

"...there is a power so organised, so subtle, so complete, and so pervasive, that they had better not speak above their breath when they speak in condemnation of it."

President Woodrow Wilson quoted in the United States Presidents and the Masonic Power Structure, Robert Howard, 1999.

Foreword

Roswell, July 4, 1947

The night embraced the desert landscape as Rear Admiral Roscoe Killenhoetter and his driver headed out of Albuquerque into the vast sandy expanse. They headed east along highway 40 and then south along 285 to Roswell. The sky had blackened, blocking out the stars, as storm clouds loomed threateningly. The driver could not see anything in the darkness ahead except for the tiny universe defined by the Plymouth's twin headlights as they illuminated scrub and sand on both sides of the narrow road. The rest of the landscape was obscured by the blackness that seemed to flood in on him, matching his mood. But when Walther Tindall gave you a top-secret assignment you did not question it. If the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs gave you an order, you jumped. Roscoe had received the official story about the strange lights over Roswell from the top military commander, whose rank put him just under Harry Truman. It was Roscoe's job to make sure that everybody involved at the base had the same story. Which was why the Admiral was heading to Roswell, a small New Mexican town he had never heard of. All the ex-Naval officer knew about his mission was what little Walther Tindall had told him, and rumours that had leaked out from the inquisitive Roswell community. Roscoe Killenhoetter heard that radar operators at sites around Roswell had noticed strange flying objects turning up, carrying out impossible manoeuvres and even changing their shapes on the screen.

Desert storms struck fast and hard, and one had just hit. The Plymouth's window wipers were working at full speed. The sky looked different to any that Roscoe had seen before. The rain disappeared taking the clouds with it. Millions of stars were exposed, minuscule windows shining through from the beginning of time within the infinity of space.

The Admiral tapped on the glass partition separating him from his driver. 'Where are we going exactly?'

'Walker AFB, sir.'

Walker Air Force Base. It made sense. Roscoe left it at that. His attention got drawn to the deep rumble of another thunderstorm they were about to drive into. This was summer in New Mexico, and the intensity storms of the rainy season. Flashes of brilliant forked lightning exploded in the distance. 'That's amazing!' he expounded.

The driver, familiar with the area responded, 'These storms are common this time of year. They seem to come from nowhere and shake the desert until it feels like the earth is breaking apart. Then they just disappear. I heard tell from ranchers out here that the local storms can go on all night, bouncing off the arroyos like pinballs in play until they fade out over the horizon.'

Roscoe did not respond. His mind was elsewhere wondering what the heck he was doing out in the desert storm, instead of celebrating the July 4th holiday with his folks back home? That question would soon be answered.

The blips were pulsating. It was the only way Steve Andrews could describe it. They glowed more intensely, then suddenly dimmed as a tremendous thunderstorm erupted over the desert landscape. Steve had recently been posted to Roswell airfield control tower. His thoughts were similar to the Admiral about missing out on the national holiday celebrations. He would have to wait till later for the succulent turkey Ali had roasted for them. Now his concentration was entirely on the screen.

The blip behaved oddly, darting across the screen between sweeps over a thousand miles an hour. As the skies over Walker Airbase exploded in a deafening display of thunder and lightning the object on the screen arced to the lower left-hand quadrant. Then it momentarily disappeared. Before Steve's brain could register this, the blip exploded in a brilliant white fluorescence, evaporating right before his eyes. The screen was clear. Steve looked around at the other controllers and members of the Counter Intelligence Corps present. They instinctively knew the object, whatever it was had crashed in the desert. Everyone present was instantly on full alert. The CIC commander realised it could be a national security issue requiring immediate containment.

The radar officer contacted Colonel William Crockett, the Walker AFB Commander. Hearing what Airman Andrews had to say the Colonel contacted the head of the CIC and told him something had crashed north west of Roswell. A CIC team was quickly dispatched to retrieve anything they found and secure the site.

Crockett's first thought was that it was the crash of a Russian aircraft that had slipped through the radar defence system, from Cuba or over the Canadian border. Perhaps it was a spy plane taking photos of top-secret military installations?

Steve Andrews could have pointed out that such a spy plane would have to be capable of making hairpin turns at three thousand miles per hour.

Chapter 1

Roscoe Killenhoetter knew nothing of the crash and full alert at Walker AFB. Had he known about the crash he would have headed straight there. Instead, he was busy scrutinising Colonel Crockett's profile. In the process, the Admiral found out that Walker base was called Roswell Army International Airfield during World War II. It had only just been renamed as Walker Air Force Base. The largest of the United States Air Force Strategic Air Command bases, it was named after General Kenneth Newton Walker, a native of Los Cerrillos, New Mexico. He was killed during a bombing mission over Rabaul, Papua New Guinea on January 5, 1943. Although his Liberator squadron was intercepted by Zeroes, his group scored direct hits on nine Japanese ships. General Walker was last seen leaving the target area with one engine on fire and several fighters on his tail. For his courageous actions, General Walker was awarded the Medal of Honour posthumously by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1943.

Roscoe soon discovered that Walker base was locked down, with nobody allowed in or out without the CO's authorisation.

The sentry challenged the Admiral. 'I'm afraid nobody is allowed in at present.'

The Admiral said, 'I'm here to see Colonel Crockett.'

'I'm sorry, Sir, but the base is on lock down.'

It was time for the big guns. The Admiral handed the sentry a document.

As soon as the grunt on sentry duty saw the Joint Chief of Staff's name on the document Roscoe Killenhoetter carried, he decided to make an exception. He gave the officer a map with directions and quickly lifted the boom gate leading onto the base.

It was difficult for the Admiral's driver to find his way to the hangar in the dark and he had to break suddenly as a Diamond-T 968 four ton Army truck roared past, cutting him off. Two Willys MB Jeeps followed, keeping up with the four tonner.

'Holy hell! What's got into those guys?' Said the driver, his heart in his mouth. He added, 'The base speed limit is 5mph. Those idiots were doing at least 30.'

Reaching the well-lit hangar safely without any other incidents, Roscoe Killenhoetter left his driver and walked into the almost empty shed. The absence of aircraft and maintenance crews in the massive shed and the piles of equipment and wooden cases stacked outside suggested the hanger had been cleared out in a hurry. Roscoe was dressed in civvies and, before he got very far, was challenged by a young airman. The junior officer's single gold bar marked him as a Second Lieutenant.

The airman stated, 'Sir, you can't come in here.'

Roscoe simply said, 'Get me the CO.'

'Who are you, sir?'

Roscoe stared at the young officer. 'Just what the heck is going on here?'

'You'll have to ask the Colonel that.'

'Then go and get him, Lieutenant.'

'Who shall I say wants him, Sir?'

'Rear Admiral Roscoe Killenhoetter. Now just get on with it.'

The airman left, and Roscoe looked around the hangar. An open space had been hastily cleared in the centre of the massive shed. He wondered if the contents were in the the small convoy of vehicles racing off the base.

The Admiral looked up as a tall man with a tanned face, probably in his mid to late thirties, approached.

'I'm Colonel Crockett. What can I do for you?'

Roscoe looked at the officer who sported an eagle insignia on his chest. 'Tell me what the heck is going on here for a start?'

'What do you mean?'

'Come on, Colonel. I haven't come all the way from Albuquerque with a directive from the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs just so you can give me the run around. Now just tell me what's causing this frenzy of activity in the middle of the night.'

'Let me see that directive,' Colonel Crockett said, putting his out his hand.

Roscoe held off. 'Let's go to your office. And get someone to bring me a coffee.'

The Colonel rattled off some orders to his lieutenant, then said, 'Very well, Admiral, come this way.'

They left the hangar, and the Colonel led the Admiral to a waiting Jeep. The driver took them to the administration block where Colonel Crockett had his office. The sign on the door read Col. Crockett, Commanding Officer of the 509th operational group. Once he and the Admiral were inside, William Crockett turned to his driver. 'Now, get us some coffee.'

They sat down, Crockett behind his desk with Roscoe sitting facing him. Crockett said, 'OK, let's get down to brass tacks. You want to know what going on. The short answer is I don't know. So I'll tell you what I do know. Our radar picked up some strange activity.'

The Admiral interrupted, 'What strange activity?'

'If you just listen I'll tell you what happened.'

'OK.'

'The control tower picked up an odd blip on the radar screen. Something was jumping all over the screen. Then it crashed out there somewhere north west of Roswell. The CIC is out there looking for any wreckage.'

Roscoe smiled, 'I'm guessing that truck that nearly wiped us out was a part of the search party.'

'Admiral, as soon as we knew something had crashed out there we had to get on to it.'

'You got any of those Rotorcrafts here?'

'We have a Sikorsky R-4 prototype.' One of only 29 in the country,' Colonel Crockett said proudly. He paused, then said, 'You want a ride to the site?'

'Yes. I want to go there, now. Can you organise it for me?'

'Sorry, but it's not equipped for night flying. You'll have to wait till morning.'

'Not equipped?'

'We're still waiting for the god damned searchlight to arrive.'

Roscoe hated setbacks. He needed transportation, and a Jeep was too slow. Besides, the CIC had the jump on him. Fatigue was rapidly descending, clogging his brain. 'Where the heck is that coffee?'

As if on cue the airman arrived with two steaming mugs. Having thanked and dismissed his subordinate, William said, 'Let's get a bit of shut-eye and re-approach this in the morning.'

Roscoe stared at him. 'Once your retrieval team gets back with whatever they've found, nobody, and I repeat nobody, is to touch anything until I have inspected it.'

William Crockett, not used to being ordered around on his base, looked at the usurper with resentment in his eyes. I can't order the CIC around, Admiral.'

Roscoe stared at the Colonel. 'No, but I can.'

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Chapter 2

June 14, 1947

Walter Brazer brought his Chevy truck to a standstill between the two cornfields. The Lincoln County rancher stared out of his windscreen at the bright metallic-looking stuff, shredded across the gravel and sagebrush of the New Mexico desert. In all the 48 years he had lived on the property Walt had never seen anything like that.

Victor, his young son, was also staring at the scattered wreckage on their land.

Walter stood open-mouthed. Then he uttered, 'Holee Shiit! What the heck is that stuff?'

Victor climbed down from the Chevy and looked at his dad. 'Pa, do you reckon it has anything to do with those weird lights we've been seeing?'

Walter, a little calmer but nevertheless still excited by their find, said, 'I don't know, son. But let's get what we can and take it back to the ranch.'

Victor said, 'What are we going to do with it?'

Walter removed his broad-brimmed hat and scratched his head. 'I'll figure that out later. But we ain't got time to stand here jawing. Let's get this stuff loaded.'

The stuff in question mostly comprised a lightweight fabric in vivid colours. The rancher and his son also collected rubber strips, tinfoil, stiff paper and thin sticks. Having gathered all the pieces of strange wreckage they could find, Walter drove his Chevy back to the ranch house where he lived with his wife, Betty and his son. Before going inside the rancher and his boy unloaded their prize and stored all the pieces in a shed. As he locked the shed, he turned to Victor. 'Now, don't you go telling nobody about this, boy. And I mean nobody.'

'Why have we got to keep it secret?'

'Because we don't know what we've got. But I know someone who might be able to shed some light on this. So don't you breathe a word until I see what Peter has to say.'

Walter had another reason for keeping their discovery secret. He had heard folks talking about flying disks from outer space being seen locally, and he wondered if what he had found might be the remnants of one of those. If so his find could be worth a small fortune and Walter did not want that windfall slipping through his fingers. He needed to phone his friend but Betty was using it, so he had to wait. But the rancher did not like being kept waiting. He had to make a vital call. It was much more important than his wife jawing on to her friend. He broke into her conversation, 'Honey, I got an important call to make.'

She glared at him. Covering the receiver with her hand, she quietly snapped, 'So my call's not important.'

He gritted his teeth. 'Come on honey, give me the phone. You can ring your friend back afterwards.'

'What's got you all so godarned het up?' She scowled, thrusting the receiver into his hand.

He dialled the number and waited.

'Peter here. Who's calling?'

'Walt Brazer here. 'Look somethings come up that I think you'll find kinda interesting.'

'What are you talking about, Walt?'

'You know that storm that hit a couple of nights ago. Well, something crashed on my land. I got the pieces stashed, and I thought you might like to take a look.'

'Well, that does sound mighty interesting. Do you reckon it's a flying saucer?'

'I don't know what we've got. I thought you might be able to shed some light on it.'

'OK, I'll come right on over.'

'Look, I just finished for the day. Come on over tomorrow and take a look.'

Walt's place was a fair way from Roswell, but Peter Conrad figured it might be worth the journey. He had known Walt for some years, and the rancher was a died-in-the-wool flying saucer sceptic. So for him to have found something very odd that he wanted to share suggested a crack in his sceptic shell.

Walt knew that some things could not be neatly explained away. He had flown with the 415th Night Fighter Squadron over the German-occupied Rhine Valley several times. But on one particular mission, he saw many orange lights flying at high speed just off the Beaufighter's left wing. The bizarre display continued for several minutes. Then the lights disappeared. Walter's first thought was fatigue had got to him. But the other two crew members later told him they had seen the same thing. Although he did not find out any more about the lights he saw north of Strasbourg, it did

leave Walt more open-minded although cautious, which was why he did not want to make any rash pronouncements about his find.

Peter arrived around seven am, and Walt showed him the items in the shed.

Having sifted through the debris, the flying saucer enthusiast sadly shook his head. 'I'm afraid there's nothing here that resembles a flying saucer.'

'I never suggested it was a flying saucer. That's the stuff of kids comics. I'm more interested in what it is than what it isn't.' Walt bluffed.

Peter shrugged, 'My best guess is it's some kind of new weather balloon the government is trying out.'

'What makes you think that?'

'All the coloured material and rubber suggests a balloon of some kind. It's much too flimsy for a spaceship.' Peter noticed Walt's sad look. 'What's the problem, Walt? You don't even believe in flying saucers.'

'It's not that. I just thought it would be more interesting than a weather balloon.'

Pete grinned, 'Like what?'

'I dunno. Maybe some sort of secret weapon.'

At that moment young Victor came running into the shed. Seeing the stranger with his dad, he slowed down.

Walt smiled, 'Pete, this is my boy, Victor.'

'Pleased to meet you, young man,' The flying disc expert said, extending his hand in friendship.

The boy turned to his dad. 'Is this the man who is going to tell us what this is?'

Walt put his arm around his eight-year-old son. 'Pete says it's a crashed weather balloon.'

'Can't think what else it could be,' Pete added.'

'Can I tell my friends now?' the boy beamed.

'I think we should hold off a while yet.' His dad said.

Chapter 3

Roscoe Killenhoetter woke up before the bugler played Reveille. The Admiral had always been an early riser. He sluiced cold water on his face and looked at his reflection in the mirror. He was getting a little bit crinkly around the edges but not too bad for someone tipping sixty-five. He went to his small wardrobe and changed into his track pants. He then donned a clean white T shirt and put on his trainers. It was time to track down some coffee. Stepping outside his billet, the Admiral breathed in the clean, fresh air, a reward from Nature for coping with the previous night's storm. Using his base map, Roscoe found the cafeteria. It was mostly empty. Roscoe figured it was too early for most of the airmen, or they were engaged in the crash site retrieval. He went up to the counter. A big guy wearing a white jacket and a colourful bandanna on his head looked at the guy in track pants. 'What do you want, Bud?'

