
Indian Springs area in general. If the
blood flow in my brain was affected by

a temperature of only 92 degrees, why had I not seen them when I was growing up, back in Wisconsin? It was with a feeling of a great deal of alarm, then, that I waited out the time until the 11:15 A.M. balloon run had been completed, and I could head back in to base for the noon meal. I spent a good deal of the time carefully checking out behind my supply sheds, the brush and pine trees in the back, and inside the generator shack. My nerves were so on edge; I didn't have the courage to check anywhere near or around the Range Three lounge. The next day arrived on schedule. I had spent another difficult night in the barracks, as I had spent so many difficult nights and mornings during the past weeks and months at Indian Springs. However, this morning passed simply

enough. For the noon meal, the chow hall was on its best behavior. The coffee and milk were good. I refilled my canteens with drinking water. The hamburgers were well done and weren't burnt too badly. I mixed extra sugar in the ketchup and sprinkled salt on my hamburger to counteract the natural burnt carbon flavor of the Air Force grill. "Thank heaven for vitamin pills," I laughed to myself. "Man does not live by cola and peanuts alone."

I laughed and sang most of the way back out to Range Three, and actually enjoyed taking the 1:00 P.M. balloon run. If the Nellis Command Post hadn't asked for it, I might have taken it anyway just for the fun of it. The phone call to Nellis was brief.

I had spent most of my time that

morning happily remembering my last weekend trip into the Las Vegas casinos.

The cards had been there for me at blackjack, and I had returned to Indian Springs a full twenty dollars richer; big money for me in those days.

I was just reaching for my new Paint by Number set when I began hearing meadowlark like sounds coming from out in the desert north and northwest of the Range Three graveled area. A wave of curiosity came over me. I remember saying to myself, "Oh good, a new flock of meadowlarks must have returned now that fall has arrived," as though there were local meadowlarks that were migratory! Curious and happy, I stepped out the front door of my weather shack, carefully bringing my canteen and my fatigue hat with me, and began routinely

searching for meadowlarks. Of course, this being the Nevada desert, none could be seen or found. While I was doing so, I noticed the same Tall White woman with several children playing out along the same ridge northwest of the Range Three lounge, perhaps a thousand yards distant. I was out by the theodolite stand at the time. I wasn't surprised to see her. When I had measured the temperature for the 1:00 P.M. run, it had been more than 104 degrees Fahrenheit. I remember saying to myself, "Perhaps she knows how to make meadowlark like sounds," since the last such sounds I had heard had come from her direction. So without thinking, I began walking over in her direction. There were several clearly defined trails out into the sagebrush which began from the other side of the

Range Three lounge, so I headed in that direction.

When

I

rounded

the

northeastern corner of the Range Three lounge, I stopped cold in my tracks.

Standing in the shade at the other end of the short strip of sidewalk that ran along the front of the building was one of the Tall White men. He was only, perhaps, 25 feet from me. He was about my height. He was standing facing me, completely at ease, and he was obviously not the slightest bit afraid of me. I recognized him immediately. He was the shorter one of the two Tall White men I had seen the previous week. He was the one that had come running

down the Range Four road.

Although he looked perfectly real, I couldn't believe he was real. He had chalk white skin, large eyes, and only small amounts of thin, platinum blond hair. He was quite thin. He was clearly not human. I stood there for several minutes studying him carefully. He didn't seem to care. He appeared to expect me to become afraid and run away. As I stood there studying him, he appeared to show me a certain respect. The boots that he was wearing had left clearly defined boot prints in the nearby soft dirt, showing the path he had taken when he walked in out of the desert.

Although he was the same height as I was, based on the depth of his boot prints, he probably only weighed between 90 and 110 pounds. The woman

and the children continued playing out in the sunshine in the desert.

After I had spent several minutes staring at the man in front of me, and studying him carefully, I decided that I needed to get a better, closer look at him, and also at his boots, before I would accept him as being real. So I approached him slowly. He stood his ground. When I had closed the distance to roughly 12 feet, he spoke to me, using perfect English. "Do not come any closer," he said in a simple and direct manner.

I was stunned, and in shock.

Instinctively I stepped back, and slowly retreated to my previous position at the beginning of the short stretch of sidewalk, where once again I stood facing him. For some reason, I expected

him to follow me, and I was relieved to see that he was happy to remain standing where he was. He seemed to be standing guard at the entrance to the trails which went out into the sagebrush where the woman and the children were playing. Finally losing what little courage I had assembled, I backed away into the graveled square, turned, and walked in stunned silence back to my weather shack. When I first arrived back at my weather shack, I was going to close down immediately, and drive in to base. However, as I arrived back in the familiar surroundings of my weather shack, I began feeling relatively safe again. I decided the entire affair must just be the desert heat affecting my brain. "What else could it be?" I asked myself. Under the circumstances, it seemed like

the best thing for me to do would be to just rest in the cool, shaded, breezy interior of my weather shack until the late afternoon, after the heat of the day had broken. That would allow me to take the 3:30 P.M. balloon release as planned, and then safely drive back in to base.

I insured that the front and side door of my weather shack, and all of the windows were open and secure. I adjusted my radio to some nice soft music.

I chose a cool, clean, comfortable, shaded place on my linoleum floor, lay down, and relaxed.

The days events had left me feeling very tired. After a short time, I drifted off to sleep. It had been a stressful day so far, and I felt the blood vessels in my brain needed a good rest.

It was going on 3:30 P.M. when I finally awoke. There was a cool pleasant breeze coming through my weather shack. I was already late for the 3:30 P.M. run, but I didn't care. I felt I was doing the best that I could do.

Although the Range Three area now appeared to be otherwise deserted, I remember feeling as if, from somewhere out in the desert to the east of me, some woman was watching and agreeing with me. As I was filling the weather balloon with helium, I noticed that while I had been sleeping, one of my pencils had been moved from atop my desk to the

ivory table next to it. I chose to ignore it.

“It’s just me,” I said grimly to myself. I said the same thing about the boot prints outside in the dirt by the side door. I spent the rest of the afternoon forgetting about everything; everything except the nice music that had been playing on my radio when I dozed off.

The next day came with the morning sun. As usual, as I was driving back in to base for breakfast after taking the morning run, I spent some time reciting my favorite prayers, singing my happy summer songs, and trying hard to forget the difficult night I had just experienced in the barracks, and out in the darkness on The Ranges. I was tired, and my nerves were on edge. I took a short early nap out at my Range Three weather shack after completing the 9:00 A.M. run

which helped some.

The Nellis Command Post had changed the schedule back to its more usual times of 10:30 A.M., 1:00 P.M., and 3:00 P.M.

After taking the noon meal, and completing the 1:00 P.M. run, I started

feeling

more

relaxed,

emotionally

secure, and healthy again. The noon meal at the chow hall had been unusually good, and the current schedule had given me plenty of time to enjoy it.

Nothing much seemed to be going on.

The Range Three area seemed to be otherwise deserted. I was curious about the previous day's events, so I decided to take a short hike over to the ridge

where I had seen the woman and the children playing out in the sunshine the day before. I put on my canteen belt, two canteens of water, my fatigue hat, and set out walking to the northwest across the graveled square. I was happily singing one of my favorite summer sunshine songs as I walked full stride pass my theodolite stand. I remember that I was singing quite loud at the time. I was heading towards the northeast corner of the Range Three lounge building and then towards the paths through the sagebrush which started over there.

As I rounded the northeastern corner of the Range Three lounge building, once again, I stopped cold in my tracks. Once again, at the far edge of the short stretch of sidewalk on the northern side, the same Tall White man was standing guard

at the entrance to the paths into the sagebrush. As before, in the distance, out in the sagebrush, the tall white woman and the children could be seen playing out in the open, in the bright sunshine out in the heat waves. Once again, I was stunned, and in shock. I wouldn't have come over to the lounge building if I had thought the Tall White guard was going to be anywhere around. Off balance, dazed, and confused, I immediately became concerned. I became worried that he might find my near presence to be a problem. Already I was within 20 feet of where he stood. I knew from the previous encounter that he didn't want me coming too close to him. The short white pencil like object that he was holding in his left hand was obviously a weapon of some type, meaning he was

armed.

I decided to make it look natural for me to have come over to the lounge building. Speaking slowly, distinctly, and nervously, I instinctively began talking to him. I began by saying, “Don’t worry, I won’t come any closer. I just came over to clean up the area.” I took two or three steps forward so I was opposite the open front door to the lounge, reached out and carefully closed it. Then I carefully arranged the steel framed chair that was sitting next to and just west of the door, as though a steel chair sitting next to a building located some 20 miles out in the Nevada desert on a secret U.S. Government installation should have a

precisely

defined

“proper” position. He appeared to be able to tell what I was thinking, and appeared to find my antics quite amusing.

I was afraid to be seen as impolite, so I didn't want to just stand and stare at him as I had done during the previous encounter. I retreated back to the eastern edge of the sidewalk, and began looking at the ground and walking around. I was only glancing at him from time to time trying to be polite. I was trying to make it look as if I had come to pick up any stray paper, plastic, or cigarette butts that the wind might possibly have blown in. I began singing another one of my favorite summer sunshine songs as I did so. The Tall White guard found my new

antics to be even more hilarious. He could hardly restrain himself. He was almost laughing openly at me. I continued my apparent search for stray wind-blown trash as I wandered around the base of the control tower, carefully picking up the few stray pieces that I found. Then slowly and deliberately, singing all the while, I wandered out into the graveled area back south towards my theodolite stand until I had passed south of the northeastern corner of the lounge building and the Tall White guard was no longer in view. He remained standing in the same place at the far end of the sidewalk, laughing at me the entire time. After he was no longer in view and another two or three minutes had passed, I began feeling very foolish about the way I had been acting. Doubts and

confusion began flooding my mind. I began wondering if there really had been a Tall White guard standing beyond the Range Three building. By now I was part way back to the theodolite stand and I was trying to convince myself that the entire incident had just been an unusual type of heat stroke. So, still singing, I stopped and turned around. I very cautiously began walking back towards the Range Three lounge. I was some distance out in the graveled area, staying well away from the eastern wall of the building. When I finally got even with the north eastern corner of the building, I slowly bent forward and peered around the building to see if the Tall White guard was still there. He was. He was still standing in the same place watching me. He could no longer restrain his

laughter. As he was laughing, he was starting to become noticeably animated.

Apparently, I was the silliest looking human he had ever seen.

I immediately retreated out of view, turned, and still singing, I put aside my confusion and my intense fear. I walked in a calm and deliberate manner back across the graveled area to my weather shack.

I decided to begin the preparations for the next balloon release, and pretend that nothing unusual whatever had happened. The entire affair, I pretended, was just me having yet another minor heat stroke. “A few

drinks of water, a couple handfuls of salted peanuts, a little rest in the cool shade, and I would soon be right back to normal,” I said to myself when I was between songs. It didn’t seem like the situation left me any other choice. The few pieces of trash that I had found, I carefully placed in my waste paper basket to be taken back in to base and discarded at the Indian Springs garbage dump. I decided that it would be best if I took the wastebasket in with me and emptied it at the base dump as I left The Ranges, today. That way, the next time I came back out to the Range Three area, there wouldn’t be anything in sight to remind me of the confusion and the fear I had felt on this long afternoon. I decided that more than anything, I needed to protect what little sanity I had left.

The weekend arrived on schedule.

First, I got lots of rest, took a nice long shower, and had some really good meals at the Indian Springs mess hall. Then I caught the Saturday afternoon bus in to Las Vegas. I loved going in to Las Vegas. I spent a long relaxing night wandering happily from one casino to another.

Sunday morning came. I had been up gambling all night so it was easy for me to attend a very early Mass at an inspiring Roman Catholic Church just off the strip. No matter what its real name was, I had humorously named it the “Our Lady of the Desert” church, since, although it was brand new, it was surrounded mostly by

sand

and

sagebrush. I used to humorously say that the priest at the church would first look out over the congregation and decide which of three different sermons he would give.

If he saw a lot of parents with young children, he would give his first sermon.

It was entitled, "God is Love".

If he saw lots of College age students, he would give his second sermon. It was entitled, "God is knowledge."

However, if he saw a lot of gamblers like me in the crowd, he would give his third sermon. It was entitled, "God is The Odds."

After mass, and a free breakfast at one of the local casinos, I headed up to Casino Center. I had not been drinking

anything alcoholic on this trip into Las Vegas. I had only been drinking the free cola that was routinely served to gamblers, so I was feeling fine and I wasn't particularly tired. I planned on gambling for another couple of hours until I could catch the next bus back to Indian Springs.

I went in to one of the down town casinos, took ten dollars from my wallet and selected a blackjack table. Because it was Sunday morning, there were very few people in the casino. I picked a single deck Blackjack table that had only one other man playing. He was probably in his early forties. He was occupying the middle chairs. He was playing two and sometimes three hands of blackjack at the same time. Although the table was only a one dollar minimum table, he was

playing two hundred and three hundred dollars on each hand. He had several thousand dollars worth of chips in front of him. I took the first chair off the dealer, gave the dealer a ten dollar bill, and asked for one dollar chips. After the next shuffle, I began playing at his table. The middle aged man seemed like a nice, likable man. Although he obviously didn't know the rules of the game, how to count cards, or the various odds when playing the cards, he was, never-the-less quite happy, animated and seemed to be having the time of his life. I noticed that his happy antics also made it obvious he was completely incapable of keeping the dealer honest.

I was only playing the table minimum, one dollar a hand. At first, I lost three hands and so was down three dollars.

Then my luck improved. I started holding steady, winning some, losing some. All the time I was staying essentially even, so I had no desire to change tables. The man next to me, on the other hand, whose luck had apparently been quite bad before I came, started winning. I silently noticed that the dealer from time to time, began testing me. The dealer began cautiously dealing me seconds and thirds, as opposed to always giving me the card off the top, as required by honestly followed rules. Although I hadn't said anything, the dealer appeared to realize that I could recognize the times when he was dealing me seconds and thirds. For this reason, he seemed afraid to deal seconds and thirds to the man next to me, or to himself, for fear that I might say

something

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although

the

dealer

obviously wanted to. Consequently, he

always gave the man next to me, as well

as himself, the proper card off the top of the deck. The man next to me was obviously unaware of what was going on.

The dealer, then, in an attempt to get me to leave the table, began talking to the man next to me. He pointed out that if the man requested it, he could make this a twenty dollar minimum table.

Referring to me he said, “The kid here, obviously doesn’t have twenty dollars, so he would have to go elsewhere.”

The man thought for a minute and responded, “No. Let him play. He looks like a good kid, and I have been winning ever since he sat down. He’s like my

good luck charm.”

After several more hands, the fact that the middle-aged man next me continued to win, seemed to greatly annoy the dealer. The dealer obviously blamed me for the entire situation which, by now, was becoming quite emotional for both the dealer and the middle-aged man. The dealer began treating me successively ruder and ruder. The middle-aged man, by comparison, began treating me friendlier and friendlier

Just then, the man’s wife entered the casino from the far side. Enraged, she screamed at the top of her voice, “Henry (not his real name), are you gambling?!”

The man, in shock, shouted back, “But Pet, ...“

“I want the truth, Henry,” she screamed at the top of her lungs, “Are

you gambling?”

“Yes, pet,” Henry shouted back. “But look, I’m winning. I’m winning. I’m ahead almost three thousand dollars. It’s this kid here, Pet. He’s doing it for me.”

“I don’t care what you’re ahead, Henry,” screamed his wife at the top of her lungs. “Last night you lost more than ten thousand dollars. You lost more than fifteen thousand the night before that. I’m going back to Los Angeles, Henry. Are you coming with me?”

“Yes, Pet,” shouted Henry. “I’m coming right now.” Then Henry, in the middle of a hand, and in a panic, picked up the thousands of dollars worth of chips which he had in front of him. He went running off to cash them in, so he could join his wife who, by now was leaving the casino by way of the far

entrance.

The dealer was in shock. He was standing there with his mouth open and a card still in his hand. I couldn't resist the urge to tease him, "So now, you're willing to play for my dollar, I suppose?" I asked while trying to hold back my chuckles.

The dealer exploded in rage. "You know the truth about this game, don't you!? You knew I wanted to deal him seconds, didn't you?" he screamed.

"You know I'm a card mechanic, don't you! You know I have this deck stacked! You know you just cost me thousands of dollars in commissions! I'm the best damn card mechanic in the city of Las Vegas!! But You!! The way you were watching the deck, counting cards, and figuring the odds, you had me so nervous

I couldn't even give you the seconds or the thirds that I wanted to. If you hadn't been here I would have gone through him and his money so fast it would have just made his head swim. I'll show you what I would have done to him."

Then, in a blind rage, the dealer spent the next several minutes angrily demonstrating his ability to deal to me any card from the deck anytime he wanted to. When he finally got control of himself, again, I happily got up off my chair, picked up my remaining chips, and very politely said to him, "Thank you, for the truth you let me see. You certainly are an excellent and highly

skilled dealer. You just might be the best card mechanic this city of Las Vegas has ever seen. I don't see how anybody could have done it better!"

He seemed to appreciate it.

I cashed in my chips and left to catch the next bus back to Indian Springs.

Monday came in its turn. The late summer hot desert weather continued.

After taking the noon meal in the Indian Springs chow hall, and completing the 1:00 P.M. balloon release, once again, I collected my thermometer, a canteen of fresh water, a can of cola, and a good history book. I adjusted my radio to a nice relaxing station, and turned the volume way down to a comfortable low level. Then, once again, I sat down in the front doorway to my Range Three weather shack, found a comfortable,

relaxing position, and began reading my history book. The temperature at the time was

approaching

104

degrees

Fahrenheit. My purpose was more than just to relax. I had taken my good natured time with the noon meal, the 1:00 P.M.

balloon run, and with collecting my

things. I had changed out one of my

empty helium cylinders, and dusted my

equipment shelves before reaching for

my book, thermometer, canteen, and can

of cola. Many of the previous nights and

mornings had been very difficult for me.

There was much that I wanted to forget.

The 1:00 P.M. balloon release, itself,

had been very unnerving. The afternoon

winds had been very light and I had lost

the balloon in the sun. I kept hearing quiet sounds, and gentle whisperings behind me, behind my weather shack, supply sheds, and back in the pines and mesquite behind the generator shacks. Alone out on the Ranges, with no help coming, and short on sleep, I hadn't had the courage to go check on any of the sounds. I decided that if I rested quietly in the front door of my weather shack, where I could easily be seen, and the whispering sounds couldn't sneak up behind me, maybe after a while, the sounds would just go away and let me be alone again.

I had been sitting in my doorway reading my history book for a short time, perhaps 20 minutes or so. The quiet whispering sounds, coming from the hidden unseen areas of the buildings

behind me continued. Now and then, the quiet sounds seemed to grow and become more excited. They seemed to be getting braver, and they seemed to be very happy about something. Sometimes they seemed to be playing over near my truck.

Without warning, the Tall White guard that I had seen the previous week over behind the Range Three lounge, stepped cautiously and deliberately out from behind the far southwestern corner of the Range Three Lounge building. Facing me, he stepped quickly into the open space between the generator shack and the Range Three lounge building, thereby blocking the path I would have taken had I chosen to walk to my truck. Without saying anything or greeting me, he began slowly and deliberately walking across

the graveled area towards me. There wasn't much I could do except remain sitting where I was and watch him as he walked slowly towards me. He clearly intended to block my only escape route since my truck was parked in its normal position west of the generator shack. In this heat, leaving the cool shaded Range Three building area on foot was simply out of the question. When he was perhaps 15 feet or so west of my theodolite stand, the Tall White guard finally stopped. He took up a relaxed standing position facing me on the gravel out in the hot sun. Behind the supply sheds and the generator shack, the quiet sounds and happy whisperings continued to increase. It seemed as if the sounds were coming from the same woman and three children that I had seen the week

before, playing out in the hot sun northwest of the Range Three lounge. It seemed obvious to me that this was going to be a very long afternoon. I went back to reading my history book, and trying to pretend that the Tall White guard wasn't real. With him standing there in the hot sun watching my every move, pretending that he wasn't real took some doing. I tried singing some of my happy summer romance songs in a soft manner. It seemed to calm him down some, although it wasn't doing much for my nerves.

After ten minutes or so had passed, with my nerves becoming ever more jittery, I slowly put my book, my thermometer, and my cola aside on the floor of my weather shack., Then, with my canteen in my hand, I slowly stood

up on the hot gravel, and turned to face the Tall White guard. He seemed unaffected. I visually studied him from that distance, perhaps 25 paces, for several minutes. He didn't seem to mind.

He was obviously unafraid of me.

Although he clearly wasn't human, he was obviously a very real flesh and blood creature like me. He was also, obviously well armed. That meant that he enjoyed life and feared death, as I did. As he stood there in the hot sun, I could see that he and I were of a kind. Yet, emotionally I could not bring myself to accept either his presence, or his reality. My problem was not a religious problem. God could certainly create as many variations of intelligent humans as he wanted. Presumably God put humans here on this earth, and all

non-humans on some other far-away
planet orbiting some other far-away star.

My problem was a scientific problem.

For the Tall White guard to be standing
there in the hot sun, for real, would mean
that everything I had been taught about
Einstein and the Theory of Relativity
was simply incorrect.

Very slowly, I began walking towards
him as he stood waiting for me in the hot
sun. Since I wanted to believe that I was
suffering from some type of sunstroke, or
perhaps hallucinations, I was expecting
him to retreat before me, or perhaps, to
vanish before my eyes. He calmly stood
his ground as I approached him.

Knowing that he did not want me to
come too close to him, I stopped when I
was perhaps 12 or fifteen feet from him.

I stood studying him for a few more

minutes. He unexpectedly repositioned himself. His boots repositioned the hot gravel as they took the weight of his frail body, and suddenly, in shock, I instinctively blurted out, “You’re real, aren’t you?”

“I am as real as you are,” he responded using perfect English.

I didn’t know what to do. I was stunned and in shock. There wasn’t any way my mind could process what I was seeing. Now my hallucinations were talking back to me. Slowly I backed away from him until I was halfway back to the front door of my weather shack.

He seemed to find the entire situation to be very amusing.

Slowly I turned and returned to the front door of my weather shack. I sat down for a few minutes to think things

through, while he remained standing where he was. Perhaps, I thought, if I went back inside to the cooler relaxing interior of my weather shack, it would help my condition. So I picked up my things, stood up, and went back inside my weather shack. I sat down at the ivory plotting table and intentionally positioned myself so that I could not see the Tall White guard outside. I also adjusted my radio and turned up the volume somewhat, enough so that I was unable to hear any of the quiet whisperings coming from outside. I took out my latest Paint-By-Number set. I spent the next half hour sitting quietly, listening to the music, painting my beautiful “Mountains in the fall”, dreaming of home – and wishing that I could just forget everything that had

happened to me – everything that I had seen. After a half hour had passed, I finally got up the courage to check outside. The Tall White guard had gone away. I returned to my paint set for another 15 minutes, just to be sure.

[... When I See](#)

[One](#)

. . . Then said Jesus unto them

again,

“Peace be unto you:

as my father hath

sent me,

even so, send I you.

And when he had said

this,

he breathed on them,

and saith unto them,

“Receive you The Holy

Ghost:

whose soever sins
you forgive,
they are forgiven
unto them;
and whose soever sins
you retain, they are
retained.”

... John 20:21

... . .

In the fall of 1965, in the waning days
of the summer of my 20th year, I decided
that I needed to rest. I had a three-day
pass waiting because I had taken the GS-
5 level test for Weather Observers and
passed with near perfect scores. The
Nellis Base Commander referred to me
as a genius, even though my friend
McIntyre received still higher scores.
The On-The-Job-Training (OJT)
course was designed to allow the new

weather observer to learn and practice the skills that were needed to pass the Gs-5 level test in Weather Observing. Passing the 5-level test was a requirement for promotion to the highly coveted rank of Airman First Class. The officers in my immediate chain of command seemed doubly impressed by my high scores because my friend McIntyre, by comparison, very diligently and very intensely studied and worked every detail of the OJT course. His higher scores had been well earned. Of course, he had completed his OJT in the relaxed comfort of the Nellis Weather Station, guided every step of the way by the Sergeants, Officers, and Forecasters. I, however, had spent precious little time actually performing my required OJT duties down at Nellis. Because of the

Pentagon's insistence, I had spent most of the spring, summer, and fall months out on the Indian Springs Gunnery Ranges as the Duty Range Observer. I had to prepare for the test almost entirely on my own by studying the various weather manuals during the short spaces of free time in between taking balloon runs. Frequently I had to brush the wind blown desert sand from the books and from the open wooden shelves where I stored them, prior to opening their many dusty pages. Sometimes their dusty

surfaces

displayed hand prints other than the ones

I knew were mine. The hand that had

made those prints appeared to be

feminine. It had four long narrow and

highly flexible fingers. It also had a

thumb only half as long as mine.

Whoever had made the handprints had

read the books in place rather than move

them. It seemed they might not have had

the strength in their hands and arms that I

had in mine.

The spring, summer, and fall months

had been especially difficult for me.

There had been many difficult and

terrifying nights in my Indian Springs

barracks,

and

many

more

correspondingly difficult and terrifying days out on the Ranges. Most days, sitting quietly in any one of my weather shacks and concentrating on a manual would have been simply impossible.

One summer afternoon, for example, I had been sitting in my Range Three Weather shack carefully reading one of the required manuals. I was sitting with my back to the open side door. Outside in the sagebrush behind me, I could hear what sounded like 6 or 8 meadowlarks singing to themselves. I was trying to ignore them at the time, even though they seemed to be in very close. I remember reading page 26 and the beginning of page 27 in the manual. Then my mind suddenly fuzzed over. It seemed like it took me only a minute or so to clear my mind. When my mind finally cleared,

more than an hour had passed, and I now found myself reading page 140. My mind was filled with sudden glimpses and fuzzy memories of a small group of young adult white people coming into my weather shack from the side door. Only one of them, a young lady nurse, seemed to be human. I had occasional glimpses of standing next to my helium equipment answering their questions. I could faintly remember explaining to them how I filled balloons and took the weather report. I had also explained to them which of the weather codes I used when I phoned the reports in to Nellis.

That was a very difficult afternoon for me. I drove back in to base, certain I had suffered some type of major heat stroke, and that my mind was no longer functioning correctly. My fears were so

great that I was surprised when I discovered I was still able to walk back to my truck from my weather shack. I didn't stop to shut down the diesel. The Nellis Base Hospital, the next day however, wouldn't listen to anything I had to say. The head doctor said I was in perfect health and always had been. He sent me back to the ranges, virtually laughing me out of his office. In my medical records he wrote that I had probably come in for a routine checkup just so I could spend time talking with his young receptionist, a woman my age. His solution was to order me to sit for a half hour in the air conditioned reception area conversing with her, before I went back outdoors into the heat of the afternoon to drive back to Indian Springs.

Under the circumstances, then, I did what I had to do, to prepare for the GS5 test. I had memorized the format and content of some 105 different weather reporting teletype codes almost at a glance, while I was standing beside my desk out at Range Three. I had been afraid to sit down and study the codes carefully at the time. Some codes, such as PIREPS (short for Pilot reports) were quite common. I hadn't however, actually worked with more than a handful of the other weather codes. After I had passed the GS5 test, I recall one day out at Range Three. I was sitting in the front door of my weather shack laughing quietly to myself. My high scores indicated that I had the reasoning ability to

immediately

report

an

advancing glacier, even as I sat in the front doorway of my Range Three weather shack, in summertime afternoon temperatures that reached as high as 118 degrees Fahrenheit. I said to myself, “Here I am all ready to send in an advancing glacier report. All I have to do is wait until I see one.”

I had plenty of leave time. I had already been presented with several awards which carried with them additional leave time in the form of three and five day passes. My guiding the landing of six F105s the previous spring, had given me an additional three day pass. I could take the days whenever I felt like asking for them.

Another terrifying afternoon down on Range One, when I was studying for the exam, was interrupted by my successful rescue of the little girl with chalk white skin and large blue eyes. I was still trying to forget the fear and shock of that afternoon. I was also still trying to forget the numbing white terror I felt the following morning when she and her mother tried walking slowly in on me, from out in the sagebrush. The mother seemed to be trying to say, "I want to thank you for ... " Both the little girl and her mother clearly weren't human. I still refused to even think about those days. There were many more days I refused to think about as well. I still wanted to explain them all away as a series of summer heat strokes, or maybe some other reoccurring blood flow problem in

my brain. However, the award I had

received

from

the

Nellis

Base

Commander was quite real, as was the

five-day pass that came with it. The pass

was just laying in my personnel records,

waiting for me to find the courage to put

aside my fears, pick up the pass, hold it

in my hands, and approach my

immediate commander with the proper

paperwork. My Commander had never

been told anything, other than the direct

orders he had received from the

Pentagon. He was ordered to never ask

me any questions about what happened

out on the Indian Springs Ranges.

One

of

the

Sergeants

in

Instrumentation down at Nellis was planning on visiting his sister in San Diego, California in a few weeks. First he had to take his Gs7 test in electronics.

He planned on taking his own automobile. He was happy to do all of the driving, and his sister would be coming back to Las Vegas with him.

However, the trip down to the Pacific Coast area was a problem for him. He was extremely reluctant to make the Mojave Desert crossing all by himself.

He said there were terrifying things out there. He had seen them out in the desert at night. He would feel safer if I would go with him.

