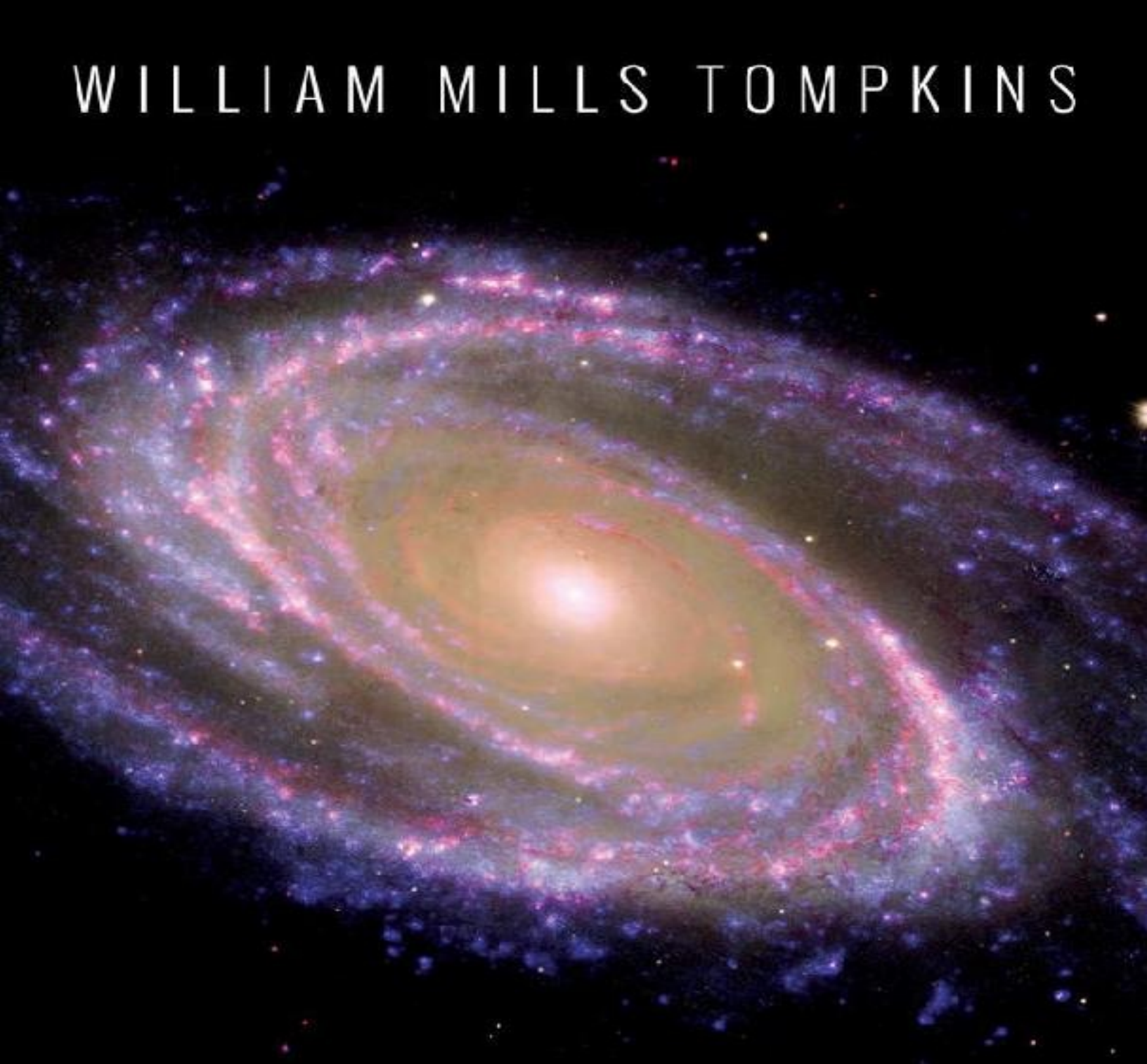
WILLIAM MILLS TOMPKINS



SELECTED BY EXTRATERRESTRIALS

My life in the top secret world of UFOs., think-tanks and Nordic secretaries

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My life in the top secret world of UFOs., think-tanks and Nordic secretaries

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PREFACE

Bill Tompkins has been writing his autobiographies in his mind for many years and this book is the first of several eras in his life, taking his story from childhood years to the late 1960s when he was hired by TRW. I first met Bill on November 24, 2009 when he summarized his life for a couple of hours. One of the things that excited me was that he had worked at Douglas Aircraft Company from 1950 to 1963, and I had worked there the summers of 1949, 1950, 1953 through April 1954 and then from January 1956 until retirement in 1993. He and I had not met each other during our six years of overlapping time because he was initially a draftsman working in Ground Support Electronics, with whom I rarely had contact since I was involved in aerodynamic and thermodynamic issues. Nevertheless, we both worked for many of the same VP's and I knew or had met nearly all of the people he referenced, especially the key persons he worked for in a "think tank", Elmer Wheaton and his German scientific advisor, Wolfgang B. Klemperer. His story of the work he did exactly coincides with what I remember, although I was not aware that there was a think tank at that time at that location. For example, we both worked on the Thor missile for the Air Force, the Nike Zeus for the Army and Saturn Program for NASA.

He showed me some of the pages of drafts of this autobiography and it was clear to me that Bill, while being quite articulate in his mind and speech, never obtained the skill of hearing words and knowing how to spell them. He asked me if I would help him get the first one of his autobiographies published, offering me of course a portion of any profit. Motivated more by his story than the potential money, I became his friend as he told me more and more near-incredible things about what he did in work related to UFOs, alien technology, sexy Nordic secretaries, Naval spacecraft carriers, what Armstrong saw on the Moon and other secret projects.

For those of you who try to follow the timeline of the book with precision, you may find a few anachronisms. For example, reference to the Apollo program before it was officially begun. Probably the author is remembering the Saturn Contract that was later used to launch Apollo. Most of Bill Tompkins' report comes from his memory, and very few of us can remember things 40 or so years ago except in reference to other things. We are reading the thoughts/memories of a man looking back more than 60 years, and who is offering insights and recollections here and there, but which are sometimes out of chronological order - because of the passage of time.

He is eager to get started on his next volume on what he did after he left Douglas, but that will come later. Now, you are able to read about amazing details of his professional career, interspersed with rather personal aspects of his interaction with those involved.

I have been accused of "Never having met a conspiracy I didn't like." Bill's life story skirts the edge of believability, but in this case I have total confidence that he is honestly telling the story as he best remembers it. Fortunately, Bill had kept some copies of some photos and documents that support this story and are included as figures as they apply. They do indeed enhance the credibility of this man's amazing life so far.

Robert M. Wood, PhD
Cornell University

PROLOGUE

"We must prepare ourselves for the most earth shattering news the world has ever known."
— CARL SAGAN 7-16-02

I DID NOT KNOW THAT I KNOW THINGS THAT YOU DO NOT KNOW.

At the outset, it's important I note that while this book is my autobiography, it does not tell my entire life's history. It only addresses my personal work in, and my knowledge of, the field of aerospace technology from 1950 to 1969. It was a microscopic period of space-time, but one in which a massive change in man's understanding of his place in the universe occurred. The subject matter contained in this volume is so important that it cannot be covered in just one book alone. The story of the rest of my fantastic life, and corresponding adventures, will be included in subsequent volumes.

My dad was good with a camera - he'd taken a lot of photos for his high school yearbook and he became an excellent photographer. While he was developing movie film at Universal Pictures in Hollywood, California, he conceived a major breakthrough for processing film. It was so brilliant that nearly every movie director in Hollywood insisted that he process all of their movies. By 1920, the demand for hundreds of movies to be distributed worldwide became so great that dad built the Standard Film Laboratories, situated on Hollywood Boulevard. This massive production laboratory employed hundreds of technicians, as well as language interpreters to convert English-language versions. These foreign language versions were distributed worldwide to more than 140 countries. Dad remained at the helm of Standard Film Laboratories until his company underwent a financial takeover and he was no longer involved.

With no money coming in to support what had previously been a lavish lifestyle for our family, my father, mother, brother and I moved in with my aunt and uncle. Their large, two-story home was shared with their three daughters. My Uncle, Dr. Harding, was the head surgeon at the Santa Monica Hospital at that time. He and my three cousins made many trips to the pyramids in Egypt. Nearby is a photo of my uncle on one of those trips. Surprisingly, there appears to be a UFO in the background of the photo, which was not noticed by them at the time. Their goal in Egypt was to interpret the hieroglyphics. Uncle Harding arranged with historical organizations there to have hundreds of documents, photographs and artifacts shipped to his home. All five of my uncle's family members were convinced that deciphering the hieroglyphics would result in identifying the true builders of the pyramids, and that they were related to people from the stars, specifically in the Orion Nebula.

Living in their large home, surrounded by every type of Egyptian antique except mummies, was an adventure and an education. They even had hand-held, three-dimensional wooden photo-viewers that we would use to decipher the symbols.

My three cousins were fascinated with what the young Egyptian girls wore to entice their older male friends. Sometimes, my cousins made skimpy Egyptian prince's outfits. They would run around the house, and out into their large backyard, with jeweled necklaces flying. The cousins had copied them from photos of the teenage Egyptian royalty on the walls in the pyramids. They were acting out what must have been a very elegant Egyptian lifestyle in their elaborate temples.

Uncle Harding's home was only a few blocks from the high rise hotel and beach club located below the Santa Monica palisades on the beach. Our mothers, and all five of us children, spent most of the summers at the club, where we experienced some of the finest weather on the planet. Instead of wearing their bathing suits, our cousins frequently wore different clothing, similar to that which the young Egyptians were thought to wear around their enormous pools, palaces and gardens. My head, a sponge, I became fascinated.

Two years later, in our small Hollywood apartment, I decided to build fifty naval ship models, all on a same scale. On weekends, my father would drive me and my brother to the naval docks in Long Beach. Along with other visitors, we were taken out to sea in large powered naval lifeboats. We climbed on board the fleet's battleships, cruisers, and the occasional aircraft-carrier, anchored in Long Beach Harbor. Cameras were prohibited back then.

I looked at the new radars installed on all the capital ships and could see that they contained a lot of secret equipment. At that time, Navy censors ensured that data concerning classified, on-board systems never reached the media. I mentally recorded images of all the new, classified equipment. On the drive home, I drew rough perspective sketches, and when we got home I turned them into surprisingly accurate illustrations. I made detailed drawings from the sketches of the ships and their weapons, including all the classified radar arrays and anti-aircraft guns. I even located the aircraft carrier's arrestor gear on the aft flight deck. I then built all the classified equipment to scale and installed it on my models, which were subsequently put on display, by my father in the windows of local department stores. Seeing them, the *Los Angeles Times* interviewed me, saying I had a photographic memory. They took photos and published the first of hundreds of articles published worldwide over the next fifty years. My collection of model ships was appraised by the Los Angeles County Museum as "one of the finest collections in the country." In 1942, Naval Intelligence became aware of the ships on display in the windows of the Broadway Department Store – located on Hollywood Boulevard - and investigated my father as if he were a spy. They came to our small apartment and found all my sketches and drawings piled nearly to the ceiling of the bedroom that I shared with my older brother. Instead of being upset, they initiated a program (or, more correctly, a campaign) to enlist me in the Navy. Over the years, the collection would become 309 ships, collectively valued at possibly two million dollars.

Years earlier, while I was visiting the Mount Wilson 100-inch telescope near Los Angeles, a realization hit me. Astronomers had established that the Milky Way galaxy contains millions of other stars, beyond our own Sun. I felt that they probably had solar-systems with planets like our own, which was contrary to what astronomers believed at the time. I was convinced that there must be billions of other stars and galaxies forming even as we watched, most supporting life that was far more advanced than ours. I was convinced that some type of alien intelligence was not only observing our planet, but also influencing it. For some reason, I've never accepted that these aliens were simply watching us. It seemed to me that, for thousands of years, they have been hostile, interfering, a threat to our way of life. Ever since I was that little boy, making secret sketches, I have had a preoccupation with our galactic environment.

On February 25, 1942, three months after the attacks on Pearl Harbor, a very strange thing happened. By this time, my family had moved to Long Beach. We were now living in a high, second-floor apartment that was converted from a large home. It was only four blocks from the ocean. At about 8:00 p.m. on the night in question, my father called my brother and me to our deck, which faced the bay. There was a strange, intense light just above the horizon: a narrow beam pointing towards the ocean. The little beam turned horizontally, right into our eyes, and hit the back wall of our apartment and the surrounding trees. It was blinding. Suddenly, and bafflingly, the light went out. Whatever it was, had gone. There was nothing we could do but stand there amazed. Finally, we retired to our beds.

Just after midnight, the air-raid sirens and anti-aircraft guns of the coastal artillery woke everyone up. We ran out onto the street and saw a large round craft, about seven thousand-feet up, floating in the air above us. It slowed to a stop right overhead and remained stationary. It was lit up by eight searchlights, while anti-aircraft shells burst all around and against it. Most of the shells exploded on the bottom of the craft - we just couldn't believe the thing hadn't exploded or been shot down! Three, then five, other ships

appeared near it; some of the searchlights, as well as the anti-aircraft teams, focused on each one as they passed the first object. Eventually, the first craft slowly departed as well.

Later on, about twelve other craft passed by at higher altitudes and were, in turn, fired upon. It was like a spell: why weren't the hundreds of us watching this event concerned or frightened? I was not scared; there was no panic. No-one was screaming, there were no heart attacks, and no-one was going crazy. Other vehicles continued to pass over us for nearly five hours. Our coastal, artillery anti-aircraft crews attempted to shoot down these strange flying machines. By 3:30 a.m. the main show was over. Unconcerned, we went back to bed, although several neighbors told us the air-raid continued and the alarm lasted until 5:00 am. The next morning, the newspapers reported that foreign aircraft had been spotted in the airspace between Santa Monica and Long Beach. They failed to mention that half of Southern California watched the event nearly all night.

This so-called Los Angeles air-raid became the first major incident in a long string of events connected to the UFO phenomenon in recent history. And, it was the start of many encounters affecting my entire fifty-seven years of aerospace engineering.

For whatever reason, the public may not have accepted the reality of what we had just witnessed. Another world had penetrated into our lives. I realized that there had to be a massive interplanetary mother-ship, or mother-ships, orbiting our planet, and from somewhere out in the galaxy. The mother-ship had dispatched hundreds of landing-type platform vehicles to the Earth. The nature of their mission was totally unknown. World War II was raging. We had our hands full with the Nazis, and now this?

Furthermore, there were several people in the Navy Department, Army Air Corps and an aircraft company whose entire lives were impacted. They were: Admiral Roscoe H. Hillenkoetter, Secretary of the Navy James V. Forrestal, Army Air Corps General Nathan F. Twining and General Curtis Le May, Edward Bowles of M.I.T., Dr. Vannevar Bush, and Donald Douglas Sr., to name a few. As I tell this story, these other stories will be told as well.

Another person who saw the massive vehicles over Long Beach in 1942 was a Navy intelligence officer, Lieutenant J.G. Perry Wood. Lieutenant Wood, understanding the talents that went into creating my ship models, put together a mission-package for me and got me in the Navy, as shown here. He arranged for me to get a job with Vultee Aircraft, while I was still awaiting my security clearance. After being sworn in and having completed boot-camp in San Diego, I was assigned to a position in Naval Intelligence. I was working on advanced technology projects, having replaced a naval commander at the North Island Naval Air Station, San Diego, California. My mission tasks and objectives were to act as a "Disseminator of Aircraft Research and Information." While only a third class seaman, I was destined to be upgraded rapidly.

My mission was under the direction of the Chief Engineer (a captain, to whom I was to report) and

Admiral Rick Obatta, who was in Naval Intelligence. I was to compile and maintain a continuous survey of (a) experimental research laboratory activities, (b) other governmental agencies, and (c) educational scientific institutions, manufacturers, and research engineers. Upon my own initiative, or at the request of any bureau or office of the naval air forces.

I undertook studies of specific instrumentalities and techniques for the purpose of outlining research projects. I was also assigned to the naval management program, enrolled in flight school, and carried out existing and future flight missions, for which I received flight pay. I flew in almost every new aircraft in the Navy inventory, sometimes as the pilot. Among other assignments, I flew admirals out to such places as Douglas Aircraft (Santa Monica), Long Beach, and China Lake, situated in the Mojave Desert. For four years (from 1942 to 1947) I had access to highly classified programs, and was involved in some of the most unprecedented advanced scientific programs on the planet.

The war ended, but it was not until 1946 that I was honorably discharged. My dad had insisted I resign so that I could go to work for him, selling real silk hosiery door-to-door. I hated it. After that, I sold roofing materials for him. I hated that, too. Ultimately, I went to work at Northrop. My work with scale-models had demonstrated that I would be good at making models to be tested in the wind-tunnel. I was convinced this was where my future lay. I got on board in the wind tunnel department. I was also given a job designing airplanes without wings, a job that required a security clearance. I then quit Northrop and went to work at the cybernetics lab at North American, which was at the old Vultee plant. (While there, it turns out I saw circuit board prototypes stated to be made from some ET materials.)

In 1949, my brother and I got a job at Lockheed Aircraft Company in Burbank. When I was working at Lockheed, I became aware of a technical advancement into aerospace activities which was going on at the massive Douglas Aircraft Company, in Santa Monica. Again, my models opened doors for me. They had gotten me into the wind-tunnel model shop at Northrop. And, now, at Douglas, the Senior Vice-President was aware of my ship collections. In fact, he paid me to build for him a model of Donald Douglas's sailboat, the *Endymion*, as a birthday gift. As no specifications or drawings were available, I had to document the large boat with sketches before building it. The VP had acquired a copy of my résumé and checked my naval background. Even before the model was completed, he was impressed, and, as a result, in 1951 he transferred me into engineering as a draftsman. Because of my former security clearance with the Navy, the Electronics Section Chief, my boss, transferred me into the highly classified Advanced Design Section, a move that changed my life.

The events date back to 1945, and a top secret report to the Secretary of War. Commanding General of the Army Air Forces, H. H. "Hap" Arnold, wrote: "During these years of war, our military has made unprecedented use of scientific and industrial resources. We must continue to have teamwork

amongst the military, industry, and the universities. Scientific planning must be years in advance of the actual research and development." In this report, Arnold did not, however, reveal his greatest concern - that some type of alien beings were here and that, technically-speaking, might be millions of years ahead of us.

Under the direction of James Forrestal, who was the Secretary of the Navy, on October 1, 1945, several high-ranking big shots were brought on-board, including: General Hap Arnold, Edward Bowles (of M.I.T., and a consultant to the Secretary of War), Donald Douglas (the President of Douglas Aircraft Company), Arthur Raymond (the Chief Engineer at Douglas), and Frank Collbohm (who was Arthur Raymond's assistant). They met in secret at the Army Air Corps Headquarters, Hamilton Field, California, to set up Project RAND, a way-above-top-secret scientific think-tank. It was created in December 1945, as a special contract to Douglas Aircraft Company, at the Santa Monica Municipal Airport. Inside a highly classified, walled-off area in the Douglas Engineering Department, Project RAND studied the implications of threatening alien agendas. Meanwhile, Frank Collbohm - under the direction of Arthur Raymond and Donald Douglas – had been secretly investigating the strange flight of vehicles over Santa Monica and Los Angeles since 1942. Collbohm would become one of the principal figures leading RAND.

In that same month of 1945, the new office of the Deputy Chief of Air Staff for Research and Development - to which Project Rand reported - was officially established, with Major General Curtis Le May as its first appointee. Then, on March 2, 1946, a letter of contract was executed, which put Project RAND under the direction of Douglas's Assistant Chief Engineer, Frank Collbohm. The Douglas Think Tank was born.

RAND had two missions: (a) to research the potential design, performance, and possible use of manmade satellites; and (b) to function as a highly classified, scientific research program. The latter included literally thousands of problems in various fields, many related to addressing the technological threats posed by the aliens, considered to be thousands of years more advanced than our own technologies.

By early 1948, Project RAND had grown to approximately two hundred staff members, with expertise in a wide range of fields. The arrangement with Douglas Manufacturing management, however, proved to be a major problem. A conflict of interest was boiling and a separation was imminent. It wasn't long before the Chief of Staff of the newly created United States Air Force wrote a letter to Donald Douglas. It was a letter that approved the evolution of RAND into a nonprofit RAND Corporation, independent of Douglas, and that's what it became.

The divorce was problematic. Many PhDs wanted to stay with Advanced Design at Douglas. Elements of the big picture were literally thrown back and forth. Others wanted to walk both sides of the line and not be involved in the big picture. Others wanted to proceed only in their fields. But the think-tank was split in two. RAND leased a building in downtown Santa Monica and called it the RAND Building.

Following the divorce, on June 24, 1947, I was still testing electrostatic field propulsion techniques in the science laboratory at Northrop Aircraft in Hawthorne, and still trying to make vehicles fly with almost no wings. It was also on that date that Kenneth Arnold, a private pilot, encountered a tight formation of nine disc-shaped aircraft. They were cutting across his flight path, at high speed, over the Cascade Mountains in the Washington State area. Although this was not the first known sighting of such objects, it was certainly one of the first to gain widespread attention. Hundreds of reports of similar objects quickly followed. Many of these came from highly credible military and civilian sources. The military tried to ascertain the nature and purpose of these objects, primarily in the interest of national

defense. They were, however, unsuccessful in their attempts to utilize naval aircraft to pursue reported discs in flight. At times, public reaction bordered on near hysteria.

According to the so-called Majestic 12, Eisenhower Briefing-Document (EBD), mailed anonymously to UFO researcher Jaime Shandera in December 1984: "Little was learned about these objects until a local rancher reported that one had crashed in a remote region of New Mexico on July 5, 1947."

The site, seventy-five miles northwest of the Roswell Army Air Field, became the staging ground for a secret operation meant to ensure recovery of the wreckage. "During the course of this operation, aerial reconnaissance discovered that four small humanoid beings had apparently ejected from the craft at some point before it exploded, fallen to earth roughly two miles east of the wreckage site," reported the author of the EBD. All four were reportedly dead. A determination was made that the vehicle was a short-range reconnaissance craft, which implied it came from a larger, mother-ship.

"Numerous examples of what appeared to be a form of writing were found in the wreckage. Efforts to decipher these had remained largely unsuccessful," stated the EBD. Indeed, they were as unsuccessful as the efforts of my uncle, my cousins, and me to decipher those hieroglyphics in Egypt, back in the 1930s. Equally unsuccessful, noted the author(s) of the Majestic 12 documents, were the efforts to determine the method of propulsion and the nature, or method, of transmission of the power source involved. This is not surprising, when one takes into consideration the complete absence of identifiable wings, propellers, jets, and total lack of metallic wiring. Nor were there any vacuum tubes or recognizable electronic components present whatsoever.

Although these creatures were humanoid, noted Majestic 12, the apparent biological processes responsible for their evolution were entirely different from our own, so the term "Extraterrestrial Biological Entities" or "EBEs" was adopted. It is virtually certain that these craft do not originate in any country on Earth. Dr. Menzel (allegedly of MJ-12) summed this up nicely, stating, "We are dealing with beings from another solar system entirely."

Operation MAJESTIC-12 was created on September 24, 1947, upon the recommendation of Secretary of Defense James S. Forrestal (formerly Secretary of the Navy), Dr. Vannevar Bush, and Admiral Roscoe H. Hillenkoetter, who headed up the group. It is a Top secret, MAJESTIC-Eyes-Only Research and Development-Intelligence operation responsible directly (and only to) the President of the United States. In turn, both the Deputy Chief of Air Staff for Research and Development and the Project Rand Group reported only to Majestic-12 at the time.

As I said before, early in 1950, I came on board at Douglas, Santa Monica. Because of my Navy Intelligence background, they dropped me into this tank, which was still steaming from the divorce, with a group of their peers. Those of us that were newly hired were totally unaware of the separation or the tension that still haunted the PhDs. Nobody told us anything.

At times, some of my associates in the tank felt that I approached the advanced space programs as if I were from a different sector of the galaxy. I agreed, because, to me, this planet doesn't have a good reputation. It's an extremely barbaric place to live. Granted, some of the black-hat aliens (aliens with what we would perceive as an evil agenda) are certainly responsible for instigating the hatred between our early tribes, before 1200 B.C. and in the years that followed. I have always been convinced that there must be civilizations out there that are not only far more advanced than ours, but also more civilized.

So, now, I am driven to get my ideas out to everyone reading this book. My intention is to present compelling evidence of multiple alien cultures influencing our aerospace development. Do you, reader, have any concept of the tremendous thrust of the secret work we were involved in? Life on this little planet will never be the same. So, read on, see what really happened, and get involved.

It's difficult to understand how complicated the idea of going to the Moon was to us way back in 1950. I'm not preaching and I don't want to teach a class. This book is structured as a discussion of our first penetration into the universe. For the first time in the history of this little blue marble, man will actually realize his greatest dream. That of leaving his home and traveling to the stars. We are privileged to be living during this time in history, because it's happening right now. The Apollo Moon missions were just the foundation for the Deep Space Exploratory Interstellar missions planned by the Douglas think-tank and the Navy.

So, how did we accomplish this enormous task of going to the Moon, designing the Apollo Vehicle and Launch Center, and manufacturing all of the equipment in the thousands of aerospace facilities located throughout the United States? It was conceived not by NASA, but at the old Douglas Missile and Space Systems Division in Santa Monica, California. Not only that, it was conceived four years before NASA even existed, by advanced design analysts in a think-tank who didn't just do what they were assigned to do, but who visualized in their minds every step necessary for missions to the Moon, the planets in our solar system, and twelve of our closest stars.

I was one of those conceptual thinkers. As Engineering Section Chief, I conceived dozens of missions and spaceships designed for exploratory operations to the planets that orbit our nearest stars. I designed a station to be built on Mars, massive NOVA vehicles and equatorial launching facilities. I also designed multiple 2,000-man military bases for our Moon, and a 600-man naval station for all of the habitable planets and their moons. I devised the checkout and launch-test systems for the Apollo Moon Saturn V, SIV-B and reassembly with the command control Moon vehicle. a near complete redesign of the major facilities operations for the entire Launch Control Center at Cape Canaveral, Florida. I documented what I did, made sketches, and presented them to my staff, who were the most competent designers on the entire Moon program. The results were astounding. I presented them, in turn, to the NASA directors, who then completely changed their unsuccessful method of development, resulting in six successful missions to our closest planetary neighbor.

Visualize a hidden, technical world where a block-long, five-story building, full of six-foot-high cabinets of electronic computers, power supplies, old-fashioned printed circuit boards, and wire-patch panels could just barely accomplish the mission your cell phone has probably just completed. Most of you were never exposed to the massive size of the computers we designed, built, and operated just to get the four-stage, 365-foot Apollo Saturn V Vehicle checked out and launched to the Moon.

Today, we are amidst a technical explosion. Man has evolved on this planet for a span of approximately 30,000 years, according to carbon-dated skeletons. In terms of development, nothing of a technical nature occurred until relatively recently. The first airplane, flown by the Wright Brothers, was built in the early 1900s. It was only 60 years later that man designed a massive rocket, powered it to the Moon, landed there, gathered rocks, and returned safely to earth, while every thinking person on our planet watched it happen on television. That is only a 60 year time frame. That's less than a lifetime.

In 1954, during our studies of pre-NOVA and pre-Apollo/Saturn deep space star ships, we in the Advanced Design think-tank collectively established prerequisites for all of our naval spaceship studies. The three hundred years of naval experience and the operating missions at sea (sometimes without replenishment) became a prerequisite for all military star missions. Naval vessels are at sea for a long time, which gives them a great deal of expertise when it comes to undertaking long missions. On the other hand, Air Force bomber crews have breakfast with their families in the morning, take off for their missions halfway around the planet, drop their bombs, turn around, fly back home, and have a glass of wine with their wives in the evening.

President John F. Kennedy was given permission to leave our planet. I say "given permission," but

by whom? Who gave Kennedy this wild, stupid idea to go up to the Moon? Certainly, Congress didn't - they had pork barrel projects back in their home states, all of which needed those hundreds of millions of dollars. And why would Soviet generals and Navy admirals give up all their new toys, just to go off half-cocked on some ridiculous Moon thing, regardless of social needs in early the 1960s? Someone gave them permission, and it resulted in the most complicated technical task ever attempted in the history of man: the Moon race was on.

So why was NASA created in 1958? Publicly, it was created to provide a non-military government agency to organize and build a rocket ship that would take man to the Moon. Oh, yes, the Evil Empire was still trying to get there first, but we in the USA were going there on a peaceful exploratory venture. Well…that's not exactly the whole truth, either.

Back in 1952, some unbelievable space studies came out of the Douglas Think Tank. They revealed that not only were certain U.S. governmental heads aware of the alien involvement in human affairs, but that the old Soviet Union was aware of the situation, too. With possible alien "assistance," the Soviets were bent on getting to the Moon first, in order to establish missile bases there and control the entire planet. Oh, yes, that was a copy of Hitler's plan.

What we know is dwarfed by all we have to learn.

Never in the history of man's time on this planet has there ever been a project conceived, designed, and successfully completed like the United States Apollo Moon Program. It remains by far the most complicated technical effort ever attempted by man, and our first major penetration into the universe. Man has made some progress in exploring our local space. Still, we have worlds that await us in our own galaxy, Andromeda (our closest galactic neighbor), and the rest of the universe. Our challenge is to extend our presence across the vastness of deep space, seek answers from other solar systems with potentially intelligent life, and establish commerce with them.

So why, all of a sudden in a microsecond of galactic time, did we leave the planet? Who wanted us out there?

End of Prologue 2013

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I would also like to thank Bob Wood, whose determination to authenticate Volume One, and make it readable to a large audience, puts me deeply in his debt; Rim Stanley, whose openness of heart has allowed the creation of this manuscript; and my family: Bobby, our son, who is no longer here, but forever with us, Terry, our daughter, her husband, Hap, grandson, Tony, and wife, Ski, our great grandson, Josh, great granddaughter, Tore, our other son, Dean, his wife, Michelle, our grandson, Denial, granddaughter, Taylor, and my brother, Tom. I hope that, one day, they all may see the stars more closely. I am also deeply in debt to Rim's wonderful wife, Alison, and their unbelievable son Robert, our other family that sees the stars closely.

A THINK TANK

Breathing a sigh of relief, I stepped onto the sidewalk on an early 1951 spring morning in sunny Santa Monica, California. I was renting a room at a nice lady's home only six blocks from the beach, eleven blocks from the Douglas Aircraft Company, and eleven miles from Hollywood High School, where I received my education. I had flash images of the beach, filled with bikini-clad dreamers of movie stardom, lounging in the sun.

As I headed out on my walk to work, my curiosity resurfaced. I couldn't help but wonder what a kid like me was doing in a Think Tank. They called it Advanced Design but I somehow sensed it was a Think Tank. I didn't even know what a "Think Tank" was before I was given the job. I'd never done anything like it before and I certainly wasn't qualified for the job. Unlike so many other, more suitable candidates, I was just a draftsman - well, maybe like a junior grad, but certainly some sort of military pawn.

I thought, nobody tells me anything around here. They just have me figuring things out, like the requirements for maneuvering vehicles in a vacuum, accomplishing stage separation, and establishing a Moon base. There were many compartments; it was like a maze. In a way, the Tank was kind of spooky. I wondered, what exactly did all those gray-haired PhD's do down the hall?

The PhD's had a really strange way of operating. They would say, "Look into this," or "See if there's some way we could do that." They never gave me any supporting documents to go on, nothing that I could refer to. Sometimes I didn't know what the hell they were talking about. But it didn't matter; they wanted me to put together something that would protect "our systems and spacecraft carriers" from "them."

What system? I would think: "Spacecraft? Them?" Ideas rolled around between my ears. In the back of my mind, I started to wonder if our government was having problems with some really bad aliens.

Still, despite the lack of information, I felt privileged. It was all so incredible for me. I was positive that what was going on inside the Tank was extremely important. I could feel it. It bothered me when I considered, again, the possibility that life existed elsewhere in the universe. I thought that, maybe, I was being guided towards opportunities that were somehow related to that concept.

At nearly the same time in 1951 on the other side of the planet, in the South China Sea, Admiral Steve (Mac) McDonley, a strikingly handsome six footer, relaxed in his battle command chair on the bridge ten levels above the flight deck.

The Captain and Executive officer were below deck. Mac was on this fantastic bridge with the most experienced personnel, and the most advanced weapon systems ever assembled on a naval warship. It was 2130 on a crystal-clear night. Mac couldn't remember, at any other time in his military career, observing a more peaceful calm sea.

He was Commander of a Battle Group cruising non-combat at 14 knots, consisting of the largest

aircraft carrier on the planet, the U.S.S. Coral Sea CVB-41, with 97 of the most formidable nuclear combat aircraft ever assembled (Douglas A-3 Sky warriors). In addition, under his command he had two cruisers, four destroyers and an attack submarine.

Mac, a former fighter pilot, was considered one of the top combat officers in the Navy. This was his first deployment as Flag Commander of an entire Battle Group.

Lt. Commander Bob Corson, officer of the watch, commented: “It is a very nice evening but strangely dark, Admiral.”

“Yes it certainly is,” Mac replied.

At that moment, the entire flight deck was engulfed in a brilliant light, encompassing the ocean and all seven ships.

“Sir, should we sound General Quarters?” Corson asked. It came over the intercom from below deck in the Combat Information Control (CIC). “Sir, my search radar screen is whited out, entire upper screen,” the operator reported in a low scream.

“The sun came out,” the helmsman shouted.

“No it didn’t; it’s daytime.”

“No it isn’t, that dirigible is falling on us. “

“That’s no fucking dirigible, sir,” was broadcast over the automatic ship-to-ship CIC radio commentary, to the carrier from all accompanying ships.

“An extremely large cylindrical vehicle is located 400 feet above our carrier.”

Indeed, triangulation established that the object was over 8,000 feet long and 500 feet in diameter. It emitted a brilliant light source that encompassed its entirety.

On deck it felt like a warm summer day.

“Sir, should we sound General Quarters?”

The Captain and Executive Officer, now on deck, took their answer from Admiral Mac, who looked up and shook his head, “Negative; and don’t launch the fighters.”

For eight minutes, over 5,000 crew members of the Battle Group came up on deck and witnessed this encounter, knowing that they would probably never be able to reveal what they had just witnessed.

With tears in his eyes, feeling that he and his entire Battle group were now on patrol out in Our Galaxy, he felt had somehow allowed a far superior Galactic force to possibly step on them and squash us.

Telepathically seeing a smile on the face of that star ships Boss, “Were they friendly?” Admiral Mac got up from his Command chair to salute the admiral commanding the massive intruder; he couldn’t; saying to himself, “You Sir may even be from a different Galaxy . . .”

1 First day in above top secret compartments

A Think Tank, buried inside an engineering department of one of the world’s largest aircraft manufacturing plants? That’s ridiculous. Maybe inside the California Institute of Technology (CALTEC), over in Pasadena. But, certainly not in the Douglas Aircraft Company, at the Santa Monica Airport, right? Wrong. Something really weird was going on in one particular part of Douglas engineering and I had been selected to participate in it.

To gain access, I had to enter a highly classified walled-off area inside the Engineering department through a locked door. On my first day I was given a temporary badge. I was not, however, given a key to the area. Someone had to buzz me in. A grumpy, middle-aged man in a business suit ushered

me down one of the halls into a room.

My first assignment in advanced design was in this small room with no windows. It seemed to me to have been an office. I could tell there had been pictures on the now empty walls. The only furniture was the standard drafting board and a stool. I was alone in that room for two days. Nobody even came in to tell me when it was quitting time.

On the third morning, three gray-haired men were waiting for me when I came in. Without introductions each instructed me to determine:

1) A method to transport heavy equipment from cavern 316 to caverns 329 and 330, saying they need a prototype by Sunday.
2) A method that would enable them to stabilize a rocket stage that has malfunctioned during descent.
3) The risk factors in misinterpreting the intent of acquired computations involving recording data.

Ok, which one's my boss? Which task do I accomplish first? How big are the caverns and how big is the equipment?

What are we doing underground? I thought we built airplanes here?

What's a stage? (Stage coach?)

Descent of what?

And whose recorded data?

They kept me in that little room for three weeks, moving me then farther down one of the halls to a larger area with empty walls and five drafting boards. *I got the feeling I had been there before*. But everything was different. Before, it was like a conference room, much larger and with strange inhabitants. My thoughts were interrupted and faded away as a nice, young, good-looking guy with wavy hair and a big smile stood up. He was holding out his hand for me to shake: "I am Jim; Jim Jenkins," he said. "Welcome aboard the mysterious, tantalizing upheaval of science research"

"I am Bill; Bill Tompkins and I have three bosses: how many do you have?

"Don't know; quit counting last month."

I somehow knew that I had seen him before. I really liked this guy and knew that we were going to be real good friends for a long, long time.

2 One year later: face of deception 1952

The time was 5:10 a.m. I pushed my hair from my forehead. I had gotten up early, just at daybreak. I slipped into my dark blue pants and white dress-shirt, and went in search of a cup of coffee. At 6:00 a.m., I turned into the Douglas Plant parking-lot at the Santa Monica airport.

"Good morning," the guard smiled.

Without delay, I entered Engineering, showing my red-lined badge to the nice lady behind the sign-in counter.

"Tight security," I said.

She nodded. "No party crashers allowed."

Not much airplane manufacturing here, I thought, but there were a lot of advanced aircraft and weapon- systems-based projects underway. I passed five hundred empty drafting boards on the main floor. Approaching the narrow entry, I slid my coded card into the slot and pushed open the first door, and then the second. I stepped through, into an altogether different world. The offices and cubicles - even the laboratories - weren't so much the focus, but the scientific, deep-space research definitely was. Formulas, space-time diagrams, and astronomical charts lined the walls. The academic atmosphere and attitude was of analyzing and solving critical problems at any cost - it had to be accomplished.

The lobby of the Engineering Tank was at the end of a long hallway. It was cheerful, brightly lit and well-furnished. I rested my hands on the top of her desk. "Doobie, doobie, do," I said.

This sparkling-eyed, adorable little thing, Alessandra, gave me a big smile and replied, "Doobie, doobie, do to you, Billy boy."

"Isn't *Strangers in the Night* appropriate today?" I asked.

"You're a little late, Bill," Alessandra responded. "Some of your buddies are already down the hall."

Up she popped from her chair, revealing her short red-orange dress. She gestured towards me: "Are you going to Wheaton's party? Or are you going to duck into your design area and call in sick at the last minute? You know that bastard, Edelson, will be here?"

There was no mistaking the flirtatious overtones in her voice. My eyes flashed over her form.

"Do I have a choice here?"

"Go into your area," Alessandra said. "I'll be over at break."

Instead, I went down the hall towards the conference room, even though I was frustrated. Stopping, I sensed that something was wrong. I felt safer in the walled-off Advanced Design Think Tank area than out in Engineering. The fewer ears the better. We were never told, but the team suspected, that the projects were based around extraterrestrial intervention.

I was worried. Something was making a terrible noise in my head. My body began to shake. What were we really doing in here, I wondered? We must be part of something astronomical, something unbelievable. Whatever it was, it was descending on us with overwhelming intensity.

Before the day's program review, I tried to rationalize "the contract" again. It seemed to control everything. I thought it must be a naval contract," but why Douglas? Nobody in here actually called it a Think Tank, but that's what Advanced Design really was – an intelligence contract. Maybe they had a control group, chaired by some top guy in Defense, and he (or they) had had selected Douglas to study problems related to an extraterrestrial presence. We must be supporting a document called the "RAND." We were studying, defining and conceiving all sorts of weird things, and they descended on us in this so-called "research" with an intensity that made me desperate to know the truth.

I joined the circle of people gathered by the conference room, located down the main hall. These were my friends and colleagues. Elmer Wheaton (the VP in charge, who got his doctorate at CalTech but never discussed it) was a really big guy. His secretary, Sheila Potts, was always brushing her brown hair. Dr. Klemperer, in his white smock, was our number two boss over the other PhDs. The others were Jim Jenkins, my buddy; Dr. Nick Sorenson, a geo-astrophysicist; Dr. Hurtling, one of our propulsion analysts; Dr. Weston Jensen, an elderly man from another part of the Tank; and Carl Nelson, our optoelectronics guy, who was always slapping his thighs when circumstances got too overwhelming or when one of us broke the ice with a funny.

Approaching the group, I said: "So, are we convening in the hallway today, or has someone called for a rain dance?"

I got a few chuckles from Jim Jenkins. We saw things the same way. He was another junior grad-

type. The girls were crazy about him.

Elmer Wheaton raised a brow. He rubbed his knuckles across his thick mat of gray hair. “Everybody inside,” he said. “We’re about to start the meeting as soon as Edelson gets here.”

I couldn’t help but scowl at the sound of that. Vince Edelson was from the front office. He was the worst SOB on the planet. He was the type of guy who’d gotten to the top by stomping on ideas and making his fellow co-workers look bad. The only way he ever got anywhere in the company was by budding up with Douglas Jr. and kissing the asses of manufacturing corporate executives on a regular basis. Needless to say, I wasn’t looking forward to working with him on this project.

“Why is he in here?” I asked. “No one from the Corporation is permitted in the Tank.”

We all mumbled and shuffled our way into the conference room.

Tagging along beside me, Jim muttered, “So the metaphysical convention begins.”

I smiled grimly and said, “Hey, It’s possible these missions and configuration concepts could provide us with a steep learning curve. Like enough to fend off the threats, which appear to be coming from out there. It may mean the life or death of our species. I want to be as prepared as possible, rather than turn a blind eye to the limitless possibilities.”

The elaborate conference room could hold over thirty people. It had modern, upholstered swivel chairs, overhead movie- and slide-projectors, and a pull-down screen. We situated ourselves at the oval table in the room’s center and started setting up our paperwork. Everyone was abuzz with speculation as to what the day’s thrust would bring. Facing what I knew would be another round of deception from Edelson, I felt a knot develop in my stomach.

Just then, Vince Edelson rushed through the door and pushed a chair next to Elmer Wheaton. I rolled my eyes. He always wanted to be the mediator, to look more important than he really was.

“OK, Sheila, you can start typing down the minutes,” Elmer said, as he began the meeting.

Sheila nodded and flipped her brown hair, just like she always did.

“Today,” Elmer said, “we’re going to discuss the possibility of multiple extraterrestrial threats, and the measures we have conceived that the Navy should take to form a plan of action against them. We’re going to define defensive and offensive interstellar missions. We’re also going to discuss how we should configure our launch and landing facilities for our spaceship designs.

“Since it is virtually certain that these other vehicles originate from a sector of our Galaxy, let’s open the discussion with the types of alien species hypothesized previously, and what sectors of our Galaxy they come from. Dr. Sorenson, would you please disclose your findings for the group?”

At this, Dr. Sorenson sorted through his paperwork, stood up, shifted his thick-rimmed glasses on his nose, and cleared his throat. In a thin, raspy voice, he said, “According to our analysis of the closest star systems, Alpha Centauri is the closest, only 4 light-years away. But it is not the most likely candidate because it appears to be a twin star. If correct, they may be too close together to provide stable planetary orbits. What we need are stars that have planets with a similar distance ratio to their stars as we have to our sun. Therefore, stars that are farther out than Alpha Centauri are the most probable ones for planets from which we might see attack. Also, and this is very important, this region - the next ten stars out- poses the possibility of finding planets with ecosystems viable to human colonization.”

Folding his arms, Edelson, said, “Speak up.”

Dr. Sorenson glanced at him. He raised his voice and shouted, “Over here!” He pointed to a star-map with circles drawn around numerous places, each representing possible, intelligent, extraterrestrial civilizations. “Now, I believe, as a first step, that if we can harness enough power - with the use of Dr. Klemperer’s electromagnetic propulsion and his unconventional propulsion schemes for long-term space exploration - the possibility of landing one of our proposed naval spacecraft carriers on one of Alpha

Centauri's planets is achievable."

I interrupted, "We won't land. If we have no resistance, we'll park in orbit and launch our landing craft to the surface."

"Good thinking, Bill," Elmer said.

Edelson scoffed. "Just how do you propose backing up your claims for the Navy and Lt. Commander Daniel Howard? A few star-maps and a hypothesis won't impress him. Our NIKE anti-ballistic missiles are the strongest selling point. We're wasting our goddamned time with this theoretical horseshit!"

"Now wait just a minute," I interrupted. "I haven't finished my cup of coffee yet, and you're already whining in our ears. This project is far too big for you to understand. If we take our propulsion method, spacecraft carriers, and colonization ideas to the Office of Naval Intelligence or the Office of Naval Research, the Navy will fund us millions of research-and-development dollars to support star-ship production programs. Just back off, Edelson, and take your narrow-minded point of view elsewhere."

"All right, let's get a move on," Wheaton stepped in. "Edelson, don't jump in unless you have some useful feedback for the group. I know you have the company's best interests in mind, but we don't need to start a boardroom brawl at 9:30 in the morning. Sheila, strike out the profanity in the minutes, and Tompkins, since you had the floor last, bring us up to speed on your spacecraft carrier configurations."

I opened my brief case and retrieved the configurations. I unfolded them from the opposite side, in the center of the table, facing Wheaton.

I began: "Okay, what we have here are two basic designs for Naval spacecraft carriers. There are two tradeoffs for configuration 'T' and one for configuration 'J.' All three are based on Alien Threat File Number 44022, with the exception of the Nova III Exploratory/Drop Mission. Of course, these all utilize Dr. Klemperer's and H.E. Salzer's electromagnetic propulsion concepts. Both configurations for 'T' are 1.5 kilometers long and configuration 'J' is 1.0 kilometers."

"Bill, you're smoking pot again," Edelson said. "And where is your fucking system plan? You were supposed to show us what these spaceships of yours are supposed to do, to justify their existence."

"Mr. Edelson, you are out of order again," Wheaton said.

I rolled out my 8-foot functional flow plan and 6-foot Ship System Development diagrams, but Edelson jumped across the conference table, almost half lying on it, and pointed at configuration "J."

"What the hell are you thinking, Tompkins? Dr. Sorenson told us space is a vacuum. There's no air out there, but you dumb-asses have all your stupid rocket fronts configured with sharp edges. I don't have time for this nonsense. I'm going to tell Jr. to cut this whole shit off."

And with that, he jumped up and stormed out of the room.

Sheila held a hand over her mouth in disagreement. In a low voice, Jim chuckled.

"Let him go, Bill," Wheaton said. "I'm interested in your thoughts on the pointed fuselage hull configuration."

As my mind recreated the Edelson blowup, I stated hesitantly, "It's a given that the electromagnetic shields surrounding the spacecraft carriers will protect it from extraterrestrial light ray attack. If the ship were to fly through an unsheltered nebula at possibly three times the speed of light, and encounter a kilometer-sized meteor shower, any boulder that got through the shield would just glance off the angled surface. With our limited knowledge of all the different particles of space materials, and given that we provide a capability for wedging our way through, I've conceived a backup system."

I pointed at my charts to demonstrate the concept.

Sipping his coffee, Wheaton stared at my chart.

"Good thinking," he responded. "I'm impressed with your configuration 'T,' indicating all three

classes of spacecraft needed for a drop mission. Well then, gentleman, let's try shooting holes in Bill's concept."

At that point, Dr. Sorenson spoke up. "Your 'T' configuration might work with the right materials. Asteroids do pack a punch in our atmosphere. At three times the speed of light, a similar impact would possibly be three-fold the experience of what we can test now in a laboratory. Dr. Jansen, do you have any ideas about what may impact the logistics of Bill's design here?"

Dr. Weston Jansen rubbed his head, arching his brows. "Well, I could come up with a theoretical design for the forward panels that might take impacts better, by using a suspension system. I would be concerned about the integrity of the electromagnetic surface of the panels, however, after such an impact. We'd have to get the approval of the Office of Naval Research to use Caltech's supercomputer when they get the bugs out and recreate a simulated physical scenario, but the real thing may endanger the lives of the astronauts."

"Don't worry about ONR's approval," Wheaton said; "They can get it for us." Then he said, "Okay, great, job, gentlemen. If we can get this through the heavies in the other part, we might get a final out. I think ONI and ONR will both run with it. This is the kind of backup Bobby Ray (Bobby Ray Inman) needs to convince Forrestal's people that we can close the gap with the other ones out there." I thought, who are they? And who are the heavies in the other part?

(Note from Editor Wood. My interpretation of these remarks and their chronology is this: Elmer Wheaton had contact with the UFO-cleared group in the Navy, which he referred to as "Forrestal's people as the ones who knew about the UFO issues. One of the new young Navy officers who was cleared for the UFO topic appears to have been Bobby Ray Inman, and his inside knowledge of the UFO problem may well have been the special link to his subsequent highly successful career. Apparently Bobby Ray was the main person interacting with the Wheaton think tank at the time of this conversation. Since Bill Tompkins' time in this vault spans several years, it is not really clear that this conversation occurred in 1952 or perhaps a year or so later.)

"Naval Interstellar Space Operations are a way off, but they need to get some probes out to Mars as soon as possible. I want everyone to make notes about what we need for further discussion of these ideas. Sorenson, I want you to make a density chart of some of the asteroids we have on file and confer with Jansen and some of the material design engineers. Dr. Klemperer, would you please guide them per your specifications for the electromagnetic panels?"

"Absolutely," Klemp said, nodding. A man in his late sixties, he had a head of thinning gray hair, and nearly always wore a white smock over his suit.

"Oh, and, Bill, keep the configurations concepts coming. These ideas, if put into motion, could very well ensure the fate of humanity's existence and exploration into the Galaxy. Sheila did you get that all down?"

Sheila looked up from her typewriter. "Sure thing, Mr. Wheaton. I'll put a copy of this on your desk."

"Thanks Sheila," Wheaton replied. "But please make sure you stamp it as 'Classified,' and put it into my locked files, rather than on my desk. That would be great." He looked at the team seated around the table. "Okay, gentlemen, let's touch on our submerged submarine missile concepts, now."

"Hold on, Elmer," Dr. Hurtling interrupted. He was a nervous man, always popping stomach pills. "That's got to be our lowest priority."

"It is," said Wheaton, "but I've had a meeting with Admiral Davis since we first pitched him our concept of the threat of submerged extraterrestrial vehicles. Our next meeting will not only include Admiral Davis, but his staff, too. That means Admiral Conway. He's the guy I've been having so much trouble with on our old proposed Submarine Launched Ballistic Missile Program. Yes, I know Corporate doesn't think missiles can be launched from submerged submarines and that we're wasting our time trying to convince the Navy we can do it. Corporate is not cleared for the SLBM programs, though, and they're damn sure not going to ever find out about the extraterrestrial programs. Bill has been helping us with the extraterrestrial USOs."

USOs were "Unidentified Submerged Objects."

"So that's where you've been hiding, Bill!" Dr. Klemperer exclaimed,

"We're wearing two hats in here," I whispered to Jim.

"It's more like five hats," Jim whispered back. "Who do we really work for?"

"Exactly. And what's the other part of a Tank?" I asked.

Ignoring Dr. Klemperer, Wheaton continued, "We're going to have to educate the senior staff of the Navy on both systems. Seventy percent of them will tell you it can't be done, but through some of my team's extensive research and finagling of funding from the Nike series programs, I think that we're well on our way to achieving the configurations that can accomplish both threats. That's the diversified goal here. We will continue to bootleg the funding from any program necessary for defining the missions, weapons, and galactic Naval warships necessary to beat the multiple extraterrestrial threats. I thought we must be getting funds from somewhere else.

"Oh, and Sheila?" he paused. "Make sure you don't record that comment about switching funds from the Nike programs, please."

She nodded.

"So, now that I've given everyone the update on that, let's continue with what is also a very high priority right now: our undersea and underground facilities. Bill, would you show us your latest diagrams?"

Sifting through my system block diagrams, I came up with my conceptual DW-23. It was meant to be a "deep water" facility, which was a portion of our ONR proposal.

"Alright," I said, "this diagram has four major phases, each with its own set of requirements: the conceptual phase, the definition phase, the acquisition phase, and the operational phase. The Navy's System Program Office will oversee the phases, outputs, baselines, and technical direction review points. This diagram outlines the initial tasks needed to implement, conceive, and develop an undersea reconnaissance mission operation center and the requirements for an underground development facility. These are different programs that have command elements such as environmental limitations.

"The major functional flow points start with Block 'A.' This includes all necessary equipment, such as high pressure construction vehicles or core drillers. Block 'B' specifies the identification of the contractors, other agencies, and their related equipment. Block 'C' tests the effectiveness of the site as related to location - on land or underwater - and how the equipment can be implemented in that specific area. Block 'D' pinpoints the referenced functions and numbers of the equipment. Block 'E' will be the defining step in ensuring the stability of the underground facilities. It includes: (1) vibrations, or shock and acoustic levels and their maximum limits, (2) temperature and humidity, (3) forced ventilation and air exchangers, (4) illumination of the control and operation areas where personnel will be working, (5) personal occupancy in numbers required for normal operation, (6) electromagnetic interference and

compatibility, (7) contamination levels and tolerance, (8) hazards and safety in qualitative and quantitative measures, (9) heat rejection rates, (10) critical time measurements and (11) other special requirements not already listed, but specific to each site, including water pressure and sea currents for the underwater facilities.

"Okay now, keep with me here. Block 'F' lists the interface design requirements. These are similar to Block 'E,' and specifically pertain to physical interfaces between the site and the equipment. They include: (1) envelope and weight, (2) mounting precision, (3) nuclear or electric power generation (let's, if possible, not use nuclear), (4) electrical grounding, (5) water desalination service, (6) access and transportation, including platforms for machinery, (7) handling provisions, like elevators, submersible construction vehicles and hoists, (8) fire hazard provisions, and (9) other special interference considerations."

I stepped back from my DW-23 diagram and took a sip of water.

"Now, I'm not running with a request for a proposal here, and to my knowledge, no one has ever mentioned what the intent of these facilities is. What has come to my attention, and I'm sure all of yours, however, is that somebody in the Navy wants to research the bottom of the ocean extensively. I say this because the program requires the use of giant boring machines capable of operating in deep trenches and cutting into the planet's crust. Now, it would be irresponsible for us to overlook their specific intent. The most probable assumption would be that the Navy wishes to monitor the extraterrestrial underwater and underground bases that have possibly been secretly operating all over the planet. That has been the requirement for years. Therefore, I'm recommending we submit this proposal to whoever approves our efforts in here. Then, I'm recommending that it be submitted to the Office of Naval Intelligence and Admiral Caldwell next week, to get the ball rolling before ONR can get cold feet again."