'A strong black coffee would hit the spot.'

'You get it from over there.' he growled, pointing at the vending machine in the corner of the cafeteria.

As Roscoe sat mulling over the terrible coffee he grudgingly drank just to appease his caffeine addiction, he looked up and saw Colonel Crockett in front of him.

The CO smiled, 'Good morning Admiral. I hoped you slept well?'

Roscoe noted the sarcasm in Crockett's voice but did not take the bait. 'Good morning Colonel. I need you to organise the Sikorsky R-4 to take me out to the crash site.'

Crockett stood near Roscoe, declining a seat. 'That's what I came to see you about. The Rotorcraft is out of commission I'm afraid.'

'Oh, what's wrong with it?'

'You'll have to ask the mechanic that.'

'OK, take me to him.'

'Well, I could do that, Admiral, but it wouldn't help. Besides, we've retrieved all we can from the site.'

'And, where is it?' Roscoe snapped.

'In the hangar of course. I'll take you over now if you'd like.'

There was a hive of activity going on in the hangar. The Colonel introduced the Admiral to an officer who was busy photographing pieces of wreckage. 'Rear Admiral Killenhoetter let me introduce you to Major Sebastian Morel. He's our public information officer. I think you two have a lot to talk about.'

Roscoe agreed. Turning to the red-headed man with a neatly trimmed beard. 'So what's your take on this?' he asked, indicating the fragments taken from the crash site.

The Major replied, 'I'm issuing a release stating that personnel from the 509th Operations Group have recovered what looks like the wreckage of a flying disk that crashed on ranch land near Roswell.'

Roscoe could not believe the US Air Force would make such an irresponsible statement to the press. 'Have you sent the release yet?'

'No. Not yet. Why?'

The Admiral stared at him. 'Why? Because that kind of speculation will just stir up the spaceship crazies out there.'

Morel said, 'What's your take then?'

'The official story is that the all this foil rubber and wood came from a weather balloon that was brought down last night by the storm.'

Sebastian picked up one of the pieces. 'This is some kind of metal, not foil, rubber or wood.'

'It's best if we don't cloud the issue.'

Major Morel eye balled the Admiral. 'Are you telling me what to write?'

'Do you have a problem with that?'

'Frankly, yes, I do.'

'Then take it up with General Walther Tindall. He's taking a particular interest in what is happening down here.'

Sebastian backed off. 'OK, If I have to, I'll write your bullshit story.'

Colonel Crockett pleased he'd gotten the Admiral off his back, was able to make his call.

General Carson was practising his golf swing at the Shady Rest Country Club in Scotch Plains when a clubhouse employee came running up to him with a message that somebody wanted him on the phone.

Annoyed at the interruption, he followed the messenger to the clubhouse where the receptionist handed him the receiver. 'Hello, who's speaking?'

'Colonel Crockett here, Sir.'

'What do you want, Crockett?'

'Everything was going to plan here. Then a Rear Admiral Killenhoetter turned up and took over. Now he's snooping around the base.'

'Who's running him and why?'

'His orders come from Walther Tindall.'

Carter paused, then cursed, 'Why the fuck is the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs interested in this shit?'

'I don't know, Sir, but where does that leave us?'

'Colonel, it leaves you with getting him away from the base. On no account must he find out about the EBEs'

'He's not stupid. He'll probably see through it.'

'Not if you send him off to question that rancher who found the remains of the weather balloon.'

Crockett gave it some thought. 'It might work. It's certainly worth a try.'

'OK. So what have you done with the survivors?'

'They're securely locked away, Sir. Nobody's going to find them.'

'And the craft. Is it beyond repair?'

'I don't know, Sir. It's been shipped to Wright Field.'

There was another pause as General Carter mused things over. 'Just keep the Admiral out of the way when the Project Bluebook team comes to pick up the cargo.'

Walther Tindall suffered the Washington Summer humidity as it settled over city that morning like a soaking towel. He had just completed his initial report to General Henry Wittenberg, who was Chief of Military Intelligence during World War II. Walther knew that Henry was just finishing his stand-in year as second Director of Central Intelligence and that he needed a convincing report to secure funds for Project Bluebook.

So Walther had to take an interest in flying saucer and alien activity to present a plausible statement. And it was some report. It set the tone for all the other records and recommendations Walther made for General Wittenberg over the next two years.

The Central Intelligence Director knew his report would be one of a mountain of papers landing on Carter's desk. So he had to make it enticing. He began with the most significant find: the alien extraterrestrial itself.

If Carter had not read the medical examiner's top secret report and seen the photographs and sketches of the Alien with his own eyes, he would have called any description of this creature pure science fiction. But he had seen such a corpse suspended in a transparent crypt at Fort Riley and could not deny the fact he was looking at an extraterrestrial. There was still part of his logical mind that rebelled against his acceptance of ETs. Snapping back to the present he singled out Wittenberg's report, now just a yellowing sheaf of papers and a few cracked glossy prints in a brown folder sitting among scores of odds and ends, bits of debris, and other strange depictions. He refiled it in what he referred to as his nut file.

Even stranger than the medical examiner's report was Carter's reaction: What can we exploit from this entity?

In the report, Walther wrote that in his opinion, that the grudging fact that we found an EBE (Extraterrestrial Biological Entity) was not as important as were the ways we can develop what we learn from it so that man can travel in space. This goal gave Project Bluebook wings and quickly became the overriding concern with all of the Roswell artefacts and the general format for Walther's reports.

Once Walther had swallowed back the 'oh wow!' aspect to all of this life-altering information - and sometimes it took a considerable swallow - he was still left with the job of sorting out what looked promising for R&D to develop from what seemed beyond a realistic grasp for the present. So he began with the EBE.

Chapter 4

Roscoe Killenhoetter woke up before the bugler played Reveille. The Admiral had always been an early riser. He sluiced cold water on his face and looked at his reflection in the mirror. He was getting a little bit crinkly around the edges but not bad for someone tipping sixty-five. He went to his small wardrobe and changed into his track pants. He then donned a clean white T shirt and put on his trainers. It was time to track down some coffee. Stepping outside his billet, the Admiral breathed in the clean, fresh air, a reward from Nature for coping with the previous night's storm. Using his base map, Roscoe found the cafeteria. It was mostly empty. Roscoe figured it was too early for most of the airmen, or they were engaged in the crash site retrieval. He went up to the counter. A big guy wearing a white jacket and a colourful bandanna on his head looked at the guy in track pants. 'What do you want, Bud?'

'A strong black coffee would hit the spot.'

'You get it from over there.' he growled, pointing at the vending machine Roscoe felt at a loose end. He could understand Crockett marking his territory, but was that the whole story? Or was the Colonel putting up blocks to shut him out? The incident with the rotorcraft suggested as much. Roscoe wondered if he was getting paranoid?

To put his mind at ease, the Admiral went over to a maintenance shed where mechanics were working on a Beechcraft AT-10 Wichita twin-engine trainer.

The Sikorsky R4 was parked in the corner. Nobody appeared to be working on it, so the Admiral approached an officer wearing the badge of a chief mechanical engineer. 'Excuse me but is the R4 ready to fly?'

The mechanic eye balled the stranger. 'Who wants to know?'

Roscoe puffed himself up to his full height. 'Rear Admiral Killenhoetter. Do you want me to repeat the question?'

Two things crossed the engineer's mind. What was a senior Naval officer doing on the base? And secondly, did he have to defer to the Admiral's higher rank? It was always best to play it safe where ranking officers from any of the military services were concerned. 'Why do you want to know, sir?'

'Because I want to fly to the crash site.'

'I'll have to get permission from Colonel Crockett, first, sir. I can't sign off without it.'

'OK. So does that mean you have finished the maintenance work and is it ready to fly?'

The engineer figured the Naval officer was probing for something. 'Like I said I have to get the Colonel to sign off on it first.'

'Sign off on what?' Crockett queried, knowing full well the subject being discussed.

Roscoe, surprised by the Colonel's appearance, said, 'I was enquiring as to whether the rotorcraft was fixed yet.'

Without answering the question, William Crockett forced a smile. 'I'm glad I found you because I wish to run over something with you.'

The Admiral, not expecting that response was caught on the back foot. 'What is that?'

'Let's go somewhere more private,' Crockett said.

Back in his office, the Colonel looked at Roscoe, 'What did you say that upset Sebastian?'

'Is that what you brought me here for?' Because, if so ...'

William cut in. 'No, but you guys need to work together.'

'On what?'

'Take Sebastian and talk to Walt Brazer.'

'Isn't he the guy who claimed to have found a crashed flying saucer on his land?'

'I'm glad to see you're up to date with events,' Crockett said cynically.

'But, as he's been spouting this nonsense to the press, hasn't that horse already bolted?'

'Sebastian needs to question him and put him straight.'

'Do you mean to apply pressure?'

'Sebastian knows what to do.'

'Do you have his phone number?'

'Ask Sebastian. Now go and take a Jeep from the pool and sort this business out.'

Roscoe could have pulled rank, but he was looking forward to getting off Walker base for a while. It would give him a chance to question Sebastian about what was really going on there.

He caught up with the Publicity officer at the vehicle pool. Sebastian was standing by a 1945 CJ-2A Jeep. The day was scorchingly hot, and the open Jeep was not at all inviting. 'Couldn't you have gotten us one that is covered?'

Seb, still smarting from their earlier encounter, snapped, 'If all you can do is criticise, Admiral, I can go by myself.'

Roscoe almost pulled rank. But he was going to be with the information officer for the next few hours, so they needed some rapport. 'I didn't mean it as a criticism. It's just that we're going to be exposed to the sun on a hot, dusty trail.'

Sebastian said, 'They've gone to get one with a canvas cover.'

'Why didn't you say?'

The publicity officer just stared at Roscoe. Then another Jeep arrived with a cover. Sebastian grabbed his satchel and said, 'OK, let's get moving.'

The seventy five mile journey to the Brazer ranch provided the Admiral with many opportunities to question Sebastian. As the Air Force CJ left a long lingering cloud of dust in its wake, Roscoe probed, 'Has anybody from the base been to see this farmer?'

'Rancher. And no. Not as far as I know.'

'Why? I mean why leave it till now, after he's been talking to the press about his find?'

'That's how we found out.'

Roscoe showed a blank expression.'

'This rancher didn't exactly tell us what he found.'

'And he found this stuff on June 14?'

'That's what he told the papers.'

'That was three weeks ago. When did the paper come out?'

'A few days ago. Apparently, Brazer had heard tales of flying saucers in the Pacific north-west. Those sightings spurred him to show his discovery to the authorities.'

Roscoe turned to the driver. 'And you've been sitting on your hands since then!'

'Things kind of got all stirred up. The Air Force upped the ante by announcing it had come into possession of a flying saucer, Roswell's morning newspaper debunked the story. So that dealt with that.'

'Which leaves the question. If it's all sorted out what the heck are we doing frying our asses in this god damn Jeep?'

Sebastian sighed, 'Ours is not to reason why.'

The Brazer homestead was designed in the low slung hacienda style with mustard coloured stucco walls. A woman responded to the knock on the door. Seeing the military Jeep she asked, guarded, 'What do you want?'

Sebastian took the lead. 'We want to speak with Mr Brazer.'

'What about?'

Sebastian took off his cap and wiped his brow with a kerchief. 'Ma'am its pretty hot standing here. Can we talk where it's cooler?'

'Not until I know who you are.'

Sebastian had his name sewn onto his fatigues, but he showed his ID.

Betty, who Roscoe guessed was Walt Brazer's wife, glanced at him. 'Who are you then?'

He smiled, 'I'm from the US government Ma'am, and I'm here to find out what your husband found. So, can you get him for us, please?'

'Mister, he could be anywhere on our two thousand acres.'

Sebastian said, 'So how do you contact him if you need him?'

'By radio of course.'

'Exactly. So get on the radio.'

She stared at the pair refusing to be intimidated. 'OK, I'll see if I can raise my husband.'

The military men followed her into the hacienda and the coolness provided by the noisy older model air conditioning system.

The woman raised her husband on the two way Galvin walkie talkie. Amid the squelches and general static, she managed to get her message across. Betty turned to the airman - she did not trust the government guy - and said, 'It'll take him a good thirty minutes to get here, so take a seat, because I have things to do.'

Roscoe and Sebastian sat looking at each other. The Admiral said, 'This is bull crap. What the heck are we waiting for? If this Brazer guy does show up, he's only going to tell us what we already know. So why did Crockett send us on this god damned wild turkey chase?'

Sebastian castigated the Admiral. 'If you don't think this is worthwhile just let me handle it. This Brazer guy should have contacted us, not go off half-cocked with some incredible story to be lapped up by the fucking Roswell Recorder.'

Shortly after, Walt Brazer turned up.

Roscoe looked up at the farmer. His face was tanned and deeply lined from many hours spent outdoors in the hot New Mexico sun. 'So what's the story folks?' He said, glancing from one man to the other.

Sebastian said, 'My job as publicity officer at Walker Air Base is to make sure I keep the public informed so that there are no misunderstandings about events and incidents that could easily be misconstrued.'

Walt smiled crookedly. 'So this is about the stuff I found?'

'Yes, it is. It's understandable that a wrecked weather balloon can cause all sorts of imaginings. But it would have been better if you had contacted us and not the sheriff. But that's too late now.'

Walt, bemused, said, 'So you call me away from my work to tell me what I already know.'

Roscoe flashed the Air Force officer an 'I told you' so look.

Sebastian, ignoring the unspoken criticism, said, 'I'm here to make sure you get the message. If you find anything else on your land, you can't explain, contact my office.' He handed the farmer a card.

Walt, unconvinced said, 'No disrespect guys, but you can make up any story you like. That's why I got an independent opinion about the wreckage.'

Roscoe interrupted. 'Who did you get and what did he say?'

'Just a friend. But he wasn't much help.'

'Why, because he disagreed with your assumption. We know all about your space ship freak friend, Pete. Whom you thought would lap up your BS flying saucer story. But even he figured what you had was a crashed weather balloon.'

'Yes, well he could have been wrong.'

Sebastian sighed, 'Mr Brazer, I can assure you he wasn't.'

The Admiral added weight saying, 'Tampering with government property is a serious offence.'

'But it crashed on my land.'

'Which is why we will not be laying charges - this time. If you see any more wreckage on your land, do not touch it. And call us,' Sebastian said, demonstrating his authority. Machine in the corner of the cafeteria.

As Roscoe sat mulling over the terrible coffee he grudgingly drank just to appease his caffeine addiction, he looked up and saw Colonel Crockett in front of him.

The CO smiled, 'Good morning Admiral. I hoped you slept well.'

Roscoe noted the sarcasm in Crockett's voice but did not take the bait. 'Good morning Colonel. I need you to organise the Sikorsky R-4 to take me out to the crash site.'

Crockett stood near Roscoe, declining a seat. 'That's what I came to see you about. The Rotorcraft is out of commission I'm afraid.'

'Oh, what's wrong with it.'

'You'll have to ask the mechanic that.'

'OK, take me to him.'