It seemed like a perfect time for me to take a short rest and to use my five-day pass, so I decided to go with him. He could drop me off in downtown Los Angeles, while he drove on to San Diego. I would spend a long fun-filled five-day weekend in L. A. Then I could catch the Southern Pacific passenger train back to Las Vegas, Nevada. My request to use my five-day pass was approved just for the asking. It would still be a few weeks before the Sergeant would be ready to travel. So, while the Sergeant got his travel plans in order, I continued my duties out on the Indian Springs Gunnery Ranges.

After finishing the 10:00 A.M. run, a few mornings later, I was feeling somewhat more courageous than I had been in days past. I decided to sit down

at my desk and read some of the old log books that sat on my shelves. I had brought a couple of the older ones in from the more Distant Range Four, which lay some 20 miles to the north. There were many entries that would cause a man's blood to run cold, and reading them, while sitting in a weather shack alone, many miles out in the desert, wasn't something I found the courage to do on many days.

On this day, one set of entries struck me. A weather observer had made the entries perhaps five years before me. He wrote about seeing the mysterious set of lights known as "Range Four Harry". He wrote that he had seen them night after night floating out in the desert, several miles to the north, up the valley. He believed that the mysterious Range Four

Harry was a radioactive horse that was capable of floating on the earth's gravitational field. Range legend had it that Range Four Harry would attack and burn you, if you ever tried to get close to him. He wrote that the mysterious set of lights had come again during the morning run. The observer wrote he had first seen the lights when they were more than 20 miles directly north, up the valley, and that there had been five of them. At first he wasn't concerned because of the distance. According to his entry, the lights had come together to form a line. Then they headed down the valley directly towards the Range Three area. He wrote they covered the 20 miles of distance in only 15 or 20 minutes. According to his entry, when he saw what appeared to be a large fluorescent

white horse, come up over the ridge on the Range Four road, only a quarter mile to the north of him, he panicked. He took off running for his truck. The horse hadn't pursued him. It had, instead, stopped, and stood aside to the east of the Range Four road and just watched him from a short distance out in the sagebrush, as he ran and drove away.

The entry, written later, finished by explaining that the weather observer had estimated the winds that morning by observing the movement of the clouds from the Indian Springs chow hall, back on base. In the next entry, he explained that he would no longer come out to The Ranges before 10:00 A.M. All of his morning reports would contain estimated winds only. The presence of Range Four Harry, he explained, made actually

taking the morning runs too dangerous. A few days later, according to the logbook, he found the Ranges to be too terrifying to come out on them at all, and had asked to be replaced.

I reread his entries carefully several times. In them, he described several specific locations up the valley where he had seen the lights. One location was up on the mountain probably 45 miles directly north of the Range Three buildings. The place was high up on the southeastern side of the mountain, hidden in the trees. On one morning, he wrote that what appeared to be a large hanger door opened and he could see the lighted interior of the hanger for several minutes before it closed and the lights could no longer be seen. However, his entries did not

contain

specific

theodolite

coordinates. When I tried to locate the places he referred to, I had no idea what to look for, or specifically where I should look. In the end, all I could see were trees in the distant mountains, and sagebrush lower down in the desert.

There was however, no denying the reality of the lights. I myself had seen the mysterious fluorescent lights floating around up the valley practically every night and morning I had spent at Indian Springs, both on base, and out on the Ranges. There were many difficult and terrifying nights that I myself, had spent in my barracks, and many difficult and terrifying nights and days I had also spent out on The Ranges. I wanted only

to forget every one of them, and go back to living just an ordinary military life. I wanted to go back to just being the man I was before I ever came up to the Ranges at Indian Springs.

A couple of nights later, I was making the morning drive out to Range Three. It was not yet 3:00 A.M. and I was beginning my day perhaps 45 minutes early. The desert starlight was at its brightest, and there wasn't much, if any moonlight. I had the headlights of my truck turned on and they were on bright. I had gotten an unusually good night's sleep, so I was feeling wide-awake and well rested. The Ranges had been closed for some time to everyone except me. Therefore, when I had left the base to come out onto the Ranges, I had first stopped to unlock and open the main

Range gate. After driving my truck through it, as required by regulations, I stopped, closed and then locked the gate behind me. Unlike the Range Three gate, the main Range Gate was fairly heavy. Opening and closing it, took a good deal of work. Before I got back in my truck, I stopped to catch my breath, and take a good look around. I was naturally expecting The Ranges to be deserted. Consequently, I was surprised when I noticed a large fluorescent white object several miles down to the east-northeast, on the Range One road. I couldn't see it very well, because of the distance, the sagebrush, the hills and ridges, and the viewing angles. It was heading rapidly in towards base. In particular, it was rapidly heading

in

towards

the

intersection of the Range One road and
the Range Three road.

Immediately I wondered if it was the
mysterious radioactive floating horse
known as Range Four Harry. At first I
thought that maybe it was Harry
returning from having made the long run
from the mountains north of Range Four,
down to Range One. However, the
Range Legends never described Range
Four Harry as visiting Ranges One or
Two. I felt quite certain that whatever
the lights were, they couldn't be coming
from a real horse and I wanted to see
what the lights actually were. Because of
the distance, I felt safe enough as I got
back into my truck. I locked both doors

and made sure the windows were completely rolled up. I put my truck in gear and begin driving out to Range Three. I slowed down as I drove past the intersection with The Range One road, and took a good look down the road towards Range One, which lay many miles in the distance. The lights were still a long distance down the road, heading rapidly in towards the intersection. Rather than stopping and waiting to see Range Four Harry up close, I decided to drive on slowly and let the lights overtake me. That way, I supposed, I would be able to see Range Four Harry up close, while perhaps

driving alongside of him. I down shifted back into second gear and continued heading out toward Range Three at perhaps 20 miles per hour. In my mirror I could see the lights reach the intersection behind me, and turn onto the Range Three road. As I drove on, the lights began closing the distance behind me. When I reached the Range Three gate, I was relieved to see that it stood open, even though I had closed it the afternoon before. I didn't question my good luck. I just drove on, waiting for the lights behind me to overtake me. I hugged the right side of the road as I drove, intentionally leaving plenty of space on the left to pass. However, the lights, after closing the distance to less than 50 feet behind me, refused to pass. The lights behind me were coming from

an object that was not wider than my truck. It was somewhat larger than most horses. The light hurt my eyes whenever I looked at the object in my rear view mirror. What was behind me, however, didn't appear to be a horse or a single object. Rather it seemed to be a group of Tall White people, bent over, floating perhaps a foot off the pavement as they followed along behind me. Whatever was behind me clearly wasn't human. Under the circumstances, I began to feel very nervous about the situation I found myself in. Consequently, I shifted back into high gear and sped up to perhaps 45 miles per hour on the roughly paved road, hoping to outrun them. The lights behind me sped up as well, easily staying within 50 feet or so behind me. The road passed an open area on my

left, off to the west. It had a captivating view of the Indian Springs valley, especially its western side. It was a place where the old barbed wire fence that ran along side the road in that stretch did not have any mesquite or sagebrush next to it. The old barbed wire fence was perhaps 4 or 5 feet high. To my surprise, after I had passed the open area, the lights behind me turned suddenly off the road to the west.

Without slowing, they rose up to perhaps a height of 10 feet, easily clearing the fence. Once on the other side, they headed down into the valley, heading generally northwest and north as they did so. There weren't any roads in that section of the valley, so they were moving across

the
open
desert.

Instinctively I timed them as they headed north up the valley. They were usually traveling at more than 70 miles an hour.

A day or so passed. The drive out to Range Three for the morning run was routine enough. The beauty of the desert evening and the desert moon were indescribable. The Indian Springs valley seemed to be draped with a cathedral like nighttime beauty. Singing my summer romance songs, and without giving things much thought, I parked my truck on a nice spot on the gravel somewhat west and north of the northern set of double doors to the generator shack. I picked the spot because it gave me a good view of the Range Three

graveled area. The Range Three area appeared to be deserted. In a perfectly routine manner, I turned off my truck, jumped out onto the gravel, and began walking over to the southern pair of doors to the generator shack. I was singing loudly as I walked. I had just begun to open the door of the southern pair of doors. Glancing over my left shoulder, I saw four Tall White men step out from the shadows behind the western wall of the Range Three lounge building. They began walking slowly towards me. Instinctively, I momentarily froze in fear. Everything was so totally unexpected, and I hadn't had a shred of warning. The Tall White men were a few inches taller than I was, and they clearly weren't human. I struggled to get hold of myself. As soon as I was able to do so, I turned

slowly to my left to face them, alone. As I stood watching, they spread wide on me, military style, as though they had come to herd cattle. The man on the eastern end of the line took up a guard position by the door on the driver's side of my truck. The other three continued towards me, stopping finally when they were perhaps 30 feet or so across the graveled road to the west-northwest of me. It was painfully obvious that, alone in the desert night as I was, completely exposed, out in the open, with no help coming, there was no point in running or trying to hide anywhere. I turned my back to the wall of the generator shack, and stood waiting for them to close on me, praying intensely as I did so. For their part, they refused to close on me. They stopped in place, and just

stood waiting for me to make the next
move. They acted like they had all of the
time
in
the
world.

Under
the
circumstances, I thought maybe they
weren't real. Maybe I was going insane,
or hallucinating, or suffering from some
type of blood flow problem in the brain.
I had to do something to control the fear
inside of me, and get better control of
myself. The desert is an unforgiving
place for those who break.

Several minutes passed, and still the
four Tall White men stood waiting. I
decided that it would be better for me if
I continued with my normal duties. After

all, I thought, hard manual labor must be the best therapy for whatever condition I was suffering from. So, singing and praying, I spoke to them out loud, almost as if I were talking to myself. I said, “Before I can take the morning wind measurements, I have to start one of these two diesel powered electrical generators.” There was no reaction from any of the four Tall White men. I continued with my work. I finished opening the door of the southern pair of doors to the generator shack. The door dragged a great deal on the gravel. A good deal of hard manual labor was needed to get the door open. This made me quite happy. Hard work must surely be good for the blood flow in my brain, I thought to myself.

Then I opened the other door of the

pair of doors. I was careful to open both doors very wide, and place some large stones next to them to hold them open. The harder the work was, the better I liked it. “This is really good for me,” I thought to myself. “I’m going to be cured in no time at all.” The four Tall White men seemed to find my antics – or my thoughts – to be noticeably amusing. Once both doors were open, I noticed that the Tall White man on the southwestern end of the line readjusted his position so that he had a clear view of the inside of the generator shack. He now stood on the graveled edge of the Range Three road, probably no more than 20 feet outside of the open doors. He was an inch or so taller than the others, and acted as if he were their leader. The generator shack was quite

dark inside. Despite the darkness, the leader proceeded to visually inspect its interior. It was quite obvious that the darkened interior did not pose the slightest problem for him.

Since I had decided that hard manual labor was the best therapy for my supposed condition, I continued with the task of starting the southern diesel.

Singing one of my summer romance songs, I entered the generator shack.

With the Tall White leader intently watched my every move from outside of the shack, I made certain the generator was off line. Then I primed the diesel with ether starting fluid, adjusted the fuel flow to the carburetor, and punched the start button for the battery powered electric starting motor. To my great relief, after only one or two tries, the

southern diesel started easily in the warm night air. I had hardly used any of the ether starting fluid. I was quite happy when the diesel started up. It reassured me that God was there beside me, listening to and answering my prayers. Next, I had to walk down in between the two diesels, adjust the electrical generator settings, and bring the generator on line. The north and south diesels sat side-by-side, fairly close together. Consequently there was only a few feet of space between them. In order to adjust the generator, I had to reach in between two sections of the exhaust manifold. The Tall White man standing

outside was not in position to observe this operation. At the time, I was afraid that he might choose to enter the generator shack with me, in order to get a better look. Gratefully however, all four of the Tall White men stayed where they were, as I did so.

Now that I had the southern diesel started and properly adjusted, it was necessary for me to go back outside and face them alone. Considering all of the hard manual labor that I had just performed, I was hoping the Tall White men would have, by now, just disappeared. However, the four Tall White men were still outside, waiting for me as I came out. Now that the diesel was running, however, only the guard by the door to my truck seemed to have any interest in watching me. The other three

Tall White men seemed interested only in inspecting the generator. After I came out of the generator shack, I stood with my back to the wall of the generator shack. I chose a place next to the northern set of doors, which were still closed. While I stood waiting, the Tall White leader chose to walk alone into the generator shack to continue his careful inspection of the diesel. The two men with him remained outside on the gravel. They slowly readjusted their positions, closing to within 20 feet of the open doors. For my part, I decided that the proper move for me, in this careful waltz in the moonlight, was to slowly move north along the wall of the generator shack, as though there was nothing unusual happening. When I reached the northwestern corner of the

shack, there was nothing to keep me from turning the corner, and walking nonchalantly east along the northern walls of the generator shack, and the two supply sheds, reaching at last the front door of my weather shack. I was singing one of my summer romance songs, and praying as I did so. I noted with intense relief that the four Tall White men did not follow me.

In a slow, but routine manner, I continued the preparations for the morning balloon release. I turned on my radio. I left the lights in my weather shack off.

Everything proceeded smoothly enough. I did my usual amount of praying and spent the rest of the time

singing my summer songs. When I carried the balloon out to the theodolite stand, I could see that the Tall White guard was still standing beside the driver's side door of my truck. I decided I needed to get plenty of rest, take things easy for the rest of the morning, and, once rested, not shirk from performing my manual labor duties. I noted there were weeds growing along the back wall of the generator shack and, next to the supply sheds. It would be good for me, I decided, if I were to go out and pull some of them, later this afternoon. The guard standing beside my truck seemed to find my thoughts quite amusing.

After I had completed the balloon run, and the computations, I phoned Nellis. I was 15 or 20 minutes late with the run,

but nothing that anyone would normally care about. The Nellis observer outranked me. I tried to explain to the observer at Nellis that there were other men out here at Range Three with me, and they didn't appear to be human. However, he became alarmed and accused me of perhaps being drunk and not properly performing my duties. The conversation ended badly with me apologizing profusely, and promising to be more military in the future. For his part, the Nellis observer made it clear that he intended to properly inform our immediate commander when he arrived in the morning. I hung up the phone, and sat down in the chair at my desk to rest. I prayed for God's help with the difficult situation I found myself in, before heading in to base for breakfast. "At

least,” I said to myself, “My Commander down at Nellis won’t be asking me any questions about this morning.”

Periodically I got up to check outside.

It was probably another 45 minutes

before the Tall White guard out by my

truck finally collected the other 3 Tall

White men, and fell back into the

morning shadows behind the Range

Three lounge building. I was plenty

hungry by then. On the drive back in to

base I decided that like so many other

difficult and terrifying times I had

experienced during the past few months,

it would be best for me if I just forgot

about everything that had happened this

morning. I decided to think only of fine

food, fast cars, young women, and

vitamins. I prayed a lot on the way as

well. There was little else I could do.

Later in the day, I cleaned up some of the weeds and sagebrush that had grown up around the various Range Three buildings. I ignored the boot prints that I observed in the soft dirt out back of my weather shack, the generator shack, and the supply shacks.

As I was phoning the results in to Nellis for the last balloon run of the day, one of the Nellis Sergeants, a forecaster, came on the telephone line. The Nellis Base Commander had phoned him, he said, with a special request. For today only, after I shut down the diesel, I was requested to leave both of the doors to the generator shack open, the way I had them now. Of course, I agreed. As an enlisted man, every request that I received from a two star General, I took to be a direct order.

The next morning began much the same as the previous day. When I arrived out at Range Three, I parked my truck in its usual place on the gravel. I got out of my truck and, while singing loudly, began the walk to the generator shack. The southern pair of doors stood open, the way I had left them the afternoon before. I was about halfway to the generator shack when three Tall White men stepped out from the darkness along the western side of the Range Three Lounge, and began walking slowly and deliberately towards me. As before, they spread wide, military style, as they approached me. As before, the man on the eastern end of the line took up a standing position next to the driver's side door of my truck while the other two continued on towards me. This

morning, I wasn't afraid, as I had been the day before. Since there were only three of them, I supposed that my policy of hard manual labor as a form of therapy was beginning to pay off. So, I ignored them, and continued with my morning duties.

As I entered the generator shack, I saw the fourth Tall White man, the one who apparently was the leader. He was standing towards the back of the generator shack at the far end of the narrow aisle in between the two generators. He was obviously waiting for me. He stood there with his right arm across his chest. He had a white squared pencil-like weapon in his right hand. It wasn't pointed at me, so it apparently was for his self-defense. He studied me intently as I entered. Behind me, the

other two Tall White men continued to close on me. Not willing to admit that they were real, I ignored them as they closed to within 6 or 8 feet behind me. I simply continued singing my summer songs out loud, inter-spaced with a goodly number of prayers. Alone in the night, so far out in the desert, surrounded as I was, there wasn't much else I could do. I remember saying out loud, as though talking to myself, "Well, as long as you men want to see me start the diesel, I'll show you how it's done." I proceeded to slowly and deliberately start the diesel. The two Tall White men stood just outside the open doors as they closely observed what I was doing. As for the leader, in order for me to spray the ether starting fluid into the air intake, I had to come into the narrow aisle, and

to within 10 feet of where he stood, armed and waiting. That took courage – simple raw courage – perhaps for him as well as me.

Once the diesel started, there was the matter of bringing the generator on line.

Once again I had to come into the narrow aisle, and this time, approach to within 5 feet of the Tall White leader.

Naturally, I did so very slowly. My close presence seemed to make him very nervous. Both of us were close to our breaking points. One of the other two Tall White men, apparently on the leaders command, entered the generator shack behind me, insuring that I was bracketed between the two of them as I stood in the narrow aisle by the generator controls. I could see that bringing the generator on line this

morning was not a job for the faint hearted. The diesel manifolds were heating up rapidly. The work proceeded slowly, and the manifolds were already beginning to glow red-hot. In order to keep my nerves calm, I continued talking to myself out loud. The diesel, once it started made a huge amount of noise - so much so that at times I could barely hear myself think. Even so, the Tall White men had no difficulty hearing me and understanding me. I remember thinking to myself that both their hearing and their eyesight must be much better than mine. They seemed to know my thoughts as well. Speaking to myself out loud in normal tones, I remember saying, "Now, it is necessary to make certain that the voltage has been adjusted to 120 Volts AC. These are the voltage adjustments,

here. You can see that the generator can put out any voltage from 0 to almost 500 volts AC. It can produce any voltage that you might want. You have to check and adjust them every time you start the diesel because every time the diesel is shut down, the generator goes off line and the voltage settings automatically return to zero for safety reasons.”

Upon hearing me talk, the Tall White men seemed to relax noticeably. They seemed to find the information to be quite interesting. So I continued, “Make certain that the A.C. frequency has been properly adjusted to 60 cycles. In my weather shack, I’m only running a radio, a light, and a furnace fan, so I need 120 Volts and 60 cycles. You can see that the generator can produce A.C. of any frequency from 30 cycles up to about

120 cycles.

Now, the hard part is bringing the generator on line. You see how I'm going to have to reach in between these two red-hot manifolds to throw the switch to the 'on line' position. I have to be very careful not to burn my arm or my hand as I do so." The Tall White men watched intently as I carefully reached in and threw the large circuit breaker switch to the "ON" position.

"Now, the generator is on line, and I can go over to my weather shack and turn on the lights," I stated out loud. My statement seemed to make the Tall White men very happy. The one in the aisle by the door, as if on command, fell back to the graveled area outside. His partner by the door did so also, leaving me with an open and unhindered path to the graveled

area outside. I was only too happy to take the open path, and head back outside. I did so very slowly. I continued my slow deliberate walk to the corner of the generator shack and on around to my weather shack. The remainder of the morning run proceeded in a routine manner. However, I would be late for breakfast for yet another morning. It didn't seem like the three Tall White men were ever going to leave the generator shack and allow the guard to release my truck. It seemed like in addition to the generator and its batteries, they were even studying the dirt and grease on the floor of the generator shack. At one point, the three of them were out back of the shack where I had been pulling weeds the day before. They were studying the power

lines, the wires, and the electrical cables
that connected the output of the
Generator to the other buildings.

A few days passed. Although they
were very difficult days and nights,
those four particular Tall White men
were nowhere to be seen during the
morning runs. I began to wonder.

Perhaps I had been suffering from some
kind of blood flow problem in my brain
after all. Perhaps my policy of rest and
engaging in hard manual labor was
actually changing or improving my
supposed
condition.

For
several
mornings in a row, I wondered if I
would
ever

see

those

particular

individuals again. For the next few days, after I finished preparing the theodolite for the morning run, I would walk over to the western part of the graveled area to inspect the dark shadowy area that ran along the western wall of the Range Three Lounge building. I would very carefully check the dark shadows in order to see if those four Tall White men were hiding there again. Only after I had satisfied myself that the dark shadows were empty, would I return to my weather shack and complete the run.

Many times, just walking over to that dark shadowy area required a great deal of courage.

Usually
the
quiet
whisperings from out behind the supply
sheds and the generator shack, along
with the occasional sounds of muffled
footsteps on the gravel and meadowlark
sounds from out in the sagebrush, made a
man think carefully about every step he
was taking. Although those specific four
Tall White men were never hiding
behind the Range Three Lounge, I
stopped the practice after only a few
days. I stopped when I discovered that
the Dark Shadowy areas weren't always
empty. A little more ignorance, I
decided, would bring me a little more
bliss.

A day or so later, the sergeant in
electrical instrumentation completed his

Gs-7 test. He passed with decent grades.

However, several of the questions he

had gotten wrong were the ones I had

helped

him

study

for.

He

had

misunderstood

my

explanations.

Fortunately for me, the sergeant laughed

everything off, and we remained close

friends. His training materials and my

explanations had failed to make it clear

to him that America's Ben Franklin had

not been very good at mathematics.

Neither was Ben Franklin very good at

guessing the direction that electric

current flowed. Thanks to Ben Franklin, the mathematical equations for current flow within electrical circuits are written backwards from the direction that the electrons are actually flowing. The equations for current flow are written as though the electrons are carrying positive charges and flowing from the positive pole of a battery to the negative pole. Of course, in reality, the electrons are carrying negative charges and flowing from the negative pole to the positive.

The difference is very important from the point of view of electrical safety, so the Gs-7 test contained a number of questions

accordingly.

The sergeant wanted to leave for Los Angeles on a Thursday morning, in order to avoid the weekend traffic in the Los Angeles Basin. So, I made that week a short week at Indian Springs, and drove in to Nellis late Wednesday afternoon. No one would be replacing me while I was gone, and certainly no one wanted to. I left the Indian Springs weather truck in the parking lot of the Nellis weather station. I left it full of gas. I was expecting to be returning late Monday night. Bright and early the next morning the Sergeant and I left for Los Angeles in his car. He did all of the driving. It was a memorable trip. We took the main highway and the Interstate. We started by following Las Vegas Boulevard down through The Strip southwest out of town,

continuing across the Mojave Desert towards Stateline, Halloran summit, Baker, and Button Willow, California. It was a very hot day. We stopped to rest at Button Willow. It had the most enchanting little desert style restaurant and cafe. Their vanilla flavored malted milkshakes were to die for.

Back in the car, we continued following the Interstate, I-15, southwest through Barstow, Victorville with George Air Base, and San Bernardino.

Finally we entered the stately Los Angeles basin. I could hardly have been happier. At my request, the sergeant dropped me and my duffel bag off in downtown L.A. in front of the Y.M.C.A.

I bid him goodbye, and assured him that I was perfectly able to find my own way back to Las Vegas by train on Monday. I checked into the Y.M.C.A. and left my duffel bag in my room. I walked over to the Southern Pacific train station and purchased a ticket for the Monday, late afternoon train back to Las Vegas, Nevada. I took my time, and marveled at the stunning architecture of the train station. Its design was world famous. Next, I took the bus to the U.S.O. to see what was happening for the weekend. I was informed that a dance at the U.S.O. branch in Hollywood was planned for Sunday afternoon. Starting time would be 1:00 P.M. As I was single without a girlfriend, I made a note to attend. The weekend in Los Angeles was unforgettable. I took the bus from

downtown, south to the major theme parks. In those days, the theme parks were still outside of town in the countryside. I came back alone to the Y.M.C.A. in the early hours of the morning, laughing and singing all of the way. Saturday, I visited the Le Brea tar pits and wondered what the Los Angeles Basin had been like during the last ice age. I wondered if the San Gabriel Mountains to the north of Los Angeles had glaciers on them during the last ice age. If glaciers were to start forming again in the San Gabriel Mountains now, I laughed to myself; I would immediately warn the people of Los Angeles. I would send in an advancing glacier report. Once again, all I had to do was wait until I saw one. Sunday came. I attended morning

Mass at a Roman Catholic Church near downtown. I had breakfast and did some sightseeing. I spent some more time in a restaurant. Then, in a very leisurely fashion, I took the bus to the U.S.O. It was already after 2:00 P.M. in the afternoon and the dance was well underway by the time I arrived. It was a typical U.S.O. dance; lots of nice music, plenty of free food and hundreds of young men like me who had enlisted in the U.S. Military. Almost all of the other men were in The U.S. Navy. Perhaps 30 young ladies had shown up to dance with the several hundred young enlisted men. As usual, the enlisted men seemed to be in the way everywhere. The waiting time for a dance with any one of the young ladies was somewhere between 90 minutes and forever.

To my surprise, two young female movie stars were there also. They were my age and manning a table on the far side of the dance floor. They were personally autographing photographs of themselves. They would personalize the photos for any military man who requested one, and give the photo to him for free. According to one of the young ladies, the U.S. Military was paying for the cost of the photos as a way of improving the moral of the enlisted men. Surprisingly, there was hardly anyone in line for the photos. So it was with considerable excitement that I got into the very short line, waited my turn, and requested a photo from each one of the two actresses. The movie star, who's first name was Dianne, was so naturally friendly to me that I was stunned. Her

personality seemed exactly like “the girl next door” that a young man might meet in a small town in Ohio. I was surprised to learn that she had actually graduated from high school in Hollywood. For several very memorable minutes the two of us talked together as she personalized her photograph for me. For those few minutes, I forgot that I was in Hollywood, or even in the U.S. Air Force. It seemed as if I was home again, talking with one of the girls that I had left behind. The conversation ended with me wishing Diane the best of luck on winning an Emmy, and Dianne telling me that she hoped to see me again, sometime soon.

After I left the table, I was half way back across the dance floor before I was finally able to get my senses together

again, and feel like I was back in
Hollywood.

I

stored

the

two

photographs in my wallet. As I did so, I
said to myself, “Dianne sure is a good
actress. She sure took you places. But
remember, Charlie, this is Hollywood.
You’re not even qualified to drive her
car.”

The dance floor had a back entryway.

There was a short vestibule and a large
set of double glass doors that opened out
to an Eden-like park out back. At one of
tables next to the vestibule, I noticed
another young lady my age in a pretty
white dress. This being a U.S.O. dance,
she was presumably more in my league.

She was sitting with three sailors, two of whom were playing the game of chess.

One of the sailors, apparently her favorite, won the game. Her favorite had apparently been winning all of the games, and she seemed to find his winning streak to be very entertaining.

The young lady's favorite began another chess game with another sailor.

Under the circumstances, I asked the young lady to dance. She immediately turned me down, saying she wanted to watch the game. With nothing else to do, I stood silently watching the game myself. Of course, as a matter of policy, I never say anything or interfere in other people's chess games, so I stood watching in complete silence. It was immediately obvious to me that neither of the sailors playing chess were very

good at it. The black pieces were not set up correctly at the beginning of the game and neither player caught it. Of course, I didn't say anything myself, on principle. Since I was rated at nearly the master's level in chess at the time, I decided on a clever and devious strategy. I asked if I could play the winner of the current game. Everyone agreed. As expected, the young lady's favorite sailor won the current game, so I got to be his next opponent. Naturally I was expecting that after I beat him in a chess game, and ended his current winning streak, the young lady in the pretty white dress would see things differently and agree to dance with me. This was, after all, Hollywood.

I took the black pieces and positioned them correctly for the start of the game. I

sat waiting for the favorite, playing the white pieces, to make the first move, while the young lady sat laughing about the previous game with him. However, to my surprise, the favorite very arrogantly looked across the board and stated emphatically, “You don’t have your pieces set up correctly!”

“Why, yes I do,” I responded. “Which ones do you think are out of place?”

“Your king and queen are on the wrong squares,” he arrogantly stated.

“Exchange them so the board is set up symmetrically!”

“But, I do have them positioned correctly,” I calmly responded. “The white queen goes on the white square, and the black queen goes on the black square. The queens go on their own color, and that places the queens

opposite each other. The kings are
opposite each other also.”

“Don’t tell me how to play chess,” he
arrogantly shouted. “I’ve read chess
books!”

The young lady in the pretty white
dress looked at me as though I must not
be very intelligent if I didn’t even know
how to set up the chessboard. I heard her
whispering something to her favorite. It
sounded as if she had said, “This guy is
no genius. You can take him. I know a
beginner when I see one.”

“All right. All right,” I answered. I’m
happy to play chess the way you
requested.” I exchanged the black king
and queen, so the black queen was
where the king should have been, and the
black king was where the queen should
have been. Then I sat waiting for the

favorite to make his opening move. I won the resulting game in only 5 or 6 moves. His opening moves did nothing to protect his king. I moved my queen to its proper defile. Using the sequence of moves known as a “Fool’s Mate”, I checkmated his king. “Checkmate,” I announced to him in friendly tones. I was careful to say the words, “checkmate” loud enough so I was certain that the young lady in the pretty white dress also heard me.