"Now, Bill, don't be sarcastic," Wheaton said.

I put away my diagrams and nervous chuckles filled the conference room.

"Your presentation and our proposal, Bill, should provide the others with an incentive for recommending this proposal to Washington without any problem," Wheaton said. "This time, I'll be sure to mention to Corporate that we need to set aside resources for advanced research. We can troubleshoot the details and specifics once we get a preliminary nod from Washington."

"Who the hell are 'the others?" Jim whispered.

"Washington?" I whispered back. "I think. I thought we were working for the Navy?"

"Well," Wheaton concluded right over us, "I think we should stop for now. Everyone make sure you take all of your notes and put them into your research schedule. I know the load is just getting heavier, but with persistence, we can begin a sound program to catch up on technical grounds with whoever is out there. OK? Enough. Oh, Sheila please note the time on our records. Good, let's get some lunch."

We all hurried out of the conference room.

"I need a stiff drink to settle my nerves. Do you want to come?" I asked Jim.

Jim laughed: "Incredible, isn't it? After a disclosure like that, I'm not sure I can stomach much. It's like we're being watched from all angles."

3 Mysteries of the impossible deepened

"Every meeting I get more confused as to who we're making all this effort for," I said to Jim and he agreed. "I want to know, who the hell are 'they?'"

Later, after another horrendous eleven-hour "rain dance" in the conference room, where we had a

knock- down, drag-out session about the requirements for a galactic Navy and the first twelve star missions, Jim hollered to me that we should hit the lab. So, we grabbed our coffees and headed straight over. The lab was a place where Advanced Design engineers played with their concepts and ideas. We cut out card stock and taped the different parts together to simulate study models of our exotic propulsion systems, star ships, command facilities and lunar/planetary base configurations.

I relaxed, knowing that Jim was easy to converse with on ideas.

"We've got to do our homework, and get better prepared for all of these unannounced attacks on Advanced Design by Corporate," I said.

"I'm with you there," Jim agreed, as he stared at the door, waiting for the flood of people about to arrive. "We can't let those SOB's cut Wheaton up into little pieces like they have been doing."

I nodded and clenched the handle of my mug. "We had agreed in Advanced Design years ago that we wouldn't be considering rocket or nuclear platforms for any proposal system concerning the galactic Naval missions. Right? So forget what that asshole, Edelson, was screaming about. Let's look at this way. The traditional methods just aren't going to work. Utilizing the terms 'annulling' or 'counteracting gravity' usually refers to any means that would enable material objects in space to withstand the tendency to fall to the earth."

"Correct," Jim agreed.

* * *

"The three different possibilities we've been working with are the annulment of gravity without cost in energy; the annulment or counteraction with the expenditure of energy, employing some yet undiscovered relation between gravitational and electromagnetic fields; and the counteraction by electromagnetic propulsion, employing an anti-gravitational device based upon principles in the existing state of physical knowledge."

"Sure."

"You and I selected number three, Einstein's principle of equivalence, which is the theory of general relativity and gravitation."

"That's right."

"So, it's not some mysterious attraction, like Edelson was raving about. It's identical to the field of mechanical acceleration! We're not annulling gravity. Instead, everything under the attraction of gravity is the same: like as though it were in the vacuum and nowhere within the Earth's or any other planet's gravitational attraction. The electromagnetic device has next to no loss in weight and no extra weight to carry in fuel."

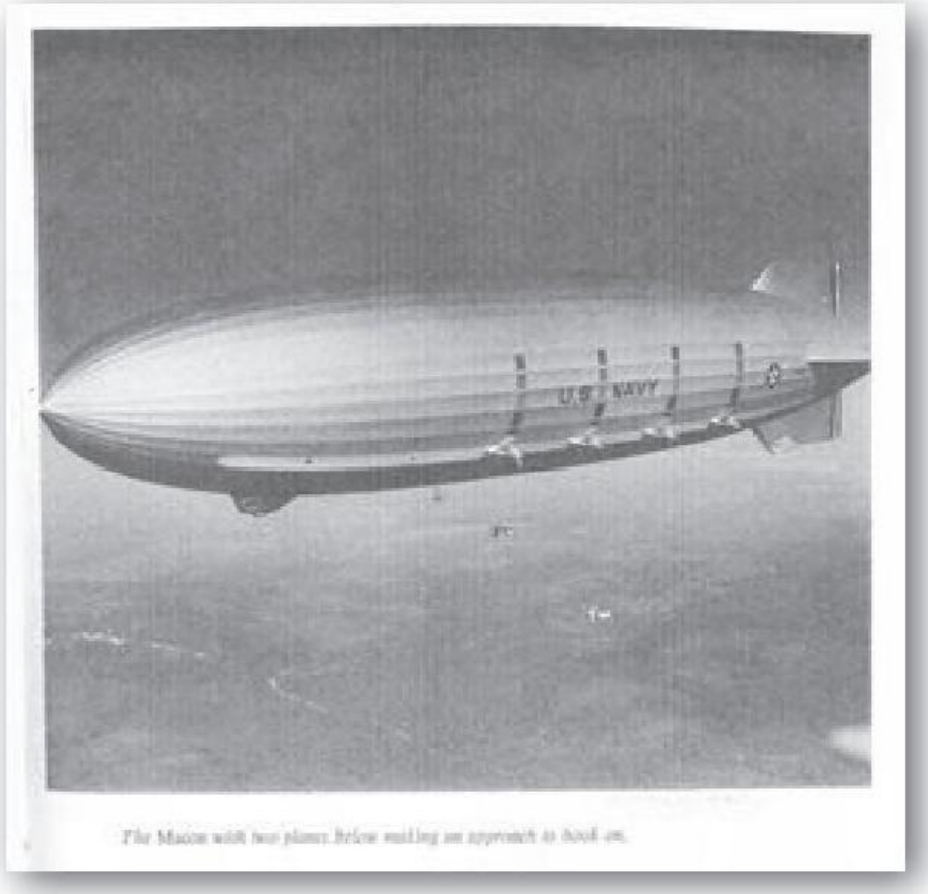
"We have got to get this understood by the whole pack of them, though," Jim said. "It removes all other concepts that require vehicles to be launched singularly from a station in Earth's orbit."

* * *

"That's right" I added. "We don't need a launching complex like my proposal for our first Moon rocket. (that became NASA's Apollo Complex-39). We don't need a space station lunar launching facility; it's not required. We only need the hangers. It's just like in the late 1930's when our Navy's aircraft carrier's *U.S.S. Macon* dirigible took off. The photo shows it refueling warplanes. Our system will allow Admiral

Conway to give the ‘move out smartly’ command from his spacecraft carrier at the San Diego Naval Space Station, leaving the US on the Alpha Centauri mission. You know Jim, I don’t think they understood. They didn’t understand that we’d established Naval operating times between stars, at an average speed of one light year or faster. That’s 186,000 miles per second. And some of our proposed larger battle cruisers may move at three times the speed of light.

“Basically,” Jim concluded, “we have our work cut out for us.”



4 In the tank

After extensive studies in 1953, Advanced Design concluded that UFOs were actually interplanetary spacecraft, piloted by extremely advanced extraterrestrial beings. Specifically, we resolved that they were the greatest threat our planet had ever encountered. And this was way before the CSI (Civilian Saucer Investigation) came to the same conclusion. People were being taken out - particularly those who were knowledgeable about the situation but wanted to talk. It began with the first Secretary of Defense James Forrestal, former Secretary of The Navy. Then it was President John Kennedy in Dallas. Next, Bobby Kennedy in the hotel. And who can forget August 5, 1962, when Marilyn Monroe got it in the bed that John and Bobby had shared with her? But why Marilyn? That was too much for all us guys to take; Marilyn was the real loss. Only kidding.

5 1951: before NOVA concepts

Using Klemp’s four propulsion schemes that Elmer threw holy water on, Jim and I were asked to define the Naval Stellar Exploratory Missions. We were also asked to configure several extremely large Naval spaceships capable of performing the requirements of those missions. Elmer Wheaton called an Advanced Design meeting in the Tank conference room after lunch, so we could review the proposal. There were fifteen of us present.

Wheaton said, “I don’t want Corporate in on this design method. I have said this before. I don’t want anyone from the front office in these meetings. The Think Tank is a separate, top secret organization. I’m concerned; someone’s providing them access. I know they keep trying to push their authority on us, but they only pay our rent. Remember, we don’t report to them.”

Always pushing it, Jim asked, “Then who exactly do we report to?”

“Simmer down, Jim,” Wheaton said. “You know that’s not discussed.” Then Klemp promptly proceeded to describe anti-gravitation as it applied to the Naval spaceship designs. I interrupted,

explaining that from my mission requirements listings, my ship configurations would be horizontal like a battleship, rather than vertical like a German V-2 Rocket. Then I proceeded to elaborate on how I would utilize light ray weapon systems. We had no requirement for fuel; the vehicles needed to be self-sufficient, so the ship would require anti-gravitational propulsion.

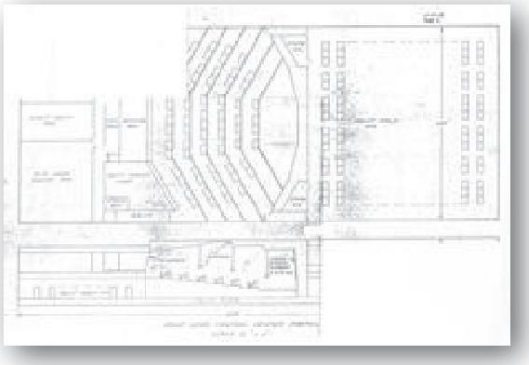
Dr. William Oswald, aerodynamics chief, said that, on a mission to Venus, if we flew at an acceleration of one gravity (1g) in our space vehicle for 18 hours, at the end, if the acceleration was reversed, it would be theoretically possible to land on the Planet Venus, 25 million miles from Earth, 36 hours after launch. The speed of his spaceship would have reached 1,400,000 miles per hour, or about 400 miles per second."

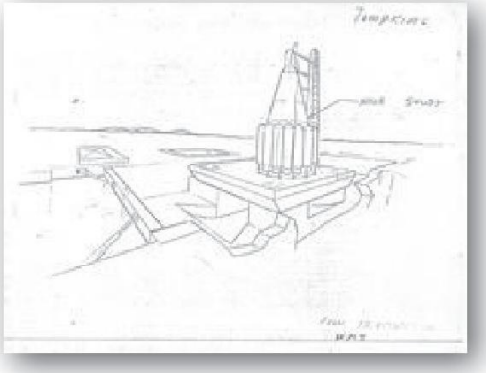
"So, OK, what does that mean?"

Wheaton continued, "It means that we can get out there, too; not just the aliens. We've already accepted that there are many more other extraterrestrials out there besides the ones from Sirius, Alpha Centauri, and the Andromeda galaxy M-31. I have a strong feeling that some of them are from other galaxies, too.

"To answer your question more specifically," I continued, "these thoughts materialize in my brain and present images of certain configurations. They tell me that these are the only ones that will meet certain threats, and it's up to me to implement them at all costs."

I began making sketches of the basic configuration and necessary components needed to accomplish the task, saying, "You know, Jim, there really aren't very many of us here at Douglas who can visualize the entirety of the weapon systems projects or the spaceships we formulate. Most of the PhDs in Advanced Design are very good at analyzing specifics, but they are limited in their view of the big picture. But I don't know how Johnson comes up with his designs, like his small NOVA star ship, shown nearby on the right to be launched from an equatorial raft. (Later, I developed launch control centers for the NOVA Program, and my design is shown is shown on the left. I summarized the space requirements for them in a memo in 1962.)





“How do you come up with your ideas?” I asked Jim.

“You know, Bill,” he replied, “like you, I sometimes don’t know where they come from. The ideas just appear. Hey, remember that list of near stars and galaxies Dr. Klemperer got from CalTech and gave us last year? Well, Alpha Centauri has to be just the start of the search for alien life-forms and their home planets.”

Excited at the thought, I exclaimed, “Jim, I’ve also pictured in my mind these gigantic twenty-kilometer-long alien mother ships cruising the galaxies, and they’re always carrying military weaponry.”

“White Hats or Black?” asked Jim. (*As noted in the prologue, black-hat aliens promote actions that would be poor for our society; an evil agenda). –Editor*.

“Some seemed to be like our Navy Battle Groups, patrolling peacefully. But others were really menacing, conquering worlds. I’ve had dreams where these alien ships were neutralizing entire planetary civilizations and sucking their resources dry. I’ve even pictured certain components of their ships we could use on our spacecraft carriers and cruiser configurations.

“Every time I have this dream, I wake up in a panic, like something’s been planting this information in my head, to warn me! For some reason, Jim, I have this feeling that some of these alien life-forms are not just from our galaxy, but may have advanced millions of years ahead of us and are cruising the universe. Have you ever thought of that?”

Jim placed his hand on his chin and remembered: “Well, yes, but my dreams are nearly always filled with bad guys, like in the *Flash Gordon* newspaper comics. Where do you think these visions are coming from? And why?”

I had to speculate on this. For years, some of us had been simply giving ourselves credit as the top thinkers, never realizing that we may be frequently receiving information telepathically from a group, or several groups, of aliens. They had been influencing the design of our weapon system and spaceships. Thereby accomplishing their agenda - although, “their agenda” was not necessarily what was best for the planet Earth.

There were some organizations trying to determine “their agenda.”

CIVILIAN SAUCER INVESTIGATION (CSI)

The CSI was comprised of highly qualified engineers from Southern California aerospace, who were interested in flying saucers and who were attempting to identify the UFO sightings that were occurring all over the world. Dr. Walther Riedel headed up this organization. Mostly under cover for over eighteen months, the CSI continued without a hitch. That is, until the winter of 1953, when someone stole our files. As a result, our group was disbanded. I confronted Dr. Walther Riedel of NAA on this one day and asked him what the hell had happened. We had unofficially been working heavily on this project for a long time and, now we were just supposed to drop it, no questions asked? There were well over 1,600 eyewitness reports and case files. Who took the files and where did they take them? Walther scratched his head and let me know that if he knew, he would tell me, but his superiors at NAA wouldn't touch the situation. He'd gotten the same explanation as I had. We were continuing the CSI, with Kelly Johnson of the Lockheed Skunk Works, Jack Northrop, and my other co-workers at Jack's place: Ed Heinemann of our El Segundo Division, Klemp, and Earl. I had supported Walther, but had always remained anonymous, because we were the closest to what was really happening. It appeared to Walther that there were three companies involved in CSI investigating the UFO phenomenon.

The investigations were linked to developments in major propulsion (rockets) at NAA, and involved reverse-engineering of crashed and acquired extraterrestrial vehicles at DAC, El Segundo, Lockheed, and Northrop. They also directly affected the Douglas missions to study the extraterrestrial threats. We were supported through the grapevine by JPL and CalTech. Walther thought that some of the North American sightings were open to the public via magazines *Life* and *Time*. But Kelly, in the skunk works, Jack at Northrop, and our crew at DAC, were investigating and researching the extraterrestrial presence on earth. I was asked if I had used the words "system engineering" in the past. It was one of my major weapon system concepts and I told them yes, but that I couldn't get into it then. I knew what Northrop was doing. Yet I wondered what Kelly Johnson was into. Walther told me that based on the CSI Board questions to him, it seemed that they were trying to design and build extraterrestrial-type crafts, without the benefit of real extraterrestrial materials. We had both talked to Jacques Vallee (a helpful young Frenchman involved in UFOs). Walther believed Vallee was of the same mind about several of Kelly's high market aircraft. But there were other elements of our situation that were muddying the water. It now appeared that we were dealing with many hostile, very intelligent beings that were utilizing unbelievable, technically advanced systems totally beyond our understanding. Their agendas seemed to be different. Nothing in our military was capable of preventing them from accomplishing those agendas.

1 The civilian saucer research

The Civilian Saucer Investigation (CSI) address was P.O. Box 1971, Los Angeles, California.

Jacques Vallee was of the opinion that I was in the know at the secret Douglas research group. At one particularly long meeting, Jacques divulged his “knowledge concerning the Federation of Planets” - a sort of galactic governing force that limited the extraterrestrials of rogue planets from threatening other planets. Basically, Jacques was somehow selected, in contact with them, and was exposed to information related to their governing control of our planet. To me, Jacques Vallee appeared to be more knowledgeable than the CSI board members.

“They operate a lot like an aristocracy of kings, queens, dukes, and so forth,” Vallee told me. “It’s not like our democratically elected government. They, the aliens, communicate internally and different from us.”

Even though I was fascinated with Vallee’s information, I avoided divulging any of the work I was involved in. This made it a little difficult but we continued the off-site meetings.

Back in the Think Tank, I was also selected to be the disseminator for CSI information. I believe Elmer Wheaton was responsible, but I don’t think he was openly involved in the CSI. I was also responsible for interpreting alien encounter letters transmitted from all over the world. This included all DAC in-house military, airline, and research documentation on the subject.

It was thought possible in the Tank that a galactic federation of planets (or controlling group of aliens) apparently operated and controlled some sixty stars in our sector of the Galaxy.

Project Sign was established in 1949 by the Air Force to investigate UFO sightings, but it became *Project Blue Book*, when it got the backing of director Admiral Delmar Fahrney (head of Navy’s guided missile program), Roscoe Hillenkoetter, and Air Force General Nathan Twining. They all acknowledged that UFOs were real and that they were a threat to Earth. They were tied in with the national security elite, who wanted it to be kept secret, even within the classified world. But Major Donald Keyhoe nearly blew their cover with his book *Flying Saucers Are Real*. Of course, that was later covered up by the US Government.

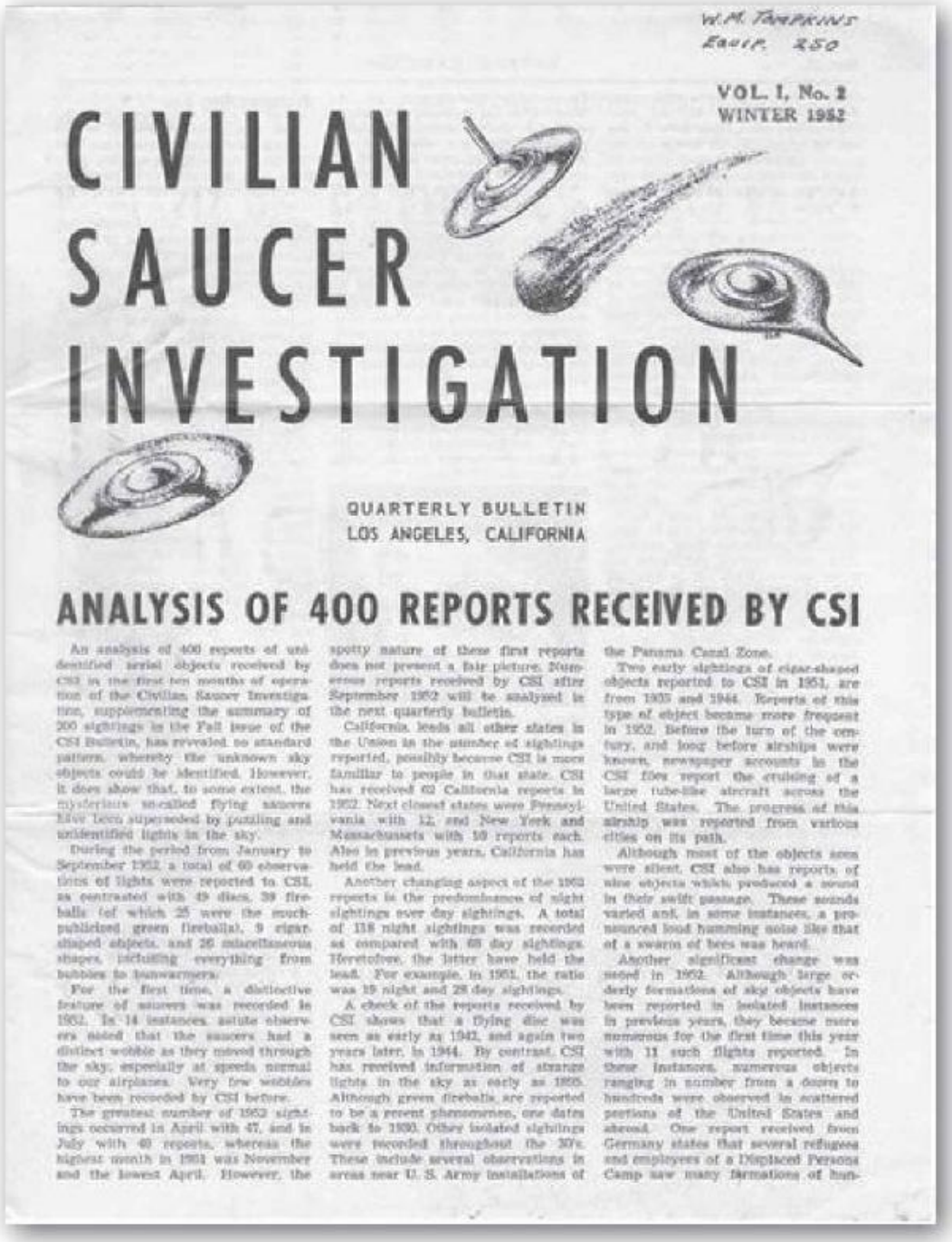
Captain Edward Ruppelt, an Air Force Intelligence officer, who supposedly represented the Air Force’s investigation of UFOs, headed up *Project Blue Book*. Ruppelt hired Dr. Allen Hynek to support their investigation of the UFOs on the technical side. He came to Los Angeles (the center of aviation), to investigate the findings of the CSI, having discovered our data through the public and private CSI meetings. Douglas, Lockheed, North American, Northrop, CalTech, and JPL: we were all involved in the CSI study, as well. CSI informed the Air Force (via Ruppelt) that they had determined UFOs to be real, that humans were controlled by aliens, and that the aliens appeared to be a threat to our planet. The Air force confiscated all of the CSI files. They didn’t want this intelligence leaking out to the mass population. I’ve always found it extremely interesting, however, that after three years of study by projects *Sign* and *Blue Book*, the Air Force released information countering the existence UFOs and their threat to the United States. Ruppelt left the Air Force and Douglas immediately hired him as a consultant on extraterrestrials for Advanced Design. Several months later in September 1960 he died after a second heart attack.

2 Dr. Walther Riedel’s Research (CSI)

I grabbed my briefcase, which contained some of my Civilian Saucer Investigation (CSI) files, and

headed out to an early meeting. This was before work, at a Beverly Hills coffee shop on Wilshire Boulevard. This was with Dr. Walther Riedel, the principal head of the CSI. The group was comprised of the most technically oriented and highly qualified analysts from southern California-based aircraft companies and universities. They were intensely interested in unidentified flying objects. While trying to determine their source and agenda, and documenting UFO sightings that were appearing all over the world, the group hosted official open-scheduled meetings to inform the press - such as *Life* magazine - which we at Douglas did not attend. Rather, we met privately with Riedel and others in the CSI. Nearby is my personal copy of an early issue of the CSI newsletter.

At that time, Dr. Walther Riedel headed up the Rocket Engine Research at North American Aviation, which later became known as their Rocketdyne Division. In 1949 his associates included Dr. Gerald Heard, author of *Is Another World Watching?*, Werner Eichler, Norton H. Nolson, J.S. Newton (President of Leif Erickson Society of Mechanical Engineering), John Danied, Ed Sullivan (technical writer for NAA) and C. Barnes.



W.M. TOMPKINS
EQUIP. 250

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CIVILIAN SAUCER INVESTIGATION

QUARTERLY BULLETIN
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

ANALYSIS OF 400 REPORTS RECEIVED BY CSI

An analysis of 400 reports of unidentified aerial objects received by CSI in the first ten months of operation of the Civilian Saucer Investigation, supplementing the summary of 200 sightings in the Fall issue of the CSI Bulletin, has revealed no standard pattern, whereby the unknown sky objects could be identified. However, it does show that, to some extent, the mysterious so-called flying saucers have been superseded by puzzling and unidentified lights in the sky.

During the period from January to September 1952 a total of 60 observations of lights were reported to CSI, as contrasted with 49 discs, 39 fireballs (of which 25 were the much-publicized green fireballs), 9 cigar-shaped objects, and 26 miscellaneous shapes, including everything from bubbles to boomerangs.

For the first time, a distinctive feature of saucers was recorded in 1952. In 14 instances, astute observers noted that the saucers had a distinct wobble as they moved through the sky, especially at speeds normal to our airplanes. Very few wobbles have been recorded by CSI before.

The greatest number of 1952 sightings occurred in April with 47, and in July with 40 reports, whereas the highest month in 1951 was November and the lowest April. However, the spotty nature of these first reports does not present a fair picture. Numerous reports received by CSI after September 1952 will be analyzed in the next quarterly bulletin.

California leads all other states in the Union in the number of sightings reported, possibly because CSI is more familiar to people in that state. CSI has received 62 California reports in 1952. Next closest states were Pennsylvania with 12, and New York and Massachussets with 10 reports each. Also in previous years, California has held the lead.

Another changing aspect of the 1952 reports is the predominance of night sightings over day sightings. A total of 118 night sightings was recorded as compared with 68 day sightings. Heretofore, the latter have held the lead. For example, in 1951, the ratio was 19 night and 28 day sightings.

A check of the reports received by CSI shows that a flying disc was seen as early as 1942, and again two years later, in 1944. By contrast, CSI has received information of strange lights in the sky as early as 1895. Although green fireballs are reported to be a recent phenomenon, one dates back to 1930. Other isolated sightings were recorded throughout the 30's. These include several observations in areas near U. S. Army installations of the Panama Canal Zone.

Two early sightings of cigar-shaped objects reported to CSI in 1951, are from 1935 and 1944. Reports of this type of object became more frequent in 1952. Before the turn of the century, and long before airships were known, newspaper accounts in the CSI files report the cruising of a large tube-like aircraft across the United States. The progress of this airship was reported from various cities on its path.

Although most of the objects seen were silent, CSI also has reports of nine objects which produced a sound in their swift passage. These sounds varied and, in some instances, a pronounced loud humming noise like that of a swarm of bees was heard.

Another significant change was noted in 1952. Although large orderly formations of sky objects have been reported in isolated instances in previous years, they became more numerous for the first time this year with 11 such flights reported. In these instances, numerous objects ranging in number from a dozen to hundreds were observed in scattered portions of the United States and abroad. One report received from Germany states that several refugees and employees of a Displaced Persons Camp saw many formations of hun-

In an attempt to identify the UFOs, they had set up equipment to measure background radiation in a classified desert location. They had encountered large radiation bursts “for no apparent reason,” while a nearby colleague sighted a formation of three UFOs. This same group of scientists had also decided the phenomenon required further testing, and so had established the Civilian Saucer Investigation for this purpose.

When I stepped into the coffee shop Dr. Riedel was seated at a small circular table in the back corner. As I approached, he shifted his stance, reached out his hand to shake mine, and said, “Hey Bill, great that you could make it.”

“My pleasure, sir,” I replied, thanking him for keeping me up to speed on this intriguing subject. Dr. Walther Riedel had close cropped gray hair, steady gray eyes and was slightly overweight. Brushing down the side of his ruffled three-piece suit, he looked more like a salesman than a scientist. I said, “So I see you have a cup of coffee; I’ll order one and we can get started.” Before returning to his table, as if concerned about maintaining our anonymity, he walked over to the window, nervously glancing up and down the street.

I flagged down a waitress and asked for a cup of coffee. Then, I opened my briefcase and took out the paperwork we had previously been investigating. Basically, Dr. Riedel was keeping me and Douglas informed on the CSI activities. I took notes every time we met like this.

Once we were settled in, Dr. Riedel rubbed his jaw and filled me in on some of the current CSI investigations: “I resurfaced the ‘mineral club’ information that we had discussed that contained the soil analysis of the UFO sites in January and February of 1951. They found a correlation in a secret Air Force project lab at AMC’s Cambridge Station, named ‘In the East’, which came up with similar test results. Essentially, high levels of radiation were found shortly after the sightings.”

I interrupted, “Do you think that the Air Force is deliberately lying to us, attempting to steer our efforts away from the truth?”

“They don’t act that way, but yes it certainly is a possibility.”

“So, there’s a trace that can be followed,” I said, “and the Air Force has already honed in on that fact. Well, I’m not surprised. Were there any spikes in the samples between each sighting that would physically prove this repetition?”

Dr. Riedel explained: “It’s hard to gauge since the sightings were so close together. The samples clearly read very high levels on the Geiger counter for both instances. The eyewitness accounts we recorded stated that the UFOs were silver, circular objects that flew near the makeshift lab. It was almost as if they wanted us to see what they were doing.”

“It sounds like they were baiting your team out into the desert to keep you where they wanted you,” I said, dread in my voice. “Why else would they want you out there? They may have some kind of underground alien military base out there that can’t be seen; their entrances could be disguised by electromagnetic fields. It might be that they were really testing you on your capabilities, not vice versa. What better way is there than to set up a false alarm to see how you’re going to react in a real situation? They could build better precautions through that type of testing.”

“Of course! We figured that as well. However, we had to take the inch just to comprehend the mile.

I talked to Gerald Heard yesterday and I mentioned I was going to visit with you today. He said you were the senior analyst in the Douglas secret advanced think center charged with defining the alien missions operations and addressing the overall threats.”

I laughed with shy content. “Well, thank him for the compliment. But we were just an Advanced Design group at Douglas.” Thinking: at work I am continually confronted with unusual ideas; but that was

a very strange interpretation of our activities. What did Riedel know that I didn't?

"Over at Douglas we had a similar finger-waving episode much like yours. A garden-variety flying saucer was spotted at about 7,000 feet over our runway, next to engineering. The flight-test guys held fast while the craft parked in the air. Like they were staring down at them for what they said was ten minutes. In reality it was only three minutes."

"It seems that the sightings are becoming more frequent around our testing areas," Dr. Riedel added. "I think this seems like another case of surveillance. Were your people testing any new craft?"

"Not at that time. It was as if they were just hanging around, saying, 'we're here; what are you going to do about it?' They were in and out so fast; we couldn't have done anything about it if we tried."

Struggling he looked right at me. "Bill, it is possible that thousands of years ago these beings became technically sophisticated, developed the capability to move off their planet..."

I finished his statement... "Left their star, and, now, their battle groups are cruising our area of the galaxy."

"Where did that come from, Bill?"

Taking a last sip of coffee, he stared at his watch.

"Sorry, but I'm already running late. I'll keep you posted on any new developments. We should have coffee again next week, same time, same place. I will have more specific figures from my team by then."

"Next time we can discuss more about the reverse engineering necessary for interstellar space travel. Your team may come up with some of the pieces of the puzzle that my team is lacking. I just wanted to again thank you for your help with all of this."

He shook my hand and said, "Bill, we need every man, woman, and child working on this. It's the only way we can preserve the human species." And with that, he walked out of the coffee shop.

I sat there for a moment, finishing my coffee. I repeated his last words over and over again in my head. I was mesmerized by the sheer magnitude of the comment.

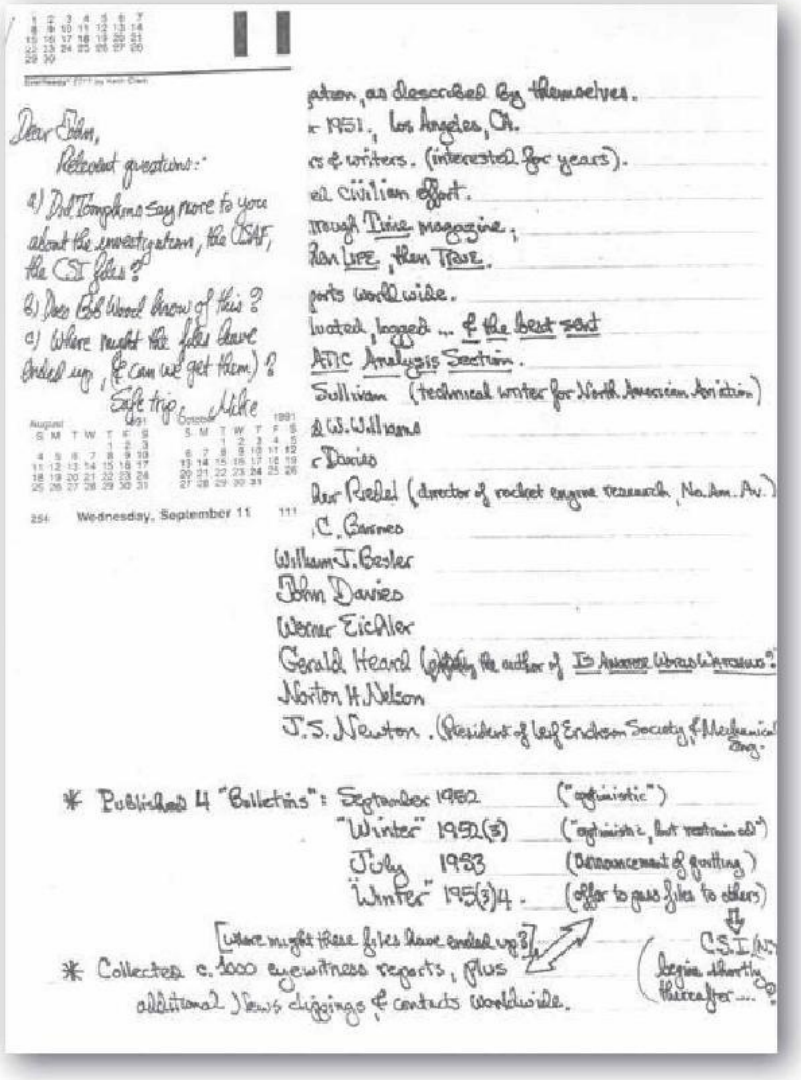
We were at war with a far superior foe.

Documenting some of the CSI information, This page displays one of two pages of notes in the handwriting of Mike Swords from an early visit by John Timmerman to author Bill Tompkins in 1991, and even alludes to the name of editor Bob Wood.

3 NOVA trucks

THE NOVA SPACE FREIGHT TRUCKS AND THE U.S. AIR FORCE SAC COMMAND POST

In Douglas Advanced Design, we had been developing many of the physical concepts of Dr. Klemperer's unconventional propulsion schemes, as well as designing spaceships utilizing their propulsion methods. We had spent seven years on-and-off with these concepts before NASA put out requests for a bid on the NOVA space vehicles (NOVA was way before Apollo). The vehicles were forty-times larger than the Apollo Saturn vehicles. Because we had Dr. Klemperer's propulsion schemes that Elmer Wheaton approved we were far ahead of NASA or any of the other missile contractors again. So, Jim Jenkins, Mack Davis, and I spent an enormous amount of time discussing and conceiving these rockets. Our mission in Advanced Design was to analyze the propulsion scheme, develop configurations, trade off studies, and design massive space freight trucks.



I personally designed a 600-foot high, cone-shaped NOVA vehicle that was so large it would have been necessary to build a 1,000 x 1,400-foot raft. We would have had to construct the rocket on the raft and tow it out to sea to the equator for launch. I also designed a massive step-down theater checkout and launch center, locating it in a Naval C^3I command ship.

While in the process of conceiving propulsion and vehicle designs for the above, reading Dr. Klemperer's studies, and reviewing the extraterrestrial impact on all of those unconventional propulsion schemes with me, Jim told me that this alien design thing could only be explained by addressing Klemperer's comments earlier. "One concept thinker to another," Klemp had stated. He said that if we had a given electromagnetic thrust, we could combine the NOVA 12 type truck with the NOVA 16 and have a space assault ship capable of supporting a 30-man crew with a 40-man drop combat battalion. I thought the concept was great but for our modified heavy transport designs, rather than the NOVA configuration. They would be compatible to the landing ship docks that the Navy had at this time. It would also give us the capability to accomplish a preliminary Navy/Marine expeditionary crew mission to the star Alpha Centauri.

4 Pre-NOVA investigations

IN THE TANK 1953

Why build massive space trucks? Let me make it a little clearer. It had appeared from our studies of "the

situation" that this planet was in deep you know what. This is because extremely advanced space beings had designed, developed and built space motherships (space battleships) eons ago, and which are parked in our orbit right now. Normally, however, they spend most of their time cruising their territory of the galaxies trying to take over some other gang's neighborhood, or slice of the pie. These bullies are in a gang that is thought to control hundreds of thousands of planets, orbiting thousands of stars. Our sun is a small star that just happens to be in one of their neighborhoods. And yes, our little star is located way out near the tip of one of our galaxies. We are so far out in the boonies from where all the action is: downtown, near the center of our small galaxy. Nobody cares what the bad gangs have been doing to us for thousands of years. Now, add to that, the fact that different star gangs are cruising the other spaces between galaxies every week. They see this puny little Milky Way, completely unprotected by a U.S. Naval Space Battle Group, Wallowa. Just like the eagle seeing the sparrow's nest.

I know I am oversimplifying our deep water space threats, as Admiral Conway calls it, but do you guys get the picture now? Different alien militaries have been warring for control of our planet, continually, for thousands of years.

So, again, our studies determined we needed a heads up in our little sector of the southeast area arm of our Milky Way galaxy: build receiving antennas all over our planetary system that will give our ICBM's a heads up. Having been involved in both of those studies I conceive dozens of multi-staged, pre NOVA rocket trucks to supply necessary construction materials, and to build surface and sub-surface naval bases and stations. They were to support our unsolicited proposal for a Naval Moon to study solar system planets and their moons' major antenna communications sensor facilities. They were supposed to be heads up for incoming hostile extraterrestrial battle groups. The launching facilities were always a problem. I conceived facilities to assemble and checkout sections of pre NOVA vehicles: a rectangular production building; an air conditioned structure 600 feet high, with the capacity to accept change on a modular basis. This building would accept expansion by constructing additional assembly buildings on the port side. This was to support higher quantity launches and their planet- or moon-control stations. These grandiose plans had their genesis in the Think Tank.

THE INVESTIGATION

Continuing the ongoing investigation of the NASA problems on the Apollo program, my section had weekly two-to-four-day meetings on the early concepts for the production launch facilities at the Cape.

Attempting to use the Complex 37 Service Tower in some enclosed configuration for the Saturn V Launch Vehicles was determined to be unacceptable. This filthy concept, like in an open field, would never have worked. We were going to have to go back to the white room (clean room) concept. Not just for the S-IVB upper Stage of the Apollo vehicle vertical checkout stations, but also for a final assembly and checkout 39 Vertical Assembly Building sections could be added off the left side, along with the S-IVB stage L- vertical building with complete air-conditioning, and capable of withstanding category 5 hurricanes. Complex 39 had to have the same quality-controlled environment that we at Douglas designed for the S-IVB stage. Everything in the Apollo from the smallest microchip to a 360 foot high Saturn V Apollo Moon vehicle had to be assembled, completely checked out and controlled in a white room environment. To meet Dr. Debus's production launch schedule (as many as 20 per month), it was a prerequisite that the vertical assembly building be designed so that additional, identical Complex shaped assembly modules and the North American S-II stages added on the opposite side of the building. We could use the same launch control building for some of the future Saturn V launches. We may, however, have needed six to twelve new Complex 40, 41, 42, 43 -– to meet Dr. Debus's extended 1992 plan.

Let's address the R&D (research and development) C-IB launch facility requirements at the Atlantic Missile Range (AMR). Again we had total lack of definition by NASA for the anticipated proposals. We at Douglas understood that NASA was incapable of managing a program as complex as the Apollo Moon program. They expected leadership from industry. Douglas manufacturing were waiting for Daddy to tell them what to do. Daddy had no idea of what to do and it was imperative that we, in engineering, had to plan the total program and launch facility ourselves and submit everything to the top of NASA.

NASA's contract requirement to Douglas for the Special Assembly Building (SAB) was totally unacceptable.

Extensive problems were continually encountered in the checkout and launch systems of all of the Air Force and Navy missile programs. As an example, when the vehicle checkout was in a horizontal position and all systems were finally operating correctly, we erected the vehicles, such as the Air Force WS-315 IRBM missiles, to a vertical position for launch. Many of the electronic systems failed because of the different positions of the vehicle in a horizontal checkout position vs. a vertical checkout position. (Boeing, not being in the field, would not even have been aware of this.)

During the early NASA Atlantic Missile Range (AMR) Saturn program, when the C-1 Vehicle consisted of only the S-I NASA/Chrysler booster and the Douglas S-4 stage, Dr. Kirk Debus, Director of Launch Operations, expressed his concerned about the checkout and launch capabilities of the entire

Saturn Program.

Even in Douglas Missile and Space Engineering design, on the Apollo S-IVB there was a complacent expectation that we were just glad to be a part of this wonderful Moon program that the great thinkers at that big NASA organization had given us.

Look at the DAC APOLLO Engineering Organization Chart and you will see that almost all those other Engineering Section Chiefs were concerned with specific areas of design. They had no need to address the entire S-IVB systems, let alone study the Apollo Moon vehicle, the Moon and planet missions, the assembly/checkout and launch – or even what facilities were required for missions to the Moon.

What if we had a problem during the mission and need to abort? Every possible problem had to be addressed. This involved both systems checkout and launch test equipment that had to provide an absolutely infallible reliability and unlike no other system ever designed. Look at Douglas engineering's successful missile background during World War II. Our last years of operation of the Thor WS-357Air Force IRBM Missile led to the production of the NASA Thor/Delta Heavy, the most reliable, liquid rocket payload booster in history. The Nike Ajax anti-aircraft and Nike ZEUS anti-missile Star Wars systems proved to be equally reliable. The exceptional warhead strikes in many ZEUS R&D test programs included Nike ZEUS missiles launched from Kwajalein Island in the south Pacific. They were designed to intercept ICBMs launched from Vandenberg AFB in California. Photographed on theodolite, the aliens zapped and distorted our warheads on final targeting, preventing successful missions.

I woke-up at 2.10 in the morning, thinking that I had learned a few things this year, and, for some reason, a great deal about those alien creatures. I didn't read it; it just popped into my head. That if I paid enough attention to some of their tendencies, I could predict what the extraterrestrials would do in any given situation. It was very weird. I found this discovery unnerving, but, somehow, very helpful, too.

1 The bottom line

The reason I am telling you this story is because I want it to impact on you and convince you to do whatever it takes to participate in the greatest event ever attempted on this planet. We want the planet to be better after we participate than worse. Our "greatest event" was to go out in space. This book is about your future, regardless of whether you participate in that future or not. It's important that you understand what a lot of us have lived through. For just a moment, consider it is possible that the analysis is correct and that there are numerous planets orbiting equally numerous stars, both in our galaxy and beyond. There are thirty billion stars in our little Milky Way galaxy alone. And there are hundreds of billions of galaxies in the Universe. Let's also assume that the string theory is also correct and that the entire area outside of our universe is also filled with other expanding universes. String theory is an active research framework in particle physics that attempts to reconcile quantum mechanics and general relativity. In light of all this, it is virtually impossible to accept that we are the only fish in this vast sea.

I am an Aerospace Engineer who took the space challenge and succeeded. I have been given permission to tell the whole story. However, the coming role that anthropologists will soon have, in terms of studying the thousands of different cultures out there, will be extremely difficult for them. The innate problems in developing productive relationships between us and advanced, exotic civilizations and cultures will be an even greater challenge. We will examine unbelievable documentation into aerospace's preparation for the Navy's mission to our nearest star in Volume 1, *Selected by Extraterrestrials*, and in Volume 2, *Others in the Secret Think Tank*. An accomplished space concept design engineering Section Chief penetrates into the center of the black programs, revolutionary new theories about space research,

ion, electromagnetic, and anti-gravitation propulsion and the systems development concepts. Together we will review how it was, where we are now, and most important where we are really going.

In this book you beautiful people will learn how I became a universe visionary, what happened back then, what is really happening now, but far more important to you, what is going to happen in your future. By bypassing some of the past and participating in our magnificent future, the unbelievable opportunities will open up for you and those who dream the missions, of cruising through the spectacular galaxies to unbelievable civilizations. Hopefully this book will open up some of your subconscious, the unused area of your brain and create an unbelievable enthusiasm that will propel you to participate with unlimited drive so great that nothing can stop you from accomplishing not only the Alpha Centauri mission but the hundreds of thousands of missions and cruises though out our galaxy and universe.

Do you really down deep inside want to "Go Out There?" Get yourself away from those individuals that spend all their time telling each other why it can't be done. Use the same amount of time and effort conceiving ways it can be accomplished, and it will be done. Think like Einstein, break the rules, live outside the box, let yourself be selected by the Nordics and discover your hidden geniuses.

2 Reconnaissance vehicles in our airspace 1952

In 1952, during our studies of pre-NOVA and pre-Apollo/Saturn deep space star ships designs, we in Advanced Design determined that UFOs were short-range reconnaissance vehicles operating from mother-ships, not unlike aircraft-carriers. I had been of that opinion since February 1942, when I observed a massive wave of UFO activity over Los Angeles. This mother-ship concept established prerequisites for all of our Naval spaceship studies. With Elmer Wheaton's approval, in all of our documentation, I titled our largest ships, "spacecraft carriers." The two hundred years of Naval experience in operating missions at sea (sometimes without replenishment), became a precondition for all of our military star missions. I selected our U.S. Navy to defend us out in the cosmos. The reasoning was because the Navy is out at sea for extensive periods. They had the expertise and experience needed to cope with very long space missions. I gave the Navy the job in all of our space missions.

3 In the Tank 1,442

It was 6:00 p.m. I turned to Jim: "Dr. Klemperer's unconventional propulsion schemes…"

He interrupted me: "All of us inside the Advanced Design have spent years trying to get it off paper and into orbit." He gave me an agitated smile.

"It's still sort of unreal," I replied.

"Some of those people in the 1,442 were scientists and engineers in Germany, and some were shoe salesmen. They all wanted to build a spaceship. They borrowed money, took out loans on the farm, and were in debt up to their necks when they were trying to materials to build their spaceship. It was like they thought they could simply load their families and friends into their ship and fly off to some distant star."

"A lot of people do dumb stuff," Jim shrugged.

I sipped my coffee.

"When you think about it, they've all wanted to leave here and start a new life for some reason, like Leif Erickson or Columbus."

“Supposedly to find a better climate,” Jim joked. “Well, now that you say it that way, yeah, that really is strange. Nobody in Advanced Design has ever explained why so many people were in on such a complicated effort.”

“The American guys were testing their rocket designs in New Mexico in the 1930’s,” I said. “The Europeans, who were attempting the same thing, didn’t give them any clues to go on. Both parties were unaware that anyone else was trying to do the same thing. Coincidence? Nobody in the Tank has justified this. Think about it. Hardly anyone in here was ever interested in chemical power plants, when they were the next hot thing. No one is interested in anything less than ‘exotic.’”

I felt an overwhelming rush: “Electrostatic force accelerator beams, light energy stuff, ion propulsion, electrical oscillators, electromagnetism, counteracting gravity…”

“Yes, Bill,” Jim sighed.

I ignored his patronizing. “A lot of these guys had no idea about mathematical engineering. They didn’t even know what materials could withstand the temperatures involved! And remember, a lot of these guys were doing this stuff way before Hitler came to power in Germany.”

“Here comes Klemp,” I said. He liked for us to call him that.

Jim elbowed me. “Ask him.”

“Hey, Klemp.”

Klemp passed us, looking older than his sixty-two years. He made a 180 and cleared his throat. “What now, Bill?”

“Klemp, clear me up on a little history here. Were any of your inventors getting help from a school or a program of some sort?”

“Wheaton asked me the same question. Not that we have been able to determine,” he replied. “Some of them were trained, yes, but a substantial number of people have been developing their propulsion and space vehicle schemes independently. They haven’t been influenced by anyone in advanced science, if that’s what you’re thinking.”

Klemp frowned. He seemed reluctant to explain. “Now, yes, there are a good number of technical papers on the subject, in our RLR-744 unconventional propulsion. But as both of you know, those are not where some of the real breakthroughs are found, like that shoe salesman in Berlin, with his electrostatic force acceleration contraption that nearly worked.”

“Then, who instructed these independents?” I asked. “Shoot, why did they invent these schemes in the first place? Klemp, I don’t understand.”

“Don’t call him ‘Klemp,’ Bill!” Jim had to save his sense of courtesy. “He’s ‘Doctor Klemperer.’”

Klemp just laughed, which eased the tension.

“It’s alright, Jim. You know I enjoy the informality with both you boys.”

“Okay.” I nodded. “But you have all 1,442 guys here, working on your RLR-744 unconventional propulsion schemes. At least fifty-percent of the Europeans are trying to get off the fucking planet. Excuse me - the planet. What’s really going on?”

“All right, Bill, calm down.” Klemp held up his hands and rubbed his chin. “Several of us feel that certain extraterrestrials, for whatever reason, have been influencing these inventors telepathically. Influencing them to develop a capability that will move them off this planet.”

“We know that,” I said. “But I still see no apparent reason why the aliens want to help us. They’re here out of self-interest, right? Why fly half way across the galaxy to get here, then hide and influence men to achieve these physical possibilities?”

“Think about it this way,” Klemp said. “We have twenty-six PhDs in our area of Advanced Design and thirty-eight others in Engineering – specialists - some of whom we frequently pull in as needed. Out

of everyone, you two still manage to approach the Tank's requirements differently. It's as if you've already thought of them and either known the answers or conclude that the requirements aren't necessary, because another concept would provide a far greater capability."

Pausing, as if to find the best way to express himself without giving too much away, Klemp continued, "Believe me, I've thought about it several times and I still don't know why. You two are caught up in the same enigma you're asking about. You, in a way, are like the 1,442 - the inventors. Sometimes, you look through a much larger window and can see things in three, four, maybe five dimensions.

"You, Bill, have personally gained the reputation of thinking far ahead of everyone in the Tank. You seem to always ponder the deep questions of our presence in the galaxy, or for that matter, in the universe. When you start a new project, at times you seem to be an observer, living in an element that allows you to view and conceive every new mission that will meet the requirements for galactic operations. In the same space, you also seem to utilize the system for the advent of star ships, with an enthusiasm that will get us to the corners of the universe. And your questions weigh very heavily upon some of us, too. We're living through the most complicated problem confronting civilization as we know it."

"It has been confirmed: Admiral Conway reported to Forrestal's people, and stated that several, different alien craft have flown, and will continue to fly, into our restricted air space. They have operated over every one of our secret nuclear research facilities. When our Navy and Army Air Force fighters are scrambled, in an effort to get the aliens to land, the aliens respond by shooting all our aircraft down. Even our patrol aircraft are attacked and destroyed. They use some unknown ray weapon killing our crews.

"Since early 1948, our pilots have been ordered to intercept and shoot down all the unknown invaders. Because we have lost so many of our top pilots and their aircraft trying to chase the UFOs, that order has been changed to, 'Intercept but don't shoot except in the case of an obvious maneuver on the part of the UFO.' That order has never been revoked, which means we have been in a state of war with several alien hostile civilizations. There is definitely more than one type of alien craft that have made absolutely no attempt to communicate with our military. They are extraterrestrial threats. They have even intercepted our missile tests at White Sands, preventing successful missions."

"Klemp?" I was still glowing from the compliments. "I really do see things as if I'm looking over a fence, holding on by my fingernails. I feel like Advanced Design is seeing this massive universe for the first time. Intercept but don't shoot, except in the case of an obvious hostile maneuver on the part of the alien craft."

"Bill, that's just what I mean about you. A beautiful metaphor."

"One question," said Jim.

"There isn't just one question with you two, but go ahead," Klemp said.

"In World War II, did Hitler hear about some of the 1,442 and grab these guys?"

Klemp looked nervous. "Well gentleman, you're asking the wrong person. I will tell you, however, that every time the SS ever located one of these inventors during their investigations, they arrested him, confiscated everything he had, shipped him to an underground in-mountain research laboratory, and put him to work on their star machines."

At 10:00 a.m. it was time for coffee; I was still in the Tank. I said to Jim: "It's not ours."

"What's not ours?" he replied.

"The Moon; it's not our Moon."

"Oh come off it, Bill; Mars' moons belong to Mars; they have an owners contract."

"No seriously; I got another flash just now that it's not even a Moon. It's a station."

"Bill, there are no trains running on the frigging Moon and you know it."

“Ok; take it easy, Jim. I mean an alien Naval operating facility; an alien Naval base. And there ain’t no cheese there either.”

“Was this flash in color or black and white?”

“Don’t remember; I think…color; that’s right, most of my flashes are in color.”

“Well, Bill, what alien Navy swiped our Moon?”

“Flash indicated it was never our Moon; aliens towed it here in a pickup from another sector of the Galaxy several years ago; like ten thousand.”

“Oh, Bill, slow down; now you are way too far out for me; that’s unreal.”

“No Jim the damn thing has no core; it’s filled with massive cities”

“*Cities?*” Grabbing me by my shoulders, Jim said: “Bill, let me help you lay down before you faint and fall off your chair.”

“I am ok, Jim; it’s like forty eight states inside that…Holy cats, Jim! I got it again right now. I am freezing; I can see inside it. There are thousands of structures in there, massive open areas. Thousands of entities, beehives, like transparent buildings. Hundreds of control centers, millions of laboratories. Military research, medical. It’s gone; can’t see anything now. But, Jim, that cold, shaking - that was the worst I ever had. I do feel a little sick. Dizzy. Boy, they really hit me that time, Jim.”

“You look a little pale, Bill; you sure you’re ok? I have had them too but never had one like that, one that hit me that hard,” Jim added.

“You know, Jim, the Moon never rotates like everything else in the solar system.”

“Yes, Bill, I have wondered about that for a long time, too.”

“Jim, I think we are really in trouble

4 Shooting a bullet at a bullet

TO GET TO THE MOON WITH NOVA, WE MUST USE THE NIKE ZEUS SYSTEM ENGINEERING CONCEPT

On an early spring morning in 1954, the pressure of unknown threats from out there was unbelievable. “You can’t pull Bill out of advanced design at this critical time,” Dr. Klemperer said to Elmer Wheaton.

”Don’t have a choice now; there are fires burning all around White Sands on ZEUS.”

“Elmer, I don’t have anyone to replace him now.”

“Pull Jim off the type of entities we may be dealing with and stick him on Bill’s Navy Moon base project.”