'Well, I could do that, Admiral, but it wouldn't help. Besides, we've retrieved all we can from the site.'

'And, where is it?' Roscoe snapped.

'In the hangar of course. I'll take you over now if you'd like.'

There was a hive of activity going on in the hangar. The Colonel introduced the Admiral to an officer who was busy photographing pieces of wreckage. 'Rear Admiral Killenhoetter let me introduce you to Major Sebastian Morel. He's our public information officer. I think you two have a lot to talk about.'

Roscoe agreed. Turning to the Red-headed man with a neatly trimmed beard. 'So what's your take on this?' he asked, indicating the fragments taken from the crash site.

He looked the tall man with angular features. 'I'm issuing a release stating that personnel from the 509th Operations Group have recovered what looks like the wreckage of a flying disk that crashed on ranch land near Roswell.'

Roscoe could not believe the US Air Force would make such an irresponsible statement to the press. 'Have you sent the release yet?'

'No. Not yet. Why?'

The Admiral stared at him. 'Why? Because that kind of speculation will just stir up the spaceship crazies out there.'

Morel said, 'what's your take then?'

'The official story is that the all this foil rubber and wood came from a weather balloon that was brought down last night by the storm.'

Sebastian picked up one of the pieces. 'This is some kind of metal, not foil, rubber or wood.'

'It's best if we don't cloud the issue.'

Major Morel eye balled the Admiral. 'Are you telling me what to write?'

'Do you have a problem with that?'

'Frankly, yes, I do.'

'Then take it up with General Walther Tindall. He's taking a particular interest in what is happening down here.'

Sebastian backed off. 'OK, If I have to, I'll write your bullshit story.'

Colonel Crockett pleased he'd gotten the Admiral of his back, was able to make his call.

General Carson was practising his golf swing at the Shady Rest Country Club in Scotch Plains when a clubhouse employee came running up to him with a message that somebody wanted him on the phone.

Annoyed at the interruption, he followed the messenger to the clubhouse where another employee handed him the receiver. 'Hello, who's speaking?'

'Colonel Crockett here, Sir.'

'What do you want, Crockett?'

'Everything was going to plan here. Then a Rear Admiral Killenhoetter turned up and took over. Now he's snooping around the base.'

'Who's running him and why?'

'He's orders come from Walther Tindall.'

Carter paused, then cursed, 'Why the fuck is the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs interested in this shit?'

'I don't know, Sir, but where does that leave us?'

'Colonel, it leaves you with getting him away from the base. On no account must he find out about the EBEs'

'He's not stupid. He'll probably see through it.'

'Not if you send him off to question that rancher who found the remains of the weather balloon.'

Crockett gave it some thought. 'It might work. It's certainly worth a try.'

'OK. So what have you done with the survivors?'

'They're securely locked away, Sir. Nobody's going to find them.'

'And the craft. Is it beyond repair.'

'I don't know, Sir. It's been shipped to Wright Field.'

There was another pause as General Carter mused things over. 'Just keep the Admiral out of the way when the Project Bluebook team comes to pick up the cargo.'

Walther Tindall suffered the hot Washington Summer humidity as it settled over the Potomac that morning like a soaking towel. He had just completed his initial report to General Henry Wittenberg, who was Chief of Military Intelligence during World War II. Walther knew that Henry was just finishing his stand-in year as second Director of Central Intelligence and that he needed a convincing report to secure funds for Project Bluebook.

So Walther had to take an interest in flying saucer and alien activity to present a plausible statement. And it was some report. It set the tone for all the other records and recommendations Walther made for General Wittenberg over the next two years.

The Central Intelligence Director knew his report would be one of a mountain of papers landing on Carter's desk. So he had to make it enticing. He began with the most significant find: the alien extraterrestrial itself.

Had Carter not read the medical examiner's top secret report and seen the photographs and sketches of the Alien with his own eyes he would have called any description of this creature pure science fiction. But he had seen such a corpse suspended in a transparent crypt at Fort Riley and could not deny the fact he was looking at an extraterrestrial. There was still part of his logical mind that rebelled against his acceptance of ETs. Snapping back to the present he singled out Wittenberg's report, now just a yellowing sheaf of papers and a few cracked glossy prints in a brown folder sitting among scores of odds and ends, bits of debris, and other strange depictions. He refiled it in what he referred to as his nut file.

Even stranger than the medical examiner's report was Carter's reaction: What can we exploit from this entity?

In the report, Walther wrote that in his opinion, that the grudging fact that we found an EBE (Extraterrestrial Biological Entity) was not as important as were the ways we can develop what we learn from it so that man can travel in space. This goal gave Project Bluebook wings and quickly became the overriding concern with all of the Roswell artefacts and the general format for Walther's reports.

Once Walther had swallowed back the oh wow! aspect to all of this life-altering information - and sometimes it took a considerable swallow - he was still left with the job of sorting out what looked promising for R&D to develop from what seemed beyond a realistic grasp for the present. So he began with the EBE.

Chapter 5

Dave O'Connor, the chief engineer from the Wright Field AFB, met up with Colonel Crockett at Walker AFB. William Crockett waited for the Project Mogul scientists to climb out of the jeep. 'Where are the scientists I'm expecting?' he asked, perplexed.

'There's been a change of plan. The scientists will examine your specimens back in Dayton,' Dave replied, his face expressionless.

Crockett's eyes narrowed as he tried to digest the information. 'Nobody's told me about any change of plan.'

'I just have, Colonel.'

'Yes, and I don't know you from Adam.'

'Perhaps this will help,' said O'Connor, handing Crockett a document. It was from General Carter and was updated. It stated that Major O'Connor had the authority to remove the EBEs from Roswell and transport them to Ohio.

Crockett stared at Dave. 'I spoke to General Carter only this morning, and he never made any mention of this.'

The engineer shrugged. 'I'm just following orders. If you question this, Colonel, contact the General.'

Crockett thought about it. Then he said, 'OK, I'll show you where they are. Follow me.'

They came to a locked door. Dave O'Connor watched as William Crockett produced a key and unlocked the door. Much to Dave's surprise, it was the entrance to an elevator. William pulled aside the concertina sliding door, and they stepped inside. After descending around fifty feet, the pair exited the elevator and found themselves in an operating theatre of sorts. Crockett approached a man wearing a white lab coat. He was using an electroencephalograph to measure the brain waves of two creatures with large black, fathomless eyes, who were strapped to gurneys and had electrodes attached to their large heads.

The Colonel said, 'How are our guests, Dr Rosen?'

'Still having difficulty breathing without assistance.'

'Can they travel?'

The doctor shrugged, 'How would I know?' Then he said, 'What sort of transport?'

The engineer, recovering from his shock, said 'I've got a truck to take them to Kirtland, where we'll fly them to Dayton.'

Rosen shook his head. 'It would be best to fly them from here.'

Crockett saw the sense in that. He turned to Major O'Connor. What are you flying?'

'A DC3.'

Crockett decided, 'OK. Get it to pick up from here.'

Dave said, 'I'll see if it can be arranged.'

'Arrange it, Major. Or the specimens are not going anywhere.'

Having dealt with that, Colonel Crockett turned his attention to the skinny grey creatures lying on the tables. 'Can you help with their breathing?' he asked.

Rosen shook his head again. 'The leader of the recovery team told me these two creatures had difficulty breathing our atmosphere. I suppose suddenly being tossed out of their craft, unprotected, into our gravity envelope could have triggered their breathing problem. Or maybe our atmosphere is toxic for them.'

Crockett rubbed his chin. What about the dead EBE the CIC found at the crash site? Did our atmosphere kill it?'

Rosen shrugged. It could have. But it's more likely the injuries sustained by the crash impact killed it. However, it's all purely academic because I don't have the equipment here to help them.'

'Wasn't the creature shot while trying to escape?'

'There is a rumour that it tried to run, but it experienced breathing problems, making it an easy target for the CIC.'

'Doctor, do you think that's feasible?'

Rosen shrugged, 'It's possible that the alien's sudden exposure to the earth's strong gravity field could have caused it to panic and run.'

Crockett nodded.

Rosen added, 'But my limited tests have not revealed anything about toxic gases or the kind of atmosphere I believed the creatures normally breathed.'

Crockett said, 'Well, it's soon going to be out of our hands.'

Sebastian and the Admiral arrived back at Walker base after their long and fruitless journey. Brazer came over as an opportunist who had little respect for military authority. Yet his military record showed he had flown bombing missions over Germany and had served with distinction. He also enjoyed being the centre of attention in the Roswell community.

As they approached the hangars, a military Dakota sat on the apron about fifty metres away. Two airmen were loading a hospital gurney onto the plane.

Then Sebastian braked sharply as military police blocked his path.

Roscoe, furious leapt from his Jeep and found himself surrounded by armed airmen with MP armbands. He challenged, 'What is the meaning of this outrage. I demand to be let through.'

One of the MPs, displaying sergeants' stripes blocked his path. 'Sorry sir, but only authorised personnel are allowed beyond this point.'

Roscoe glared at the man, 'I'm Rear Admiral Killenhoetter, and I am in charge of ops here so let me through.'

Roscoe watched as the DC3's cargo door closed.

The MP said, 'I will have to contact Colonel Crockett to get him to give you authorisation, sir.'

Roscoe, livid, demanded, 'Sergeant, I order you to let me through before that plane takes off. ' He could already hear the whine of the revving twin engines. Soon it would be too late. 'I order you to stop that plane right now, Sergeant.'

'Can't do that, Sir. Colonel Crockett gave strict instructions that the DC3 was out of bounds.'

'Did he now? Get him on the radio right away!'

The Dakota began taxiing onto the runway.

The MP handed the Admiral the transceiver. 'Colonel, Admiral Killenhoetter here.'

'Oh, you're back,' the Colonel said innocently, all the while cursing the DC3 for arriving late.

'Yes, and we need to talk - right now.'

'I'm a bit busy at present, Admiral. We can talk later.'

'Perhaps you would prefer to speak to the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs instead, Colonel.'

William Crockett baulked. 'OK, meet me at my office.' Crockett was not looking forward to dealing with the pushy Admiral. It was all too apparent what the Admiral wanted to talk about. Now that he had seen the plane - and God knows what else Crockett knew - he might have to bring the Admiral into the loop. But first, he would try a bluff.

Roscoe watched as the DC3 lifted into the air. Then he had an idea. He turned to the Sergeant. 'Get me the tower on the radio.'

The MP hesitated, then thought it best not to upset the senior officer any more. He got the tower and passed the handset to the Admiral. 'Hello. Rear Admiral Killenhoetter here. I need to know the flight plan and manifest of the Douglas DC3 that just took off. I'm coming over to the tower now. Have it ready for me.'

'This is a highly irregular Admiral. On whose authority are you acting.'

Roscoe, fed up with the runaround, barked, 'I am running operations here. Have that information ready for me in five minutes.'

Before the Admiral met up with the Colonel, he detoured via the control tower and got his report. The Dakota was en route to Wright Field AFB. The manifest listed a doctor and two airmen needing medical attention. Roscoe reasoned that would account for the hospital trolleys he saw. But what was wrong with the patients? And why all the secrecy and security surrounding their departure?

Crockett was all smiles when Roscoe entered his office. He felt he had it under control. They both had big guns on their side, but General Carter had it over Tindall despite his role as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. The only problem was that Carter wanted to keep his name out of Project Bluebook and it was difficult waving the big stick while remaining anonymous.

Roscoe, for his part, launched into, 'Colonel Crockett you did not have the authority to stop me approaching that plane. Now I want to know just what the heck is going on here?'

'What do you mean, Admiral? William said poker-faced.

'Why did you try to keep me away from the hangar when I first arrived?' Why did you stop me from flying to the crash site? Why did you send me off on a darned wild turkey chase with Sebastian Morel? And who were you transporting in that plane?

'Admiral, I think you're getting a little bit paranoid. But for the record, the Sikorsky was not available. Did you get to speak with Walter Brazer?'

'Yes, and a lot of good that did.'

'Did you read him the riot act?'

'Yes, but he wasn't perturbed in the least. But we're getting off the track here, Colonel. Why was the DC3 taking sick airmen to Wright Field AFB?'

'Because we couldn't help them here.'

'And why the heavy security to keep people like me from the plane.'

'The men were infected. We couldn't treat them here.'

'What was wrong with them?'

'I'm not a doctor. I just followed the doctor's advice.'

'Which doctor? I want to speak to him.'

'You'll have to wait until the plane lands,' Crockett said with a smug expression.

Everything Colonel Crockett said was perfectly logical. But still, something did not smell right. Roscoe phoned Walther Tindall to apprise him of events at Walker AFB.

Tindall listened, then said, 'What do you think he is hiding from you?'

'I don't know, but I'm sure it has something to do with the thing that crashed in the desert last night.'

'I thought that was three weeks back.'

'That was different, General. This is a fresh find.'

Walther said, 'Just stay on task, Admiral. I'll let you know if I find out anything.'

Roscoe paused, then said, 'I think this might have something to do with Project Bluebook.'

'What do you know about that?'

'Not much. I'd like to know more.'

Walther paused. He did not want the Admiral mixed up in it. 'Forget It. It has nothing to do with your brief.'

Chapter 6

The pilot of the Douglas DC3 completed his approach and landed away from the central area of Wright Field AFB - named after the famous Wright Brothers. As the aircraft came to a stop, it was surrounded by military police. Apart from the military vehicles, a Hudson Commodore pulled up and disgorged four men in suits. They were from the CIA which had been created earlier that year when President Truman signed the National Security Act of 1947. The four anonymous men quickly took control and organised the MPs into straight lines facing outward. They then cleared a path for a Dodge 4x4 light truck developed during World War II. The Dodge sported a big red cross on either side. It had officially stopped serving the military two years earlier. But it was still used as an army ambulance, when required. The Dodge pulled up near the Dakota where two figures strapped to hospital trolleys were loaded on board. Only the CIA agents and the team who had tended the patients throughout the flight got to see the cargo, and they were sworn to silence. The ambulance drove straight to the base medical centre, where a ward was prepared for the special guests. One of the CIA agents stood guard, The ward was off limits to everybody except the medical team, who worked hard to help the EBEs breathe more easily.

Lieutenant Colonel Willoughby Trent, as the head surgeon and chief administrator of the Wright Field Medical Centre, was used to being in control. So he went to check on the new arrivals only to find his path blocked by a CIA agent who would not let him through. He could not comprehend the situation at first. He stared at the agent blocking his way. 'Are you telling me I can't get into this ward?'

The rookie agent felt ill at ease challenging the chief surgeon, but orders were orders. Holding his ground, he said, 'Sir, only authorised personnel are allowed beyond this point.'

'Authorised! I'm Lieutenant Colonel Trent, and I run this hospital, so let me through.' He made to push past the guard, who drew his High Standard sidearm, saying 'Back off sir. I am authorised to use this.'

The medical executive backed off immediately. 'This is outrageous, agent. Tell me your name.'

'Sorry sir. All agents details are confidential.'

'Believe you me, I will find out,' Willoughby snapped furiously.