However, to my amazement, the favorite refused to recognize that he had lost the game. “What do you mean ‘Checkmate’?” he angrily demanded. “I still have all of my pieces!”

“You don’t have your king,” I responded,
mincing

no

words.

“Capturing the other side’s king is what the game is all about.”

“What do you mean?” he angrily shouted, raising his voice to a very loud level. “You can’t take the other side’s king until you have first taken all of his other pieces. That’s how I have been beating all of the other players. I’ve read chess books!”

Then the young lady in the pretty white dress began joining in, agreeing with her favorite. She’d read chess books too, or so she said. She implied that I really must not be very intelligent if I didn’t know how the game was played, how the board was set up, or even how the game was won.

I thought for a minute. I could see that

I really was back in Hollywood.

“All right.” I responded pleasantly.

“You win. Here we’ll set the pieces up again. We agree that you won the last game since I appear to have broken the rules.”

We set the board up again, with the black king and queen reversed as before.

Once again I took the black pieces.

There followed one of my very most memorable games. First I captured all of the favorite’s pieces, except for his king.

Then I began advancing my pawns to their corresponding queening squares. I still had all of my pieces except for one knight and one pawn. I had to be careful not to checkmate the favorite by accident. Then, with 8 queens, both rooks, both bishops, and one knight, I went hunting for his king. On the now

open chessboard, his king wasn't hard to find. Slowly and carefully I squeezed his king into one of the corners. Then I assembled my 8 queens, 2 rooks, 2 bishops, and my knight, very closely around his king. The process took perhaps 20 minutes. The favorite spent a lot of time thinking about some of his moves. It seemed like he was becoming very nervous. Finally, savoring every move, including the last one, I called out "Checkmate". The favorite and the young lady in the very pretty white dress both had to agree, that even here in Hollywood, the favorite had lost his first game.

The favorite sat stunned, at first unable to comprehend what had just happened. Then it seemed like his mind began seizing up under stress. The young

lady in the very pretty white dress sat stunned and immersed in deep thought as well. Seeing my opportunity, I turned to the young lady in the pretty white dress and asked, "Since your friend has finished playing chess for the afternoon, perhaps you would care to dance with me, now? I did, after all, win the game."

You see, I understood how things are actually done, here in Hollywood.

Before the young lady in the very pretty white dress could answer, the favorite suddenly began suffering a complete

and

total

emotional

breakdown. Within a handful of seconds, he became little more than an emotional vegetable. In addition to crying like a

baby, holding his head, and bemoaning his awful fate, he seemed to be on the verge of vomiting. His two nearby sailor friends grabbed hold of his arms and hurried him across the vestibule, and out through the double glass doors to a shaded area. They sat him down under some lovely trees in the Eden-like Park outside on the grass. The young lady in the very pretty white dress hurriedly got up from her chair and went with him. I called after her as she was leaving, “Wait a minute. Miss – did you want to dance? I won the game! I mean, this IS Hollywood, isn’t it?”

The young lady in the very pretty white dress turned back towards me and said some very un-pretty things. Then she hurried out through the large double glass doors, out into the Eden-like Park,

where her favorite was vomiting his guts out onto the grass out back. Out there in the shade, the young lady in the pretty white dress proceeded to begin nursing her favorite sailor back to health.

I stood for a minute or so watching the two of them. Then, laughing at myself, and the man that I had become, I muttered under my breath, “The two of them sure belong together. Twice I checkmated his king, and still he wins the game.”

The next morning, Monday, I packed my duffel bag and checked out of the Y.M.C.A. I left my bag in a locker at the train station and went sightseeing some more in downtown L.A. until the late afternoon. Then I retrieved my duffel bag and caught the evening train back to Las Vegas

as

planned.

It

was

an

unforgettable trip. I got back to Las Vegas very late at night. The passenger train station and the bus station sat side by side in the little grassy park known as Union Plaza in downtown Las Vegas. In those days Union Plaza contained the actual natural springs and the resulting grassy meadows for which Las Vegas had originally been named by the early Spanish travelers. It did not yet contain any casinos of its own.

I caught the last bus back to Nellis. I picked up the Indian Springs weather truck, and headed back up to Indian Springs. It had been a very unforgettable

trip and I had needed the rest. Still, it took me a couple of days to catch up on my sleep.

I had hoped the rest in Los Angeles would cure me of my supposed condition. However, once I got caught up on my sleep and was back out on The Ranges, with my mind now full of many happy California dreams and memories, except for feeling very well rested, little else about Indian Springs had changed. Each morning back out on the ranges, I became increasingly more concerned because my supposed condition seemed to be getting worse, not better. I tried once again to compensate by working harder. I tried to concentrate more on the details of my work, such as keeping my tools organized, and releasing the balloons on schedule. That way, I

reasoned, if my condition continued to get worse, I could at least say truthfully that I had tried my best.

Friday arrived on schedule. I was preparing for the 11:00 A.M. balloon run. My mind was engrossed in deep thought and worry. It didn't seem like my condition would ever improve. The morning run had been exceptionally difficult. As I was opening up the weather shack, a Tall White man, more than 7 feet tall, had walked down from the ammunition bunker to the graveled Range Three area, using the roughly paved bunker road. He did so in such a totally deliberate and blatantly open manner that for a few minutes, my mind seemed to lock up in fear. The Tall White man was completely unafraid of me, and he did not make the slightest

effort to conceal his presence. He was wearing a white fluorescent suit that allowed him to float on the earth's gravitational field. When he reached the Range Boards, he had used his suit like an elevator and floated up to the top of the Range Boards. The Boards reached higher than the Range Three control tower. He was holding on to the telephone pole that supported the eastern side of the Range Boards to balance himself as he did so. He stayed up there for the entire balloon run, watching every move I made. He wore a very stern expression, and it didn't seem as if he was enjoying himself. I was so nervous and afraid of him that the balloon readings I recorded were not worth the paper I had written them on. I would have thrown the readings away

and made up a more accurate set before phoning Nellis, but immediately after I released the balloon, I lost the balloon in the star fields of the Milky Way.

Consequently, I wasn't even sure which direction the balloon had floated after I released it. By the time I had completed the run and phoned Nellis, I was more than an hour late. I was very embarrassed by the worthless wind results that I was reporting. On the phone to Nellis, I tried to explain. I tried to tell the Nellis Observer that the Tall White man was out there on top of the Range Boards watching me, and that the Tall White man clearly wasn't human.

However, the Nellis Observer just laughed at me and told me that I needed to sober up before driving back in to base for breakfast. "The stories you tell,

Charlie!” laughingly exclaimed the Nellis Observer.

As for the worthless wind results, the Nellis Observer stated that The Nellis Command Post didn’t care what numbers I reported. The only reason the Nellis Base Commander had phoned him earlier was to ask if I had cleared the Ranges yet this morning, and to ask respectfully if I was still OK. “The Two Star General will die laughing when he hears that you were an hour late because you were out there having a beer party,” he laughingly reassured me.

The Nellis Observer’s statements left me deeply worried over how my Nellis Officers would react to my worthless morning balloon report. The morning breakfast was a fitful affair. Later, I broke the 8:00 A.M. balloon as I was

taking it out through the side door of my weather shack. I had to fill a second balloon and try again. It took time, so the 8:00 A.M. results, although accurate, also were very late. Once again, on the phone to Nellis, nobody cared. Even so, I swore I would do better.

As I prepared for the 11:00 A.M. balloon run, I gave no thought to the chalk white woman that earlier I had briefly glimpsed standing over behind the Range Three lounge. She had chalk white skin and large blue intelligent looking eyes. Based on her appearance, I had guessed that she was a little younger than I was. I ignored her. I had bigger worries on my mind at the time. The memories of the difficult morning run were still fresh in my mind. I was preparing to drive in to Nellis after

lunch to deliver some completed reports, and to pick up some more supplies. I wanted to impress my commander and the other Nellis weather officers with the accuracy of the weather reports I had been taking. I wanted to thank my commander for granting me the leave time I had used to take the nice trip to Los Angeles. I also wanted to make sure they knew that I was sober and hard working - and they didn't think I had been drinking on duty during the morning run.

I quickly loaded my forms, papers, and supply requests into my truck. With my truck now loaded, I went inside my weather shack and began filling a white balloon with helium. As soon as it was full, I quickly measured the temperature of the morning air and finished the other

parts of the weather report. With my clipboard under my left arm, I carried the filled helium balloon out to the theodolite stand and released it, exactly on schedule. I ignored the young chalk white man who stepped briefly out from behind the southwestern corner of the Range Three lounge to watch me as I did so. He was about my height, so I pretended to myself that he was harmless, that he wasn't real, and that I hadn't seen him at the time.

I hurried through the 11:00 A.M. balloon run, trying to be especially punctual and accurate. I wanted to use this report to demonstrate to the weather officers down at Nellis that I was performing the duties of the Range Weather Observer

in

a

sober,

disciplined manner. Even so, my mind unaccountably fuzzed over after taking reading five. By the time I recovered, the time to take reading seven had passed.

While I struggled to clear my mind, it seemed as though the same young woman I had seen earlier, in a very pleasant manner, had come up behind me on my right side. Up close, I recognized her as also being one of the young Tall White women that I had sometimes seen at night, standing in the dark shadowy area which ran along the west side of the Range Three lounge building. While I stood aside, dazed and struggling to clear my mind, she smiled pleasantly. She said that she thought it would be fun

to look at the balloon through my theodolite too. Then after using my theodolite to track the balloon for the next minute and a half or so, she stepped back behind me and out of my sight. She addressed me by name. She said, "See Charlie, there is nothing to be afraid of. All of us enjoy watching the balloons". Refusing to believe that she was real, I didn't turn around to look at her. Instead, I became disappointed with myself, and my failure to take a complete set of accurate readings for the second time today. I decided that my mind was just playing more tricks on me. After all, the young Tall White woman standing behind me didn't appear to be human. I decided to compensate for my failure to take the readings for minutes six and seven properly by taking more than the

required ten readings. So I continued tracking the balloon. I planned to do so for an additional five minutes. Without turning around, I pleasantly explained to the chalk white woman standing a few feet behind me what I was doing and why I was doing it. I considered myself to have gone momentarily insane and I was trying to get my brain back to normal at the time. The young Tall White woman giggled and stated that she didn't think the additional readings were necessary.

Once again I had to laugh at myself, and the man that I had become.

“Everyone knows there is a close relationship between genius and

insanity,” I laughed to myself. Next thing you know, I’ll be so nuts that I’ll be taking medical advice from my own hallucinations.”

Then

suddenly,

I

realized that she was right about the missing readings. Since I had properly recorded readings for minutes five, seven and half, and eight, I could easily fill in accurate readings for minutes six and seven. So, even though only thirteen and a half minutes had passed, I broke off the run and began closing up the theodolite. I thanked the young Tall White woman for being so polite and helpful. I also thanked her for pointing out to me that I didn’t need the missing readings. As I was closing up the

theodolite, she took two or three steps backward, turned left, and walked quickly back towards the southwestern corner of the Range Three lounge, disappearing finally behind the lounge building. I wasn't startled or afraid. I still refused to believe that she was real.

"Maybe she's right," I reasoned.

"Maybe I shouldn't worry so much about taking accurate readings. Maybe I should spend more time just relaxing, and looking calmly at the world around me. Maybe that would help me get well again."

The long drive in to Nellis was so captivating. The Nevada desert in the afternoon sunlight was simply stunning. It seemed as if I was driving through one of God's huge natural cathedrals. The drive allowed me to relax a great deal,

and think things through. When I arrived at the Nellis Weather Station, I was surprised to discover that the Nellis Base Commander had phoned the station while I was making the drive. He had ordered everyone in the station, forecasters, officers - everyone except the duty weather observer, to attend a sudden, impromptu meeting over in the Nellis Command Post. I was told later that the two star General seemed to be very happy, and absolutely nothing was discussed. One of my officers teased me later. He said it seemed to him, that all the Nellis Base Commander had wanted was to keep all of them from talking with

me about Indian Springs. Apparently, The Nellis Base Commander had emphasized that none of them were ever to ask me any questions about my duties out on the Ranges. Still, for me, the trip down to Nellis turned out to be very worthwhile. To my enjoyment, the evening drive back to Indian Springs was as relaxing and captivating as the drive down to Nellis had been.

Saturday at Indian Springs arrived on schedule. I did my laundry in the morning, took an early lunch, and caught the 12:30 P.M. afternoon bus to Las Vegas. As a Roman Catholic, I remembered that it had been a month or so since I had gone to Confession. So on the ride in, I decided that before going out for a night on the town, I would go to the Saturday afternoon confessions and

the evening Mass down at the New Roman Catholic church just off the Las Vegas Strip. It was 4:30 P.M. by the time I entered the church. I read the schedule and noted that in addition to the usually scheduled Masses, the church also had a midnight Mass – this was, after all, Las Vegas, Nevada. Nothing ever closed.

I said my prayers, prepared my conscience, and entered the confessional. “Bless me Father, for I have sinned,” I began contritely. “It has been a month since I have confessed my sins. I accuse myself of the following sins.” Then I began to list the sins I felt I had committed over the course of the last

month. The sin of worry, as opposed to trusting in God, was among them. I promised to trust in God more, and to stop worrying about the future. I also considered one of my sins to be my intense concern with my supposed “mental condition”, as opposed to being more concerned with the condition and suffering of the people around me. I promised to change by accepting myself, as I was, however God had made me, and to spend more time thinking about the suffering of the people around me, whoever they were. I ended with the sin of wanting to defeat the young sailor at chess just so I could dance with the young lady in the pretty white dress, down at the Los Angeles U.S.O. The priest who was manning the confessional was an experienced priest

who had served for ten years or so, in the parishes of Los Angeles, Santa Monica, California, as well as the City of Las Vegas, Nevada. As such, although he was still considered to be a young priest, presumably over the years, he had heard every lurid sin imaginable confessed to him. He seemed to find my initial sins to be pretty boring. My sin over the chessboard however, was another matter. He was a chess player himself. I could hear him back there laughing quietly as I solemnly confessed how sinful I had been over the chess game. When I ended my confession, it took the young priest a bit to stop laughing. For my penance, he wanted me to recite ten "Hail Mary's", and several prayers to Saint Joseph. He suggested that I should reflect more on the

character and the suffering of our sacred mother, Saint Mary, and on the suffering and the character of Saint Joseph. He wanted me also to reflect on how Saint Mary and Saint Joseph had stood by each other through many years of thick and thin, especially when Jesus was an infant and the Holy Family had only each other, living alone together and hiding out in the foreign land of Egypt. He said that I shouldn't worry about the future when I was suffering alone out in the desert because suffering was God's way of building character. It seemed like good advice.

The priest finished up by reminding me, "Remember my son, every creature that is found here on earth, out in the deserts, or in the heavens above, was created by God."

I left the confessional. I took a seat in one of the many near empty pews and said my penance. When I had finished, I sat waiting for the evening Mass to begin. I spent my time thinking things through, and enjoying the church's quiet comforting safety. I decided that worrying about what my commanders were thinking of me was a waste of time. After all, I hadn't done anything wrong. I decided that in the future, if my commanders had a problem with anything I had done, they were going to have to come get me, and tell me themselves.

The evening mass began. While the priest was giving his sermon, I reflected some more on my life. I wondered.

"Maybe it doesn't always pay a man to be very intelligent," I thought. "Maybe if

a man was really intelligent, maybe sometimes, the smartest thing to do would be to 'dummy-up', for the sake of protecting himself and his sanity".

When Mass was over, I set out for a night on the town. I had long since fallen in love with Las Vegas. I loved to lose myself in the city, wandering alone, casino-to-casino. I had long since mastered all of the games - Black Jack, dice, poker, and the roulette wheel. It didn't mean that I could always leave the casinos winning, but at least I always had a good time, and usually I knew when to quit.

I was only 20 that fall. Both the drinking age and the legal gambling age in the State of Nevada were 21. None of the casinos or bars in Las Vegas ever seemed to care. Many times I cashed in

tourist coupons, for which I had to show my Wisconsin driver's license. It clearly displayed my age. Never once was I challenged. Likewise, now and then while I was gambling I would ask for a free alcoholic cocktail such as brandy and seven, or scotch and soda. Never once was I refused, or were any questions asked of me. I was always polite and respectful to the Casino staff, and to the other customers. I always stayed reasonably sober. The local people, who lived in Las Vegas in those days, had assembled themselves together into what was, in the end, just another lonely little western town in the middle of a very big desert. Word seemed to get around.

About 10:00 P.M. that evening, I found myself downtown in Casino

Center. I headed for one of my favorite casinos. It was centrally located on Fremont Street. Fremont Street was one of the main thoroughfares for cars and other traffic in those days. The street traffic was heavy at the time. I walked into the casino through one of the large open entrances, and turned to my left, to the Black Jack tables that were immediately inside. Although it was a Saturday night, the casino wasn't particularly busy. The summer tourist season had passed, and the children were back in school. Las Vegas proper, with its millions of flashing lights, was coming back from its summer fling. It was returning to its natural state, a small Nevada city. It was slowly decking itself out in its fall colors. Those colors, of course, were like all of its other colors.

They were the colors of sin and money.

One of my favorite dealers was dealing at one of the tables as I entered the casino. He was a friendly young man only a handful of years older than me, and he was unusually talkative for a dealer. He was working a 50-cent minimum table. He was standing with his back towards the street. I took an open chair in the middle of the table.

That left me facing the large open entrance that was off to my left. We greeted each other. I took out five dollars, got 50-cent chips, and began playing Black Jack for 50 cents a hand.

There were a couple other people playing at the table when I sat down.

However, for some unexplained reason, the pit boss came over and asked them, but explicitly not me, to move to another

table, leaving me the only player at the table. The dealer began talking to me, as friends talk, while he shuffled the cards. He said a cocktail waitress would be right over to get me a free drink, and help me with any keno games I might chose to play. Although there were a couple of reasonably idle cocktail waitresses in the casino, both of them wandered away to ply the crowd on the other side of the casino. I didn't mind. I was only drinking cola and soft drinks. I supposed the cocktail waitresses would get around to me sooner or later.

While I sat watching Fremont Street through the large glass windows in front of me on my right, I noticed another young cocktail waitress, about my age, come out from the large older casino across the street. She jay walked in

quick fashion through the heavy traffic on Fremont Street and entered one of the other entrances to the casino I was in. As I watched, she checked in with the pit boss, and then approached my table from behind me on my right. She addressed me by name. To my mild surprise, she seemed to know a great deal about me, including the type of cola that I usually drank. She informed me that she would be right back with a couple glasses of my favorite. While she was gone, I sat wondering to myself what was going on.

Different companies owned the two casinos. I was certain that they didn't share cocktail waitresses – or dealers.

The dealer finished his shuffling. It was a single deck. I cut the cards, and placed my 50-cent bet. While the pit boss watched, occasionally shooing

away other players who wished to join me at the table, the dealer began dealing the cards. To my quiet surprise, he intentionally dealt all of the cards face up on the table. This included the dealer's own two cards. Then he deliberately turned up the top card on the deck for me to see. I didn't know what to think. The dealer seemed to be violating the rules of Black Jack. In the ceiling above the table was located the usual large security window made of one-way glass. Everything that happened at the table was happening in full view of the security guards upstairs. None of them seemed to care. The game went on with all of the cards exposed in that fashion. Naturally, even though I continued to bet only 50 cents a hand, being able to see all of the cards made it quite easy to

win. Very soon I was \$20 ahead. I did not increase the size of my bet because I did not wish to disrupt what was obviously a good thing.

The

cocktail

waitress

returned

happily with two glasses of cola on ice for me. She took up a position behind me and on my right, obviously refusing to wait on any of the other tables. Although it seemed as if she had taken quite a liking to me, I noticed that she spent nearly all of her time watching the crowd behind, and around me. I remembered several years before, in the summer of 1960. I had an opportunity to shake the hand of Senator Hubert Humphrey when he was running for

president. I remembered noticing that his federal government security guards didn't spend any time looking at him either. They had spent all of their time just watching the crowd around him. I wondered.

Since the dealer and I were good friends, we talked a lot more than would have been normally the case. Instead of asking him directly what was going on, I decided to approach the subject carefully and indirectly. It seemed like a safer bet. "You have such a good view of Fremont Street, I suppose you see a lot of interesting things from time to time," I began my careful probing.

“Yes, Charlie, we sure do,” he laughed, obviously referring to the cocktail waitress, the pit boss, and the other members of his team. “Just the other night, you know,” he continued thoughtfully, “A couple of your friends came in here. They like this place because the rest rooms are large, clean, and easy to use. The two main rest rooms have nice wide entrances, without any doors that need to be opened or closed. Two of them played a few hands of Black Jack right here at this table. I dealt to them just like I’m dealing to you.”

Taken aback, I asked, “But how do you know they were my friends? I don’t have many friends. Las Vegas attracts a lot of people, and I look just like everyone else in all of the crowds. Did

they happen to mention my name,

‘Charlie Hall’?

The dealer chuckled as he dealt the next hand. “You have a lot more friends than you think, Charlie, and you stand right out in any crowd. With what you’ve been doing and all, there are people around who would just love to sit for hours and listen to every word you felt like saying. You’ve made more friends than you’ll ever know.”

Not sure how to respond, I asked,

“Well, which of my friends were they?”

The dealer, while shuffling the cards and watching the crowd the way a

federal

security

guard

would,

responded, “They were some of your

friends from Indian Springs. I guess you've been up there, out in those deserts and all, more than anybody.

None of us know very much about them, but I know one when I see one.”

“Do you mean those two good friends of mine, those two cooks from the chow hall that I sometimes come in with?” I asked smoothly.

“No, Charlie,” the dealer chuckled.

“The one that was asking about you was a woman.”

I didn't know quite what to think, or how to respond. None of my Airman friends from Indian Springs cared whether a public restroom had doors or not, on the entryway. Perhaps, I thought, my good friend was just teasing me, or maybe offering me his emotional support to help me over what were obviously

some very difficult times.

I became quietly nervous about the situation I was in when I noticed the pit boss. He appeared to be listening intently to every word I said. I finished my cola, and the hand of Black Jack that I was playing. I collected my chips. I thanked my good friend, the pit boss, and the cocktail waitress profusely. I tipped them both nicely. I cashed in my chips, winning almost \$50 dollars. Then I exited the casino through its back entrance, walking alone out into the Las Vegas nighttime. The dealer's statements had unnerved me. I wanted only to be alone with my thoughts at the time.

As I was walking slowly back toward the bus station, I wondered to myself about the way in which the cocktail waitress had positioned herself to guard

my back. “If she and the dealer really were guarding me, why would I have attracted the attention of Federal Government security guards?” I asked myself. “The money I was playing with was little more than small change to most gamblers and tourists. Perhaps,” I thought, “They were protecting me from the State of Nevada officials. The laws that set the drinking age and the gambling age at 21 are not Federal Government laws. Those laws are only State of Nevada laws. Because we’re such good friends, perhaps the federal guards thought of themselves as protecting me from the state officials while I gambled and sipped an occasional cocktail in a nice casino. They all surely know that I’m still only 20.”

I continued my slow walk back

towards the bus station. It felt good to know that I had such good friends looking after me while I enjoyed myself on the town.

I caught the late night bus back to Indian Springs. It pulled out from the bus station at Union Plaza in downtown Las Vegas at 12:30 A.M. It headed north toward Tonopah, Nevada. The first stop was Indian Springs, an hour and half away. I was very tired and emotionally exhausted. I slept some on the bus, until the driver woke me where the freeway ended. The bus pulled into the tiny town of Indian Springs with its few small houses scattered haphazardly along the base of the mountains south of the main highway. The bus stopped under some huge old trees, just past the ice cream stand. It was closed by that hour of the

night. The driver waited while I got off.

He was on schedule, so it was now

2:05A.M. on Sunday morning. I stood

back from the bus as it pulled away,

leaving me standing alone in the

shadows under the trees, in the starlit

night time.

There weren't any casinos, motels, or

24-hour gas stations. There weren't even

any all night streetlights in the sleepy

desert town of Indian Springs in those

days. In addition, the Air Force

Auxiliary Field at Indian Springs served

as a base for little more than a dozen

men. The base had only the tiniest

handful of small wattage outdoor lights,

all of which were seldom, if ever, turned

on. This being the weekend, virtually

everyone had either gone into Las Vegas

or Nellis for the weekend, or were fast

asleep in their darkened houses.

Consequently, on this night, with no moonlight and no other lights on anywhere, I was left standing alone under the starlight in an otherwise deserted collection of houses in the middle of a seemingly endless desert.

Not having a flashlight, I waited a few minutes for my eyes to become adjusted to the starlight. Then I began my slow walk back to my barracks.

As I walked west along the north side of the main highway through Indian Springs, I carefully studied the darkened town and its surroundings. Tonight the town with its streets, its backyards, the gravel road that came down from Wheeler pass, the slopes of the mountains that bordered the town on the south, all appeared to be asleep, empty,

and deserted. Late at night, on many nights during the previous summer and fall months, I had seen small groups of Tall White men and women walking around in the darkened town of Indian Springs, and its surroundings. They seemed curious about everything. On some occasions I had watched the Tall Whites looking through the darkened windows into the bedrooms and living rooms of those houses that had attracted their interest. Tonight, however, I was happy to find myself walking in the shadows
in
near
total
silence,
completely alone.

I reached the woven wire perimeter

fence of the Indian Springs motor pool.

The fence was at least 7 feet high and set back from the highway. I continued walking west along the main highway.

Once I was past the woven wire fence, I reached the single strand cable fence that formed the remainder of the base

perimeter along the main highway. I crossed the dry ditch that ran along the main highway and climbed the loose gravel slope up to the fence. I stepped across the low steel cable and continued north across the dry desert gravel until I reached the nearest paved road on base.

The short paved base road ran north between a row of two barracks on my left, and the small, darkened base chapel up ahead on my right. A small strip of land separated the chapel building with its entryway and short sidewalk, from

the road's low curb and pavement.

I was walking down the eastern side of the paved road in a sleepy, very relaxed manner, singing quietly to myself, when I noticed a group of perhaps 7 or 8 Tall White young adults standing on the strip of land next to the base chapel and its open door and doorway. Although they were wearing their white fluorescent suits, all of them had their suits turned off at the time.

Also, none of them were wearing the helmets that were typically worn with the suits. With their natural chalk white appearance, along with their natural short platinum blond hair, and white skin, they blended into the starlit nighttime, like shadows in the darkness.

I was already upon them before I suddenly realized they were standing

there in the deepening desert shadows in front of me, and beside me. They stood in place, watching me as I approached. Some were no more than 4 or 5 feet from me. At first I thought I was dreaming, until I noticed that the door to the chapel building was open. Two more young Tall White adults were inside, inspecting the inside of the small chapel building. In the narrow hallway just inside the chapel door on the right was a shelf that held church pamphlets and other biblical materials. The pamphlets appeared ruffled. Apparently they had already attracted someone's attention. The chapel itself was down a short

hallway to the left. The two young Tall Whites could be seen inside inspecting the pews and the pulpit area.

When I encountered the group of Tall Whites, I was completely defenseless, and taken off guard. I never expected to encounter such a large group of them inspecting the Base Chapel. Many church services in the nearly forgotten town of Indian Springs, did not attract such a large group of people.

With their suits turned off, they blended so easily into the night time darkness that initially, for a few moments, I did not recognize them as being the Tall Whites, whom I was not yet ready to accept as real. For a few moments, after seeing the group, and seeing that the door to the base chapel was open, I thought that perhaps some

type of religious ceremony, such as midnight Mass, was in progress. I changed my direction noticeably to my left and began crossing the street to the other side, more to be polite to the supposed religious group than anything. When I was halfway across the street, I realized that it was much too late in the nighttime for any religious service to be taking place in the chapel. While continuing to cross the street, I turned my head back towards the group by the base chapel to get a better look. The two Tall Whites that had been inside of the Chapel were just coming out through the open doorway, and two different Tall Whites were positioning themselves to go in next. Next to the open doorway, standing on the grass next to the sidewalk, watching me stood a young

Tall White man, obviously the guard and the chaperon for the group. Although he was obviously well armed, he had not reached for or deployed any of his white pencil-like weapons. He was just standing naturally with his hands empty and his arms at his sides. I immediately recognized him. He was the same guard that I had previously seen standing by the driver's side door of my truck those mornings out at Range Three. Now I understood why I hadn't been fired on, why I had been allowed to approach the group of Tall Whites so closely that I was almost in among them, and why the Tall Whites hadn't scattered in fear in front of me. The guard obviously trusted me.

The Tall Whites, for their part, simply continued, two by two, to inspect the

Base Chapel. For my part, I was too surprised to do anything except to just keep walking in the direction I was going, back towards my barracks. It didn't take a genius to figure out that it was the intelligent thing to do.

[They Call The Wind Mariah](#)

... And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden;
and there he put the man whom he had formed.

And out of the ground
made the Lord God to grow
every tree
that is pleasant to the
sight, and good for food;
the tree of life also in the midst of
the garden,
and the tree of knowledge
of good and evil.

And a river went out of Eden to
water the garden;

and from thence it was parted,

...

And out of the ground the Lord God
formed

every beast of the field, and

every fowl of the air;

and brought them unto Adam

to see what he would call

them:

and whatsoever Adam called every

living creature,

that was the name thereof.

And Adam gave names to all cattle,

and to the fowl,

and to every beast of the field;

... Genesis 2:8-10, 2:19-20

....