During the same time-frame that we were designing massive star ships to combat the hostile alien battle groups, we were trying to figure out the technical method of shooting a bullet at a bullet. Hitting it every time out in space was also a prerequisite necessary to accomplish the mission of shooting a rocket to the Moon.

Douglas Engineering, during the very early Cold War in the 1950’s, was also producing the U.S. Army’s NIKE AJAX, and NIKE Hercules anti-aircraft missiles. All of the missiles were to be manufactured, tested and deployed in cities throughout the United States and Europe. Now, think about how I felt being pulled out of the Think Tank (the most classified center in the country, designing Naval space battle cruisers) to grind out engineering changes for the mobile NIKE Hercules ground support checkout and launch equipment. It was only for a short time, they said. What they really wanted was for me to determine which Hercules systems could be applied to the NIKE ZEUS to reduce development time. I was also a principal concept designer in Advanced Design for the Top secret Hardsite NIKE

ZEUS Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) System. It included a massive underground battery command control center, and an entire battery of tunnels linked to underground, rectangular missile silos.

The NIKE ZEUS (Douglas DM-15) Weapon System, including the underground silo missile launchers, was to be built near Boston. At that same time, there were unbelievable problems at our missile test operations at White Sands Proving Grounds.

I had an extra pair of shorts thrown into a taxiing Navy C-118 (DC-4) aircraft, which was headed non-stop to El Paso, New Mexico. After the normal, bouncy landing, Paul Delaw, our field test manager, grabbed me and the shorts before the propellers stopped turning. We hit 80 mph on that narrow rounded road north, not even stopping at the test center gate to sign in. With two Army guards in hot pursuit, we literally smashed right through the wire gate. We entered the second, heavily-guarded, top secret test area and for several miles drove at 65 mph, out to the airfield taxi strip. Now, with five camouflaged vehicles on our tail, and not stopping at our Douglas missile assembly hangar, we drove past the end of runway N3. We headed out northwest, around thirty-three miles, to a clearing where there was a lot of equipment and personnel clustered around one of our DM-15 NIKE ZEUS missiles.

Paul's assistant got the cops off our back with the assistance of the security military police. This morning's test firing was the fourteenth that they pushed out of our planned target projection.

I asked, "Have they actually distorted the skin of the missile?"

Ignoring my question Store went on, "The GD SOBs won't let us in the target area one GD time. We got clear 35mm tracking coverage from two of our theodolite cameras on private firings. No, Bill, they don't actually touch our nose cone, they are using some sort of beam to distort the missile"

"Now listen Bill," Paul said, "I don't know what that bunch of hardheads that Elmer is listening to back at Santa Monica is up to; but out here in the real world these aliens are at war with us and it is clear to us that we have no way to stop them. Certainly the NIKE ZEUS can't do the job. You tell Elmer. Yes, you know we can knock out anything the evil empire can throw at us with the DM-15; but this sinister alien thing is our real problem."

"I'm with you Paul." I answered.

The photo shows the NIKE ZEUS missile on a launch pad. It was capable of a very fast acceleration to hypersonic speeds to intercept enemy ballistic missiles.

For the final NIKE ZEUS Weapon System acceptance by the Army's General Gates (Commander, Missile Systems, Missile Test System Program), quad concrete vertical missile silos and phased array radar receiving and transmitting antennas were built above ground - on Kwajalein Island in the Pacific Ocean. This was the first STAR WARS Missile System. After spending months in the Tank and conceiving the entire system, we were contracted by the Army to design, build and test a complete battery of the Teflon nose–coned DM-15 NIKE ZEUS missiles at their underground launch facilities to be located just outside Boston, Massachusetts.

I had spent three months in advanced design laying out specific configurations of the NIKE ZEUS underground battery launcher and control center. Most people could not envisage the size of this massive, *Star Wars*-type, underground town, with its thirty-foot high, reinforced concrete walls. The tree-shrouded missile tracking radar building was the area's most striking feature, a massive pyramid shaped structure containing four solid state phased array radar antennas. It was to be the only structure protruding above the surface of the landscaped low-rolling hills. When I say hard site, I mean it: the DOD specifications required that the facility remain capable of launching missiles, even after taking a near-direct hit from a fifteen megaton, hydrogen bomb.

At a later time, I was still involved in different configuration designs of the launch control battery center monitor, (missile readiness checkout and launch). During that effort I frequently went back to White Sands, New Mexico, where we were still testing firing our DM-15 NIKE ZEUS test missiles and

improving tactical system testing checkout and launching operations. During these test firings, after the missile reached supersonic (Mach 1) speeds in our low altitude thick atmosphere, the rocket motor burned out, and a parachute was deployed for soft landing of the test missile, and to allow for recovery and post-launch inspection.

The parachute was deployed from the center of the missile allowing it to land in a level position, leaving the nose cone unaffected by ground impact. During the post-landing inspection, it was hard to believe how the Teflon nose-cones of these missiles bled off like hot butter. Teflon was never used on the production tactical missile nose cones, however.

During the ten years-plus of the on-and-off NIKE ZEUS test program, I made over sixty flights back to White Sands Proving Ground, in the Tularosa Basin of southern New Mexico (near Roswell). This included testing, and checking out the launches of all types of missiles. The Douglas field station people were continually on my back, discussing various sightings of UFO's. Every time I arrived, they hit me up to explain new weird performances of the alien crafts in the areas all around the base. As I have said before, I was the disseminator of information on the subject in engineering, and I reported to Dr. Klemperer and Elmer Wheaton, the V.P. of engineering, who wore two hats. He was V.P. of all the classified missile and space system programs. Unknown to 99.9%, Wheaton was V.P. of the above top secret compartmentalized extraterrestrial threats research Think Tank, too, sometimes referred to as Advanced Design.

The White Sands people always nailed me on what was seen there, while I was back at Santa Monica. Many times they drove me out on the desert to show me sites where UFOs had been sighted or where there was evidence of landings. Out west, to the San Andreas Mountains, to the Truth or Consequences range that is southeast of White Sands, and to the east of Alamogordo and the Roswell ranges, we were looking for a site where it was thought a vehicle of unknown origin had apparently landed. We never found any actual parts, but we did get very unusual vibrations and humming at several locations where their craft had been seen parked. There were the usual three-point, landing-gear imprints in the ground on some of these locations. The base tracking people had recorded partial photographic coverage of our missiles during test firings. The imagery showed small disks following our missiles - and for around no less than twenty percent of the flights. They would streak ahead of our missiles, pull impossible 180 degree turns, aim themselves at the missiles, then pull away, just before impact. At that time, we were not certain that the aliens were preventing our missiles from successfully accomplishing their flights. But, the missile test programs were continually being blocked by the aliens, which set back the development of the entire program.

So, here I am, at eighteen thousand feet again, in a Douglas DC-6, and only two hours from landing at El Paso, which is only a mile north of Juarez, Mexico. I was thinking, "How do we solve all the problems and chaos the aliens have been giving us on so many different programs?"

The air was unusually rough on approach; we even had a height cross wind that caused our pilot to drop our left wing and crab us in to a really rough landing. Jeb Parker, one of our top field stations reps, met me at baggage pick-up.

"Bill, glad you are finally here; we got troubles. And, frankly I got scared."

"The black hats?"

"Yes, they are really fucking up our launches and they are even screwing up our pre-launch checkout. We are taking every step on your system block diagram, but they are somehow electronically penetrating our circuits; really weird, Bill."

"Ok back to that in a minute. What's the personnel problem Santa Monica is covering up?" Jeb asked.

"Remember George Davis' eighteen year old girlfriend?"

"Yes, they recently got married."

"Well, he brought her out here with him again; staying at our same motel. He took her over the border to a bar in Juarez, on a Friday night five weeks ago."

"You're kidding Jed; when he was working for me he brought her down and wanted to take her over there and I told him, 'I'll fire your ass if you do.'"

What's the matter with his brain, Jeb?"

"He is a smart kid Bill; a damn good engineer. He would never do that on his own, but it's like something is influencing his head."

"You mean possibly *entities*?"

"Don't know, but you know more about that than me."

"Bill, you also know how she looks; a blond in short shorts and a bare midriff, running around the motel. That's how she was when just the two of them went in that dingy bar. The report said after drinking she went into the ladies room, down a hall, and never came back into the bar. Now, Bill, you know what those damn Mexicans think of blonds. Both our border patrol and the Mexican police were searching for her. A Navy special intelligence investigator found her body two weeks ago, in south Juarez. The preliminary autopsy indicated that she had been dead for days, severely beaten and had been continually, violently raped."

"What do you make of it, Jeb?" I asked.

"You know Bill, there are some very strange things happening all over this area that the old timers say never happened here in their entire life before 1957. And it's getting a lot of people worried."

"Like what, Jeb?"

"Two weeks ago, Roy Millikan, from communications, was scouting for one of their craft, downed somewhere by the Truth or Consequences, a mountain range south of the base. He had engine trouble and was trying to land a Navy F6F-1 on an asphalt road. He was about a hundred and fifty feet from landing when he felt heavy tingling all over; the F6F turned upside down. Now Bill, Ray is in the Navy reserve and a damn good pilot; you are an ex-Navy pilot too and probably even flew Grumman's F6F's."

"No, TBF-1s though."

"Well, Jeb said that he has been flying that specific plane all the time and it was in perfect condition. But, he couldn't pull it all the way back level. So, he hit the side of the road, left wing first and ground looped, broke his arm in three places. He got cut up a lot, but is okay. Said the soft dirt saved him. Said there was no wind, totaled the plane. Now, this is where it gets spooky. At the same time, his wife, Carle, felt tingling and fell to the floor in her office, breaking her arm. She really went off the deep end."

We learned, during the Kwajalein Island final-phase test program, that our NIKE ZEUS anti-missile missiles were being prevented from intercepting the Air Force ICBM's, which were being launched from Vandenberg.

A review of 35 mm film, taken from the theodolite tracking cameras, showed the alien space projectile entering into our orbit and pushing us out of the perfect head-on impact with the ICBM. This alien interference has continued on and off since 1955. In fact, it continued right up to February 15, 2005, when the new Star Wars missile defense - the updated configuration of our Nike Zeus - failed to even launch. The Missile Defense Agency said the cause of the failure was a malfunction within the ground support equipment at the test range on Kwajalein Island, not with the interceptor missile itself. "That's a bunch of BS."

We also test fired many of our tactical Nike missiles at the U.S. Navy Pacific Missile Test Center, Point Mogu, California. It was 2:00 a.m. when I got the wakeup call:

"Bill. Get your ass over to the flight office, now."

At 70 mph I hit the fog coming out of the Sepulveda tunnel, and with all of those canyon curves ahead of me. The fog was really getting thick. When I crossed Sunset Boulevard, a red light showed up in my rearview mirror. Pulling over, I flashed my badge. The cop said, "Follow me." He turned his siren and red light on. By the time we got to Douglas, the fog was so bad I could not see the hood on my Caddie.

Rick Burges, the Operations Manager, who met me at the flight office, said, "We've got to get to the Point now; get in the flight jeep. Perry's got the DC-3 at the east end of the runway; let's go." I could hear the twin DC-3 engines crank up.

"Is it clear at Mogu?"

"No, it's stopped in there, too. But, Parry said he can get us there."

It took us forever to get to our plane. Leaving the jeep near the side of the runway, we climbed in and pulled the heavy door closed. We walked forward, past some tied-down missile electronics to the pilot's office.

"Bill, I am driving. You take the co-pilot seat. And, Rick, you strap yourself in the jump seat, between us," Perry said.

"How are you going to keep her on the concrete? I can't see the engines." I asked Perry.

"Well, Billy boy, the Navy needs your famed visualizations. There is something really out of this world happening at the point and nobody knows how to stop it."

"Okay, Perry. Thanks for the flowers but…"

Perry Courtney suddenly pushed both throttles to max power. The old DC-3 literally jumped forward. Sticking his head halfway out the pilot's window, while wearing his World War One fighter-pilot's flopping, untied strap-cap, he mumbled: "Forgot my goggles again. I think it is this way."

With roaring engines, vibrating wings, and tail surfaces, we headed down the runway. Spilling his cold coffee, Rick said: "Nobody has ever taken off this Santa Monica Airport in a fog like this."

"You guys want to turn around and go back?" Oh boy, we're in trouble, I thought.

Perry said: "Billy, don't just sit there help me pull back on the yoke; I think she is ready to fly."

Yes, we lifted off like a bird with an empty cargo. We used less than a twenty five percent of the normal runway.

"Piece of cake, Willie boy. Don't you think?"

"Okay, fly-boy. I was all wrapped up in Elmer's wake-up call about what's going on in our hangar at the point that I forgot this is an empty cargo DC-3."

Banking sharply up the coast Perry answered, "Short run; really don't need much altitude."

"Wait a minute, I can't see a thing in this fog. How are you going to find the Navy's runway in this soup?" Rick asked.

"That's right, Perry. Is there GSE at that station to guide us in?"

"Yes. And this is my first time trying to land blindfolded."

"But, Billy, having you along on this trip, I felt one of your alien good guys could help us down."

At that moment Perry let go of the controls; even the throttle. "Look, no hands," he said.

We made a sharp left turn, and several light banks left and right. The throttle came back, and the landing gear came down and locked in place. The nose came up and we touched down ever so lightly on the runway.

"Damn, that's smoother than I ever landed. Boy, Bill, you got super friends."

We all added, at the same time: "I don't believe this." Taxiing right over to the Navy's VIP parking area, Perry cut the engines. Two sailors chocked both of our wheels saying: "It's 4:00 a.m. and pitch dark.

How did you guys land in this fog?"

Climbing down the wooden steps that the sailors pushed up to our door, I answered, "Douglas has the best pilots on the planet."

We were driven through the lighted security gate, surrounded by at least twenty guards carrying automatic weapons. We headed to the DM-15 (NIKE) assembly and checkout hangars. Approaching the hangar we could hear an unearthly screaming. I thought: and what is that smell? Inside, the lighting was so bright it hurt our eyes at first.

Clint Walker, our field-program test-manager, without even asking how we landed in the fog, was visibly shaken: "Tompkins I am so glad you are here."

He grabbed my arm, almost running over two six DM-15s lined up down by the big hangar. They were in various stages of assembly, and covered with test equipment. But there were no people working. He pulled me back: "Don't stand so close. We have absolutely no idea what is going on here. Look at the number two on the line."

Now he was really shaking. He said: "Just watch it." The missile was fully assembled, seventy five feet long, but it was waving, rotating like a snake, still tied down on the assembly stands. It was also sparking, like little lightning flashes.

"Can you feel it: the vibrations?"

"Oh, shit, look at number four. It's starting up, too. The nose cone is bent up towards us, like it going to eat us. The radiation is pulsing again, can you feel it?"

Two engineers grabbed both of us, pulling us back out of the hangar. I was shocked, too, and shaking like a leaf.

We grabbed coffee and raced to the conference room, where it was standing room only. I felt a little sick, as did some of the others. They said it wouldn't last long. In a rather blunt way, Clint asked most of the people to leave the conference room. He was still very disturbed. When that didn't work, he selected several of us and escorted us down the hall to his office. When we had all filed in, he locked the door. I looked around the fairly large office, trying to see who Clint had selected. There was Admiral Conway and his aide, Lt. Chuck Hunters, Captain Terry Noels, the base skipper, General Justin Serves, and his aide Lt. Denney Haig, and the CIA's Sears Matson and Rick Burges.

"Now Tompkins," Clint blurted out, "what the hell is going on?"

"Well, with my limited exposure to things alien, you gentleman have been given the finger. This event is a wakeup call directed at your anti-missile test-program. You have been told that shooting a bullet at an incoming bullet may be capable of working against hostile earth nations. But don't count on your weapon system interfering with our military agendas. Ninety-nine percent of you will not remember any part of this alien event.

"*Aliens*?" Army Lt. Haig yelled, obviously easily frightened by a lack of knowledge of the extraterrestrial presence. General Serves jammed his elbow in Haig's rib to shut him up.

Things got really strange: six weeks later I couldn't find any one that remembered the incident had ever happened, except Admiral Conway and Lt. Hunter. The aliens must have an overwhelming control of our minds.

The final NIKE ZEUS Star Wars test-program was extremely complicated, expensive and time consuming. The aliens continued to give us the finger. Our response was to build four, massive, vertical concrete missile silos above ground – rather like eight-story buildings - and a massive receiving antenna radar system on Kwajalein Island, out in the Western Pacific Ocean.

The NIKE ZEUS missile-tracking phased-array radar on Kwajalein would sense the ICBM and launch the NIKE ZEUS from one of the four rectangular concrete silos, with a trajectory east towards the

Pacific coast, intercepting the ICBM warhead and destroying it.

On many occasions, the NIKE ZEUS interceptor and the Atlas ICBM missile mock-warhead were diverted by UFOs in the last several seconds before being hit by the intercepting NIKE ZEUS Missile. This was well-documented by classified, long-range Air Force 35 mm cameras at White Sands Proving and Vandenberg. No indication of a UFO was ever mentioned in any public DOD release. The news media continued to report on other Douglas missile shots.. These tests were successfully accomplished by us at Douglas Engineering in the late 1950's (long before President Ronald Reagan proposed his Star Wars Missile Program in the 1970's.) As I said before, flying to both of these test facilities, several times a week during the test phase, was always a challenge. Our contracts at that time included furnishing our own transportation. Driving was avoided because of the long distances. So, we flew up in an old, unheated Douglas surplus Navy R5D-2 (DC-3). With most missile countdowns starting at 8:00 a.m., we hit the Douglas runway with the Santa Monica fog so thick we could hardly see the old DC-3. Takeoff was not so bad, but finding the Navy runway at Point Mogu was sometimes an accomplishment. And the Air Force runway at Vandenberg AFB, with no GCA, was really scary.

It's important you understand that designing space vehicle and missile check out and launch is extremely complicated. So, when you're in the concrete block house and you press that old red fire button, it actually launches the test missile. I know, as I have launched seven. This requires a great deal of defining what comes first, then what comes second, and so on, through thousands of functions, one after the other. And with plenty of "what ifs?" stuck in between each function. What if the missile's onboard controls malfunctioned just after lift-off and it headed inland, towards residential neighborhoods? What if the emergency engine shut off failed, and the on-board self-destruct initiated in the block house refused to fire? I can tell you that this did happen – frequently, too.

Designing so many different missile-launching operations forced me to also become a system engineer. Douglas did not have one of those way back then. You certainly did not need one of them to design a DC-3 commercial transport. It's a job that requires a complete understanding of every function necessary to accomplish the mission. A lack of complete understanding was, in many ways, the reason why there were so many missile failures in those early days.

Along with another engineer, Jim Jenkins, I defined possible NIKE ZEUS Battery Control missile checkout and launch functions, something that we had both been doing for years on other missile program systems. We stepped back and took a close look at not just our NIKE missile, but the entire weapon system, right from the original threat to a successful mission, knocking down one of the incoming ICBMs. We had both been in touch with Bell Telephone Labs, who were the contractors that Army General Gates had selected to design the Missile Tracking Phased Array Radar (MTPAR). They were very familiar with their radar electronic functions, but lacked understanding of the mission and the overall weapon system. There is still a lack of understanding at Douglas manufacturing and corporate office of missile functions.

We proceeded to lay out a complete anti-missile, missile weapon-system development program, conceiving it to be in sections which, when refined later, became concept phase, definition phase, acquisition phase and operation phase. We applied our success on other systems too, such as a top down, re-evaluation of all functions necessary to provide not only the logical tasks for each operational function in our flow block diagrams, but the backup items necessary to provide total system reliability. Taking hundreds of these functional flow block diagrams and taping them together provided us with a continuous 8 ½-inch x 8-foot system block diagram that we then compared with the Bell Labs systems requirements charts. This literally disclosed hundreds of errors in the Bell Systems. This then established a new Douglas operation concept for the Army's NIKE ZEUS anti-missile system development program.

After refining our system concept for Douglas, those of us in engineering were preparing to

rewrite our contract using our new system block diagram - as the principal document - with the Army. The proposal was that we, Douglas, assume the role of prime system contractor on the entire weapon system. At this same time, Congress was considering an extensive reduction in funds that would have extended the missile and facilities deployment program to be located at every major city in the country. The Boston underground launch complex (which I had designed three years earlier, in advanced design) was stopped when nearly completed. And just when we're convinced the program can accomplish its goals and we're starting mass production, a strange, black cloud comes over the entire program, hitting every major- and sub-contractor and test center in the country. And, yes, even Congress felt it, too, and stopped the funding. Who was it that didn't want this program to accomplish its goals?

It is very interesting that years later at TRW, I used that same system concept to successfully acquire a major system engineering contract for President Ronald Reagan's Star Wars anti-missile, missile NIKE X Program.

THE DIVORCE AND THE THINK TANK

I had been flying up to Douglas, from Naval Air Station North Island, San Diego, since spring 1943. I was staff to Admiral Rick Obatta, Commander, Naval Intelligence. I had his high wing DH-2 aircraft assigned to me as needed for these and other local, western missions. I visited Douglas several times back then.

Now, seven years later, it had been over a year since the divorce. The atmosphere in the Tank was thick with overwhelming tension and resentment. The personnel who had been forced to stay with the family were hit the hardest. Those who wanted to stay, but who had to leave, also had strong feelings. Just like in any hostile build-up to a separation, the children were hurt the worst.

Being two of those children, Jim and I were hit hard. This was because nobody ever discussed the divorce with us. We were totally unaware that this strange, out-of-this-world thing had ever existed inside a classified engineering area, inside an aircraft company, one which, in turn, must have existed inside another classified area. Another Think Tank, comprised of other people, was also tasked also to evaluate the unbelievable events. Who were they? Who were we? For years, this was a thorn in our sides. We were subjected to continuous interruptions in our conference rooms, by other people who appeared there to evaluate our studies and concepts.

Our Army Air Force and Navy pilots have reported over one hundred and sixty different, unknown alien craft that vary from race to race. Some of these are massive spaceships that are obviously capable of crossing the galaxy. I guess both groups have been tasked to counter not just one rival military force of hostile beings. There appear to be different alien civilizations in the galaxy, all engaged in bizarre, dangerous wars, the outcomes of which might, one day, determine the future of humanity on our planet.

Even more important than that, we must defend this planet against aliens whose stars and planets could have developed millions of years before our sun. They have developed the technical ability to move off their planet and conquer worlds, with space ships and weapons so advanced it could take us thousands of years to even understand them, possibly even millions of years.

With the divorce, it was difficult for me at least, to be assigned to conceive and design the next generation of cold war ICBM chemical rocket, because information continued to appear in my mind suggesting we were being confronted by military forces from out in the galaxy. We should not even be considering hostilities against the Soviet Union or any other country on the planet. All technically advanced countries should be allied together against the warring aliens.

The confusion of changing task requirements in the Tank was a specific result of the divorce. It forced me and others to rethink the missions and conceive new projects to meet the extraterrestrial threats that our Army and Navy pilots were reporting. I, at times, visualized large, hostile, alien ships off-loading attack vehicles with missions against our fighters. Using Dr. Klemperer’s unconventional propulsion schemes we conceived new space transportation systems, methods of communication, other star and

planets, and their biological environments – ones that would produce advanced intelligence totally different from us, probably capable of lifetimes in the hundreds or even thousands of years longer than humans.

In spite of the divorce, at that time, some of us in the Tank were aware of an extremely advanced Naval camouflage program, called "The Philadelphia Experiment." During World War II, the Navy was conducting research that utilized an experimental electronic system that would encompass the entire ship, preventing the enemy from seeing it. But something went horribly wrong. Under advisement by Albert Einstein (an advisor to the Tank), this program had accidentally transferred a Navy destroyer escort, the *U.S.S. Elgin*, bodily from the Philadelphia Navy Yard to the Newport News Naval Base, in Virginia. It did disappear as intended, but in doing so, its electromagnetic transportation system teleported the ship, killing over sixty men. It was, however, a successful application of collaboration of academic and Naval research into the previously unknown arena of teleportation.

As Jim and I were waiting for the 7:00 a.m. meeting to begin, we overheard a group of PhDs stating that Einstein had been assisting the Navy in this teleportation research. Some of what had been published about Einstein was nothing compared to what he had really accomplished in above top secret programs. (I was aware that the Naval Air Weapons Station, China Lake, in California, had been developing more advanced research on this concept and others).

The PhD's elaborated on the idea that some members of the Tank were now aware of the possibility that several different extraterrestrial races, including "the Grays," had underground research and development bases in the western United States, some of which might have been operating on this planet for hundreds of years. It was thought that they had been coerced and agreed to mutual research under the management of our Navy.

Jim turned to me. "Holy cats Jim; this is a whole new ball game. Where do these aliens come from and what kind of research are they developing?"

We strained our ears and listened hard. We heard that Walker Pass Valley – an area off of highway 178 and 395 north of Ridgecrest California - was possibly one of those facilities where the research was conducted. It lay northeast of the China Lake Naval Research Center. This had apparently been assigned the task of monitoring threats of hostile extraterrestrial races from deep space. Was Walker Pass working with our scholars on classified technology studies? They were using a combination of an advanced telepathic communication system and an experimental Combat Information Control (CIC). It was the job of the China Lake facility to report back to Naval Intelligence with specifics on these internal threats.

"Bill, they're saying some friendly aliens are actually here, underground?" Jim asked me.

"Well, in World War II, I used to fly a lot to China Lake from Naval Air Station North Island. This was a major task of my advanced research programs," I replied, thinking about it. "And let me tell you, personnel working in some of the laboratories said, over and over: 'There are a lot of smaller-than-normal people working way back in some of the hangars there.' I never got close enough to see them. Strangely they were always working the dark areas."

"You mean aliens could have been involved with Naval research back then?" Jim asked, continuing: Continuing, "Why would aliens build an underground facility across the street from the Navy's largest advanced weapon development center?".

"Well, maybe the aliens were there first. It's possible." I held up a hand to calm him down. "Some of this makes sense. Remember Klemp's slip in the program meeting, back in March?

"Yeah."

"…that some of the Reptilians were really getting hard to deal with."

"That Dr. Selson from their CalTech office: I thought he was going to have Klemp fired!"

"Never mind firing Dr. Klemperer. How is the Navy going to fire an alien - and a hostile one at that - if they hired him in the first place and it's the alien's own facility?"

"The Navy must have a hell of a good JAG lawyer," I answered.

"But, Bill, there are other scuttlebutts going on about Grays and Reptilians in there, too."

"Yes, Jim Cooper, propulsion rep at White Sands, told me that there are Reptilians managing Grays in underground facilities in several Western states, and that the Navy is monitoring them."

"Who the hell are the aliens that have been shooting down all our fighters and transports?"

"There are a lot of unanswered questions. Not just who are they, but what are their agendas?"

1 Real mission to Moon and Mars, 1952

At 2:00 a.m., Jim said, "I don't believe this, Bill. Is this really happening?"

I slipped on my World War II-era Navy flight jacket, without pulling up the zipper, and held the top closed around my neck. I said to Jim, "This top secret Advanced Design area that we are in may have many secret compartments. We could be just a part of something really important. Maybe we should not talk about aliens to our friends?"

"We shouldn't."

"I don't know which of the PhD's came up with this project either. But, come on, after evaluating the new reality we've found ourselves in, specifically that our planet is under attack by extraterrestrials, who may be thousands of years more advanced than us…"

Jim interrupted: "Holy cats, Bill, we've been working fifteen to eighteen hours a day, for three weeks now, to counter this thereat."

"It's determined in here," I finished, "that there is an urgent need for a large Naval base to be constructed on the Moon, and also a smaller one on Mars. Apparently, we've been given the task of assisting this effort by coming up with configurations for the heavy vehicles needed to get the materials up to the Moon, via liquid propelled rocket trucks, then define the mission elements required to build the Moon base."

Suddenly, I said: "I just got a flash that there is a massive facility on the back side of the Moon, I am frozen all over."

"Where did that come from?"

"I don't know, but it's gone now."

"What did you mean, we're 'assisting?'" asked Jim.

"There have to be other designers conceiving similar projects somewhere in here. We can't get into those areas down the hall," I said.

"Maybe. That one-eyed Dr. Creswell: I've seen some of his heavy space transport configurations. They're pretty good."

"Yes, but think about it. After completing those NOVA heavy rocket vehicle proposals, and those trade-off studies, we were the ones who conceived the major elements required for the base on the Moon. We prepared the unsolicited proposals for what we speculated would be submitted to the Naval Air Development Center (NADC)."

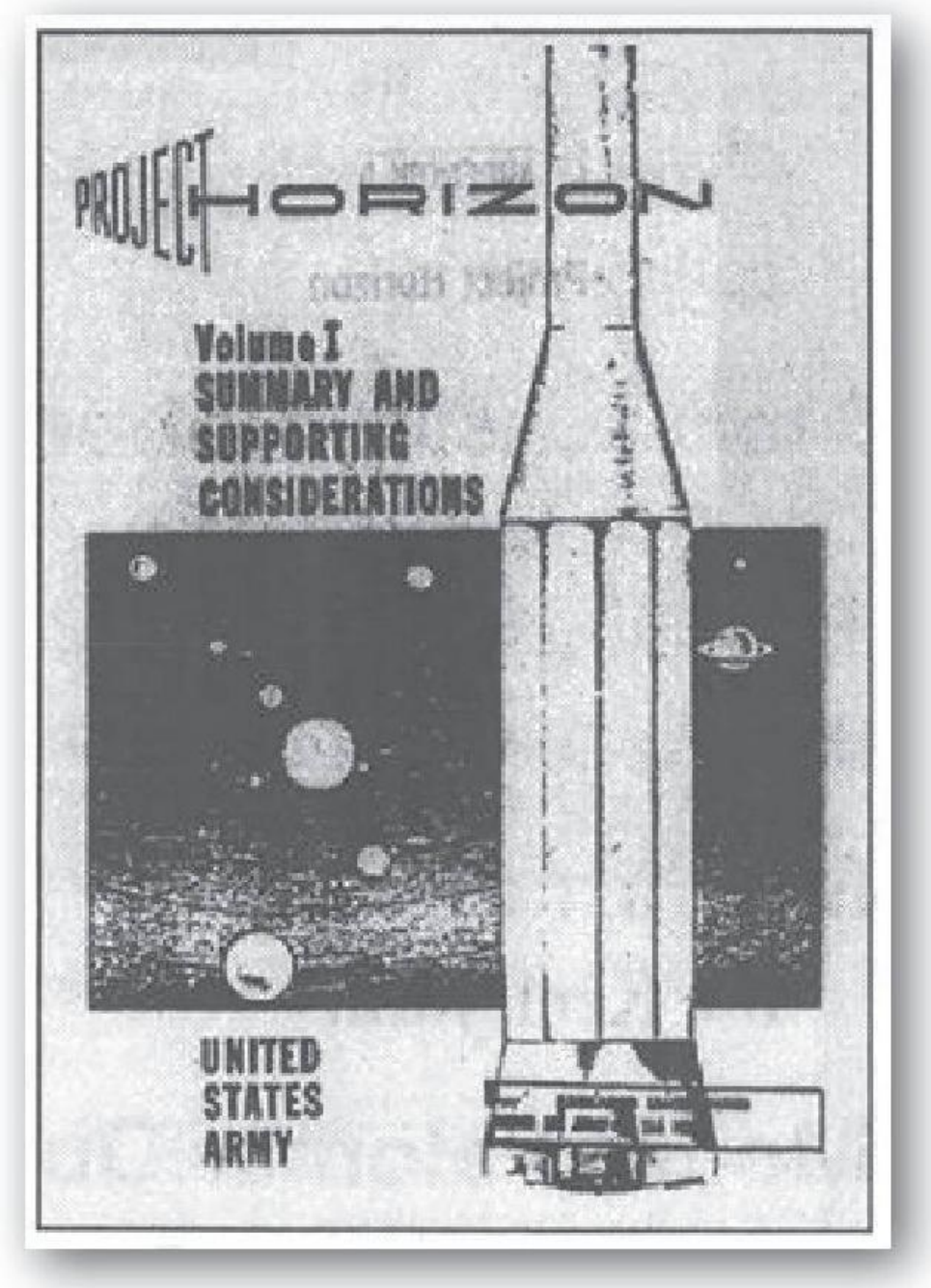
"Actually, we really don't know who these proposals are for," Jim said.

"Yes, but that's just another unanswered question."

Up until that point, we had been defining requirements and vehicles for defensive missions against extraterrestrial combatants, using systems engineering management procedures from our ballistic missile

and anti-missile systems. I had used the same design methods and the system engineering planning approaches as the major elements in our lunar Naval base.

Several years later, in 1956, Army Lieutenant General Arthur Trudeau, the Director of Army Research and Development and former commander of Army Intelligence, would propose a program called *Project Horizon*, the title page of which is shown nearby. *Project Horizon* was designed to place an Army base on the Moon. It was implemented four years after our designs for a Navy base and five years before President John Kennedy's 1961 plan to go to the Moon - which later became known as the Apollo Moon program.



We, in Advanced Design, had conceived and designed a two thousand-man Naval Base both on and under the surface of the Moon, way before the Army had established a need for a Moon base. Our program would be the largest planned technical effort ever attempted in the history of the planet. It was to include the most complicated, advanced Naval and Marine space operations center ever conceived. The plan was for the Moon base to have a telescope observatory, an advanced medical and drug research center, food farming and processing facilities, critical mineral mining and processing plants, lunar living-shopping-and-entertainment centers, lunar surface and subsurface transportation systems, advanced material development laboratories, lunar commercial spaceport facilities, and systems for distributing lunar commutations, air, water, electrical, power generation. We were not only planning Earth's greatest surveillance system, but also the first human colony away from the planet.

To configure just one small element of a lunar medical research laboratory is enormous. To design the advanced medical facility, we needed to build and test a 30x30x60-foot, prefabricated laboratory unit-like trailer. We would assemble it on our planet, then disassemble it, and then install the units in a pre-NOVA type rocket. We would then fire it to the Moon, soft-land it at a lunar commercial spaceport, transport it via the Moon transportation system, and install it in the lunar medical research building. This mission scenario was typical of many we designed for the colonization of the Moon. Similar proposals existed for the other planets in our solar system, as well as the planets of other local stars.

2 In the tank 1953-4

It was noon on a bright, sunny California morning. Most of the people in engineering were outside, on their lunch break, standing near the runway. There was a good wind blowing off the beach. . .

The deafening roar of a giant, overloaded, two-level, Douglas-built Air Force four-engine C-124 transport filled the air. It barely made it off the end of the short Santa Monica airport runway. It almost dropped out of sight, just as it would when taking off from an aircraft-carrier. These were strange, monthly C-124 Air Force visitors, only unloading and loading at night. The girls were plugging their ears, shouting and clapping their hands over and over: "They made it!" Fortunately, the airport is on a hill with a 300 foot drop on the west end of the runway, facing the Pacific Ocean. After watching the takeoffs, everyone walked back into engineering.

"I'd hate to live in those houses under the runway," Jim said.

"Yes," I agreed. "They're only three blocks from the end."

Jim hollered over the noise of a smaller military aircraft, which was following the C-124: "Hold on, Bill, did I understand Corporate yesterday?"

"Referring to what?" I asked.

"If I got it straight, Truman made a deal with the aliens?"

"Now, Jim, wait until we get inside."

Walking into the extended raised entry area, I grabbed my top secret clearance card. I shoved it into the double-door slot-lock, which provided access into the Think Tank hall. I ushered Jim inside.

"Like I was saying, right after the Roswell crash in 1947," said Jim, "I think Truman said they allowed a limited number of our citizens to be kidnapped every week, in exchange for advanced extraterrestrial technology, including new propulsion schemes, laser weapons, and extended life."

"You heard right, Jim; Elmer said the same thing."

"But, Bill, Truman said that the fucking aliens dug in the ground, started tunneling under New Mexico and a bunch of other western States."

"That's right, there have been other aliens living under there in massive facilities for hundreds of years," I said.

"The way I get it, it's these new guys that are the abduction problem. After Truman gave away the store, they've been kidnapping hundreds of people a week, on a massive scale."

"Okay, but what he didn't tell you is that President Eisenhower sat down with aliens in a hangar out at Edwards Air Force Base in earlier this year. He tried to make them live up to the pact. But the aliens got up from their chairs around the conferences table, literally flew to the top of the hangar, turned upside-down over the conference tables, and gave Ike the finger. That brings it down to what Sorenson was getting to."

"Then what was he trying to say?" Jim asked.

"Well, Elmer Wheaton and others above him, in the shadow group, understand that there is a plan to implement an anti-interplanetary vehicle program, with our NIKE ZEUS anti-missile as the defense. Not against the 'evil empire,' but against the alien menace, to take down any hostile alien spaceships entering our orbit."

"I'm feeling worried," Jim said.

"Me too," I agreed. I thought, grimly, that they must have *Flash Gordon*-style motherships, which have been cruising the galaxies for thousands of years. That meant they were technically thousands of years ahead of us. Maybe millions. Damn those aliens! Didn't they realize what doors they were opening? My jaw tightened, but I forced myself to relax. I drew a deep, cleansing breath. It didn't help very much.

“It’s believed by the shadow group in the Tank,” I continued, “that they are stationed somewhere between the Moon and Mars. UFOs could be operating from mother ships that are two miles long. We don’t know why, but for some reason Klemp thinks these guys may be from the central section of our galaxy.”

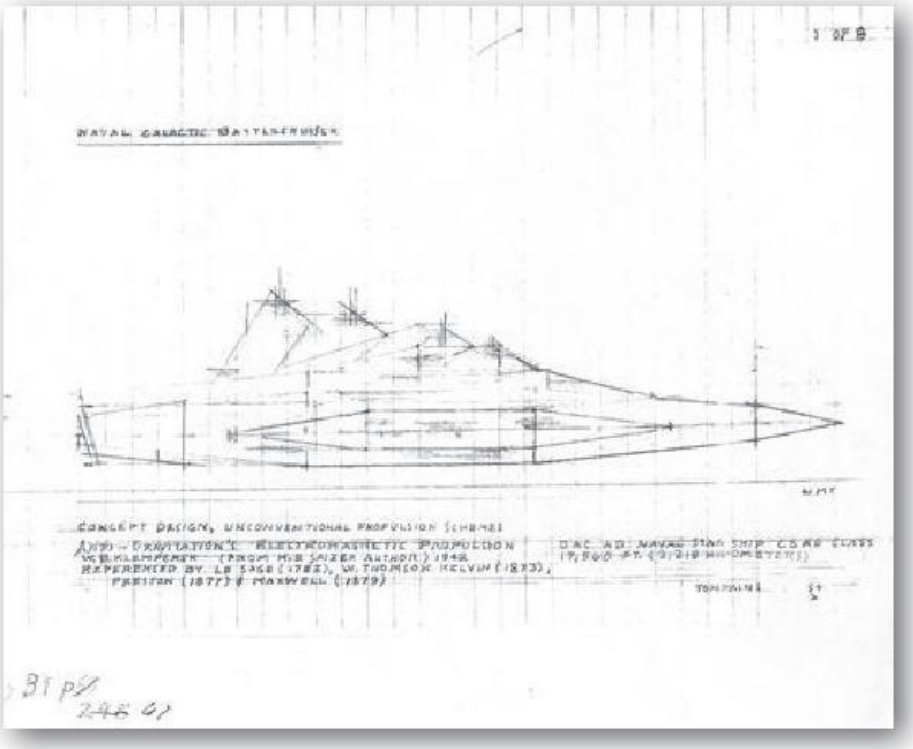
“You’ve got to be kidding,” Jim said. “This changes everything. I don’t know who these aliens are, but if they have large warships, should we still be concentrating on the NOVA heavy payload truck vehicles for the Moon base?”

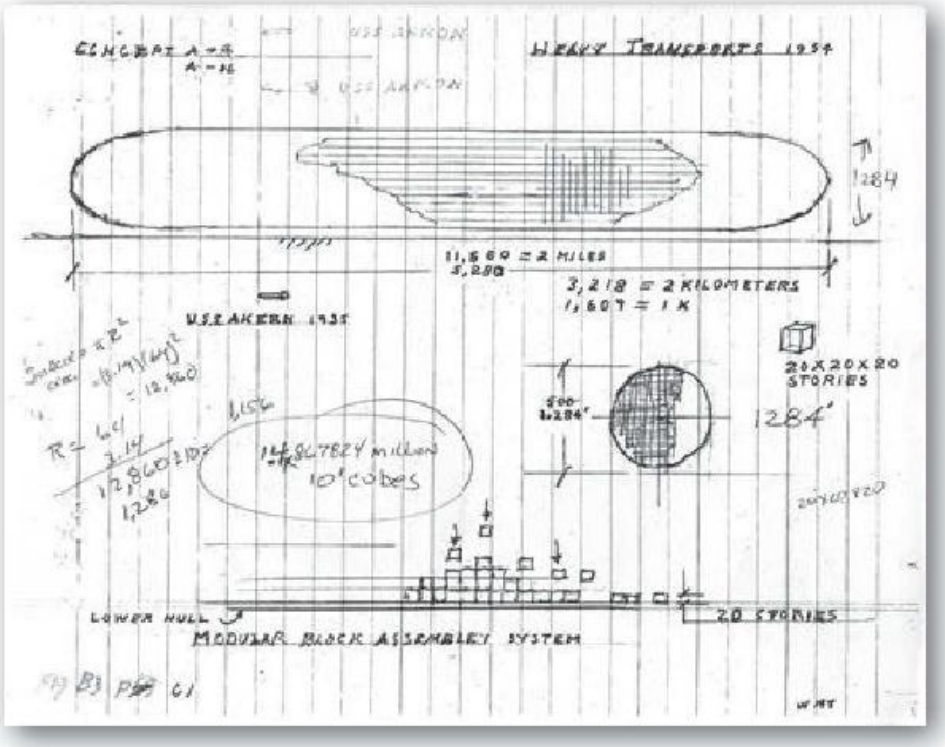
“I agree with your priority,” I said.” You talk with Klemp. I’ll hit Wheaton in the morning.”

The figures following show two original drawings of Naval spacecraft carriers and battle cruisers that were visualized in Advance Design, in 1954, from dozens of alternate configurations. Scale models of these kilometer-long craft were subsequently made.

What we learned, much later, is that the nineteen different extraterrestrial entities who are here on the, are not invisible planet, right now, but have the ability to control our minds and can prevent us from seeing them. In much the same way that their vehicles have stealth systems on board to prevent us from seeing them.

3 Star ships





After receiving our unsolicited proposal for star ships [the Navy put out a sole source request for a proposal for exploratory star mission vehicles (This was before NASA existed)]. Actually we didn't even get an RFP (Request for Proposal); it was just slipped in under the floor door to our Advanced Design. Well, that's what that cute little thing in the lobby told me, Alessandra. She said that on the envelope it only said. "To whom it may concern."

Even though we conceived the Navy's exploratory missions, we had absolutely no idea of the magnitude and importance of the Think Tank missions. Unknown to us in the Advanced Design Tank, concept definers in the same building's Think Tank during the late 1940's actually defined RAND's contract mission. One part of the mission was dedicated to designing the communications receiver antennas that would potentially identify alien vehicles entering earth's air space, in similar fashion to a highly advanced version of the Navy's World War II-era "friend or foe" identification operation. By the early 1950's, during the in and out Advanced Design game they had Jim and me playing, I did find one study extremely interesting.

Before the Cold War, and still very concerned that we would find eventually find ourselves in World War Three, several of us in the Tank continued implementing these defense systems. In our studies, we combined the alien identification antenna operation with several configurations, to allow us to identify incoming high speed vehicles, which would hopefully provide us with the ability to discriminate radar blip data. I designed an underground command center that would utilize these data to control all U.S.-based military operations involved in defending us against alien attack. Later, I got a requirement to actually design the Air Force command center in Omaha, Nebraska. Unaware of the real requirement of the Tank, we found ourselves taking new approaches to the old programs. As we penetrated what seemed, to us, to be a major need, we conceived programs to solve those problems. Not being aware of the overall Tank mission specifically, we worked independently as required on most of the star ship programs.

4 Big question: green floor?

In Advanced Design, we were constantly trying to integrate data acquired from what was left of the CSI files, into Dr. Klemperer's Unconventional Propulsion Schemes reports. It was 10:40 a.m., one morning, when Jim hit me at the coffee machine: "What's with the CSI and the spooky missions?"

We had just come out of the Tank conference room, where Klemp was reporting to Wheaton that I had barely scratched the surface of the CSI. The meeting had been cut short again.

* * *

"I wonder why," I said, "whenever the topic of the CSI is breached, someone cuts the subject short? The CSI is dead. Almost all the files have been confiscated by somebody; we think it was the Air Force. I've said it before and I'll say it again: for whatever reason, I feel like I'm being assimilated into God-knows-what dark, government scheme. The wheels in the know - the Air Force - debunked the CSI. And they were the most knowledgeable about the extraterrestrial presence. North American, Northrop, CalTech, JPL, Dr. Gerald Heard, Dr. Walther Riedel, and Dr. Jacques Vallee: they all seemed to be of the opinion I'm some sort of important element in their technical investigation, the alien threats, and all these other problems."

I scratched my head: "Jim, who arranges these offsite lunches? Who are they? They present me with their 'unofficial' technical evaluations on these so-called 'extraterrestrial problems. They always ask for my opinion. None of these experts are from Douglas. But they must have ideas that we're disseminating and designing spacecraft, which make up potentially the most comprehensive proof of extraterrestrial involvement and interference information on the planet: Klemp's Unconventional Propulsion Schemes MTM-622 reports."

"What else is new?" Jim sipped his coffee.

"Damn it, Jim, at times you and I are so close to Klemp's propulsion schemes that we miss the fantastic implications of what we're really designing! Why are these guys - the 1,442 all over the planet - desperately trying to skip rockets and concentrate on electromagnetic anti-gravity propulsion for their spaceships, in a way that defies even Einstein's theories? Why are they trying so hard to get off the planet?"

"Wait a minute, Jim," I said, "Back off. Let's clear things up and look at what the 1,442 really encompasses."

"What we know about them?"

"Yes, Jim. And it really goes back to one of your hobbies in Navy intelligence when you flew up to Douglas during WW-II, remember?

"Yes," I said. "The Navy agents (spies) in Germany discovered what all those 'out of this world' aliens gave Hitler: UFOs, antigravity propulsion, beam weapons, extended life and plenty of mind-controlled willing girls programs. The reptilians made a deal with the Third Reich SS giving them this big box full of toys in exchange for letting Hitler enslave the rest of the planet. Oh, yes and don't forget that the reptilian thugs had already stolen our sun and solar system planets from another alien gang's civilization long ago, and added it to their gang territory.

"I am getting confused, Bill."

I continued, "Which of the reptilians owned us? They worked a deal with Hitler, and the aliens got permission to interbreed with everybody. So now Germany can put all of these toys in production for their

German space navy. Then join the reptilian navy and go way back out into the Galaxy and do it all over again.

"OK, that's enough, Bill," Jim said. "I get it but where does the 1,442 come in?"

"Oh, yes, the 1,442 people. Well, there is an incorrect understanding of who those people were and where they lived on the planet. Most of them lived in European countries as early as 1830 and were bugged to get off the fouled-up planet. But as late as even 1890 Norway and the American guys were driven on clear nights to go out and stare at the stars. They were fascinated: *'What's out there? Who is out there? No, not here, I don't belong here; this is the wrong place. Out there – that's where I belong. Not just me – my entire family.'* And other things came into their minds*: 'That's where we belong. I must come up with a way to accomplish it. I have got to do it; there must be some way, a vehicle with some type of energy. I don't know anything about that but maybe I could…?'* Keeping his job to pay his bills but keeping every second of free time, this farmer in France along with friends had the same drive to get out there. They took loans on their farms to pay for whatever was necessary to build a vehicle that would get their families out there. In attempting to develop a craft to get out there they frequently contacted engineers and even scientists with the same drive."

"Do you think one of them – say an engineer who was nearly successful building a working prototype contacted others and that is where the number 1,442 came from? Jim asked.

"Could be. I am nearly convinced that for some reason aliens that have been monitoring our planet for a very long time are encouraging all those people to leave Earth.

"Who, Bill?"

"Maybe the white hat guys did it. This all happened before the rise of Germany and the Third Reich. When the SS discovered inventors recharging energy and building prototypes, they arrested them – confiscated everything they had including them and their documents. Shipped it all to an underground mountain research plant. By threatening to kill their families the SS forced them as slaves to continue their space vehicle development.

* * *

"Okay Bill, I know Wheaton selected you to disseminate all the CSI stuff in Douglas Engineering and that's a lot of exposure…"

I interrupted: "I don't tell the CSI kingpins about our star ship missions and concepts, either."

"Answer the question, Bill!" exclaimed Jim. "Who cut off our review meeting again this morning? And why?"

"I don't know," I replied, "but these CSI offsite meetings and extraterrestrial concepts they're presenting me with…none of this makes sense."

"Those CSI guys are top in their fields," agreed Jim. "They're convinced Douglas is dealing with insurmountable extraterrestrial threats. But why? Officially, we're just another aircraft company in competition with them. I wish I knew what was really going on. Then there's the fact that we only discuss Northrop's involvement with the extraterrestrials internally, in the Tank, and not with Northrop."

I pulled Jim to the side: "Look, the Tank defines these extraterrestrial problems. The conclusions get sent to someone, but I don't know who. We've been doing this for six years and neither one of us really knows who all this galactic stuff is submitted to. Maybe it's filtering up to some higher-level Think Tank. They then throw holy water on it, and then give it back to us to accomplish the total development program." I had to laugh. "And we think it's a Navy space-based program, but we really don't know. I

think there's a whole lot of stuff going on out there and it's affecting our planet."

"I agree," said Jim. Your design for the NIKE ZEUS anti-missile, underground command and launch center, and the Army plans to build outside of Boston, came from nowhere. And your fantastic perspective drawings of the NOVA mission control centers. And those massive assembly and vehicle checkout buildings. Hell, I'll bet you had at least twenty different configurations of those big rectangle shoe boxes alone. Launch control center–did you take them out of the air, or did you take Mary (my girlfriend) to the Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood and sit there like a dumb weight in space instead of watching the movie?"

"Boy, you're getting nosey," I told Jim. "For your information, it was the Grauman's 'Egypt,' not the Grauman's 'Chinese.' Jim, it just comes as a picture in my head. Don't deny it; you get some of your stuff the same way. We've talked about this before. I'm convinced some of those white hat aliens are pushing us. They want us to develop spacecraft carriers and help their Naval space battle groups combat the black hat aliens.

"Holy cats, Bill, where did you get that from?"

"Last month, it popped into my head."

"I wish I knew why."

As has been noted before, others had come up with the concept of building vehicles and propulsion systems to go to the stars long before my time; it's in Klemp's bible. In the 1890s, European farmers and engineers mortgaged their houses and conducted fieldwork on their own time, in order to come up with similar theories. But one question always plagued me: why? Who told them to do this? Was it human genius? Or intergalactic communication?

"Hey, have you ever looked at the floor in Engineering?" I asked Jim, one day.

"Oh, come off of it, Bill," Jim retorted. "Why would I want to look at the floor? Is that all you've been doing this morning?"

"No," I said. "I was talking with Stu Wilson in Structures out in the Engineering hangar when he dropped a file on the floor. We both reached down to pick it up. Well, we noticed a different colored floor section, indicating where a wall had been. You know, Engineering is in a converted hanger."

"Okay, so what?"

"The floor tiles are white, with a green color splashed on them."

"What's your point, Bill?"

"Stu and I followed the discolored wall all around Engineering."

"You and Stu could be locked up in straightjackets if security caught you guys crawling all over the floor and under the drafting boards."

"We weren't down on the floor! We were just looking. And, Jim, the entire hangar is covered with that discolored area where there were walls. Really. You've got to come out there after work tonight, and I'll show you. You've got to see it. Jim, there must have been offices covering the entire hangar, just like Klemp's PhD's offices along the front of the Tank, in here."

After work, we went back out into the hangar. "Holy cats, Bill, you're right! This is weird. If something really big was going on in this old hangar before, what are we doing now?"

"Stu thinks he knows what happened. It's that damn Manufacturing. They probably pushed Engineering out into that old storage building by the dump, at the other end of the runway, and then leased the entire hangar out to one of their subcontractors, for office space, at a big discount."

"I wouldn't put it past them," Jim said.

"You know, Jim, sometimes I get nervous wondering what's really going on in here."

"Well, they never tell us anything. Every time we try to put this together, Bill, it still never makes

sense."

I agreed. Somehow, our team of scientists and engineers in Advanced Design had acquired the RAND contract from the Army's Air Force. I heard it was for research and development, that it involved the development of space satellites to orbit the earth, and that it would be capable of taking preventive measures against the threat of attack. Neither Jim nor I had ever read the contract, but it seemed that high ranking Naval officers in civilian clothes were monitoring it.

"I overheard Dr. Dell say that RAND has been set up to research and analyzing matters affecting national security and the public welfare," I said.

"Anyway, we've got an Army project being run by the Navy. That's a hell of a way to start out."

"But listen," I said, "maybe that's not too far off. If we're trying to address the threat of hostile extraterrestrials here, the Navy would be the better choice to handle it out in space, rather than waiting to have the Army fight them here."

"You're right," Jim agreed. "But it's still confusing, what we're really trying to accomplishing in the Tank."

"Some of the staff may not be aware that Forrestal was hospitalized for so-called stress-induced paranoia around this time," I said, "and was pushed out of his top floor hospital room window during the night. He died on impact. If he was running the show, who is running it now? Are they the 1,442?"

"Take Klemp's 1,442," Jim agreed. "That's got to be the most astounding disclosure ever documented!"

"That's right. It presents fascinating answers for why the Germans were trying the same thing we are doing, even before World War II and in 1950 and why qualified experts all over the world were so driven to generate methods for space travel. And all these guys are doing the same thing at the same time! Even within the Tank's compartmentalized and secluded operating environment, we've been able to conclude that there are potential extraterrestrial threats, collectively, by studying the MTM-622, and that this will require the highest priority need to conceive the most capable Naval intergalactic combat ships ever created. We'll need to utilize a totally new type of unconventional propulsion system. Am I off base here, Jim?"

"No, that's the way I see it, too. And this will lead to hundreds of primary design concepts and configurations for every conceivable threat. Wow!"