On the other side of the door, Dr Rosen was busy settling his patients. He turned from the EBEs in his care and got Waldemar Fischer's attention. Indicating the small grey creatures with oxygen respirators over their faces, he asked, 'Where are the remains of their flying saucer?' The military analyst, also privy to the EBE discovery and like Rosen had signed a non-disclosure document, said, 'Why do you need to know that?'

'Because I need to know how they breathed inside their craft.'

The analyst said, 'Never mind about that. We have to find out how they can breathe out here.'

Admiral Killenhoetter happened to see a young airman taking time out from his duties for a smoke. Roscoe approached the man, who hurriedly extinguished his cigarette. Noticing the name badge sewed on the airman's chest, he said, 'Airman Davis, I need a word.'

Davis looked at the tall civilian with a square jaw and grey moustache. 'Who are you?'

'Admiral Killenhoetter, head of ops here.'

The young airman didn't ask how a navy man got to be commanding an air force base. He said instead, 'How can I help, Sir?'

'I saw a body being loaded onto the DC3 that was parked over there.' His hand gesture indicated an empty space on the apron.

Davis, fresh from air training school and out of his depth with the brass, said, 'Yeah, I saw that too.' Pointing in the general direction of a three-floor white concrete building that served as the base hospital, he added, 'I'm not sure, but I think those critters came from were over there in the medical centre.'

'Critters! Don't you mean patients?' Roscoe asked, puzzled.

Davis said, 'Sir, I got a girlfriend who's a nurse over at the MC. She's the one who called them critters.'

'Has she actually seen these 'critters'?'

Not wanting to get his girlfriend in any trouble, Davis said, 'She saw them accidentally. It wasn't her fault.'

'Who is she? I'd like to speak with her about it.'

'Someone must have left the door open, and she was walking past and ...'

'Relax airman. She hasn't done anything wrong. Just tell me who she is.'

'Glenys Daniels.'

'Can you contact her and make an arrangement for us to meet?'

'I'm seeing her when she comes off shift. What do you want me to ask her?'

Roscoe looked the young man straight in the eye. 'Wait with her at the hospital entrance, I'll meet both of you there.'

'Yes, Sir. I think I can do that.'

The Admiral had just over an hour for the nurse's shift to finish. He was not at all sure what he was looking for. But his instinct told him something was not kosher about the Dakota's sudden take-off. Sure Crockett's explanation was credible, but that was just one explanation. Roscoe was annoyed he couldn't follow where the plane went. But now he could at least find out where the patients came from. He then took a look inside the MC. It was a regular hospital, with a main waiting area. While waiting Roscoe witnessed the arrival of an ambulance and two men with red cross armbands rushing through the waiting area with a man on a canvas stretcher.

From this observation, Admiral Killenhoetter deduced that the patients with the mystery contagious infection would not have been taken out that way without raising some alarm. Especially as those transporting the patients would have to have worn protective masks. Roscoe had thirty minutes to spare before meeting up with Airman Davis and Nurse Glenys. He spent this time reconnoitring the hospital perimeter to find the exit used to whisk away the patients undetected. He came across a loading bay, which seemed the only obvious route. The contagious infection story would have

served well to get the personnel, dealing with supplies, out of the way so the patients could be moved to the ambulance undetected.

The Admiral waited at the hospital entrance at the appointed time. Airman Davis and Nurse Glenys arrived five minutes later.

The pair seemed uncomfortable. Roscoe put them at ease, saying, 'Look, you people have done nothing wrong. It's just that there's been some crazy stuff going on around here over the last few days and I'm just getting statements from people who may have seen something unusual.' He turned to Glenys. 'Airman Davis said you might know something about the two patients who were taken away and put on a plane.'

She answered, quietly, 'I don't want to talk around here.'

Airman Davis suggested, 'We could go around to the loading bay. There's nobody there this time of the day.'

As they arrived at the loading area, the Admiral asked, 'Did they bring the patients, or to use your word, 'critters' through here to the ambulance.'

Glenys said, 'I didn't see it. But it is likely.'

'So what did you mean by critters, Glenys?'

She turned to the Admiral. 'There was a lot of wild stories going around the hospital.'

What sort of wild stories?'

'Several people reckoned they'd seen debris from a space ship scattered over a wide area. One person reported seeing a blazing aircraft in the sky shortly before it crashed. I didn't believe in all that Martian and spaceship stuff, so I didn't take much notice. That was until I accidentally walked into an examination room where doctors were bent over the bodies of two creatures. I couldn't believe what I was seeing!'

'So, what did you see, Glenys?'

'You'll think I'm mad. The critters sort of resembled humans, but they were grey skinned, with small bodies, spindly arms and giant bald heads.'

Rosco tried to keep calm. 'You actually saw that?'

'Yes, as true as I stand here.'

'Were the creatures dead or alive?' Roscoe asked.

'I didn't get a chance to look. I backed off before anyone saw me.'

Roscoe's brain was buzzing. It now made sense. They must have whisked the two critters off to a hospital that afforded more privacy and better resources. Crockett knew that and used the contagious patient story as a cover. He turned to the young nurse. 'For the record, I don't think you're crazy. I think the creatures you saw were real and were most liking survivors from the flying disc crash.'

The young airman stood there with his mouth wide open.

The Admiral said, 'You must not mention a word about this to anyone else, and this meeting did not happen.'

Roswell UFO crash: what really happened 67 years ago

<https://www.theweek.co.uk/us/59331/roswell-ufo-crash-what-really-happened-67-years-ago>

Chapter 7

Once General Carter received knowledge that the EBE's were safely concealed at Wright Field AFB he dispatched a Dr Gus Dallas to work with Dr Rosen, a Jewish migrant advanced in the physiology of the respiratory system. Gus Dallas was well aware of Dr Rosen's work in the field. He also knew that Dr Rosen had survived Dachau reasonably intact. The only way he and his family survived was because he had collaborated with the Nazis and helped them with their human experiments. This was conveniently glossed over by American immigration after the war. The skills he had learned from the Nazi torturers, particularly analyses concerning drowning in freezing water, were sought after by the American military. So he and his family had their get out of jail free card, and the past stayed concealed back at Dachau. Dr Rosen's knowledge helped pilots who crashed in the sea, survive. But even in his wildest dreams he never ever imagined using his skills to help alien spacecraft crash survivors.

Major Dallas headed a small group working under the radar, called Project Sign. It was formed after the US Government became aware of the explosion of reports of anomalous aerial phenomena over the United States. This activity had reached its peak, culminating with the Roswell incident when the newly organised USAF became alarmed and instituted emergency studies of the flying disks. Gus Dallas, Chief of the Wright Field AFB intelligence division, took on this task. Which officially became Project Sign the following year. General Carter did not want Dr Rosen upset, so he instructed Gus to avoid anything to do with the war. It was going to be difficult as the main subject was the deprivation of oxygen through drowning, Rosen's area of expertise he learned at Dachau. Dr Rosen could understand the workings of the EBEs respiratory system, and how it dealt with air intake on Earth.

Major Gus Dallas was shown through the hospital to the isolated and heavily secured ward, which seemed more like a mobile operating theatre.

Dr Rosen addressed the Major. 'Hello. I don't know what you have been told about our guests, but nothing will prepare you for what you are about to see.'

Gus Dallas went with Dr Rosen to an isolation tent with plastic pull around curtains. The Intelligence officer followed the doctor inside. He stood silent, wide-eyed. General Carter had given him a description of the EBEs, but to see them in the flesh struck him speechless. They EBEs just lay there with ill-fitting respirators attached to their faces, as their large obsidian-like eyes stared into space. The ventilators were not designed for people with tiny almost non-existent noses and small mouths.

Over his initial shock, Major Dallas said, 'Their breathing is very laboured.'

Dr Rosen explained, 'These beings are virtually like a fish out of water. Fish drown through lack of water. So we look at this situation from a drowning standpoint.' He turned to the Major. 'Do you know much about drowning?'

'It's not something I have studied.'

'It's really quite fascinating. Drowning physiology relates to two different events. There is that which refers to the upper airway above water, and submersion which refers to the upper airway under water.'

'So?' Gus said, already bored.

To get his attention, Dr Rosen said, 'Major Dallas, immersion involves integrated cardiorespiratory responses to skin and deep body temperature. These include cold shock, physical incapacitation, and hypovolemia, as precursors of collapse and submersion.'

'So, how does that relate to these creatures?' Dallas said, indicating the EBEs.

Getting a bit tetchy himself, Dr Rosen said, I will explain if you do not keep asking questions.' After a short pause, he continued, 'The physiology of submersion includes fear of drowning, diving response, autonomic conflict, upper airway reflexes, water aspiration, swallowing emesis, and electrolyte disorders. These creatures are experiencing similar problems, but with air, not water. If we do not find a way to correct this, I fear they will suffer cardiac, pulmonary and or neurological injury.'

'Would that not depend on their physiology. How do you know the Greys will suffer the same effects as humans?'

Dr Rosen responded, 'We don't, but we have to start somewhere.'

Just then another man entered the ward.

Dr Rosen said, 'Ah, Waldemar, what have you got for me?' Then looking at the blank look on Dallas' face, he said, 'Oh, excuse me. Major Dallas this is Waldemar Fischer. He's a military analyst.' Rosen turned back to Waldemar, 'So?'

'The most likely scenario has to do with their lung capacity. Waldemar showed Dr Rosen an x-ray of the EBEs lungs.' Fischer added, 'Due to mass civilian screening for TB in the last ten years radiology took place with portable X-ray machines. Now Radiology had become a specialist field, it required specialist radiologists and radiographers.'

Rosen brightened, 'So the problem is too much oxygen for the lungs to cope with.'

Fischer added, 'Apart from their small lung capacity their tiny noses and mouths inhibit the flow of air to their lungs. Remove the respirators, Dr Rosen. They are forcing too much air into the lungs.'

Dr Rosen argued, 'But we fitted them with respirators because they had laboured breathing and ...'

Waldemar said, 'From our findings, I believe the EBEs need time to acclimatise to our atmosphere. During the transition, they need to be in an environment with thinner air. Up in the mountains for instance.'

Major Dallas said, 'Or perhaps under the ground, in a cave maybe.'

Dr Rosen said, 'Underground, yes. That would help them to stop drowning on oxygen. But I don't think we should remove the respirators until we get them settled below ground.'

The Military Intelligence officer shook his head. 'I don't think that's a good idea.'

'Why?' Dallas asked.

'Because it's forcing more oxygen into their lungs than they can painfully cope with.' he turned to Dr Rosen, 'You're torturing them. You might think you're helping them, but you're not.'

Major Dallas turned away and headed to the door.

Dr Fischer followed him. he caught up and said, 'While they're arguing about that I have some info on the crash.'

Dallas, becoming interested, said, 'What info?'

'We figure that the Roswell craft was a scout or surveillance ship.'

'Oh, are you suggesting there's a mother ship out there in space.'

'We don't think a disc as small as the one recovered was equipped for an extended journey.'

'Then why haven't we seen the mother ship on our radar?'

Fischer shrugged, then said, 'From what we know now it seems most likely that the creatures never intended to exit the craft.'

'Because of their difficulty in breathing our air?'

That and the evidence suggesting the craft was equipped with a device that was capable of penetrating our night-time or utilising the temperature differentials of different objects to create a visual image. This enabled the three occupants to navigate and observe in the dark.'

Dallas became animated. 'That would account for the way they elude our interceptors and appear and disappear on our radar screens at will.'

'Yes and we conclude that the occupants simply stayed inside and observed rather than roamed about. Perhaps other types of craft deployed from this same culture are equipped to land and carry out missions.'

Dallas nodded, 'They would have to be equipped with breathing and antigravity apparatus on board for the crew to allow them to exit their craft without suffering any negative effects.'

Fischer didn't speculate on this. He had been working on Project Sign, for around six months. It's brief was to investigate UFO phenomena, so the Roswell crash was right up his street. Officially Project Sign did not yet exist. The US Government could not be seen to take UFO sightings seriously.

Dallas said, 'So the fact that the Roswell flying disc was not equipped that way suggests it was just a surveillance craft that lost control.'

Fischer's group had another brief, which was to mislead and confuse to muddy the waters. He turned to Dallas. 'How do you know the crashed saucer wasn't equipped with breathing and anti-gravity apparatus.'

Gus Dallas stared at him. 'You just told me that.'

'And what makes you think our conclusions regarding this is correct. We don't have a crystal ball. And if we did, I doubt any of us could use it. It's much simpler and safer for you to deal in what you actually know to be true.'

Dallas struggled for words.

Fischer felt pleased with himself. His working group did its level best to learn the truth, but it was just one layer of bureaucracy operating within the black hole of alien craft strategy and intelligence gathering. Each subsequent layer found itself more enmeshed in the confusion of what was right and what was false. Fischer likes to think these layers were like legions of blind soldiers bumping into one another in the night, upsetting one another's plans. Friends became foes and vice versa. In the absence of a clear policy that could be maintained from generation to generation, the strategy for dealing with the EBEs became tangled up in its own web.

In the hierarchical order of things, Major Dallas reported his findings to General Horace Winterborn, who was Chief of Military Intelligence during World War II and now served as the Air Force Chief of Staff.

Horace Winterborn was currently talking with Walther Tindall, who, apart from being the chairman of the JCS, was also Commander of Air Materiel Command at Wright Field.

General Tindall said, 'I don't think Sign is going to work out.'

Horace Winterborn responded, 'Oh, tell me why?'

'It doesn't have a wide enough brief to be any more than window dressing.' Seeing the General waiting for more information, Tindall explained, 'All this behind-the-scenes bullshit because we mustn't upset the sensibilities of Congress hampers us in our investigation.'

Winterborn frowned, 'When Project Sign began at the Air Technical Intelligence Center it was so critical that even Hoover ordered that all future reports of flying discs should not be investigated by FBI agents but sent, instead, to the air force.'

Tindall smiled. Edgar wasn't stupid. He knew that by passing it on to us, he wasn't doing us any favours.'

Winterborn said, 'Before we toss the baby out with the bathwater, Walther, let's see what Gus Dallas has to say on the subject.'

Gus thumbed through a copy of STREET CHOPPER Custom Motorcycle Magazine while he waited to be summoned. Ten minutes later he was invited in. He showed some surprise that General Carter was not there to debrief him. Dallas recognised General Winterborn but not the other officer.

Tindall said, 'What's the EBE status, Major?'

Gus said, 'I was expecting General Carter to be present.'

Tindall stared at the Major. 'That is not your concern. Please answer the question.'

'Sir, I don't know your name.'

'General Tindall. Now can we get on with this?'

'Er, yes, sir. 'We believe the EBEs only intended to observe us from their craft and not to step foot on this planet. Their breathing difficulties show this.'

'Are they still having difficulty breathing?'

'Yes, sir. Respirators are assisting the EBEs in the short term, but they need to be able to acclimatise without them.'

'And how will they do that?' Tindall asked.

'They need to breathe thinner air, so Dr Rosen is taking the EBEs to a subterranean tunnel where we hope they will breathe more easily.'

Winterborn said, 'I want you there with Rosen and his people.'

'Why, Sir?'

'Fischer has attached himself to Rosen. I want to know who he answers to.'

'Military Intelligence I believe.'

'That's his cover. It allows him to have access to highly classified data about projects such as Bluebook.'

'I didn't know Congress had given the green light on that,' Dallas stated.