It was the summer of 1966. The

mountains and deserts of the American Southwest were already very old places carrying very old names. The old names, like Groom Lake, Papoose lake, Frenchman Peak, Mount Charleston, and Shoshone are little more than lingering memories of humans who had long since lived, and died, watching the sun set on desert valleys that never seemed to change. For untold thousands of years, a few acres of land in a valley in Southern Nevada had been a required stop and campsite for weary travelers following an obscure trail across the seeming endless southwestern deserts.

The campsite had been given a name by some long forgotten Spanish traveler. It was

named for the few acres of green spring-fed meadows that formed a safe haven and an oasis in an otherwise seemingly endless expanse of searing desert. It was given the name Las Vegas. The mirage-like oasis had beckoned ancient travelers from miles away – luring long forgotten travelers as soon as they came over any of the surrounding mountain passes, into the valley that sheltered the green grass which grew in the cool spring-fed waters.

In 1966, the Meadows were located downtown at the western edge of Casino Center in Las Vegas, Nevada. The original meadows are now gone. Like so

much of the unforgettably beautiful
desert valley which gave birth to them,
the
meadows
and
their
springs,
thousands of years old, have long since
been paved over to make room for still
more hotels and casinos. The modern
day flashing neon lights illuminate their
own corresponding green felt meadows,
and make their own stunning Golden
Sunsets.

The
original
mirage-like
meadows – like so many other parts of
God’s Desert handiwork - have almost
disappeared from human memory.

In 1966, the deserts of the American Southwest, with their distant mountains and canyons carpeted with sagebrush, and sand, were filled with old memories from times so long ago that the human mind can only barely imagine what it was like to be alive back then. The deserts of Southern California, Nevada, Arizona, and New Mexico were once covered with broad grasslands filled with herds of now extinct animals, lakes filled with water and now extinct fish, mountains covered with snow, an occasional glacier, and trees of all kinds. All of it was viewed, used, enjoyed, filled with laughter, played over, prayed for, and named by ancient humans, now vanished and long since forgotten. Unlike Adam in the Book of Genesis in The Bible, the Ancient Ones

even gave a name to The Wind. The dry lake beds, surrounded by ancient shorelines, deserted pebble strewn beaches, and the remains of ancient villages of long forgotten and uncounted generations of Native Americans who lived their entire lives beside them, are now filled only with memories. The lakes had been filled with water and teamed with life for more than 15,000 years – perhaps as many as 700 or more human generations.

Then, without warning, the laughter ended, and the heartaches began. The climate began to change, the glaciers in the surrounding mountains began to melt, to retreat, and the last Great Ice Age began to slowly

end. In some places it may have ended in a span of time as short as a single human lifetime. As the shorelines slowly receded, the ancient, now forgotten Native Americans who lived beside them, undoubtedly heartbroken, no longer playing and laughing, repeatedly moved their villages lower and lower into the valleys to stay close to the life giving water. Eventually, the lakes dried up completely, leaving only pebble strewn deserts, dry lake beds, salt flats, and sand in their place. The Natives who had lived next to the lakes for generations were forced to move away into the winds, disappearing from human memory. By 1966, all that remained were the abandoned village sites, the ancient trails through the pebbles, and the winds that once connected them.

Along the ancient trails could be found
carefully crafted stone spear points and
stone knives once carried and treasured,
ancient arrow heads once used when
hunting animals, all lying next to
indecipherable petroglyphs apparently
describing long forgotten memories of
the rainy, windy days of happier times.
Even the broad green Gardens of Eden
and the unending Valleys of Paradise
enjoyed by the Ancient Ones, have
disappeared forever – or at least until
the climate once again changes, the
laughter of the rain and the snow returns,
the young children come back to play,
and once again the glaciers and their
lakes return to the American Southwest.
Until then, the deserts of The Southwest
wait. The dry lake beds, the drifting
sands, the empty trails along the deserted

shore lines, the ancient ruins; until then,
they all wait. Only the wind doesn't
wait.

On this Cathedral-like summer's day,
I had just completed the 1:00 P.M.
balloon release. The mountains and the
valleys of the Indian Springs Gunnery
Ranges and the surrounding mountain
ranges were adorned in their summer
foliage. The mountain range named The
Spring Mountains lay off to the distant
southeast. Only their name did not
change with the seasons.

The mountains that lay along the
western side of Indian Springs Valley
were named the Spotted Range. Beyond
them to the west could be found
Frenchman Peak, and the old atomic
testing site named Jackass Flats.

The Pintwater Mountain Range lay

along the eastern side of Indian Springs Valley. Across the Pintwater Range lay another desert valley, containing the large dry lake bed known as Dog Bone Lake. Dog Bone Lake lay within a restricted area, within another restricted area that was itself within still another restricted area.

Not

even

USAF

airplanes were allowed to fly over its wind blown drifting sands or its desolate stretches of sagebrush and mesquite. There weren't any buildings or any facilities out at Dog Bone Lake. There weren't any signs of human habitation anywhere out in that valley. Sometimes, when I was new to The

Ranges, I had wondered why the USAF had even bothered to build a road out there. In the summer of 1966, however, I didn't wonder anymore. Despite its isolation and its desolation, there was much to be seen in Dog Bone Valley, if a man knew where to look.

Dog Bone Lake was part of the restricted area known as 'Dreamland', as were all of the mountains that formed the north, east, and west boundaries of Indian Springs Valley. Dreamland also included the northern half of Indian Springs Valley itself.

Dreamland included everything north of the dry lake bed out at Range Four. My special orders allowed me to drive anywhere in

Dreamland, including out to Dog Bone Lake, anytime I wanted to, day or night. All I had to do was find the courage to unlock the gate hidden down in the hills on the other side of Range Two. It guarded the entrance to Dog Bone Valley. It guarded the valley from even the Range Maintenance men, known as “The Range Rats”. I always had immediate and unquestioned access to the keys to that gate and to other gates hidden out in the wilderness and out in other desolate desert valleys and arroyos. The only restriction was that I had to be totally alone whenever I went driving out to ‘Dreamland’, or used any of the keys. I never broke the rules. I never took anyone else with me when I went out there - and I never wanted to. At the time, I already understood that the

Pentagon rules were very strict. When a four star General says, “Alone”, he means “Alone”.

Out beyond the valley of Dog Bone Lake, to the east, lay the Sheep Mountains. Within that range, the mountain peak known as Sheep Peak lay many miles off to the east-northeast of the Range Three weather shack.

According to the National Park Service records, as of 1966, Sheep Peak had never been climbed. No permits had ever been granted. The peak stood majestically in the early afternoon sun. Through my Range Three theodolite, the entire west side of the mountain was

visible, from its supporting valley floor all the way up to its peak. On its slopes could be seen the juniper trees and tall sagebrush, which took over from the Joshua trees and cactus that were found in the valleys lower down. The juniper and sagebrush covered the slopes from about 6,000 to perhaps 7,000 feet above sea level, where the forests changed over to Ponderosa Pine and White Fir.

These

stately,

impressively

green,

coniferous trees with their wide black trunks, stretched upwards, carpeting the mountain slopes, distant ridges, and park-like mountain passes, finally giving way to Bristlecone Pine trees at perhaps 9,000 feet. The Bristlecone Pine

flourished in the thin, cold, distant mountain air, all the way up to the peak at 9,750 feet above sea level.

The boundaries of Nellis Air Base and of its Gunnery Ranges were originally surveyed in October of 1940.

The stated purpose of the Gunnery Ranges, of course, was to provide a place where Army Air Force planes could practice bombing and strafing using real ammunition.

By comparison, The Desert National Wildlife Range, also known as The Desert Game Range, had been established four years earlier by executive

order
of
Franklyn
D.
Roosevelt, on May 20, 1936. The Desert
Game
Range
was
established
presumably to protect the Desert
Bighorn Sheep, an endangered species,
for which the Sheep Mountain Range
was named. The western portion of the
Desert Game Range, including the valley
containing Dog Bone Lake, lay within
the boundaries of the Nellis Gunnery
Ranges from the very day that the
Gunnery
ranges
were

established.

Exactly why, in October of 1940, the U.S. Government wanted The Gunnery Ranges with their live ammunition training missions, to enclose much of the same land that was supposedly reserved for an endangered species of Bighorn Sheep was never adequately explained to the American public. After all, in October 1940, the U.S. Army Air Force had the entire state of Nevada, the state of Arizona, the state of Utah, and the state of New Mexico, along with most of southern California, to choose from. It wasn't like there was any shortage of desert land. In the summer of 1966, however, I didn't wonder. I had already found the answer to that question walking along the road out to Dog Bone Lake.

As it was, in the summer of 1966 the highly restricted area known as 'Dreamland' enclosed the entire western portion of The Desert Game Range. Not even the Park Rangers were allowed to go there. In 1966 there were perhaps 800 Desert Big Horn Sheep living out on the Game Range. The National Park service reminded its handful of rare visitors, all of whom were required to register at the Ranger Station, that the sheep appeared to be 'patches of white, shaped almost like humans'. Those few rare visitors were reminded that if you were lucky enough to see the white patches in the distance, out through the

afternoon haze, the glare of the bright desert sunshine, and the intense heat waves, which always formed during the furnace like desert summers out on the Game Range, your eyes would play tricks on you. “The sheep with their big horns and all, why if you didn’t know better,” one of the Park Rangers would say, “You’d think it was some odd shaped human with very white skin looking at you from just over the tops of the sagebrush.” Evidently it was easier to be a Park Ranger, if you had a good sense of humor – and denial.

The Park Service also informed those few rare visitors that desert bighorn sheep were very protective of their young ones. “If you see any of those ‘white patches’ with young ones, no matter how distant, you should never try

to follow them or approach them, even if it was at night. If you ever got close to them, you would be attacked for sure,”

The Ranger would say. On that statement, everyone agreed.

It was another enchanting desert summer afternoon. The Ranges were closed to everyone except me, and I was alone out at Range Three. The Cathedral like blue sky was decorated with a few very high cirrus clouds. I had finished the 1:00 P.M. balloon run and phoned in the results. There hadn't been much for high level winds, so my white balloon was still visible, still rising steadily into the nearly clear blue sky as it drifted slowly towards the northeast. The balloon was still lower than the layer of cirrus, so I was able to estimate the cirrus to be higher than 37,000 feet. I

was in the process of sweeping the shack, cleaning the window sills, dusting the shelves and log books, polishing my tools and helium cylinders, and checking my inventory of balloon supplies. I wasn't paying much attention to what was going on outside on the Ranges. My radio was on, tuned to one of the popular music radio stations coming out of Las Vegas. Of course, I was singing along to the music and, as usual, I had my radio turned up loud. The station billed itself as serving Las Vegas, Henderson, and Boulder City, so I supposed that its transmitters were located up on top of Mt Charleston, located to the distant south east of my weather shack. I wondered why the station didn't also bill itself as serving the entire Mt Charleston area, which would have

included

Indian

Springs,

Pahrump

Valley, Shoshone, Jean, and Stateline. At

the time, all of those places were as

large as Henderson, which, of course,

was very, very, tiny.

I had just recently mopped and waxed

the linoleum floor of my weather shack. I

always tried to keep it clean. I swept the

floor most every day. Consequently,

there wasn't much dust or dirt to sweep

up. The radio station broke for the five

minute hourly news segment. I began

sweeping what little sand had blown

into the shack into a dust pan. I was

chuckling to myself about the two pieces

of linoleum that covered my floor. I had

laid down both pieces myself the

previous summer. I had gotten them new from base supply. I was very proud of the fact that I had kept them looking like new. It had been a big accomplishment, considering the many heavy helium cylinders I had moved in, out, and all around the weather shack during the intervening year. The patterns on the two pieces of linoleum never did match. I had considered everything including painting them both the same color.

However, I finally decided to just learn to enjoy them as they were. It seemed a biblical life lesson that my two Guardian Angels, with their wonderful sense of humor, wanted me to learn.

I had been working with my back to the front door. I finished sweeping up the sand. I stood up, turned around, and glanced out through the open front door

as I did so. Out on the gravel, perhaps 50 feet directly north of the front door to the weather shack, just a few feet out beyond and to the east of the theodolite stand, stood my Tall White friends, Range Four Harry, The Teacher, and a human four star USAF American General. They were standing in a line, all facing me. The Teacher was standing in the middle of the line, while The USAF General was standing on the east end. One of the Tall White Scout Craft was parked over in the hidden area to the west of the Range Three Lounge. It sat with just the front nose section and the cockpit windows visible. It had silently come down the valley from the north while I had been working. I was happy to see The Teacher and Range Four Harry. We had become

friends. As an enlisted man, and the Duty Range Weather Observer, I needed all the friends I could get. They appeared to be quite happy, and happy to see me. However, being only an enlisted man, I was quite intimidated by the presence of the four star General. Even though the distance was too far for an enlisted man to be required to interrupt his work, step outside, come to attention, and salute, I decided that life would be easier for me if I did so. I quickly emptied my dust pan outside through the side door, and placed it back on the shelf. I stepped to the front door, and began stepping outside to come to attention so I could salute and greet The General. At the time, The General was saying to The Teacher, "Yes, Teacher. I see that as always you are correct. He does keep

his weather shack very clean and polished. I see he has everything lined up safely, and in order. You certainly have my permission to bring the children here.”

They didn't wait for me to finish stepping outside so I could come to attention and salute The General. The Teacher, Range Four Harry, and the USAF American General turned nonchalantly and walked back across the gravel, disappearing behind the north side of the Range Three Lounge building.

They continued talking to each other as they casually walked northwest across the graveled area. As they

walked, they appeared to be studying the beauty of the desert on this memorable afternoon. It appeared that neither The Teacher nor Range Four Harry had the transmit portion of their communications equipment turned on. Consequently, I did not receive any greeting from them and I was unable to tell what else was being said. However, at the time I noted that The American General didn't seem to care that I had seen the three of them together out in the bright sunlight, and had obviously overheard his words to The Teacher. As for The Teacher and Range Four Harry, even though we were friends, their behavior also seemed somewhat unusual.

After they had left, I found the entire incident to be very confusing. I spent time cleaning up the area outside the

side door, sweeping the sand off several stepping stones I had placed there for use during wet weather, and clearing away the few bushes of dry sagebrush which had drifted in from the skip bomb area to the east. What I found confusing was that The Teacher had been bringing the Tall White children here for years. According to the entries in my log books, she and Range Four Harry had been bringing Tall White children to play in and around the Range Three buildings, supply sheds, control tower, generator shack, and weather shack, for at least seven years before I arrived in early 1965. Observer after observer before me had been terrified by them. Considering how protective the Tall White mothers were of their children, there wasn't any way in the world that a

human American General, four stars or not, would have dared to make any statement whatever about what The Teacher chose to do with the Tall White children, especially to her face, or in her presence. Doing so to The Teacher would be like expressing a death wish. Something about the entire incident didn't seem to fit.

The days of summer continued their steady march towards the oncoming days of fall. A few days passed. Another breathtakingly beautiful summer desert morning came. The drive out to Range Three at 3:15 A.M. was unusually relaxing. It was only a few days past the night of the full moon. The summer night time desert was drenched in soft moonlight. The morning runs for the previous two days had been more like

relaxing desert parties or social events,
than actual military duty. The newly
arrived Tall Whites had come with their
children, all properly chaperoned by the
experienced guards. They had enjoyed
looking through my theodolite and
tracking the balloons for themselves.

The

experienced

guards

typically

explained to the new arrivals that I
enjoyed being out here in the desert and
looking up at the stars just as they did. It
seemed to calm down the new arrivals,
and help them overcome their natural
fear of me, and of all humans.

One night, one of the experienced
guards explained to the new arrivals that
I, as a typical human, lived my entire life

on the surface of the Earth. He explained that I was different from the way they were, in that I never went underground to live, even during the many storms which every place on the Earth experienced. When he was asked by one of the new arrivals what I did during the winter time, he shocked them by explaining that even during the winter time, I was happy to continue living on the Earth's surface. He said I never constructed tunnels to live in the way they did. Then the guard hurriedly explained that humans lived in houses on the Earth's surface, which they build for that purpose. He promised to show the new arrivals some of the houses on a later tour.

Frequently on these trips, The Teacher also came, along with Range Four

Harry. The Teacher, Range Four Harry, and I enjoyed talking with each other. Of course, if The Teacher and I were talking, Harry would almost always fall back and take up a guard position.

Because of The Teacher's high rank, Harry would never interfere when The Teacher and I were talking. The Teacher greatly enjoyed talking about women's fashions, and how the children were doing, playing, and growing up. Those were topics that Harry generally chose not to join in on. However, frequently The Teacher would proceed to another one of her favorite topics which was to humorously poke fun at the American USAF Generals. They were all old men, who lacked a women's fashion sense. On those occasions, frequently Range Four Harry very politely joined in with

humorous stories of his own. Apparently the actions of The USAF American Generals provided Range Four Harry and The Teacher with a good deal of humorous material for conversation.

One morning, I asked The Teacher how long it had taken for her and Harry to make the trip from their home planet to the Earth, the first time they came here. The two of them were not related as family members. I understood that their parents had brought the two of them here to Earth together, when they both were still young children. The Teacher replied that it had taken them two and a half Earth years to make the trip the first time they came. They had not come directly from their home planet. Rather the two of them had come here directly from one of the other Tall White bases

on a planet that was orbiting one of the other stars. She wouldn't say which one. The Teacher said they had first made the long trip a very long time ago. Since the Tall Whites lived approximately ten times longer than humans do, I understood her to say that they both had come here to The Earth on the same Deep Space Craft, more than 210 earth years ago when this desert valley was still an untouched wilderness.

Noting that The Teacher said the trip took only 2 and a half earth years, I replied that I was surprised there were any stars that close. I said I thought the nearest star was almost 4 light years away, and Einstein had proven that it was impossible to build a Deep Space Craft that traveled faster than the speed of light. I asked her if, because of

Einstein's Theory of Relativity, time had slowed down on the Deep Space Craft as they were making the trip. At that, both The Teacher and Range Four Harry immediately broke out laughing. They were laughing so hard that at one point they were both down on the ground, holding their sides. After some minutes, when The Teacher finally got control of herself, she stood up laughing, and said to me, "Well, you can see that we're here now." Both she and Harry were still laughing when they finally left with the children. As they left, I felt embarrassed that I had ever believed Einstein's Theory of Relativity with its ridiculous prediction that time slowed down at the speed of light. I realized that Einstein's Theory of Relativity is simply a set of mathematical tricks that Einstein

was using to conceal the fact that human scientists have not yet discovered all of the force fields that exist in reality. To discover those additional force fields, human scientists need to do a better job of studying sub atomic particles. I realized that The Teacher was correct. The fact that she and Range Four Harry were here on Earth now, was proof that traveling faster than the speed of light was possible.

As I was closing up the theodolite and walking back to the weather shack, that morning, I remembered a morning several days before. On that morning, I had referred to a book on the life of Einstein that I had checked out from the Nellis Base Library. I had it laying open on my desk in the weather shack at the time. I noted that one of the new arrivals

had turned the pages to the chapter that discussed Einstein's famous equation which is that $E = mc^2$. I noted this to The Teacher and mentioned the page with the equation on it. I asked her in passing if there were many new arrivals who knew how to read English, and would find the book and the equation interesting. On that morning, The Teacher had not laughed or given me a humorous response. Instead, The Teacher said that only a few of the Tall White new arrivals were scientists and would care about what was in the book. Most, she said were interested in other things, such as social things, objects of art, fashion, or beauty. It seemed obvious to me at the time that some of Einstein's work, such as his equation $E=mc^2$, was correct. It was also

obvious that some of Einstein's work, such as his Theory of Relativity and time dilation, was laughably ridiculous.

A few days passed. Another nice morning arrived. I completed the 10:00 A.M. balloon run and phoned Nellis.

After giving them the wind results, the Chief Observer came on the line. He said that this coming Sunday was going to be Family Day up at Camp Mercury.

There was going to be an air show at noon put on the USAF Air Team named The Thunder Birds. For that reason, the Nellis Command Post was requesting the

I make a special balloon release precisely at noon from Range Three, and track the balloon to at least 20,000 feet.

Of course I agreed, since I considered every request from Nellis to be a direct order. I asked The Chief Observer if I

had heard the orders correctly. If the Air Show began at 12:00 noon sharp, and I release the balloon also at 12:00 noon, my results won't be available until after the Air Show has been completed. Then there was the matter of the location. The Air Show was being given up at Camp Mercury, across several mountain ranges and many miles to the northwest from Range Three. Since The Indian Springs Ranges would remain closed to everyone except me, was he sure the Nellis Command Post wanted the balloon release at noon from Range Three?

The Chief Observer checked. He said

The Nellis Base Commander was quite certain.

That afternoon, after completing my duties on the ranges for the day and driving back in to base, as was common, I put on my swim trunks. I went and opened up the Indian Springs swimming pool for the remainder of the afternoon.

Many of the young children who lived in the town of Indian Springs liked to come on base to the pool and swim in the hot summer afternoons. Of course, their parents never allowed them to swim unless a life guard was present. Since I was an excellent swimmer, I spent many hot afternoons life guarding at the pool and teaching the little children how to swim. I had invented a swimming game so that the young children could have fun while learning to become excellent

swimmers. I had named it “The Destroyer Haymman” game. On this afternoon the pool was full of excellent “Little German Submarines” on patrol in the “storm swept North Atlantic”. I, playing the part of “The Destroyer Haymman”, had been forced to take refuge from the high waves and splashing water by climbing out of the pool and resting in a plastic lounge chair

–

otherwise

referred

to

in

my

“children’s pool language” as “the safety of the ports in Iceland”.

On this afternoon, as was usual one little girl who was perhaps six years

old, came to swim. It was hard to tell her age. However, she was, quite possibly, the cutest little girl that ever was. She always called me “Mr Charlie.” She was an only child. She was both the same physical size and the same equivalent age as The Teacher’s little girl, who was also an only child. The little girl and her parents lived in a nice, though ordinary house on the southeast side of Indian Springs. In particular, her house was located right up next to the mountains on the southeast side of town. Her large bedroom window looked out on her back yard, where could be seen her swing set, other play things, a short wire fence, and the desert slopes of the mountains beyond. In addition, her father worked late into the night up at Camp Mercury.

Consequently, her mother usually spent the evenings in the kitchen or in the living room watching television and waiting for her father to come home from work. Of course, her mother closed the door to the little girl's bedroom when she put her little girl to bed, so she wouldn't be disturbed as she slept.

Both of her parents were quite young.

The little girl had an aunt who was her mother's younger sister. Her aunt was single and was roughly my age. Her aunt lived in Reno and attended the University of Nevada. The little girl was very close to her aunt, as well as being very close to both her father and her mother. From time to time, on weekends when the little girl's father wasn't working nights, her aunt would take the bus down to Indian Springs and baby sit

the little girl for the entire weekend.

This allowed the parents to drive in to Las Vegas and enjoy a night on the town.

There had been times in past weeks when the aunt had brought the little girl and some of the other children who lived in Indian Springs, over to the Indian Springs

Base

swimming

pool.

I

remembered how proud the little girl had been when she introduced me to her aunt. I understood that once again, on this coming weekend, the aunt would be coming down to Indian Springs to baby sit the little girl while her parent's went alone to family day up at Camp Mercury. Apparently her father, who loved her

very much, believed that she would be in a much safer environment if she stayed home with her aunt. Evidently there were many dangers in his work area up at Camp Mercury.

On this afternoon, the little girl came up to me and said happily, “Mr. Charlie, last night I saw you out in the desert where you work. You filled up a great big balloon with a light on it and released it.”

“You did?” I teased her. “I work way out in the desert and I get up very early in the morning. How did you do that?”

“My friend came to play with me last night, the way she always does,” the little girl responded. “Her mother took both of us out to where you work and showed us the balloons. You broke the first one.”

I was stunned. The balloons were very fragile, and I had broken the first one as I was carrying it out to the theodolite stand to release it. “You saw me break the first balloon?” I asked gently, in surprise and disbelief. “Where were you standing? I don’t remember seeing you when I was out there.”

My friend and I were hiding in the brush that is out behind your buildings. My friend’s mother said we shouldn’t let you see me, or else you would worry about me. I couldn’t see you when you brought the second balloon out because I was so far back in the brush.”

“But weren’t you sleeping, warm as toast, in your nice bedroom when I was out on the Ranges?” I asked.

“No,” she laughed in reply. “After my mother put me to bed, my friend and her

mother came to my bedroom window, the way they do. I always leave it open so my friend can come in. Then I went out through the window and we played together in my back yard. Last night her mother took us out to where you work and showed us your balloons.”

Still in surprise and disbelief, I asked, “Weren’t your mother and your father worried about you while you were gone?”

“No,” she smiled. “My father had to work all night, and my mother was asleep, sitting in the chair in the living room. My friend’s mother said that I wouldn’t be able to wake her until after I got back in my bed and went to sleep for a little while.”

I was too stunned to respond immediately. After thinking for a minute,

I gently said to the little girl, “Well, you tell your friend’s mother, that whenever you are out in the desert where I work, you and your friend can come and look at my balloons close up anytime you want. I won’t be surprised, and I won’t worry about you. I’ll show you everything about my balloons, and I’ll help you any way I can.”

“Thank you, Mr. Charlie,” she giggled. Then she ran away to practice swimming, the way I had showed her.

I wondered about what she had said.

It wasn’t the first time the little girl had told me about her little night visitor with her white skinned mother. However, the last time she had mentioned her friend was many months earlier. A day or so after that occasion, when I gently approached her at the pool and asked

about her friend, she had just sat perfectly still, smiled at me, and wouldn't say anything at all. Then, after a minute or so she had gotten up and ran off to swim with the other children. I decided on that occasion that someone, perhaps her aunt, must have told her never to mention her night time playmate to me. Of course, I reasoned, there was always the possibility that her night time playmate was entirely imaginary. She was, after all, only a little girl – and an only child. Yet, on this day, what I found so stunning was the abrupt manner in which the little girl had openly approached me to discuss her night time playmate. I wondered if someone, such as her aunt, had told her to.

That afternoon, I went to bed early, right after taking the evening meal. I set

my alarm clock for 11:30 P.M. Then at 11:30 P.M., I got up and got dressed in my dark green military fatigues. Quietly, alone in the night time, I slipped from my barracks. Walking in the shadows and following along hidden in the tree lines, I made a circuitous path off base. I continued over to the ice cream stand on the east end of town. I quietly bought an ice cream shake and a cola. Then I took up a hidden position sitting at one of the picnic tables that sat under the large old trees that also lined the east end of town. My position allowed me to see the mountain slopes, and the little girl's backyard, which were perhaps a mile south of where I was sitting. There was plenty of moonlight. Consequently, there were also lots of shadows to hide in. I waited patiently as the ice cream

stand shut down and closed up for the night. By 12:30 P.M., right on schedule, the owner had turned out the lights, locked up his stand, and walked home, leaving me sitting alone, hidden in the darkness underneath the trees.

Being a USAF weather observer had long since taught me how to wait patiently, sitting quietly for hours, if necessary, alone with my thoughts. On this night, I did not have long to wait. As 1:00 A.M. approached, I could see The Teacher, two Tall White guards, and the Teacher's own little girl come floating down along the slopes of the mountains from Wheeler Pass. They were all wearing their white fluorescent suits, powered down to

low

levels.

Consequently they blended in with the moonlight reasonably well. Because of the distance, the moonlight, and the light colored rocks that dotted the mountain slope, I wasn't at first certain that I was seeing the Tall Whites. I had to watch them for a few minutes before I was convinced that they were out there in the moonlight.

Up in Wheeler Pass next to the gravel road which ran from Indian Springs to Pahrump, where the road went through the pass, were several old stone charcoal ovens. These large ovens dated from perhaps the 1880s. Behind them was a large flat area. It was one of several easily defended hidden places that the Tall Whites liked to use as a

parking lot for their white scout craft.

The view of both Indian Springs Valley and Pahrump Valley from Wheeler Pass either day or night, was one of the great views in the southern Nevada area. It was also one of The Teacher's favorite places, which she remembered from her childhood.

While I sat watching The Teacher in the distance, as she slowly approached the little girl's back yard and house, I suddenly realized that even though The Teacher was still a young Tall White woman, because of her great age by human standards, she actually knew every hill, every valley, virtually every rock in the Indian Springs area, better than any human ever would or ever could. She knew them because she had grown up here.

While I sat watching, The Teacher slowly maneuvered into position by the kitchen window in the distance. Using her white squared pencil like object, she obviously hypnotized the little girl's mother. On command, The Teacher's daughter came floating forward, and entered the little girl's bedroom window. Soon the two little girls came out through the bedroom window into the little girl's back yard. While I sat watching, the two little girls in the distance, like little girls everywhere, proceeded to play together on the swings, while The Teacher and the other two Tall White guards watched from a safe distance on the slope of the mountain.

After watching the two little girls play together for a few minutes, I quietly got

up from where I was sitting, and slipped away into the night time and shadows to return to my barracks. Back on base, I was walking alone in the deep shadows under some trees on my way back to my barracks. I was deep in thought. I suddenly realized that I had been watching The Teacher and her guards from a distance of roughly a mile.

However, I was certain that the Tall White electronics routinely used by The Teacher and her guards could easily pick up my thoughts from distances at least as great as a mile and a quarter.