"We're not just conceiving spacecraft carriers, here," I continued. "I'd bet we're going to have to define every possible mission for cruise and attack star ships. Jim, I think you and I are going to be pushed into defining missions to the southeast quadrant spiral of our Milky Way Galaxy."

"Holy cats, Bill! Where are you getting this from?"

Ignoring Jim, I continued thinking about what was clear in my mind, that we would be primarily utilizing a Naval attack destroyer taskforce and Navy/Marine assault spacecraft carrier configurations.

"You do agree, though, Jim?" I asked. "At this time - I mean right now - I think the Navy is totally unaware of our findings in MTM-622. After we define extensive potential configurations, Advanced Design could submit unsolicited bids directly to them!"

"Wow…again, I'm game," Jim agreed.

"Let's do it. But, Bill, the German scientists and engineers have been designing space-type vehicles, too, utilizing what appears to be extraterrestrial information, since the 1920s. We have had access to classified documents that detail the exposure of the Nazi's to extraterrestrial technology."

"Sure."

"But, for the moment, let us assume that we are the aliens. We've been observing Earth's warlike history, along with its very slow progress over the course of thousands of years; slow progress, spent on

looking for a potential intelligence that is willing to help it get its act together. We might start with what appears to us, as aliens, to be the most technically evolved group of people on that planet."

"You know, this really sounds like Think Tank stuff," I agreed.

"Well, we probably would have observed people like the Wright Brothers and their first flight and say 'Aha!' But it's possible that we might also have given even more credit to that large group of mechanical engineers on the other side of the planet, and so start telepathy-assisting them as well."

"Remember Jim," I said, "Germany has been building and flying the enormous dirigibles designed by the 'Crazy Count Zeppelin,' all over their skies, since 1895, and their futuristic cities had overhead monorail trams."

"That's my point," said Jim. "Who got them started? Assuming, of course, that the political element in their area wasn't a major problem?"

"It's worth noting," I said. "It exactly suggests that the aliens can make mistakes too, and that they may not be that far ahead of us. They may not have given enough credit to the possible warlike attitude developing in some advancing areas, like Hitler, thereby setting off a technical monster with Heavy Water and the V-2 Rockets."

Or could it be the other way: maybe the aliens started all the wars to control us? I got the shudders again.

"Bill, are you really up on some of that pre-alien acceptance? Well, the U.S. Navy really did build the first aircraft carrier during the 1862 Civil War*:* the balloon boat, the *U.S.S. Washington*. But that was more like the 'non powered' balloons people had been flying since 1783. That was when the villagers of Lyons, in France, thinking it was some sort of monster from outer space, attacked the Montgolfier Brothers and deflated the balloon."

"Well, Jim you're not so bad either, in your knowledge of extraterrestrial history. But for whatever reason, in recent history, it has appeared to me that some kind of aliens really did, at one point, start helping the Nordic nations. The USA and the UK first."

"But which aliens?" asked Jim. "Even Klemp said only a fool would fail to recognize that there could be hundreds of different extraterrestrial cultures out there, and some may be extremely hostile."

"Think about it, Jim. With all this unrelated stuff we have been hit with this past year, it's got to lead to an enormous new set of facts and principles. Our life as we know it is gone."

* * *

NAVAL AND PLANETARY STAR MISSIONS

In support of what we thought were Naval intelligence requirements, we continued to combine Dr. Klemperer's suggestions for the spaceship propulsion with our concept engineering designs. Sometimes bypassing Klemp, Elmer Wheaton – our VP of engineering - hit up Jim Jenkins and me. Jim was my sharply dressed Errol Flynn look-alike, as well as the other June grad concept guy in the Tank. He caught us both running for the door one evening at 6:30 pm, trying to get out early for the engineering dance that night at the Beverly Hills Hilton.

"Okay, you two; you're not getting out of here this early," he said.

"What do you mean early?" I said, catching Elmer's grin. "Quitting time is 4:42." (Quitting time was 4:42 in Engineering.)

"It's never been five o'clock for you two. Get your butts back in here. It will just take a minute. Admiral Conway from NADC has a separate Naval space group now, and he's coming out in three weeks. I would like you two to clean up our missions concepts. You will have to make do with your current assignments for now. You guys will also be involved in the presentations."

"Okay, Elmer, you're the boss," I said, "See you at the dance."

The next morning, Jim and I pulled all our Naval space files, specifications, sketches, layouts, configurations, and drawings. Having done this before, I said, "Let's split the tasks right down the center."

"Okay," Jim agreed.

I read our original mission statement aloud, which we wrote the previous year.

"The modus operandi of Naval vehicle systems in space has its military justification in supplying our planet with offensive and defensive spacecraft. Such systems will be needed if missions into space are to extend beyond the very occasional scientific expedition. The existence of methods of affecting such combat craft will also provide an incentive in addition to the present ones, which may be classed as military and scientific.

"It is pointed out that, while short transit times are important for manned flights, longer, and consequently more complicated, flights are conceivable for manned missions. It is worthy of note that various vehicle missions can be simulated in the laboratory and, where that is not possible - as in the case of stress-free frameworks - the problems are susceptible to mathematical analysis."

We laid out all of our files and drawings on three references tables and four drafting boards.

"Jim," I said, "do you remember when we got pulled off all these Naval spaceship projects?"

He nodded. "It was last September."

"Well, why don't we define, or at least lay out, where we were then, and try to pick out what items Admiral Conway will hit us on the most?"

"Yeah, great, then let's start with the battle group and its support."

Tilting my head, I redefined a standard Naval space battle group complement, stating that it would

consist of one 2.5 kilometer spacecraft carrier, with a two-star on board as flag, three to four 1.4k heavy space cruisers, four to five 1k space destroyers, two 2k space landing assault ships for drop missions, two 2k space logistic support ships, and two 2k space personal transports.

Jim shrugged: “That’s the configuration we agreed on, sure. But, I think the space personal transports should be called ‘space marine transports.’ and I remember we planned to have at least three space scout ships out front.”

I agreed.

“Stop me if I’m off-base here,” said Jim. “But, we agreed that all the ships in the Space Battle Group would be powered by electromagnetic or anti-gravity.”

“Yeah,” I agreed, reaching for the advanced light beam weapons file.

“Also, the entire Space Battle Group will be protected by an electromagnetic shield, using antimatter from Einstein’s invisible ship system, each ship protected by an individual shield.”

“Except the scouts; they’ll have their own shields.”

“Yeah, if Einstein can make it work, we can use his invisible ship system in all of our attack craft and drop-ship missions.”

“We have documentation requirements and configurations on all six classes, and a personnel list.”

“I believe we also have seven, as yet undefined, offensive classes.”

“Jim, stop,” I said, “They’re different.”

“Who is different?”

“The aliens. They live longer than us, much longer. Two thousand, maybe even four thousand years.”

“Slow down, Bill, you’re scaring me,.”

“They’re like grasshoppers,” I said. “Really big, taller than us. They lost their wings and middle legs eons ago. They multiply faster than us and they’re doing something to us to make us have very short lives. It’s awful!”

“Bill, are you okay?”

Stepping backwards, I nearly fell. I’d got that tingling again. It was a sort of dizzying paralysis, where I felt like I was dying.

“Is this another one of your visions?” asked Jim.

“Uh…yes. It’s very clear now: hundreds of space ships. Swarming… thousands of marines in combat gear… Oh God, their slimy reddish eyes look like open, dripping guts. They cover half of their greenish heads!

“Staring into… inside of me. They’re here or coming here.”

Grabbing my old flight jacket off the drafting chair, I pulled the fur around my neck. I was both freezing and sweating.

“Where’s this coming from?” Jim wanted to know.

“I don’t know. It was just a flash, but it’s gone now…I think I’m okay.”

“How do you see these things?”

“I don’t know, Jim; it just hit me when we were trying to get the data together for the briefing. Let’s just get back to it.”

“No, we should wait until you’re over it.”

“It never lasts long,” I said. “I’m all right now.”

“You sure? I get them sometimes too, but they last longer for me.”

I folded the jacket over the back of the chair and got into it again. “Yes, I’m sure. It’s time to review the other requirements now.”

"We didn't complete our file of extraterrestrial attack ships. We only got our solar system recon patrol and the galactic system recon patrol. We didn't finish the one for our Naval spacecraft either.

"It's a start," Jim said, "but Admiral Conway will demand tonnage."

Boy, I thought, we had a lot to do. So, I suggested that we review Klemp's requirements for the lighter space destroyer escorts, and then get into the heavy ships.

"I think around 3,000 tons," Jim said.

I found the document and read it aloud:

"During the evaluating of potential military vehicle propulsion needs in the Douglas Advanced Design, the foundation for the concept to design some type of non-rocket, non-nuclear system, ion, electromagnetic and or anti-gravity, has become evident. Launching smaller vehicles from the Moon base to Mars, with the implementation of ionic, must be established first and then later missions to Saturn can be established."

"Okay," Jim said, giving me the "move-ahead" signal with his finger.

"Transit times and acceleration requirements, considering a typical spaceship 2,000 tons mass, on an interplanetary journey such as one from an Earth satellite station to the low-gravity satellite of Mars. The transit time would be 135-145 days.

"The ion gun propulsion is deemed the most promising approach. Klemp considers powers of the order of 10,000kw are necessary and feels that high conversion efficiency, such as 70 percent, is possible. Various ion sources are discussed and a mass/power ratio of ½ g/kw is held feasible. Many ion guns in parallel on one space vehicle are envisioned."

"That's Kemp's old part," Jim said. "He revised those three weeks ago."

"All right, I'll ask him about it in the morning."

"That doesn't apply; it's for the heavy ships."

"Yeah, that's for the battle cruiser class," I agreed and continued: "More realistic assessment of the weight of so large a spaceship's structure and machinery would tend to place all of the so seriously proposed schemes in the realm of fantasy for a long time to come."

"Hey, that doesn't apply either! Maybe we should just start at the other end, with spacecraft carriers."

"No, let's do the lighter-ton ship, first."

"Boy," said Jim, "we got a two-month task to finish in three weeks."

But before I could answer, in she strutted, with that bright silly grin, wearing her uniform of the day - a short dress and 4-inch high glass slippers. It was Barbara of Corporate.

"What are you two boys doing now?" she asked. "Oh, dirty pictures? I just love this alien stuff you boys play with every day."

"How did you get in here?" said Jim. "You aren't cleared."

Playing with her long blond locks, Barbara just said, "Oh, yes, I can, because Earl-boy told me to. So there."

Sitting on top of a drafting board, she reached over to get the files from another tray.

"Damn it, Barbara, leave that file alone," Jim said. They're in sequence. Go play with Bill's stuff."

"Hey, don't send her over here! She'll mess up my ship logs!"

"Oh my gosh, Barbara, you're sitting on Bill's spacecraft carrier SCA-32 layout. You can't do that, it's an original. And you got pencil lead all over your little bottom."

Uncrossing her legs, Barbara twisted around, then hopped down.

"You little bitch; just look."

“You messed up my vellum, smeared lead all over the primary elevation.”

“Oops. Sorry Billy, I’ll fix it. Do you have any eraser?”

Oh boy, I thought, we were in trouble again. But at that moment, in walked Elmer Wheaton.

“Who let that spy from Corporate into Advanced Design?” he asked.

“Well, you did, Doctor Wheaton,” Barb said. “Remember, at the finance meeting last month?”

“Don’t call him Doctor,” Jim whispered, “he doesn’t want people to think he can’t manage, ha-ha.”

“You said you would have Security make me a double-lock entry card into the Think Tank, just like Billy’s got,” Barbara said. Standing on her tiptoes, she stretched her arm towards the ceiling and held up the card. “See, I got one. Oh, but stop calling it ‘Advanced Design. We’re part of that CalTech turnkey operation,” she said.

Cutting her off, Elmer added: “You have to clear everything you come up with here, with Stella or me first.”

Oh, boy, I thought this week we’re CalTech?

This was really strange.

Turning to Jim, I asked: “Are the other PhD’s that sometimes meet with us from RAND? Do they just drive over from CalTech in Pasadena or do they have offices in here somewhere?”

Scratching his head, he said, “I am more confused every day.”

I felt my heart beat faster; something very important was behind all this.

“It might be a good idea to keep the relationship confidential, lest someone get the wrong idea.”

Rolling his eyes, Jim repeated, “Wrong idea?”

1 Reality of aliens

They pulled Jim Jenkins and me, both with top secret clearance, back from Advanced Design and into my old engineering electronic section for another panic design. It was on an electronic warfare system using a Navy four-engine long range C-118B aircraft, a version of the Douglas commercial DC-6. I looked out over the nearly 500 engineers with bachelor, master and doctorate sheep skins (degrees) that were totally unaware of the extraterrestrial presence on our little planet. They were all in their white shirts and ties bending over all those 500 drafting boards upstairs, in that recently converted hangar with the windowless noisy 2 x 6 x 12 rough wood flooring. While talking to Jim, I was contemplating all that we at Northrop, and now here at Douglas in Advanced Design, knew about the astonishing fact that UFO’s and aliens presented a real threat to this planet. This sounds insane but I wanted to stand up on my drafting board and yell that it’s true, that we must all devote our energies to developing Naval spaceships with light beam weapons that are capable of stopping them. After telling Jim of my feelings at that time he agreed and suggested, “But not right now, Bill.”

In 1953, we were very naive about the aliens; that is, we were aware that they were investigating our planet, but assumed that they were just one civilization. Not what we now know that we have at least nineteen types either here now, or that have made a short visit as part of their cruise through our galaxy. I knew that they existed and was very aware of a number of extraterrestrial problems. (I had no knowledge then of what we all know now today about abductions. It is estimated that there are (in 2015) 30,000 abductions per year in the U.S. alone. This is primarily focused on interbreeding, which, of course, is both unethical and illegal.-Author Tompkins)

2 Chemical sensing

1954 U.S. ARMY CHEMICAL SENSING SYSTEM

During the early Cold War, the Douglas Think Tank had been analyzing strangely-colored clouds that reflected almost the full color spectrum. These clouds first appeared along the West Coast, but then, at times, appeared in several locations across the United States. After an extensive study, the Think Tank contacted the Army Chemical Warfare Division's General Stelson, who had also been concerned with the strange "gas-like" clouds. The chemical analysis branch of the U.S. Army contracted Douglas Engineering to design several sets of chemical sensing and analysis system mobile laboratories. I was pulled out of design as one of the principal system engineers to implement the program. Later, at TRW, this became a massive program that resulted in the analysis of the extraterrestrial gases that have been continually dropped on our planet to control our minds. We are somehow controlled to allow them to use us as their crop. This is like crop-dusting a field.

It was questioned as to why there were so many new infectious diseases appearing, first on the west coast, and then moving east across the United States every year. It seemed that the medical advisers who assisted us were extremely concerned as to why they were forced to combat several new and completely unknown flu-like bacteria every year. We acquired six white standard Fruehauf commercial trailers for our first two prototype mobile laboratories. They were towed by standard diesel tractors (trucks) with modified engines to control their exhaust systems. These trailers were to be stationed all over the country and were equipped with the most advanced chemical sensing, analyzing, and compute-documenting medical laboratory instrumentation available.

We designed receiving and transmitting antenna systems equipped to provide past, present and future forecasting of weather data; the sensors were also used to establish rates of time required for the chemicals to cross the country and disperse throughout communities. Diverse sensors were installed to acquire alien bacteria that were then analyzed to establish their combined, as well as individual, effect on the animal and human population. We also assisted in defining flow charts covering all the central Pacific Ocean, east over Mexico, the United States, Canada and out over the Atlantic Ocean and the entire Gulf of Mexico. At the time this project was conducted in a closed-off area and with a secured atmosphere. I do not know what the real reason was for all the security involved in its establishment, but it appeared to have an extremely high priority.

3 The star girl and the mind sweeper

HAROLD ADAMS, AIRCRAFT SECTION CHIEF

I was back in Engineering again in 1956 on the DC-8 aircraft. Harold Adams had many years of drafting on the board. He was a big, heavy man with a little gray hair, and in his late sixties. He was an excellent listener but was limited in presenting his ideas. He depended on others in design to conceive methods that would accept integration into the aircraft design. That's where I came in. He managed with weekly design meetings. I reviewed all of his section's problems, then drafted a configuration of the major DC-8 design problem on the cover of the meeting memorandum. Then, during the meeting, I explained the problem to the participant section chiefs for Adams and recommended a solution based on configurations, such as the one shown here.

Let's talk a little about the influence that the aliens have had on military and commercial aircraft design. The first time that I was aware of that was when an unusually exquisite Asian girl was at a design

MEMORANDUM

File: A250-DES-56-AB
Date: 7-12-56

To: Attendance at Weekly DC-8 Meeting

From: E. V. Adams

Subject: TRANSMITTAL OF NOTES ON DC-8 MEETING, JUNE 12, 1956

E. V. Adams
Design Engineer

RECEIVED
JUL 16 1956
ENGR. DEPT.

Inboard Profile

meeting that was chaired by Harold Adams, the Chief Engineer of the proposed new commercial jetliner (later DC-8). She just seemed to appear when we were designing the Air Force's XC-132 Heavy Transport. This girl, who at the time appeared to be taking notes, gave me the impression that she was some sort of recorder or assistant. She was a tall, slim, statuesque person, dressed in a plain dress; a little tight but not unusual. She was, however, extremely striking. She had beautiful Asian features, and seemed to be about nineteen years old. I was unaware of her background, but the Air Force required a secret clearance to work on the advanced XC-132.

Like Donald Douglas senior, Harold Adams was married, with grown children, and lived up the coast in Malibu. And like Douglas, Adams did not conceive the XC-132 or the DC-8, the first American Jet Airliner. They were conceived in Advanced Design, but the thoughts and suggestions from the girl assistant were uncanny. They were always precise and well presented, to the point that it seemed that she was the entire engineering department. It did not appear that she was limited in any areas of propulsion, aerodynamics, structures or electronics. It was uncanny; it even seemed unnatural or impossible. She also seemed to just show up and not be there at times. Was she, in some way, related to aliens? A number of the engineering section chiefs thought that was exactly what she was. I later learned she may have been only thirteen years old at that time. She was only seventeen years old much later when she and Harold took off in his converted navy minesweeper on their cruise around the world.

On September 5, 2012, during the celebration of our 62nd wedding anniversary/family reunion in Norfolk, Virginia, my wife and I ate at a trendy coffee restaurant in town. Our waitress was a striking, tall Asian girl in short-shorts and with legs that never stopped. I knew it right away. She was the absolute image of Harold Adams' girl. Still in her teens, her name was Turban and was from Turkmenistan, near Russia. She was, of course, also a dancer at the ballet theater there. No question: a carbon copy of Harold's alien. A sister maybe? How do they do that?

UNBELIEVABLY BEAUTIFUL GIRL

EVERYTHING CHANGED.

Just before I resigned from Northrop, my brother and I joined the Engle Airs Club in Inglewood. They had one of their dances at the Aragon Ballroom in Santa Monica. It was a clear, Saturday night when we arrived. We were surprised at how many dancers were on the floor. There was this beautiful blond girl in a gorgeous yellow dress, dancing out in the middle of the floor. Her hair was pulled back in waves. With the ballroom ceiling lights shining on her, she looked like a debutante. She left her partner and went to the side of the dance floor and sophisticatedly sat down, straightening her dress. She glowed so sophisticatedly in what was obviously an expensive, tailored, yellow dress. It had a wide, turned-up, collar, which was high in the back, and which complemented her beautiful, blond ponytail hair.

I told you this book was a love story. Even though I knew that she was a slumming debutante from Beverly Hills and would never, ever give me a chance, I went over to this beautiful girl and said, “Would you like to dance?”

Somehow, to my surprise, she gave me a beautiful smile and said “Yes.”

It was wonderful; we left this planet, dancing all evening. Having gotten her name, I asked her for her phone number and she gave it to me. Giving me another beautiful smile, she said good night and went home with her girlfriend. I was in heaven all of the following week, but when I called her on the phone a nice lady answered saying that there was no one there by that name.

The next three Saturday nights I went back to the Aragon Ballroom to find her. She showed up, in another beautiful dress, on the third Saturday with her girlfriend. So, while we were dancing, I asked her to give me her real phone number. She gave me a cute sheepish smile and said “Alright.” I called her the next week and we went dancing at the Palladium Ballroom in Hollywood. She didn’t live in Beverly Hills, but she looked as if she should. She was as beautiful as a model on the front page of *Vogue*. Her home was in Santa Monica, with a nice Italian family from New York. On our drive to the Palladium in Hollywood, she said there was a nice road where people could look out and see the beautiful lights of the city. Now, remember, this casual comment came from an absolutely gorgeous, sophisticated, well-dressed girl. So, I assumed she was referring to Mulholland Drive - up in the Hollywood Hills - and so I drove up there.

What do couples do up there, besides look at the lights? She was right: the lights were beautiful and so was she. I kissed her and kissed her again. She said “enough” and tried explaining that this was not the road she was referring to. A little confused, I drove to the Palladium. We danced very close, all night, with her beautiful eyes sparkling the whole time. On our drive back to her home we stopped twice to kiss and this was our first date.

1 Alien technology

Standing in the hallway, waiting for the morning's rain dance to start, I said to Jim, "We have been receiving repeated and shocking disclosures for the last three years. Like Kenneth Arnold's accurate report in June, 1947, about those nine interplanetary saucers in formation; east of Seattle. Then one crashed near Roswell, New Mexico."

"Exactly. And, in 1950, that first meeting where Truman gives the store away."

I replied, "You forgot the two weeks before the crash; that's even stranger."

"How so?"

"Well, on July 7, 1947, the *Los Angeles Times* reported that 'airline pilots had seen mysterious flying saucers, much larger than transports, flying in loose formation at high speeds. The objects had been reported every day since, by observers in thirty-three western states. Military aircraft are still hunting the skies over the Pacific Coast states for sight of the flying discs.'

"And check out what else the *Times* said: 'Then five P-51's of the Oregon National Guard cruised over the Cascade Mountains in the Washington area, where the strange objects were first reported. They all carried photographic equipment. A Lockheed P-80 jet fighter at Muroc Army Air Field in California, and six regular fast-fighters in Portland, Oregon, stood ready to take off at an instant's notice should any flying saucers be sighted in those areas. General Carl Spaatz, Commandant of the Army Air Force was in the Pacific Northwest, denied knowing anything about the flying discs or plans to use AAF planes to look for them. 'I've been out of touch with things for four or five days, he said. Then he went to Medford Oregon, on a fishing trip.'"

"Can you believe that frigging General?" Jim said. "He's out of touch. He wasn't fishing. He was scared out of his pants and looking for a new job, because he couldn't do a damn thing about the aliens."

"Then we've got this Eisenhower thing with the aliens, in early March 1954," I continued.

"And your continued feelings of things you seem to see in your head, like thousand-mile-wide, massive, alien Naval bases floating in our section of the galaxy."

"Well, not just me; you said you see strange space things, too."

"Yes, but you see ten times the things that I do."

"Well, Jim, some of the images I see make me consider that we should rethink what is possibly going on out there. Remember when those five alien ships landed at Edwards Air Force back in fifty-four? They asked Ike if it was okay to continue selecting some of us and stuffing our heads with what is going on in our part of the galaxy."

President Eisenhower answered; "Well, I can't stop you transmitting information to selected listeners."

"They may be sending information to just one person, on some sort of a single beam that can only be heard by that individual," I whispered to Jim. "You know when you and I have been working on a project, and I stop right in the middle? It's as if someone hits my brain with a message concerning our project. And you don't hear any of it."

"That's right Bill; last month you and I both got one of those messages stating we must continue micro-computerizing our computers, to the extent that they are so small that they can power themselves right into our blood system. Flow out from our brain to the problem of a blown-off leg."

"Yes" I added, "grow an entirely new leg with a foot and five toes in several minutes. I blew you away with that one."

"I can't stop thinking about it."

"Me too," I said, getting anxious. "These aliens may be so advanced in all technologies, even

futuristic medicine, that they have already controlled every type of medical problem and possibly live thousands of our years."

Later, in the hallway before a major meeting, I said, "Well, I think that's the last of them; all those PhD's from the other side. We better get in the conference room, too."

The review had gone on for three hours. After finishing my part of the antigravity briefing charts for Dr. Klemperer, I hit them hard in the Tank. I presented an understanding of the compelling issues surrounding the now-accepted fact that extraterrestrials had been operating their ships through the galaxy for thousands of years, not by nuclear means, but by overcoming gravity. This was disturbing to some in the semi-weekly meeting, because the rumors I was referring to concerned President Eisenhower's meeting with an elite, highly advanced squadron of extraterrestrials at the Muroc Army Air Base (now Edwards Air Force Base). This occurred in the desert of California in February, and was not yet substantiated. That meeting had been prearranged and permission to land had been agreed upon.

The Nordic alien squadron had taken some control over planet Earth; it consisted of two large cigar-shaped ships and three 100 foot disc shaped ships. They were commanded by several alien battle groups, human-like admirals operating in uniform with their crewmembers. They demonstrated their military ability to make their vehicles disappear, reappear, and overcome gravity. Their message to General Eisenhower was essentially: "We have taken your planet and are requesting permission to tell your people about us and that we will make it better for them."

"What a line of bullshit," I whispered to Jim. "What about the control the reptilians and the grays have had?" They also basically told Ike, the most powerful leader on the planet, that he had surrendered. Now, to say that Ike was pissed is an understatement: He had never surrendered. But, at that time, before reverse engineering of the crashed alien vehicles, Ike had no weapons capable of stopping them or the grays."

For some reason, however, I was convinced the alien take-over was true. I recommended to Elmer Wheaton, on the side, that it should be on our agenda for the Office of Naval Research (ONR), the next day, as well.

Dr. Fitzgerald, from the Tank's "Craggy Brow," rose and shook his head. "No, stop, stop, and stop. There you go again, Tompkins, with your rumors. You people in Advanced Design are always listening to trash information, which is totally without technical justification. Stop this nonsense and get back to reality! This hearsay thinking has absolutely no justification with my research program."

I thought: your research? Who the fuck did he think he was? This was our proposal.

Before I could kick Fitzgerald's ass out of our conference room, Jim pulled my arm. "Not now, Bill."

Elmer spoke up, "No offense, doctor, but you are out of order. Assuming you're right about Eisenhower, Bill is attempting to have us consider the possibility that the nuclear option is not the way to the stars."

"Bill, I think these guys, the PhD's, I whispered, could be CalTech," Jim said.

This was all taking place in our large meeting room that was located inside the Top secret, walled off area, in the Engineering hangar near the Santa Monica Airport runway.

Thinking I remembered that different aircraft would taxi right up to the hangar's special secluded entry, primarily at night. I often wondered why the engineering hangar was built so close to the runway.

After the other PhD's left, at the conclusion of this particular meeting, Elmer Wheaton, our VP of Engineering and the Tank, summed up our session with a directive to Dr. Klemperer.

"You're aware that those people from ONR laboratories will be here at 07:00 tomorrow morning? I hope you and Dr. Hurtling have all your documentation on electromagnetism and counteracting gravity

prepared. Because Admiral Roscoe Donley, three-star, Commander of ONR, is bringing along Captain Steve Thorson and Dr. Jacque Tools of the Philadelphia laboratory. They're working with Einstein on their program to prevent enemies from locating our ships."

Dr. Klemperer started to speak, but I stepped in: "Are they coming to see us or those assholes at RAND?"

"Now, Bill, relax," Klemp said. "Not all of them are limited between the ears."

"Remember, Bill," Elmer agreed, "We are a part of RAND."

"Yes," I replied, "but we're still accomplishing most of the work and they're getting all of the credit!"

"Getting back to the briefing," said Klemp, "Sheppard may be slow on briefings, but Bill is an expert on presenting the overall basic concept."

"Thanks for the roses, Klemp," I said. "And, yes, I can handle it with my briefing charts."

"Bill, you're good, I know," Elmer admitted, "but these people will be into stuff that even I don't understand."

"Bill is an expert at presenting the physical concept, backing off at the right time, and letting me or Sheppard step in with the undocumented theory," Klemp said firmly. "And he's familiar with the five and six-dimensional concepts."

"Fine," Elmer said. "It's your show, Klemp."

"Jim, did you see that Navy R40-2 parked around the side of the Engineering hangar this morning?"

"No. What's an R40?"

"That's the Navy's high-speed transport; it's related to a Lockheed Hudson bomber."

"So?"

"That means we probably got stars – admirals – here, last night."

"Well, it's about time they came here to find out how to stop the black hat aliens," Jim added.

I went on, "Our admirals at the top now know that those aliens are stationed out there in their twenty kilometer long mother ships, just waiting for their admiral to give the word to attack us..."

Jim commented: "They are shaking in their boots, by now."

"You got that right, Jim," I added.

Later that morning in Advanced Design Dr. Klemperer said, "Well boys, we finally got the Navy brass out here and into our Tank conference room to brief them on our unsolicited antigravity propulsion proposal."

We all headed into our conference room – after introductions to the three-star Admiral Roscoe Donnelly Commander, Office of Naval Research (ONR) and laboratory director Dr. Jacques Tools.

I took the floor.

At 6:50 a.m. the following morning, in the conference room, some of our infrequent Tank research consultants (DAC), got to business. Dr. Tools took the floor first.

"Using your research, we have come to an impasse on electromagnetism as it applies to thrust," he stated.

Jim leaned over and whispered to me, "What does he mean, 'using our research?'"

"Got me," I replied. "I still don't understand what RAND is exactly, or what our responsibility is to them."

Jim agreed. "Something really big is going on and we're in the middle of it."

Dr. Klemperer started his briefing: "From a well-assured assumption that chemical rocketry will suffice for Earth satellite missions and interplanetary expeditions to the close planets in our solar system,

we accept the conclusion that space vehicles sent to destinations further than, say, Mars, will have to be propelled by a new energy source. I definitely question whether nuclear heating of an inert working fluid will ever become practical, because of the high temperatures involved."

"Yes, the shielding required for the starship's crew and their electronic equipment is unacceptable," I agreed.

"My studies have convinced us to seek an entirely new approach that does not employ the principles of rocket propulsion," continued Klemp, "but rather the direct transformation of electromagnetic energy into kinetic energy by means of the contrabaric state of a meso field. The German, B. Heim, independently arrived at this concept by different mathematical approaches than I."

Klemp then expounded on the meso-field theory by postulating a 6-dimensional field describing not only the gravitational and electromagnetic phenomena, but also a third manifestation duly named "meso-field," as those in the meeting could see on my chart No. 1.

"We envision this meso-field as capable of two different actions via the contrabaric state," said Klemp. "The contrabaric state transforms a material phenomenon directly into propulsive action by emission of gravitational waves, resulting in an accelerated motion. It also transforms material phenomenon into the dynabaric state, through which purely electromagnetic energy is liberated from matter."

"Without any waste product or heat," I added. "Propulsion is achieved by first liberating electromagnetic energy and then transforming it directly into accelerated motion, as shown on chart No. 2."

"Do you want to give the briefing?" Dr. Klemperer asked me.

I didn't answer.

He continued: "To see what principles might be used in an electromagnetic spaceship, let us recall how a rowboat goes forward when its oars push on the surrounding medium of water, something not connected to the boat. In empty space, or in the ether, there is nothing that seems capable of playing the role of the oar by pushing on the ether, since we are discounting the negligible direct mechanical pressure of electromagnetic radiation. But suppose that an object is immersed in space, filled with electromagnetic radiation, as on chart No. 3. Even if the radiation comes from the object itself, as soon as it leaves the surface of the object, it has an independent existence in space.

"The question arises, then, as to whether an object can emit electromagnetic waves," he continued, "and at the same time, have other electrical effects produced independently on a portion of its surface, so that those surface effects may interact with the electromagnetic waves and give rise to repulsion. Of course, that repulsion would be paid for by energy additional to that producing the electromagnetic waves."

"I'm glad somebody else is going to pay for it besides Douglas," Dobson of Corporate said.

Dr. Klemperer rolled his eyes.

He continued: "There could be many ways of removing a large amount of charge from a surface quickly, without too much energy, and then bring it back again. So, suppose that this charging and discharging were done in synchronization with an electromagnetic wave. An electromagnetic wave is emitted from another part of the body in such a way that the negative charge appears on the part of the body of the spaceship, and in such a way that the negative charge appears on the plates for a fraction of a period, exactly in the instant when the largest negative part of the electrical component of the radiation was over the plate. Naturally, a charge remaining for a complete oscillation will receive no net push or pull, as shown on chart No. 5.

"Conceivably, there would be a repulsion of the plate. No bootstraps here, because the wave is

disconnected from the object. There may be even more than one way of expending energy into the ether and obtaining successive repulsions to maintain motion. For example, even though electromagnetic momentum is very small, we might devise an apparatus that will emit radiation whose rate of change of momentum is extremely larger, which would result in a large repulsive force for the spaceship."

At that point, Klemp asked me to present yet another approach: the propulsive force.

"This concept may be in keeping with the idea that near the surface of an oscillator, the effects are more inductive," I said, "whereas a few wavelengths away, the effects are more radiative."

"Radiative" meant "to send out waves."

"As shown on Chart No. 6." I said, "the propulsive force of a spaceship might be obtained from synchronized oscillators - one of them suitably shielded on one side, in order to avoid symmetry and no-net propulsion, so that the inductive effect on one will react with the electromagnetic waves produced by the other. As shown on chart No, 7."

"In every spaceship design using electromagnetic propulsion or anti-gravity, there is essentially no fuel required, unlike with conventional rockets. All that is required is a very small, slow, and controlled atomic reactor, as shown on Chart No. 8. This scheme accomplishes the requirements for successful antigravity propulsion for our large Douglas-Navy spacecraft carriers. As shown on Chart No. 9."

Dr. Klemperer took over: "It is our opinion that if successful, such an electromagnetic rocket will be the most practical and likely method of counteracting gravity for the near future. And it would have the five advantages, 'a' through 'e,' mentioned above, when compared with liquid rockets. The details of these schemes, and several trade-off studies, are covered in our unsolicited proposal."

Admiral Donley said: "It seems you people are on the right track with answering the propulsion problems for our flagships. MJ-12 is on our back because of the extraterrestrial threats. What is your time frame for the prototype of your antigravity spaceship propulsive force configuration, the one shown on chart 9?"

"Well, Admiral," I answered, "as you know, we - here on the working side of the DAC/RAND Think Tank - are proposing to build a large spaceship development and manufacturing plant in Utah. It can handle your two-kilometer spacecraft carriers, with the capability to expand the facilities to accommodate ships that are ten times that size. We'll need the funding, of course. That's where you come in, Admiral."

2 Spy and little green apples

"There she is again," Jim said.

"Where?" I countered.

"She's down the aisle by hydraulics. See, some of those guys are bent over their drafting boards. I think she is tempting them. Hey Bill, look at that short skirt she's wearing today."

"Yeah, who is she?" Jim asked.

Larry said, "She's Barbara. Barbara from corporate. She's snooping around engineering trying to find out who knows what we're doing."

"I wish she could come inside advance design and show those gorgeous legs to us."

I said, "She can't do that Jim, this area doesn't exist. Ha."

3 SAC underground

“It will be necessary to cross both the Mississippi and the San Andreas Fault, to accomplish phase three,” I said.

Bob slid his chair away from our conference table and put his arms behind his head. He said: “The Mississippi hasn’t busted out since 1857, but it is the biggest earthquake on record. It split the country in two back then, according to this geology report I got here.”

“Okay, I understand that, Bob, but read the Air Force SAC report. It specifically requires that high-speed tunnels that run from the Pentagon in Washington D.C. to Edwards Air Force Base in California, and then to Vandenberg, on the coast, be provided.”

“It’s right there in section seven.”

Joann from Corporate walked in, returning another bundle of our secret files ‘that are not to leave the tank.’

“Okay, girl, when did you steal all that stuff?” I asked.

“I didn’t steal it; somebody dropped this stuff in my in basket.”

“Oh, come off of it Joann; you are the general of the corporate spy command.”

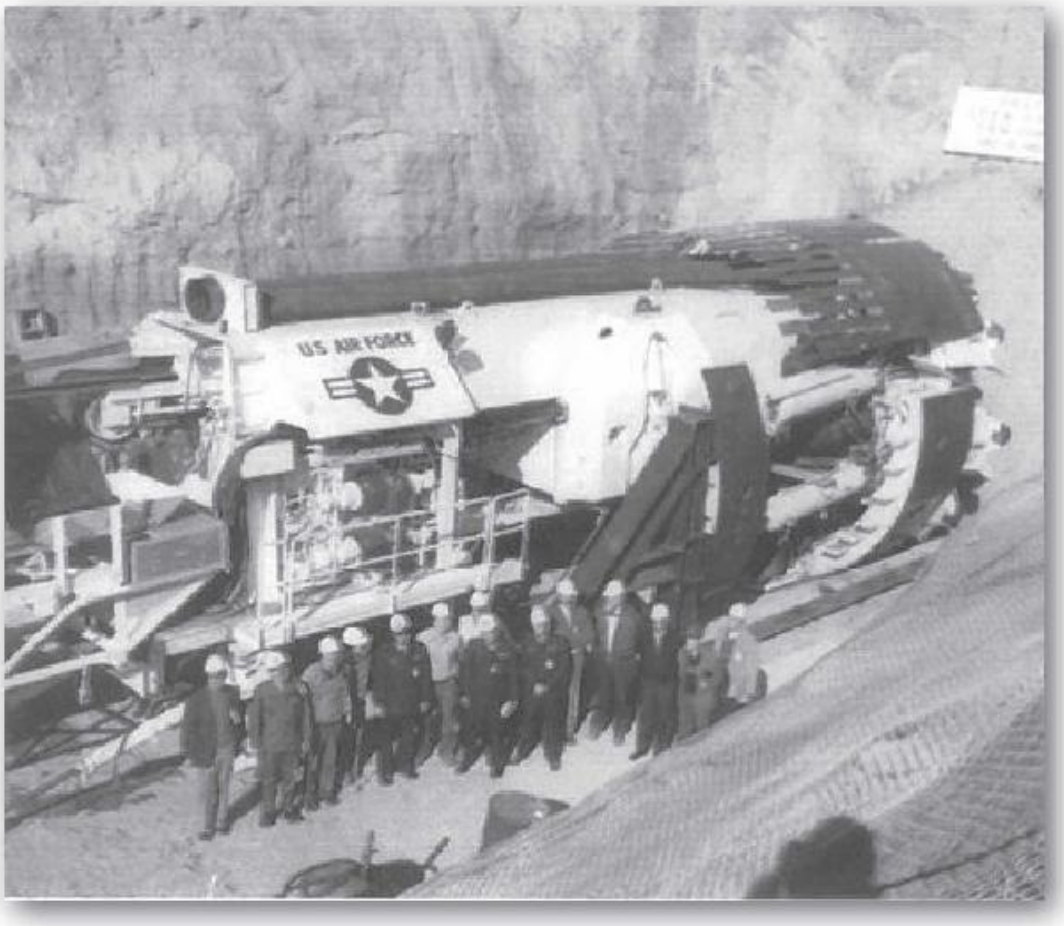
“No I am not; I am just a private. It isn’t a spy group; just a friendly gossip bunch. Will, maybe that isn’t quite right either; more like a sex club. Most of the stuff is done under the table.”

“That’s your best talent, Joann.” Bob answered.

Bending over Bob’s desk, giving me her best view, she added, “What is this stuff on your desk Bobby?” she asked: “What are you two boys doing now?”

Grabbing our photos, Joann said, “Oh dirty pictures! I love all this stuff you guys play with in here.” She grabbed a photo: “What are you doing with a photo of Billy’s Apollo S-IVB stage, out in space, with all of those aliens trying to get in?”

“Turn the damn photo over, Joann; that’s an Air Force boring machine,” I said, adding, “Why do they all do that?” (The photos they were looking at can be seen in this boring machine, part of a large underground technical monster. It created a network of tunnels connecting extensive alien bases all over the western states.)



"Just look at all those little people climbing on them. Oh, my God, they're Grays! Bill, we're really in trouble." (She was still looking at the photo upside down!)

"No, Joann, those are Air Force operational personnel. Do I have to tell everyone?"

"Are the machines for digging tunnels?" she asked. "Tell me, they're boring machines, aren't they? But, how can the Air Force fly their big bombers through those tunnels? I just don't understand."

"Joann, you couldn't get away with half of what you do around here if you didn't look so damn cute in that little black dress," Bob said.

"Both of you guys are very naughty boys. You're playing with Air Force stuff in here, but you charge your time to Admiral Clark's contract."

"Oh shit," I blurted, as Klemp came in with two ONI Navy guys with scrambled eggs.

"I told you so," Joann said. "Your asses are in deep shit now."

Standing in front of our Air Force drawings, in that micro-mini, with that naughty smile of hers, and as Bob and I tossed a Naval block diagram over our Air Force stuff, she announced: "Hi, Commander Davis. And who is your cute buddy?"

4 The MTM-622

10:00 a.m. coffee break in the Tank: "You know, Jim," I said, "Dr. Klemperer's Unconventional Propulsion Schemes?"

"Yes Bill. All of us in and out of Advanced Design have spent years on it, right? It's still sort of unreal."

"In what way, Bill?"

"I don't mean to bring this up so much."

"Oh yes, you do, Bill; you do it all the time. Unconventional stuff, right?"

"Okay, but some of those guys in Europe, the 1,442, were just average people."

"Well, some of them were science and engineers but lot of them were farmers or shoe salesman."

"Yet they all were driven to figure out how to build a propulsion system and a space ship?"

"Load their families and friends in it, and then fly to some far-off, other star's planet. Hey, isn't that really crazy, Jim?"

"Yes, that's star people stuff, Bill."

"A lot of people do dumb stuff; but you're right, Bill." I went on, "When you think about it, for some reason they wanted to leave here. Start up a new life."

"That's got to be really weird?"

"Well, now that really is unreal."

In walked Dr. Klemperer.

"Klemp, I am confused."

"All right Bill, calm down. You have asked me that same question several times." Klemp said, rubbing his chin; he went on, "Several of us feel that certain extraterrestrials for whatever reason were influencing these people telepathically to develop the capability to move off this planet."

"Okay, we know that too, but why sneak back?"

Klemp went on, "You two approach the Tank's requirements differently from us." Pausing, as if trying to express his feelings, Klemp continued, "I have thought about it and I still don't know why, but you encompass more. You, in a way, are sort of like the 1,400; sometimes you look through a much larger window. You see things in three, four, five dimensions.

"I have said this before, Bill; even Elmer Wheaton confirms that you have gained the reputation of thinking far ahead of most of us here in the Tank. You seem to always ponder on deep questions about our presence and place in the galaxy. When you start a new project, you seem to actually be an observer, living in an element that allows you to view and conceive every new mission; a program that precisely meets the requirements for galactic operations. And, in the same time frame, utilizes the system engineering our Navy's spacecraft carriers with an even far greater success throughout the next ten generations.

"We are living through the most complicated problem confronting civilization as we know it: the extraterrestrial threats."

"I see it as if we are looking over a fence, holding on by our finger nails, and seeing this massive universe for the first time."

"Wow, Bill, that's just what I mean about you; that comment is awesome," Klemp said.

Leaving the Tank to go outside by the airport runway, Jim and I walk briskly, hoping to see the Navy's C-I18 land with brass on board: a four star and a three star Admiral from the Naval Air Development Center in Warminster, Pennsylvania. They were invited by Dr. Klemperer for another review of our ion, electromagnetic and antigravity propulsion proposals. Some others from the top of engineering (not tank people) were already out there waiting for the airplane to land.

"Look there; they are flying up the beaches, making their first turn to enter the Santa Monica Airport approach pattern," Jim said. He added, "Before we have to brief the Admirals; what are your thoughts about the other really way out possible functions of your project 2104 antigravity propulsion concept?"

"I believe, if we can use the right settings, it could actually provide the function of a machine to operate across time."

“Holy cats, Bill; do you understand what you just said? Do you really think we could move out there and into the future with your other configuration?”

Ignoring him I went on: “Oh, I don’t know how to say it, but I’ll call it; a time zone?” ”Yes, and I showed the concept to both Klemp and Elmer who were very enthused; they said with further analysis it could possibly work. And before you ask, no, we can’t tell the four-stars yet, because the coming of free antigravity to replace nearly all methods of creating energy will bankrupt the oil and electrical cartels. And, assuming my concept works - it’s not really my concept; the aliens stuck it in my head - it will have the capability for us to move through time, which, I think, is part of the aliens’ secret technology.”

Shaking, Jim said, “Oh, my God, Bill; a time machine.”

The Douglas/RAND scientists and concept conceivers were studying topics actually way above top secret. They were in a Think Tank, deep inside the Douglas Aircraft Company’s Engineering Department A-250, that nobody knew existed at the Santa Monica, California Airport.

What you reading is one of the most astounding disclosures ever published, starting in 1889 in Germany and later in the U.S. in 1919. This disclosure presents the fascinating questions as to why, from 1942 to 1950, technically-qualified experts all over the planet were so driven to conceive methods to leave this planet and penetrate the galaxies, all at the same time in our recent history.

In the Tank this document was our bible. It was titled: *THE INCREDIBLE DOUGLAS MTM-622 UNCONVENTIONAL PROPULSION SCHEMES*. The MTM-622 consisted of a five-part document. Part 2 was unclassified and is the only part discussed in detail below. The other four parts are believed to reflect the technical principles and processes developed by the Germans about the technology of the aliens and are not included in this book.

Studying the MTM-622 provided the Douglas Advanced Design group with a knowledge of potential extraterrestrial threats. They were threats of the highest priority, which is why we needed to conceive the most capable space threat. Naval intergalactic combat ship, one with a totally new type of propulsion system. This led to hundreds of primary design concepts and configurations for every conceivable

Every possible mission was considered for spacecraft carriers, battle cruisers, and support star ships capable of missions to the southeast quadrant, spiral arm of our Milky Way Galaxy and its stars and planets. By conceiving naval space missions utilizing Think Tank Naval attack destroyer and Navy / marine assault space ship carrier configurations, it was thought, at that time, that the Navy was totally unaware of the findings of MTM-622. And that after extensive configurations were established by the Tank, unsolicited bids could be submitted to the Navy by Douglas. This was accomplished with other programs over the five years that I was conceiving and designing in Advanced Design. I even designed Naval missions to build Naval communication stations on major planets and their moons, located in the inner planets and on the outer reaches of our solar system. These designs included the space vehicles, ground support checkout, launch equipment, and the on- surface and subsurface Naval space bases.

To provide you, the reader, with a feel of the complexities of this world-shaking, unique document, extracts from MTM-622 are reproduced below. It is necessary, however, to understand that we are only addressing part-two of a five-part MTM-622 document. I have read some of the data in the first copy. It’s important to understand that we really don’t know what Dr. Klemperer’s conclusions or recommendations were in the MTM-622. Having worked with him for nearly four years, it is my opinion that he supported anti-gravity as a method of energy.

The extract begins:

Astronautics Literature Review

Title: *DIE BEWEGUNGSENERGIE DER KORPUSKEL DES WELTRAUMES ALS EINHEIRLICHE GRUNDLAGE ALLER STRAHLUNGS – UND KRAFTFELDENERGIEN (THE KINETIC ENERGY OF COSMIC CORPUSCLES AS A UNITARY BASIS OF ALL RADIATION AND FORCE FIELD ENERGIES)*

Author: Hans Schier, edited by Benno Fiala-Fernbrugg (Vienna)

Source: Manuscript (in German)

INTRODUCTION

This document is one of a few extant carbon copies of a ponderous typewritten manuscript of a cosmic theory purporting to explain gravity along with radiation. This opus was prepared by Benno Fiala (von) Fernbrugg (a World War I aviator in the Austrian Air Force and later engineer of the Junkers Works in Dessau, Germany and friend of the later Professor Hugo Junkers.) Fiala resides in Vienna; he gave me this copy at the occasion of my last visit there in 1950, requesting that I bring it to the attention of appropriate American authorities. The manuscript is written in German in a vein and style for which Fiala appears to be the responsible author. The fundamental theories, hypotheses and calculations which are expounded in this treatise are stated to have been conceived and developed by Hans Schier, who taught physics in Prague during the thirties and lives in Vienna as a refugee from Czechoslovakia.

His scheme is based on and referenced to older (nearly forgotten) “classical” theories such as those advanced by Le Sage (1782), W. Thompson – Kelvin (1873), Preston (1877) and Maxwell (1879), but allegedly independently developed, during the years 1925-1933 and amplified since then.

DAC ABSTRACT

The fundamental principle of Schier’s mechanistic cosmos is the postulation of an all-pervading cosmic gas consisting of sub-nucleonic particles (which he calls “Ergons”). They behave like the molecules of a real gas according to the kinetic gas theory, only that the ergons fly at the universal velocity of light, in random straight free paths of enormous length (average of 2 light years) with rare collisions; they are extremely small and have “biomaterial” nature to which are attributed both inertial and electro-magnetic properties. They are also envisaged as the last building stones of matter, its protons, electrons, neutrons etc. The ergon is pictured as having a shape, viz., a sub-nucleonic sphere of “protene” to which is tied a “streamlined shell of electrene”, carrying the positive and negative charge principle respectively. Gravitation in the direction from a gravity endowed astral body are shielded or slowed down by such a body (as the sun and Earth). Some rather fanciful assumptions have to be introduced to explain the inverse square of the distance law.

Among the peculiar consequences of their theory, Fiala and Schier postulate the existence of an electro-voltaic gradient with depth in the bodies of water on the Earth notably in the oceans and they seriously propose to exploit this as a vast source of electric power. A crucial experiment should be easy enough to perform but this has been delayed because the inventors are land-locked in Austria and have not been able to interest and hydrographic or oceanographic station in the proposition (among the Western powers; they do not wish to attract the attention of agencies of the Eastern powers).

NOTE: I have brought this question to the attention of the Scripps Oceanographic Institute of LaJolla, Calif., and of the Carnegie Institute, but received no response. I have submitted the entire Fiala-Schier manuscript to Professor Paul S. Epstein of CalTech who on Jan. 6, 1951 after cursory study of it rendered the opinion that "apparently the authors are not specialists in physics and that they had obtained much of their information on atomics and radiation physics from popular second-hand sources quoted, many of them obsolete, some inaccurate, some misunderstood; and that many of the alleged discrepancies of accepted theories which the authors propose to resolve exist only in their imagination."

However it is interesting to note that theories linking gravitation with sub nuclear particles flying along enormous free paths at enormous velocities have been repeatedly advanced by a good many people of various degrees of knowledge of contemporary physics. For instance in 1950 a previously unknown manuscript by Heaviside dealing with such a hypothesis was found under dramatic circumstances in England. Recently Gamow has calculated that chargeless neutrinos might penetrate millions of miles of lead and has suggested that if there are neutrinos and anti-neutrinos and they annihilate each other in collision; such a process might result in the emission of gravitational waves. *)

W.B. Klemperer
1-4-55

Report to Elmer Wheaton

MTM - 622 Part 1 and 2 Unconventional Propulsion Schemes REV.3-1-55 and 2 March 1, 1955, (that was initiated early in 1950.) An accomplishment letter of the MTM- 622 dated December 20, 1954 is as follows:

From :Dr. W.B .Klemperer, A-250, To :E. P.Wheaton, A-250 Copies to H. Aurand, R. Demoret, J. B. Edwards, S. Kleinhans, T.A. Kvaas, H. Luskin, A-250 and C.C.Martin, A-215 .

In further pursuance of a study of the possible merits of significance of the occasionally appearing publication on "Unconventional Propulsion Schemes,"the following has been accomplished during November and first half of December 1954.

1. Aero jet -General Corporation, Azusa, has obligingly furnished us
   (a) Interim index list of bibliographic references on "Manned Flight at High Altitude" as of 1954 which they had produced by subcontract to Documentation, Inc., Washington on their ONR Contract Nonr-1391(00).
   (b) 2 copies of 5 pages of sections III, IV and V of Aerojet-General's final report to the ONR on "The State of the Art of High Speed High Altitude Flight" under the same contract. NOTE: This material is still in "Preliminary Rough Draft" form and stamped "NOT to be reproduced without permission."
   (c) Careful perusal of the Documentation Inc. bibliography revealed that among the publications listed therein, 20 distinctly fall into the category of dealing with Unconventional Propulsion Systems. It is intended to prepare and compile brief abstracts of the more significant of them and briefer critical comments on their content wherever we feel competent to formulate an opinion.
2. UCLA

   In an effort to learn what attitude prevailed among professors at the local universities towards the publications concerning unusual methods of propulsion, several specialists

were interviewed, among them Dr. W. D. Hershberger, Dr. .J .F. Manildi, and Dr. Myron Tribus.

(a) Dr. Hershberger, Professor of Applied Electromagnetic Theory and related subjects in Engineering, was interviewed at some length, as he was quite interested in the subject and appeared to have been exposed to some of the proposals involving electrical forces and particularly that of Ionic Propulsion

(b) Dr. Manildi, Professor of Engineering agreed with Dr. Hershberger, so that no further transcript of the interview with him is felt necessary,

(c) Dr. Tribus, Professor of Heat Transfer in Engineering, has also been seeing articles on our subject. As a practical engineer he suggested several other UCLA scientists such as Dr. Thomas E. Hicks and Dr. Robert Bromberg (the latter presently on leave while with Ramo-Wooldridge) might have something pertinent to contribute.

It is intended to continue these abstracts and interviews until a clear picture is obtained. In the meantime, pertinent popular articles appearing in such publications as Aviation Week (McGraw - Hill) and professional notes prepared twice weekly (by Aviation Studies International Ltd, London) are being collected by Harold Luskin.

W.B. Klemperer

Here, people, is your first exposure to the United States' journey into the universe, the Douglas secret space Think Tank and the beginnings of the TRW Think Tank. Douglas Scientists and Engineers form RAND/Douglas. Douglas then hires German Rocket Engineers, who collectively collaborate with North America, Northrop, Aero jet General Engineers, who collaborate with Hughes Engineers, CALTEC, and UCLA scientists, to form Ramo-Wooldridge. They then hire from all of the above to form TRW.

Back to the MTM-622. APPENDIX 1, December 15, 1954, *Title of Reports Reviewed, Preliminary Concepts defined and Configurations Established*.