Tindall smiled, 'Not yet. Not officially.' He looked at Dallas. 'Gus, you're one of the few people I consider loyal. That's a rare quality, and I appreciate it.'

Gus nodded, 'I'd better get back to the hospital and organise the transportation.'

Chapter 8

The underground venue was chosen and organised by Waldemar Fischer. He used his influence with General Tindall to get permission to take the EBE's to the Raven Rock bunker in Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, not far from the Camp David construction site.

Gus Dallas was overwhelmed, as he looked at a massive hollowed out mountain.'

Dr Rosen, equally blown out by the extraordinary sight before him, asked, 'What is this place?'

Fischer smiled, 'It's a precaution against an atom bomb attack by the Russkies. If Washington is under threat, all the key people get evacuated here, in this vast bunker.'

Gus stood staring at the free-standing city construction site. 'Jeez, this place has got everything.'

Fischer agreed, 'Yes. it will eventually have its own fire department, police department and medical facilities.'

'So why did you choose this place for the EBEs?' Dr Rosen asked.

'It's isolated, private, and for the next few weeks closed.'

Dallas figured another reason the bunker was chosen was that access to underground military bases required a higher security clearance. But he kept that to himself.

Dr Rosen spoke into a hand-held radio. 'Bring our patients in now, please,

The Rescue Squadron rotorcraft touched down, and stretcher bearers carried the EBEs into the bunker.

Dr Rosen checked their vital signs. They needed stabilising after being shipped around. He was very cautious about removing the respirators. He silently prayed it would be OK. Rosen then glanced at his team. 'The moment of truth,' he muttered, reaching forward to remove one of the oxygen masks. He had decided to let one of the EBEs breathe naturally for a while to monitor the effects before taking away the second alien's breathing apparatus.'

General Tindall waited for Roscoe Killenhoetter to show at Dayton Central railway station. Usually, communication between them took place by phone or written correspondence. So why the Admiral had wanted a face-to-face was unclear. He figured it must be important, so he sat in the Central Cafe nursing a coffee while waiting for the Admiral to arrive. The early commuters were coming, many of whom were after their morning caffeine hit. Dayton had become much busier since large numbers of Vets returning from military service had returned home, seeking industrial and manufacturing jobs. Tindall's coffee and the Admiral arrived at the same time. General Tindall said, 'Can I get you something to drink?'

'No, General. I had a coffee on the train.'

'So why did you want this meeting, Admiral?'

'I'm not serving any useful purpose at Walker base.'

'Oh, so you've straightened out that farmer about the crashed weather balloon.'

'Yes, but it's the strangest weather balloon I ever saw.'

Walther stared at Roscoe. 'I didn't know you were an expert on the subject.'

The Admiral ignored the sarcasm. 'As far as I am aware weather balloons have units that perform the actual measurements and radio transmissions hanging at the lower end of the string. These photos in the Roswell Record show something different.'

'What do you mean?'

Roscoe handed the General the paper. Pointing at a picture of the wreckage, he said, 'What's with all these metallic sticks held together with tape; chunks of plastic and foil reflectors; and scraps of a heavy, glossy, paper-like material, all about.'

Walther looked up at the Admiral. 'What do you make of it then?'

'A red herring. A darned wild turkey chase.'

Walther put on a puzzled expression, his silence demanding more information.

'There were two crash incidents near Roswell between late June and the Fourth of July. Colonel Crockett sent me off to deal with the farmer, while the second crash, during the storm on the Fourth of July was covered up.'

Walther stared at him. 'What exactly are you suggesting?'

'I only know what I saw and what I've been told.'

'OK, continue.'

'When I arrived back at Walker base I saw Dr Rosen's staff loading two patients onto a DC3. MPs prevented me from going closer.'

I questioned Colonel Crockett, and he explained that two airmen, with some kind of infectious disease, were being air-lifted to Wright Field base for treatment. The story seemed entirely plausible, and I believe I'd been reading too much into it. That was until a nurse at the Walker base told me an extraordinary story.'

'Oh, what was that?'

She was going about her duties when she accidentally walked in on Dr Rosen and three of his assistants. They were carrying out some kind of tests on non-human patients.'

'Non-human! What do you mean?'

'From her description, she had to be talking about EBEs.'

Feigning ignorance, the General pressed, 'EBEs?'

'Extraterrestrial Biological Entities' Roscoe could have cut the silence with a knife. He added, 'They must have come from the second crash.'

'And these EBEs, have you seen them?'

'Not personally, no.'

Walther nodded. 'I see. So how do you know they exist, Roscoe?'

'What reason would the nurse have to lie about it?'

'I can think of a lot of things that get people to lie,' the General sneered.

'If she was telling the truth it goes some way to explain the extreme security while patients were loaded onto the plane.' The Admiral added, 'And I saw that with my own eyes.' He looked Walther in the eye. I have nothing to do at Walker AFB, so assign me to find out what is going on.'

'Going on where?'

'Wright Field hospital for a start.'

'What do you hope to find there?'

Roscoe simply said, 'Answers.'

The General fixed the Admiral with his gaze. 'You report back to me and only me. Understood.'

'Loud and clear, General. But what's my role?'

I'm still Chief of Air Material Command at Wright Field. My job is to deliver and support agile war-winning capabilities. I always offer advice in that capacity, and you can assist me.' General Tindall leant across the table. 'Officially you don't work for me. If you get into trouble, don't come to me for help. Officially I don't know you, but you will keep me apprised of anything you find out. Can you handle that, Admiral?'

Roscoe stared at the General. It was going to take a firm resolve, bravery and cunning to carry out the unofficial assignment.

Walther pressed, 'If you don't think you're up to it, walk away now and retire to do whatever.'

'I'll need some clout to bluff my way in.'

It's your brief, Admiral. But your years of experience in Naval Intelligence should hold some sway.'

Chapter 9

It was July 7th and Sheriff Wilson looked up from his Daily Record at Sebastian Morel. He did not recognise the tall, prematurely grey-haired man in plainclothes with him. The Admiral had also come along to view the debris from the crash.

Sebastian extended his hand. 'Sheriff, Thanks for calling us.'

Roswell's chief law man rose from his seat, hitched up his pants and said, ' Well, I thought you fellas might want to see the stuff.'

'That's why we're here. So where is it?'

The Sheriff grabbed a key ring from a hook behind his desk. 'Follow me.'

The Sheriff took the pair to the cell block. All the cells were empty except one - which had the Roswell crash remains piled up inside.

Sheriff Wilson grinned, 'No chance of this stuff escaping.'

Roscoe cracked a smile, but Sebastian maintained a serious demeanour.

The local law man unlocked the cell and said, 'I gotta do some stuff so I'll leave you gentlemen to it.'

Sebastian looked at the pile of balloon remnants, smokey grey rubber, tinfoil, paper, tape, and some pieces of half-inch Doweling. He turned to Roscoe. 'Time to get this bagged and taken out of here.'

'Did you see the paper on the sheriff's desk?'

'The one with a front-page picture showing the sheriff with all this stuff.'

'Yes, so, as it's already over the media, it's a bit late to take away this stuff.'

'All I know is that it has to go to the AMC at Wright Field, which is the appropriate agency to identify one of its own research devices or a device of unknown origin.' This suited Roscoe as Air Force Materiel Command, General Tindall's domain, was the Admiral's next port of call.

Sheriff Wilson was on the phone when the men from the base entered his office. 'Be with you guys in a moment,' he said, covering the receiver with his hand.

After another two minutes had elapsed the sheriff put down the phone. He looked at the two men. 'That was Walt Brazer on the phone. He's got some more bits of wreckage from that thing that crashed on his land.'

Sebastian gave a wry smile. A bit of a coincidence wouldn't you say, Sheriff.'

'What are you talking about, son?'

'So the rancher just happened to call you while we are here?'

'Not exactly. I gave Walt a call about you fellas.' He paused then said, 'Anyhow the stuff is there if you want it.'

Roscoe turned to the publicity officer. 'I'll leave that to you. I have to be somewhere.'

The first EBE was breathing more easily; Dr Rosen turned to Fischer. 'I think it's time to try the other one without the respirator. Fischer looked at the small grey shape with black buggy eyes, then at Rosen. 'What do we do with them once they breathe more easily?'

'What do you mean?'

'It's a simple enough question. There must be some contingency plan, surely.'

Dallas looked down at the pathetic looking grey figure strapped to the trolley. 'Surely the obvious thing is to try and communicate with them.'

'And just how is that supposed to work, Gus. I don't speak alien. And I'm pretty sure none of us does.'

Dr Rosen turned to his colleagues. 'This creature is also breathing more easily.'

Gus Dallas said, 'Great. Now I just need to radio my boss and let him know. He will instruct us what to do next.'

Fischer glanced over at Dallas. 'Who's your boss?'

'Why does that matter, Waldemar?'

'Because I have to inform Lieutenant Colonel Willoughby Trent, who runs the Wright Field Hospital.'

'And just how is that going to help us?' Gus argued.

Rosen said, 'Gus, why don't you tell us who your boss is. Why the secrecy?'

Gus, who usually held his cards very close to his chest, decided to show part of his hand. 'General Walther Tindall.'

Waldemar whistled. 'He sure is one of the big guns. I guess he trumps Colonel Trent.' He handed Gus the radio handset.

He spoke into the Motorola SCR-300. There was some static, then a voice. 'Sir, the experiment is a success. We now need instructions as to how to proceed.' There was a pause. Then Gus responded. 'Yes, sir. We will do that.' He handed back the handset.

Fischer said, 'What did he say?'

'We are to stay here until he contacts us with further instructions.'

Fischer flashed Gus a look of disapproval. 'I'll contact Colonel Trent then.'

'What good is that going to do?' Gus snapped. He added, 'Our little grey friends are not going back to Wright Field base.'

'And you know this how?' Waldemar retorted.

'It would make no sense. The EBEs need to be somewhere scientists can communicate with them.'

'Oh yeah. And who amongst these scientists can speak alien?' Fischer scoffed.

Gus said, 'What if these guys aren't the first?'

Fischer stared at Dallas as if he was the alien. 'Of course, these are the first. We would have known about it otherwise.'

Gus raised his eyes but did not comment. He had said too much already.

Dr Rosen's attention was drawn to the EBE, which, despite having no pupils, was showing eye movement as the sedative wore off. It did not struggle against its restraints though.

Roscoe couldn't quite make Colonel Crockett out. The Admiral felt he was getting the run-around, but he could not be sure. Well, this time Roscoe determined he would call the shots. He marched into the CO's office. 'Colonel, get me on a flight to Wright Field now.'

Crockett did not argue, which surprised the senior naval officer. Now that the base was back to normal the CO wanted to get shot of the Admiral, who asked too many questions for his liking. 'There's a DC3 taking off for Wright Field soon. You'll have to squeeze in with the cargo,' Crockett quickly signed the authorisation and handed it to Roscoe. 'I'm curious Admiral. Why do you want to go there?'

'I have to put in my report to General Tindall about what's been going on here,' Roscoe smiled.

'And what do you think has been happening, Admiral?'

'I won't know until I get to Wright Field, Colonel.'

The DC3 touched down at Wright Field AFB and Rear Admiral Killenhoeffer was escorted to Colonel Trent, the base's chief surgeon.

Colonel Trent, having been given the heads up by his counterpart at Walker AFB, was ready for the Admiral. Looking up from his desk at the tall, grey-haired Naval officer he said, 'Ah, Admiral Killenhoetter, how can I help you?'

'OK, Colonel let's cut straight to the chase. I want to see the patients that were flown here yesterday.'

Trent steepled his fingers and looked straight at the Admiral. 'And which patients would that be?'

Roscoe sighed, 'The ones who arrived in a DC3 from Walker AFB and who Dr Rosen is treating.'

Trent smiled, 'Oh, you know about that then.'

'Yes, Colonel, and I want to be taken to them right now.'

'Admiral, it seems you have wasted your time coming here.'

'Oh! Why would that be?'

Because I can't help you - on two counts. First, it's classified information, and secondly, they are no longer here.'

Here we go again, Roscoe thought. He sighed deeply. 'Where are they now?'

Trent smiled, 'I'm afraid that's also classified.'

The Admiral, furious, snapped, 'Get me, General Tindall, right now!'

'You know The General?' Trent said, surprised.

'Who do you think I'm reporting to?' Roscoe said, taking advantage of the situation.

The Colonel said, 'All I know is that the plane landed and dispatched two patients who were then taken by ambulance to the base hospital.'

'But surely you checked on them.'

'I was barred by the CIA agent guarding the door to the ward.'

'But you run the hospital.'

'Try telling that to the CIA.'

Roscoe sighed heavily. 'Can I borrow your phone?'

'Help yourself, Admiral. But I'm telling you the truth.'

The Admiral stared at him, 'I've come to a conclusion there is no one truth, just different versions.'

Roscoe rang Tindall's office number, heard a woman's voice, asked for the General, then heard Walther Tindall.

'Sir, I'm at Wright Field. I need to talk.' After a pause, the Admiral nodded, 'Yes Sir. I'll get onto it.' Roscoe replaced the receiver.

'What did he say?' Trent asked, perturbed.

The Admiral ignored the question. He said, 'Get someone to take me to the General.'

The Air Materiel Commander invited Roscoe into his office and closed the door. Looking at the Admiral, he said, 'You are supposed to report to me and only me. I thought you understood that.'

'Yes, sir. But sometimes I have to deal with layers of authority.'

'I'm the only authority you need concern yourself with. So what do you want?'

'I want to know where Dr Rosen and our subjects are, and I want to go there.'

Tindall smiled, 'I'll arrange it. But do not speak to Colonel Trent about it, or anyone else if you can avoid it.' He picked up his phone. 'Get me AFC Shelland of search and rescue. Get him to prepare the Sikorsky R4 for a short mission ASAP.' Tindall put down his phone, 'It's organised. Go and grab a coffee while you're waiting.'

Chapter 10

James Foreman, First US Secretary of Defence had a saying on his office wall. It read: The Pentagon never sleeps. Running the Foreign Technology Desk he could relate to that. In fact, he did not sleep much during the first few weeks of his new job. This was mainly because General Walther Tindall had told him to come up with a strategy to separate the genuine flying saucer artefacts from other space debris such as that from high altitude balloons. James smiled to himself. It showed the Pentagon was beginning to take the flying disc phenomena seriously.

Walther Tindall called in on the new boy in the Pentagon block with a question. 'Have you completed the project yet?'

'There's so many layers and so many conflicting eye witness accounts.'

General Tindall looked at the bags under Foreman's eyes. 'Been burning the candle at both ends. Take a few days off to recharge the batteries, James. Then come back fresh with all the parts falling into place. James certainly needed a break. He spent more time at his desk than he did at home. Evenings, weekends, early mornings working on the project all took its toll on his health.

James enjoyed getting to work early when the Pentagon was mostly deserted. He was entranced watching the bright orange blaze of the sun rising across the Potomac. It had become something of a daily ritual. Then he went to his four-drawer filing cabinet, to retrieve data relevant to his project. But he could not remember the combination to unlock it. He walked to the coffee vending machine and returned his office with weak black coffee. It was disgusting but gave him enough caffeine for his brain to reset itself.