They could find me sitting in the darkness just by listening in on my thoughts. Their eyes were at least as good as those of a cat. The shadows I had been sitting in didn't conceal me from them at all. Then there was that

night the previous summer when the Tall Whites had known that I was watching them from a distance of 18 miles. I suddenly realized that The Teacher and her guards must have known that I was sitting in the shadows under the trees watching them the whole time. I might just as well have been sitting out there in broad daylight. If The Teacher and her guards knew, it certainly meant that the USAF American Generals had already been told. Once again I was stunned. It meant that The Teacher and the American Generals had already agreed that if anything ever went wrong with the little human girl, if she ever panicked or became lost or fell or scraped herself or became sick or injured, I was the human who could be trusted to go rescue her, and return her to her parents. I suddenly

realized that when I had rescued The Teacher's little girl down on Range One the previous summer, it wasn't just The Teacher and the Tall Whites who now trusted me, it was the American Generals as well. I was still stunned and in shock when I finally got back to my barracks. I now thought of the American Generals, The Teacher and the Tall Whites, and the little human girl, in an entirely new light. I now realized that everyone was expecting me to protect and rescue the little human girl, if anything ever went wrong. I now understood how difficult the decisions were that The American Generals had to make. I felt like I was the most unlikely choice possible for the job.

Sunday came in its turn. After taking breakfast, attending the morning Mass,

and taking a very early lunch, I put on my uniform and headed on out to Range Three for the special noon balloon release. It was 11:30 A.M. when I arrived at Range Three. It was another typical hot summer desert day. I started the diesel more out of habit than anything. All I was going to use it for was to play my radio while I worked. With a practiced hand, I opened up my theodolite, then the weather shack, opening both the front door and then the side door in turn. I turned my radio on loud and began taking the weather report. I stepped outside through the open side door and began taking the temperature and dew point

measurements. As I did so, I noticed something unusual down on the Range Two skip bomb area several miles down to the southeast. The Range Two buildings, the Range Two weather shack, supply sheds, the Range Two lounge, along with the old aircraft hangers, sat up along the mountains on a sort of level area on the gently sloping side of the mountains.

Uncharacteristically, the Range Two hanger doors stood open. The skip bomb area and the other parts of the Range Two ranges lay further down along the eastern side of the Indian Springs Valley. Out in the distance, out through the glare of the bright noontime sunshine,

through the heat waves, and out through the dust and the haze, and the light desert winds, was The Teacher with four children. The Teacher was wearing one of her favorite human disguises, that of a human nurse. Three of the four children she had with her were her own little girl, and the usual two little boys. I had previously named the two little boys “the Little Fat Astronaut” and “the Little Einstein”. The three Tall White children were not wearing their fluorescent suits. Rather, they were wearing ordinary cotton play outfits which matched several shown in the department store catalogs on the shelf in my weather shack. The suits had obviously been provided to them by the U.S. Air Force. The play suit The Teacher’s little girl was wearing had a frill around the

waist, and was very obviously designed for a little girl. It didn't surprise me.

Several

times,

The

Teacher

had

expressed to me her concern that her daughter only had boys to play with. Her daughter did not have any Tall White little girls her age to play with. The Teacher wanted to be certain that her own daughter, as she was growing up, had the opportunity to enjoy feeling like a little girl, and had the fun of playing with other little girls her age. Evidently the permanent staff of Tall Whites manning the base that was dug into the mountains at the north end of the Indian Springs Valley wasn't particularly large.

The fourth child playing out in the distance in the sunshine was the little human girl from the pool, the one who called me “Mr. Charlie.” I suddenly realized that when The American General had been talking with The Teacher about the safety of bringing children out to my weather shack a few days before, he hadn’t been referring to Tall White children. He had been giving The Teacher his approval to bring human children out to my weather shack, obviously starting with the little girl.

The four children were having fun running and playing together out in the hot sunshine on the main part of the Range Two skip bomb area. The Teacher stood and watched them from a vantage point further up the hill to the east. The main part of the Range Two

skip bomb area was an ancient grassy
pasture next to an ancient sandy sea
shore,
complete
with
an
ancient
shoreline which ran along the sloping
hills to the east. The U.S. Air Force had
covered it with a grid of white rocks.
The children were using the grid as a
race course. They were having fun
running foot races with each other. Of
course, the Tall White children were so
much faster than the little human girl, the
two boys quickly tired of the racing
games and went off to the western side
of the grid and raced with themselves,
leaving the two little girls alone, to play
together by themselves. When the girls

were having fun racing, the Teacher's daughter, being so much faster than the little human girl, would run on ahead of her, but then wait at the finish line for her, so the two of them could cross the line together. The Teacher's daughter, having both much greater speed and stamina, could have played the racing game all day. However, the little human girl, out in the hot sun, tired quickly.

Then the two girls sat down together and began playing house. The little human girl was so much stronger than the Teacher's daughter, she began, all by herself, building the house and showing the Teacher's daughter how to do it. The little human girl began piling up some of the larger rocks and stones to make the outline of a house with a kitchen, a bedroom, and a living room. The

Teacher's daughter was delighted to join in. However, the little Tall White girl was naturally so frail, she wasn't able to do much more than decorate the inside with pieces of grass and scraps of weathered, broken sagebrush. The girls appeared to be using some pretty colored rocks for dishes.

The Teacher stood at some distance, up on the slope of the hill, intently watching the two little girls as they played together. The Teacher seemed to be in a very nostalgic mood. It seemed to me, The Teacher had brought the two little girls – her own daughter, and the little human girl – to play on the same playground that she, herself, must have played on many years before, when she had been a little girl. As I watched, I wondered if there had been a little

native human girl for her to play with on that same stretch of desert, many years ago.

As I watched, I became concerned for the little human girl's safety. My concern was very simple. The Teacher certainly had her hands full. There were four children but only one adult. The little human girl already weighed too much for a Tall White woman as frail as The Teacher to lift or carry if that became necessary. It was rapidly becoming a very hot desert afternoon, and the little human girl couldn't take the heat anywhere near the way Tall White children could. I now understood why The American Generals had asked me to take a special noon run. I decided that I should cancel the noon run and politely walk, or drive my truck, down to Range

Two. That would allow me to be present if The Teacher needed any help with the little human girl.

As I was trying to decide what to do next, The Teacher seemed to know what I was worried about. While I watched, two additional Tall White guards stepped forward into the bright sunlight from the darkness inside the Range Two hangers, up on the slopes of the nearby mountain. They obviously intended to reassure me that The Teacher had all of her bases covered. After standing out in the bright sunshine for a minute or so, certain that I had seen them, they stepped back into the darkness inside the hangers. Reassured, I decided to continue with the balloon release. It took me only a few minutes to inflate the balloon. I intentionally chose

a red balloon since I guessed that the little human girl would enjoy watching a red balloon rise up into the sky, more than any other color. Once the balloon was filled, I slowly carried it outside and stood out in full view holding it. I waited until I was certain that the children were watching. The Teacher for her part, got the children's attention. She had them all line up and stand still while she pointed towards me and my balloon, as I stood in the distance. Then, I released the balloon, walked over to my theodolite and began tracking it as normal. The children, especially the human little girl, could hardly have seemed happier.

After I had finished the balloon run and phoned the unneeded and unused results in to Nellis, I stood outside for a

few minutes watching the children
playing
together
on
the
ancient
grasslands and along the ancient sea
shore in the distance. Although the ice
age had not yet begun again; the climate
had not yet changed; the rains, the
snows, and the glaciers, had not yet
returned; at least the young children had
come back to play. It seemed like the
land was once again being used as God
intended.

[I Remember You](#)

Blessed are the poor in
spirit:
for theirs is the
kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that
mourn:
for they shall be
comforted.

Blessed are the meek:
for they shall inherit
the earth.

... Matthew 5:3 – 5:5

... . .

It was late summer 1966, the summer
of my 21st year. It was going on 3:45
A.M. as I arrived out at Range Three for
the morning run. The weather could
hardly have been better, and there was a
reasonable amount of moonlight.

Although I had continued to see the
Tall White Extraterrestrials out on The
Ranges as normal, I hadn't specifically
seen any of my Tall White friends, such
as The Teacher, or Range Four Harry,

the children, Tour Guide, or the others for several days. They were very social, so it was unusual that none of them had come down to entertain themselves where I was, especially for the morning run.

Tour Guide had been gone the longest. I knew he wasn't with the others. He was still recovering from the sickness that had infected him earlier in the year. He had left the Earth some weeks before to go to one of the Tall White medical facilities. It was located on a distant planet that was larger and ran warmer than the Earth. That planet's thicker, hotter, atmosphere was much better for his health and for his recovery than was the cold, thin air here on earth.

I parked my truck in its usual place in front of and to the west of the generator

shack. As I got out of my truck I noted that the Range Three area, except for me, was completely deserted.

As I got out of my truck, I quickly recited one of my favorite prayers.

Singing one of my favorite summer sunshine songs, I strode over to the doors to the generator shack and opened both doors to the southern diesel. I went inside and started the diesel in the most routine manner. It only took a handful of minutes. When I came back out from the generator shack, I noticed that while I had been in the generator shack, one of the Tall White scout craft had silently slipped up over the ridge which lay roughly a quarter mile to the north of me, and landed. Its pilot had parked the scout craft in an unusual location. He had parked it in an open area out in the

sagebrush just to the west of the Range Four road. From where it sat, the scout craft was plainly visible. Its pilot had not made any particular attempt to conceal it. I decided that its pilot must have timed his arrival to coincide with my entry into the generator shack. Like all Tall Whites therefore, he was very punctual and conscious of the passage of time.

I continued with my routine morning tasks and the balloon release preparations. As I did so, I was naturally wondering what was going on. The place the pilot had chosen to park seemed to me to be a mistake. To begin

with, it was too far back in the sagebrush. Although it was right out in an open place in the sagebrush, no decent foot trail existed from the Range Three Lounge building through the sagebrush to where the scout craft was parked. As such, the occupants, once they de-boarded, were going to have to pick their way some distance to the east, through relatively thick sagebrush, until they reached the Range Four Road.

Then, they were going to have to come down the Range Four Road until they reached the graveled Range Three area. Usually, experienced Tall White pilots chose to arrive out at the Range Three area before me, and park close in. There was plenty of open area just to the west of the Range Three lounge building. Others, especially when women and

children were on board, parked further to the west along the ridge, sometimes as far out as a thousand yards, where there was a children's play area and a series of nice trails in to the Lounge building.

I opened up my weather shack and turned on my radio. I adjusted it to a low and reasonable volume. All things considered, I decided not to turn on the lights in my weather shack. I wanted to keep my night vision until the situation became clearer. I had already taken so many morning runs that I could do everything just fine in near total darkness, anyway.

I gave up wondering about things, and continued with my morning balloon preparations. Such preparations required that I devote myself to my duties inside of my weather shack. Once I had the

balloon filled, and the light attached, I
picked up my clipboard and flashlight,
and headed out to the theodolite stand. I

had

already

removed

the

heavy

aluminum cover, sat it on the ground, and prepared the theodolite.

As I was waiting by the theodolite stand, holding the balloon, and waiting for the scheduled release time of 4:30 A.M. to approach, four Tall White men stepped just a foot or two out from behind the northeast corner of the Range Three lounge building. They all acted very nervously, as though they were stepping out into a lion's den. It was obvious that they were all terrified of me, although the lead man, obviously the guard and the guide, seemed the bravest by a very tiny margin. I had never seen this particular guard before, so I concluded that he must be a new guard on his first duty assignment. He seemed as nervous as a mother hen with a new brood of chickens.

The new guard had them all line up with their backs to the wall of the Range Three lounge building. Then they slowly and cautiously side stepped down along the building's eastern wall. Each of them had their eyes riveted on me as they did so. What little they had for courage lasted until they were approximately half way down along the building. There, obviously motivated by fear of me, the new guard had them stop. The other three young Tall White men seemed only too happy to comply.

They were all about my height, so I guessed them to be about the same equivalent age as I was. I remember standing there thinking to myself, "Great. They're the ones with the high technology. They're the ones with the weapons. They're the ones who built the

spacecraft and came here for the fun of it. They're the ones who can run four times faster than I can – and out here in the open, I'm the one they're afraid of. Could I live in a screwier world?"

So I was laughing silently to myself as I released the balloon on schedule and focused the theodolite. I took the first reading after the first minute had passed.

The theodolite had only one eyepiece. In between readings as usual, I stepped back from the theodolite and looked around in order to rest my eyes.

Naturally, whenever I did so, I paid careful attention to the activities of the four young Tall White men. They were all very nervous and the adults were always well armed. I was hoping that if I gave them some time to watch me from a distance, they would eventually calm

down. That was part of my plan for
living to a nice old age.

In between balloon readings 4 and 5, I
noticed that one of the more nervous Tall
White young men obviously wanted to
inspect
the
generator
shack,
and
probably my truck as well. He was
nervously agitating some type of
agreement with the guard. When I turned
back to the eyepiece to take the balloon
reading for minute 5, the guard gave him
a slight hand sign, and he took off
running at a reasonable speed. He ran
south, down along the eastern wall of the
lounge
building,

and

around

its

southeastern corner, passing out of sight of the new guard who remained standing his post along the wall. Then, the young Tall White man, unseen by his guard, turned to the south, and crossed the open graveled area between the lounge building and the generator shack.

Passing between the western wall of the generator shack and my parked truck, he continued south until he was able to hide down in the stunted pine trees and the mesquite. From this position, of course, the lost Tall White young man could, if he chose, continue moving around behind generator shack, the supply sheds, and my weather shack itself.

The entire episode seemed both

dangerous and unnecessary to me. The new guard started to become noticeably agitated. The new guard no longer knew where his lost friend was, and he was afraid to go looking for him. Considering that Tall White men were always well armed, I became concerned for my own safety as well. Under the circumstances, I didn't feel that it would be safe for me to return to my weather shack, or to walk over to my truck. The situation seemed to be rapidly getting out of control.

At first I decided to just continue routinely taking balloon readings. When I finished taking the ten readings that I needed, for my own safety I decided to take another ten. While I was doing this, the new guard, followed by his other two nervous friends began slowly working their way still further south

along the eastern wall of the lounge building, until they were approximately two thirds of way down. The new guard did not have the courage to proceed any further. He still was not able to locate his lost friend. He was bent over at the waist and looking around in a very animated fashion. For my own safety I decided that I better help him solve his problems.

After taking reading number 17, I stood up straight, left my clipboard at the theodolite stand, and took 3 or 4 steps towards the west, directly towards the new guard. Then I stopped and stood straight up, waiting for him to see me. He was perhaps 50 feet from me. The guard was very preoccupied looking for his lost friend, so it took a minute or two. Finally, the young Tall White man

next to him saw me standing there with my hands at my sides, looking directly at the guard. The young Tall white man shook the guard's elbow in a very excited fashion. When he had gotten the guard's attention, he pointed me out to him. In a very nervous, slow, and deliberate fashion, the new guard stood up with his back to the wall and faced me, head on. The other two young Tall White men did likewise.

I tried to communicate with the new guard by slowing thinking the thoughts, "Have you lost your friend?"

There was no response. The guard was so new, he obviously wasn't wearing his communication equipment.

I tried asking him verbally, "Have you lost your friend?" I spoke the words at a normal volume. I knew that the Tall

Whites had hearing at least as good as that of a dog, and eyesight at least as good as that of a cat. Thus, since he was only 50 feet or so away, there wasn't any reason to shout or speak in a loud voice. They were all so nervous, and well armed, the last thing I wanted to do was shout some word they wouldn't understand - like 'BOO'.

However, although the new guard obviously knew I had asked a question, his confusion showed that he hadn't yet learned English. Consequently, there was no response.

"Great," I thought to myself. They have the high technology, and we're back to communicating with hand signals. So, I slowly raised both of my hands and showed him both sides of my open hands with my fingers spread wide,

proving to him that I was not carrying any weapons. Then, using both hands I began making hand gestures pointing out the location of his lost Tall White friend, who at the time was still shivering in fear back in the brush, mesquite, and stunted pine trees.

The look the new guard gave me in response was one of immense shock. It was one of the most shocked looks that I believe I have ever received. He suddenly understood that I was more than just an intelligent human, I understood the problem which he was having, and I was trying to help him.

Words hardly describe how brave that knowledge made him. In just a matter of 30 seconds, or so, the new guard became the very picture of bravery, pride, and experience. Any trace of nervousness

vanished from him. Acting like a brave, experienced professional, as if he had been doing this every day of his life, he finally “found” himself. He stood up straight, turned around to the two Tall White men with him, obviously gave them orders to stay where they were, he’d be back for them. Then he bravely and proudly strode down to the southern end of the lounge building, around the corner to the west, south across the open area, down along the western side of the generator shack to where his third friend was hiding, and retrieved him. The new guard looked as if he was laughing at the entire situation, himself included.

For my part, for my own safety, I returned to taking some more balloon readings. I had by now, lost the balloon against the background of stars in the

Milky Way, so I spent the next ten minutes or so tracking the stars in the Big Dipper, in order to prove to myself that the earth rotated on its axis. After all, being a USAF weather observer was a government job.

While I was so engaged in tracking the stars of the Big Dipper, the new guard finally convinced his lost friend that it was safe for his friend to return to join the rest of the group. In almost comical fashion, the new guard took up a standing position, facing me, in the middle of the open gap between the lounge building and the generator shack. On his command, the third young Tall White man took off running across the open gap, from behind the generator shack to behind the Range Three lounge. Then the new guard proudly strode back

around to his two other friends,
collected them, and they all headed back
north along the lounge wall. The new
guard paused for a minute or so. It
seemed as if he wanted to thank me.
However, since we were only able to
communicate using hand signals, neither
one of us knew how to do so. For my
part, running very late as I was, I
decided to leave well enough alone. I
closed up my theodolite, returned to my
weather shack, and happily finished the
morning run.

The next morning, the same new guard
was waiting for me when I arrived out at
Range Three at 3:30 A.M. We were now
friends, and he was totally unafraid of
me. He brought his scout craft in close. It
was parked at the northern edge of the
graveled area on the Range Four road.

He had brought a different group of young Tall White men with him. On this night he took up a standing position at the base of the control tower where he had a good view of everything. Then he proceeded to just relax and enjoy himself.

This time he had come with his communication equipment, and it was adjusted reasonably well. When I asked him about my other Tall White friends, he informed me that The Teacher, Range Four Harry, and the others had taken a short trip. I knew they had been looking forward to taking a trip for some time. He informed me that they were not currently anywhere on this planet. They would return in two or three months. He was helping them out in the meantime, he said.

I knew the Tall White Deep Space
Craft arrived and left on precise
schedules. I knew that the shortest of
those schedules was a two and a half
month
schedule.

My
previous
conversations with The Teacher and
Range Four Harry had convinced me that
all of the Deep Space Craft traveled
between the Earth and planets orbiting
other stars. None of them stopped within
our Sun's Solar System. I did the math.

The nearest group of stars is roughly
three and three quarter light years away.

The Tall White Deep Space Craft
routinely required a minimum of two
earth weeks to refuel and refurbish. To
maintain a two and a half month

schedule, therefore, when the Tall White Deep Space Craft are traveling out in the open space in between the stars, they must be capable of traveling at least 44 times the speed of light. They would only need to carry enough fuel on board for their propulsion system to operate at cruising speed for a mere 4, maybe 5 earth weeks. Carrying only 6 to 8 earth weeks supply of food, and designing an appropriate life support system were tasks so simple, all sorts of human engineers could easily do so. However, there was the matter of Einstein's opinion regarding travel at 44 times the speed of light. Yes, there was that matter of Einstein's Theory of Relativity. I decided that the fact the Tall White guard was standing next to his scout craft a hundred feet or so across the graveled

area from me, was proof enough
Einstein's Theory of Relativity was
simply incorrect.

And the fact that I had personally seen
The Tall White scout craft floating
silently on the Earth's gravitational field
was all the proof I needed that there
exists more physically real force fields
and ways to store, transform, and
transmit energy than those Einstein knew
about.

A handful of days passed. It was
roughly 3:40 A.M. by the time I arrived
out at the Range Three area. The
enchanted night time weather continued,
although by now with the waning moon,
the
amount
of
moonlight

was

correspondingly less than it had been a few days before. I started the southern diesel and opened up my weather shack as usual. Although the Range Three area seemed deserted enough, I decided once again, to leave the lights in my weather shack off and play the radio only, thus protecting my night vision.

The preparations for the balloon run and the release went smoothly enough.

When I was in between readings 3 and 4, I noticed a Tall White woman looking at me from just beyond the ridge which stood a quarter mile north of me on the Range Four road. She was intentionally hiding out in the desert beyond the ridge, and could be seen only from the shoulders up. She was a woman old enough to have had two or three

children. She was wearing a rather stern expression on her face, as she stood out there studying me. She seemed quite suspicious of me and my actions.

However, she didn't seem particularly afraid of me.

I thought things through. In between readings, I decided that she was probably staying so far out because she probably had a group of children with her. As such, she probably didn't trust the new guard to protect her children from a big human man like me. She appeared to have decided to take over the duties of protecting her children, herself. For that reason, I became noticeably concerned for my own safety. For the remainder of the time I spent out at Range Three that morning, she held her position at a quarter mile, out in the

sagebrush just east of the Range Four road, intently studying my every move. The next morning arrived on schedule. I had brought an unopened can of cola, along with some new supplies of snack foods with me. I opened up my weather shack. I placed the full, unopened can of cola in an obvious place on my food/medicine supply shelf which hung on the western wall over my Ivory table and desk.

When I arrived out at the Range Three area at roughly 3:35 A.M., I noticed that the new guard had parked his scout craft out in an open area just beyond the ammunition bunker a mile and a quarter to the northeast. It was sitting on a raised sloping area at the base of the nearby mountain. I decided the new guard must have chosen that location at the request

of the older woman I had seen the morning before. For that reason, I wasn't surprised later, as I was filling the balloon, when I saw the older woman come walking up over the rise a mile down on the bunker road. She had three middle school aged children following behind her. The woman and all three of the children were wearing their nighttime protective suits. They had their suits powered up to moderate settings. Consequently, the woman and the three children each individually appeared to be surrounded by a thin zone of florescent light. As such, with their suits moderately powered up, the woman and

the three children had very little to worry about. Their suits, for example, thusly powered, would easily have stopped a 22 caliber bullet fired at point blank range.

The light from their suits, although not very bright, caused my eyes to feel a good deal of pain if I looked at it directly. This convinced me that each individual photon of light must be carrying hundreds of times more energy than Einstein had thought possible.

The Tall White woman proceeded to walk calmly and deliberately down the road towards the Range Three area. Like all of the mature Tall White Adults, she shuffled her feet a great deal as she walked. From the way the Tall Whites walked, it was obvious that their hips and knees were structured somewhat

differently than those of a human. They seemed to have come from a home planet that had a significantly stronger gravity field than the Earth does, and it usually took Tall White new arrivals some time to get used to walking in the earth's weaker gravity field.

The Tall White woman had her three children wait on the ridge a quarter mile down on the bunker road while she alone, proceeded down to the end of the pavement where it joined up with the eastern edge of the graveled area. She stopped as she came alongside the large Range Boards that stood there. The Range Boards, of course, were a series of large movable wooden panels supported by a series of very large telephone poles. The boards were painted red on one side, and white on the

other. They were used to indicate the Range Status. They were currently in the red position, indicating that Range Three was closed to aircraft.

The Tall White woman waited for me to come out from the weather shack.

When I came out the side door to measure the temperature and the dew point, the Tall White woman bent forward at the waist, apparently to study me more intently. Such antics were both quite unusual, and quite unnecessary.

The

Tall

White

communication

electronics did a very good job of reading my thoughts from more or less any angle. She apparently was something of a perfectionist and wanted to get her

electronic equipment adjusted perfectly.

Consequently, her antics made me feel noticeably ill at ease. I wondered if she had spent as much time carefully adjusting the weapons she was carrying as well.

The

temperature

and

humidity

measurements went quickly enough. I returned back inside the weather shack and brought out the balloon. While I was thusly engaged, The Tall White woman brought her children forward to where she was now standing, making her intentions pretty obvious. The children became quite happy and excited as I carried the lighted balloon with its attached light, out to the theodolite stand,

checked the time, and released it. Then I began taking my readings, while keeping a careful eye on the Tall White woman and her children.

After I had taken only a handful of readings, the Tall White woman powered down her suit, and began walking across the open Range Three graveled area, directly towards me. The children waited at the Range Boards. I had been expecting that she and the children were going to close on me.

However, I still found her approach to be intimidating. When she was about half way across the graveled area, I tried to greet her by thinking the thoughts, slowly and clearly, "Good evening."

The expression on her face showed that she had received my greeting.

However, like most of the Tall White

individuals, she chose not to respond, and continued her slow approach towards me. She finally stopped when she was perhaps 15 feet north of my theodolite stand.

I was very ill at ease, and somewhat concerned for my own safety. I still had not received any greeting from her. I continued to press the issue by thinking slowly and clearly, "I understand that Tall White Women love their children more than human mothers love their children".

"Yes," she responded, using her electronics to place her thoughts slowly and distinctly in my consciousness, finally placing me at ease. She continued by asking, "May the children look inside of your weather shack?"

"Yes," I answered. "You and the

children may also look at my balloon through this theodolite, if you want to," I continued. "I will wait over there by the generator shack. You and the children can take as much time as you like."

Leaving

my

clipboard

at

the

theodolite stand, I carefully backed away towards the northern wooden wall of the generator shack. I finally stopped when I was standing with my back directly against the wall.

The Tall White woman came forward another 10 feet or so until she was standing directly next to the northern side of the theodolite. Then, obviously on command, the three children came

running forward, with their suits still set at that same moderately high power level. They were as excited as any group of human children running onto a playground. While I stood and watched, the three children, laughing silently and playing excitedly as they ran, crossed the graveled area and entered my weather shack. They obviously found it to be a much more interesting place than I had, during the many lonely afternoons that I had spent there. Through the small window located over my desk, high on the west side, I could see that the children were having one of the happiest times of their lives. They were far more curious about everything than any human could ever be. They were looking at and intently studying everything. While they were doing so, the Tall White woman no

longer was paying any attention to me.

She was instead, intently studying the children, totally absorbed watching their every move, and intensely adsorbed communicating with them as well.

The children's intense emotional excitement, the Tall White woman's inattention, coupled with the fact that the children's suits were still at those same moderately high power settings, began to cause me to worry for their safety, and for my own. The unopened can of cola was sitting out in the open on the shelf over my desk, and the children found it to be quite interesting. Considering the force fields and the occasional

radioactive decay chains emanating from their suits, I worried that some kind of accident was in the making.

I could see that I had a very big dilemma. If an accident happened and I had done nothing, I would be blamed – and probably killed by an angry Tall White mother.

Yet, for me to walk over to the weather shack and begin to give parenting instructions to any one of the children, with the well armed Tall White woman standing across the graveled area watching my every move – well, that would be suicide. Like all of the other Tall White women, she obviously had no intention of standing idly by, while some human man acted like he knew more about parenting her children than she did.

After giving the matter some thought than, I deliberately took two steps forward, and stood with my hands at my sides, waiting for the Tall White woman to notice me again. It took 30 seconds or so, before the Tall White woman finally turned her head back towards me. As her gaze fell on me, the look in her eyes said it all, “What do you want?”

Thinking my thoughts slowly and distinctly, I responded, “I am worried about the children’s safety. There is a pressurized can full of cola sitting on the shelf over my desk. I am worried that if the children’s suits get too close to it, the children might be in some danger.”

The woman seemed to appreciate my concern. She seemed to relax somewhat. “I will handle it,” she responded, placing the thoughts in my mind. Then

she turned her attention back to the children. She obviously communicated my concern to the children who were having fun playing inside of my weather shack. Through the side window I could see the children visibly move back a yard or so from the can of cola. Then they went on playing for another 15 or 20 minutes or so.

Finally, in the fullness of time, the woman became curious about my theodolite. While the children continued to play in my weather shack, she carefully moved around to the southern side of the stand, bent over, and began looking through the theodolite. She apparently found the view of the stars to be extremely interesting, and she spent another five or ten minutes studying them.

Then, she stood up proudly, and walked slowly over to the front door of my weather shack. She studied it and its contents for a few more minutes. Then she collected her three children outside on the gravel. Like tired tourists everywhere, The Tall White woman and her three children, laughing and singing as though they had all just had the time of their lives, began walking back across the graveled area, back to the Range Boards and the entrance to the bunker road – then east down the roughly paved bunker road, back towards their waiting scout craft. They could hardly have appeared happier. As they left, they seemed so totally carefree. It didn't seem like any of them had a care in the world. It also seemed as if each of them planned on remembering me, my

theodolite, and my weather shack for the rest of their lives.

A few days passed. The weather remained beautiful. However, it was obvious that the cooler days of fall were slowly approaching

I was having an enjoyable drive out to Range Three at 3:30 A.M. to make the morning run. As I approached the graveled Range Three area I could see the Tall White Scout Craft parked in one of its typical positions just a few feet to the west of the Range Three Lounge building. The craft was the 10 seat model, the one I had dubbed the 'USAF Officers' model. It sat facing me, waiting with the door on its eastern side already open. Through the two large windows on the front, I could see that everyone on board had already de-

boarded. Since I couldn't see any of the Tall Whites, I concluded that they must be a group of new arrivals waiting for me. I expected they were probably hiding out somewhere behind the various Range buildings, or perhaps out in the sagebrush. Consequently, for my own safety, I decided to just continue with my normal routine duties, and let them show themselves whenever they found the courage to do so.