As I noted earlier, my principal position in the classified Advanced Design Section on the MTM-622 was to study each of the interplanetary and intergalactic propulsion systems, conceive and define a physical configuration, and conceive and define the resulting spaceship/spacecraft carriers. In some cases I established a primary configuration and two tradeoff configurations for staff review. Also, I was frequently asked to conceive/define the potential assembly, checkout and launch facilities that would be required for these enormous space ships, and even illustrate prospective sketches of the entire ship and details of the gravitational reaction propulsion system.

The following are the titles of the articles reviewed in the unclassified Part 2 of MTM-622, "Unconventional Propulsion Schemes." Ways Towards Space Travel, Electric Space Ships, The Thrust Available from Electronic Accelerators, Interorbital Transport Techniques, Interplanetary Travel Between Satellite Orbits, The Use of Atomic Power for Rockets, A Contribution to Levitation Problem, On the Application of a Reaction Force Resulting from an Interaction of Waves in an Elliptic Reflection Space, Interstellar Flight, the Problem of Annulling or Counteracting Gravity, The Gravitational Reaction Motor, Electromagnetic Space – Ship, Electrostatic Space - Ship Coulombs Law and Force on an Electric Charge Influence of the Space Charge on The Phase Focusing of Electron Beams, The Application of Nuclear Energy to Rocket Propulsion, On the Theory of the Photon Rockets, Ionic Propulsion, Private Preparatory Work Towards Astronautics, A Hypothesis About Gravitation, The Kinetic Energy of Cosmic Corpuscles as Unitary Basis of all Radiation and Force Field Energies, The Theory of Atomic Rocket

Fuels, Gamma Ray Shield for Rocket Ships, Fission Particles as Rocket Propellants, The Problem of Atomic Propulsion, The Dynamic Contrabary as a Solution of the Astronautics Problem, The Conquest of Interplanetary Space (Practical Aspects of Space Ship Design), Possibilities of Electrical Space Ships Propulsion (Summary of Paper Presented at the 5th Astronautical Congress by E. Stuhlinger A.R.S. Guided Missiles Division, Redstone Arsenal), Ionic Propulsion - Gravitics - The Gravitational Reaction Motor.

Review of "Wage Our Raumschiffahrt," ("Ways Towards Space Travel"). An earlier edition of this book entitled "The Rocket to the Planet Space" by H. Oberth was issued by the same publisher in 1923 and 1926, by Herman Oberth. Published by R. Oldenbourg, Munchen, 1929 (in German). (Reproduced by J. W. Edwards, Edwards Bros., Ann Arbor, Mich., 1945, under license of A L I E N Property Custodian).

DAC ABSTRACT AND COMMENTS

Most of the book (Serial # 001) is devoted to liquid fuel rockets, only the last chapter deals with what today (1950) would be called an unconventional method of propulsion: viz. Ionic; he called it "electric propulsion." Oberth states categorically that contemporary science knows of three devices which would, theoretically, permit impelling a vehicle to escape velocity: the rocket, the electromagnetic gun (firing from a fixed emplacement) and the electric wind engine. He admits that electric propulsion from take-off would entail "gigantic" expenditures. However, as soon as a satellite station is established on a super-atmospheric orbit, he advocates electric propulsion as a means to produce two to ten times greater exhaust velocities than by chemical rocket engines and thus attain the speeds necessary for fast interplanetary travel. Oberth was very enthusiastic about this type of (IONIC) interplanetary vehicle but only for travel between satellite stations or asteroids.

In more recent utterances (1952) Oberth has repeatedly indicated that he still believes in the merits of ion beam propulsion and he made "MYSTIFYING REMARKS ABOUT RECENT EXPERIMENTAL PROGRESS IN THIS DIRECTION." During 1951 - 53 he worked for the Italian Navy in La Spezia.

CHEMICAL FUELS ARE REGARDED AS PRACTICALLY OBSOLETE. (1950)

Emphasis was placed on discharging atomic particles at high velocities in an electric rocket motor design. A motor consisting of a linear accelerator and an ionizer was found the most possible type of motor for our future interplanetary space vehicle proposals.

* * *

Before we continue, stop and think about what you have just read. The German scientists and engineers had been designing space-type vehicles, utilizing alien information, since the 1920's. Visualize what we, at the Douglas Engineering Advanced Design Think Tank, were actually studying, conceiving and designing way back in 1951. Can you possibly realize how far ahead of the rest of the planet we actually were? And why it has taken nearly eighty-five years for the rest of the planet to get on board too?

How and why did this entire, technical explosion, which was instigated by the aliens, get started on our little planet? That's an excellent question. When reviewing a given problem with other people, it is always wise to try and think of things from the other person's point of view.

For the moment, let's assume that we were the aliens, having observed earth's warring history, and very slow progress, for thousands of years. If we chose to help them get their act together, we might start first with what appeared to be the most technical advanced group of people we could find on their little planet. Yes, we would have watched the Wright Brothers first flight, but is it not possible that we might also have given slightly more credit to that large group of mechanical engineers on the other side of their planet? And start helping them telepathically, too? +

Remember, since 1895, Germany had been building and flying enormous cigar-shaped dirigibles that "Crazy Count Zeppelin" had designed. Their cities had monorail-based, overhead trams. Who got them started?

Now, people, what we have just said here is very interesting, because it says that the aliens can make mistakes, too. They may not have given enough credit to the possible warlike attitude developing in some areas of the engineer's tribes (Hitler, as the prime example), thereby unleashing a technical monster, with heavy water and V-2 rockets.

Although the U.S. Navy built the first aircraft carrier, the balloon boat *U.S.S. Washington*, during the 1862 Civil War, that was just for non-powered balloons. People had been flying balloons since 1783, when the villagers of Lyons, France - thinking it was some sort of monster from outer space - attacked the Montgolfier brothers' sparsely inflated balloon, in June of that year. But, for whatever reason, in recent history it appears that some aliens did help the Nordic nations and specifically before they assisted the United States and the United Kingdom.

Some of you nice people think I am smoking pot. Well, just listen to what Klemp said on ionic propulsion. That's Dr. W.B Klemperer, Douglas Engineering Department A-250, I did not work for Klemp I worked with Klemp, which is what he liked to be called.

* * *

IONIC PROPULSION

The Thrust Available from Electronic Accelerators Author: George F. Forbes, 1952

Mathematical analysis is presented for the propulsion of a spacecraft by ion streams. It is intended primarily for engineers concerned with such a thrust source. No attempt is made to deal with the mechanical, electrical, and thermal difficulties involved in generating such a stream. "An illustrative example is worked out to compare a cargo and passenger type spacecraft using basically the same type of motor.

DAC COMMENTS

As noted in the summary, the author is not concerned with the important and difficult engineering problems of producing the ion stream discussed. His examples assume that some auxiliary vehicle system has lifted the space ship from the Earth and that the ion propulsion system is only for travel through space. "Tugs" would be employed to land the ship at their destinations.

NUCLEAR AND IONIC PROPULSION

Transport Techniques Author: H. Preston - Thomas, Ph.D. B.Sc. 1952.

This paper discusses the modus operandi of a transport vehicle system in space that has its economic justification in supplying Earth with a proportion of the rare and semi-rare metals and minerals that it needs. Such a system, in which the transport is effected at very low cost, will be needed if space travel is to extend beyond the very occasional scientific expedition. The existence of methods of effecting such transport will also provide an incentive in addition to the present ones, which may be classed as military, scientific and telecommunication interests, collect the raw materials and return them to Earth.

It is pointed out that, while short transit times are important for manned flights, longer and consequently more economical flights are conceivable for unmanned cargo trips. It is worthy of note that various vehicle sections of the operating plants discussed can be simulated in the laboratory and, where that is not possible, as in the case of stress-free frameworks, the problems are susceptible to mathematical analysis.

DAC ABSTRACT

The approximate annual world production and cost of certain expensive metals is discussed and some of the extraterrestrial extraction benefits, such as unlimited thermal power, and vacuum techniques employed. On the other hand, lack of water and of atmospheric gases as well as different ore formation and storage may complicate the picture.

* * *

It's very important that you understand what you have just read. During the evaluation of earth's mineral recovery needs (in the Douglas Advanced Design) the foundation for the concept to design some type of system to start mineral recovery from the Moon (using Apollo) to the earth was first established. And, was later applied to missions to Mars.

* * *

Additional abstracts follow.

Transit times and acceleration requirements considering a typical spaceship, of 1000 tons mass (M.), on an interplanetary journey such as one from an Earth satellite station to the low-gravity satellite of Mars indicates that spaceships need not be strongly braced, since acceleration of the order of one milligravity or less will suffice. The transit time would be 150-200 days.

The ion gun propulsion by ion gun is deemed the most promising approach. The author considers powers of the order of 10,000 kW are necessary and feels that high conversion efficiency such as 70 % is possible. Various ion sources are discussed and a mass / power ratio of ½ g / kW is held feasible. Many ion guns in parallel on one space vehicle are envisioned.

Further transport considerations it is pointed out that, while short transit times are important for manned space vehicle flights, longer —and consequently, more economical — flights are conceivable for unmanned cargo trips. It is worthy of note that various sections of the operating plants discussed can be

simulated in the laboratory and, where that is not possible, as in the case of stress-free frameworks, the problems are susceptible to mathematical analysis.

DAC COMMENTS

The treatise contains many interesting speculations. However, the nonchalance with which tenuous stress-free structures of enormous size space vehicles requiring accurate mechanical alignment and delicate plumbing are treated is, in our opinion, over-optimistic. More realistic assessment of the weight of so large a spaceship's structures and machinery would tend to place all of the so seriously proposed schemes in the realm of fantasy for a long time to come.

5 The start of our journey into the universe

Quick history of the Douglas Aircraft Company. Donald Douglas himself was an excellent designer of early Navy-based land and sea planes, even commercial aircraft in the 1920's. The new DC-1 and DC-2 Commercial Airliners that were designed by one of his draftsmen, Jack Northrop, in 1934, was modified by Chief Engineering Arthur E. Raymond to become the DC-3. Designed and built in 30 months, it was a really great airplane carrying 21 passengers, with its wide fuselages allowing for two seats on each side and with a stand-up aisle in the middle.

It was great; the pressurized the cabin and it was just wonderful for air transportation all over the world. Instead of using a streamlined, tear-shaped fuselage Douglas designed a constant section tube-like fuselage, which was much stronger and far less expensive to build. Lockheed and Boeing, however, still built all their airliners with the very expensive aerodynamic narrow tear-drop fuselage. Douglas walked away with almost all the commercial airline business in the world.

The Douglas El Segundo Plant, however, was all Navy aircraft. Jack Northrop designed the BT-I that became the famous Douglas SBD-3 dive-bombers in World War II. The old Northrop concern in EL Segundo, California became a Douglas subsidiary in 1937, before the BT-1s were delivered to the Navy. Northrop used the money to start a new Northrop Aircraft Inc. in Hawthorne, California to develop and fly his prototype flying wings. After Douglas took over, Ed Heinemann, a top designer, became V.P. and head- designer of numerous successful Naval aircraft.

Back when I was still doing my thing in the Navy, I made many trips to that facility and spent hours at this plant, reviewing advanced space concept penetration and experimental Navy aircraft. It was a real learning experience. Even at that time, both Northrop and Heinemann were not just top designers, but were individuals driven to conceive, design and build vehicles that were thought of by their contemporaries as impossible. Driven by whom, and for what purpose?

They were always thinking forty years into the future, which was always a problem when they tried to convince the conservative bankers to provide financing to develop a vehicle that everyone said was impossible to build. This is important because all the way through this book you're going to hear me referring to an individual (ME) that is brilliant in many fields, but who is so far ahead of the rest of the industries in his concepts that he is just not understood. Also, who then influenced the bankers to fund their crazy ideas and again why?

By now my seventy-eight Navy ship model collection was pretty well known generally. Specifically, at Douglas it was well known. Their Marketing Department asked me to display a major part

of the ship models at a large department store in Santa Monica, along with marketing photographs of Douglas Naval Aircraft. The Douglas Vice President called me into his office and hired me to build a model of Donald Douglas' big sailboat yacht, the *Endymion*. The final model was shown in the Prologue, page 12.

It was a birthday present for Douglas, and a surprise. I drove down on weekends to San Pedro where the *Endymion* was docked and made sketches, and took measurements and photographs. I built the model and Mr. Douglas was very impressed with it. After viewing my Navy Ship Model Collection and noting my Naval technical responsibility, he was of the opinion that my capabilities would best support the Douglas aerospace thrust in engineering as a designer.

I was only in their wind-tunnel department for three weeks, where I developed modifications to the Douglas X-3 Stiletto supersonic research aircraft. This was while the Security Department was checking my background. I was transferred into the Engineering Department A-250 in the Electronics Section as a Design Draftsman. My Section Chief, Pete Duyan, took a liking to me from the start. He assigned me very difficult design problems, which required very strong conceptual definition capabilities. He enrolled me in Santa Monica City College and UCLA Ext. My four year Navy management program and my graduate credit of BSME equivalent was then accepted by Douglas as having a bachelor's degree.

Over the twelve and one half years I was pushed to Associate Engineer, Advanced Design Engineer, Assistant Group Engineer, and Group Engineer and Engineering Section Chief Missile and Space Systems Division. I must say that I met and worked with a really wonderful group of people at Douglas Engineering; Douglas management, however, was something else.

Now, back at the "nearly only commercial aircraft plant," my first designs in the Electronics Section were ECR's (Engineer Change Requests) for the United Air Lines DC-6 radio equipment. My second was designing two delta supports for a secret Navy advanced radar and command control intelligence station on a Navy advanced version of a DC-4, like a WW-II R5D-1, which I had flown many times. All of the other Engineering Sections were designing from specifications. After having already made a full-scale layout, I informed my boss, a Sub Group Designer, that I wanted to build a full-scale mockup of not just the station I was designing, but the entire Combat Information Center (CIC). He asked his boss, who asked his boss, who asked his boss, who found out there were no dollars in the new Navy contract. I laid out several rough sketches, (like I had done when building Navy ship models) and went to the factory wood department. Using scrap wood, I made a full-scale mock-up built of my command control radar station. I swiped a chair from a conference room, sat down and demonstrated a complete Naval Air radar targeting mission. Then I made drawings of the entire station. This resulted in not only saving over seven hundred design drawings hours, but established a standard mockup requirement for not just this Navy R5D-1 aircraft, but for all future military modifications in the Engineering Department. The interiors section always got mock-up design dollars for new airlines seating configurations, but before my radar station mockup, the electronics section never did. In my new assignment, I got to design complete electric, power and control vertical racks to accept Navy and commercial electronic systems.

I spent part of my time designing proposal concepts for Navy Request for Proposals (RFPs). Some of this design was accomplished in a large, secured, and classified Advanced Design Section. My military background (in a commercial engineering origination), plus a top secret and above clearance, gave me a real opportunity to develop my concepts - after studying the mission requirements. I visualized in my mind what we, (the Navy) should have in our inventory that could be modified to accomplish a mission. Or, should we "define the threat" and conceive a completely new concept? From all my Naval air experience, I found that I could come up with one configuration, and at least two other trade-off studies, with plan and side view plus a perspective sketch. This allowed me to present my approaches to

the senior Advanced Design scientists; they were studying such areas as propulsion, different materials and structures. For some reason, I was able to visualize the big picture, the overall concept - everything necessary to accomplish the mission.

Let me put it another way, I did not realize it at that time, but there exist in many major aerospace companies a tremendous lack of concept thinkers. Having said that, it was imperative that, as soon as possible, conceiving the entire technical effort, and turning it into a cohesive structure, had to be accomplished by concept designers. Douglas Santa Monica was a commercial engineering origination that simply did not have military concept designers. Our Commercial Chief Design Engineer, Harold Adams, and Elmer Wheaton, who became Vice President of all Missiles Programs, were constantly on the lookout for this type of support on new military proposals in the continually expanding Advanced Design Section. I was unaware, at the time, that it was a Think Tank.

My Section Chief was Pete Duyan. He recognized that I had creative potential and recommended me to the Advanced Design Section. For five years, there was only one other concept design engineer at that facility. He was a very good friend of mine: Jim Jenkins. Several years later, he resigned from Douglas and organized a concept design group at Martin-Marietta. I took his position in Advanced Design. Jim and I were never satisfied with the same problems that Northrop and Heinemann were confronted with, or with the Douglas experts telling us, “you can’t do that.”

There were two other so-called Groups in this mess of commercial engineers. One was a Missile Group. It was headed up by Elmer Wheaton, who designed the Navy’s MGR-1A/B Honest John solid-fuel rocket surface attack missiles that I found myself designing at the China Lake weapons test Center. Wheaton also headed up the 12 ½ foot ASM AGM-84 Harpoon turbojet + booster missiles that were launched from VA/VP aircraft, cruisers, destroyers, frigates, missile craft and submarines.

Wheaton’s largest Naval Missile Program was the concept configuration in Advanced Design for the Navy’s SLBM UGM-27, a 32 ft. high Polaris and UGM-73 34 ft. Poseidon C-3 solid-fuel rockets + boosters. This group was designing several missiles in and out of Advanced Design, some of which I did proposals on. They had designed the NIKE AJAX, NIKE HERCULES and were designing advanced configurations of the new NIKE ZEUS that I also worked on.

I also did modifications on NIKE AJAX and NIKE HERCULES. We had designed concepts for the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile (ICBM) Polaris and Poseidon Missiles that were to be launched from Navy submerged submarines; talk about fun conceiving and sketching missile checkout and launch concepts. Much later, Wheaton resigned Douglas and became President of the new Lockheed Missile Division, where he designed and developed the U.S. Navy’s UGM-278/c Polaris and UGM-73A Poseidon missiles, which were launched from large submerged submarines like the U.S.S. Alaska Class.

Many years later, as Oregon State Vice President of the Navy League of the United States, I arranged with Admiral Larry Marsh, Commander Sub Group Nine, to have sixteen Southern Oregon business people brought aboard the submarine *U.S.S. Alaska* on a training mission from the Bremerton Washington Submarine Base.

THE TANK

I frequently participated in a really unusual organization, “The Douglas Think Tank.” It consisted of Douglas scientists and some advanced weapon design senior engineers, who were studying all aspects of future spaceship probabilities and when applicable, inserting elements into classified plans for military weapons, they did most of their work in their own offices, spending a minimum time in Advanced Design

area where I was. Because of my physical definition (concept sketches and drawings) it was necessary for me to define some of their concepts, and design configurations of propulsion systems, space vehicles and launch facilities.

These same scientists and engineers, working under Dr. Klemperer and reporting to Elmer Wheaton, Vice-President Engineering, had a hidden agenda. Because of my diversified classified background, I was assigned as Dr. Klemperer's special assistant and as his concept conceiver in the Douglas Think Tank. Information resulting from DAC / RAND MTM-622 in February 1949, caused James E. Lipp of RAND to consider the possibility of extraterrestrial life, acknowledging that it was possible. These same scientists also continued their dialogue with CALTEC, in Pasadena, reviewing Dr. Roberts' 1952 Report to the CIA on *The Potential Threat of Some Extraterrestrial Life Forms*. This is the environment that I entered into when I was assigned to the top secret Advanced Design group.

Later, after extensive studies, The Brookings Institute submitted a report to NASA and the Navy stating that NASA had to develop top secret control over all information concerning any reference to the extraterrestrial problem. The conclusion of the Brookings Report was that, "disclosing the threat will affect people all over the world causing social destruction of the planet."

OTHER DESIGNS

I am briefly going off my timeline. DAC had acquired the Air Force contract for a complete design of the YC-132 heavy logistic transport. Almost all of the commercial Santa Monica engineering was involved in its design. I was pooled out of advanced design to support this program. As the larger turbofan jet engines were not yet savable, the Douglas power section solicited existing turboprop engines. After the basic design was defined, we built a full scale mockup in the big hangar. I became one of the principal liaison engineers for all the electronic, radar, antennas, communications, systems and combat operating stations, as well as the designer of the operational stations and the forward radar antennas in the nose. This was a massive undertaking; every fuselage frame and wing rib was detailed and installed. Design changes were incorporated, and what appeared to be a finished YC-132 transport with roll-on Tanks was presented to the Air Force Review Board. I participated in this review by presenting the operations of all our installations. Learning how to speak well as a boy, when I demonstrated my Navy ship models, really paid off.

A "well done" from the AFRB (Air Force Review Board) resulted in a full Douglas production contract. But, in the final contract negotiations, Don Douglas Jr. could not keep his mouth shut on details that he did not understand. He blew the entire program. We, in engineering, were furious. We demanded that he never be allowed to participate in any military contract again. He never did, but the damage was done and the Air Force went to Lockheed, who used our drawings and specifications to build the C-5A that is still the backbone of the U.S.'s heavy lift air transports system.

In 1955, Douglas began a furious design program to build a large commercial jet transport. It was the next in line of the DC- Series Commercial Aircraft. Jack Northrop designed the DC-1 and DC-2 (when he worked for Douglas) through to the DC-6, DC-7, and to our DC-8 Turbo Jet. The DC-8, however, was primarily designed by a group of engineers in the Aerodynamic Section and refined with wind-tunnel model testing. There was also the competition with Boeing's 707. This put more pressure on Douglas that resulted in many hours of overtime for us in engineering.

Harold Adams, our Chief Design Engineer, did a superb job of managing by design control with weekly review meetings. Before the meeting, he required each section to submit their design changes in

writing, and then have us conceive, integrate and configure perspectives, showing how they interfaced with all other structures and equipment. My 8 x 10 inch reduction became the first page of all weekly design meetings. In the meetings, Adams had me present my layouts and drawings and explain the complexity involved in the proposed changes. I accomplished this with additional perspective sketches that I drew upside-down on the conference table, while facing the printable engineers from the opposite side of the conference table. Defining the fuselage dive brakes, and still providing clearance for cargo baskets, was a problem.

Pete Duyan kept giving me complicated designs, like defining all DC-8 antennas and installing them on the full-scale mockup: the modular electronics control center (radio rack), designing the forward bulkhead, nose cone / air turbine starter vents, weather radar, auxiliary localize, glide scope, automatic Doppler navigation and radar beacon of the DC-8. I had conceived and designed radar and navigation antennas before, but this was ridiculous. We determined that the entire area from the forward bulkhead forward had to be configured into a fiberglass radome, because of the horizontal and vertical sweep of the radar antenna.

I designed the radar supporting structure and room below for the Doppler navigation antenna, which was a rectangular unit requiring nearly a 250 degree sweep side and down. The air conditioning required two high- speed air ducts (scoops) on either side of the lower section of the radome. On my layout there just was not sufficient volume to accommodate all of the supporting equipment and structure, but after visualizing with my descriptive geometry, and modifying the radome, I was able to put the five hundred pounds of stuff in the five pound bag.

It became necessary for me to also design the VHF-2 & -3 blade antennas, as well as the VHF-1 and the HF antenna's, both of which were located in the vertical stabilizer isolation strip that permitted the entire aircraft to be a receiving antenna. We cut the vertical stabilizer in two parts, joined with one metal structure; thus the entire aircraft became a receiving unit.

Several years later, on the Apollo Program, I was on a new United Air Lines DC-8 flying back from the Cape to LAX. It was nighttime and we were at thirty-six thousand feet when the Captain said we were leaking fuel and had to make an emergency landing. The pilots made a smooth landing and stopped right in front of six fire-engines that sprayed the DC-8 with anti-fire fumes. There was no fire. After everyone had been evacuated, the pilots asked me to accompany them while they carried out their inspection. It was unbelievable: JP fuel was pouring out from the fuselage where the wings are attached. We had lost all the fuel from both inboard wing tanks, right at the primary fuel valve. The passengers never knew what a dangerous situation this really was. Any spark from the turbo jet engines in flight could have made us a flaming torch. At that altitude we would have burned up long before we ever got to land. I never found out what really caused the problem, but it never happened again. Hey, people, this is part of our aerospace development; we all live with some dangers.

One of hundreds of Advanced Design concepts that I was privileged to be involved in was the configuring of a classified lunar, Naval base. Much later, the Army presented a similar proposal, known as Project Horizon. We had been conceiving many designs of different lunar and planetary commercial and military facilities that gave us a "heads up," and way before the Project Horizon.

As for our Phase 1 Naval Base construction offices, equipment, storage and buildings on the Moon's surface, this included design, construction, assembly, and testing of prefab-type surface buildings. They were then disassembled and shipped to the Cape, where they were reassembled and installed in large, upper-stage, liquid propellant rocket boosters. These upper stages were to be launched and powered to the Moon, solar systems, planets, their moons and asteroids. The plan was to have them soft-land on the lunar surface and rail-transported in sections to the assembly site, where they would be

reassembled to form large buildings that would be able to withstand the harsh lunar and planet environments.

The Phase 2 mission was far more complicated. The entire base was to be built underground. This required using extremely large boring machines. They were to be disassembled for storage within NOVA type rockets, then reassembled on the lunar surface and rechecked out before boring operations.

The goal of Project Horizon was to establish an Army missile base on the Moon to protect our planet from the evil empire and the evil aliens. Our goal was to develop a very sophisticated lunar Naval base. It was an enormous project to design and build a two-thousand-man city that would include Naval research centers, Naval command and control centers, advanced power generation, military and commercial docking / launching facilities, Naval astronautical observatory, hospital / medical research, environmental systems, agriculture R & D, transportation systems, and commercial and residential centers.

Douglas acquired access to several German V-2 rockets, the wonder weapons with sizable documentation packages that were used in part for our intermediate range ballistic missile designs. These were at the Army's Redstone Arsenal and White Sands Proving Ground in New Mexico, where we established reverse-engineering facilities. Hitler's plan was for them to fly across the Atlantic Ocean and smash into New York and Washington. If the U.S. had not made Germany surrender in 1945, they would have. So, we also had access to a sizable documentation on the A-10s for construction of long range missiles.

Also during the same time, Naval Intelligence confirmed that the Soviet Union was making great strides in this area of research, too. The Soviets were engineering several very large vehicles that utilized data and technology acquired from the alien telepathic assistance and German A-9 / A-10 programs. The Russians intended to launch these rockets to the Moon, taking control of it, and possibly using it as a base with which to blackmail the entire planet. This may be the real reason President Kennedy told our nation: "We are going to the moon." Was NASA just a cover up for a massive U.S. military program to beat the Soviet Union to the Moon and not let them control the planet with their missiles? NASA was not, and never has been, a civilian organization. It is a Naval deep space galactic penetration organization.

During this time, a major investigation was underway in the DAC Engineering Department. It was focused on the extraterrestrial presence that worried some of the top minds. And not just in Douglas engineering. The Navy and the Air Force were concerned, too. As I have said before, other aircraft corporations, such as Northrop, North American and Lockheed, all had top engineering people on-board that were also interested. The senior thinker at North American Aviation, CSI's Dr. Walther Riedel, had contacted Douglas' Dr. Klemperer, who was heading up a special study - in Advance Design – on the alien problem.

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*) Reference "The Neutrino" by Dr. Norman J. Bowman in Rocket News Letter, vol 2 #5, December 1948, p. 33 (in Collected Technical Reports, published by the Chicago Rocket Society).

TRAINING FOR MOON AND MARS MISSIONS

VITRUVIAN MAN TIME CAPSULE

We were a tightly-knit group in the Think Tank Advanced Design Engineering Department at Douglas. Sometimes, my colleagues, their secretaries, and I reconvened after work, in one of their apartments close to work, where we continued to speculate on the alien intervention. We often exchanged opinions, trying to address the aliens' point of view and figure out what their real agenda was for our little planet.

One morning, after a particularly interesting late night get-together, I came to work a little flushed from too much wine. My colleague Bob, his secretary Connie, Debby - another secretary- and I had been up half the night, plotting to send up a time capsule with the Voyager, if we ever got the funds to build it. We had schemed to include the emblem of the Vitruvian Man by Leonardo ad Vinci and some people photos; so that we could give the aliens an accurate idea of what life was like on Earth. Of course, we also planned to include other examples of human intelligence, such as our understanding of atomic chemistry and the laws of physics. The time capsule would be like a message floating in a bottle through our galaxy, waiting for discovery. We never built it, but JPL and some NASA guys did it several years later, with help from Carl Sagan.

1 DM-18 Intermediate Range Ballistic Missile

Years before the Cold War, we in the Advanced Design Think Tank had studied the German A9 and A10 long range missiles. We designed a ballistic missile and mobile launch system, the DM-18, with a 2,000-mile range. We reverse-engineered studies of the German V-2 mobile missile system at White Sands, New Mexico, determined to get the idea across to either the Navy or the Air Force. After a week of reviewing our unsolicited proposal, the Air Force put out a request for a bid on an IRBM. We then countered to the Air Force with the suggestion that they consider the mobile system, which would be deployed throughout Europe with even less cost and one-tenth of the time. The Air Force reviewed our counter-proposal and requested a bid to all of the other aerospace contractors. We then ran copies and resubmitted our offer.

I knew we had the best strategic information, since we had given them the idea in the first place. It was military policy to place offers to contractors for bids, in order for the taxpayers to get the best price. It kept the economy moving, but sometimes it was a big waste of our time.

2 Intermediate Operating Capability

Look how a simple discussion on a missile system can turn into an unbelievable, complicated mystery.

Okay, this is a little more detailed than other programs described in later chapters of this book. It will, however, give you a better picture of how difficult it was to develop systems to counter the alien threats, way back then.

This, then, is the Douglas DM-18 Missile system demonstration of operational capability. The Air Force called it WS-315A, a 2,000 nautical miles Intermediate Range Ballistic Missile. It is a weeklong IOC system demonstration. Accomplishing this large automated missile system was actually a technical foundation for the Apollo Moon and Mars program. This system was also conceived in Advanced Design earlier. Our success with the Apollo later was directly related to the success of the DM-18 missile development.

When you have designed a major weapon system, the Air Force expects your aerospace company to provide an Interim Operating Capability, what we in engineering call a rain dance. Unlike other companies demonstrations we engineered every element required and built them in full scale. Yes, we built models of the intermediate missiles checkout and launch center to be deployed in Europe; however, we provided operation of nearly every end item in the weapon system. Missile checkout equipment was operated during the IOC – yes, at my suggestion – and we built a full-scale model of the entire mobile launch system. We built the launch transporter carrying the DM-18 missile; we even erected it to a vertical launch position on the transporter, and many times during the week long demonstration. Most of our equipment was located in standard commercial Fruehauf trailers. Even the launch control trailer was instrumented in full operational control, erecting the missile. The power distribution trailer provided power for their entire demonstration. Even a partial RIM building, to house the missiles during modifications and checkouts, was included. We had the liquid hydrogen and liquid oxygen trailers built, and we even moved them with the camouflaged trucks.

This demonstration area was located just outside the wooden engineering hangar, taking up eighty percent of our east parking lot. The entire weapon system had been conceived in advanced design before the Air Force submitted a Request for Proposal (RFP). There were numerous times during the concept design that I got flashes that helped me conceive elements of this weapon system.

To understand how complicated this entire movable missile system was, the following is a partial list of end item elements operated in this demonstration. And yes, the helpful secretaries in the documentation control were in heels and short skirts. Flirting with the Air Force the entire week, they really were an asset.

WS-315A Ground Support Equipment
SECURITY: (Secret)

A badge was issued to each IOC participant. It had to be worn at all times while in the DAC areas. The badge was retained for the duration of the IOC Program. Admittance to the IOC areas required presentation of the badge and organizational identification.

To all Attendees:

Should you desire to store classified material, approved storage facilities are available. The secretaries at the Document Control will receive and store these materials for you.

Telephone Numbers:

Douglas A-2 Location…….Exmont 1-5285

AF Ballistic Missiles Division…..Orchard 2-0171

Ramo-Wooldridge ……..Orchard 2-0171 (Soon to be the TRW Think Tank).

(Look at the two last phone #'s and you will understand their relationship)

There was a great deal of Air Force brass in attendance during the entire demonstration.

Transportation was provided to and from the Santa Monica and Hollywood area hotels.

Phone Calls, Messages, Stenographic and Mailing Services:

The secretaries at the reception area did provide stenographic services upon request. They also received all of their incoming telephone calls and messages and informed them of them at their breaks, interrupting the sessions only to deliver urgent messages. They were asked to please inform them that they were expecting calls or messages and tell them what action to take. Mailing service was also provided as required. (You should have seen the secretaries)

Hey people: "Do you get the feeling of how important this rain dance really is?"

It was another beautiful warm blue sky California December day. Douglas engineering conducted the Air Force THOR WS-315-A, IOC at our location at the Santa Monica airport. The following is a list of technical operations demonstrating:

Missile Checkout Systems Evaluation and Coordination
Missile Launching Site Simulator, Trailer Mounted SMU-14/M
Checkout Station, Ballistic Missile, Trailer Mounted TTU-36/M
Missile Simulator, Umbilical, Electrical
R.I.M. Building Equipment and Facilities
R.I.M. Building Power Distribution Systems
Checkout Station, Ballistic Missile
Checkout Systems Evaluation
Systems Coordination
Trailer Mounted TTU - 36/M
Component Test Equipment
Ballistic Missile Flight Controller Test Stand
Missile Components Test Equipment
Propellant Loading Test Equipment
Hydraulic & Propulsion Components Test Equipment
Battery Chargers (The Battery manufacture generated them for 20 years)
Major Test Sets are:
Control Electronics
Inverter
Inverter Monitor
Rate Gyro
Valve Actuator
Potentiometer
Igniter
Propellant Loading Computer
Propellant System Simulator
Missile Battery Charger Rack
Emergency Gyro Heat Battery Charger Rack

Pressure Tester
Pressure Tester
Electrical Control of :
Hydraulic Component Test Console
Propulsion Components Test Console
Propulsion Components Test Cell

Liaison, Coordination, & Test Procedures
Service Department
System Test Programs
Engineering - (A-2)
Manufacturing Test
AFMTC - (A-41) Block House
Edwards - (A- 47)
Sacramento - (A-45) Test stand
Cooke Test
Service Dept. Liaison, Installation & Checkout Procedures
Liaison- Packard- Bell
Receiving & Production Acceptance Test Procedures
Electro-Mechanical Coordination
Special Projects
Advanced Design Concepts
WS315 IOC Full Scale Mock-Up, all Systems (operating materials)
WS 315 IOC Scale Topographic Model All Systems
WS 315 IOC Scale Model Missile, Transporter, RIM Building, Fuel Farms and Launch Trailers
WS 315 IOC Logistic Heavy Aircraft Missile Transporter Models

A “Four Star” (Air Force General) stood next to me at the launch control panel, in the Missile Launch Control Trailer, and with the door open, so that he could see the missile tied up on the launcher erector trailer. I said; ”Go ahead, give it a hard on; fire it.”

See the photo nearby for the erected DM-18.

The missile erected up to vertical, opened the clam shell supports, and returned the erecting support down to horizontal lock position, leaving the missile in launch position. I then returned it to the locked position on the missile trailer. The General yelped to his four star buddy, “Watch this: I’m going to launch the son of a bitch.”

Being responsible for actual launching test programs at the Cape, I controlled the operation from the Missile Launch Control Trailer. With the conservative Santa Monica neighbors thinking we were going to fire the missile, the L.A. newspapers had a ball. The Four Star Air Force type, and our V P of marketing, were with me in the launch trailer. The Four Star was very impressed, having watched several of the missile erections from the Launch Control Trailer. I was one of the principals in conceiving the design, implementing the system, and then demonstrating the operations.

Okay, now we’re down to the good stuff.

On the second day of our systems demonstration I was accompanied by our V. P. of marketing, Phil Dolan, again, and two very high four star Air Force brass. We enjoyed an elaborate lunch with other brass. Taking us aside, the marketing guy said to the two Four Stars and me, “Let’s go hunt pussy on the beach. “He got big smiles from both of them in agreement and we walked out to the Douglas six place helicopter and climbed on board. I thought: why have I been selected for this? We flew straight west along the eight blocks to the beach; we dropped down to two hundred feet, and slowly proceeded north along Santa Monica’s gorgeous, white sand beach. The Douglas pilot did not need radar to locate the beautiful girls lying on their stomachs in their string bikinis. At this altitude the Officers on the starboard side waved to the girls. They waved back; we were close enough to kiss them. In fact, we got a bit too close and had to back off a little. There were plenty of pretty girls taking a late lunch and improving their tans, but that’s not what the pilot was looking for.

We were heading to the Malibu beach homes. Now this was the real show. We continuing past Hollywood movie stars’ homes and then circling over certain homes with large pools and sun decks. Jeez, what else? Beautiful, nude, sunbathing girls waved at us. The pilot knew every house to fly over; there were dozens of them. We stopped at one house with no one outside. We didn’t have to wait long, however: three girls came out and undressed for us. Phil, sitting on the port side, reached over a four star, pointing at a large, residential complex high on a hill. We’re going to talk about that later. It was a very pleasant part of the IOC Review and the AF was again very impressed with our design.

I got the feeling that the IOC review was going to continue without me much later that night. I was wrong. We were told to meet during an informal 8:00 P.M. cocktail at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Phil Dolan, our marketing vice president, suggested that we continue our discussions at another, more pleasant location. All four of us piled into an unmarked limousine with one-way windows. It was very dark, but there was no way to miss the four young ladies in mini-skirts. Smiling, they handed each of us a glass of champagne. The clicking of eight glasses saluted to a night of outstanding entertainment.

What was most interesting to me was my date. This one, gorgeous thing grabbed my face, turning it away from the other show girls. She said, “You’re mine for the rest of the week.”

I said, “No, I have to go home tonight.”

“Forget it little boy.”

Yes, she was just as beautiful as the other Las Vegas girls. During the night's festivities, however, I learned her name was Barbara and she was not from Vegas. She was from Corporate. Wow! (This is extremely interesting because our paths were to cross later on the Apollo program.).

The drive was long, giving the girls and the stars time to get acquainted. Well, nobody actually had intercourse, but the three other sexy things were nearly naked when we arrived inside a large garage. Getting out of the limo we saw that the garage was large enough to accommodate around twenty cars. We were ushered in by a tall vision in the uniform of the evening; a nearly-nothing, transparent black mini. We went up the steps, through high double doors, into a carpeted hall, to two more high double doors which were out into dark entry to a separate building. We could hear the hum of a fast dance band as we were ushered into a large room. The band was on stage, with a big screen in back. The party was already in full swing. We could see about fifteen well-dressed couples swinging it up out on the floor. I thought I recognized several of the girls from this morning's flight. Someone had lots of $s and excellent taste; this was a huge, custom-built mansion with a movie theater and entertainment center with all the expensive trimmings.

Outside was an enormous patio and pool, with elaborate garden tables and more than thirty over-stuffed lounges. Some of the girls in string bikinis had obviously been there all day and were dancing to the band. The builder even provided four, two-bedroom "guest houses" near the pool. There were three bars inside and two outside, on the veranda. The catered food was out of this world. Anything you wanted. After dinner most had paired off dancing; some went in search of more privacy.

I ditched Barbara (or I thought I did) and was driven to look quietly through the big home. The wide stairway was dark but I had to go up. Shields, with spooky, ancient artifacts, carved out of silver and gold, hung on the walls. The whole second and third floors were dark and medieval-looking. I can't quite explain it; everything was dark brown and black, with black drape walls, crooked halls and ceilings. It was really different, with at least thirteen bed rooms. I walked those upper halls, trying to find a door or room without those loving moans.

I found an unlocked double door at the end of a hall, which led into a very large dark room with no furniture. The ceiling must have been three stories high, sort of a medieval sacramental area. A strange feeling came over me, like this place was not just a Hollywood actor's hang-out, but a destination for in-coming aliens from another dimension, intent on causing disastrous events. Almost freezing now, I sensed that I was not alone in the dark. Quietly out of the pitch-black of the back of this area came a clipping of heels, a nearly nude vision.

"Billy it's me, Barbara."

"What are you doing in here; are you following me?" I whispered. "What happened to your dress?"

"Two guys caught me at the top of the stairs, trying to find you; ripped it to shreds and I hid in here. They're in black hoods; their eyes are red and I think they are very bad."

"Security?"

"No, much more sinister; I think we could be killed for being in here. Billy, we got to get out of here now."

"What about Phil Dolan, the two four stars and their girls?"

"They're waiting for us in the limo with the engine running. Run!"

Now, at 1:00 P.M., in the limo, and heading for an all-night party at their hotel, I was thankful that the four stars were unaware of what happed to Barbara and me in the mansion. Both were still enjoying the flirting company of the two starlets and looked forward to spending the night with them at the Beverly Hills Hotel. My head was still spinning with another strange element affecting our capability to implement

systems to protect our flimsy way of life. I thought: this complex must be owned by a movie magnet that is a center for a secret society. Did Phil Dolan know what was going there? Who were the people using this facility? Who were the hooded entities with red eyes? What was the real technical accomplishment of our DM-18 missile system a requirement for? Yes, the missiles will probably cut down the "evil empire's" threats, but they will also help us to reduce the alien threat to the entire planet.

* * *

A little about the missile: unlike the German V-2 Rocket, the Advanced Design established that the DM-18 's near-vertical, straight up launch into thin air space, resulted in no need for it to be streamlined; we could use Northrop's DC-3 tube design. That allowed lighter skin construction and sixty percent less time to build. The Air Force's four stars were again impressed. We went ahead, finished our design, built prototypes, tested them, and launched them from the Air Force Launch Center, Cape Canaveral, Florida. I was privileged, again, to be launch conductor on seven DM-18 launches during our test program.

The entire WS-315A program was deployed, in England and Italy, in large numbers during the Cold War.

What is most interesting is that two weeks after we won the Air Force contract to design for the DM-18 against the Army's Missile Development Center at Huntsville, Alabama (headed by Dr. Von Braun, the senior concept designer of the German V2 missile) we also won the contract to build the whole system to deploy it.

At the end of World War II, Naval Intelligence operators (spies) penetrated virtually every German secret weapons advance system, rockets, aircraft, UFO's and heavy water in the country. They located the individuals in these facilities, and they were tagged. When the hostilities ceased, the Naval Intelligence and additional intelligence officers went straight into these locations and removed not only the research scientists, but their documentation and as much of the weapons system as they could. They were all brought to the United States in what was called Project Paperclip, located in the Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville AL.

Some of these scientists and technicians were involved in the V-2 flights at White Sands, but they were all ultimately located and housed all over Huntsville. The senior personnel, such as Von Braun, were located in lavish homes on what was called "Kraut Hill," in the suburbs of Huntsville. Most of these individuals, at the upper level, were SS in Germany and retained that level while continuing development of what was to become the Apollo Saturn V spaceship that took us to the Moon. This entire group was structured and organized into what we called the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA). A ten story building was built inside of Redstone Arsenal, one of the most classified military facilities in the country. It was called Von Braun's tower, who eventually became the head of NASA's Apollo Saturn Moon program. The US Navy managed this NASA facility. It was not a civilian, university-level mission to the Moon to pick up rocks, to take photographs, and bring them back to the university laboratory for study. NASA is a military, Naval organization to develop the United States' capability to thrust into the galaxy.

ONE SUNNY MORNING IN DOUGLAS ENGINEERING.

Jeez, guess who showed up at our front door? Yes, oh my god, Dr. von Braun, the head rocket kingpin of

the Army Missile Programs at the Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville Alabama. This is the same guy that was head honcho at Hitler's massive German Panhuman V-2 rocket development center. He wasn't, however, wearing his discarded SS uniform this trip. He had just had his backside kicked almost out of the missile business by a bunch of snot-nosed California beach boys. He was desperate to learn how a young draftsman surfer could beat out 1,800 experienced German V-2 scientists who had designed, built and tested thousands of missiles, long before the snot nosed kids were even born.

One of our engineers stood up from his drafting board, saying, "That's him; that's von Braun."

To help explain our concepts in designing the automated DM-18 missile system, Von Braun was escorted by Douglas' V.P. of Marketing, Phil Dolan. After introductions, I pulled up two stools. Phil, who I had met at the DM-18 IOC rain dance (Interim Operation Capability), said to answer any questions Von Braun might have about our work. I spent two hours explaining how we had studied the possible Soviet threats for four years ago in the Tank and had design three classes of ICBMs. Knowing that the Air Force would need some, we just picked an appropriate one and wrote another unsolicited bid before the Air Force put out an RFP that was written around our unsolicited bid. Von Braun was floored. I got snickers from Phil.

3 Still in the Tank: Advanced Design

"I found out," Cliff said. Cliff is my good-looking, Apollo project manager on loan to the Think Tank.

"You found out what?" I countered.

"That tall brunette, in the near-transparent silver mini, and four inch chrome slippers. You remember Bill: she had no bra; just a chrome bikini. Come on; three weeks ago at the Engineering Dance. You can't remember? At the Beverly Hills Hotel."

"Oh, yes."

"Her name is Kellie Norse; she is a new hire in the flight test office. She drove Grumman F-9-F jets off carriers as a hobby."

"You're kidding me?" I said.

"Best Navy fighter pilot in the Pacific, they tell me." Cliff continued. "It gets better: she's got a top secret clearance."

"How do you know that?" I said.

"Turn around, Bill, that's her in a blue mini, talking to Klemp."

"It isn't possible," I said.

"It is her. Look at her gorgeous long brunette hair. I know what you're thinking: she is another Nordic type; Jessica's sister."

"My god, she is another fucking alien," Jim said, as he walked up and tapped me on the shoulder. "Where do you two get them from or did Richard pick her up at MGM's in Vegas?"

Then Richard walked up too. Richard is that blond hunk; a really sharp-dressed guy from the propulsion section. "Hey Dick," he said.

Cliff responded: "She isn't ours."

"I was just telling Bill she is a new fly boy in flight test and she's got clearance."

"Cleared to do what?"

Richard said: "Who knows?"

I said: "But she sure has Klemp's attention."

"I am going to walk over there and see what they are reading." Cliff added, walking over to

Klemp's desk. When he got back he said: "You won't believe this: they have Dr. Ernie Lange's photonic rockets folder, the one that Klemp recommended for a possible deep space destroyer concept. Your power report, Bill, and your system block diagram." Hot dog.

"She's explaining to Klemp what's wrong with it. She's even changing it, Bill. Your system block diagram: she is red-lining it. Look, she has almost doubled the element blocks that you made."

Cliff stood there watching her red-lining the document.

Klemp asked him, "Can I help you?"

Cliff said, "No, I see you are really busy now." And he left.

"Look, she stood up now," Richard said.

"Yaw," Cliff added, "and she walked around to the front of his desk and is marking it up even more."

"That means she is drawing and writing upside down like you do, Bill."

Jim said, "I don't know how you guys do that."

"Who the fuck cares," Cliff answered.

"Look at her now, those gorgeous legs."

"Never mind the legs; look at her luscious little bare cheeks and that blue-string thong."

"Oh she turned and is looking straight at us," I said.

"She is smiling," Richard added. "We need to hire her right now."

* * *

The next week Klemp asked me to redraw the entire power system block diagram that had some changes. A little pissed, I said, "I can't now, but I will later, after I finish this report. Boy you certainly changed it!"

"Not me, Bill;" Klemp said. "That young lady last week; she is extremely knowledgeable in unconventional propulsion systems."

"She has agreed that, if I can arrange it, she will assist me in Advanced Design," he said.

"Well, Klemp, how did she get in Advanced Design to look at our stuff?" I asked.

"Bill I really don't know, but she carries a 'Q'." he said.

"Wait a minute Klemp;" I said, "something is wrong here: nobody carries a 'Q' security. They pull it as soon as you complete the program."

"All right Bill, but when Elmer told me to review advanced propulsion with Miss Norse, he said she had a 'Q.'"

I said, "Well, Klemp, Elmer is smoking pot; nobody keeps a 'Q'."

"Young man, when the boss says it is all right, believe me she knows as much as me about the future means to propel us to the stars. I will listen to what she has to offer." "I don't know why, but I think she may be years ahead of me in this field."

"OK, Klemp;" I said, "I'll back off, but did you see what she did to my system development plan?"

"Yes Bill," Klemp said," but you haven't seen how she red-lined your project review report;"

"Okay, okay, Klemp; but just look at what she did to my eight-foot system block diagram. She literally bled all over it."

"Reminds me of my first top assembly drawing that I had just submitted to the engineering checker; that guy covered it with red pencil lead."

Klemp jumped in again, "Yes, Bill; but even back then you probably drew many perspectives and

geometric configurations to show engineering management and manufacturing a better understanding of your design, even how to build it in a more advanced method than they had ever seen before.

"You were actually presenting it in a three dimensional perspective.

"And, yes, Bill; far more important than that, Miss Norse is even better than you. Look at the finished assembly: it's just like you do here in Advanced Design.

"And now, Bill, she didn't put that much blood all over your precious document. And you know it."

"Come on, Klemp; she totally changed my attempt to make Dr. Lange's system work."

"I had spent additional time addressing his approach and came up with a different method, using an extremely small insolated nuclear reactor, with a number of improvements that would work;" I said.

"She did not criticize your work; it's my concept she made work" Klemp added. "I also think she is as good as you and Jim in your areas."

"Okay, Klemp," I said, "are you planning to fire Jim and hire her because she is prettier than us?"

"Well, again, Bill, just having her standing around here looking like she does, would be a real improvement over you two. But, seriously, Miss Norse only suggested you change twenty-three elements of the 320 on your system development plan. You know how much enjoyment I get needling you and Jim."

One hot summer day in July, Jim and I were both pulled from the Tank, into my old engineering Electronic Section, which was upstairs, in the wooden hangar. It was time for another top-secret, panic design. For some reason, the area was really hot. Jim was sweating like a pig and hoped the secretaries wouldn't notice. The project design involved a Naval electronic warfare system that used a 4-engine, long-range, C-118 Naval aircraft (which was a version of the Douglas commercial DC-6).

I looked out over the 500 engineers, with their sheepskin Bachelors, Masters, and Doctorates degrees. They were totally unaware of the extraterrestrial presence on our planet. There they were, all in their white shirts and ties, bending over those 500 drafting boards, in that windowless, converted hangar, with the 2 x 6 x12 rough wood flooring. I couldn't help contemplating that we, at Northrop, and now at Douglas, knew about the astonishing fact that UFOs and aliens from outer space were a real threat to the planet. I wanted to stand up on my drafting board and yell, "It's true! We must all devote our energies to developing spaceships with laser weapons capable of stopping them!"

I told Jim my feelings. He agreed with me, but suggested that now was not the time.

4 Gold on that planet

Two months later, in the Tank after lunch, Elmer Wheaton nailed me and said, "Bill, I talked to Klemp this morning about last March's brainstorming session. We both agree that you obviously have nothing to do again this month but watch the girls all day long, so maybe you could take Tom Preston's file."

"Oh, come on now, Elmer," I said. "I have to have the Naval mission region-52 drop support plan by the first, their three-view space destroyer layout by the fifteenth, and the Office of Naval Research (ONR) 1980 Threat Definitional Phase 3 finished by the thirtieth. Alpha Centauri's Mission 7.3 and 8.1 was due the fifteenth of last month, and I haven't even finished mission 5 and 6."

Laughing, Elmer said, "Okay, Bill, I'm only kidding. But Preston's transport vehicle system appears to mix very well with our Naval space convoy missions. It would also back up our economic justification in supplying our planet with the rare metals and minerals. We're definitely going to need them as we expand our electromagnetic propulsion. You just spoke of this need last January, when you were pushing commercial mineral recovery from planets in Alpha Centauri, along with the need for the Navy's

protection for our space recovery transports."

"Well, yes, Elmer, and my concept indicated at least four different classes of recovery transports," I said. "My system included recovery transport vehicles, which operate at very low cost. These would be needed for hundreds of years after we move off Earth and into another sector of the galaxy, to operate mineral recovery through the nearest moons and planets."

"Sure," Elmer returned, "but you're pushing the time frame too hard, Bill."

"And that's several weeks off. You're right. But both you and the Admiral are thinking the same thing. We may have to fight our way off the planet before any of this other stuff can happen. The next ten years might be a continuous technical explosion, gearing towards our penetration into the cosmos."

"I suppose I'll have something to cut up in the Think Tank meeting next week then," I said.

And with that, Elmer left, and I stood by my drafting board, concentrating on sheet number 7 of my 8-foot layout, which depicted my interplanetary mineral planet transport. The elevation configuration (side view) depicted a 3.2 kilometer vehicle with 40 extraterrestrial vacuum extraction units - automatic and retractable - meant to cut down the loading time for mineral extraction extensively. Walking by, Barbara from Corporate glanced at what I was doing.

"Billy," she commented ominously, "I know all about that stuff that your little space digger will be hauling back here, and it's sure not fertilizer."

I thought,: How did she find out about that too? And why?

5 A strange penetration into Hollywood 1939

HOW DID I END UP IN A THINK TANK?

There was this very young Navy Lieutenant Junior Grade, who took me to an Office on base in San Pedro, California. It was obvious to me that this office was unfamiliar to him. Even during my interrogation that lasted all day, I felt he knew I was different. Somehow, I did feel different. But, there was no question that I was being accepted into something that was totally out of this planet. Part of this conversation is shown in the photo on page 10.

Remember, this is a true account of a very young boy living in Hollywood, California with a tremendous interest and enormous desire to project himself into the universe - by the year 2000. What makes this biography so unusual is his inquisitive attitude, enthusiasm, imagination, and ability to conceive in his mind how in the future we can develop our capability of penetrating out into space, by using our Navy to establish commerce with other civilizations in the galaxies. I say with our Navy because he was determined to understand how we got to where we are now by studying the history of our commerce; this indicated that ships were used to accomplish the needs of people in the early times, Navy ships. It was obvious to him that a Navy ship of 1936, with the proper means of propulsion, would be an ideal spaceship. So let's take a detailed look at what this kid was really doing to gratify his interests in space.

Even before I built my first U.S. Navy ship model I had a strong interest in our galaxy. I started to collect newspaper and magazine articles, drawings and photos on every type and class of Navy ships and aircraft, covering every historical period from the early sailing ships to the most modern ships and aircraft of the day. I had done this, earlier, on my models of space ships. I first made rough drawings of the real Navy ships and then built my models. I went to the library and looked up articles and made my own sketches. Then I made side, end, top, and three-dimensional drawings from the ship pictures that I had collected.

I even tried to make rough drawings at home of battleships that I saw in books in the public library from memory. Unfortunately, *Jane's All World Fighting Ships* and other ship books could not be removed from the library. Then I went back to the library and looked up that same book to review the article and photos again. Then, I went back home and corrected my drawings. I collected so many ship articles and photos that I had to make scrapbooks for every class of ships, battleships, cruisers, aircraft carriers, destroyers, seaplanes, dirigibles, submarines, and even support tenders. The nearby figure shows a representative display of my models.