It seemed to James that the Pentagon ran on nervous energy. Whenever he was outside the cocoon of his office, James Foreman instinctively felt the urgency of the crisis of the day. The cocked trigger of the mighty military machine was contrasted by the pastel coloured walls along miles of corridors. At first, the Defence Secretary thought of the Pentagon as a large amorphous entity with a one-track mind. He figured most people saw the structure of the US military that way. But he soon discovered it was not so. Everybody did not march to the same tune. The Pentagon was just like any other business, with hundreds of alphabet agencies in direct competition with one another for the same resources but different tactical goals concerning national defence and foreign policy strategies. And studies about a threat for extraterrestrial sources was way down in the pecking order. Which was why James found it difficult to work out a way to counter any such threat.

With internal battle lines drawn tensions between the multitude of bureaus and Pentagon services heightened. And James soon learned the politics of his new job, the first rule of which was to keep the field reports, scientific analyses, medical autopsies, and technological debris from the Roswell crash. James was like the invisible man, drawing little attention to himself. He had served on MacArthur's staff five years before in Southeast Asia, where he had learned to be the little man who wasn't there. The same policy now served him in good stead. Basically, if people did not register his presence, they were more likely to talk about things to do with his project. As a fly on the wall he learned many useful things.

Within the first few weeks of his new assignment, James Foreman observed and discovered much about how the Roswell phenomenon was being handled. Shortly after the crash, each of the different military branches, who had some involvement, already protected its own cache of Roswell files. But, James, as Secretary of Defence had access to everything relating to the case from the various artefacts salvaged from the crash site to the Walter Reed and Bethesda reports concerning the nature of the alien physiology.

Walther Tindall knew a lot more than James Foreman about Project Sign, but even he did not have the full picture. He doubted anyone did. Mostly his role consisted of sifting through all the aerial phenomena reports provided by James and culling all those that were not real. But there were the

real stories. The ones that would not go away no matter how many times some government official stepped up to say the story was false. One such example was a persistent rumour that the Air Force kept a flying saucer at Edwards AFB in California. Walther knew of many eyewitnesses involved who maintained that rocket scientists were researching into the spacecraft's technology, especially its electromagnetic wave propulsion system. There were also rumours circulating about the early harvesting of Roswell technology in the design of new bombers, but Walther did not put much stock in that one.

But there was some evidence to support claims that the US Army had been developing an all-wing design, based on recovered German technology right after World War II. And Jack Northrop's company had begun testing flights of their YB49 flying wing recon/bomber models before the Roswell incident. General Tindall thought it particularly odd that the YB49's quadruple vertical tail fins were uncannily reminiscent of the head on Roswell craft sketches in his files. He sent this information to the Foreign Technology Desk commander, who added it to the mountain of records he had already accrued. But Walther thought the information was too relevant to get buried and met with James Foreman to discuss it face-to-face.

Explaining the reason for his concern, Walther said. 'James, it's not that hard to see a connection between the spacecraft design and the bomber. But the flying wing's development took place over ten years before I became head of the Joint Chiefs. So I had no direct evidence relating the Northrop bomber to the Roswell spacecraft. I need you to make this a priority.'

James frowned, 'Sir, have you any idea how many departments in this Pentagon rabbit warren want me to prioritise their findings?'

'Don't go worrying yourself about that. We're all interested in the Army R&D about flying discs because we believe they are onto something that will give us the edge over our enemies. Just keep me informed about what Foreign Technology is working on, especially the more exotic things in our portfolio.'

'By exotic, I suppose you mean the Roswell phenomena.'

The General looked straight at James. 'Just make sure we're not duplicating budgetary resources by spending twice or three times on the same thing.' Tindall added, 'Between you and me there's a lot of pressure coming from the Joint Chiefs of Staff about technology sharing and joint weapons development. But I want to keep what we have to ourselves. Especially,' he grinned, 'our alien harvest.'

James smiled wanly. 'As if coping with all the other military services isn't enough, we also have to contend with the analysts from the Central Intelligence Agency.'

'Why are they showing an interest?'

'Under the guise of coordination and cooperation, the CIA is amalgamating as much power as it can.'

'And that's a problem for you?'

'Sir, information is power, and the more the CIA try to find out what's happening in the army weapons development program, the more nervous it makes those at the centre of R&D.'

'Then I suggest you pick and choose what information to pass on to them.'

'Yes, but I think you should know something.'

'Oh!'

'Shortly after I took over the Foreign Technology desk, people I know in the agency began to drop hints that if I needed any intelligence about what other countries were developing, they could help me out. But if they scratch my back, etc. They have been hinting that if I had any clues about where any stray pieces of Roswell cargo, or the package - their parlance for the Roswell artefacts - might be found, they would surely appreciate it if I let them know. Yesterday was the third time my CIA contacts bumped into me and whispered this proposal for exchanges of information into my ear. I thought it best to let you know.'

The General nodded, 'OK, nothing gets passed onto the CIA without your knowledge. Make sure your people are up to speed on this.'

'Yes, sir.'

Dr Rosen was alerted by the thrumming noise of the Sikorsky rotorcraft. His immediate thought was that it was there to collect the EBEs. He summoned Waldemar to help him with the stretchers. Dallas said, 'Before we go rushing out there with these guys I'll go on ahead and see what's going on.'

Waldemar, fed up with waiting, said. 'Didn't your General say he was sending someone for us?'

'Yes, but ...'

'Ipso facto, he's arrived. it's simple logic really.'

'Maybe, but I'm checking it out just the same.'

Fischer shook his head but left it at that.

By the time Gus exited the bunker, the Sikorsky R5 had landed and disgorged a single man. Dallas headed in the direction of the approaching passenger. Gus, excited, said, 'So you're here to pick us up.'

The Admiral handed Gus the document from General Tindall.

He scanned the letter, frowning. 'It doesn't say anything about picking us up.'

Roscoe shrugged, I don't know anything about that. I'm here to find out what's going on.'

Gus stared at the Admiral. 'General Tindall knows exactly what we are doing. So why has he sent you to find out?'

Roscoe wondered why The General had not told him anything 'Is Dr Rosen here?'

'Yes, but you haven't answered my question.'

It was time to throw a little weight around. 'It's because, as Chief of Military Intelligence, I outrank you Major Dallas. So let's not waste any more time. Take me to the doc, now.'

Admiral Killenhoetter was in awe as he entered the massive Raven Rock bunker. 'What the heck is this place?' he asked.

Gus explained, 'If the balloon goes up our venerable leaders and their entourage are brought down here. It's not quite finished yet and doesn't have the necessary supplies.'

'So why bring infected patients here?' Roscoe queried, playing along with Gus' explanation for the patients being taken from the hospital.

'You'd better come with me,' Gus said, leading the Admiral into the vast cave network.

Roscoe was amazed as he passed by the various buildings. Outside one of them a man stood guarding the entrance.

Gus stepped up to him. 'This is Admiral Killenhoetter so let us through.'

Fischer had no idea who the Admiral was, but he stood aside.

Roscoe, wondering why Dr Rosen was not wearing a face mask, said, 'They're no longer infectious then?'

Rosen, trying to block the EBEs from the Admiral's view, said, 'What are you doing here?'

'More to the point what the heck are you doing here?' He stepped forward, 'Stand aside doctor.'

Roscoe took one more step, then he stopped in his tracks. He looked upon the small, greyish creatures from another world. 'They really do exist,' he uttered in astonishment. Nothing could have prepared him for the sight of those pathetic space beings.

Dr Rosen said, 'So now you know. And we have to get these aliens to a facility where we can learn about them.'

Gus Dallas said. 'We need your rotorcraft to airlift them back to Wright Field.'

Dr Rosen frowned heavily. That will upset their breathing again.'

'Then they'll have to wear respirators again until they are flown to their destination,'

'Which is?' Roscoe asked.

I hear they're being taken to Dulce AFB.'

'Why there?' Roscoe queried.'

The Major shrugged, 'All I know is that's where they're taking them.'

Rosen brightened, 'They've got a huge underground tunnel system there. The EBEs will be able to breathe easier again.'

Chapter 11

As Secretary Of Defence, James Foreman had to carve out his niche among all the other alphabet agencies vying for a slice of the US Government security budget. Although he had some lobbyists in Congress working for him, the Industrial Military Complex had the numbers to secure the lions share of tax dollars. And Walther Tindall was not making James' job any easier.

At his next briefing with General Tindall at Wright Field AFB James complained, 'You really put me in the hot seat, General.'

'What do you mean?' Tindall probed.

'I'm still formulating a strategy for my special CIA file but somehow the Company, as the CIA is known, has gotten hold of information I have not passed on to them.'

James eye balled the General. 'I'm pretty damn sure the leak did not come from my department.'

'Pretty damn sure is not enough, Mr Secretary. Your job is to hold the line. Now the CIA knows what we have. How do you explain that other than there is a traitor in your department.'

James had no answer. He stared at the General. 'Are you suggesting an internal investigation?'

'I'm not suggesting anything, James. I'm telling you to make sure your house is in order.'

The Defence Secretary sighed, 'Whoever carries out the investigation will want access to all our personnel files, which means they will know what my people are working on.'

Tindall threw open his hands. 'How else do you suggest we sanitise your department?'

James replied, 'Keep it very low key, with just one FBI agent working undercover in the department.'

'That could take months or even years,' Walther argued.

James added, 'And the leak may well be coming from another source.'

Tindall stared at James. 'That's highly unlikely, and I'm not prepared to go there.'

James rubbed his chin thoughtfully. 'Of course, there could be a CIA mole in the department.'

'If that's the case it's going to be very difficult to sniff him out.'

James frowned. 'I'm at a loss here.'

'OK, Mr Secretary, don't do a damn thing till I've spoken to a couple of people.'

Once Foreman had left, he spoke into his Amplicall Intercom. 'Get me the DCI.'

'DCI Scours here. (is this really the acronym for the Director? Its too much like uk DCI – confusing to people? I have feeling he's called the Director? Think about Homeland. Just say Scours here?) What can I do for you General?'

'We need a private meeting ASAP.'

'Oh! What about?'

'Spying.'

'Sounds intriguing. Your place or mine.'

Walther said, 'I'll come to you.'

After landing at the National airport, Walther Tindall took a cab to Foggy Bottom in the E street Complex that had been used by the OSS during World War II. The fledgeling, one-year-old, CIA had taken over the space of the former OSS. The Agency also found space in the 'Tempos' Old temporary premises along the National Mall. The DCI's office was in the E Street Complex, and Sidney Scours sat proudly in the seat once occupied by William Joseph Donovan.

Sidney Scours, a short, dapper man, was a picture of supreme confidence. Walther figured he would make a good poker player. 'We have a problem.' Walther opened.

From experience, Sidney knew that meant you have a problem. He knew the General would not have broken his busy schedule to come to DC to seek the help of the DCI if it was his problem. 'Oh, and what problem would that be.'

'There appears to be an information leak in the Defence Department.'

Sidney, puzzled, responded, 'Then it sounds like your problem, not mine.'

'That's what I thought at first, Sidney. Then I thought about who would gain by planting a mole in the Department.'

Sidney blinked and looked up at Walther. 'Are you suggesting we have a spy in your ranks? Because if so ...'

'Let's stop beating around the bush. The CIA has unlawfully accessed classified documents held by the Defence Department concerning Project Bluebook.'

'I do not deny that. Why should I? We are an intelligence gathering agency, Walther,' Sidney smirked.

'Then you have planted a mole in the DOF.'

'I'm not admitting that.'

Walther leant across the big desk and fixed the smaller man with his gaze. 'Sidney, you're abusing your position, which you must agree is tenuous at best. Now, this is what you are going to do. You are going to get your spy out of our space and do so quickly.'

Sidney sat back, calm and relaxed. 'Now, why would I want to do a thing like that, Walther?'

'Because if you don't, I will let the Joint Chiefs know the CIA is planting people in Government departments.'

The DCI stared at the JCOS Chairman, 'You have absolutely no proof! You'll just be making everyone paranoid.'

'Sidney, you should read the new National Security Act. To refresh your memory, it describes your job as Director of Central Intelligence as one who serves as head of the United States intelligence community. Who shall act as the principal adviser to the President for intelligence matters related to the national security? So tell me this, How does planting spies in Government agencies constitute helping national security?'

'I'd love to see you try to make that one stick,' The CIA boss sneered.

Roscoe replied derisively, 'Oh, come on Sidney. You know how paranoid the agencies are when they get a whiff of someone looking over their shoulder.'

Sidney's supreme confidence collapsed. There were things he did not yet know about the job. 'OK, if we do have a spy in your Department we may possibly have overstepped our bounds.'

Walther smiled for the first time at the meeting. 'Just get your spy out, and all this can go away. Your choice, Sidney.'

Later that day Walther Tindall called in on James Foreman. He said. 'One of your people is going to leave work soon and not come back.'

James looked up from what he was doing. 'What are you talking about, General?'

'I'm not talking about anything. I'm merely telling you what is going to happen.'

'Why?'

Walther stared at the Defence Secretary. 'Why the hell can't you just accept it like it is?'

Foreman went silent.

Walther added, 'I have just extracted your balls from the fire and solved your leak problem. So just leave it at that. OK?'

'I hadn't realised.'

'Just be more careful in future,' Walther said, standing up to leave.

Dr Rosen insisted on taking the EBEs to Dulce, and the Admiral insisted on going with him. The base Commander organised a Sikorsky Model S-48, which could carry four passengers (Dr Rosen,

Admiral Killenhoetter and the ailing EBEs). There was no room for Gus and Waldemar. The EBEs were in a critical condition. So there could be no delays. With everybody on board, the pilot got the green light and set course for Colorado.

Dulce, a sleepy little town in northern New Mexico had a population of only 900 or so. Built around 7000 feet above sea level, Dulce occupied a small part of the Jicarilla Apache Indian Reservation. The town had just one motel and a few ma and pa stores. With dwindling tourism during the war, Dulce was only one or two steps from becoming a ghost town, which was how the army wanted it.

That was until people found out that Dulce harboured deep dark secrets. The mystery of Dulce lay deep below the tangled brush of Archuleta Mesa. Rumours began to circulate about underground joint government-alien biogenetic laboratories, which were designed to carry out bizarre experiments on humans and animals. These vague stories began to gain more steam when New Mexico State Police Officer Chico Valdez was called to investigate a mutilated cow in a pasture 13 miles east of Dulce on the Cararra ranch.

Amateur investigators attributed the mutilations to aliens from flying saucers. Locals reported seeing flying discs around Dulce. Sightings of strange lights and other aerial phenomena also indicated where the cow had been found at the time of the reported mutilation.

Above ground, Dulce AFB was nothing special to look at. Roscoe saw what looked like some kind of power station, surrounded by groups of single storey structures that comprised tin sheds as well as more solid concrete buildings; and a network of dirt roads connected the different areas. He turned to Dr Rosen, 'Where is this crate going to land. I can't see any runways.'

Just then the rotorcraft banked left and approached the base from behind the power station. Then the Rotorcraft levelled off and approached a large opening in the back of a hill. Inside was a runway complete with two parallel rows of landing lights.

'I guess you have your answer, Admiral,' Rosen grinned.