The generator started easily. I was standing in the narrow space in between the two diesels adjusting the voltage settings, singing my summer songs, when I noticed three new young children, with their suits fully powered up, peeking at me from around the open door to the generator shack. They were lined up behind the southern open door, one

above the other, floating at higher than my eye-level off the ground as they were doing so. From this I concluded that, although all Tall Whites were very nearly ambidextrous, these children were probably all right-handed. I continued on as though I hadn't seen them. I was afraid that I might frighten them. I was also afraid because, young as they were, they almost certainly had brought their mother with them. They seemed to find the entire situation to be very entertaining. Tall White children always loved to play games such as 'Hide and Go Seek'. When I had finished adjusting the voltage on the generator, the children disappeared back into the brush behind the generator shack. They all seemed to be laughing at the time.

The
morning
preparations
went
smoothly. I turned on my radio and the
lights in my shack. I filled the morning
balloon, carried it out to the theodolite,
and released it on schedule. The wind
blew
the
balloon
to
the
east.

Consequently, I had to stand with my
back to the supply sheds, the weather
shack, and the Generator shack in order
to track it. I had left the front and side
doors of the weather shack open. I was
expecting the children to play in the

shack while I was tracking the balloon and when I was not positioned to see them. However, they did not do so. They remained hiding out back behind the Range buildings. In addition, the Tall White adults who were certainly accompanying the children still had not shown themselves. It seemed odd. After all, they had parked their scout craft out in the open next to the Range Three Lounge for me to see. It was apparently unguarded and stood with the door open. I could have walked over and gone on board if had wanted to. Whoever was piloting it, certainly seemed to trust me. As I was taking the last of my balloon readings, my good friend Tour Guide stepped out from behind the Range Three Lounge. He walked over to the base of the control tower and took up a standing

position facing me. I was credited with having saved his life earlier in the year when he had collapsed from the sickness that had infected him. Consequently, we trusted each other like brothers. I was quite happy to see him after such a long absence. I was also happy to see that he was now fully recovered and back in perfect health.

Tour Guide was quite a bit taller than I was. He stood perhaps 6 feet 5 inches or perhaps 6 feet 6 inches tall.

Consequently his equivalent human age was perhaps his early 40's. His actual age I estimated to be roughly 400 or more Earth years old. Thus, as Tall White guards went, Tour Guide was one of the best, and one of the most commanding. Despite his height, I estimated that he probably weighed only

140 or 150 pounds. Like most Tall White men, he was not heavy set. I knew that Tour Guide always came with his communication equipment turned on and set to transmit using only low power levels. Consequently, I was not surprised when a question very quietly formed in my consciousness.

“Good Evening, Charlie. May the children look through your theodolite now?”

It was unusual for the Tall Whites to greet me when they came. However, Tour Guide and I were such good friends it was not uncommon for him to do so, especially after I had saved his life. Even so, Tour Guide was always a person of few words.

Tour Guide, like the vast majority of the Tall Whites that I had encountered,

both men and women, seemed to be more sensitive emotionally than their corresponding human counterparts. Their nervous system, I estimated, operated some 2 or 3 times faster than that of a human. For this reason, they were able to experience and exhibit emotional states and patterns almost too quickly for a human to recognize. When they were wearing their communication equipment, they could frequently respond to a human's emotional response almost before the human, himself, realized what he was feeling. Thus, a human who was unused to being around them could find their actions to be very confusing because the human was missing the vast majority of the emotional interactions that were taking place. On this evening, for example, after Tour Guide greeted

me with “Good Evening, Charlie,” using his communications equipment he could tell that I was elated to see him before I, myself, could actually feel those feelings and formulate a response. It was therefore, natural for him to simply continue with his question, “May the children look through your theodolite now?” There wasn’t any reason for him to wait for me to greet him in return. Now, as a way of being polite to me, he waited patiently for me to formulate a response, even though he knew in advance what the answer was going to be.

“Yes,” I responded. “I’m glad to see that you have recovered. I was worried about your health.”

“Thank you,” answered Tour Guide.

“The children are coming now.”

I was standing with my back to the sheds behind me. I was naturally expecting the children, who had been hiding back in the brush and mesquite, to approach me slowly from behind. So, I carefully turned around and stepped carefully to my right, that is, to the west, as I did so. Then I began visually studying the far end of the alley way between the two supply sheds, looking for the children. As I watched, three of them stepped out from the brush behind the buildings, perhaps some 70 or 80 feet from me. Like school children everywhere, they formed up into a straight line and came hurrying down through the alley towards me. I side stepped several more steps to the west, leaving them plenty of room to approach my theodolite. I did not want to make the

mistake of accidentally touching any of them. Both their mothers, and the florescent white radiation zones around their suits, would pose a serious danger to me if I did so.

The children each took turns floating up to the eye piece and looking through it. They had to carefully balance themselves, much like swimmers in a swimming pool, as they did so. I wasn't sure that the theodolite was still pointed at my slowly floating balloon, but I was sure that there were several stars in the field of view. Anyway, the children seemed to be having the time of their lives.

After several minutes, the children all seemed satisfied and as happy as they could be. They powered down their suits until they had all floated back down to

where they were standing on the ground.

Then, still in near perfect silence, they took off running back towards the alley between the supply sheds and the brush behind it. I returned to the weather shack. While I completed my weather report, Tour Guide collected up the children and the several Tall White adults who had been hiding over behind the Range Three Lounge building. He assembled them out in the open on the gravel at the base of the control tower.

Then he obviously counted them.

Considering the manner in which he had been accidentally abandoned earlier in the year when he had contracted that disease, he was apparently intent on setting the good example. Then he led them all back to the scout craft, boarded the craft, and lifted off. I remember

sitting at the ivory table in the weather shack watching the scout craft work its way slowly north, back up the valley.

Tour Guide seemed to be showing them all of the sights of both Range Three and Range Four on the way back to their main hanger up in the mountains.

The next morning was almost like that morning. Once again Tour Guide brought the 'Officers' model scout craft with several nervous adults and three young children wearing theirs suits as normal.

Once again he parked the scout craft out in the open just west of the Range Three Lounge. The weather hadn't changed, so once again the wind blew the balloon slowly towards the east as it rose into the atmosphere. So, once again, I was standing with my back to the narrow alleyway as I was tracking the balloon.

This morning, however, neither the children nor the adults had yet shown themselves. As before, just as I was finishing taking reading 10 on my theodolite, Tour Guide walked out from behind the Range Three Lounge and took up his guard position at the base of the wooden Control Tower, facing me. As before, I turned, slowly around and began visually searching the narrow alley between the supply shed, and the bushes beyond. As I expected, once again three young Tall White children came out from the bushes and began hurrying down the alley towards me. As before, I carefully stepped to my right, i.e. towards the west, and stood clear so the children could enjoy looking through my theodolite. The atmosphere was so relaxed, I remember thinking to myself,

“How could military duty possibly get any easier?”

I wasn't surprised when the new guard brought the new arrivals for the next couple of days. Each successive group came with a successive group of three young children, all of whom came wearing their suits.

Each group approached me slowly from behind, starting from way back in the brush. Each of them enjoyed looking through my theodolite.

I was expecting that Tour Guide would take a rest. He certainly needed his rest. Like all of the Tall Whites, Tour Guide was used to a planet whose day

lasted roughly 90 hours. So, like all of the Tall Whites, after two Earth days of activity, he had to go back to his underground living area up in the mountains at the north end of the valley to sleep and rest.

The next morning arrived on schedule.

I was in an unusually happy frame of mind as I was driving out to Range

Three for the morning run. I was

expecting Tour Guide to be back on

duty, bringing the next group of new

arrivals down to the Range Three area.

Of course, since I was expecting Tour

Guide to be back on duty, I was

completely relaxed, with my guard

completely down. It was a Friday

morning. I had already been the Duty

Range Weather Observer for more than a

year and a good many more months. In

addition, of course, Tour Guide and I were like brothers. I was singing some of my newer summer songs, and reciting my usual prayers. I was also busy making my weekend plans. I was looking forward to visiting many of my favorite casinos down in Las Vegas. My mind was focused on the weekend fun I was expecting to have. I was so used to taking the morning balloon run and weather report, I could almost do it in my sleep.

As before, when I arrived out at Range Three, the scout craft was parked out in the open just west of the Range Three lounge. As before, everyone was in hiding, and the Range area appeared to be completely deserted. So I carried on as normal. I sang my songs. I started the diesel. I opened the weather shack. I

prepared the balloon. Still none of the Tall Whites had shown themselves. I wasn't the slightest bit concerned.

As before, the slight morning wind was from the west, so for the entire balloon run, the balloon drifted slowly towards the east as it rose into the cathedral-like, starlit night time sky.

Consequently, as I had done for so many balloon runs on so many mornings in the past, I stood with my back to the supply sheds, and didn't pay any attention to what may or may not have been going on behind me. I was just completing the balloon run when once again Tour Guide stepped out from behind the Range Three Lounge and took up a standing position at the base of the control tower. Still singing, I wrote down the last theodolite reading on my weather form. Without

waiting to receive Tour Guide's greeting and obvious question, I stood straight up and turned around, much more quickly than usual. Then I began visually checking the far end of the narrow alleyway between the two supply sheds and the brush some 70 or 80 feet or so in the distance. As I had done so many times before, I was expecting to see three very young children step out from the bushes, form up into a line, and begin hurrying towards me. Suddenly, to my shock and surprise, I saw a young Tall White boy, probably equivalent in age to a seventh grader. Only he wasn't back at the far end of the alleyway where I was looking. Neither was he back in the brush where I was expecting young children to be. Rather, he was in so close to me that his face was almost

touching the buttons on the worn USAF fatigue uniform I was wearing. His head came all the way up to the bottom of my chest. He had come up behind me in near perfect silence. I was taken completely off guard and I was totally defenseless. He was in so close, that as I instinctively jumped backwards in shock, fear, and surprise, I thought for a minute that he was attacking me. I was completely unprepared for such a close encounter with such a large Tall White young boy whom I had never seen before.

Instinctively, as I jumped backwards and to my right, i. e. towards the west, I let out several shouts and exclamations of shock. “What are you doing?” I instinctively shouted at him. “Stay back. You’re scaring the hell out me.”

My shocked reaction seemed to hurt

his feelings and he fell back perhaps 5 feet from me. Then he started following along with me as I began side stepping across the gravel towards the west, facing him as I did so. I studied him carefully and intently as he followed me. It seemed as if he wanted to come right up and hug me. He seemed to want me to take him by the hand and lead him back to the theodolite. Like all Tall White children, he wasn't wearing any communication equipment. Unlike the other children, he had come bare headed, not wearing any helmet or head gear. Although much older than the other children that I was familiar with, he still hadn't learned English. Consequently, he didn't understand anything I was saying. He had obviously outgrown the white florescent suit he was wearing. He was

only wearing the bottom part of the two piece suit. Unique among the Tall White children, he had come bare chested out into the cool night time air. I could see every detail of his young physical frame. He had nipples on his chest, just as any young human boy his age would have. He did not have any chest hair, and had only very thin platinum blond hair on his head and on his thin muscular arms. His upper body and shoulders were very similar to that of a human boy, only somewhat thinner. He had shoulder bones, arm bones, collar bones, a spine, lungs, and a rib cage with the usual number of ribs. He was breathing just as a human boy would. Through the thin chalk white skin on his arms and upper body, could be seen veins and arteries pulsing and filled with blood, just as any

human would have. His eyes were roughly twice as large as any human, and they stretched noticeably further around the side of his head. His eyes were otherwise similar. They had the usual blue irises surrounded by a large white area.

The fluorescent suit that the Tall Whites wore did not have a power pack in the lower pants part. The power pack was in the upper part of the suit, located behind the shoulders, and lower neck.

For this reason, the Tall White boy's half suit, missing the upper half, was totally non-functional. It was providing him with some warmth and modesty protection, but nothing more. Bare-chested as he was, he must have found the night air to be quite cold. The temperature was only in the low 60's

Fahrenheit at the time. The Tall Whites came from a planet that ran much hotter than the Earth, and they couldn't take the cold anywhere near the way a human could. Consequently, the Tall White boy had risked contracting a very bad case of a cold or flu, just to come out to see me, and look through my theodolite. I guess I shouldn't have been surprised that he had come in so close to me. He might well have been trying to stay warm.

As I continued side stepping across the gravel, facing him all the time as I did so, I became increasingly alarmed. He continued to pace me step for step, and refused to break off his steady pursuit. He simply refused to allow me to pretend he wasn't there, or to retreat from him. The expression in his eyes said it all. He was feeling hurt and

surprised. He seemed to be asking, “Why don’t you like me the way you like the others?” In my mind, I seemed to be receiving some type of communication from Tour Guide. It was garbled because I was in such a shocked emotional state that Tour Guide’s communications didn’t seem to be able to communicate with me correctly. Tour Guide seemed to be trying to calm me down. He seemed to be saying, about the boy, “Don’t be afraid. He loves humans, especially you.”

Tour Guide’s words did little to calm me. I had always considered the Tall White children to be untouchable and unapproachable. Considering the boy’s age, I had no idea if his mother had come with him or if she still considered him to be under her protection. I had no desire

to find out under these circumstances.

Instinctively, facing south as I was, and

deeply concerned for my own safety, I

continued

retreating

towards

the

sagebrush at the western edge of the

graveled area. I wanted to retreat into

the protection of the patches of

sagebrush that lay out in the desert to the

west. The bare-chested Tall White boy

would be forced to break off his steady

pursuit once I reached the safety of the

taller sagebrush.

I continued my steady retreat across

the gravelled area to the west, out

between the large gap between the

Range Lounge building and the generator

shack. I continued retreating straight

west, out across the graveled area
passing directly in front of the parked,
empty scout craft. As I was reaching the
western edge of the graveled area, the
Tall White boy realized that there wasn't
anything he could do to keep me from
escaping into the desert to the west,
where he could no longer pursue. He
stopped his pursuit, and stood looking at
me. I stopped too. I was hoping that his
mother would show herself so I could
explain my fears to her. However,
except for Tour Guide, none of the other
Tall White adults had shown themselves.
Tour Guide had maintained his post at
the base of the Control Tower, so even
he was now completely out of sight
behind the Lounge building. He trusted
me so completely that he obviously
wasn't the least bit concerned that the

Tall White boy and I, along with the
scout
craft,
were
now
standing
completely alone together in the desert
night time.

I stood looking at the young Tall
White boy who had so completely
frightened me, while he stood looking at
me. The look in his eyes said it all. If he
had been a human, he would have just
sat down and cried in disappointment. I
tried to explain it to him. "I'm only
human," I said. "You frightened me."
He obviously didn't understand me.
He obviously wanted me to take him by
the hand and walk him over to the
theodolite stand. He obviously wanted

me to show him all about the theodolite, the balloons, and the lights. He wanted me to let him look through the instrument as I had let the others look through it.

And, most of all, he obviously wanted me to talk to him. Yet, with my emotional state blocking Tour Guide's equipment, and Tour Guide himself out of sight on the other side of the Range Lounge building, there wasn't any way I could communicate with the young boy.

Then there was the matter of what his mother would think if I talked directly to the young boy. None of the Tall Whites had ever explained to me how long the mothers felt so protective of their children, or how old the children had to be, before the mother was willing to share them with others, especially with humans.

Since

Tour

Guide

was

equivalent in age to a human man in his

early forties, I never considered the

possibility that the boy might be Tour

Guide's son, or grandson, or nephew. In

the past, whenever the experienced Tall

Whites came, if there were any family

relationships between them, they began

by proudly pointing out their other

family members to me. Under the

circumstances, I didn't have the courage

to walk the boy over to my theodolite. If

his mother were hiding behind any one

of the nearby buildings, my life and well

being might well be on the line if I did

so.

I tried once again by talking calmly to

the young boy. “You can go over and look through my theodolite, if you want to,” I said softly. “I’m sorry I shouted at you. I’m only human and you frightened me.”

The boy was so disappointed. My words made little difference. He obviously didn’t understand a word that I was saying. In total disappointment, with his heart in his hands, he turned back towards the theodolite. I stood and watched him go. When he arrived back at the theodolite, it was immediately obvious that he was too short to actually reach and see through the eye piece. He tried jumping. However it was to no avail. Without the top part of his suit, he was as tied to the surface of the Earth as I was. I began feeling sorry for him. After several minutes, and still not

seeing any of the other Tall Whites, I decided to take the chance and walk over to where he was. I was about half way back, walking across the graveled area, when Tour Guide left his post and walked over to the theodolite stand to where the boy was. I stopped where I was, for I had no desire to frighten Tour Guide too. Tour Guide bent over in a fatherly fashion and tried to pick the boy up and lift him up so he could see through the theodolite. However, even though the boy weighed only 60 pounds or so, he was much too heavy for any one Tall White man to lift. The Tall Whites simply did not have the heavy bones and muscles that a human has. I, being human, was built like a gorilla from their point of view. It would have been a simple matter for me to lift the

boy up, providing they approved. As usual, I had my work gloves with me, stuffed into my back fatigue pocket. I wanted to help Tour Guide. However, it had been my experience that none of the Tall Whites in the past had ever wanted to be actually touched by a human. I wanted to make certain that I had their approval before I attempted to help. Consequently, I began, once again, walking slowly towards Tour Guide and the boy. Tour Guide was standing with his back towards me, and apparently unaware that I was approaching him. He hadn't communicated with me. I wanted to make certain he knew that I was there, before I approached him too closely. I turned towards the generator shack to my south and began walking in that direction. I began quietly singing one of

my summer romance songs as I did so. I had only taken a few steps, when a second Tall White adult man stepped out from behind the far northeast corner of my weather shack. I stopped in my place, and waited while I studied the situation. Like Tour Guide, the second Tall White man was perhaps 6 feet 6 inches or so tall. He hurried intently over to the theodolite stand. He acted as if he were the boy's father, and as if Tour Guide was his brother. Together, he and Tour Guide were just barely able to lift the boy up so he could look through the theodolite. It took both of them. Apparently 30 to 35 pounds was about all that an adult Tall White man was capable of lifting easily.

As I stood there watching the three of them, I did the math. I remembered that

on the night several months ago when Tour Guide had collapsed, it had taken six Tall White men to lift him up and carry him to the waiting scout craft ambulance. If a typical Tall White man could lift only 30 to 35 pounds, then, presumably the typical Tall White mother would be able to lift only 25 or 30 pounds, at most. I estimated that the very young children that I had seen during the previous nights probably weighed only 25 pounds, more or less, when they weren't wearing their florescent suits. They were now old enough so that their mothers no longer carried them. I roughly guessed, based on the young children's ages, that their mothers had stopped physically carrying them when they weighed roughly 15 to 20 pounds here on the Earth. By then, the

children were old enough to walk around on their own. I knew that the Tall White's home planet was larger than the Earth and had a stronger gravitational field. Therefore the same children, at the same age, would weigh more on their home planet. If the Tall White mothers could lift only 25 to 30 pounds, maximum, then when the child was old enough to walk around on his own, he couldn't weigh more than 25 to 30 pounds on their home planet. So, if the child, at the age when he was no longer carried by his mother weighed 20 pounds here on the Earth, and the same child at the same age weighed 30 pounds on his home planet, it meant that The Tall Whites home planet would have a surface gravity that was roughly one and a half times stronger than the Earth's. By

the laws of physics, then, assuming that their home planet was an 'Earth-like' planet, it would be roughly twice as massive as the Earth. Hence to them, the Earth would be "a cold desolate wilderness." It all made complete sense. After the boy had his chance to look through the theodolite, Tour Guide showed the boy and his father how the theodolite worked. The father then took his turn looking through the instrument and spent a few minutes studying some of his favorite stars. One of them seemed to be the star Arcturus. It took a while, perhaps another 20 minutes. Then the three of them, Tour Guide, the father, and the boy, all walked off together back across the gravel, disappearing out of sight at last behind the Range Three lounge.

The
boy
still
seemed
disappointed, perhaps because the adults
had only been able to hold him up to
look through the theodolite for such a
short time, and was walking with his
head down. In a few minutes, the scout
craft lifted off with just the three of them
on board. They had made a special trip
down from their mountain base just so
the boy could be with me.

I returned to the weather shack and
finished the computations. I spent a few
minutes in prayer, hoping that with my
human failings, I hadn't disappointed my
good friend Tour Guide. I thought for a
few minutes about the boy who had been
so disappointed. I remembered that

because the Tall Whites are only flesh and blood, as I was, there will come a day many years from now when the years will have caught up with me, Tour Guide, and the boy's father. There will come a time when we will have all passed away, and only the boy will remain with his memories of that disappointing night. Since the boy, being a Tall White, could be expected to live for another 600 Earth years, I wondered how he would remember me.

As I prayed, I recalled the Beatitudes given to us by Jesus. I remembered that when Jesus had said, things such as "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven ..." Jesus didn't necessarily limit his sayings to only humans. It made sense that God's creatures who know good from evil

might easily include the Tall Whites.

[The Wayward Wind](#)

For God So loved the

World

that he gave his only

begotten son

that whoever believes in

him

shall not perish

but have eternal life.

... John 3: 16

... . .

It was another captivating desert

afternoon in the early fall of 1966. The

Indian Springs valley stretched idyllic

and serene in all directions from my

Range Three weather shack. It started in

the

stately,

majestic,

tree-covered

mountains to the far north. It gently touched and followed the natural walls of the harvest brown mountains to the east and to the west. It ended finally in the friendly spring watered mountains to the south, at whose base sat Indian Springs.

This beautiful desolate desert valley, located in the American South-West, contained part of a set of USAF gunnery ranges. I was the USAF duty weather observer. I was proud to be an Airman first class. I had worked hard to earn it. Five days a week, several times a day, I released a weather balloon, measured the winds at various altitudes over the valley, completed the weather report, and phoned it in to my home base at Nellis AFB. Nellis airbase lay some

90 miles away, across the deserts and mountains, down to the distant southeast. The first balloon always had to be released at 4:30 am. To make it on time, I had to start my day at 3:00 am. The last balloon release for the day was usually at 2:00 pm. It made for a long day, but I enjoyed the duty. I had my own truck, my own bunk, my own barracks, tremendous freedom for an enlisted man, and four weather shacks scattered out in some of the most desolate desert valleys in the American Southwest. I was the Range Weather Observer, and I was the only one.

In between weather reports, I could do anything I wanted. I could go anywhere I wanted, anytime I wanted. I could do anything I wanted to when I got there. "Anywhere" included the highly

restricted areas to the west, east, and the distant north of me. Even if the Ranges were closed to everyone else, they were never closed to me. The only rule was that whatever I did, wherever I went, I had to do so, totally alone, even if it killed me. Although it was a rule I had to live by, it wasn't a rule that I could ever be punished for breaking. It was only a rule that everyone else had to observe, or be court martial-ed accordingly. My freedom came at a price.

On paper, it seemed like this might be the easiest job in the U.S. Air Force.

Based on entries in the log books, however, within my 4 weather shacks, during the 7 previous years, at least 41 weather observers before me had experienced tremendous

difficulties

while attempting to perform these very same duties. None of them were able to rise above the terror provoked by the disquieting presence of the Tall White extraterrestrials that regularly intruded their domain.

Hundreds,

maybe

thousands of weather reports had been faked, falsified, or were missing from the records. Log book entry after log book entry recorded their days of fear and nights of terror. Most had been intimidated, many had been terrorized, a few had been burned and injured for life.

My turn too, had come. That was more than a year ago. I had overcome my fears. Now, for me this was good duty. I

had learned to enjoy it.

On this particular day, I was sitting quietly at my desk in the weather shack. I was writing a letter home to my father.

His birthday was in a few weeks. I was sending him a present and I was trying to tell him that I loved him.

I had driven myself out onto the Ranges and I was alone. The ranges had been closed the past two weeks and were scheduled to remain closed for the next two as well. It was three days after the night of the full moon, and it was hot.

There were several large mail order catalogs on the shelf, up and to my left overlooking my desk. I had two current copies each of three different catalogs. I kept the catalogs neat, clean, and carefully arranged. I also kept at least one old, used catalog within easy reach.

You see, my Range Three weather shack had outdoor plumbing. On cold rainy fall days, a catalog had more than one use. One of the thick catalogs lay open to a page showing various tobacco related products. One of the products was a small machine that rolled cigarettes. It came complete with several cans of tobacco and several hundred pieces of cigarette paper. I had ordered it from the catalog and directed that it be delivered directly to my father on his farm in Wisconsin. My father had smoked all of his life and he loved to roll his own cigarettes. Much as he enjoyed rolling his own cigarettes, he wasn't very good at it. My childhood memories included many happy summer afternoons playing next to him, as he worked outside in the fields on his Wisconsin farm, while he

enjoyed smoking a cigarette that he hadn't properly rolled. On those occasions, he could hardly have looked more comical.

With my pen in hand and tears of nostalgia in my eyes, I took out a new piece of stationary and for perhaps the fourth time, I began my letter to my father. I wrote large because his eyesight had dimmed with the passing years. I began:

“Dear Dad,
Happy birthday. I ordered you a present from the catalog and it should come in the mail in a couple of weeks. I hope you like it.

Things here in the USAF have been going fine. When I finish my four year tour of duty and I get my honorable discharge, I intend to go back to college.

I plan on returning to the University of Wisconsin at Madison and majoring in physics, just the way you always wanted.

You have been a perfect father, and I want you to have a Happy Birthday.

I Love you,

Your son,

Airman First Class

Charles James Hall “

Then, wiping tears from my eyes, I carefully removed the two pages of stationary from the tablet I was using. I folded them in half, and carefully placed them in the wastepaper basket that sat on the floor on the right side of my desk.

The two folded sheets of paper stood on end, nested within one another, side by side with my other three failed attempts.

My tears had stained the paper. My handwriting was almost unreadable. My wording was all wrong. It was obvious to me that I would have to collect my thoughts, clear my mind, and begin again.

After sitting quietly and reminiscing for a few minutes, I decided that my previous attempt, my third attempt, had been better than my last attempt. So, leaving my fourth failed letter in the waste basket, along with attempts one and two, I carefully took hold of the two handwritten pages that were my third attempt, took them out of the basket, brushed them off and straightened them. Then I carefully positioned them in front of me on the surface of my desk, and tried to begin again. I was still unsure of what to say to my father. I placed the

tablet and the two pages of my third attempt on the shelf above my desk and decided to try again tomorrow.

I sat quietly in my chair. I slowly turned my chair so that I was facing north, looking out my front door at the mountains that formed the distant northern boundary of this secluded desert valley. Off to my right, the large side door of my weather shack stood open. It allowed the gentle afternoon breezes to occasionally drift into the weather shack. I enjoyed the breezes when they came. They comforted me, as they dried the tears from my eyes.

Out in the desert to the north, past my theodolite with its sturdy steel stand, the Range Three lounge, the empty wooden Control Tower, the two metal trash cans that sat next to the cable fence on the

right, the Range Three Boards, and out
past the intersection between the Range
Four road heading north with the Bunker
road

heading

over

towards

the

mountains to the east, I could see one of
the white scout craft slowly crossing the
valley diagonally towards the southwest.

It had come down the valley from its
main mountain base in the far northern
mountains. Now it was heading towards
the underground hanger that lay hidden in
an arroyo northwest of Range Four. I

remember

sitting

there

quietly,

wondering why.

It was unusual for the tall white extra-terrestrials to be coming out from their main base this late in the afternoon.

Usually, by this time on a hot summer afternoon like today, they would have been returning to their mountain base to refuel their craft and to rest up for the coming evening. But then, this month was already shaping up to be somewhat unusual. The deep space craft had arrived on schedule at the mountain base at sundown on the night of the full moon some three nights before. Usually, after only one or two nights, the experienced tall white guards would begin escorting groups of new arrivals down the valley to carefully watch me from a short distance as I took the morning balloon run. The tall whites were very punctual.

I wondered why the guards were already
a day late in bringing the new arrivals
down to watch me on the morning run. In
any event, it wasn't like I actually cared,
but I did find it curious.

The next morning began normally
enough. As usual, I woke up at 3:00
A.M. I bunked alone in an old wooden
WWII style barracks. I happily noted
that this morning it was otherwise
deserted. I turned off my alarm clock,
got out of bed, brushed my teeth, shaved,
got into my dark green work uniform,
and headed out to my USAF pickup truck
parked outside. The weather was
perfect. The skies were clear and huge
quantities
of
enchanted
moonlight

spilled over everything in the valley. I sang loudly to myself as I made the long nighttime drive out to the buildings on Range Three. I was still a half mile or so from the Range Three buildings when I first saw the large white scout craft sitting out in the moonlight, in the sagebrush, on the ridge that lay 1000 feet or so slightly northwest of the Range Three lounge. The tall whites obviously intended I should see it.

I continued driving towards the Range Three buildings. I parked my truck in its usual position next to the generator shack, opposite the northern set of doors.

As I did so, the white scout craft powered up. In near perfect silence, it rose up 20 feet or so above the sagebrush and silently floated towards the Range Three buildings. It reached a

spot some 30 feet or so just west of the Range Three lounge, and silently floated to a stop and set down gently on the hard packed desert floor. It sat facing me, completely powered down, some 200 feet away. All of its lights were off, both interior and exterior. It was one of the larger scout craft with seating for perhaps 20 passengers. I had dubbed that model, the “School Bus” model. It was solid white, ellipsoidal, shaped generally like a large smoothly molded flying RV, with windows on both sides and in the front, but none in the back. Like all the scout craft, It had the usual double hull construction. Between the two hulls it contained many miles of

fiber optic windings. There were several different sets of windings. It was from within these windings that the various force fields were generated that silently powered the craft. As I sat watching the craft sitting there on the desert floor, it seemed obvious that the pilots on board, at least, were totally unafraid of me.