As I got better at drawing, I looked at an existing battleship and visualized what a 1980 battleship or cruiser would look like and make drawings of them. I even thought of what the threat would be to the United States. Could the threats be extraterrestrial? Maybe we won't need battleships at all, I thought. Maybe, we could use Naval spaceships to battle the aliens out in space, rather than here on the planet, thus preventing them from taking over the planet. I was always projecting my thoughts into the future. What type of ship, aircraft, and rocket would be required to meet the future threats? And if we had enough of them, could we prevent war from occurring? I remembered what president Theodore Roosevelt said, when confronted with threats, "Carry a big stick and talk softly." And, somehow, I knew we would have to do exactly that.

The U.S. Navy's enormous zeppelins flew over my house in Hollywood with a deep rumbling roar that I will never forget as long as I live. These gigantic, silver vehicles were the *USS Akron ZRS-4* and the *USS Macon ZRS-5* dirigibles. These monsters roamed the skies over America for just five years, being based at the Naval Air Stations at Sunnydale and North Island California. They were 785 feet long and flew back and forth over my house and school many times. If I was at home I always ran out to watch them, and at school I got in trouble more than once for running outside to watch them slowly cross the sky. There was nothing on this planet that could impress this kid more. I visualized them as spaceships, not from some other planet, but as our space ships, sailing throughout the Milky Way. The Akron and Macon carried eight F9C-1 bi-wing scout planes in a large hangar deck. They launched and recovered these fighter aircraft by deploying a hook-on trapeze. I never saw them hook on, but I did watch three F9C-1s flying under their ship like a very large mother-ship, with its little space escorts. I even made a drawing showing one of my spaceships on its way to a planet. I installed it on copper sheet metal which installed on to wood and sheet steel bookends. I still have those bookends, seventy years later. On one occasion, while at school, I jumped up, knocked my school books to the floor, and ran outside as the *USS Akron* floated slowly over Hollywood. See the Macon photo on page 50..

I lived with my mother, father and older brother in a second story apartment near Sunset Boulevard. At Gardener Junction where the Pacific Electric street-cars cut through, coming from Santa Monica and going east through to Hollywood.

I was going to Gardener Grade School and had two bullies beat me up during recess. My mother saved some extra money from my grandparents; she used it to register me in a private School on Sunset Boulevard. It was just for one semester, but it was a real eye-opener to the Hollywood movie crowd. The school taught all ages in one classroom. Almost all of the students were sons and daughters of movie-stars and they were the wildest children I had ever met. The school was on large estates that had equally large homes: one home facing Sunset Blvd. and the other facing the street behind, allowing students access to each home. The parents were frequently out of the country permitting the student access to the living quarters. Most of the students were boarding, the first time for some of the boarding students. All grades were instructed in one large classroom, located in the guest home in the back. The older boys and girls were even having sex with the first-graders. They would cut class and have sex in one of the dorm-rooms. Sometimes, faculty would participate, and even with students from first grade to ninth. It was every day and after school. I learned a lot about Hollywood, as visiting parents frequently participated in these after-school events. I never learned a thing in class, but at least my mother tried.

Like some kids, I had only built a few aircraft and ship models and needed a lot more information to build scale Navy ship models that fastened me. After school my brother and I would jump onto the red street- cars and ride into downtown Hollywood.

We would first go swimming in the Hollywood YMCA pool and then walk to the Hollywood library. It was hard for me to find good books and study real information about Navy Ships. There were almost no articles on my two favorite hobbies, Navy ship models and spaceships. I did locate one book about Navy ships which was first published in 1899, *Jane's Fighting Ships*. This book became my bible, as it contained ship dimensions, such as the length and width of every ship class in the Navy.

At that time the only place I could find any information on spaceships was in the *Los Angeles Times'* Sunday, funny papers, in *Flash Gordon* and *Buck Rogers*. I did, however, make drawings and some conceptual Navy spaceship models and sold them at the Hollywood hobby shop.

With only four models built in different scales, it became obvious that I needed to establish a standard scale. So I decided on one inch for every fifty feet. I sold two models and started building different Navy ships, but I found it was necessary to make scale drawings. First, I needed a cross-section at different stations down the hull, as I was working from a block of wood, of 1" x 1' x 14 dimensions. I then had to cut out the top hull and carve out the hull shapes using templates which were made from my scale drawings.

For details of the ship deck housing gun turrets, I needed a completely different approach. It was necessary for me to conceive what the real proportions were, make hundreds of sketches, and then draw plans in scale of each ship before I could build the model. I taught myself to draw several perspective sketches from different angles. This was done in order to achieve a correct configuration of each and every detail on the ship. This was descriptive geometry, but I did not know it at the time.

I found that if I had several newspaper photos, say of a 40mm, antiaircraft gun, I could scale it down to the right size to make my drawings. This allowed me to build the encasements as a standard used on virtually every class of surface ship in the Navy. Many of the photos that I collected were of crew members, and I could see in the background classified antiaircraft guns and their locations. The Navy's censor did not do a good job of removing all their classified details. I built the models with the classified antiaircraft guns and locations, anyway, and, yes, I did get in trouble with the Navy later. I used the same approach on everything above the deck on my surface ships. I made mistakes building my models, so I had to remove several 20 and 40mm gun mounts from three ship models and relocate them to the right locations.

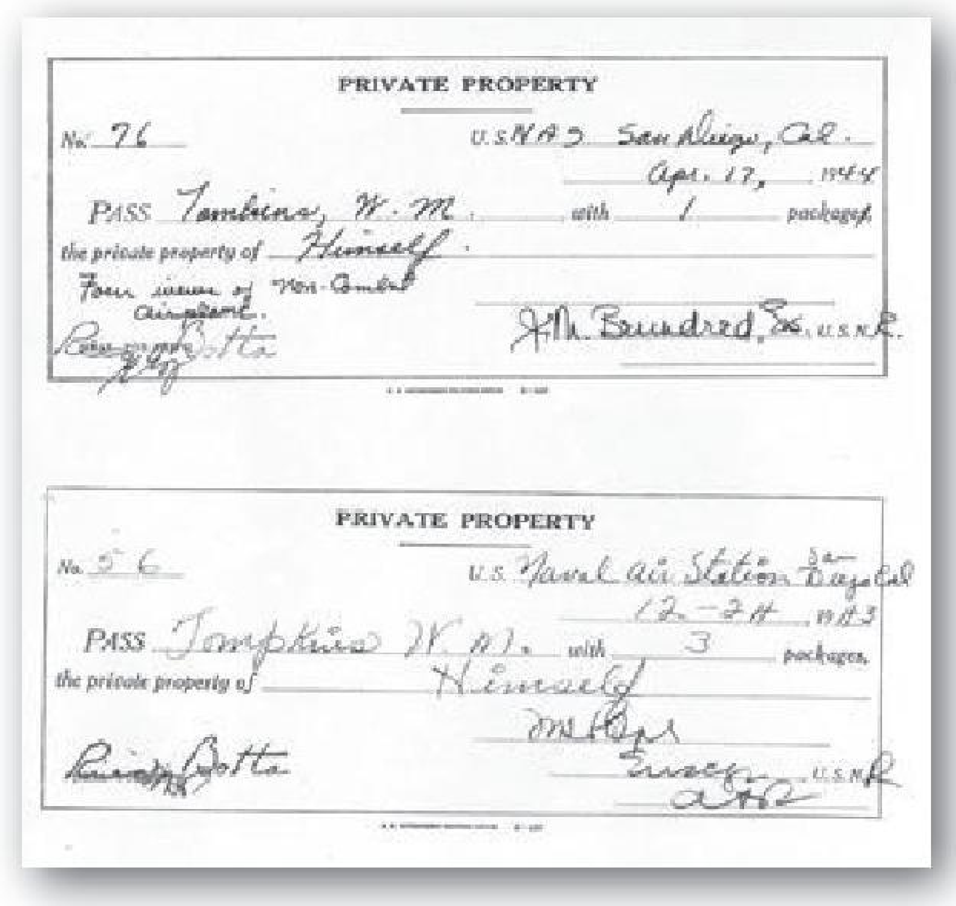
All of this forced me to not only learn how to properly study, but also to document each detail of

the combat systems on the ships. Remember, there were no ship drawings available, as they were all classified. I studied U.S. Naval history and naval ship design in the Hollywood and Long Beach libraries. My dad drove my brother and I to the Naval Long Beach personnel dock, where we boarded Navy launches and went out to the battleships and aircraft carriers that were anchored in the harbor. No cameras were allowed. So, I would look at different deck housings, radar, radio antennas, range finders, and torpedo launchers. When we returned to shore and were driving home in my Dad's car I would draw perspective sketches from memory of all the details I had seen that day. I would convert the sketches to scale and draw three view drawings, which consisted of a side elevation, end view, and plan view. This was done at school, during my 8th grade drafting class, when I was twelve. Drafting was my favorite class and was one of two classes in which I earned straight A's. My perspective ship sketches were above and beyond the required assignments. The quantity of sketches and three view drawings exceeded the required assignments by three hundred percent. The results were that I got straight A's not only in the 8th grade but through the 10th grade, too, where my formal high school education ended. At the end of the 10th grade I was pulled out of Hollywood High School by Naval Intelligence.

But, in the meantime, the Los Angeles County Museum had reviewed what had become a fifty-seven Naval ship collection. The museum director suggested that I should display the Navy ship models on Navy day and holidays in many large department stores. So I did. I selected the Broadway department stores, which were the première department stores of Los Angeles and New York. I placed my models in the front window on Hollywood Boulevard and displayed my model collection. For two weeks the display created the largest crowd the store had ever experienced, except during Christmas time. Several newspaper articles were published regarding my Naval ship collection. The museum director went on record, stating that this was the finest collection of its type he had ever seen.

Now this was scary, several weeks later the Naval Intelligence came out to my dad's office on Wilshire Blvd. and took my dad to the Naval Intelligence facility in San Pedro for interrogation. They questioned him for two days, trying to determine where he had obtained the classified information on radar systems, twenty and forty millimeter antiaircraft gun implements, aircraft carrier flight deck arresting cable stations, and the new five-inch, dual purpose antiaircraft guns all with the precise locations and numbers. Still not believing that dad was not a spy, the Naval Intelligence came to our Hollywood apartment and changed their minds when they saw all of my drawings, sketches, and models. The Naval Intelligence Officers interviewed me and reviewed my system of various methods of compiling the detailed information necessary to support requirements for making scale drawings, and then building scale models of the Navy's most advanced ships.

They were amazed that this kid found holes in their top secret programs, but even more amazed of my photographic memory that provided me the ability to understand the Navy's most complicated missions and weapon systems. The reason I include missions in my statement is because when I reviewed the various classes of Naval ships, it forced me to address the specific types of mission that certain classes could perform. The intelligence staff had a really hard time accepting this. This investigation of me, by naval intelligence, created a special advance research naval program, which required me to join the Navy and become staff to Admiral Rick Obatta. (See nearby the copies of the passes used to let me access and egress the Navy base Commander of Naval Intelligence.) At this time I had no knowledge of this special advance research naval program: all I knew was that I was being taking out school and given a position in the Vultee Aircraft Co. in Downey, California. My time spent at Vultee was only supposed to be one month, but because of my dad not having any money, we rented a small apartment and missed the next month's rent. We were forced to move every six weeks or so. This ridiculous habit continued for several months and so I wound up working for Vultee for four months instead of just one month.



PRIVATE PROPERTY

No. 76 U.S.N.A.S. San Diego, Cal.

Apr. 17, 1944

PASS Tambins, W. M. with 1 packages,

the private property of Himself.

PRIVATE PROPERTY

No. 56 U.S. Naval Air Station San Diego Cal

12-24-1943

PASS Tompkins W. M. with 3 packages,

the private property of Himself

A quick overview of how I got on this planet: When I was born, in 1923, my mother's parents were professional stage actors in New York and fairly well off. Then the great depression hit. At this time, my father was president of Standard Film Laboratories in Hollywood on Santa Monica Blvd., which he unfortunately lost in a big corporate takeover. My family never again had the good life. This really changed my mother's extravagant way of life. My brother, two years older than me, did get some of the good life, but I was too young to remember most of the extravagant life style.

Prior to the corporate takeover, our family – that was my father, mother, older brother and myself - lived well in a large house in Hollywood and vacationed at a smaller house in Santa Monica. After the corporate takeover, we continuously moved until I was seventeen years old. We moved to Long Beach, back to Hollywood, to Santa Ana, back to Long Beach, back to Hollywood, to Los Angeles, and finally to back to Long Beach.

Talking of moving to Santa Ana: it was a very rural town covered with orange groves and ranches. There were no street-cars. The library was a 1914 vintage, with 1914 farm books. They did not know what a Navy ship was. I was in a technical vacuum during that one year period.

In 1939, Long Beach was the major Naval Base. The entire Pacific Fleet was stationed there. At that time the Navy was becoming very concerned about the Japanese Naval buildup in the eastern Pacific, as a result of the war between Japan and China. During this time, Japan had spies in the U.S. stealing aircraft-carrier concepts. The Japanese improved their use of aircraft operations against China and eventually Pearl Harbor. They also developed the concept of using the carrier as the principal ship, instead of using battleships, as other countries still did.

This was a great place for me to live. It was only a small apartment, but it was just fifteen blocks from the Long Beach Rainbow Pier. After school my brother and I would walk down town and look at the enormous aircraft carriers, battleships, and cruisers anchored inside the new breakwater harbor. My brother would play ball in the sand and I would sketch waterline side views of the different Navy ships. We would walk back home and I would study that day's sketches, showing the changes to the ships' guns, masts, rigging, and aircraft with my now substantial collection of newspapers, magazines, articles, photos, and my drawings. I would document the changes on my ship models and update each model with the latest configurations that the Navy had changed or added, and then repaint those ship models. I did these model updates as often as I could, while I was still building new ship models.

I became very proficient using the system I had developed, showing all the classified Navy radar and antiaircraft guns. Remember, it was the time when the Naval Air was also changing from two-wing aircraft covered with cloth to low wing aluminum aircraft. As for whatever reason, I was driven at that

time to have my Naval ship model collection up to date in every configuration. I was never able to accomplish this, but I tried to make the collection as close as possible to what the Navy's capabilities were at that time. Articles and photos in the newspapers about my ship collection stated that every time the Navy built a new ship, I would build a model of it from photos in their paper. These appeared in newspapers around the world. I displayed the models in stores and schools whenever we moved. My dad would get letters from them congratulating me on the collection. The letters would include the names of the store managers and school principals in other towns of Southern California. I was being asked to speak in front of hundreds of people - on the ship collection - at Navy facilities, collages, high schools, and the VFW business meetings. This was before the articles appeared in the *Los Angeles Times*, when I was only in my first year at Hollywood High School.

In my English class at Hollywood High School, Mr. Black forced me to speak in front of the class. I shook so much in the beginning that I could not even stand up before the class and give a two-minute talk. But, after three months of speaking about the Navy's ships, this experience of reviewing my ship model collection was invaluable to me. It provided me with an unusual ability to speak to a large audience with overwhelming confidence.

Later, at Douglas, as the Apollo engineering section chief and at TRW as chairman of advanced concepts and program concept manager, I presented advanced weapon systems concepts to Navy admirals and Air Force generals. I did so with a professionalism that gave me the confidence to ask controversial questions concerning their conservative approach to the designs that we were currently developing. They accepted my concepts and, as a result, we were awarded major program development contracts over and over again. All this from the kid who couldn't speak in front of his English class.

Some of the stores like Broadway and May Company had me locate the ship models in their store windows for three weeks at a time. They had me demonstrate inside the store how I built the models. They provided me with a U-shape table arrangement locating me in the center. On Saturdays, from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., for all three weeks I showed my drawings and my ship models in various levels of construction, and I explained how I carved out the hulls of the ships with my knife and razor blades. The store always had a crowd out front by the windows, with a sign saying: *Meet the Boy Navy Ship Builder Inside*. I had a crowd around me all the time. The store would put an advertisement in the town newspaper announcing the event; the paper would call my dad and interview me and write a separate article in detail about my collection. By now I had so many previous articles that my dad kept and showed them to the reporters. I think my dad got paid for the store showings, but, if he did, he never told me.

For over a year, and without my knowledge, the Navy developed a plan to utilize my expertise in the Navy. Through naval Intelligence, contact was made with Admiral Charles Blakeley, Commandant of the Naval District, who reviewed my background and the ship models, with Captain H. C. Gearing, Commanding Officer of the U.S. Naval Training Station San Diego California as shown on the previous page.

I continued to acquire additional Navy ship and aircraft information, to a point where the collection consisted of over fifty U.S. Navy ships. The Director of The Los Angeles County Museum, after a thorough inspection of all fifty of my ship models, said they were "…true to scale and are complete in detail and the most outstanding exhibit of its kind in the country."

They were greatly impressed with my ability and contacted other commands who could best assist me in planning my professional future. Collectively, they were in a position to know just what the Navy would offer me. In a letter to my father, the commanding officer said: "Referring to your son's future, there is no question in my mind that he will go places and it is my firm belief that there is a place for him in the Navy where he can carry out his work to his advantage."

EVENING OUTLOOK, SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

Youth Models Ships Of American Fleet

Naval Officers Praise His Work

Carving of units of the U. S. fleet from balsa wood, started three years ago by 15-year-old William M. Tompkins, has created a furor among naval officers.

Young Tompkins, who resided at 329 21st st. for six years and attended school in Santa Monica, now lives at 2224 Ellington Drive, Hollywood. The family moved from Santa Monica three years ago, but there still are relatives here.

HAS 31 SHIPS

In all he has 31 ships, each made on a scale of 1 inch to 50 feet and ranging from 18½ inches for the aircraft carrier Lexington to 1¼ inches for steam boats. The Lexington of this miniature fleet carries 36 perfectly modeled fighting planes on its deck.

Tompkins entrusted his fleet to navy officers in San Diego. Capt. H. C. Gearing, commandant of the 11th Naval District, was so impressed by the fidelity to detail that he arranged to borrow them for display at the Naval Training Station in San Diego.

The "fleet" is made up of four battleships, the New York, Idaho, Oklahoma and West Virginia; one airplane carrier, 11 destroyers and many light and heavy cruisers, submarines, tenders, repair ships and other units that go to make up the country's first line of defense.

ADMIRAL PRAISES

Rear Adm. C. A. Blakely, who examined the miniature display said:

"It is with considerable interest and pleasure that I, together with officers of my staff, examined several of the ship models. Craftsmanship such as you have evidenced shows that you are a keen student of detail and naval construction. Best of all, however, you are doing something worth while as a young American—you are helping to build into the American mind the importance of the nation's first line of defense to each American, young and old. We of the navy enjoyed today's visit from your fleet for we recognize in much of your true detail copied from ships in which we have served."

Alexander B. Lynch of the Los Angeles County Museum of History, Science and Art, said:

ONE ORIGINAL MODEL

"I have made a careful and thorough inspection of the 31 models of the fleet. The models are true to the scale of 50 feet to 1 inch and complete in detail and they show a most unusual ability of fine workmanship. It is my opinion, as judge for work of this type and as senior preparatory model maker for the Los Angeles County Museum I am pleased to recommend his models as an outstanding exhibit of its kind."

One model which is not duplicated in the navy is Tompkins' "1960 Model Cruiser," a streamlined version

MINIATURE FIGHTING SHIPS modeled by 15-year-old William M. Tomkins, formerly of Santa Monica, have aroused the interest and admiration of naval officers. Photo shows the youth displaying his fleet to Capt. H. C. Gearing, commandant of the 11th Naval District, San Diego.

World Economic Cooperation British Aim, Asserts Halifax

NEW YORK (AP)—Britain's principal post war aim is to help establish economic cooperation among all nations, says Lord Halifax, and Britain intends to stay armed until assured of Germany's participation. The British ambassador, in his first public address since coming to the U. S., said last night that to the war itself his country's vital purpose is "to win this life and death struggle for the cause of human freedom."

In accordance with tradition, Halifax made his initial speech to the country before the Pilgrims of the United States at a dinner in the Waldorf-Astoria. His words were carried over three major radio networks and by short wave to the world.

Dwelling briefly on the "fortunes of war," he assured Americans that England is prepared to defeat a German invasion and also can replace shipping losses below the danger level—"with the help that you will be able to give."

"When, therefore, victory has been won," he went on, "it must be our aim to promote the common interest in the greatest possible exchange of goods and services.

"Problems involving common action can only be solved by common action. We see the urgent need for economic cooperation and we are ready to take our part to plan to promote it on a worldwide scale."

Halifax said that until Britain

Arrangements were made with the Vultee Aircraft Company in Downey, California for my employment in the Advanced Development Department. It was necessary for me to first work in the production department, running a sheet metal riveting machine, while they ran a security check on me. My family had moved so many times it took twelve weeks to clear. Vultee had a contract to design a very advanced, secret, long-range fighter called the XP-45. I worked on that project for a number of months, while the Navy was deciding where I would be assigned.

KEY CLUB AND APOLLO

When I arrived at work, Steve Moyer, a Section Chief, ran up and confronted me. He exclaimed, “Now I know where Sorenson gets his secretaries from. The guys and I went to Las Vegas this weekend. We went to Caesar’s Palace and your secretary’s sister was on the stage. I talked to her at the bar after the show. I can’t believe it! Seems like these alien star girls are everywhere the action is.”

Then Dick Stark chimed in, “Well, I saw her cousin reviewing the Huntington Beach S-IVB Apollo stage production site facility with the construction contractors. These dolled-up aliens are on top of this program, literally.”

I asked, “Well, what do you expect? If you were going incognito wouldn’t you set yourself up for the easiest way to infiltrate the system? Yeah, they turn tricks for secretaries, but when the real heat’s on, they’re out of the fire. Its simplicity is genius in a way.” I couldn’t help but laugh.

“Whoever they are, these gals have got us by the balls, and most can’t seem to get enough!” We all had a disturbing laugh as we headed for our offices. I had intense feelings of dread and excitement as I walked through the door. Jessica was sitting cross-legged in her chair. I couldn’t help but see the perfect firm curvature of her thigh.

She had no problems with self-confidence, and gave me a glance that said, “You know you want it.” Right after that she stated, “Hooray, for Friday, Billy-boy. I live for these days, sweetie.”

In space management engineering at Douglas, intense pressure existed in attempting to accomplish the major milestones required by the schedule of the Apollo Moon production program and the alien threats. The Key Club was designed to take the pressure off - every other Friday at 11:30 a.m. Even though getting out of the office and having a few drinks was relieving, I had a lot of pent-up pressure from resisting my secretary’s advances on a constant basis. The top managers (short badgers) and I escorted our secretaries as if they were our wives. We always dressed in sharp, expensive suits, as if we were going to a corporate meeting. Most of the time, the ladies would be wearing cocktail dresses that would pass for swimsuits.

My secretary slinked over in her little orange-pink mini dress, gave me a posh look and said, “Are you ready to have some fun now? This week just dragged on, you know.” She ran her finger down my tie and strutted by so that I could see her sway to the exit. We drove them over in our cars. Mine was a year-old Cadillac. We drove to the Kit Cat Club in Englewood, a large Gentleman’s Club.

On the drive over, my secretary slid over the seat with her miniskirt all the way up, and proceeded to attempt to make out.

Once at the Kit Cat, we all started heading for lunch upstairs - in a large, expensively decorated, private room with large chandeliers and wall-to-wall velour couches. There were hallways that led to private rooms like a hotel. As I passed by I could hear the exotic noises. As we passed by, Jessica glanced over at me with one raised eyebrow. She said, with disdain, “Sounds like someone is having a

good time."

We then came to the dining and dance room. There was always an excellent banquet table laid out with elegant silverware for about thirty of us. A few waitresses dressed in bustiers and garter belts offered our group drinks and hors d'oeuvres. Mr. X, Al Sorenson, raised his glass and said, "To our progresses with the Apollo S-IVB. I hope she flies all over the galaxy. And to the ladies who give a nurturing touch throughout our way."

He then proceeded to down his drink, stick his tongue down his secretary's mouth and grab her breasts. As soon as they delivered my next drink I started to feel a little more relaxed. However, I asked myself: are all the short badgers here somehow thought-controlled by the aliens and instructed by Sorenson, who may be a reptilian alien himself? And what about the secretaries? Why is it okay for them to drop their pants so fast? Don't any of them have husbands or boyfriends?

After lunch and plenty of champagne several of the managers paired off with their secretaries (or some ones else's) on the couches and started to make out. I had to sigh at this point. I knew that I had to keep my head and resist temptation. I saw Jessica across the room. She was being instructed by Al Sorenson to seduce me in front of the group. They couldn't have been more discrete as they stared at me. While Jessica was nodding and turned back to Jim, I quickly finished my 2nd glass of champagne and loosened my tie. She slinked over to me. As she approached she licked her lips, and pulled down one side of her dress to show her perfectly rounded breast. She threw her arms around me and said, "Let's go to a room, if that would make you more comfortable."

Instead, I swirled her around on her three inch pumps and escorted her back over to Al Sorenson, who, somehow, was the head of everything. I sarcastically said to Al, "Have fun!" So, with a disgusted look on his face, he stripped Jessica's dress off and pretended to ravage her on the carpet in front of everyone. She never let him in. I turned my head to look away; however, the entire room was engaged in passionate madness. I managed to put down another glass of champagne and left the party for work. The party sometimes continued on until Sunday at noon. Very few of the partygoers went back to the office. These escapades were more than a ritual.

The almost uncanny success of every project that I have conceived and developed in the past seven years, led someone to establish exactly how I accomplished them. Yes, there was a planned method to have something on me, thereby controlling me, like they had control over the upper level short badgers in the Engineering Department.

Now, I want to make one point very clear: this is not unusual in large corporations. But this was very different: who wanted to know? Was it Al Sorenson, or maybe Al Sorenson's boss? Or even possibly the Corporate Vice President? And how about NASA itself?

Holy cats! If Jessica really is a Nordic alien, then maybe the reptilians are trying to stop her from helping us to develop the capability to go galactic? Elmer Wheaton was never involved.

1 Jessica and the pit stop

IS IT POSSIBLE SOME OF THEM ARE REALLY EXTRATERRESTRIAL? EARLY APOLLO HOW JESSICA FLEW IN FROM THE GALAXY WITH A PIT STOP AT VEGAS

"Hey Bill," Cliff said, "do you remember right after you got your short badge, that first day you opened the door to your new office? There was this nice looking lady sitting in the guest chair? Remember?"

"Yes, Cliff."

"She smiled and said to you, 'I'm Petra. I'm here to keep you out of trouble. I understand you're in

it all the time.' So you replied, 'Well, yes, that applies to our entire design section, except for Cliff and me.'"

"Okay, what about it?"

"She was very pleasant, right? Amply endowed up front."

"She did keep us pretty clean, even though she was a little slow on dictation."

"We all thought everything was going fine," Cliff continued, "until one morning, we entered your office and that new redhead was setting on your desk. She said, 'Hi, I'm Emily. Petra flew the coop. Yep, she's gone. You're stuck with little old me.'"

"Well, let me tell you being stuck with that Emily was not a problem."

"Except, Bill," Bob said, "I saw Petra over at Northrop last Friday. So what's going on?"

"I don't know, Bob. I don't think she was upset with any of us."

"Maybe Ralph, our attorney, could find out why. I'm not complaining! Emily was even better."

I added, "An asset to the entire section. My staff and group engineers were amply supported with lovely young ladies." Our Section was the envy of the entire Engineering Department.

"But we need a good Section secretary. Emily was very sharp; really helpful. She even improved our entire section reporting schedules."

Two months after this conversation, Emily, crying, told Cliff and I that she had been transferred to the El Segundo plant. Ralph Malone, our attorney, had heard the commotion and asked Emily, "Who the hell told you that?"

"I'm not supposed to tell you guys."

"Oh, come on, Emily. You're part of us."

"I can't tell. I'll be fired."

"This has got to stop," Ralph said. "I'm going straight to Gary Langston and find out who's doing this."

And it wasn't just Ralph. The whole section was wondering what was going on. A week later, we still didn't know what had happened.

The following Saturday, at 7:30 a.m., it was an unusually warm spring morning, but most of us had to work. Cliff and I, both in casual attire, met in the empty parking lot, by the entry gate.

Walking into the plant Cliff said, "Bill, it's such a beautiful day, and there's only fourteen blocks to the girls at the beach."

"I will if you will," I said.

Entering my office first, Cliff said, "Hey, Bill, guess who's sitting cross-legged on your desk?"

"Oh my gosh," I thought. She was this cutie little in blue-jean shorts - they were literally cutting her in half - and a red bikini top.

"Hi. I'm Lucy," she said. "Lucy, at your disposal." True to Cliff's word, when I saw her, she hopped down on her high heels, came right up to Cliff and me, and said, "You guys are cute; this is going to be fun."

We hardly ever dress up when we work weekends, but looking at Lucy, I thought, she is really out of uniform.

Cliff didn't care. "Now I know why we have to work today, Bill! Don't make her get dressed."

Yes, we had fun all day. Lucy's shorts must have been a size 1 and she looked like a perfect 4. Knowing that we were concerned about the situation, she voluntary told us that she was from the corporate typing pool and didn't know much about engineering, but was a fast learner.

She really was.

Later, Ralph found out that Emily had been transferred to the El Segundo Plant. That had only

lasted a week, but she was no longer living at her apartment?

But Lucy was different. She lasted a good four months with us before she disappeared.

“Who the hell is doing this?” Ralph said.

“More important: why?” Cliff added. “Somebody must be trying to find out how and why you, Bill, seem to get it right every time.”

The word had gone through the grapevine that the Propulsion Section has gotten this gorgeous young thing who always wears miniskirts.

“Bill,” he added, “isn’t our Section responsible for the Apollo S-IVB stage checkout launch and ground support?”

“Right you are,” I said.

“Aren’t we the systems analysts for the entire program? And Bill, we have the largest number of engineers of any Section! So shouldn’t we have the best looking secretary?”

“Right you are Cliff.” Again, I agreed.

“So, here we are, with no Section secretary,” Cliff grumbled.

Then, in walks this dream. I mean, she’s absolutely gorgeous; like nobody at Douglas has ever seen before. She walks right into my office, and says, “Here I am, Bill. Now we can do it.”

I had to agree with what Cliff was thinking. I’d thought the same thing. Do what? Stuff was banging around the inside of my head; there were a lot of things that came to mind that I wanted to do with her.

She was beautiful, a tall, longhaired blond, wearing what was to become the standard for these new secretaries in the future: a very short cocktail dress.

Somehow, she gave me the impression, pulling up her skirt and looking at her legs, that she meant to do whatever she wanted to do, right now, here, on my desk, with all of Engineering crowded around, outside my office.

Glancing shakily over my shoulder, I noticed that all the typists’ faces were twisted up with envy. The guys were lapping their tongues over their lips.

Wait a minute, I thought, who were these secretaries?

Of course, Cliff had to say that she had the sexiest long legs he had ever seen. And look at those four-inch, clear plastic heels! They’re classic!

Coming out of it, I stood up and held out my hand to welcome her. She came right up to me, put her arms around my neck, and rubbed herself all over me.

“You’re losing it again, Bill,” Cliff said.

Feeling weak, I had to sit down. Taking a seat on my desk facing me, the new dream provided me with the most incredible view I had ever seen.

“I’m Jessica,” she said. “Do you think you can remember that?”

“I’m uh, William,” I stuttered.

“Yes, I know,” she answered. “You’re Bill Tompkins, Section Chief responsible for getting us on the Moon and Mars for the Apollo Program. And I’m here to make it happen, okay?”

“That sounds good to me,” I said.

“Cliff, will you give us a little privacy,” Jessica said.

“How do you know my name?” Cliff asked.

“Just shut the door behind you, Cliff. Bill will be all right.”

He shut the door, bang.

Coming out of it again, I told her, “You are very nice, Jessica.”

Holding my face in her hands, she said, “It’s going to be all right now.” She brushed her long, blond hair back with both hands, causing her neckline to drop even more. “I need to make several

telephone calls now. You know, company business."

As I watched her speak to someone on my phone, still sitting on my desk, things sort of cleared up a little. I got the impression that she could be the Executive Officer of Bell Telephone Corporation in New York City on the NIKE ZEUS anti-missile program. I thought, this one is really different.

I visualized her in expensive business suits (with short skirts, of course), running the entire fucking company, telling Douglas what to do. She was obviously very high-maintenance Corporate material.

After a knock, my office door opened.

"Bill," Cliff said, "that's enough time to get acquainted. We've got a rain dance in ten. Bring her along."

2 Little girl…nobody understands

Three weeks later, at 32,000 feet, Cliff and I were flying first class in a brand-shiny-new United Airlines Douglas DC-7, two hours out of LAX, bound for Orlando, the Cape, and all those NASA problems.

"Bill," Cliff said, "now this is really living; these vodka gimlets are excellent. But I'm concerned: do you think the program is safe with both of us gone?"

Still not fully recovered from the Jessica ordeal, I answered, "Safe from what, Cliff?

"Leaving Jessica alone?"

"She could sell the whole fucking Company; to Boeing, our competition. Or even worse, the goddamn Russians."

"Well, yes Cliff, you're justified. You should be concerned about the magnitude of control that my little blond has over the entire Milky Way Galaxy."

It's possible, I thought. She's hot enough to really be from there.

"Bill, come off of it; she's no little girl. Those long legs don't quit. Even without heels, she's as tall as you."

"Yes Cliff, but she's brilliant. Dives right in the middle of the problem; pushes all the details out of the way, gets right to the big picture.

"Okay, Bill but why switching all these girls? And where did Jessica and Propulsion's dream come from?"

"You know, Cliff, when she does this she is having so much fun she nearly has a climax. She knows she makes me hard, just loves it."

"But Bill, something is going on."

"Slow down Cliff; I'll get our stewardess to give you another vodka gimlet. But yes; you're right something really is happening. Now stay with me here, because this is way out. Is it possible that Jessica and those other extraterrestrials have been stuffing our heads with advanced ideas for a long time?"

"Whoooooow, holy cats; Bill that stopped me."

"Well think about it; if Dr. Klemperer is proven right and the aliens can somehow telepathically implant ideas into our heads from their massive mother ships parked out there, they could have been doing just that for a long time."

"Wow, that would certainly answer a lot of questions."

"Now, Cliff, I'm glad you are sitting and strapped in for this one."

"This one what?"

"I think there's a possibility the aliens may be able to prevent us from seeing them."

"Both Klemp and Dr. Hartley have indicated that it's possible, because it is common knowledge

that we are using only part of our brain, and the aliens could be playing with the rest."

"So you're saying Jessica really is an alien?"

"No Cliff; I don't think Jessica is one of them."

"See those two empty seats across the aisle from us?"

"Maybe, just maybe, there are two aliens filling those seats, right now."

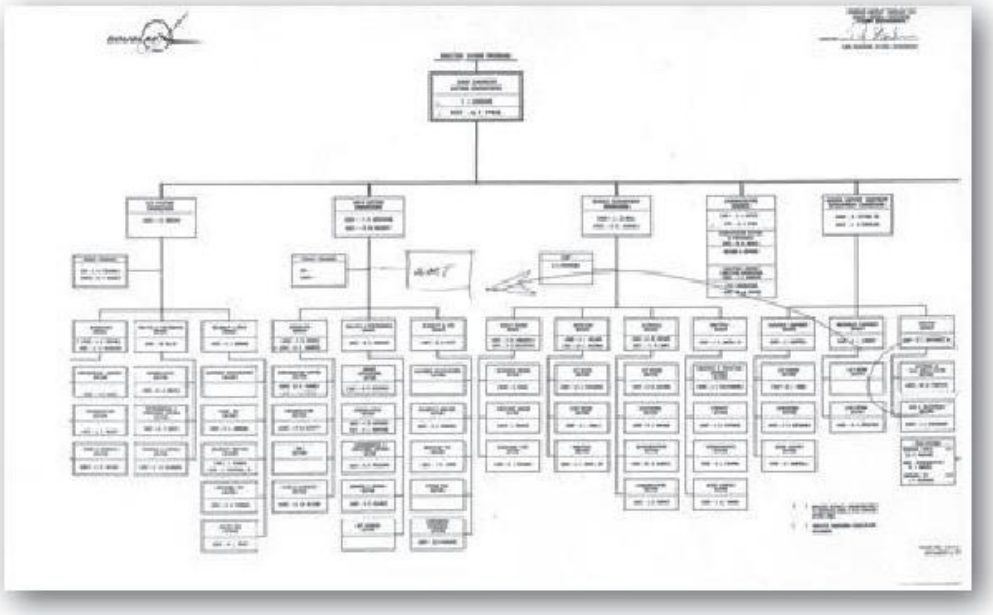
"Boy or girl aliens?"

"Let's just say Jessica types."

"I'll buy that concept, Bill, if you will talk both of them to popping back into our vision and have dinner with us."

3 The Short Badge

Back at Santa Monica, my new responsibilities as Engineering Section Chief on the Apollo Program consisted of getting a short badge, (a management position) and conceiving an advanced concept and design for the Saturn S-IVB Stage checkout and launch test systems. I ended up, however, redesigning major elements of the Moon program, including the Saturn launch complex.



The Apollo organization chart is massive, showing more than 600 people on the figure nearby but you must understand that the S-IVB Stage of the Saturn 5 Moon Vehicle is massive itself. It had the largest number of the most qualified engineers, designers and PhD's on the program. This was because our mission required detailed understanding of literally every system and every function of the Douglas S-IVB stage, including the entire Apollo vehicle and its missions. We even had a patent attorney, the only one on the program.

4 Long Beach, California

In 1937, Long Beach was a major Naval Base. The whole Pacific Fleet was stationed there. At that time

the Navy was becoming very concerned about the Japanese Naval build up in the eastern Pacific. This was a great place for me to live, if only in a small apartment fifteen blocks from the Long Beach Rainbow Pier. After school my brother and I would walk downtown and look at the enormous Aircraft carriers, battleships, and cruisers anchored inside the breakwater harbor.

My brother would play ball in the sand and I would sketch water line side views of the different Navy ships. We would walk back home and I would compare that days sketches showing changes the ship's guns, masts, rigging and aircraft with my now substantial collection of newspapers, magazines, articles photos and my drawings. I would document the changes on my ship models and update each model to the latest configuration that the Navy had changed or added and then repainted those ships. I did these model updates as often as I could while I was still building new ship models. I became very proficient using this system that I had developed. Remember, it was the time when the Naval Air was also changing from two wing aircraft covered with cloth to low wing aluminum aircraft.

PERMISSION

Let's start at the beginning of the NASA's Apollo program. President John F. Kennedy was given permission to leave our planet. I say "given permission," but by whom? Who gave Kennedy this wild, stupid idea to go to the Moon? Certainly, Congress didn't; they all had pork barrel projects back in their home states, which needed those hundreds of millions of dollars instead. And why would the Soviet generals and Navy admirals give up all their new toys to go off half-cocked on some ridiculous Moon thing, regardless of these countries' social needs in early 1960's? Someone gave them permission! It resulted in the most complicated technical task ever attempted in the history of man. The Moon race was on.

The original NASA Apollo Moon Program-mission control center was intended for establishment in Southern California, in the Los Angeles metropolitan Area, near to where ninety-percent of the aerospace concept design space research was located.

Wanting as much of the funding as possible to be given to his home state of Texas - so that he could be the one to send the first man to the Moon - Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson hid under the table and allowed the Trilateral Commission and the Mafia to take out President John F. Kennedy. This eliminated all hopes in California to retain the country's primary technical expertise and build the NASA Mission Control Center near LAX. Johnson, who actually knew little of President Kennedy's plan to leave the planet, got his job, along with the most advanced space mission control center on the planet (which I designed in the Tank.) We also lost over one hundred of Southern California's top technical people who were forced to move to that hot and humid swamp in Texas.

So, why was NASA created in 1956? Publicly, it was created to provide a non-military Government agency for space, and privately, to build a rocket ship to the Moon. Oh, yes, the "evil empire" was still trying to get there first, but we were going there as a peaceful, exploratory venture. Well, that's not exactly the whole truth. Back in 1953, some unbelievable space studies came out of the Douglas Think Tank, stating that not only were top government heads aware of the alien involvement in human affairs, but that the old Soviet Union was aware of it too. With alien help, the Soviets were bent on getting to the Moon first, in order to establish missile bases there and threaten and control the entire planet.

So, let's just take a very close look at what was really going on back then. First, NASA was not a civilian organization and it never has been. It's a military operation controlled internally by the U.S. Navy. The Apollo Moon program was not just a civilian expedition or a university study of the rocks on the Moon.

Secretly in the Advanced Design Douglas Think Tank, I was selected to design a two-thousand-man Naval base, both on and under the surface of the Moon. This would provide facilities for a major, military, lunar base, making it the largest planned technical effort ever attempted in the history of the

planet. This lunar Naval and research center included the most advanced Naval and Marine space operations center ever conceived.

1 Cold War 1959

While I was in Advanced Design, devising different versions of intercontinental and medium-range rockets for the Air Force and the Navy (from whom we later won the contract for the A.F. WS-315A medium-range missile system), Douglas acquired access to several German V-2 Rockets. These were the wonder weapons of the day, notable for their sizable documentation packages. They were housed at the Army's Redstone Arsenal and the White Sands Proving Ground in New Mexico, the same location where some Douglas Tank types had established reverse-engineering facilities.

Douglas had already acquired a handful of German scientists for Advanced Design, some of whom had previously worked on the enormous German rocket programs, including the gigantic A-10 Rocket. The Germans had built the rocket with the intention of launching it over the Atlantic Ocean and hitting New York City - had the United States not made Germany surrender in 1945. So, we gained access to a sizable log of documentation on the A-10, for the construction of long-range missiles.

At the same time, Naval Intelligence confirmed the production of equivalent long-range missiles by the Soviet Union. Far more threatening, however, was the fact that the Soviet Union was also engineering several large vehicles, utilizing technology from post German V-2, A-4 / A-10 programs and possibly telepathically, by extraterrestrial means. It appeared that they intended to blackmail the entire planet by launching these rockets to the Moon and taking it over as a launching site for missiles against the U.S. and other allied countries. President Kennedy had told our nation that we were "going to the Moon." So, I wondered if NASA was just a cover up for a massive U.S. military effort to beat the Soviet Union to the Moon. (Later, I came to find out that NASA was not, and has never been, a civilian organization. Rather, it is a Naval organization set up for deep space penetration into our galaxy).

During this time, and unknown to ninety-nine percent of Douglas personnel, a major investigation was underway inside the DAC Engineering Department. It involved the possibility of an extraterrestrial presence, involving some of the top minds in Douglas Engineering. It was supported unofficially, and without Douglas' knowledge as to who the secret research information was being collected for. Other aircraft corporations, such as Northrop, North American, Lockheed, and CalTech, were involved. The top official at North American Aviation, Dr. Walther Redial, contacted Dr. Klemperer at Douglas, who was heading up a special study in Advance Design at the time, and which I was supporting for Elmer Wheaton on the extraterrestrial issue.

We and others in our part of the Think Tank were totally unaware of the size of the Tank's classified area, or that it was receiving support from the military and other companies. They were down the hall, beyond the offices we worked in, in an area that required a different access. Yet, some of us (Jim and I, at the very least) were given tasks by both Elmer Wheaton and Klemp that involved the conception of massive underground facilities. We had literally no architectural training or understanding of the geographic and structural issues, both of which limited how these facilities could be constructed. This frustrated us.

But, whenever I asked Klemp what these facilities were for, he would roll his eyes and say that he didn't have that information. He would tell me, "Just provide for a population of thirty thousand, and calculate everything necessary for the facility of a research and development center. You know, Bill, like you were going to build a new automobile plant out in the farm fields of Wyoming."

"Alright, Dr. Klemperer, but I thought we designed airplanes and rockets here. I'll start like I usually do, conceive my requirements list first, then power, utilities, transportation and so on after that. Lighting will be a big problem. What about constructing the big hole that this facility will occupy?"

"As I understand it, that's been taken care of."

"Should I include the ability to expand the community on a modular basis?"

"Yes. That's good thinking, Bill. I'm sure they'll want that."

The cold war pushed the NOVA vehicles out of the Tank into Engineering, even those that were highly classified and planned for use on the Moon and Mars. I had to start again, configuring tradeoff studies. I pulled my Naval reconnaissance-and-attack concept folders and came up with eleven versions for each mission.

2 DM-18 firing

AT THE CAPE (1955) DM-18 FIRING PROGRAM AT LAUNCH COMPLEX AD 17B

We had beaten von Braun's German Redstone missile at Huntsville, Alabama. After winning the production contract on the Air Force's Intermediate, 2,400-mile Range WS-315 Ballistic Missile Program, we knew that our Douglas DM-18 Thor Missile and mobile launch system had to be beyond the magnitude of anything Huntsville could come up with. So, as assistant group engineer on the DM-18 test systems, it was my job to manage the launch program conducted at the Air Force Test Center, Cape Canaveral, Florida, and provide the launch crews.

For three weeks, our DM-18 2347s had been on Launch Complex Pad 17 B, located near the center of ICBM Row. Our igloo-shaped blockhouse was 230 meters from the launch pad. It was 3.2 meters thick at the base and had twelve meters of sand on top. At 5:40 a.m., on a really humid, sticky July morning, Rick Burwell (my sub group engineer and head of our flight test programs), Stu Perkins (our equipment specialist), Dell Larson (our instrumentation expert), and I (the Launch Crew Conductor) headed out from the Douglas field office to the underground blockhouse.

At six feet tall, Rick looked severe in his blue polo shirt and Bahamas shorts. Dell, who was heavy around the waist, told him that he had cute legs.

"I know there're no girls at Com-22 to check you out but you really have me," he said.

"Bill, get him off my back."

Our mission for the day was to change out more components in our test equipment instrumentation and to make another attempt at firing a DM-18 3457 missile straight down the test range.

"Remember the first German V-2 rocket the Krauts from Huntsville fired at the old White Sands test range, in demonstration for the Army?" Rick asked. "It went right over El Paso and crashed in that cemetery in Juarez, Mexico!"

We all had a good laugh.

"Nearly re-started the Spanish-American war."

"Well, it's hot enough for 57 to fire itself this morning," agreed Stu.

Dell, who was carrying a lot of gear across another shallow swamp, agreed. "Those swamp coolers back in the Douglas field office really work out at White Sands, but they aren't worth a shit in this swamp. I was soaking wet before we left the office this morning."

"Me too," Stu agreed.

"Did you check out the Pile National cable connectors last night after the countdowns yesterday?" Rick asked Dell.

"Yeah," Dell answered. "There's no problem with these new power cables that the Pile National Company built based on our requirements. I know we've defected from the NASA contract again by not using the old World War II Army specification cables, but they leak like a sieve!"

"Was there still water in the concrete cable tunnels?" I asked.

"Yep, nine inches in some places."

"This is a real test for our power system," I added. "But hey, we've launched plenty of DM-18's in this swamp at the cape before."

Up front, Dell told us to go single-file down the long concrete stairs. "Stamp your feet, get as much sand off as you can," he said.

"Holy cats, Dell, there are two inches of water on the stoop side of the threshold. And I wore my tennis shoes!" I exclaimed.

"Tomorrow, wear your boots, then."

"Watch your step on the raised threshold," said Rick. "It marks the first steel concussion door."

"Do they have to make these damn tunnels so narrow?" Stu complained. "Look at all that slimy green stuff growing along the wall."

"Oops, more spider webs again today," said Dell. "I thought they were supposed to clear them out every morning."

"It's the cleaning lady's day off, I guess," I said.

"Those big striped spiders come right back as soon as the area is cleared of webs, anyway," said Dell. "Wait until you get inside the blockhouse. I saw them yesterday, Bill, and the day before, and the day before that, and the…"

I cut him off, "Okay Dell, we get the point."

"I know this is the way the Germans have been testing their rockets since before World War II, but this is ridiculous," Stu complained. "This underground stuff was okay for the Germans' missile complex at Peenemunde on the Baltic Sea, and their rocket development center in that cold Northern European region. But here in this swamp, it's impossible."

"Try not to rub your document cases against the walls," I said. "That slime gets all over the floor inside the blockhouse."

"Well, it's so damn dark in this tunnel I might not be able to help it."

"I don't know if we can ever get one of these DM-18's fired," Rick said.

"Yeah, between the saturated team equipment in the open hangars for assembly and checkout, and this fucking cramped coffin of fungus," said Dell.

"We have got to get a white room with A.C. for this sophisticated electronic hardware," agreed Stu.

"Either that or seal everything up."

"Can't do that either," I said. "This hardware is still in development. The place has to be open to make our changes."

"What is that damn smell?" asked Dell. "It never goes away. It's awful."

"Watch your step, Stu," I cautioned, "you haven't been down here before; the raised threshold in the steel concussion door into the blockhouse is a foot high."

"Okay," said Rick, "Open the door."

"Oh shit, look at all the damn cobwebs again! They're even hanging from the Navy's submarine periscope," said Dell.

"I would hate to be the sailor who swiped that periscope when his captain came aboard, only to find it gone," said Rick.

"I'll bet the Air Force paid him ten-bucks for it."

"Okay, guys, knock it off, let's get 2347 launched sometime today," I said.

"Stu is right, Bill," said Dell. "It's taken us fifty-times longer to get just one DM-18 to this point. And it's not just because of our equipment, either. Most of our launch holds are caused by NASA's poor facilities. We've had forty-times the normal launch holds than during any of our past sixteen years of launching at White Sands, and that's in a desert. This could never work for a sophisticated NOVA Moon Program."

"Holy cats," Stu said. "Look at the launch control panels. Every switch is covered by a pool of water. Contamination."

"That's why we've got the big sack of rags," I said.

"Aye, but I'll have to ring the rags out before I even try to slop up the water on the switches."

"Quit complaining, Stu," said Rick. "If the new moisture repellent switches get through this environment and still work, the missile system will operate anywhere in the world."

"Yes, but we are part of a test program. This has to be the worst location on the planet to develop any new system."

"You got the lox pressure control unit replaced yet Stu?" I asked him.

"No. There's no access space behind our cabinet. I can't get under the backup power unit in the lower propulsion rack. Got to remove the umbilical junction unit, first."

"He does his best work lying down, so he's okay," Dell joked.

"Yeow! The son of a bitch is climbing up my arm!" exclaimed Stu. "Oh, there're two of them…oh shit, there's one under my sleeve, under my shirt…he's on my back now!"

"What color are they?" asked Dell.

"Brown striped, I think."

"Don't worry then. Their poison is not as bad as the big orange ones. You'll only be throwing up for the first week."

"Roll over on your back," Rick suggested.

"I am…oh, I think he bit me!"

"Call the medic," said Dell. "We'll have to cancel the launch."

"Oh, shut up, Dell, you're no help," I said.

"Killed 'em both," said Stu, "But I really don't like it down here in this smelly blockhouse."

Just then, the phone rang.

"I'll get it," said Rick and picked it up. "It's NASA again. They said to shut down, scrub the launch. The liquid lox feed pump failed. Back up pump is out for repair. They won't be able to get a new one for four days."

"Scrub the launch?" Stu asked. "Damn it, we didn't even get started this time!"

"Well gentleman," I said, "I don't know about you, but I'm going to surprise my mother up in Beaufort, South Carolina. They have a nice home right on the island."

Stu added, "Thumb a ride on one of those big white cruisers from Miami, heading north, back to New York. Just stand out on the NASA's loading dock."

"All you've got to do is pull your pants up," agreed Rick. "You know, show a lot a leg. All those rich college girls will slam on the brakes of their daddies' big white cruiser and collect you right off the dock."

"No thanks, Rick. I'm taking the east coast train to Beaufort."

When I took a taxi to my mom's Civil War town, and knocked, however, no one answered the door. So, I worked my way around to the elegantly landscaped area leading out to her boat dock. Rick

was right, I thought. I could have jumped off Daddy's speedboat, instead, right onto Mom's dock.

The train ride up the coast from Cape Canaveral to Beaufort, South Carolina was so relaxing. The clacking of the wheels was near singing; I nearly went to sleep. Lucky me, there was a taxi right at the station. I asked the driver, "Do you know Dr. Haines (my mom's) place?"

"Sure thing," he answered.

"That's out on the inland waterway near the country club. Ain't no mansion though." The drive through this immaculate Civil War town, out to my stepdad's and Mom's home, was beautiful as usual. Their house isn't a big white southern mansion. Mom likes modern. There it was, and the home next-door are one stories on four acre lots. The driver said, "I think they are the only futuristic homes in town."

As we pulled around the gravel horseshoe drive up to the front steps, I thought: What a beautiful day in the South, very low humidity and only 78 degrees. It is a perfect day to surprise my mother. No one answered my knocking so I worked my way around to the elegantly landscaped area that leads out to their boat dock. Rick was right, I thought. I could have jumped off Daddy's cruiser right onto Mom's dock.

A soft voice said, "They're not home, went back to Mt. Lebanon last week."

"I am…"

She cut me off.

"Billy, I have seen your pictures in their living room."

This was coming from next door, behind some shrubs separating the homes.

"You have a lovely voice, can't see you."

The shrubs parted, revealing this golden-haired, nude vision.

"There is a side gate between those red flowers back there; just a minute, though."

Finding the back gate I proceeded, gradually arriving at a sparkling pool and covered patio.

Extending her hand, she said, "I'm Dee." This gorgeous creature, with long blond hair was dressed in heels and a short silk slip with matching string on it. She extended her other hand.

Still holding one hand she led us over to matching lounge chairs.

"No, over on this one, together," she said.

When we sat down her poorly tied top opened, completely exposing her fabulous 24Bs. She wasn't totally nude though; she had a little blue string down there.

"Oh," I said.

Dee interrupted me: "Soften down, Billy, you already saw most of me, just relax, I am not going to hurt you."

"Okay, now I'm here, who are you?"

"I am house-sitting for your mother's neighbor here."

"Come off it; what constellation are you really from?"

"I'll never tell"'

"Wait a minute, I know who you are. You are not Dee; You are Mammy Lee Philips from Gardena Junction, Hollywood!"

She said: "My first memory down here was in Santa Monica, California. Kindergarten, rest period; all us kids were laying on the schoolroom floor. I caught you, Billy, looking up our teacher's dress. Then you looked at me and smiled."

"That was my first memory, too."