Roscoe could not believe it. 'What the heck is this place, doc?'

'How the hell would I know?'

Security was there in force, waiting for the men to emerge from the aircraft. They were like none the Admiral had seen before, All the security officers wore dark blue jumpsuits, with a silver ellipse with an eye above it, Dulce's symbol. They also wore odd looking handguns (flash guns - Dulce's standard hand weapon).

Next, the Doctor and the Admiral were blindfolded, then they were shoved and nudged to get them walking in the correct direction.

Chapter 12

During the 1940s two significant things happened in Robert Evening Sky's life. First, the Navaho moved their villages closer to Hopi land, in Arizona. This encroachment caused increased tensions on the Hopi reservation. Some members wanted direct action whereas wiser heads wanted a peaceful solution. Robert Evening Sky's second significant experience changed his life. Robert had been raised by his grandparents after his father was killed in a bar brawl. If that was not unsettling enough for the young boy, according to custom, his mother had to leave the reservation. She could have taken young Robert with her but she thought he was better off with his people. Her parents did not argue and willingly took on the task of raising their daughter's child.

Until age five Robert had not had any contact with the white man. He and a group of young boys around his age were taught by his grandfather, about a group of people they called the Star Warriors

- aliens he code-named Blues, owing to the translucent hue of their skin. These people taught Robert and his friends how to run six miles with a mouthful of water, without spilling a drop. They had to return and spit out the water at the feet of the blue warriors. The boys were made to stand with their backs to their elders who fired arrows at the students who had to turn at lightning speed and catch them in mid-flight. Nobody had told them it was impossible to do such things.

As Robert developed, he learned that Star Warrior knowledge was not freely granted and had to be earned. There is an ancient Hopi prophecy that says today's red man is white, tomorrow's white man is green. The first alien contact was in 1947, but it had nothing to do with the Roswell crash or the EBEs. By that time Robert Evening Sky was a tribal elder, and the Star Warriors said they needed to spend fifty years with the elders of the Hopi nation.

The Star Warriors had a faint bluish but translucent skin, large almond shaped eyes and were small in stature. Their fundamental teaching for the Hopi was to follow their passion; develop their own path; do their own thing. And not be pressured into being anything other than what they really were. Robert Evening Sky took this teaching to heart and made it the cornerstone of his life.

Was it mere coincidence? Robert wondered, that the Sky Warriors turned up at the same time the spacecraft accident occurred near Roswell. The Roswell story was all over the news. But nobody other than the Hopi elders knew about the Sky Warriors. It had to stay that way. So the Sky people never left the village of Oraibi on the Third Mesa, the oldest continuously inhabited community in the United States.

Robert Evening Sky grew up with the knowledge the Hopi Guardian Maasaw, saved his people before a great flood. Maasaw brought the Hopi safely to the Third Mesa, where they built and lived in Oraibi after travelling east over a vast ocean. Maasaw showed them the exact location where he wanted them to live. Robert figured out the Hopi Guardian was the first of the Sky Warriors to visit Earth. Legend had it that Maasaw told the peaceful people to expect other races to come to their land in the future, but not to resist or fight them but to welcome them.

With this message in mind, long after Maasaw had returned to his world, the Hopi welcomed the Spaniards until 1680 when the invaders tried to infect them with their religion. This was the only time the Hopi rose in anger, and they drove the Spaniards off to the east. There, the Spanish inhabited the villages of Zuni, Acoma, Taos, and other communities that lived on rivers with running water and they converted them to their Catholic religion. The Hopi elders still waited for their long lost white brother to return to their villages and complete their ceremonial cycles as Maasaw had instructed them. Maybe the Roswell sightings were a sign?

As the Sikorsky landed inside the Dulce base, armed guards brandishing M2 Carbines, which packed thirty calibre shells, surrounded the aircraft.

Rosen turned to Roscoe, 'Some welcoming committee.'

A middle-aged man wearing a lightweight white suit and Panama hat approached the two passengers. He held two dark hoods made from a coarse material, which he handed to the doctor and the Admiral.

'Oh, come on. Surely you don't expect us to wear these things,' Roscoe grinned, finding it hard to take the man seriously.

The man dressed all in white, said, 'Gentlemen, you have no authorisation to be here. But now that you are here you will not enter this base unless you wear these hoods. You will also be handcuffed and taken to an area where you will be debriefed.'

Dr Rosen said, 'What have you done with the EBEs?'

'That is no longer your concern. Now put on the hoods and extend your arms.'

Roscoe, both curious and somewhat apprehensive, argued, 'Now look here, I don't know who you are or what rank you hold, but I am Chief of US Military Intelligence and ...'

'Your rank does not matter here. What does matter is that you do not have clearance to be here and that makes you a threat to national security.'

'Look, get in touch with General Walther Tindall. He'll vouch for us.'

'Does he have the authorisation to decide on matters here.'

Roscoe was incredulous. 'We are talking about the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff!'

The white-suited man tutted, 'Admiral you just don't get it, Even Truman needs a national security clearance to come here.'

Roscoe, too stunned for words, donned the hood and felt the cuffs click on his wrists.

Chapter 13

Robert Evening Sky sat on a large rock looking up at the stars in the heavens, the movements of which he believed affected the forces on Earth. He had studied the heavens for as long as he could remember. He often wondered, with some amusement, if his passion with the night sky came from his name, or the that name given him influenced his star attraction. Either way that was where he sat. Robert sensed someone nearby. Without averting his vision he said, 'Who approaches me?'

'My name is Little Fox. May I sit with you?'

Robert shifted over to make room for the young man. 'Why are you out here this time of night?'

'I wish to know what I must do to become a medicine man.'

Robert turned to the young man beside him. 'Why do you wish to be a medicine man?'

'Because I believe my path is that of a healer.'

'A medicine man is not necessarily a healer, they are people who do their own thing with a passion. One will make you practice your own medicine and the other will make you feel better. Medicine teachers make both things one and the same.'

'What must I do to learn this?'

'You must first become a warrior.'

'Why a warrior when I am a man of peace?'

'A warrior is a living example of passion.'

'But, what is passion?'

Robert smiled, 'It is an inner feeling, a love activity. It makes time flow quickly, It makes us willing to move heaven and earth to to achieve our purpose in life. Passion is the union of love between man and woman; it has more power and energy than anything one earth and if harnessed can be unbeatable. In this you practice your own medicine.'

Little Fox felt a strange warmth coursing through his body, creating a pleasant but shivery sensation in his hands. 'Your gift to me is great. I feel very much in harmony with my being.'

Robert smiled again. 'Harmony occurs when our hearts beat moves in time with another like the drum music of the dance.' It can be the heartbeat of a chosen one, the heartbeat of a nation, the

heartbeat of the universe and the earth. Think about your passion, if it makes you feel good, and shivery, it's your passion. It is your passion that makes all things possible.'

Little Fox felt this heartbeat connection with the wise elder. 'Thank you wise elder, you give me much to ponder.'

'Go in peace, Little Fox.

The young man got up and left. Robert Evening Sky turned his attention back to his passion - the stars.

Commander X was a bit of a mystery at Dulce AFB. Nobody, not even his security people knew much about him or his background but they all deferred to him and followed his commands. He removed his panama hat and looked at the cuffed hooded prisoners. For that's what they were to him, And as his captives he could treat them any way he pleased. The Jewish doctor was no problem but the Admiral was a different kettle of fish. He had support from the JCoS and it was not in his interest to upset General Tindall. 'Remove their hoods,' he said, to one of the guards. The soldier did so and the Doctor and the Admiral blinked in the bright light. Roscoe said, How about the cuffs. After all we're not about to go anywhere.'

'That's very true, the Commander smiled. The question is what do we do with you now?'

'We only came here to bring you the EBEs. Now that is done, I'm happy to leave,' Roscoe said.

Dr Rosen said, 'I would like to see my patients, just to satisfy myself they are OK.'

Director X looked him full in the face. 'That may be possible later, but for now I have some questions.'

'I have some questions too, whoever you are.' Roscoe countered.

'I may answer some of your questions later, Admiral, but for now why did you choose to bring the entities here.'

Dr Rosen said 'I can answer that. The EBEs had breathing problems. We figured that their respiratory systems couldn't handle the oxygen levels on Earth. But under the Earth, owing to thinner air, they are able to breathe more easily.'

This was not news to the Commander. But it had taken a team of highly skilled scientists from MJ12 many months to come to the same conclusion. Maybe this medico is not so stupid after all, X thought. 'Excellent thinking Doctor, You may be useful here after all.'

'B -but I'm not staying here.' Rosen stated.'

X smiled again. 'Maybe so, maybe not. But the choice may not be yours.'

'W-what do you mean?'

'You could be part of the most advanced team of scientists on Earth engaged in the most incredible of projects.'

Admiral Killenhoetter stared at the Commander. 'Your project doesn't need me then?'

'That has yet to be decided.' X paused then said, 'Why did you want to come here?'

'Because I wanted to know what the heck is going on with space creatures.'

'What makes you think you'll find the answers here?'

Roscoe sensed this man in the white suit was toying with him. 'Heck, I don't know. I just wanted to see where the little grey guys would end up.'

X got up, excited. 'I know what we'll do. You are guests until we know how to play this. My guards will show you to your quarters.' The Director then replaced the hoods.

Walther Tindall proved correct. One of the employees in the Department of Defence left work on Friday afternoon and did not return. James Foremen figured it must have been the mole in the ranks. At General Tindall's request the Defence Secretary let it go. As far as he was concerned the leak had been plugged and it was business as usual. To every member of the rumour bank, from which everybody in the Pentagon made deposits and withdrawals, the air force was sitting on the Holy Grail - a spaceship itself and maybe even a live extraterrestrial. But nobody except personnel with the highest security clearance at Dulce AFB, knew for sure. And that did not count because Dulce underground base did not exist.

James had a pretty good idea that the Air Force did keep some of the Roswell artefacts at Wright Field, outside Dayton, Ohio, because the cargo was shipped there, stopping off at Fort Riley on the way. There was no explanation as to why this was the case. So James got one of his researchers to find out about Fort Riley. He discovered that during the aftermath of World War II, the fort experienced a period of transition. The Cavalry School ceased operation in November 1946, and the last tactical horse unit inactivated the following March. The emphasis was now setting up the Ground General School, which trained newly commissioned officers in basic military subjects. An officer's candidate course was conducted along with training officers and enlisted men in intelligence techniques and methods. This bit caught his eye, James had set up two folders for Roswell incidents. The incident timeline did not make sense to him. According to the official report the Roswell UFO incident took place in June or July 1947. The Walker AFB control tower recorded the Roswell crash on July 4 1947.

No patriotic American was likely to confuse that date with another. But Walter Brazer, the rancher who found the debris on his land put the date in early June. The only logical answer James could come up with was there was two separate incidents on two different dates. Hence the two separate folders. In the June Report the rancher thought he had discovered the wreckage of a flying saucer. This theory was soundly discredited by experts who claimed the rancher had discovered the remains of a crashed weather balloon.

James figured the debris could have come from something else entirely. He ran his idea by General Tindall at a morning briefing, during which, he asked, 'What do you know about Project Mogul?'

'Why do you want to know?'

'I was going through the records pertaining to the Roswell files. There is a mention that the debris from the crash site was taken to Wright Field AFB after stopping at Fort Riley on the way.'

'So?' Walther shrugged.

'What reason would they have to take the artefacts to Fort Riley.'

'I don't know. But is it really that important?'

James looked straight at the General. 'So what is Project Mogul about?'

'It doesn't exist.'

'Not yet, officially.'

Walther sighed, 'It's designed to detect sound waves in the upper atmosphere from Soviet atom bomb tests by flying microphones on trains of balloons at high altitude. It's all very hush hush.'

'General, it makes no sense at all to take weather balloon debris to Fort Riley, which I believe now specialises in training officers in intelligence techniques and methodology. But it would make more sense if the so-called weather balloon was in fact one of the Project Mogul detection balloon trains.'

Walther sighed, 'You may well be right but keep it under your hat for now.'

With the hoods and cuffs removed Roscoe and Rosen took in their surroundings. The room was quite large with a pair of bunk beds in one corner and a low table with two chairs. There was an air vent in the ceiling but no windows. The door was locked from the outside. Rosen said, 'Where the hell are we?'

'Other than at Dulce AFB?'

'Yes. What do you actually know about this place, Admiral?'

'Very little, Doc. But from the tight security I'd guess very few people know about the underground base.'

'They must be hiding something,'

'You don't say!' Roscoe scoffed.

'Why else would they go to all this trouble and expense to keep what ever is going on here, top secret?'

The Admiral sighed, 'I guess we're better off not knowing. We have a better chance of getting out of here if we don't know.'

Rosen said, 'As a man of science I can't help being curious.'

'That's OK for you because Mr white suit thinks you could be useful.'

'So who the hell is that guy?' Rosen asked.

Roscoe said, 'He doesn't look or act militarily.'

'Yet he orders everyone around.'

'From my experience working closely with Truman, civilians who can push around the military are the most dangerous men of all. They wield power but have no discipline or moral code.'

Rosen frowned, 'But why would someone high up put him in that position.'

Roscoe said, 'For precisely that reason.'

'What do you mean, Admiral?'

'His employer does not want to know about the methods used here. They just want the required results. You don't give that kind of job to a man of conscience.'

'Shit! That really is scary.'

As long as you're useful and you follow orders without question, you'll be okay.'

Roscoe looked at the bunk beds, then at the pair of wooden chairs. He turned to Rosen. 'He knew we were coming.'

'How?'

'Two beds, two chairs. How did he know there would be two of us?'

Rosen shrugged, 'Maybe all the guest rooms are set out like this?'

Roscoe sneered, 'This is hardly some darned hotel.'

'Then the pilot must have told him.'

'That's my guess as well.'

'OK, so where does that get us?'

'Intelligence gathering is like putting together a jigsaw. Each piece we understand makes the picture a little clearer. Everything we learn about Mr white suit gives us an insight into his mind.'

Rosen grimaced, 'I don't think I want to go there.'

Roscoe stared at the doctor, 'We may have to, if we are going to get out of here.'

'How is getting to know the way he thinks going to get us out of here.'

The Admiral sighed, 'Because, whoever Mr white suit is, we appear to remain here at his pleasure. The more we know about him and less we know about what he is doing here improves our chances of getting away.'

Rosen looked around their room. There was no fridge or cooker. No facilities for making coffee. He said, 'I guess they'll either mean to feed or starve us.'

Roscoe said, 'Although this isn't your usual jail cell that's exactly what it is. We have been kidnapped.'

'For what reason. They're hardly going to demand a ransom.'

Roscoe said, 'I'm Chief of Military Intelligence. People are going to be looking for me.'

Rosen on his own track said, 'At least there's a flush toilet.'

'Yeah, we're in a four star prison,' Roscoe scoffed.

Chapter 14

The silver-haired General Twinner said. 'I'm sure the agency fellows would love to get into the Naval Intelligence files on Roswell if they've not done so already.'

Walther Tindall remained silent on the matter. He figured Twinner was fishing for something to please his master. At length, he said, 'With the new submarine technology and missile launching nuclear subs the navy is struggling with its own growing pains.'

'What growing pains?' Twinner asked.