After a few minutes, I got out of my truck and began the walk over to my weather shack. I decided not to start the diesel generator. With the desert filled with so much beautiful moonlight, I didn't need additional lighting and I knew that sometimes the generator's electricity interfered with the Tall White's microwave communications. I felt that I would live longer if I never got in their way.

When I arrived at my weather shack, as usual, I opened the front and side doors and began the morning weather report. The scout craft sat off to the northwest, hidden from direct view by the Range Three lounge building. It took me 20 minutes or so to measure the temperature, dew point, etc, fill out the usual forms, fill the weather balloon with the required amount of helium, and attach a battery powered light. With my clipboard in one hand, I carried the balloon out to the theodolite stand in front of the weather shack, checked my watch, and released the balloon. I quickly removed the heavy aluminum cover from my theodolite. I took the protective cover off the instrument and began the morning balloon run. As I did so, I noticed that several of the tall

whites began looking at me from around the northeast corner of the Range Three lounge. They were obviously new arrivals and, as usual, had not yet overcome their natural fear of me.

After a minute or so, the tall white guard known as Tour Guide stepped out from behind the Range Three lounge. He walked quickly to the base of the nearby wooden control tower and took up a standing position facing me.

He motioned with his right hand to the others, who were still hidden behind the lounge, to come out into the open where he was. Tour Guide was the guard whose life I was credited with saving

several months before. At the time, he had collapsed from an illness. His friends would have inadvertently left him, until I sounded the alarm and they returned, with a Tall White doctor, to save him. Tour Guide and I trusted each other. He was quite a bit taller than I was. He usually stayed back some distance from me, realizing that his close presence could be quite intimidating.

There were 15 or so new arrivals.

They were quite obviously all young adults. They were generally about my height 5'10" - 6'0". They had the usual thin, frail body build, chalk white skin, large blue eyes, and nearly transparent platinum blond hair. Like all of the Tall Whites, their eyes were perhaps twice the size of human eyes. They stretched noticeably further around the sides of

their heads than human eyes do. It was with a great deal of apprehension that most of them stepped out from behind the Range Three lounge. Most formed up into a close knit group standing next to the northeast corner of the Range Three lounge. A few of them, however, were somewhat braver. They took up carefully selected positions along the base of the control tower. One, braver than the rest proceeded as far as the two garbage cans some 100 feet or so northeast of me. The two garbage cans sat alongside the cable fence that marked the boundary between the skip bomb area to the east and the graveled square which contained the Range Three buildings. All of the Tall Whites stood facing me. For my part, I continued with my morning balloon run. Sooner or later, I figured,

they would all calm down. Then if the new arrivals wanted to talk to me, they could do so on their terms. This simple plan, was part of my plan for living to a nice old age. After all, the Tall White adults, new or otherwise, always came well armed.

Eventually, the last Tall White adult came out from behind the Range Three lounge building. It was the Tall White doctor who had saved Tour Guide's life several months before. He stepped happily out from behind the Range Three lounge. He stood perhaps 6 feet 4 inches tall, and had a build that was noticeably more muscular than the usual Tall White male. His build was more like that of a tall human. Like Tour Guide, his greater height indicated that he was older than the new arrivals. As the Tall Whites

aged,

they

experienced

several

additional periods of growth. His large irises were still blue but the whites were now noticeably pink. Most older Tall White males had pink surrounding the irises of their eyes. Seeing him, and knowing he was a doctor, I immediately guessed that the new arrivals might be a group of medical students and he was perhaps showing them around as a training mission.

The doctor could hardly have been in a happier mood. Like Tour Guide, he was wearing his communication equipment so occasionally some of his thoughts would slowly

appear

in

my

consciousness. Like Tour Guide, he kept

the equipment tuned down to a low

level, so I had to concentrate carefully to

tell what he was saying. He and Tour

Guide

apparently

kept

the

communication equipment turned down

as a courtesy to me. If it were turned up

too high, it could greatly disrupt my

normal thought patterns.

The Doctor began by walking over to

the base of the wooden control tower.

He did so in an open and forceful

manner. He could hardly have been

happier. He pointed to the wood and the

paint, and he began by saying to the other new arrivals, “Look at this. They call it wood and they build everything from it.” He continued by pointing to the sagebrush and discussing the differences between sagebrush and wood as building materials. He had his back to me at the time. He obviously trusted me. When that part of his lecture to his students was completed, he turned around and began visually inspecting the rest of the Range Three area. Suddenly, in a very electric and emotional fashion, he spotted me standing at my theodolite stand. I was standing on the south side of the theodolite at the time. Immediately, a large smile came across his face as he recognized who I was. His thoughts began invading my consciousness and seemed to say, “There you are, Charlie. I

have been looking for you.”

Then, without warning, he began walking directly and energetically over towards me, in much the same fashion that a grandfather might suddenly start walking over towards a new grandson.

At first I was spellbound. I kept thinking that he was going to break his stride and keep his distance from me, as Tour Guide would have. However when he was finally less than 20 feet from me, I became totally intimidated by his presence. Only the theodolite stand itself and a few feet of graveled desert separated us. It seemed like he intended to walk right up to me and start hugging me. A sudden wave of anxiety swept over me. I broke off my balloon run, grabbed my clipboard, and began backing away from him. I backed away

towards the southwest, until I was standing with my back nearly touching the north wall of the generator shack.

There, I decided, I would make my stand.

For the Doctor's part, he wasn't the least bit surprised. He seemed to understand completely. As soon as I started backing away, he stopped immediately by my theodolite stand and waited for me to reach the emotional safety of the generator shack and, regain my courage. Being a doctor, he seemed to care nothing about the mechanical aspects of my theodolite. Rather, he seemed interested only in studying the emotional or psychological aspects of what was happening. I was very emotional at the time, so I guess that he found

my
behavior
to
be
very
entertaining.

In any event, after a few minutes had passed and I had settled down, he started treating me with tremendous respect. He began communicating with his students. He wanted each one of them to inspect my weather shack. With that in mind, then, while he remained standing at my theodolite stand smiling at me, the new arrivals divided into small groups of two or three. Each group, in turn, would carefully walk from where they were standing next to the Range Three lounge, east across the graveled square until they arrived at the two metal garbage cans

where another Tall White adult was waiting to greet them. Then, they would very carefully follow down along the cable fence until they were opposite the side door of my weather shack. Then, one by one, they would take turns entering my weather shack and inspecting any item that they considered to be of interest. None of them appeared to care anything about the mechanical items inside the shack. My helium cylinders and balloon tools were never touched. One group, for example, apparently with an experienced hand, opened one of my catalogs to a section on cotton and nylon medical clothing.

There were several pages which seemed to capture their interest. Another group seemed to find my paint-by-numbers paintings to be of tremendous interest.

Another group seemed to find my bottles of rubbing alcohol and my snack foods to be quite interesting.

For my part, I was quite content to remain standing with my back to the generator shack while the Tall Whites amused themselves in my weather shack.

The valley that evening looked more like a huge desert cathedral than a set of military gunnery ranges. The air was cool and fresh. The winds were gentle, light and variable from the southwest.

The moonlight was exhilarating. The Tall Whites could take all of the time they wanted, as far as I was concerned.

Eventually, all of the medical students

had taken turns inspecting my weather shack and had carefully retreated back to their initial places next to the northeast corner of the Range Three lounge. Now it was the Doctor's turn. Now, the Doctor stood fully upright and began walking carefully and respectfully towards the front door of my weather shack. The expression on his face as he did so, was one of awe. When he arrived at the front door, he stopped for a minute, just to enjoy the experience. When he finally and carefully stepped up into my weather shack, he seemed to be stepping up into a special world that he had always dreamed of entering. He could hardly have been happier. He spent the next 15 or 20 minutes inside my shack, very carefully studying my desk area. When he finally came

back out through the front door, stepping carefully back down to the graveled desert out front, in his left hand he was carrying the two pieces of paper that formed my fourth failed attempt to write a letter to my father. He was totally engrossed in his discovery. He had obviously taken it from my waste paper basket. As he walked slowly back towards my theodolite stand, Tour Guide communicated with him. "Wait for me at the stand." Tour Guide said pleasantly. While the Doctor waited at the stand, Tour Guide left his position at the base of the tower and walked over to meet him at the stand. When he arrived, he began in a brotherly fashion, "We promised the American Generals that when we come to inspect his things, we would never take anything of his and

leave it in place where he could not come and get it. You may read the letter that you are holding and you may show it to the others, but you can not take it with us on the scout craft. It must be left, either here, or in the Range Three lounge, where he can find it.”

The

Doctor

was

immensely

disappointed, but pleasantly began

arguing with Tour Guide. “But you do

not understand,” he said. “You should

read this letter. It is to his father. In it he

tells his father that he loves him. It

proves that he and his father love each

other.”

“We

promised

the

American

Generals. The letter can not be taken on the scout craft.” responded Tour Guide.

For my part, I stood there in shock.

The Tall White Doctor could read my poorly written letter better than I could.

My tear stained handwriting, after all, had been atrocious.

The Doctor continued, imploring Tour Guide, “He threw it away. It was in his waste basket. He has other letters that he likes better. If I could take this with me, I could show the others. You do not understand how valuable this is.”

“The agreements that we have with the American Generals can not be broken.” responded Tour Guide. “The letter can not be taken on the scout craft. It must be left behind.”

“I understand”, responded the Doctor sadly. Then he slowly bent down to the ground and found a medium sized rock. He carefully placed the two pages of the letter on the gravel, and used the rock to hold them down. “He can find his letter here on the ground next to the stand.” said the Doctor sadly. Then he and Tour Guide walked slowly back to the northeast corner of the lounge. Tour Guide returned to his previous position standing his post at the base of the wooden control tower. The Doctor and the others took up their positions in groups at the northeast corner of the lounge building and stood watching me. I continued to stand waiting, with my back to the generator shack for a few more minutes. After all that had happened, I needed time to collect my

thoughts and settle down. The night breezes continued to be cool and gentle. Every now and then they quietly moved through the Range Three area, coming in off the desert from the southwest, entering the graveled area from between the buildings and swirling gently around the rocks and scattered sagebrush, until they made their way out across the skip bomb area to the northeast. When I had finally collected my thoughts and emotions, I began walking slowly over towards the rock that was holding my discarded letter. When I reached it, I bent down and began to pick up the two hand written pages. A gentle gust of wind came along and blew the second page from my grasp. The piece of paper bounced gently across the gravel until it reached some small stunted sagebrush

plants that were growing next to one of the posts of the cable fence marking the edge of the skip bomb area. The dry thorns of the sagebrush held it there while I walked slowly over to get it, carrying the first page of my letter as I did so. Once I had the second page in my hands, I stood up, turned around, and carefully studied the Doctor and the others, as they stood there carefully studying me. For a minute or so, they seemed as human as I was.

The passing time reminded me that I was already late with the morning wind report. I was also worried that Nellis might ask for a second balloon run because I had broken off the balloon readings so early. So, carrying my clipboard and the pages of my letter, I turned and hurried back to my weather

shack. I placed the letter back in the wastepaper basket that sat on the floor by the front door. I quickly straightened my stack of catalogs and other papers that the tall whites had looked at. I completed my wind computations and phoned Nellis. It was very late and I was quite embarrassed. However, the duty weather observer who answered at Nellis didn't seem to care at all. He said the Base Commander had phoned him and for some reason, had ordered him to skip the morning wind report. Even so, for some reason, something about his unusual carefree attitude left me feeling very nervous. During the entire phone conversation, the Tall Whites stood by the Range Three lounge watching me in an unusually attentive manner. It seemed as

though

their

communication

equipment allowed them to listen in on the entire conversation.

As soon as I had completed the phone call and had hung up the phone, the Tall Whites formed up into small groups and began heading back towards their scout craft. By the time I had finished tidying up my weather shack, arranging my tools, completing my log book entries, and filing my weather forms, I could see the Tall Whites in their scout craft heading slowly back up the valley towards their mountain base at the north end of the valley. As I stood there, watching them in the distance, an unusual idea formed in my mind. Since I wasn't going to send the fourth letter to my

father, there was no reason for me to store it in my waste basket. So, almost on a whim, I took the letter from the waste basket where I had placed it and carried it out to the two garbage cans that sat along the cable fence. Both cans were empty and very dry, thanks to the many days they had sat exposed out in the desert sun. I carefully placed the two page letter in the bottom of the nearest garbage can and left the cover off. It seemed like an easy enough place for the doctor to find it. Then I returned to my weather shack, closed everything down, and headed on in to base for breakfast. The weekend came, and then the following Monday came. The ranges were still closed and the weather had been perfect. I had just finished my 1:30 P.M. run in the afternoon and I wondered

if my letter was still in the garbage can.

So, singing one of my sunshine songs, I walked out to check. Both pages still sat in the garbage can. They had been touched only by the desert winds.

Feeling some disappointment, I stood up and studied the mountains to the northeast for a while. Nothing seemed out of place, but I became convinced that I was being watched. Acting on an impulse, I shouted out into the gentle afternoon desert winds, “You can have the letter if you want it. I’m not going to use it. I’ve already written a better letter to my father.” Then I returned to my weather shack and completed my afternoon wind measurements.

The next day produced yet another jewel-like morning in the desert. I parked my truck in its usual location for

the 4:30 A.M. run. I noticed that the garbage cans had been moved slightly. I walked over to the nearest one. My two page letter was gone. The footprints in the soft desert soil said it all. The doctor had walked down from the ammunition bunker to the northeast. He had come back for the souvenir of his dreams.

[Seeing Is Believing](#)

... Jesus saith unto him,

“Thomas, because thou hast

seen me,

thou hast believed:

Blessed are they that have not

seen,

and yet have

believed.”

And many other signs truly did

Jesus

in the presence of

his disciples,
which are not written in this
book.

... John 20:29 - 30

.....

It was a stunning fall afternoon in
1966. I was sitting in the front doorway
of my Range Three weather shack
listening to the music on my radio. Out
north in the desert, past my theodolite
with its permanent sturdy steel stand, I
could see one of the Tall White Scout
Craft. It was slowly crossing the valley
on a slight diagonal, slowly and silently
working its way down the valley
towards me. The craft had come down
the valley from its main mountain base in
the far northern mountains. Now it was
obviously heading towards a soft
landing behind the nearby Range Three

lounge building. I remained sitting in the front doorway of the weather shack, carefully watching the scout craft. I instinctively timed it, as it slowly approached the Range Three buildings.

The scout craft, in effect, their automobiles, had not been brought to earth by the Tall Whites. They had constructed their many scout craft here on Earth using parts and raw materials freely supplied to them by The United States Air Force. The USAF received technology in return. The scout craft were assembled in an area in the back of their main hanger dug in high up on the distant mountain to the north. There were several different models and designs.

This scout craft was the model that I had dubbed their standard model or their “RV” model. It was designed similar to

a flying Recreational Vehicle. It was appropriate for 5 people to go camping for perhaps a week. They had larger models. They had a 10 passenger “USAF Officers” model, a 20 passenger “school bus” model, an “ambulance” model, and several cargo models. Of course all models had the usual 5 additional seats up front in the cockpit area. Two of the seats were for the pilot and the copilot. So, for example, the “School Bus” model actually had space for 25 people on board.

All of the Tall White scout craft were very high performance vehicles. They were capable of traveling to any place on the Earth, the Moon, or Mars. If desired, with proper preparation, the scout craft could be taken as far away as the planet Jupiter, perhaps Saturn.

However, the Tall Whites did not consider their scout craft to be very well constructed. It wasn't unusual for the propulsion systems on board the craft to overheat. Consequently, the Tall Whites were noticeably cautious about where they took their scout craft.. They were equally cautious about the maximum speed which the scout craft traveled. The Tall Whites didn't idly take the scout craft as far away as the Moon or accelerate the scout craft to much beyond 30 per cent of the speed of light. The Tall White deep space craft, which were titanium black, were much better constructed. The Tall Whites had complete confidence in those craft. The Tall Whites felt comfortable using their Titanium Black Deep Space Craft to travel between the Earth and Stellar

Systems that were many light years from Earth. The Tall Whites routinely accelerated their titanium black deep space to many times the speed of light. The Tall White main hanger was dug into the mountains at the north end of Indian Springs Valley. The entrance to the main hanger was located high up on the southeast side of the mountain. Its position made it easy for the Tall White deep space craft to reach the hanger entrance, after they had landed at Dog Bone Lake. It was this hanger that the scout craft had come from. It was also this hanger that any damaged Tall White scout craft or deep space craft, had to return to for repairs.

The Tall White black, titanium hulled deep space craft were much larger than the scout craft. Some deep space craft

were so large they just barely fit into the

main

hanger,

whose

entryway

I

estimated to be roughly 70 to 90 feet

high and roughly 350 to 500 feet wide.

The deep space craft were roughly twice

as long as they were wide. The larger

craft were roughly the size of a typical

passenger cruise ship. Large as The

deep space craft were, the big craft did

not contain a scout craft hanger deck.

During the preceding months I spent out

on the Indian Springs ranges, month after

month I had watched the titanium black

deep space craft come in from space on

schedule and land at Dog Bone Lake.

The Tall Whites were very careful to

keep their large black space craft on schedule, if at all possible, as they made the deep space crossing between the stars. Their travel between our Earth and their bases in other solar systems was very carefully planned, orchestrated, and scheduled. In that respect, their main base up in the mountains operated in a manner that was very similar to any ordinary human airport.

The Tall Whites piloting the largest of the titanium black deep space craft greatly preferred to come in at sundown on the night of the full moon. This allowed them to trail the Earth as it traveled in its orbit around the sun. The pilots greatly preferred to come in on the smooth gravitational field

located

behind the earth when the moon was full.

On the night of the full moon, the Earth is physically positioned in between the sun

and the moon. At that time, a region

exists in the space behind the Earth

where the moon's small, nearby

gravitational field balances out the sun's

larger, more distant gravitational field.

The deep space craft preferred to

approach the Earth using this region in

space because it greatly simplified their

landing maneuvers.

In order to land safely, the deep space

craft typically slowed to what was for

them, a very slow speed. One evening, I

was able to measure the landing speed

for one of them. It had slowed to

approximately 8,000 miles per hour.

Once it reached an altitude of 10,000

feet over Dog Bone Lake, it powered up momentarily and proceeded to suddenly come to a complete stop in mid air. It took the large deep space craft less than a second to come to a complete stop from approximately 8,000 miles per hour.

The deep space craft was designed to travel much faster than the speed of light.

In order to maintain a speed as slow as 8,000 miles per hour, it had to power down to very low power levels.

Consequently at speeds as slow as 8,000 miles per hour, although it could stop on a dime, or turn corners in the blink of an eye, it wasn't particularly maneuverable.

Once they reached the Earth, the pilots of the deep space craft usually traveled in straight lines, or made only very simple maneuvers. The Tall Whites, for

example, never used the deep space craft to “terrain-follow” along the sides of the desert valleys. By comparison, the Tall Whites greatly enjoyed “terrain-following” along the sides of Indian Springs Valley in their white scout craft, typically at speeds in excess of 200 miles per hour.

The smaller of the deep space craft sometimes came in early, one or two nights before the night of the full moon,, and sometimes late, one or two nights after the night of the full moon.

However, unless they were having some type of emergency, they always chose to land on the trailing side of the Earth – i.e. at or near sundown.

If everything went as planned, after
being
refueled,
re-supplied,
and
repaired as necessary, the same deep
space craft would take off and return to
space two weeks later. During those two
weeks, the Tall White travelers would
disembark. and check into appropriate
underground living areas, accessed
through the underground tunnels to the
underground Tall White living areas,
built into the mountains at the north end
of Indian Springs Valley. The Tall White
travelers and the other Tall White new
arrivals,
like
tourists
everywhere,

greatly enjoyed having the experienced Tall White base personnel take them on tours to show them what humans were like, what the Earth was like, and so forth. For many of the Tall White travelers, I was the first and only human they would ever see close up.

Once refueled and repaired, after being in port for two weeks, the Tall White deep space craft would take off at midnight on the night of the new moon.

At that time, they would be launching into the smooth gravitational field that was outside the Earth as it traveled in its orbit, when the sun, the moon, and the Earth were all aligned, in that order.

Sometimes they might launch a night or two early, or perhaps a night or two late.

However, they always greatly preferred to launch right at midnight. Typically the

departing deep space craft would be brought out from the main hanger as much as two hours before take off.. The entrance to the main hanger was a tunnel entrance located in the side of the mountain with a flat, smooth, level mountain ridge out front. The hanger entrance was protected by a series of concrete doors which opened by being raised from the top. The departing craft would sit on the flat top of the ridge outside the open hanger entrance while the departing Tall Whites, their baggage and other belongings already on board, in a very social manner, obviously thanked the base staff and said their 'good byes'. With everyone on board, the deep space craft typically powered up and headed out to a holding area at approximately 10,000 feet which was

out over the center of Dog Bone lake.

Typically it took them roughly a half hour to perform the final check on their equipment. When they were finally ready, they would suddenly power up and accelerate out towards space at a very high rate. Once they had gotten above

The

Earth's

atmosphere,

anywhere from 80 miles up to perhaps 300 miles up, they would turn and head directly towards whichever star was next on their schedule. It was very common for them to head in the direction of the star Arcturus. However, it was also common for them to head in the direction of other stars as well. A number of times they appeared to be

headed towards stars that were only visible in the southern hemisphere.

Once, one of the medium sized titanium black deep space craft failed the final equipment check, and was forced to actually sit down on the surface of the dry lake bed at Dog Bone Lake. It remained there for more than two days before it was able to return to the main hanger. It remained in port at the main hanger for two complete months before it returned to its scheduled runs. I remember vividly the late afternoon when The Tall Whites took it out on a test flight and shake down cruise. It was gone for roughly two days. They were exceptionally careful with it. They were very slow on takeoff and they appeared headed only towards the Earth's moon which was in the second quarter at the

time.

I knew from past experience that the

Tall White scout craft, just like the Tall

White

deep

space

craft,

were

constructed with a double hull. In

between the two hulls were thousands of

miles of ceramic fiber optical windings

– in those days I called the strands of

fiber optics “angel hair”. The windings

were arranged in several groups. Some

windings

appeared

to

form

the

propulsion system. These windings

carried

sub-atomic

particles

that

generated physically real force fields

that allowed the craft to float on the

Earth's gravitational field. Some of

these windings also maintained a field

like the gravitational field, inside the

craft for the comfort of the occupants.

Other sub-atomic particles, possibly

of the same type, carried in other

windings, generated physically real

force fields that were used to steer, turn,

propel, and otherwise control the craft.

An outer set of windings carried sub-

atomic particles that created a physically

real force field to protect the occupants

from the intense forces of acceleration

and deceleration. This force field was

smoothly shaped and streamlined. It appeared to permit the craft to travel in deep space at many times the speed of light without encountering any relativistic effects. This force field also appeared to protect the occupants from exposure to the radiation fields that the craft encountered whenever it traveled in outer space. Thus, the overall design of the craft paid very careful attention to the characteristics of several different physically real force fields, all of which were unknown to Albert Einstein.

Einstein knew of the existence of only four physically real force fields. In fact, I could see that at least six physically real force fields exist in the world of

physics, and probably several more as well. Apparently the Tall Whites had carefully studied the physical properties of these additional fields. They had integrated these physically real fields into the space craft design, and also used them to streamline their spacecraft.

Einstein's various theories of relativity simply did not apply to the movements of the Tall White Deep Space craft, or to the movements of their Scout Craft.

Because the Tall Whites had made use of the physical characteristics of these additional force fields when they had designed, constructed, and streamlined their craft, time did not slow down or speed up for the occupants as their craft accelerated through the speed of light.

Likewise, the dimensions of the craft in the direction of motion did not become

shorter as their ships accelerated up to and through the speed of light. For that same reason, the apparent mass of their space ships did not increase as they accelerated towards the speed of light.

As I sat watching the movements of the Tall White scout craft that afternoon, it was simply plain as day that only Einstein's equation: $E = m c^2$ stood up to the phenomena I was observing.

On this day, as I sat watching the movements of the Tall White scout craft, it seemed I was the only human who realized that more than four physically real force fields exist in the world in which we all live. The first such field can be readily seen outside a properly constructed Toroidal coil. It seemed so obvious to me that the failure of the

Michelson-Morley experiment back in the 1880's should have made it painfully obvious to all the Earth's physicists that the photons of light contain more force fields than the mere two that James Clerk Maxwell had described in his famous four equations. The existence of a third field within the photon would explain all of Michelson-Morley's results. Such a field would allow the light to be dragged sideways or turned in its forward flight, as it interacted with any of the glass objects within the Michelson-Morley apparatus, thereby explaining all of the experimental results. I wondered how long physicists would continue to believe Einstein's Theory that the dimensions in the direction of motion had become shorter in such a way that no-one could see

them.

In a physically real sense, space does display a resistance, whenever a moving object changes its motion.

This resistance is called 'inertia'. Einstein included it in his equations as though it were part of the apparent mass of the object. Einstein didn't realize that the physical property of inertia is not the same as the physical property of mass. Mass is a property of the object itself. However, Inertia is a property of the space that surrounds the object.

When Einstein theorized that the mass of an object increased to infinity at the speed of light, he was in effect

theorizing that the inertia of the object –
i.e. the resistance of the space around the
object to further increases in velocity –
would increase to infinity at the speed of
light, if the object was not properly
streamlined and designed for high speed
motion.

The Tall Whites had designed their
craft so that one of the streamlined force
fields
that
surrounded
the
craft,
controlled the forces of inertia around
and throughout the interior of the craft.
Einstein's equations of relativity were
defeated by the design of the craft and
the streamlined shape of this force field.
The additional force field, which

controlled the forces of inertia, made velocities faster than the speed of light a physical reality. The only questions that remained were, “Which types of sub-atomic particles generated this force field? and which new type of quark was responsible for the characteristics of this force field?”

I was especially stunned when I realized that the high performance scout craft which I was watching, was built by the Tall Whites using American made parts. “If The Tall Whites could build such a craft in an underground hanger out in the mountains using our own parts, then American scientists could certainly build one in a hanger down at Edwards Air Base using our own parts, too,” I said to myself. “The only difference I can see, is the Tall Whites know a lot

more about the different force fields that are generated by the various sub-atomic particles. Of course, The Tall Whites were willing to go looking for these force fields. In effect, the Tall Whites studied the apparatus and other hardware used in The Michelson-Morley experiment far more carefully than Einstein, Michelson, or Morley, ever did.”

On board the Tall White craft were subatomic particle generators and subatomic

particle

receptors.

The

generators created subatomic particles

of various specific types, possibly

mesons or bosons. The generators sent

the particles into one end of their

respective coils. The coils, of course,

were specially designed strands and

bundles of optical fibers. The receptors

collected and captured those same

particles at the other end of their

respective coils. The coils were the

conduits through which the sub-atomic

particles traveled. The systems operated

in a manner similar to an ordinary

electromagnetic

coil

connected

to

opposite poles of a car battery.

The types of particles used in the craft's propulsion and other systems were carefully chosen. They were types of particles that are easily generated.

The particles created brought with them their correspondingly unique physically real force fields. One such subatomic particle, for example, by its very nature, created the force field that allowed the craft to float on the earth's gravitational field. Another subatomic particle by its very nature generated a physically real force field that protected the occupants from the forces of acceleration and deceleration. That field interacted with the photons of light, so when it was present, the craft took on a fuzzy white appearance. Similarly, each specific force field was generated by a

corresponding

type

of

subatomic

particle.

Subatomic particles are themselves

constructed from still smaller entities

known as quarks. Each force field is

created

and

associated

with

a

corresponding type of quark. The

existence of these additional physically

real force fields, unknown to Einstein

and to modern physicists, means that

additional physically real quarks exist

which are, also, as yet undiscovered by

modern physicists. The existence of

these additional quarks also implies that additional, and as yet undiscovered, subatomic particles exist. It implies that additional types of photons, mesons, and bosons exist which, as yet, are unrecognized by modern physicists.

Of course, a physically real force field is also able to store and release physically real quantities of energy. The optical fiber windings located in between the double hulls concentrated and amplified these force fields so that physically

real

force

fields

of

tremendous strength were generated.

These various force fields also stored tremendous quantities of physically real

energy. Stored energy, of course, can be transferred from one force field to another, according to fixed physical laws and equations. All of these physical laws and equations were unknown to Einstein. For that reason, Einstein failed when he attempted to create a grand unified field theory. He was simply trying to assemble a puzzle for which he hadn't collected all of the pieces.

The Tall White scout craft design caused the subatomic particles to follow a coiled path. Because of this, the various force fields were magnified and amplified millions of times.

By

generating only a few of the relevant sub-atomic particles, the resulting force fields could be immensely powerful.

Huge quantities of physically real energy could be manipulated – just as a small electrical generator can be used to power an electromagnet in an auto wrecking yard, which is capable of lifting several tons of iron. In this respect, the windings functioned in a manner reminiscent of an ordinary electromagnet.

However, the relevant sub-atomic particles are also subject to occasional radioactive particle decay. Not all of the particles generated had time enough to traverse their corresponding windings and to be captured by the particle receptors at the end of their coils, before undergoing radioactive decay. Such

decay deposited heat in the coils. Thus, the windings were prone to overheating and sudden meltdown. The windings functioned much better in the deep cold of outer space. The Tall Whites were always very conscious of the temperature of the windings. On many hot summer days in the desert, I observed them setting their scout craft down on the desert floor, disembarking, and opening up the sections of the outer hull over the windings, just to let the windings cool down.