"You do remember, Billy? That cute light-haired girl eating that scrumptious ice cream on the Aircraft Carrier *U.S.S. Saratoga* anchored in Long Beach Harbor?"

"Yes."

"Remember the little blond you liked to tease at that private school on Sunset Boulevard, in

Hollywood? The slim girl in the glee club with matching sweaters in Long Beach? And the only girl in class that sat next to you in drafting at Bancroft Junior High School."

At that point I couldn't stop wondering if she knew I thought we should do it.

I sensed that she is thinking that we will be in just minutes.

"And Mr. Black's English class in Hollywood High School. I love the way you looked at me," she said.

"What are you telling me? Have you been with me since we…" She stopped me

"Born."

"Remember, we kissed for over an hour one time and I held you so tight in the darkroom of the North Island, Naval Air Station base classified photo department. Billy, you got to remember that time; we were waiting while I developed Admiral Rick Obatta 's secret intelligent photos of the German attempts to build a flying saucer."

I thought: does she know how much I want to screw her?

Telepathically, Dee said, "Yes Billy, I can't wait any longer either for our first time." And no, I never let Sorenson put it in me, never!"

"Hold on, you're playing with my head."

"Just a little."

Well, Billy, I know all about what you are trying to accomplish and you have done very well considering all the pressure you have been under for such a long time. It's way past time for your first rewards."

"What kind of reward?"

"Soften down Billy, I'm your reward. What we are going to do, nobody will ever know about it."

"No you don't, I'm married."

"Doesn't count out there," Dee said.

"Out where?"

Reaching over me, licking my cheek, and looking straight into my eyes she went on, "We will climax many times together and you will love every month of it."

"Every month? I've got to get back to the Cape in four days."

"Not to worry, I've made arrangements; you are on a three month vacation."

"Different time thing, out there?"

I suddenly had strange memories of flying out into the Universe with her.

Stepping out of her star blue string and pulling my clothes off, she said, "Oh Billy, you're beautiful down there."

I want to believe this.

Slowly she got up, allowing me an out of this world view of all of her hall of miracles, pulling me with both hands and walking backwards into the house.

"Wow, this is some futuristic pad."

For a second my mind cleared; mom's home is art deco but this place is out of this galaxy.

"This is their big, all-glass waterfall and crystal clear, inside pools." Its 82-plus and you'll love it," she said. A quick jump into the pool, a hug and a couple kisses. "No time for heavy stuff now. Here, dry me off while I dry you."

"And this, Billy boy, is just the start our first honeymoon," she added.

I enjoyed the view of her fabulous Nordic body.

“It’s enough we will eat on the way. You got the Nordic Navy’s Commander’s tailored uniform and I got my lieutenant’s with the high color and red boots, remember?”

“The bus leaves in two; let’s get it started.”

“Get what bus started?”

“I got it out on the grass by the side of the house; my wheels, like you guys call them.”

Out the side door we went.

“There’s no sports car out here,” I said.

“Do you like it?”

“Like what?”

“Oops, I forgot to turn the stealthy thing back off.”

“Wow; what is this?”

“I pulled strings and got it assigned to me for the whole year.”

“Looks like a Lamborghini motor coach without wheels. What’s holding it up?”

“It’s just floating on standby power.”

“I love the big round bed in the back of this one.”

“Come on Billy, hop in we can play on the way.”

The invisible entry door opened and we both hopped into the forward control seats.

Dee said, “It’s got one heck of a range; doesn’t burn dinosaurs either. It’s anti gravitational.”

She clicked the starter on the control handle and we lifted up slowly, headed out and up, accelerating out into the orbit exit zone.

This one is really hot, with both her arms streaking towards the bubble canopy. “Look no hands.”

“Hey, hang on to the controls.”

“Not to worry Billy. I got it programmed; runs by itself through open space from our southeast galactic arm, onward to the fringes of the Andromeda Galaxy, and out to an old buddy of yours in quadrant 5741.”

“Where is that? How fast are we going?”

“Oh, now only about thirty lights, but I have gotten it to ninety-five. L’s easy, want to see?”

“No.”

“Can’t now, speed limits in this sector.”

“Got to slow down when we get into Admiral Lexington’s Command region anyway. I am not under his command but my boss, Captain Klingender, is a buddy of his in marketing. It runs by itself out through the open space from our South East Galactic arm into the fringes of the Andromeda. First, we are going to make a pit stop on board one of our Nordic flagships. An old shipmate of yours, Captain Norton, he’ll give us a quick tour of the bridge and well deck, with all the drop landing craft. When we get to the island, Billy boy, you are going to love what I am going to do with you; you will never forget. You have never been loved like this before. We are going to have so much fun and make love in a place like you never dreamed of.”

Heading down into orbit of another Blue Island Planet.

“You’re going to love it here Billy. The whole Planet is like a Las Vegas playground.”

Was this a mind trip, I thought?

* * *

Back to reality if it was.

10:07 a.m., I pressed the big red fire button after our last hold and proceeded with launch.
We were all calling 8,7,6,5,4,3,2, LAUNCH, 2705 LIFTOFF, the SOB is right on.
Over the intercom...
“Tracking cameras locked on.”
“Program over.”
“Twenty seconds at forty-five degrees,”
“Locked on target.”
“Theodolite tracking, right on.”
“Downrange tracking, right on.”
“The SOB is perfect on course, it’s perfect.”
“Bahamas, down range cameras pick up.”
“Splashdown on target.”
“Well, congratulations, gentlemen; that’s one DM-18 in seven weeks. But if we ever get that NOVA ship going we will use my Advanced Design remote launch center concept, with every operation inside in an environmentally controlled assembly, checkout and launch center.”
“You called it, Bill.”

3 Who is controlling us?

Over time, both in and out of the Advanced Design Think Tank, I got the reputation as the principal thinker addressing the black hat alien threats and conceiving programs to counter them. Somehow, other white hat aliens dropped concepts in between my ears that always worked. It was like I had some of their technology that was thousands of years more advanced than ours here on planet Earth. But who really controls us?

Years later we finally got to see how clear the picture was of the Top secret RAND contract Think Tank. It appears that it was created to define the complexity of the immediate problems related to the extraterrestrials’ military threats to planet Earth.

The RAND Think Tank family, that we were somehow related to, utilized the highest level of technical expertise in every known field in the country, including Albert. It defined the rapid, if uneven, advances necessary in the various technical fields throughout the U.S. to meet the alien threats.

It appeared that even though the alleged MJ-12 was created after our Think Tank, they were calling for support from the Tank, which was balancing and cross fertilizing the effort and acquiring help from laboratories of industry and seminars at universities.

(1) The creation of potential designs of man-made satellites to provide information on alien military ships in orbit around our planet’s communications operation program, because the aliens were operating in orbit planet-wide.
(2) Develop a method to compute and document the alien presence with our satellites and Alaska sensors, and convert this information into understandable presentations. This task resulted in one of the first computers being conceived inside the Tank, at the Douglas Aircraft Company in Santa Monica California. The first units on the planet were built from this study at CALTEC in Pasadena.
(3) The completely redesigned transmitting/receiving antenna station in Alaska resulted in the

anti-UFO weapon that included mind control (now HAARP). This was a weapon to end all wars. High frequency active aurora research was developed for the ionosphere enhancement technology providing communications at Mt. Sanford, Alaska.

(4) Creating NORAD, North American Air Defense Agreement 1957. The Alien Data Disseminating Defense Information Center had to be located underground state-side (now the North American Aerospace Defense Command, (C^2I), Colorado Springs, Colorado).

(5) Command and Control Station to be located underground state-side (that I designed), now the Air Forces SAC Command Post and the most significant Command and Control Center, (C^2I) on the planet at Omaha, Nebraska.

(6) Receiving antenna communication stations, with back-up missile launch operations to be installed on board Naval platforms long range, anti-alien capital ships (now the AEGIS (C^4I) Missile Defense System on board Cruisers and Destroyers deployed worldwide).

(7) Anti-alien vehicle defense bases to be located stateside and underground. The Douglas Army NIKE ZEUS anti-missile, missile defense program was deployed in underground defense systems at Boston, Massachusetts.

(8) Medium range ballistic missile program, now Douglas Air Force WS-315 Intermediate Range Ballistic Missile System, (IRBM) deployed in Europe.

(9) The long range missile detection program. Now, the Minuteman Intercontinental ballistic missile system, (IRBM) deployed underground in U.S. Western States.

(10) Submarine, anti-alien submerged launch missile vehicle system. Now Navy Star Wars laser system deployed planet-wide.

(11) Star Wars laser weapon systems. U.S. military vehicle ship light ray systems deployed aboard 747 patrol aircraft worldwide.

(12) Research and development of every possible weapon system for defense against alien attack. (Now Star Wars anti-missile, missile computer-controlled radar plan).

(13) Research and Development of every possible weapon system for offense against aggressor alien civilizations.

(14) Developed a significant understanding of other hostile, dimensional and extraterrestrial civilizations.

(15) Developed an appropriate evolution of extraterrestrial reality, totally different from our own. Conceive an alternative reality so unlike ours that they may even be from a different dimension.

Trying to work with an old Army mule-counting documentation approach, in order to record all so-called ‘Incoming bogies’ (UFOs) or possible aircraft entering the U.S. continental air space, was a very difficult effort. We were tasked with the responsibility of conceiving the large receiving radar station and the large in-orbit satellites. This station would employ dish antennas and would be located on the tip of the Alaskan Aleutian Peninsula. It would protect the U.S. from both alien UFOs and the possibility of Soviet-built supersonic *Backfire* bombers. The radar antenna system, after identifying, could allow our new F-80 jet fighters, as well as in-orbit satellites and anti-missile missiles, the time to intercept the bombers or alien craft before they could reach our larger cites. This is the beginning of HAARP.

Immediately, two major tasks were added to the Navy and Air Force’s inventory. One was to create a systematic way to identify the Russian bogies and those things coming into our orbit. We would need to figure out how to plot their intended targets or missions. The other was to build a defense center

where scientists and engineers, together with trained military personal, could define friend or foe. Slide rules and calculators won't cut it; we must design some equipment that will compute the data that to identify and record the bogies and decide whether or not to launch our missiles at the incoming UFOs or bombers.

In the Tank I designed what would later become the Air Force's Strategic Air Command (SAC) Command Post, an underground complex with the primary building, a twelve-story steel box structure containing a step down theater Command and Control Center, completely isolated. The building was supported on steel springs and encompassed a twenty-foot-thick, concrete, nuclear, hard-site dome, located in the central United States.

4 NASA's problems at the Cape

NASA was manned primarily by the German V-2 missile people, who were excellent in designing rockets. But, like most people in aircraft, they were limited in required electronic systems for complicated missile controls and spacecraft. In an in-house review of NASA problems, my section listed the tasks that would affect our reliability of the six–engine S-IV stage and the future Saturn 5, S-IVB Stage. We needed additional justifications to convince NASA to back off their insane R & D. Cliff had called our staff in for background information on the cape problems.

Cliff and I had worked together during the early days before microchips. I said, "Do you remember when we were working on the NIKE ZEUS anti-missile, missile program? We had started our electrical designs with block diagrams for checkout and launch systems. In the old days, we first used vacuum tubes and electrical wiring to power and control of the equipment."

"Yes, Bill."

I went on, "An enormous amount of space was needed back then to house all of our manual electrical equipment. We could now put an entire Apollo S-IVB stage checkout and launch control system in a microchip that would have required sixty standard military radio racks 2 x 2 foot and 6-feet-tall file-cabinets filled with these vacuum tubes."

"That's right, agent Bill Major pitfalls to the tube method were the high temperatures, requiring air conditioning. Vibration would cause the entire system to short out."

"That's right," Cliff added. "They also necessitated fans, air scoops, and ducting to cool the high temperature in the vacuum tubes; otherwise they would overheat and cause a fire. We used these vacuum tubes in Navy fighters' radio racks all the way through World War II. The vibrations of jets, missiles and space probes would also cause the wires to short out."

Cliff went on, "Our reverse engineering of the alien craft systems developed into our discovery of the microchip. It revolutionized our entire industry. After extensive studies we developed a family of electronic computer controlled equipment to be used in advanced aircraft, missile, space vehicle, checkout, and launch systems. Our airborne and ground support equipment system employed my modular packing concept to accept change. We later used exactly the same printed circuit cards, containing the micro-miniaturized microchip packing concept in the vehicle as in the GSE. This concept has become the standard for our system integration, manufacturing, system test, final system checkout, launch, and even during missions in lunar orbit."

I added, "From 1957 to 1962 there was an electronic technical explosion unlike anything on this planet. Those five years were instrumental in reverse engineering several different alien civilizations' spacecraft and their electronic systems. At that time we were still using radio type vacuum tubes in our

aircraft and slide rules to calculate manually the checkout and launch of our missiles and early space probes."

Cliff added, "Texas Instruments didn't get their early calculator until the middle 1960s. Reviewing other micro-miniaturized elements, we had broken down their major systems, subsystems requirements from program and data counters, interrupt logic, interrupt control, power, status timer, ROM, imports and exports (60 flat pin micro-chip connectors). We created an entire engine control system on one 173 x 208 mil single chip. It allowed hundreds of thousands of chips to be laminated on to a single 4x6 printed circuit board. Gigahertz and the single-chip microcomputer were born."

I added, "One Douglas guy in his west L.A. garage had chemically duplicated their liquid epoxy, which was used to sandwich their micro-thin, sheet-brass, flat-screen single-chip device. After extensive studies we developed a family of electronic control equipment to be used in missile and space vehicle checkout and launch systems."

"Yes, gentleman – let's add the above to our unsolicited proposal back to NASA to change everything."

AFTER THE DM-18 LAUNCHES

The night air was weighed down with heat and rippled lazily against the pebbled inland waterway dock. Cliff tried to rub the sweat from his burning eyes. I said, “Cliff, here we are back at the Cape in NASA‘s brand new Complex 37. You are pulled off studies out in Engineering and I am pulled out of the Tank. We are trying to check out our six engine Apollo Saturn S-4 stage in another humid, mosquito-infested, fungus-lined open hangar again.”

“Yes,” Cliff added, “I know it’s new but at least they built this blockhouse above ground. We still have another lousy underground type blockhouse with all the grandsons and granddaughters of those big orange spiders.”

“When we finally get our Douglas S-4 control stage checked out in the open hangar, we’ll lift her up with the new erection crane on top of the service tower, and install it on top of the Chrysler 8 engine first stage booster.”

“That’s right, Cliff.”

“Yes, and then the first launch with this configuration will be the Saturn 2 Vehicle, No. SA-5.”

“It will be orbiting a payload that will represent the heaviest weight sent into space by the United States.”

“Yeah,” Cliff added, “A 163.5 ft. high vehicle, total weight will be 37,700 lb.

“All that sounds great, but, remember the impossible time we had trying to get all six of those RL-10 engines start switches to turn on at the same time in NASA’s Complex 34 hangar?”

Their wind-blown open hangar, filled with salty sand and moisture, provided literally no protection. Even with the doors closed, the condensation was unbelievable.

“We can’t continue to use A/N (Army and Navy) standard components and expect our manual electronic control units to function reliably.”

“Should be automatic, like our DM-18 missile.”

Bill called our checkout and launch staff together.

“Cliff is back from Santa Monica, said for us to meet him over at our old S-4 hangar,” Rolf said.

Cliff jumped right in, “NASA’s smoking pot again. We finished the study you asked for, Bill.”

“Damn - you were right - there’s no fucking way we can depend on NASA’s specification. The one that guarantees we will be able to re-start all six of those RL-10 Engines after separation in orbit to rendezvous with the command module.”

“We can’t even make them all start at the same time down here on the test stand.”

“The complications and reliably of all six RL-10s on our stage is insane.”

“Our guys at Santa Monica have been pushing Rocketdyne to a restart of our DM-18 J-2 engine.”

”Okay, Cliff”, I said.

“Don’t let it get out; we’ll add that to our unsolicited proposal back to NASA.”

“Lean over close, you guys, and listen very carefully,” I said.

“Now, you guys all know we are the fourth stage of the proposed five stage Apollo Saturn Moon vehicle; the fifth stage being the lunar lander and command module.”

“Right, Bill,” Cliff added.

“Okay, listen to this very carefully. Suppose we throw out the third Stage of Apollo entirely. Throw out all of NASA’s RL-10 engines on our S-4 Stage and replace them with a single J-2 Rocketdyne engine. It has at least forty percent more thrust than all six of the old RL-10s on our S-4 and the S-3 stages combined. Then force NASA to use the J-2 engines on the North American S-2 Stage.”

“That will make us the third stage of a four-stage Saturn vehicle. Right, Cliff, it will cut down all of those problems of multiple motors not starting in the right sequence and simplify everything. This new Complex 37 is the same as old 34, still trying to checkout and launch sophisticated space vehicles exactly the same way those hard-headed Germans did in 1933 for Hitler. It seems to me that Huntsville engineering’s technical progress curve is flat lately; no protection for sophisticated elements of the vehicles or the GSE. Many times I have suggested to them that we must control the environment from the smallest electronic micro- switch to the entire vehicle stages during every operation.”

“Remember, Cliff, when we were first in engineering? Keep it simple and stupid.”

Bob Demoret always told us to do that. The Germans are damn good in many engineering details, but they are way off base in this systems area.

1 S-IV at Complex 34

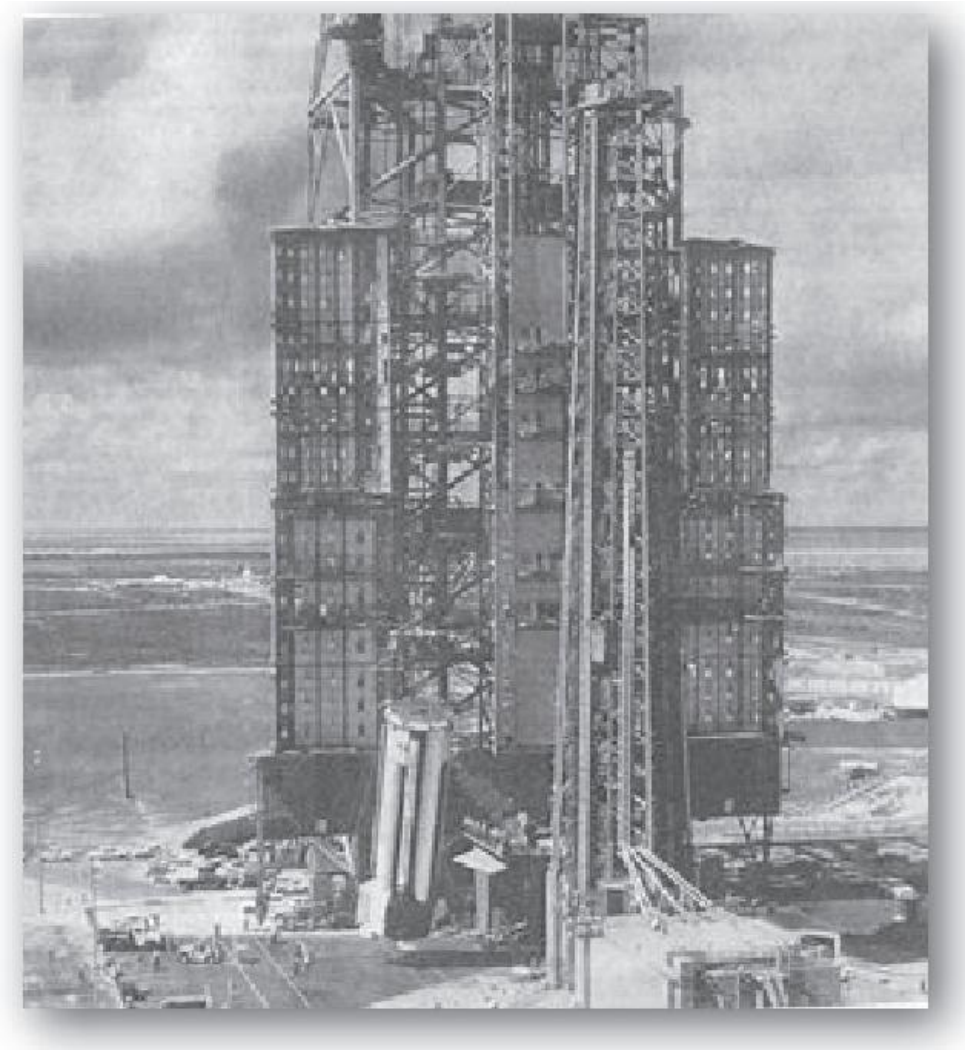
LUNAR AND THE EARLY SATURNS AT PAN AMERICAN FACILITIES.

Kennedy gets permission to go to the Stars; who okayed it? In August 1965, the first successful launch of the Apollo Saturn C-1 Spacecraft, the smallest of the series consisting of an S-1 NASA / Chrysler booster and an S-4 DAC Control Stage and a boilerplate payload, was launched from NASA’s LC-34 Launch Operations Center at Merritt Island Florida. It had been checked out and assembled in the old horizontal hangars at Cape Canaveral.

I’m back at 34,000 feet again, flying back from the Air Force Missile Test Center. At that time it was called Patrick Air Force Base, the Cape Canaveral Missile Test Annex, in Florida. This was the location where NASA had their Complex 34 and 37 built for research, development and launching of the Saturn 1B Apollo vehicles. I remembered my frustration from climbing on and looking over the 340-foot service structure nightmare at Complex 37, shown here.

One of the DAC field engineers was looking over another NASA “J Box” that had failed preparing for a pre-launch. He said: “This one’s fucked up, too.” I agreed and muttered under my breath, “Well, we have our work cut out for us, don’t we?” This checkout service structure was designed to service the Saturn 1B and 2A vehicles out near the launch pad. Another NASA rep had just reminded me that it was also to be used for Apollo V. It’s also supposed to allow research and development changes to remove and install updated hardware. Now, it did have what are called “silo enclosures,” at many levels up to 340 feet. These were like clamshells that come around the vehicle measured in three-story, open-air frames, eighteen feet high. The entire structure looked rickety, as if it was about to fall over with a slight gust of wind. There were also some hurricane enclosures on the lower levels. When closed, even a 35-mile per hour wind gust would penetrate through all the cracks in the enclosures, allowing all of the moisture, sand and dust to get into the electronics.

I remembered a discussion with a mission planner from Huntsville, Alabama during that trip. He



BEFORE THEY DO

grabbed me and asked, “Hey, aren’t you from Douglas?” He seemed to be concerned, “How can we ever get a production launch program implemented?” He believed that much of NASA – as well as the contractors - did not understand that this was not research and development; it was production. Research and development spent years of trying different concepts and approaches to build a successful system. Production was much like Henry Ford and the assembly line. Large numbers of the same equipment for the same purposes. Hey, what did the small print on NASA’s contract really say? It said “production to the moon, mars, planets and the stars in Phase II.”

WE KNOW WHAT NASA WANTS

2 In denial

Unknown to most of us in 1945, the Douglas Aircraft Company was “sole-source selected.” It was given an above top secret RAND contract to study and locate military satellites in earth orbit (unofficially, alien threats). The Advanced Design Section in Engineering was extensively expanded to accommodate this massive problem. The first galactic Think Tank on this planet was formed. This contract provided almost complete access to, and support from, nearly all of the technical individuals and organizations in the U.S. They had the highest, secret clearance, even above the nuclear bomb. This RAND contract thrust Douglas into fantastic, technical programs. They defined the alien threats and researched every possible method and technical task for the people involved in Naval defense and offensive missions. They were methods designed to conceive Naval space missions and battle groups, and to design space vehicles/spacecraft carriers and weapons to combat the alien battle groups. It was to be supported technically by North American Aviation Inc., Northrop Aircraft Company, Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Jet Propulsion Laboratory, SRI, MIT and CalTech.

What we knew was dwarfed by all we had to learn.

3 U.S.S. Saratoga CV-3

Thinking back, how did I get here? No, wait a minute, things just don't happen this way. Yes, your Navy was developing new ways to protect us people back home at a staggering rate. It had only been a few weeks of space-time since the Wright brothers had flown their fabric-covered, winged plane. Nobody had accomplished that feat in 300,000 years on this planet, at the start of homo sapiens. Here the Navy was, already tossing that fabric out for another new metal; they called it aluminum, only last week.

Congress had authorized the conversion of the Navy collier *Jupiter* into an experimental aircraft carrier. No home should be without one of those, right? That's a big ocean out there; in fact, the planet has got a hell of a lot of ocean. The Navy really needs a ship to fly off of. All kidding aside, *U.S.S. Langley* CV-1 had become the world's first full-length flight deck aircraft carrier. At the same time, two high performance battle cruisers were at the preliminary construction stage. The two Lexington class unfinished battle cruisers were completed as aircraft carriers and formed the basis of the ship-based Naval Air Force.

For many years *Lexington* and Saratoga were two of the largest warships in the world. An enormous step forward was accomplished in the accommodation of ninety aircraft compared to Langley's twenty-four. All ninety aircraft could be parked on the aft flight deck (that's the back, for all you nice land-lovers), leaving ample space for unassisted take-offs.

The Navy's Pacific Fleet had just been stationed at Long Beach. On Saturdays my Dad drove my older brother and I down from Hollywood to the Long Beach Navy Loading Docks where civilians were allowed to board the Navy launches (boats). We rode out to the destroyers, cruisers, battleships and the two aircraft carriers: U.S.S. Lexington CV-2 and U.S.S. Saratoga CV-3, all anchored inside the new Long Beach breakwater.

It was a cold January morning in 1937. The ride out to the ships was always fun, but coming alongside the 888-foot-long aircraft carrier U.S.S. Saratoga, with its seven story high, smooth hull, was absolutely the most impressive sight ever seen by a little kid like me. This is like a 900-foot- long, ninety-story building floating above our little boat, bobbing up and down in the windswept, rough, white-cap water spray. The wind was blowing hard and the water was rough. Even inside the breakwater our boat moved up and down in the swells. We had to jump when the swell pushed us to the top of the swell. We had to climb out of our boat onto a 4x4, wet platform. Then, we had to climb a narrow, steep, four-story-high outside staircase (the Navy calls them ladders) to another four-foot-square platform, to enter a small, open, watertight door (they call them hatches) on the outside of the ship's hull, still in the cold wind.

Now, we were inside out of the wind, with an absolutely wonderful warm feeling of being completely surrounded in an enormous solid structure, one that, in my mind, could easily move up and out into space just like Flash Gordon's spaceship in the Sunday newspaper. Only this was a real Navy aircraft carrier. We climbed up several more ladders to the enormous hangar deck that had many bright silver aircraft, with two wings that were covered with yellow cloth, and soon to be replaced by newer, all-metal aircraft.

Back in the cold wind again, we walked aft from the massive very long seven story-high and funnel (smokestack) structure. We passed more carrier aircraft to the first of the big, five-inch anti-aircraft guns that were located over the side of the flight deck, one deck down. The Sara, as the Navy refers to her, is a massive ship, about which I read all I could in the library, before making scale-drawings and a model. The ship had eight 8-inch guns mounted in four turrets, two forward of the bridge and two aft of the ten story high smoke stack - the largest ever built - and twelve, 5-inch classified AA (anti-aircraft) guns in gun mounts, six forward and six aft.

Back in 1931, the first arrestor system was installed on the flight deck, with eight steel wires stretched across the aft deck. As newer, heavier types of aircraft were introduced, the number and spacing

of wires changed and became classified. In my devious little mind I was looking for a method to locate the hooked aircraft flight deck arresting wires that stop the aircraft when landing (so I could add them to my model of the *U.S.S. Saratoga*). Looking on the aft deck I found the furthest forward arresting wire mounted about ten feet forward of the aft five-inch AA's mounts. I then walked aft and found that there were six arresting wires, spaced sixteen apart. "Hot dog!" I got it. I wrote the dimensions onto a small sheet of paper and proceeded to look for other equipment, like the location five-inch AA guns, range finders, and the big steam-powered catapult. I was not sure of its location or size. Then there was this massive radar shadow on the flight deck that was easy to walk off and get an accurate size for my model. There was no electric catapult; it was removed in 1931, having been replaced, later, by two hydraulic or steam catapults.

All fifty-three of my first Navy ship models were built to the latest ship configuration of that time. The *Saratoga* was no exception, necessitating that I continue to study the latest armament and aircraft then available and build them before the model was completed.

The *U.S.S. Saratoga* was a very large ship. It made a tremendous impression on this little boy. Not just because of its size, but because of what it could actually accomplish in a war. It became the largest ship in my collection, and the vehicle that put me in Navy Intelligence for four years.

LOST TIME AT WALKER PASS

I took over the task of defining the Saturn upper fourth stage check and launch test operations. Reviewing our tasks with Cliff and Bob, I said, “Now, you guys know I am unclear as to why I have been driven to always wear a white shirt and tie in engineering. But I have. And it was not to look like a big shot. I traded my Ford in for a nine-month-old Cadillac, too. You guys know a Cad is what the President rode in, right? I have done this since early in my career in engineering at Douglas.”

This thing of buying a nearly new Cad every two to three years continued for my entire professional career. The Cads are infinitely important; having one handy almost every month, to assist the Admirals to and from the airport, gave me time to present a totally different concept to their threat problems. Like army general Gates, whom I picked up at airport back on the NIKE ZEUS Program. He said he was amazed at the depth of our knowledge of threats to his mission. Well, it was the Moon and planets program now. So, we went back to Wilshire Motors in Beverly Hills, where I acquired a nine-month old Cad that some big money man had turned in. As usual, it carried a three-year warranty. My wife, Mary, and I had rented a cabin in the fall for a three-day weekend up in the Kern County Mountains. We left Woodland Hills, in the San Fernando Valley, with our three kids and headed out to Highway 14. We usually took that route to drive up to Lake Tahoe in the summer. We passed the secret desert Edwards Air Force Base and on north to the intersection of Highway 14 and 395, which is the entry-point to the enormous, classified China Lake Naval Weapons Center. I did a great deal of advanced weapons research there when I was in the Navy.

At that junction we turned west up in to the Sequoia National Forest, up Highway 178 towards Walker Pass. We reached Walker Pass at 11:45 pm and it was very cold. Before we were able to actually go over the summit, an enormous light appeared on the other side of the pass. It was even brighter than the sun. It continued to brighten up from the deep valley, past the other side. It wasn’t just daylight, because everything on our side was shadowed. All of the trees, rocks, mountains and crevices were lit up from the other side of Walker Pass. My brand new, bright and shiny El Dorado sedan stopped. The engine quit, the headlights went off, the radio turned off, and, unfortunately, the heater went off as well. It was extremely cold. The kids woke up and we all started covering ourselves with extra blankets, which we fortunately had on the back seats.

Four to five minutes later, the radio and the lights came on. I turned the switch again and the engine started and the blasted heater came on. Surprisingly enough the enormous light source started to dissipate. Then it was gone. We drove the rest of the way, down the pass, through the valley, and up to the cabin that we had rented. We all felt exasperatingly tired. We put the kids in the bunk beds and went to sleep. We spent our three days enjoying the atmosphere. The kids had a ball. We drove back home Monday evening. Well, you guys guessed it: I called the Cadillac agency on Tuesday and made an appointment that afternoon to have the car’s electrical system checked. This particular Cadillac agency is one of the largest

in the country, with the most sophisticated testing. They gave me a new loaner, which I had for the rest of the week. They called me the next Friday. They said that my car was ready and detailed and that there was nothing wrong with the car. I drove the new one over to pick up our car. I discussed what had happened at Walker Pass in an attempt to establish that there must have been a loose wire or something. I talked to the vice-president of the service managers. He was puzzled about my problem with the car and called all three effective service managers. They all assured me that there was absolutely nothing wrong with my new Cadillac. I then realized that this was a classic vehicle abduction. I know that we should have looked at our clocks and checked our time. We were so tired that we didn't. It is known, now, that in a normal vehicle abduction we could have been gone for two to four hours, rather than just minutes. What effect this had on all five of us, we really didn't know.

1 Early Apollo

FIRST SATURN C-I EARLY SUMMARY

The Apollo Saturn C-1 Spacecraft, was the smallest of the series, consisting of an S-1 NASA/Chrysler booster, an S-4 DAC control and a boilerplate payload. It would be launched from NASA's LC-34 Launch Operations Center Merritt Island, Florida. All work in this rough configuration would be checked out and assembled in the old open horizontal hangars at Cape Canaveral.

The proposed Apollo Saturn V (C-5) Moon Vehicle will be nearly 400 foot high in its vertical launch configuration. It will consist of the Boeing 5 engine S-IC first stage, Interstage I, North American 4-engine S-II second stage, Douglas S-IVB third stage, Interstage II and the Apollo Lunar/Command Module, containing the Lunar Landing Module and the returning astronaut capsule.

2 Six-foot broad shoulders

Cliff Noland, that brilliant six-foot, broad-shouldered, hunk that I was fortunate enough to have as my Apollo senior section supervisor, would continually come up with suggestions for major design problems nearly as quickly as Jessica. Sometimes it was uncanny. With a wide smile he would walk into the review meeting conference room late, half full of Section Chief's secretaries.

Jessica said, "With those big blue eyes he looks straight into every girl's eyes in the room and literally strips them naked." Each lady would start fingering her hair and cross and uncross her legs, controlling the meeting. Cliff always had the latest style sport jacket, dress shirt, classic design tie, and sharp creases in his slacks, with dress leather boots or shoes.

"Oh, you noticed those things too, Jessica," I said.

"Well, yes, I think he is cute, but don't tell him that I said so, Bill."

3 Complex 34 - terrestrial

In August 1965, we accomplished the first successful launch of the Apollo Saturn C-1 spacecraft, the smallest of the series. It consisted of an S-1 NASA / Chrysler booster and an S-4 Douglas Control Stage and boilerplate confutation payload. It was launched from NASA's LC-34 Launch Operations Center at

Merritt Island, Florida. It had been checked out and assembled in the old horizontal hangars at Cape Canaveral

4 Problems on the Tower

NASA'S EARLY PLANS FOR THE HEAVY MOON VEHICLE AND THE CONFUSINGLY DEFINED CONTRACTS

NASA's early plan for the Complex 39 Assembly was to use the Complex 37 Tower to assemble and check out on the launcher the Saturn vehicles. What they were going to do was to close in the entire service structure with sheet metal. However, when I discussed that concept with the Air Force's meteorologists they felt that, because the tower was on wheels, it would not be sustainable in hurricanes. The NASA guys had not resolved this problem of ensuring smooth operation of the tower under unusual conditions.

5 Girl on Complex 37

A few days after another NASA Saturn C-2 failed to launch, Kirk Swanson and I were examining the Complex 37 service tower. We were on a lower level, about 120 feet up. Suddenly, we were distracted by the sound that high-heels make on steel, scaffolding steps. We noticed a girl walking towards us into the enclosed structure. She proceeded to speak, "I suggest that you do your homework. The approach that you are using needs to be conducted in an entirely different manner."

The air was freezing; both Kirk and I were wearing heavy flight jackets and shivering. She was dressed in a flimsy mini-skirt that revealed everything when the wind blew through all the separations of the sheet metal enclosure. It was hard not to stare. She proceeded, argumentatively: "These operations should be conducted in a white room."

Kirk then muttered to me: "Who the hell does she think she is?"

He then exclaimed to her, "Back off lady. That's why we're here. To correct the electrical problems." Not saying another word, she made a 180 and walked off. Instead of using the elevator, she started to walk down the stairs. We finished our assessment in another ten minutes and went down the elevator.

On our way down Kirk said to me, "When we get down I'm going to give that hot piece of tail a piece of my mind, and maybe something else if she's lucky."

When we arrived on the ground floor we stopped by some of our crew. Kirk asked them, "So, what happened to that girl with a mini skirt and an attitude?"

One of the crewmen replied, "We haven't seen anybody but you guys go up this morning."

With numerous problems unresolved, I didn't think anything about it; I almost forgot the incident until a few days later. Kirk and I were working in one of the Complex 37 blockhouses. I asked him, "Hey, did you ever talk to that girl on the tower again?"

He looked perplexed and said, "What girl?"

I tried to explain the scenario again, but he had no interest in the subject, so I dropped it. Still, as it lingered in the back of my mind, I wondered about these extremely good looking star girls who seemed to know even more than us. Why did they show up out of nowhere, give us a few bits of advice on how to do our jobs, and then leave just as mysteriously?

Later again, at Complex 37, I was standing 300 feet in the air on a rickety platform with the wind blowing, and thinking how difficult it must be trying to install electronic components under these conditions. The sad thing is that half the time we didn't even have the right wires or connecters. We had to hike down the stairs, drive over to the Douglas field component storage, locate the parts, then return back up the original platform and see if this one would fit and solve the problem.

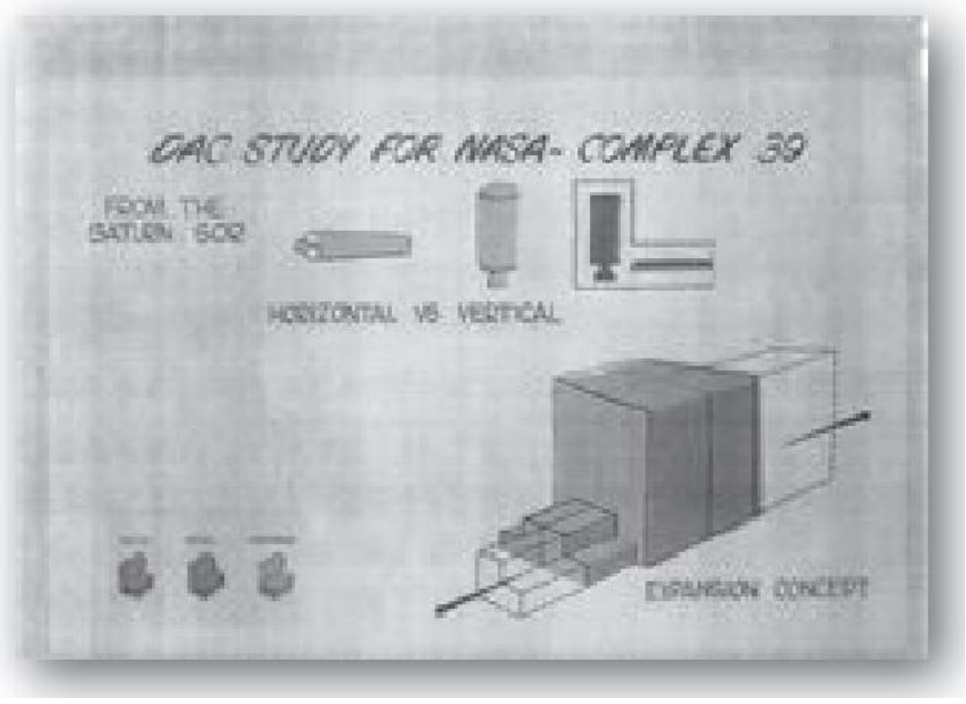
Kirk said, "Look at the photos; this structure, like everything back in those days, was filthy. There was obviously insufficient light for even minimum service at night. Black, dirty, boiler plate. H-sections, steel beams supporting the entire structure and it resembled a grungy steel mill."

The people at NASA were planning on using all of these old, dirty complex facilities to check out and launch all of the early Apollo vehicles, even into the early production program.

Even Fred Durham, my Atlantic Missile Range supervisor (AMR), said these people were insane; it was never going to work. An absolutely driven sensation came over me while looking into the faces of the NASA engineers. We needed to do everything in a white room. All of the electronic components necessitated a sterile environment as clean as an operating room - much like my uncle, Doctor Harding showed me at Santa Monica Hospital when I was a kid. We had to isolate the entire service and assembly areas around the vehicles. Not just from dust and sand, but also from EMI (electromagnetic interference).

6 L – Shaped module

The purpose of all of this was to create a reliable production launch program from the start of assembly and through to launch countdown, and without any holds. This meant no more working on electronics in open hangars and on open service towers. We needed stage vertical check out and assembly in air-conditioned buildings.



So, back in Santa Monica Douglas engineering, with a copy in my hand of the Air Force's Complex 37 definitive isometric service structure, I proceeded to present my own thoughts and concept to my section supervisors and senior staff at a special design meeting that I called.

"If you would look at the layout of the service structures you can see that we need to provide a closed environment for all phases of operation at the Cape."

Cliff Noland said, "I know what you're going to say, Bill. You want to recommend the use of your vertical assembly, L-shaped Module." This is shown clearly in the nearby figure. To the right is the author's design for a contemporary printed circuit card installation that eliminated eighty-seven percent of the electrical contacts.

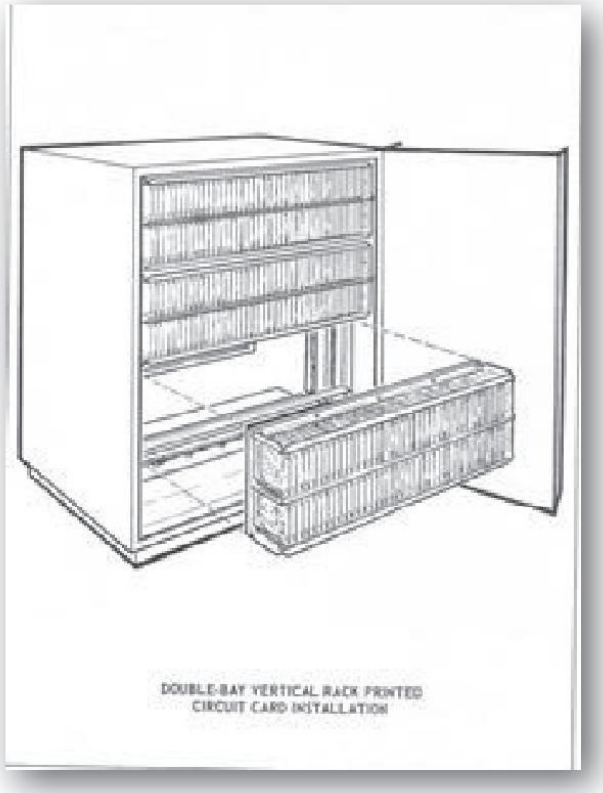
Then I replied, "Cliff you're absolutely right; you know where I'm going with this."

I pulled out my "L-shaped module" vertical assembly drawing, checked out the designs, and

spread them out for all to review. They included the theater system control concept.

Henry Slater exclaimed, “We can use your console and package design from the DM 20 missile program. Hell, we’re in production of those now, over 6000 and counting. We’ll also go with your EMI isolated floors.”

The first L-shaped module is our engineering system integrating building, under construction at our massive new production center in Huntington Beach. I made certain that this center would be designed on a modular basis, to accept change for operations through 1983.


DOUBLE-BAY VERTICAL RACK PRINTED CIRCUIT CARD INSTALLATION

I flew back to LAX on a United DC-7. This was after successfully managing another complete checkout, countdown and launch of a WS-315 THOR Test Missile. It was undertaken at the Air Force launch Complex 32 Launch Operations Center, at Cape Canaveral Missile Test Annex, Florida. I personally pressed the red firing button, rocketing it out over the test range to- precisely the center of the target. I was contemplating the magnitude of the anticipated NASA Mission to the Moon, with the seat rolled back. Not being a drinker normally, I had a vodka gimlet in one hand, while I discussed our technical penetration into deep space with a Douglas Vice President. I had been talking to him for about ten minutes when I realized that he had absolutely no idea what the hell I was saying. I could have said the same thing to the show salesmen sitting in front of us and they would have understood more. I felt totally alone, flying at 28,000 feet, realizing how few people on this airplane - or for that matter, in the entire Douglas plant - had any concept of the fantastic mission we were about to embark on.

Did the United States have any concept of the fantastic mission we were about to embark on?

We would be working with an industry completely made up of inexperienced major and subcontractors. They would not only be changing every department in Douglas, they would be changing the 400,000 employees that were supposed to support these fantastic Moon, planetary, and star missions. The development concept for a production operation of a program this complicated could only be successful if we proceeded by utilizing the new Air Force 375 System Engineering Management Program again, based on our old Douglas missile functional-flow-block diagrams. We at Douglas Engineering should have been the principal systems engineers on the entire Apollo Program. That 375 had to be recommended and accepted by NASA - vulnerable, confused, and desperately in need of direction – meant it was time for me to utilize the competent design of my design section.

After the successful launch of the Air Force WS-315 IRBM Missile Program, Stanley Paterson, Engineering Vice President, promoted me again, this time to Engineering Section Chief. I got my “short badge,” a symbol of management. Paterson and some of the other top corporate managers were very pleased with the way I had designed the most advanced ballistic missile weapon test, checkout, and launch system. As well as the way I had reverse-engineered elements of the German V-2 mobile launch equipment, and then presented it in the final Interim Operating Capability (IOC), thus selling the weapon system. Utilizing my system engineering knowledge from the concept phase, definition phase, acquisition phase, to operation phase provided me with an incredible understanding of the entire weapons system. This allowed me not only to brief the top AF managers, but also to detail virtually every operation of the

entire weapon system. My precise understanding of what needed to be accomplished by DAC, coupled with my ability to redefine the entire program and clearly present it to engineering (and later the Air Force) proved to be instrumental in the success of this program. I had presented it in a way that they would be willing to accept the concepts of a far greater weapon system capability, one that would ensure much smaller cost to the Government.

7 Different approach

In yet another staff meeting of my design section, we were waiting for a telephone call from NASA. It was with regard to a question we had about the electrical power on complex 34. Silence prevailed as we waited. We were angered that these flights down to the Cape to solve problems on Complex 34 and 37 were pushing the program up and down like a rubber ball. This head-in-the sand-attitude was driving us crazy. Many of my engineers remember being in the dust of those old hangars at White Sands Army / Navy Missile Test Range and the dirty old Air Force concrete missile block houses and the Launch Pads LC-17 and LC-17-B. Specifically, the ones at the Atlantic Missile Range, and the Test Centers at Point Mogu Naval Missile Range with the bugs, scorpions and mold infesting our electronics. All my staff agreed that we needed to take a different approach this time; using the old German V-2s and boiler plate methods would never let us get to the Moon and other planets."

REPTILIANS IN MANUFACTURING

Douglas Manufacturing continued to buy obsolete test equipment for their final production test and 'buy–off' for their S-V Stage systems. They did not want to utilize our engineering specifications. (At that time, Manufacturing ran Douglas). The empire-building within the Douglas organizations was unbelievable. We in Engineering had that same type of manufacturing problem on the Air Force 315-A Missile and the Army's NIKE ZEUS anti-missile programs.

It is difficult to understand the magnitude of the problem that I was faced with, having nine major companies and 14,000 subcontractors on the Apollo program, all with the same internal manufacturing management and contracting problems. The magnitude of the quality-control functions produced the most complicated technical challenge ever attempted by man on this planet. There was no way it was going to work.

Before an informal classified Engineering/Manufacturing S-IVB proposed systems production checkout review with my guys, at the old assembly manufacturing line electronic checkout and test area, Henry Slater said, "Those two guys, they look like Jessica's Brothers. Bill, look at their eyes: they have that Zombie look."

I said, "Don't look at their eyes."

Cliff said, "Yes, but I thought aliens only came in girls."

The two of them looked up as they approached and then glanced away.

I responded again, "Don't look into their eyes."

"Knock it off you guys; that's the VP of Manufacturing with them," Ed added, nodding.

"This is a tight security area, I know the entire top manufacturing people and I never saw them. Those must be subcontractors that Assembly used on NIKE ZEUS," Jim said.

"Damn, we don't want those kinds in our discussion now."

Jim gave a knowing glance, "They're not human; those guys seem evil to me, and that tall one gives me the creeps."

I nodded, "They're looking at us. Hey, this whole thing seems weird. And where is the Manufacturing VP's two department heads? He never goes outside without big gun protection."

"What are they doing here?" Bob asked.

"I have no idea," Rick said.

I added, "It would take much too long to explain, but those two are not human."

"What do we do," Bob asked.

"We confront them," I responded.

"Here they all come, but where did those two Zombies go?" Bob whispered.

I said, "They disappeared. Back off: manufacturing wants to start the meeting."

After the meeting was over, Bud said, "Bill, what's going on?"

“Drinks at Carol’s place at six thirty - the cocktail lounge near LAX-and I’ll fill you in.”

“The meeting didn’t go as well as we expected, but it’s a start.”

Ed said, “I understand Manufacturing using those thugs from Cicero to back him up, but if Jessica is on our side, then who the fuck were those aliens guys that looked just like us before the meeting?

“Well just as they disappeared, both of them turned into reptilians - the tall one with no sound yelled back, his face twisted with hate, while the other one appeared to hiss.”

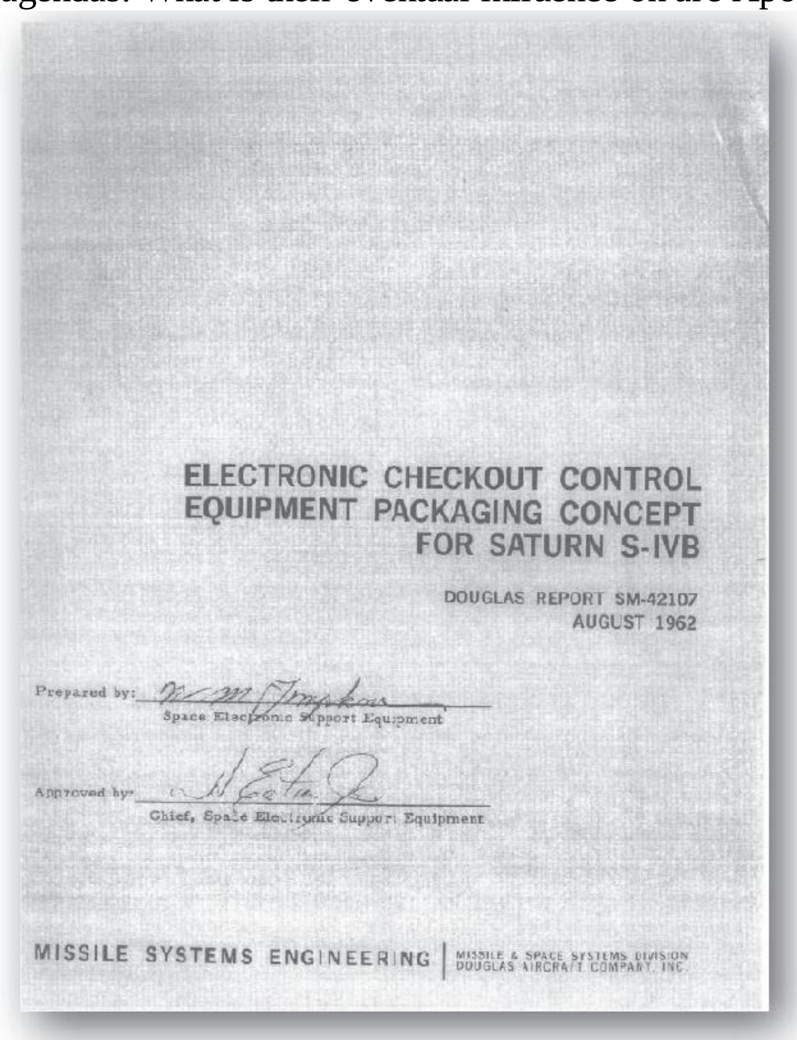
“Yes, Bill, for just a moment I think the tall one clawed at us too.”

“Did you see their grotesque-looking feet?” Dan chimed in.

“I have been trying to get in Jessica’s sister Crystal’s panties for months. I know she and Jessica are helping us. But I am confused, who were those two other alien guys?” Bob asked.

“Yes we all know, Dan, that you are easily confused. But, this time, we all are. And no, you aren’t going to get Crystal’s panties down, bragging to her that you have ten inches. She and Jessica are smarter than all of us.”

I said, “Remember what Ralph Malone said: ‘We are dealing with far more than just company politics.’ I am saying that we must realize the potential consequences of different aliens, some with white hats and some with black hats. Complicating it even more, they - the extraterrestrials - have different agendas. What is their eventual influence on are Apollo Moon missions?”



ELECTRONIC CHECKOUT CONTROL
EQUIPMENT PACKAGING CONCEPT
FOR SATURN S-IVB

DOUGLAS REPORT SM-42107
AUGUST 1962

Prepared by: ______
Space Electronic Support Equipment

Approved by: ______
Chief, Space Electronic Support Equipment

MISSILE SYSTEMS ENGINEERING | MISSILE & SPACE SYSTEMS DIVISION DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT COMPANY, INC.

I was convinced I had to take drastic action. I was fortunate in my space checkout and Launch Test System Design Section to have 140 top thinking engineers who were willing to implement totally different design concepts that I came up with: to redesign the Apollo Moon Program. During an Apollo Section briefing I said, “Read my method to sell a new concept to Douglas management and to the customer. After extensive studying and exposure to the problem, I first define the mission, conceive a method to accomplish it and establish its configuration. Then prepare two trade-off studies, systematically select out of the three an approach that is most likely to meet all the mission requirements. Lay out the design; prepare specifications/reports that define all considerations. Prepare physical perspective drawings, build three dimensional scale models and design well-supported drawings and photographic documentation supporting my proposals. I then recommend to engineering management that we go with an unsolicited proposal package to engineering management and acquire approval.”

After extensive Studies I did precisely that and created the then two famous Douglas documents PURPOSE and REPORT SM-42107, dated August 1962 and showing the approval page with my signature.

1 S-IV at Launch Complex 34

Here we are again out of the Tank, back at the Cape trying to launch our small Apollo six-engine S-IVB Second stage on top of NASA's Chrysler booster. This time it's from another underground concrete block house at Complex 34. I asked Cliff Noland; "Do you remember all the time we spent twenty meters under the sand trying to fire our old DM-18 missiles?"

"I certainly do Bill. Somehow it seems like this is just as bad now under NASA as it was way back then in 1955."

"How do you mean, the same?"

"Oh, come off it, Bill. You know it's the same stupid blockhouses with this humid, slimy, green stuff all over the walls and floor, same cobwebs and, oh yes, the same big brown 'n' black spiders."

"You forgot the water moccasins crawling into our launch control consoles."

"Only just kidding you, Cliff, but we got almost the same launch team now as we had back then."

"I remember we had beaten out von Braun's German V-2 Rocket cronies at Redstone Arsenal at Huntsville, Alabama."

"Remember we won the production contract on The Air Force's Intermediate 2,400 mile Range Ballistic Missile Program. Our Douglas DM-18 Thor Missile and mobile launch system was an order of magnitude beyond anything the Huntsville team could come up with."