'Trying to figure out what to do about the USOs.'

'What the hell are they?' Twinner said.

'The Navy calls them, Unidentified Submerged Objects.' Tindall turned to Twinner. 'So what brings you to the Pentagon, General?'

Twinner twisted in his seat. 'OK, I report directly to the CIC. Between you and me, Truman is fascinated with this whole Roswell thing and wants to be apprised of everything about it.'

Walther frowned. 'Can't you get him to take up another hobby?'

'Is there a problem with Truman's request, General?'

Walther remained silent for a moment, then said, 'Tell the boss that when I find out all that's going on, I'll be happy to tell him personally. But right now I have a mountain of files with many of them contradicting each other.'

Twiner frowned, 'H'm, I thought it would be much more straight forward. What if I get Mr T to write down specific questions that I will pass onto you. Would that work?'

'That all depends on the questions, Tindall said. 'But you can tell Mr T this. There is nothing in any of the files I've waded through that suggests the whereabouts of the crashed craft or its occupants.'

Twiner stared at the General. 'They can't have disappeared into thin air.'

Once the General left, Walther attended to a more pressing problem. He could not get hold of Rear Admiral Killenhoetter. The last he had heard was that the Admiral had boarded a plane with Dr Rosen and the two EBES. Its flight plan was classified data that even the General could not access.

Commander X looked at the six scientists, each of whom were sworn to secrecy. They were all engaged in what the Commander coined as the Zeta Project. They were all brilliant scientists, but the world would never know of their achievements, and none of them would ever receive scientific acclaim for their work. 'Have you learnt anything new from the Roswell survivors?' X asked.

Dr Pigman, head of the Dulce base Joint Research and Development, said, 'We can't do much with them until their breathing stabilises.'

Dr Kronsky, Biophysicist. Head of the Medical Advisory Committee, said, 'Aatakk has made it known to me that many members of his family, have developed a genetic disorder in their digestive system.'

The white-suited man tried not to show alarm. 'Is it serious?'

'Thanks to the ZR translation device Ricky Roehampton invented, I was able to understand what's wrong.'

Major Richard Roehampton, who was head of the Special Weapons Project at the base, said, 'Be careful Dimitri, it's not 100 per cent accurate.'

Kronsky stroked his grey beard. 'It was accurate enough for Aatakk to inform me that soon their digestive systems will not function and they will die.'

The Commander, not one to show emotion, said, 'That's disastrous to our work here. Is there anything you can do, Dr Kronsky?'

The scientist looked straight at X, as he referred to the civilian. 'There is nothing we can do. But Aatakk informs me there is something his family can do.'

'What is it?' X demanded.

Kronsky answered, 'I don't know. He wouldn't tell me. He did say they would have to take one of their craft on a special mission tonight.'

'To do what?' Commander X asked, nonplussed.

The Medical Advisory Committee chief explained, 'He said it was best if I did not know. But it will save the lives of his people.'

The other scientists present, who had each played a significant role in learning about the Zeta Reticulans, showed alarm. 'This is highly irregular,' a scientist protested.

'What if it's a trick? What if they fly away and don't come back?' a troubled member asked.

'Didn't he give any clue as to what they would do out there?' another asked.

Kronsky said, 'Aatakk made it clear. If they don't do what is necessary the Zeta's won't make it.'

'Even so, we can't have them flying off whenever they feel like it,' Dr Douglas Messenger Professor of Astrophysics, commented.'

Commander X had to take control, He turned to Dimitri Kronsky. 'I want to hear what Aatakk has to say about this. Then I will inform you all of my decision.'

The first stage of tunnel building under Dulce AFB began in 1937 when the American Corps of Engineers started carrying out the colossal on-going, secret project. All personnel were sworn to secrecy. But it need not have mattered because nobody in the construction gang had any idea as to why they were building it. Had they been told its function hardly anyone amongst the ACoE would have believed it anyway.

Commander X the new base director followed Dr Kronsky to level three of the Dulce facility. It comprised laboratories, alien accommodation and a research hospital around fifty feet below the town of Dulce, who's local inhabitants were entirely oblivious to what was going on. The Commander recalled visiting level three for the first time. The chambers were heavily guarded, and even the Commander with his top-security clearance could not get past the armed guards. Not until he had established himself as the number one honcho on the base. Even so, the Commander was not familiar with all of the overall mega subterranean complex that already took up a massive area.

Now, armed with their passes, X and Kronsky passed security scrutiny with no trouble. But despite their previous visits, the scene in the scientific laboratories still defied their senses. Beings with large heads and skinny bodies, around four foot tall took orders from taller Greys, who monitored their activities. The smaller creatures obeyed the tall aliens without question.

Dr Kronsky and his team had noted that the smaller Greys, whose head to body proportions were akin to those of a 5-month-old human foetus, willingly accepted their role in the alien hierarchy. They did not have the distinct individuality of the superior larger Greys, which seemed to suggest they were of a very ancient species. Kronsky's team confirmed this theory while carrying out an autopsy on a dead, small grey alien. He discovered its DNA patterns lay within a specific band relating to a more primitive model.

The Commander turned to Kronsky. 'Go and find, Aatakk.'

'Yes, Sir. But first, wear one of these.' He handed the Commander one of Roehampton's language translators. Then he fitted one to his own wrist.

When the EBEs or Zetas, as Kronsky referred to the aliens, used verbal communication, they did so by using a lot of different clicking noises, much like that of dolphins.

Kronsky got the attention of one of the larger Greys and asked where Aatakk was. The alien, in turn, said something to one of the smaller Zetas, who went scurrying off and came back with Aatakk.

Dr Kronsky had taken a particular interest in the tall, bluish grey alien, and had been cultivating him for 3 years. Aatakk became Kronsky's eyes and ears in the alien compound. The Doctor said, 'The Commander is here to speak with you.'

Director X took over. 'Dr Kronsky tells me some of your people are sick.'

'Yes, Director, that is so. They are getting much greyer. We must act to save them. (Although the space beings became known as Greys they only took on that hue when sick or under stress.) Looking around the room, the Director saw a wide variation in the skin tones of the species. Colours ranged from bluish grey to beige, tan, brown or white.'

Aatakk explained, 'Other factors affect our skin colour. One is the state of our general health. The grey ones are suffering because they can no longer receive nourishment through their skin. We know the cure, but we cannot find it here. We must fly to where the cure can be found.'

The Director said, 'What is this cure?'

'That I can't tell you, Director.'

Director X firmed his jaw. 'Then I can't let you fly out of here.'

Dr Kronsky was both nervous and in awe. He would never have stood up to a large Grey that way.

'If we do not do this, Director, our family members will die.'

The commander stared up at the 7 foot Zeta. 'Tell me what you intend to do, and I will let you go.'

Aatakk thought about it. It was already getting dark and time was of the essence. 'We have to get an enzyme or hormonal secretion, which we mix with hydrogen peroxide. We spread this solution on the skin, so our body absorbs the mixture and excretes the waste back through the skin.'

The Commander listened, then said, 'I can have this stuff ordered right away. So there's no need for you to leave the base.'

Aatakk stared down at the Earth leader. 'It is too late for that, We have to get it now.'

'Where will you get it from?'

'We can obtain it from your cows or from you humans.'

The Commander frowned, 'Don't go interfering with humans. Not without my say so.'

Roscoe and Rosen were bored. A few hours passed before a guard brought them food and drink. A White Castle burger and fries with black coffee. It was not Roscoe's usual fare, but it was food, and that was all the Admiral cared about at that moment.

Dr Rosen said, 'So have you figured out Mr white suit yet?'

'He's not that difficult to figure out. Although he doesn't advertise it, I'd say he has a military background. Probably in the army but not a regular grunt. He's intelligent so he would probably have been a strategist in some special ops outfit.'

'OK, what makes you think he was in the Army? Why not the Airforce or even the Navy?'

'I think they'd be too constricting for him. His brain needs a degree of autonomy. Only the Army would give him what he needs.'

Rosen, playing Devil's advocate, rebutted, 'I disagree. He strikes me as ex-naval officer material. I'm surprised you don't see it, Admiral.'

'What do you mean?'

Their game was interrupted by the sound of a key turning in the lock.

The Commander strolled into the room, an armed guard on either side of him. 'You two probably thought I'd forgotten about you. I apologise for keeping you.' he said, bereft of any emotion. He added, 'I had something pressing to attend to. But here I am,' he smiled coldly.

Turning to his guards, he said, 'Take Dr Rosen to the medical facility. I'm sure he'll be much more at home there.'

Roscoe hated the idea of being left alone. 'What's going to happen to me?' he asked, looking straight at the Commander.

'Yes, you are a bit of a problem.'

'What do you mean?' Roscoe said, feeling insecure.

'I don't want you here, and I can't let you go. It's all a bit of a conundrum, really.'

'You can let me go. I don't know anything about what you're doing here. And I don't want to know.'

'Fine words, Rear Admiral Killenhoetter. But as soon as you report back to Walther Tindall you'll be singing like a bird, and I don't want any alphabet agencies snooping around here.'

'What can I possibly tell him, apart from the fact you have an underground runway.'

Commander X fixed Roscoe with his penetrating stare. 'And what will you tell him about me?'

Roscoe got the feeling white suit was playing cat and mouse with him. 'About you! I don't even know your name.'

'Admiral I think we should both sleep on this and re-approach this puzzle in the morning.'

Flying a disc was nothing like piloting a plane. The Zetas had cognition-enhanced technology. The discs themselves had sensitive intelligence built in, linked intrinsically to Zeta Consciousness. Their flying discs were powered by Universal (Zero Point) Energy, which was accessed through the mind and hands of the operators. The Zetans flew three kinds of disc. First the really massive mother-ships that had never landed on Earth; they resembled flying cities and remained high above the planet. Next came medium-sized craft capable of carrying up to six small Zetans. The mini discs only had enough room for the pilot up front and one Zetan behind him. The small Greys used a medium sized craft for their covert mission to extract a particular enzyme from cattle. So, in the dead of night in the sky over the Colorado/New Mexico border the flying disc hovered above a herd of cattle. A circular hatch slid aside, and a beam of light illuminated a circle of grass. Two of the six Zeta Reticulans stood in the put-down/pick up beam and floated down to the ground. Although they had never carried out animal mutilations before, the Zetas knew what to do to collect the secretions. Using a stun ray weapon, one of the Zetans snuck up on a cow and put the stunner against its brain. The animal fell as though pole-axed. Now the second Zetan cut out the genitals and cored out the rectum to the colon.

He also took out the eyes, the tongue and cut the animal's throat, with extreme surgical precision. The laser knife blade was so thin the Zetan scientists could splice between the cells, separating the molecular structure. Once the Zetans had what they came for they were beamed up into the saucer, which then set course back to Dulce base.

A few skywatchers thought they saw a flying disc cross over the border between New Mexico and Colorado. But the person who got the biggest surprise was the rancher who checked on his herd. They had been agitated about something, so he went and checked it out. The rancher could not believe his eyes. He came across three carcasses and figured a pack of Grey wolves might have killed his cattle. But wolves don't surgically remove body parts! And they don't leave scorched circles on the ground!

Chapter 15

At the Director's request, Dr Kronsky took Dr Rosen under his wing. Looking at the many alien beings carrying out various functions around their section, Rosen said, 'I thought they were all grey.'

Kronsky grinned, 'Only when you see them at their worst. Their skin tone variations are prevalent. I have even witnessed them change colour once they have consumed nourishment.'

'How extraordinary.'

'Indeed, Dr Rosen. Although it doesn't happen every time, they absorb nourishment. Very rarely in fact.'

'Why is that then?'

Kronsky shrugged. 'We don't know. Oh, there's so much we don't know.'

Rosen looked at the scientist with admiration. But you have achieved tremendous things. You have actually found a way to communicate with beings from another star system. That's huge.'

'Yes, of course,' Kronsky smiled.

The Zetans seemed to have no need of clothes. This raised another topic of interest for Rosen. He said 'The short ones are to all intents and purposes, naked. But I can't see any reproductive organs.'

'That puzzled the team at first. Then later, once we had a dialogue going on with Aatakk, He explained that the bald-headed Zetas were a cloned species. As such they have no reproductive capability.'

Rosen grinned, 'Well that answers that question.'

They walked among the EBEs in silence. Then Rosen said, 'Wouldn't you rather all this be in the open?'

'Of course. But it is not going to happen.'

'Why not. You're achieving outstanding things here. Don't you want the world to know?'

Kronsky sighed, 'What I want is neither here nor there. Don't you remember what happened when that Orson Welles 'War of the Worlds' broadcast was on the radio? Hell, we had near riots in the cities because they thought that thing was real. Can you imagine what would happen if it really happened? If our own government said that flying saucers had landed just like on the radio, only this time we caught one, and they're still coming back? Think about it. Riots, looting, people going insane because they think aliens are destroying the planet.'

Rosen listened, then said, 'I take your point. So, we are stuck here.'

Kronsky went silent.

Rosen asked, 'When was the last time you were allowed off the base?'

'Oh, I get to see my family. I just keep silent about what I'm doing.'

'That must be very difficult.'

Kronsky grinned, 'I think it would be much more difficult trying to explain what I do.'

Rosen chuckled, 'I take your point.'

Roscoe woke up wondering where the heck he was. As his consciousness flooded back he remembered the room, then Dr Rosen. 'What has happened to him?' He wondered. He thought about how to work out white suit's profile, he thought. As an expert in Military Intelligence Roscoe had dealt with psychological profiles and white suit was a classic megalomaniac with sociopathic tendencies. He portrayed an aura of care and well being while manipulating everything to his advantage. So, as Roscoe saw it, he could play it two ways - passive or active. Passive meant going

along with everything white suit said in a contrite manner. Or he could use white suit's psyche profile and play him at his own game.

Roscoe figured that by then Mr white suit would have had the Admiral's records on his desk. In which case he would have seen how, in just two years after leaving the OSS, he had risen quickly through the ranks to become a senior Military Intelligence officer. He could not have achieved this by acting timidly. So white suit would soon see through his passivity ploy. That left active. So now he used his alone time to figure out how to gain an advantage by reading his captor. But what if he had got it wrong?

Director X had to make his decision. It was not a hard one to make. He merely had to find the best way to deal with the problem. He could easily have the troublesome Admiral taken away and dealt with by his guards. Or better still get one of the Zetas to kill him. It would be interesting to see how they reacted to such a directive. But he decided against it. Killing the man did not concern him one bit. But the man held a senior military rank and had connections with the JCoS. So, if he disappeared some influential people might come looking for him, And Commander X did not want to attract that sort of attention. So that left drug-induced amnesia. He contacted Dimitri Kronsky and summoned him to his office. Once the Doctor arrived, the Commander said, 'How can you go about inducing a drug-related blackout?'

'You could get your subject to imbibe a GABAergic drug.'

'What will that do?'

'Impair short term and long term memory that brings about a state of anterograde amnesia, in which the subject cannot recall any events after the event that caused it.'

'Is it reliable?'

Kronsky said, 'That will be easier to determine, Commander, if you tell me what this is all about.'

'I have to deal with our Rear Admiral Killenhoetter.' I want his mind blank concerning his visit here.'

'There might be a better way to do it, Commander.'