Then there was the matter of the Tall White fluorescent suits. When the suits were fully powered up, it surrounded the

person with a fluorescent zone of protection. It also allowed the person wearing the suit to float on the Earth's gravitational field, just as the scout craft could float on The Earth's gravitational field. Even their children wore suits of that type. I had seen those suits up close, fully powered up, many times. Many nights the children came in closer than arm's length.

The suit projected more than a zone of white fluorescent light. Coming off the power coils of the suit, which were up by the shoulders, could occasionally be seen the thick straight paths left by one of the heavier radioactive particles.

After traveling only an inch or so in the air, the particles would strike air molecules. When that happened, a typical multi-branched, sparkling path

showing the radioactive decay chain could be seen. The chain was multi-branched and typically showed three or four different branches.

The initial thick paths always came straight off the power coils, obviously guided, pushed, and accelerated by the force fields coming off the coils which were sewn into the suit. The suits did not give off any pure electrical effects. The suits did not give off sparks, and did not interact with any of the aluminum, iron or copper materials from which my theodolite, its stand, and its battery powered electric lights were constructed. This meant that those force fields generated by the suits coils were

neither electrical nor magnetic force fields. Yet these new kinds of force fields were so safe to work with and easy to control that The Tall Whites had sewn these power coils into their children's clothes.

The Tall White's main hanger was located some 40 miles north of me. The main hanger was dug into the mountain, near the top of the tree line. When the Scout Craft I was watching, first come out from the hanger, despite the great distance, its outline appeared sharp and distinct. At that time, it was moving very slowly, probably not much more than 10 miles an hour. The Tall White pilots were guiding the craft in a very careful manner. When it was a short distance from the hanger entrance, perhaps a mile or so, it began powering up the outer

series of coils. As it did so, the outline of the craft became blurry and indistinct. Once the outer coils were powered up, the pilots of the scout craft were willing to go places. The craft quickly accelerated to more than one hundred miles per hour, as it terrain-followed down the near side of the distant mountain. One hundred miles per hour, of course, was an extremely slow speed for the scout craft. Once powered up, it was capable of accelerating to velocities in excess of the speed of light. Many times I had watched it accelerate to velocities in excess of 8,000 miles per hour in much less than two seconds -

and then stop, also in a near instantaneous fashion. If a human had tried to build a rocket ship which accelerated at that same rate, the on board G-Forces would have exceeded 15,000 G-s. By comparison, a steel ingot will liquefy at roughly 10,000 G-s

Turning towards Range Four, north of me, the scout craft covered the distance by terrain following down the valley at more than one hundred and fifty miles per hour. When it was still some five miles north of me it smoothly slowed down to perhaps 50 miles per hour. Two or three miles north of me, it slowed to perhaps 15 or 10 miles per hour. Once it was slowed down to roughly 15 miles per hour, the pilots began powering down the outer sets of coils, and guiding the craft very carefully. The pilots were

specifically powering down the force fields, which protected the occupants from the forces of inertia – i.e. of acceleration and deceleration. As they did so, the blurriness and the fuzziness of the craft went away. The outline of the craft returned to being clearly defined, sharp, and distinct. When the craft finally reached the hidden area just west of the Range Three lounge building, it slowed to walking speed. It set down very carefully on the gravel. It set down slowly, nose up, much the way a helicopter might, all in near perfect silence. I remember the shock I felt as I sat watching it. I remember wondering to myself, “How could Einstein have been so wrong?”

[APPENDIX A](#)

[Introduction to Hall Photon](#)

Theory

It was particularly gratifying to read an account of Wesley Clark's campaign speech given in New Castle, New Hampshire on September 27, 2003.

(<http://roswell.homestead.com/genwesley>clark Clark said, "I still believe in $E=mc$

squared. But... I can't believe that in all of human history, we'll never be able to go beyond the speed of light to go where we want to go."

What

follows

is

my

second

copyrighted paper on Hall Photon

Theory. HPT predicts the existence of additional physically real force fields.

HPT predicts that physically real space vehicles can be designed which will

take off from the surface of the Earth, carrying humans to distant stars at speeds many times faster than the speed of light. According to HPT, time would not speed up or slow down, but would proceed as normal.

Recent experiments produce results which contradict Einstein's theory of relativity. The speed of light for high energy gamma rays is slightly different than observed using photons of ordinary light.

The Hubble telescope has photographed an exploding star that is producing masses of material that are traveling at velocities greater than the speed of light. These masses are not

scattering randomly, but are streamlined entities. Hall Photon Theory provides a fresh look at reality; does not rely on theory of relativity, and, maintains that photons have a third field. It is my hope that other scientists will soon recognize that various experimental results continue to support Hall Photon Theory.

[Hall Photon Theory](#)

[Explores Force Fields](#)

[Which Enable](#)

[Travel Faster Than the speed](#)

[of Light](#)

Charles James Hall

Master of arts

Nuclear physics

San Diego State University

San Diego, California, 1973

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Hall Photon Theory

was originally presented

in a scientific paper that I authored

and copyrighted on

January 27, 1998

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In the study of Physics, a physically real force field is a force field that can store and transfer energy. One physically real force, of course is the force of gravity. The force of gravity generates a physically real gravitational field. As is well known, energy is readily stored and transmitted in a gravitational field. Any two gravitational fields can interact,

thereby generating forces between their two parent objects and transferring energy between them.

Two more physically real fields which readily store and transfer energy, are the well known electric field and the well known magnetic field. Currently the world of physics recognizes only four interactions, or forces. These are gravitation, electromagnetism, the strong force (a short-range force that holds atomic nuclei together), and the weak force (the force responsible for slow nuclear processes, such as beta decay). Incidentally, all of these forces are conservative.

Over the years, a number of scientists and mathematicians have attempted to formulate a Grand Unified Theory (GUT). To date, all have failed. A

Grand Unified Theory, in physics is a theory that proposes to unify the four known interactions, or forces — the strong, electromagnetic, weak, and gravitational forces —by a simple set of general laws. The attempts to develop a GUT are grounded in the belief that all physical phenomena should ultimately be explainable by some underlying unity.

One of the first to attempt the development of such a theory was Albert Einstein, whose work in relativity had led him to the hypothesis that it should be possible to find a unifying theory for the electromagnetic and gravitational forces. Einstein tried unsuccessfully during the last 30 years of his life and failed.

If Einstein had succeeded in creating a Grand Unified Theory (GUT), what he

would have had is a set of equations that describe how energy is stored and transferred from a physically real EM field to a physically real gravitational field. Since it is well known that electromagnetic fields are capable of oscillating, if Einstein had succeeded, his GUT equations would have also described how such EM oscillations pass energy in an oscillating manner into an oscillating gravitational field. The reverse would also have had to be true. Einstein's GUT equations would have had to describe how oscillations in a gravitational field pass energy into an oscillating EM field. For example, if Einstein had been successful, his GUT equations would have described how an oscillating EM field, say, on the sun, would

have
caused
the
sun's
gravitational field to also oscillate, and
vice versa. If he had been successful,
Einstein's GUT equations would also
have mathematically described how
oscillations in the Sun's EM field would
affect the orbit of the planet Mercury.
Consider also, the photon carries
energy and Einstein said that energy was
a diffuse form of matter ($E = MC^2$).
Since all matter is believed to generate
the force of gravity, each individual
photon, all by itself, must therefore be
generating
a
gravitational
force.

Therefore, internal to each individual
photon
there
must
also
exist
a
corresponding gravitational field. It is
well known that photons of light arriving
here on earth from distant stars do
interact
with
the
physically
real
gravitational fields that exist out in deep
space. One set of real life examples are
the recently discovered instances of
gravitational lensing. It is also well
known that light arriving here on earth

from distant massive stars shows a gravitational red shift. These photons of light have lost some of their initial energy during the process of escaping from their parent star's gravitational field. Therefore, there must exist a physically real mechanism whereby the energy that is contained within a photon's oscillating EM field can be transferred to its internal gravitational field, and thereby, transferred from the photon to the parent star's gravitational field. The reverse must also be true. There must exist a physically real mechanism whereby energy carried within the photon's internal gravitational field can be transferred to its oscillating EM field. So, photons of light arriving on the surface of a distant massive star must, therefore, be equivalently blue

shifted. Such photons must be gaining energy as they approach the star.

Yet, Einstein failed in his attempt to create a set of GUT equations that would have mathematically described how energy in the photon's internal EM fields can be transformed to and from its internal gravitational field. There must, therefore exist inside of the photon, another physically real field, as yet unrecognized by the world of physics, that is capable of interacting with both the photon's internal EM fields and with the photon's internal gravitational field.

HALL PHOTON THEORY (HPT)

names this new field the lowest order Star Shine field (S0). Since this new field must itself generate a physically real force and store physically real energy during this transfer process, this

new field must, therefore, be physically real and physically observable as a separate physical entity.

For example, Einstein himself, stated

that

he

could

not

explain

the

experimental results in the well known

“Water Filled Telescope” experiment. In

the Water Filled Telescope experiment,

photons of light are obviously being

turned or dragged sideways by the

motion of the physical objects within the

experimental

apparatus.

Since

the

famous Mickelson-Morley experiment is just another variation of the Water Filled Telescope experiment, it should come as hardly any surprise, that photons of light are being turned or dragged sideways within the Michelson-Morley experimental apparatus, by the sideways motion of its internal parts, as well. In order to turn or drag photons of light sideways within any experimental apparatus, a new physically real force must exist in nature. This is because to change the direction of motion of a photon or to drag it sideways in its flight, energy must be transferred

between the photon and its surroundings.

This new force must be associated with photons of all wave lengths, and with electromagnetic interactions in general.

Once it is recognized by the world of physics that the individual photons of light within the Michelson-Morley experimental apparatus are being turned or dragged sideways, by the sideways motion of individual pieces of the experimental

apparatus,

Einstein's

equations relating to relativity no longer apply. Therefore, accelerating an object with mass, such as a spacecraft, from a standing start to velocities in excess of the speed of light must be physically possible.

This new S0 field must be generated

by a corresponding S0 force (SF0). This new SFO force must be conservative.

because it connects both the EM force with the Gravitational force. In order for the photon to contain an S0 field, the photon must also contain a third quark.

HPT names this quark the S0 quark. HPT names these new force fields “The Star Shine fields”. HPT also names the corresponding group of new quarks “The Star Shine quarks”. Since all quarks can have an up state and a down state, the S0 field must, therefore be capable of generating both an attractive force and a repulsive force.

Consider for example that photons of light arriving here on earth from distant galaxies typically have lost energy during their journey, and therefore the distant galaxy’s spectrum shows a

pronounced RED-SHIFT. As is well known, Astronomers interpret the RED-SHIFT to mean the distant galaxy is moving away from us. Our neighbor galaxy, the Andromeda galaxy, incidentally does not show a RED-SHIFT. It shows a BLUE-SHIFT. Likewise, astronomers interpret the BLUE-SHIFT to mean the Andromeda galaxy is moving towards us. However, to date, physicists have not recognized the implications that both the RED-SHIFT and the BLUE-SHIFT have regarding the inner structure of the photon. The Andromeda galaxy, as it slowly approaches us, is carrying its energy of motion as momentum. Photons

from the Andromeda galaxy arriving here on earth are BLUE-SHIFTED because energy has been transferred from the momentum fields associated with the galaxy's individual stars to the photon's EM field. This must be true because according to Einstein, gravitational fields do not push against each other, so the galaxy's gravitational field can not be pushing against the photon's gravitational field. As is well known, each individual photon carries momentum and the photon's momentum field does not, itself, oscillate as the photon's EM field does. Therefore, energy is not being transferred directly between the photon's momentum field

and

its

EM

field.

Yet,

a

BLUE_SHIFTED photon is carrying

more momentum than it would carry, if

the

same

photon

had

been

RED_SHIFTED. Therefore, there must

exist within each individual photon a

new and as yet unrecognized force field

that is capable of storing and transferring

energy between a momentum field and

an EM field, and interacting with other

external momentum fields. This second

new force must also be conservative.

HPT names this second new force field

the S1 field and theorizes that it is

associated with a corresponding SF1

force. Therefore, the well known

“ROCKET Equation”

[FORCE

times

TIME

equals

CHANGE IN MOMENTUM] must also

be valid for the SF1 force. Since light

from distant galaxies is both RED-

SHIFTED as well as BLUE-SHIFTED,

HPT theorizes that this new SF1 force is

capable of both attracting as well as

repelling. That is to say, this new SF1

force is capable of taking on both

positive as well as negative values.

HPT theorizes that these new S0 and

S1 fields are manifesting themselves when a number of famous experiments are performed. These experiments include the famous Michelson-Morley experiment, the famous Water Filled Telescope experiment, experiments using the Toroidal Coil, and many other physically real situations as well. Einstein's failure therefore must have been caused by the fact that he was trying only to include the four known forces in his equations when more than four physically real forces exist in nature. That is to say there exists in the world of physics more ways for energy to be stored,

transformed,

and

transmitted through space then Einstein was aware of. Equivalently stated, there exists in the world of physics more fundamental basic physically real forces than Einstein was aware of.

HPT theorizes that the equations relating to Einstein's Theories of Relativity give bizarre results for velocities near the speed of light because Einstein's equations are missing the additional terms that should be present in order to adequately describe all of the physically real forces that are present in the physical environment in which the high speed flight is occurring.

These

additional

terms

describe

additional physically real considerations such as the additional force fields that are present, the design coefficient of the space craft, the detailed nature of the resistance of space itself to motion, turbulence within the various force fields, etc.

Consider one example of Einstein's bizarre results. Einstein said that the dimension in the direction of motion would be zero for every piece of mass/energy when traveling at the speed of light. Thus, according to Einstein, all photons should have zero dimensions in their direction of motion, and therefore should have zero as their longitudinal coherency lengths. Yet photons arriving on earth from the sun typically have a longitudinal coherency length of roughly

30

centimeters

and

a

transverse

coherency

length

of

roughly

18

centimeters. Since each photon can only

give

an

interference

pattern

by

interfering with itself, every photon

arriving on earth from the sun must have

an internal force field which has a length

of

roughly

30

centimeters

while

traveling in free space at the speed of light. This new field, the S0 field, must give the photon the capability of interfering with itself. This new field, the S0 field, must therefore explain the photon's wave/particle duality. In order for a photon arriving on earth from the sun, to have a longitudinal coherency length with physically real dimensions of roughly 30 centimeters and a transverse coherency length of roughly 18 centimeters, its S0 field must have dimensions of at least 30 centimeters by 18 centimeters. Therefore, photons of light arriving on earth from the sun do not have zero dimensions in their

direction of motion. Therefore, many of the relativistic predictions made by Einstein must be incorrect.

Consider, for example, the famous statement made by Maxwell that light is an oscillating electromagnetic wave.

Einstein agreed with this statement.

Maxwell's equations mean that as the photon travels through free space at the speed of light, it still has a working clock. Thus, for the photon itself, time has not slowed down to zero at the speed of light. Therefore, Einstein's prediction that time slows down to zero at the speed of light is not supported by the behavior of the photon itself.

It is well known that all charged subatomic particles, such as protons, that are individually

accelerated

using

oscillating EM fields, to velocities near the speed of light encounter a significant resistance to further acceleration as their velocities approach the speed of light.

Einstein theorized that this resistance was caused by an increase in the particle's mass. Yet, Einstein's own GUT equations failed to describe a physically real mechanism whereby the energy contained in an EM field could be converted into a gravitational field or into the mass that is believed to be associated with all gravitational fields.

Consider also, that if the particle's apparent increasing mass, without limit, were physically real, then its physically real size and its physically real gravitational field would also be

increasing without limit. If this were actually the case, then every time protons traveling near the speed of light entered a cloud chamber, these additional effects should be directly observable. So, for example, ordinary protons could be made to appear to be the same physical size as entire uranium atoms by simply accelerating them to relativistic velocities. Modern day measuring equipment is sensitive enough to detect such physical changes in the proton's size using techniques other than simply measuring its energy and hypothesizing that it has increased its mass.

HPT theorizes that the apparent resistance to motion that high speed subatomic particles encounter at velocities near the speed of light demonstrates the existence of additional physically real fields contained within all matter that are as yet unrecognized by the world of physics. HPT theorizes that when subatomic particles are accelerated using oscillating

EM

fields,

energy

is

transferred from the external oscillating

EM

fields

into

these

additional

physically real fields as the velocity of the particle approaches the speed of light. HPT theorizes that this energy transfer process occurs because the subatomic particle is not streamlined for high speed motion. HPT likens this energy transfer process to the energy loss due to the turbulence that develops around a brick that is accelerated to the speed of sound in the earth's atmosphere. Therefore, HPT theorizes that if a spacecraft is properly designed and streamlined, it can readily be accelerated to velocities in excess of the speed of light, just as properly designed

airplanes are readily accelerated to velocities greater than the speed of sound in the earth's atmosphere.

HPT theorizes that every subatomic particle that carries electrical charge must also carry the new S0 field generated by the new SF0 force and also carry the S1 field generated by the new SF1 force.

Consider the oscillating nature of the EM fields contained within the photon. Maxwell's equations require that they both be in phase when the photon is traveling in a vacuum, out in free space.

The new S0 field provides a physically real field mechanism for the photon to store its energy at those points in time when the oscillating Electro-Magnetic fields both have zero magnitude. This means that the S0 field can both create

and destroy the EM oscillations. For this reason, HPT also hypothesizes that the photon can exist with many other variations

as

well.

HPT

also

hypothesizes the existence of excited states for the photon – i.e. high energy photons carrying many times more energy than Plank's constant times its frequency. HPT also hypothesizes that the photon can exist with many other variations as well. Thus, HPT increases the number of Maxwell's equations from four to at least six and perhaps to as many as ten or more.

HPT hypothesizes the existence of at least four additional physically real

force fields, and probably several more.

HPT names these fields the Star Shine

Fields

(SSF).

The

existence

of

additional HPT force fields are, as yet

unrecognized by the world of physics.

However, HPT is strongly supported by

a careful analysis of the results of

several famous experiments. In HPT, the

first four of these additional physically

real fields are defined as follows:

S0 is the third field contained within

the structure of the photon. It steers the

photon and connects the electromagnetic

force with the force of gravitation. Thus,

for example, the existence of the S0 field

within a photon allows gravity to bend

the path that the photon travels. HPT hypothesizes that the photon contains three quarks. HPT hypothesizes that the photon contains at least three physically real force fields that store energy and momentum. These three fields are the electric field, the magnetic field, and the S0 field. In addition, HPT recognizes the existence of a physically real gravitational field within each photon. S1 is the fourth field contained within the structure of the photon. It controls the energy stored within each photon and connects the electromagnetic force with the S0 force and with the force of momentum.

S2 is a fifth field that interacts with the force of inertia. HPT theorizes that material objects which are entirely surrounded by the S2 field are not internally subject to the forces of inertia caused by motion external to the S2 field. So, for example, a photon of light passing through the experimental apparatus known as the Michelson-Morley interferometer is not affected by the forces of inertia acting on the internal structure of the photon itself. The forces of inertia, for example, do not separate the electric fields from the magnetic fields that are contained internally within the photon as the photon interacts with the experimental apparatus.

S3 is a sixth field which interacts with the force of gravity. S3 can repel gravity as well as attract. Thus, for example, the S3 field would give a spacecraft the ability to “float” on the earth’s gravity field. The existence of the S3 field on a galactic scale, for example, would explain why a barred spiral galaxy is able to maintain the unusual barred shape through several revolutions of the galaxy.

General Considerations Relating to Star Shine Fields.

Hall Photon Theory hypothesizes that the Star Shine S0 field is capable of being formed into various physically real shapes that have a mathematical curl of zero and a non-zero mathematical gradient. HPT hypothesizes that the mathematical equations that pertain to

pure Star Shine fields and Star Shine charges share a certain mathematical similarity in form with corresponding equations for electric fields and electric charges. Therefore, HPT hypothesizes that Star Shine fields exist in both positive and negative forms. HPT hypothesizes that the toroidal coil manufactured with copper wire and moving electrons creates one or more pure Star Shine fields with a positive sense. HPT hypothesizes the existence of Star Shine fields with a similar structure and a negative sense. This paper highly recommends that many variations of toroidal coils be created using a variety of materials, and tested with a variety of moving sub-atomic particles, in addition to electrons. One such test apparatus, for example, might be a toroidal coil

manufactured using fiber optics and tested using photons as the moving medium. Such an experimental apparatus should be constructed and tested for the existence of other types of Star Shine fields.

Since HPT hypothesizes that Star Shine fields have a non-zero gradient and have both positive and negative forms, the theory also hypothesizes the existence of physically real positive and negative poles for the various Star Shine fields. Therefore, HPT hypothesizes the existence of kinds of physically real forces in physics. HPT names these new kinds of forces the Star Shine forces.

They would exist between any two sub-atomic particles, each of which would be carrying quantized quantities of Star Shine

charge.

Therefore,

HPT

hypothesizes that Star Shine circuits can be constructed that are mathematically similar to electric circuits. These hypothesized Star Shine circuits would use moving subatomic particles that carried the Star Shine charge, to form moving Star Shine currents. Such hypothesized circuits could be designed to physically interact with ordinary electric circuits to accomplish various physically real tasks. As one simple example, in the toroidal coil any number of independent secondary loops could be added. The material that is physically in-between the toroidal coil windings and the secondary coils does not need to be air. The connecting material, for

example might possibly be plastic or concrete. In this simple example, the entire apparatus could then be used as a high-speed, one-to-many relay switch.

Turning on the current in the toroidal coil could then immediately activate all of the independent secondary circuits.

According to Hall Photon Theory, the Star Shine fields are physically real and

have

physically

real

dimensions.

According to HPT, the Star Shine fields

can both create and destroy the

associated

electromagnetic

wave

without themselves being destroyed in

the

process.

The

associated

electromagnetic wave is a pattern of vibrations within the Star Shine field(s).

Therefore, according to Hall Photon

Theory, experimental arrangements are

possible that would cause the photon to move laterally (i.e. to jog suddenly)

while still traveling in the forward

direction. This is because the presence

of the Star Shine field allows the photon

to apparently absorb its electromagnetic

field and recreate it at a different

physical location within the Star Shine

field. Under Hall Photon Theory,

circularly polarized light results when

the Star Shine field is made to revolve

as the photon travels. Therefore,

according to Hall Photon Theory,

physically real experiments can be devised which cause single photons to change many of their physical properties, such as their polarization state, without destroying the photon. Maxwell's 1864 equations may be

$$\tilde{\mathbf{N}} E = \frac{\tilde{n}_t}{e_0}$$

$$\tilde{\mathbf{N}} B = 0$$

$$\tilde{\mathbf{N}} E + \frac{\partial B}{\partial t} = 0$$

$$\tilde{\mathbf{N}} \cdot \mathbf{B} - \frac{1}{c^2} \frac{\partial}{\partial t} \frac{\partial \mathbf{E}}{\partial t} = m_0 \mathbf{J}_m$$

expressed as follows:

Equation #1:

Equation #2:

Equation #3:

Equation #4

$$\tilde{n}_t = \tilde{n}_f + \tilde{n}_b$$

$$\tilde{n}_f$$

Definitions:

E is the electric field intensity

in volts/meter

is the total

electric charge density in

coulombs/ meter

is the free charge density

\tilde{n}_b

$$-\nabla \cdot P$$

$$J_m = J_f + \frac{\partial P}{\partial t} + \tilde{N} M$$

is the bound charge density

P is the electric polarization in
coulombs/meter

B is the magnetic induction in
teslas.

is

the current density due to
the flow of charges in matter,
in amperes/meter.

$$\mathbf{J}_f$$

$$\frac{\partial P}{\partial t}$$

$$\tilde{\mathbf{N}} M$$

is the current density of

free charges

is the polarization

current density

is the equivalent current

density in magnetized matter.

M is the magnetization in

$$C^2 = \frac{1}{\left(\epsilon_0 \mu_0 \right)}$$

ϵ_0

amperes / meter.

C is the velocity of light, 3 x

108 meters/sec and

is the permittivity of free

space, 8.85 x 10⁻¹²

farad/meter.

μ_0

is the permeability of
free space, 4×10^{-7} henry /
meter.

Hall Photon Theory hypothesizes that
Maxwell's equations need to be
modified to include the Star Shine fields.

After
studying
the
toroidal
coil
experiment
carefully,

Hall

Photon

Theory hypothesizes the Maxwell's
equations need to be increased to six in

$$\tilde{\mathbf{N}} E = \frac{\tilde{n}_t}{e_0}$$

$$\tilde{\mathbf{N}} B = 0$$

$$\tilde{\mathbf{N}} E + \frac{\partial B}{\partial t} + \frac{\partial S}{\partial t} = 0$$

number and modified as follows:

Equation #1:

Equation #2:

Equation #3 :

Equation #4

$$\nabla \times B - \frac{1}{c^2} \frac{\partial E}{\partial t} + \nabla \cdot S = i_0 J_m$$

$$\nabla \times S = 0$$

$$\tilde{N} S = m_0 J_m$$

Equation #5

Equation #6

where S is the Hall Photon Theory
Star Shine Field(s).

Hall Photon Theory hypothesizes that
future modifications to Maxwell's
equations may be necessary after

$$F = -\hat{E} \frac{S_1 S_2}{R^2}$$

additional physical experiments are
performed and analyzed.

HPT hypothesizes that a physical
force exists between any two Star Shine
charges. HPT hypothesizes that this
physical force obeys the following force
law:

where F is the force between the two Star Shine charges.

k is the Star Shine force constant.

S_1 and S_2 are the Star Shine

1

2

charge strengths.

R is the distance between

centers

of the two Star Shine charges.

The minus sign is present because

HPT hypothesizes that like Star Shine

charges will repel each other, and that

different Star Shine charges will attract

each other.

$$F = -\hat{E} \frac{S_1 S_2}{R^2}$$

HPT hypothesizes that the Star Shine

field strength due to a single Star Shine charge is defined by the corresponding field formula:

The same symbol definitions apply.

MODIFICATIONS

TO

RELATIVISTIC FORMULAS

Photon Theory hypothesizes that a

properly

designed

spacecraft

can

accelerate in free space to velocities that

are many times greater than the velocity

of light in free space. Therefore Hall,

HPT theorizes that the existing formulas

that relate to relativity will need to be

modified to include mathematical terms

that contain the Hall Number and the

High Velocity Design Coefficient.

Hn

is the Hall Number. It is

hpt

defined as follows:

$$Hn_{hpt} = \frac{v}{c}$$

The Hall Number may take

any real positive value.

D is the High Velocity

hpt

Design coefficient.

Its precise value depends on the specific details of the space vehicle's construction and design. Under HPT, all naturally formed objects, such as stars and galaxies, have a high velocity design coefficient of zero, and therefore, obey Einstein's laws of relativity. However,

Hall Photon Theory hypothesizes that a properly designed spacecraft, such as an ellipsoidal craft surrounded by a Star shine field, would have a design coefficient that is much different from zero. HPT hypothesizes that such a craft could easily accelerate to velocities greatly in excess of the velocity of light in free space. Under HPT, travelers on board such a craft would not experience a time dilation, or an increase in mass.

Summary:

Einstein's failure to create a Grand Unified Field Theory must have been caused by the fact that he was trying only to include the four known forces in his equations when more than

four

physically real forces exist in nature.

That is to say there exists in the world of

physics more ways for energy to be

stored, transformed, and transmitted

through space than Einstein was aware

of. Equivalently stated, there exists in

the world of physics more fundamental

basic physically real forces than

Einstein was aware of. Hall Photon

Theory logically explains the failure of

Einstein's attempt to create a Grand

Unified Field Theory, the Michelson-

Morley experiment without invoking

Einstein's theory of relativity. In

addition,

Hall

Photon

Theory

hypothesizes

equally

far

reaching

changes to Maxwell's 1864 equations

relating to electromagnetic disturbances.

Hall Photon Theory is expected to lead

to revolutionary advances in physics,

astronomy, and science in general.

Hall

Photon

Theory

strongly

recommends that the world's Atomic

scientists study carefully the behavior of

toroidal coils and electromagnetic

devices, especially those constructed

using fiber optics instead of copper

wire, and using photons or subatomic

particles other than electrons. Possible

subatomic particles include mesons, and

baryons.

Spacecraft designed in accordance with an understanding of these physical laws and Hall Photon Theory would be capable of taking off from earth, quickly accelerating within a few hours to velocities greater than the speed of light without having any negative impact on the well being of the occupants. Such spacecraft out in the vastness of space would be capable of maintaining speeds greatly in excess of the speed of light for long durations. They would be able to quickly slow down to ordinary sub-light speeds, and land at their destination.

During the entire process, time would not slow down nor would it flow backwards. The energy and fuel requirements would not march off to infinity. Neither would the mass of the

spacecraft march off to infinity. Such spacecraft would have a double hull construction with several sets of optical fiber windings between the two hulls.

One set of windings is used to create a uniform surrounding force field that streamlines

the spacecraft.

This streamlining allows the craft to move smoothly through space itself. The other sets of windings generate the force fields that are used to propel and guide the craft on its journey. Spacecraft of this type of construction could readily be built and placed into service using today's technology.

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[About the Author](#)

Charles James Hall was born and raised on a farm in Wisconsin. He served in the USAF July 1964-May 1968, serving one of those years in Vietnam, in the Mekong Delta. He received his M.A. Applied Nuclear Physics from San Diego State University in June, 1973. With all of the children out of the house, he and Marie, his wife of thirty eight years, make their home in

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