"That's right Bill. As the assistant group engineer on the DM-18 test systems, you were responsible for managing the launch test program and overseeing the launch crews and that included me."

The test programs were conducted at the Air Force's Test Center at Cape Canaveral, Florida. Our DM-18 2347s were located on Launch Complex Pad 17 B, near the center of Intercontinental Ballistic Missile (ICBM) Row, for three weeks. Our Igloo-shaped blockhouse was 230 meters from the launch pad. It was 3.2 meters thick at the base, with twelve meters of sand on top. The visual from above appeared to be just a small dune of sand.

2 S-IV at Complex 37

I said, "Here we are, pulled out of AD, and again back at the Cape in NASA's brand new Complex 37, trying to check out our six engine Apollo Saturn S-4 stage in another humid, mosquito-infested fungus-lined open hangar."

"Yes," Cliff added. "I know the checkout and assembly building is brand new but we still have another lousy underground blockhouse with all the grandsons and granddaughters of those big orange spiders."

"When we finally get her checked out, our Douglas S-4 control stage will be lifted up by the new erection and service tower on top of the Chrysler 8 engine first stage booster."

"That's right Cliff."

"Yes, and then the first mission with this configuration will be the Saturn 2 Vehicle, Mission No. SA-5."

"That could take years at the rate NASA is trying get their Chrysler first to fire. It will be orbiting a payload that will represent the heaviest weight sent into space by the United States."

"Yes," Cliff added. "A total weight to be lifted by the 163.5 ft. high vehicle will be 37,700 lb."

"All that sounds great but remember the impossible time we have had trying to get all six of those RL-10 engines start switches to turn on at the same time in NASA's Complex 34?"

Their open hangar, windblown, salty sand and moisture provided literally no protection. Even with closing the doors the condensation was “unlivable.”

“We can’t continue to use Army/Navy surplus components and expect our manual electronic control units to function reliably. Should be automatic too, like our DM-18 missile.”

Bill called our checkout and launch staff together.

“Cliff is back from Santa Monica, said for us to meet him over at our old S-4 hangar,” Rolf said.

“Cliff jumped right in NASA, smoking pot again. We finished the study you asked for Bill.”

“Damn, you were right. There’s no fucking way we can depend on NASA’s specifications. The one that guarantees we will be able to re-start all six of those RL-10 Engines in orbit to rendezvous with the command module.”

“We can’t even make them all start at the same time down here on the test stand.”

“The complications and reliability of all six RL-10 on our stage is insane.”

“Our guys at Santa Monica have been pushing Rocketdyne to provide restart capability of our DM-18 J-2 engine.”

“Okay Cliff,” I said.

“Don’t let it get out, but we will add that to our unsolicited proposal back to NASA.”

“Lean over close, you guys, and listen very carefully,” I said. Now you all know we are the fourth stage of the proposed five stage Apollo Saturn Moon vehicle; the fifth stage being the lunar lander and command module.”

“Right, Bill,” Cliff added.

“Okay, listen to this very carefully. Suppose we throw out the third stage of Apollo entirely. Throw out all of NASA’s RL-10 engines on our S-4 Stage and replace them with a single J-2 Rocketdyne engine. It has at least thirty percent more thrust than all six of the old RL-10s on our S-4 and the S-3 Stages combined. Then force NASA to use the J-2 engines on the North American S-2 Stage.”

“I’ll buy that.”

“It will make us the third Stage of a four Stage Saturn Vehicle. Right, Cliff, it will cut down all of those problems of movable motors not starting in the right sequence and simplify everything. This new Complex 37 is the same as 34, still trying to launch sophisticated space vehicles exactly the same way those hard-headed Germans did in 1933 for Hitler. It seems to me that Huntsville engineering technical progress curve is flat lately - no protection for sophisticated elements of the vehicles and ground support equipment. As many times as I have suggested to them that we must control the environment from the smallest electronic micro witch to the entire vehicle stages during every operation – they still don’t get it.”

“Remember, Cliff? When we were first in engineering? Keep it simple and stupid. Bob Demoret always told us to do that. The Germans are damn good in many engineering details, but are way off base in this area. We have got to completely redesign every function in the Apollo operation. That means, not just the Moon Saturn V vehicles. We have got to also redesign every operational facility required for manufacturing, test and launch, or we will never get to the Moon, let alone the solar planets and our twelve closest stars.”

3 Jessica plunged down the steps

(I wasn’t there but back then I saw the whole event in one of my flashes and in full color. My psychic perception was absolutely real.)

OK Girl, settle down? Back off; Come on now just quiet down. Remember who you really are? First of all it's 1960 "their time." Whose time? "Their time, you little bitch, their time! Oh for Gods sakes Samantha; you are Jessica; it's 1960; you are way out on the southwest arm of quadrant 27 of their galaxy.

Who's galaxy? The one they call the Milky Way Galaxy. Who the fuck are you? I am your boss, lady. I thought Billy is my boss? I am your Commander; what star? What planet? Now you are coming around it's their star that they call their Sun.

Samantha; you are Jessica now; on Earth their third planet out; remember? Well, now I seem to? It's clearing up a little now. Good. You are Lieutenant Samantha Erickson of the Nordic Galactic Navy, NAVSPACE 1239 Reagan.

You have been assigned a mission to pull those Earth people up technically. Specifically, to educate some of them, that asshole Tompkins for one. Samantha you are supposed to fill the other 99 percent of his unused brain with the capability to conceive star ships; like our Andromeda class spacecraft carriers. Get them to build them. Then join our Naval Battle Group Forces; help us with the reptilian problems.

Samantha – no I mean Jessica – you are William Tompkins' secretary in their Douglas Aircraft Company Space Division in Santa Monica California USA. You tripped; fell down on those dumb 2 x 8 - foot wooden stairs in their converted hanger. Some of them are so dumb. They just built that hanger way too close to their runway. Then they converted it into a classified engineering building for 500 designers.

The second floor where you and Tompkins work is full of splinters like the steps you tripped on. "But sir, those big splinters stuck in my open-toe four inch-high heels. Stop whining Samantha – I mean Jessica – you're 2,000 of our years old. That's 18 of their years. You're just an f—g teenager; they're still using some guy's foot to measure with. I don't know how they're going to accomplish getting off their planet with out a metric type measuring system" "Billy is not an asshole; he is very nice to me."

That's Jessica she hit her head. Tompkins Secretary. Are you OK honey? He put one arm around her tiny waist; the other on her little bottom.

Somebody is fingering my ass; here, let me help too, she heard another guy say. I'll take her legs lifting her up. Boy; look at those legs, they are gorgeous. I know I wait at the bottom of the stairs every day to watch her come down to the blueprint files. Me too; she is in one of those real short skirts. Oh, my God, look at her panties they're just elastic strings; I know my hand is on her bare little cheeks. That's my hand you're touching another voice said. I think she is coming out of it. Should we carry her over to the dispensary? I don't think so; somebody else said no! Just set her down in that chair. I am not taking her out of my arms; never! Come on guys set her down she is waking up now . . . Hi guys what happened?

* * *

The author says the previous event took place and he saw it in his mind many months later as a "flash." –Ed.

4 UFO over Douglas

"How would John Wayne handle this?" Max Stanley thought. He'd chosen it, my job, for the atmosphere. Bullshit. He was doing it because he liked it. His jacket seemed lousy; he'd fix it later. There was no time now, but he didn't like this part. It would be okay; he got the thumbs up.

Max was sitting twenty feet above the ground, in the top-floor office of a massive, silver…thing. The downstairs office was jammed to the ceiling with eight electric instrumentation clusters. Just one man was required to maintain control of these computerized systems. Another man was supposed to help him actually control the monster they collectively created. At least it was a beautiful morning.

Max stretched his arms. It was always great weather, he thought. That was why they did this stuff out here on the coast. The sun was out, the beach was sparkling; it was twelve o'clock. They should have started at 10:00 a.m., but the first time to do something like this was always delayed.

Max was the chief test pilot at Northrop Aircraft, Hawthorne, California. Sitting in his aircraft's bubble canopy, he remembered all the times he'd driven the taxi runs at maximum speed. At the last minute, he would call reverse thrust, but these GE's didn't have reverse thrust capability, so he would cut the engines, jam on the brakes, and screech up to the damn fence, burning off half the rubber on his tires as he did so.

There's the thumbs up, he thought. He nodded. "Here goes."

"Full thrust on all eight engines," he called to Pete, the flight engineer. The giant machine started to roll, roaring as the plane took off down the short runway. He swatted at the thoughts banging around inside his head. He wished those maintenance guys had pulled down that chain-link fence at the end of the runway.

He remembered flying the Lockheed F-80 single-engine jet fighter. It had the same GE engine, but this huge flying machine had 8 of them, at 100-times the weight. Max wished GE would deliver on their high-thrust engines. Maybe it won't ever give that thrust. Why can't we use Pratt and Whitney's jets? They're more reliable.

"Hey Pete, come on!" Max yelled over the noise. "I need full thrust."

"I already have full thrust on all eight engines," Pete responded.

As Max's speed increased, the noise sounded like he was stepping on a thousand tin cans. The vibration from the uneven concrete runway was deafening, and it bent the aluminum skin on the outer wing panels. Max had never heard a sound like this before. He wondered what the difference was. His intercom headset was basically useless.

In the back seat, co-pilot Ted was counting. He yelled, "We're at 120. We need 138 to lift off. There's no time left. Pull back on the stick, Max; pull up now or we're going to hit the fence. Pull up, pull up, pull up!"

Max pulled back on the stick at the last second.

"We're clear? We're clear!" Ted called. "We have another massive X B-49 experimental flying wing bomber in the air."

"Damn it, Pete, give me more power," Max hollered. "We're going to stall the son-of-a-bitch."

"Numbers seven and eight are only at sixty-percent RPM. That's all I've got," Pete yelled back, over the roar of the engines.

"Get the fucking gear up, Ted," Max called. "It's a bomber, not a fighter."

"The engines are way underpowered," Ted yelled to Max. "Go between those eucalyptus trees."

"Can't bank now. The wingtip will hit those telephone wires. I'm going straight through them!"

"Don't do that," yelled Pete. "The leaves will plug your engine air intakes."

"Oh shit! We're going down!"

The main landing tires clipped the top of the trees with a swish and a bang.

"Hey, we made it!"

"I got the gear up," said Ted.

"Piece of cake," Max added.

"That's okay for you," Pete returned, "but I'm going to have to clean up my messy seat down here."

"Oh ye of little faith," Max replied, sweating. "This is the most advanced aircraft on the planet, but it doesn't have enough power to keep itself in the air. I'm cutting over to the ocean, shorten the flight test plan, get us over Redondo Beach, then up past Santa Monica. I'll see if I can climb the Santa Monica Mountains to the runway at Edwards AF Base Test Center."

Then he said to Ted, "You take it now. I'm going to raise the starboard trim tabs to give me more rudder."

"Can't do that, Max," said Ted. "We don't have a tail or a rudder. And if you didn't notice, we don't even have a fuselage."

"Okay, you fucking asshole, I mean the elevator. Of course, I noticed that manufacturing forgot to put a tail on this wing. Do I have to think of everything?"

"Hey Max," Ted replied, "We're still too low. Did you see that girl in the pool?"

"Nope. Was she cute?"

"Nude, I'd say."

"Want me to turn around and drop down for a real close inspection?"

"Hey, guys," Pete said, "This is serious. We had you take off with limited fuel in order to minimize the weight."

"What's new?" Max rolled his eyes.

"I don't think we can make it to Edwards on low thrust with two engines and limited power," said Ted. "Why don't we set down at Santa Monica airport? We could watch the beach girls in their bikinis on the way down. There's a Santa Ana wind now. We could make a straight-on approach from the beach."

"Can't do that," Pete responded. "Douglas has their new engineering building sticking out too close to the runway. You could clip a wing and mess up their pretty white building."

"Holy shit! What the fuck is that?" Ted yelled. "One of those UFOs; maybe the same ones that cut in and out of our Navy cruise missile test program?"

"No, this one looks like a virtual cone," said Max. "What the hell is he doing parking in front of us?"

The UFO was flying backwards, at the same speed as the aircraft.

"The cone's upside down," Max added, as it zoomed over the top of them.

"He went right behind us!" exclaimed Ted. "I think it's under us now."

"No, here he comes, to the front again."

Back and forth, up and down, the craft zipped all around them.

"If that's what turns him on." Max shrugged.

It was flying perfect circles around them. The FAA was not going to like this. Squirming in his seat, Ted asked, "Who is this alien hotshot? He must be from a different extraterrestrial race. Are they the ones who fucked up our entire Navy missile flight test program?"

"No," said Max. "Those aliens have already photographed everything we can possible accomplish with an airplane or missile. I hope Bill Conway records all of this on his F-80 chase plane gun camera, because nobody is going to believe it, otherwise."

At the same time, Roger Thorp, from the Douglas Space Division, was headed for Douglas in the Corporate DC-3 area, with some dignitaries. They were flying right next to the B-49, approaching Santa Monica airport from the south, at a slightly slower speed; they were planning to land. In the XB-49, Max Stanley tried to cover his face. The little alien in the vertical cone continued to fly in literal circles around him, essentially giving him the finger. Max was so embarrassed to be seen like this by his aerospace

friends.

"Hey Max," yelled Pete, "We don't have enough altitude to get over the mountains."

"The cone is right under us now," Ted called.

"Look at your altimeter," said Pete. "You're climbing."

"Something's pushing us up!" Max exclaimed. "The cone …he's forcing us to a higher altitude!"

"I've lost all the instruments," said Pete.

"Oh God," Ted confirmed, "Me too."

"Lost mine too," Max added. "I'm cutting inland. That alien guy in the cone isn't actually touching us; must be some kind of electromagnetism coming from his craft or something. If he keeps pushing us up, we'll clear the mountains."

"Clearing now," Pete announced.

"The cone is on our wing now," Ted said.

"Get his number and I'll call his boss and get him a raise," Max answered.

Most of the Corporate DC-3 executives didn't know enough about experimental aircraft to understand what they had just seen. But dear old Roger Thorp did. He knew what he'd seen was astounding. He only told the story to four people at Douglas: his trusted secretary, Molly, with whom he dictated a classified memorandum of the UFO sighting to me with copies two Elmer Wheaton and Dr. Klemperer, who was also in the DAC engineering Think Tank.

Down below, the girls were laying out their blankets on the warm beach sand. Sharon Collins adjusted her purple string bikini. She loved the look on Andy's face last week when she had slipped out of her beach wrap.

"You're really hot!" hollered her friend Jenny. "Hey, look at that!"

Sharon didn't turn. Jenny was probably foaming at the mouth again at another muscle-headed jock with a hard on.

"Get up!" Jenny yelled. "There are three of them! Sharon, look up!"

Hearing an aircraft, Sharon turned.

"They're sure close," said Jenny. "That's Northrop's flying wing bomber. The other one is a Douglas DC-3 airliner. I know, because Andy is an engineer at Douglas. He's been telling me about the big wing. Oh my God! What's that small one, circling them?"

"Gosh," said Sharon, "they sure are low. And slow."

"Andy told me that the wing is a jet," continued Jenny. "Oh, look at that! What do you think is going on?"

"Don't jets go fast?" asked Sharon. "They look like they're standing still." Everybody on the beach was watching. "Can you still see them?" she shouted. "I think they went behind the hotel. No, I see them!"

The little guy had gone under the big wing. It looked like he had locked on for a ride. The next day Andy, a part-timer in Advanced Design, told me what his girlfriend Sharon had witnessed. I decided that I was going to investigate her the following afternoon. Yes she confirmed everything Andy had told me. This is an amazing event.

5 Aircraft carrier cruise

1956 Spacecraft carrier concepts, the Aircraft Carrier Cruise and Combat Information Center study contract.

During the design of the Apollo program, Elmer Wheaton threw me back in the tank. I was to conceive advanced design layouts of navy spacecraft carrier mission operations. The designs would lead us to the briefings to four stars from ONI in three weeks. During design concept studies I used my famous phrase: “Man, if we only had some of those,” we would soon discover operation ideas of large galactic spacecraft carriers. Could control hangar deck air loss in the vacuum of space, allow us to launch or recover fighters and not lose all of the air in one of the hangar bays? That would answer major operational questions. I did accomplish this, during this study, by using an electromagnetic shield to prevent hangar air loss

While reviewing one of my pre-NOVA very large Class Naval Galactic spacecraft carrier designs, Elmer (looking over my shoulder) said, “Bill, if we build that one, just the shape of it should make the aliens back off. That’s got to be the best ‘show the flag’ ship I have ever seen. You said last year in the CLAG Class design review that this configuration was two kilometers in length. Just imagine a battle group made up of twenty of these cruising into a hostile alien solar system. They would back off without a fight, that’s amazing.”

Tapping me on my shoulder again, Elmer said, “I stopped by because I saw your name on the AIAA, American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics / Navy League Carrier Cruse Itinerary next week. I know you, Bill, are heavy in your Navy League and arranged this off site-cruise. Bob Conway (DAC test pilot) is going to fly John Casey (flight operations manager), his daughter Crystal, Pete Duyan (Electronics Section Chief), Cliff Burgess (marketing), and you and me down to San Diego on Donald’s plush twin engine R-3D. You won’t have to drive and hassle the security guards at the base gate; you can fly with us. As you know, Bob is a full Navy Commander and still active in the reserve. Through his buddies he got permission to land on base at the Naval Air Station North Island where your carrier, the *U.S.S. Shangri-La* CV-38, is tied up for our operations cruise. She is 1,000 feet long, Bill.”

“Yes, I know all about that ship, Elmer; and it does not belong to me, that’s granted. Thank you for the lift, Elmer.”

Boarding Douglas’s plane was very enjoyable for me. Crystal gave me a big smile and pushed in front to climb up the retractable steps. She was wearing her mini-skirt that exposed her blue string thong and gorgeous bare cheeks. The flight down to North Island was smooth, except for the disturbance that I got from Crystal. She had popped down in the seat opposite from me and just couldn’t keep her legs from crossing and uncrossing. Her giggles and flirting smile, all the way down, showed how much she was going to enjoy exposing herself with all those Navy boys.

It’s bright and clear, 6:00 a.m., after a really big breakfast and still holding my second cup of hot coffee. Two days out, heading into the wind, and standing on the open bridge, six levels above the flight deck, I got cold. I felt like I had done this before, only it was inside and it was a much larger bridge, on a massive, six kilometer Nordic star ship, somewhere interstellar.

“I can’t believe this, Bill,” Pete said putting his hand on my shoulder. “I lost my thought, but yes I had been out there, way out of the Galaxy.”

The forty-two bright blue Douglas A-1 attack *Skyraiders* were taking off one by one, rendezvousing at 6,000 in V formation fly-bys. “Very impressive,” Elmer commented to Captain Parker, a nice looking officer in his fifties - our skipper.

Also on our small bridge was Crystal, who said, “And, yes the only thing you got room for in here is that big old wooden sailing ship steering-wheel. Did you take it off the *Star of India* in San Diego to save money? It’s almost too big for that cute sailor to turn it.”

Captain Parker saved the day, saying, “You’re right, young lady, this is only a navigation bridge. We have our combat mission operation stations located in other areas of the ship.”

Elmer said, “Where is your mission control center? Admiral Shapely a surprisingly young-looking, handsome man added, “We have a CIC that controls some of those functions but we are not well-organized like the Air Force underground SAC Command Post that I understand is under development now.”

Elmer said, “That’s one of Bill’s concepts; he designed that center in 1954 in our Advanced Design. Can we see your CIC, Admiral?”

“Yes but it’s small. Fifty percent of our information stations are located throughout the lower decks.”

Casey’s 17-year-old daughter Crystal interrupted again, “The view is beautiful up here but I like it down in your garage where I saw all those nice sailors,” adding, “but where are all the girl sailors?”

Captain Parker answered her, “We are working on that but throughout the U.S. Navy’s history it has been a policy not to subject women at sea to potentially severe combat injuries.”

Crystal said, “My father told me that you people sometimes stay at sea for twelve months. That’s way too long for boys to be away from girls.”

Admiral Shapely added, “If what Mr. Wheaton has been telling me is any indication of the Navy’s future, ten year coeducation space missions are in the wing. The possible evaluation plan to have a crew consisting of twenty-eight percent women on the *Shangri- La* this year may provide us with a solution to very long deployments. Bringing women on board a carrier is a major change to the entire capability of successful missions. Don’t you agree, Mr. Swanson?”

Master Chef Swanson, who accompanied us to several of the CIC stations, said: “Admiral, you know damn well if you bring those GD prick-teasers on my ship nothing will ever get done. They will be shaking there little asses at my men all day and all night, sir.”

Admiral Shapely laughed adding. “Gentleman, you can see we are all in agreement on this issue. The Master Chief really does run large Navy ships, even though a carrier crew consisting of hundreds of commissioned officers.” He added, “Swanson, you know if we are ordered to do this - yes, you - are going to have to straighten all the little darlings out, ha, ha.”

“Sir, don’t let NAVSEA use my ship like a fucking whorehouse. You know how narrow our passageways are. It’s our personal policy when passing each other to face the other crew members; those girls will rub their teats on my men just like Mr. Casey’s daughter just did coming in from the Combat Information Center (CIC). And Admiral, think of them climbing our ladders. They will always stop halfway up to the next deck so my men will run their faces right up into their little asses. Those bitches will jump in the men’s billets and bunks before I can even muster them. And Admiral, what do we do when we go to General Quarters, or even worse when we sound battle Stations? My men will be so excited from trying to satisfy the sexual desires of all those fucking girls they can’t even make it to their battle stations. My question to you, sir, is why are you considering putting women out to sea?”

In the back of my mind I knew the answer. We needed women for intergalactic space missions to populate the universe. A gradual shift. Fortunately, John Casey, and his sweet little daughter, were still back at CIC with a young June grad when all this came down. They just came back when Admiral Shapely said that the Navy better get serious about training women in all the technical positions required, even on this boat.

In an adorable way, Crystal said, “Oh, Admiral Shapely, this is not a boat. My dad told me to always refer to them as ships.” That broke up all the personnel in the CIC center and we retired to the officers’ mess for hot coffee and another briefing on their advanced radars.

I spouted off as usual on one of my pet concepts, that everything is going to change and that their CIC is not even going to exist on board Navy ships in its present form in the 1970’s because of all the new

threats and advanced electronics that are under development. Admiral Shapely said nothing. Pete said very quietly to me, “Shapely is thinking.”

After an excellent lunch in the officer’s mess, I cornered Admiral Shapely and said, ”We in Advanced Design are convinced that your Navy, with men and women crews, will be performing missions to defend this planet in deep space. But why do you feel it is necessary for the navy to be considering combining crews of men and women now?”

“Well that’s not my expertise, but you might consider contacting Bobby Inman and sharing your thoughts on that. I understand Naval Intelligence is heavy in to that area.”

Admiral Shapely escorted us through the CIC and fourteen cubicles of stations supporting the CIC. He said that the *Midway* class carrier that is a larger ship than his World War II ships will be the last to have these very small bridges. He was familiar with all the new Navy bridge studies that have resulted in a new much larger bridge, which will be installed on their recently-commissioned super carrier, the *U.S.S. Forrestal*.

He said, “As you said earlier, Bill, the final CIC, radar and electronic configuration is not frozen, as there are so many advanced communication systems, and even intelligence systems still under development, they are now designing a bridge that will be much larger. This will have a major effect on their final configuration.”

We DAC types were all impressed with Admiral Shipley’s knowledge on their new CIC.

Elmer asked the Admiral how he was such an expert in command systems. Shapely said, “He had been putting his recommendations in to the powers- to-be every week.”

Elmer turned to me and said, “Bill, I know you’re snowed but could you gather an unsolicited bid on one of your command centers using your systems design functional flow block diagrams? We will submit it back to ONI and ONR.”

Admiral Shapely chimed in, “I heard that, Elmer; step aside for a minute. Look, I know you marketing types usually hit ONR first with your hot new toys and I am okay with that. But some of us NAVAIR types have been reviewing potential missions and systems into the 1970s and putting together our thoughts as to how to implement these into something like the Air Force SAC Headquarters aboard a ship - only ours is more compact.”

Well, it turns out he has been on the advisory committee for several years. Admiral Shapely made arrangements with Captain Mike Fillips for me to review their ten-year Battle Group carrier operation development plan at the Bremerton Naval Base in Seattle, Washington, where another one of the Essex Class Aircraft Carriers - the U.S.S. Lexington - is in dry dock for modernization and a hull scraping.

Three weeks later…

Captain Mike Fillips, from Bremerton, Washington, was another prince and also a carrier pilot with a desk job. He was trying to make changes to the major updating of an old World War II carrier into a modern attack ship, one that could handle heavy swept wing supersonic long range nuclear bombers that were still on the drawing board. Mike explained to me the current chain of command to build a new carrier or rebuild an old one. He said the Office of Naval Research (ONR) gets its requirements from the ONI, the War College and The Pentagon. Then they go to a System Program Manager (SPM) at Crystal City in D.C. and then to the Bureau of Ships. And, in our case, to Newport News Shipping in Virginia.

Many of the Bureau of Ships changes were already obsolete and the Bremerton contractor people had already installed elevator supports that were only capable of supporting aircraft that were too small and too weak to support the nuclear bombers.

Mike said. “It’s easier for me to show you this than to explain it here in the office.” So he escorted me out to the Lexington dry dock, into a freight elevator down into the bottom of the this really big dry dock. The carrier was enormous. Looking up at the bottom of the hull, it was supported by steel supports; you could see right through to the other side of the dry dock. It reminded me of movies of the 700-foot-long *U.S.S. Akron* dirigible, hovering twelve-feet above the San Diego Naval Air Station North Island runway. That was amazing and this was amazing, too.

It was overwhelming. Again, I got a flash and found myself in a small space fighter located in one of the eastern arms on the other side of our galaxy. I was flying up under the hull of my enormous kilometer space battle cruiser. My automated entry guide sensors were out and I was trying to locate spacecraft entry port 24-S. Our recon mission return guidance system and capital ship area entrance control had operated perfectly all day, but the unmarked electromagnetic suction entry port on the starboard lower hull was not activating.

Captain Mike interrupted my thoughts with, “Are you okay, Bill?”

“Well, yes. I was just thinking that everyone should somehow instigate an opportunity to see this massive ship. It’s overwhelming from down here.

“You’re right about that, but think: this carrier above us now only displaces 28,259 tons at combat load and our new *U.S.S. Forrestal* will displaces over 78,400 tons at combat load. So, you’re right again, Bill. Everything is changing and even more electronic systems are now required.”

After his swift tour of the CIC - that was still in the rough stages of updating with two of the old bulkheads, already cut out to accept more new electronics - we returned to his office. He showed me his three lists of CIC system items. 1: Existing and approved as of that date. 2: Planned. And 3: What those at combat level felt will need in the next ten years.

Captain Mike said that even with sub micro hardware we will still be locating this stuff all over the boat. I explained our Command Center Concept. He understood, at once, the advantages of having every station provided with the entire battle region status, even the exact locations of all enemy battle groups and supporting platforms (ships, submarines, aircraft, missiles and unknowns).

He said, “That’s exactly what we need, with one exception. If we take a CIC hit we must have a minimum back-up center located in a different section of the ship.”

I answered, “Always.”

Mike said. “You guys go do your thing.”

Elmer said later, “Bill, it does pay to be in the right place at the right time and sound off. That will be a foot in the door and will help us on our submarine launched ballistic missile program.”

ENGINEERING PROBLEM WITH MANUFACTURING

1 Jessica said, “We’re alone, right?”

It was 10:45 pm. We were reviewing NASA’s complex 37 as a prototype for the proposed Apollo complex 39 production launch facility. Just Cliff and I with our shoes off and our feet on my desk. Then Jessica walked in. She was wearing a red-orange uniform of the day.

“I thought you went home?” Cliff said.

“Just finishing a little homework over in flight test,” she added.

Kicking off her shoes and flopping down in another thickly upholstered guest chair, she flipped her eyelashes and glanced at both of us. She slipped both legs up on the desk. Knowing we had observed what she wanted us to see, she said, “You guys were loud. Just because everybody has gone home like normal people and the Apollo design area is empty. Why were you guys shouting? There are 500 drafting machines all across this large empty design area. And yes, I understand you’re both pissed with that fucked up NASA situation at the cape, but you don’t have to shout about it.”

Strangely, she added, “We’re alone right?”

“That’s obvious,” I answered.

“There is something different about you two. Especially you, Billy.”

Smiling, and knowing what we would like to do to her, she added, “You guys can’t last long enough. You have got to last a whole lot longer.”

“What do you mean Jessica? I never did it with you.”

Cliff said, “And you never accepted any of my attempts to let me in your pants.”

“You boys are very tempting but…”

Silently, nearly telepathically, Jessica said to me:

“You types have got to last a hell of a lot longer if you are really dedicated to cruising from here to the other side of the galaxy. More important, you need to accomplish your given destiny as cosmic explorers, separating the barriers between humans and millions of civilizations out in the universe.”

“What is she thinking about, Bill? I can barely understand what I think she is putting between your ears.”

“She just said we mortals here have.....”

Jessica said, “Oh, Cliff, you are so slow. Billy’s right.”

She added openly;

“You guys don’t live long enough. Sixty or seventy years won’t cut it. Not because of the distance between stars. But because you grow up to twenty years, spend four or six years at Caltech, get your sheep skin, a job in aerospace, put in your twenty years, they give you a shiny watch and dump you into retirement for a couple of years and you’re gone.”

“I am confused.” Cliff added. “What are you saying?”

“Simple. If you were a teenager for five thousand years you could contribute technically for ten thousand years and cruise this and other universes in one of those four kilometer galactic cruise ships for another five thousand. It’s imperative: you must get into biomedical and control your anti-aging cells.”

I said, “You’re right Jessica, what’s the first step?”

“Pull the minutes of president Eisenhower’s meeting with the Nordics on February 20, 1954 at Edwards. They suggested what you need to do.”

“So it’s true. Eisenhower did dance with the aliens in ‘54?”

“I’ll never tell.”

Cliff, still halfway in the dark, added. “Never tell what?”

2 Transformation

During lunch I gave a briefing on miniaturizing. Steve Thorson - another of our Cape field reps - hurried over to our table. He looked really sick. Cliff and I moved our chairs aside for him, and he sat down between us.

“You alright?” asked Jessica, from the other side of the table.

“Bill,” Steve answered, “I saw him turn. This guy - he turned right in front of me. I swear it! The son of a bitch turned into a fucking reptilian; just like what you told us about last month, when we were out on service tower 34, remember?”

I said, “Quiet down. Did you fly in this morning?”

“Yeah. I came right over from LAX. We were up on level l14. His slimy eyes looked like a potato bug; they almost knocked me over the railing. And his tongue forked out at me. I almost fell off the tower! His hands too…they were claws.”

“Did Phillips or Fletcher see him turn?” I asked.

“No. We were finished for the day. They had already headed down. I figured you guys would be at the new cafeteria.”

“You figured right,” Jessica added. “Who was it?”

”Oh, that asshole from Huntsville; Orville something.”

“Orville Gilson?” asked Cliff.

“Yeah, that’s him! He humped over, didn’t stay reptilian for long though. He faced away and went back to human real quick. Seeing him change up close…it was really scary, just awful.”

“Do you think he was upset with us for checking into NASA stuff?” I asked.

“He was really pissed about something, but I don’t know what. Bill, his eyes, they…I don’t know, they’re full of something evil. Really.”

Jessica got up, came around the table, and wrapped her arms around Steve.

“It’s okay now,” she said, holding him tight. “They’re not here.”

She and I knew different; the bastards are here and in Hollywood too, and we can’t stop them.

“I’ll never be the same,” said Steve. “Bill, you didn’t say how terrible they were. Their eyes are like the insides of an octopus’ open flesh. I didn’t know they were so vile.”

At that point, I had Cliff and Jessica escort Steve into my office to calm him down. The rest of us finished our lunch and reconvened in the conference room.

During the after-lunch session, I tried to get the Steve situation out of my head.

Continuing my briefing, “From 1946 to 1957,” I told everyone in the conference room, “there was a technical explosion unlike anything on this planet. Those years consisted of reverse engineering and

miniaturizing several different extraterrestrial spaceships and their electronic and propulsion systems. In 1944 we were still using radio-type vacuum tubes and slide rules to manually calculate the checkout and launch of our missiles.

"Texas Instruments didn't get their early calculators until the early 1960's," said Cliff, picking up the thread. "We'd broken down the extraterrestrial circuit-boards and microchip devices that separated the copper microchip functions, and established program data requirements from status, control, interrupt logic, interrupt control, scratch-pad RAM, timer pressure, power, status timer, and ports.

"This allowed us to develop prototypes of single-microchips the size of 173 x 208 mils," I interjected, "giving us the capability to provide sufficient functions to operate an entire missile or space vehicle engine checkout on one microchip. One guy in his lab actually copied their liquid bonding element, which simulated the 4 x 6 circuit-boards containing thousands of microchips that we now have in our S-IVB Apollo stage."

"Something's up," I said. "We don't know how well NASA is informed in this technical advancement. This is entirely different from our contract."

"That's right, Bill, it is giving us the capability to fully automate the entire checkout and launch," Cliff added.

I continued, "We have six levels of backup in any minor or catastrophic malfunction during the entire mission. And yes, incorporate our DM-18 missile type System Management Development Plan that includes precisely four sequential phases: concept, definition, development, and operation."

I added, "So, are we in agreement here to include this in our unsolicited proposal as education of NASA?"

"Absolutely, Bill," Cliff said.

3 Admiral Pe Re Riis

It had been raining all night and the 5:50 a.m. drive in this morning was really squirrely. In my Apollo office, holding his open leather Navy flight jacket closed around his neck slurping his coffee in an unusual way, Cliff hit me with: "Bill, how do you think she will take it? She must know; hell her buddies could have photographed the same coast lines from their ships parked in orbit. You know, way before Leaf Ericson made his run. Maybe even 500 years be for."

"You're right, but I don't think Jessica or her buddy in propulsion will expose their identity to support Admiral Riis's maps."

"Wait a minute, who gave the charts to you, Cliff?" I said. "Jessica showed them to me last month. We were all up to our ears with nine projects. Then you and I got them out weeks ago and…hello…what the hell is this?"

"Who gave them to Jessica?"

"I don't know."

Just then we heard that familiar click-clack of four inch heels. In walked Jessica into the office. She was in another shiny, new, orange-red short uniform of the day. Closing the door behind her, smiling with that lusty grin, and with one arm pointing to the Moon and the other hand on her hip, she snapped into three, 360 degree spins with the flimsily skirt flying straight out. Well thongs weren't in fashion then but striper strings were. Jessica's gorgeous little bare cheeks at the top of those long legs were unbelievable.

"Cliffy, I didn't expect you to be here this early. I guess you love it too?" She popped her little bottom down on my desk facing me; opening and crossing her legs as she often does.

I forgot to ask her what day it was or where you got Admiral Riis's charts. Cliff covered for me and asked her. Jessica said. "When I was in Dr. Sorenson's area library the charts fell in my hands; that's all."

Trying desperately to regain my control I said, "Wait just a minute, what hall? Sorenson's office is in the Tank and you, little girl are not cleared in there. And those big charts can't just fall out of those twelve by four-foot long steel vellum file cabinets with four foot wide steel drawers. They are classified above Q and have locks supporting steel bars pushed down through all the handles; no way, girl."

"Somebody has to pull the four-foot-long steel bars up and out before anyone can pull those heavy steel drawers out."

Sheepishly rolling those big blue peepers she answered in a small, quivering voice, "Well Billy; like I said the charts just fell in my soft little hands." "

"Bullshit Jessica; you had to do all of that and then fish under all the other documents to find Admiral Riis charts, you little thief.

Cliff said, "You stole them, didn't you?"

"Oh no, Cliffy, I didn't. Maybe I sort of borrowed them, 'cause nobody back in that part of the planet has ever studied them. And you guys don't have anything to do again this month anyway."

I interrupted again and added, "It's my understanding that someone in the other part of the Tank was assigned the Riis maps last year. Those people worked for over seven months and dropped them."

"Okay, Bill, we have studied all five maps that we have and there is no way that Riis could have made those maps in 1513 unless somebody gave him a UFO to chart the entire American coast lines."

"You're right again, Cliff. Until we get our geophysical satellite in orbit and computerize the outlining of the American coast, nobody on this planet could actually outline the contents correctly." "

Alright, what are we saying?"

"There is no way you can cover this up. Somebody was operating in our skies in the sixteenth century."

"Well little boy Billy, those maps were made before the last ice age," Jessica said.

Banging his fist on my desk, Cliff scolded, "You're out of your cotton-picking mind."

"Cliffy, you look again and study those coast lines as they are now, and compare Dr. Klemperer's copy of the Admiral's land mass charts and flop a copy down of pre-Ice Age contents. They're ancient anyway; you can cover it up."

Just then, in strutted Jessica with her mini flying: "Cliffy, you can take that jacket off now because I am here to warm things up," she said, adding, "Hey, those maps were made before the last ice age…"

4 The real world that they don't know exists and are not preparing for

It was 2:10 a.m. Cliff, Jessica and I were in my Apollo office. We were ready to call it quits.

"Cliff, I said, "This idea, of forty-eight to fifty-four launches per year through 1990, is simply not understood by NASA or the contractors. But, under the table, certain individuals in NASA are possibly acquiring thousands of acres, sixty miles north of the proposed complex 39 for Saturn launch centers and forty miles south for NOVA Truck launch centers;

Quietly, Jessica added, "And in the Think Tank you, Billy, and those other guys are laying out these launch center facilities for a massive program to build United States Naval communication station

facilities on Mars and all the inhabitable planets and their moons in the solar system."

She stamped her red pump on the wood floor to wake us up, "Do you guys understand what I just said?"

"Yes, Jessica," I answered. "Those facilities will have the most advanced radar receiving antennas available to give us a 'heads up' on incoming black hat aliens. Think of it this way: the Apollo and NOVA truck missions are only Phase I. We have been given permission to leave this planet and occupy the solar system for the first time in the history of this planet."

"And, Bill, Phase II is for us to move out into the universe and go to the ten nearest stars."

"Yes, Cliff, and I wonder how many people on this planet understand what we are really accomplishing. Jessica," I asked, "who gave us permission to implement all of these unheard of missions out into the galaxies?"

Always flittering, and flipping her shoulders back and forth with her pinky in her mouth, she answered. "Billy, you know I am just a little girl, not privileged to important things like that."

"Oh, boy, we are really in trouble."

CONCEPT PLAN

My concept plan that I presented to my staff on the Apollo S-IVB Stage included both the NASA contract requirements and ***summary*** studies in Advanced Design over several years before NASA existed. There were two classes of Naval space vehicles. These were to defend against alien threats utilizing existing rocket propulsion.

The first class was a Naval exploratory missile type with three to six personal. The second class included pre-Nova truck transports to build bases on the Moon and on several planets in our solar system. After extensive consideration of both concepts, we didn't want to utilize NASA's contract requirements for the SIVB and horizontal hangar with open doors at both ends.

I became very concerned about NASA's abilities and methods. They were not going to be successful developing the Apollo program. Utilizing my vertical assembly and check out / launch Think Tank modular concepts for the entire Apollo program continued to concern me. The possibility of at some time developing an unsolicited proposal on facility redesign, for the NASA technical people, became increasingly important. We wanted to use what we called the L-shaped modular vertical assembly and checkout building for our assembly and checkout at our system integration and at the proposed Launch Complex 39. The L-shaped modular cranes erect the S-IVB stage from the horizontal trailer to a vertical position in a low bay assembly building.

I made many trips to the Cape investigating NASA's early Apollo research facilities. I was not trying to jeopardize our contract with NASA on the S-IVB Stage. However, I had already designed and had DAC engineering approval accepting the L-shaped module / control center for our entire new Huntington Beach systems.

In all of these locations, including NASA's undefined Complex 39, my design included expansion of addition vertical assembly and L-shaped modules to meet NASA's production mission launch requirements. These L-shaped modules contained my fully automated electronic check out and launch computer control equipment packaging concept (SM-42107) for the Saturn S-IVB mission viewing retro rockets. Unlike NASA's requirements for the NASA Douglas S-IV contract manual control, we decided that an automated system was necessary to provide mission reliability.

My L-shaped modules were also air-conditioned, so that all of our systems for check out and launch operations would be in a controlled environment allowing changes in open electronics. NASA, in our contract, required us to use an open hangar, which was called the Special Assembly Building. With our electronic check- out equipment, from the beginning of the program, the building was inadequate. It required north and south lean-to extensions that would have been quadrupled in size just to handle the entire manual system checkout and launch control equipment racks. My design solved many problems.

1 Star girls, from Out There?

Still on our first margarita and looking at Jessica's low-cut top, Bob said, "Both of you girls have absolutely perfect size 32C, but today you forgot your bras."

"Oh, Bobby, you are such a flirt," added Jessica.

I said, "Don's steaks are tops here; you guys just got to order 'em."

"Oh, Billy, I am for Caesar salad today."

"Me too," Christy agreed.

"Are both of you out there 'no-meat' girls?"

Bob said, "I've never seen either of you even eat a hotdog.

"Well," said Christy, running both hands down her slim little body, "a girl's got to keep her figure." Reaching over, pulling Bob's face around to look her straight in the eyes, Christy added, "Just keep your big blues looking at my legs Bobby, and forget that bitch Jessica."

For some reason, a thought flashed in my head that it was more than that. It was like they both didn't like greasy food. I remembered the only fish they ever ate was halibut. Never even ate the fries when they ordered fish and chips. Was it the animal fat they didn't like? What about a raw, prime rib dinner? Does meat upset their little tummies, or is their digestive system different?

Given the subject, Jessica said, "Bob, you have been trying to get in Christy's pants ever since you crashed the Key Club party at the Kit Cat Club last March; I can see if you get one more margarita in her, you will get what you really want."

2 Tight schedule

Before proceeding to design the Apollo S-IVB-stage checkout and launch test systems, given the NASA contract schedule and the plans for increased launching of Saturn V's, our conventional transportation of the S-IVB and the GSE (ground support equipment) from the Huntington Beach facility to the Sacramento test center and on to Cape Canaveral was accomplished using U.S. Naval landing dock-ships, which were to be tied up at the Navy Ammunition Center in Huntington Beach.

This is where we are building our production Apollo S-IVB and GSE manufacturing. The Navy was also to transport the S-IVB back down the Sacramento River out to the Pacific, down through the Panama Canal, up the Atlantic Ocean, to the Cape Canaveral canal docks. This long transportation system would not be sufficient to meet the expanded production launch schedules. So, we modified the Douglas-built Air Force C-133 to fly our S-IVB'S to the Cape. In other words, we had to modify the C-133 to take the weight of the S-IVB secured on top of the fuselage of the C-133's. This necessitated Douglas to build more of the C-133's to meet the NASA Moon mission requirements, and it kept my boss's boss happy.

It was obvious to us that assembling the Saturn V stages should be undertaken in an environmentally controlled structure. It, too, should be designed first to handle the 4-bay vertical check out and assembly areas with the expansion of the high bay structure to be expanded on a modular basis to accept additional stages. In addition, the other side of the L-shaped modules should be added to meet higher launch schedules. The Boeing first stage could be barged in to the area and tailored directly into the large assembly building. North American Rockwell second stage should be set up opposite of the Douglas S-IVB in an L-shaped module, low bay check out.

Instead of moving the assembled Saturn V's on barges to the launch pad area - as indicated in the NASA documentation requirements, and as previously discussed - I thought that NASA should use the

large tractor on a freeway concept.

Also in my unsolicited proposal to NASA, I recommended that Douglas Marketing should sell to NASA my Air Force 375 Weapon System Development Plan (concept phase, definition phase, acquisition phase, and operational phase), for the entire Moon and planet production program. The real mission to the Moon is to build a 2,000 man Naval base on the Moon. People just don't seem to understand this.

3 Key Club episodes – interference into everything

We continue with the exploits of the Key Club and Al Sorenson, the somehow "boss of everything." It was also an unofficial policy to have pool-and-dinner get-togethers at different section chief manager's homes. There were two split groups: One was restricted to just the same attendees as the Key Club, the engineering managers, and their secretaries; and the second was for the engineering managers and their wives.

The swimmers had the choice of bathing suits, while others were nude only. When we were with the secretaries, the wives would be transported to shopping sprees in Beverly Hills. Similarly we would escort our wives and not put in a request to the secretaries. I could imagine the horrendous catfights that would break out if we had an all-together party. Children were never allowed at these get-togethers.

One night, my secretary Jessica and I visited Jerry Conner's home in Woodland Hill, over in the San Fernando Valley. This was for one of his famous swimming parties. On the drive over, Jessica was wearing her six-inch plaid mini, completely exposing her gorgeous legs. She pulled down the wide armrest between us. As usual, she slid over against me, putting her hand on my leg. Looking straight ahead, she started to move it up my leg, flipping sandals, bouncing and rotating her bare bottom to Dean Martin on the radio. Her little blue string disappeared between her lovely nude folds. Not saying a word, but contacting me telepathically, she said, "Now, Billy, you're not going to disappoint me again tonight, are you, sweetie? Come on now; you know I am not letting any of those hunks do me, not even Sorenson."

I was thinking, "WHAT AM I GOING TO DO THIS TIME TO HOLD HER OFF?" Oh shit, I forgot again; Jessica reads my mind.

"That's right; I do. So stop thinking of ways to keep us apart. I know you must continue to remain professional. But you can do me on the bottom in the deep end; nobody can see us there. That will hold me till you drive me home in this gorgeous caddy of yours. And yes, Billy; that's what these big leather back seats are made for. You haven't said a thing. Do you understand, Billy?"

Once we arrived, the catering service opened the door with champagne and canapés.

"Ummmmm, canapés, first class," Jessica said, putting her hand on her chest and nodding. She said, "Thank you, Sir," to the server, adding to me, "Billy; I know you don't have any idea what a canapé is."

"It's these little pastry puff cups filled with gourmet mixtures that I am sticking in your mouth. Yummy; thank you sweetie."

I was thinking, How the heck am I going to resist her this time?

"Stop that right now, Billy."

Thinking again, I nearly gave in to her last month when she started rubbing in the pool. "Yes, and I am going to do it again tonight."

Skipping dinner in the house, I put my hand on her shoulder and I escorted her over to the backyard pool area, where half the guests had already arrived. Instantly I noticed that all of the attendees were naked.

Some of the top engineers on the Apollo program, who were very professional, during work hours, were boisterously laughing and playing the grab ass game with all of the pretty young things running around.

Al Sorenson and his secretary, Melissa, were already pressing their bodies together in the deep end. I could tell that she was overpowering him, but he seemed to like it. In the shallow end I could understand the unspoken, flirty glances between Barbara from Corporate and Bob Carter continuing, even though he is married.

And what will Sherry do now that she gave in to Fred Delouse at last month's swim? Her husband must know. They're paired off again; she's all over him.

Looking in my eyes, Jessica, this exquisitely beautiful star girl, proceeded to strip down, tossing her little blue string at my face. It hooked on my ear and blow across my nose. Somebody in the pool hollered "Ringer!"

She always has an audience taking her clothes off. Now completely nude, apart from her four-inch heels, Jessica then made a slow 360, making sure that I had full view of all of her assets.

"See anything you really like, Billie boy?" I tried to calm down. This will be my third time at these swim parties, and I knew I shouldn't, but I kept looking in her eyes to keep from looking at her adorable little bottom. Jessica always has a coy look on her face, and particularly when I meet her eyes after ogling her gorgeous little body. This is getting more complicated every month.

"Hey guy, are you going to undress and go for a swim, or am I going to have to push you in with all of your clothes on?" she asked. She then laughed when I gave her another look. I finally got partial control and took off everything but my jocks. She grabbed my hand and pulled me into the pool.

The cold water was just what I needed to slow me down. That didn't last long, however. As soon as I resurfaced Jessica began to hug me. Her plump nipples returned my arousal. I tried to push her away, but she got a grip on me and got it nearly up between her legs.

She started to kiss and wrapped her legs around me. I pulled away and gave her a hard shove. Stunned, she floated backwards into another couple. She gave me an angry scowl, and started to throw a makeshift tantrum.

The guy she ran into grabbed her around her breasts and pulled her close to him. She started sobbing as he felt her up and kissed her neck. Her sobbing stopped as he tickled her legs.

He then took the girl he was already with and told them to kiss. Jessica and the other girl pretended to make out while the other guy and I watched.

Jessica then took control and started to drift towards me. She hissed, "Maybe the two of us can make you forget about her! I know you are spoken for."

"I'd love to; can't now."

Then the guy moved in and said, "Hey, I'll take it from here, Bill." It was then that I noticed that the guy was Paul Wilson, one of the engineering chiefs.

He grabbed the two girls and sandwiched himself between them. He put Jessica up front and tried to make out with her while the other girl kissed his back. I took this as a sign it was time to get out of the pool.

There were towels on a rack right next to the pool steps. I grabbed one and started to dry off. Then Ralph Malone came up to me scratching his head. I said, "Hey buddy, its one hot night, that pool is boiling over."

He smiled and said, "Yeah, along with the other girls it seems like your secretary is a little out of control. But hey, who isn't at these parties?"

"Earlier tonight I saw Sorenson in the house having his way with Conner's wife, Kitty. I couldn't

believe that John was ok with the whole thing! Sorenson just finished eating dinner, and then ravaged the poor lady on the dining room carpet."

"Hey Ralph; Kitty is no poor lady. She has slept with half of the short badgers in Engineering. And with a body like she has, like I said she is no... lady. Can you believe what a guy would do to get a promotion?"

"Wait a minute; I thought the wives were not supposed to be at the 'secretaries only'?"

"Well, Bill, Kitty just told me, that they were training for next month's wives' party. And that she really loves…sex."

"You got to be kidding?"

"Yeah, alien agenda again," I said. The lack of morals in this organization is out of this world. I thought: the only reason I go to these things is to keep Sorenson off my back.

"If I stopped showing, and he demands participation, with his pull, he would somehow keep me out of the Think Tank. Prevent me from contributing to accomplishing the secret missions."

Malone nodded in agreement, "That's the same feeling I get! The politics of the Apollo Engineering Department are completely warped!"

"Since when is infidelity a necessary requirement for advancing in the company?"

"Since some of these damned aliens infiltrated our missions!" I said.

"Could they somehow, telepathically, get us to accept that having sex with each other every other week is okay?"

"They know exactly how to play the boss to get their agenda! He's compromising our space missions by using the secretaries."

"Oh no; it's a lot more than that!"

"Sometimes I wish one of the alien secretaries would turn into a reptilian beast and show Sorenson what he's putting his thing in."

Malone laughed uncomfortably and said, "Hey: it'll happen one day; when he least expects it."

It was the policy of Al Sorenson, after dinner, to take the clothes off of the chief's wife who was hosting the dinner. He would then have sex with her on the living room carpet, in full view of everyone, and thereby establishing the manager's absolute loyalty. Ralph Malone, my good buddy and our section's attorney, would always add his comments on activities. Like, loyalty to whom? Engineering management? Douglas management? NASA? Who the fuck are we loyal to?

Ralph said: "When NASA discovers the Douglas Key Club and the alien influence over the entire program, the shit is going to hit the fan."

"Well, maybe;" I added, "but it's also possible that one of the alien black hat bunches could have a foot in NASA's door and is pulling all the strings."

To my understanding Al Sorenson and the Key Club never penetrated the Advanced Design Think Tank. As the Think Tank never existed in Douglas to 99.9% of Douglas people, there was nothing to penetrate.

How frequently the Key Club was involved in influencing the outcome of Douglas military and space contracts, or for that matter, the entire Moon program, was difficult to determine. It was common at that time for aerospace companies - during the final contract negations - to either retain or acquire the services of "pleasant company in pleasant surroundings."

But that had nothing to do with the influence and the agendas of the aliens. Was Sorenson also being influenced by the aliens? Which aliens wanted us to develop the capability to leave the planet? Was it the Nordics? Was it the Reptilians, who made themselves look like Nordics, pretending to help us, but continued to throw us under the big space bus and preventing us from accomplish the star missions? The

Key Club simply added more confusion to the most complicated technical program on the planet.

4 Capability of retaliating

I was knowledgeable of events that few experts in aerospace were privy to. This resulted in my evaluating the requirements of the NASA Apollo contractors and I found them incapable of accomplishing their missions. I studied and approached every problem differently from the way that type of project was normally developed. I was always thinking of a different, simpler and far more capable way the task could be accomplished, and in far less time.

Talking to Cliff, I said, “I forgot to tell you I had two of my flashes last week from the black hat guys out there.”

Sarcastically, Cliff asked, “Was it in color this time, and what did they want now?”

“It is always in color. First of all, I saw hundreds of our fighters; Navy and Air Force chasing the bogies.

Cliff asked: “UFO’s?” “

“Yes. We can never get close enough to force them to land. Our Sidewinder missiles are still frozen on the launch mounts. They exceed our speed ability. Over thirty percent are pulled into larger space ships and never come back. They want to increase deteriorations of our tissues, organs and bones preventing us from living longer lives.”

“Well, that’s a dumb thing to do to their crop.”

“Agreed. Their primary intent now appears to prevent us from developing the capability of retaliating against their threats. That is, to develop the technology to design Naval spacecraft carriers and combat them out in the galaxy. The flash was gone but it seemed real.”

“Cliff, we need to up the priority on this.”

DEVELOPMENT OF THE PROPOSAL FOR REDESIGN OF COMPLEX 39

The Apollo Saturn V (C-5) space vehicle is nearly 400 feet high in its vertical launch configuration. It consists of the Boeing 5 engine S-IC first stage, Interstage I, North American 4 Engine S-II Second Stage, Douglas 1-engine S-IVB Third Stage (having through extremely Advanced Design completely replaced the original third Stage), Interstage II and the Apollo Lunar/Command Module, containing the Lunar Landing Module and the Returning Astronaut Capsule. Apollo weighs 6-7 million pounds.

There was a continuous problem when we tried to launch missiles vertically. We, at Douglas, encountered this for years. Even the Germans had the same problems with their V-2 rockets. To counter this problem on our S-IVB stage of the Apollo, I conceived an L-Shaped Modular building for vertical stage check out, combining it with my theater step-down control center concept. Operators were facing the S-IVB vehicle attitude control thrusters on the upper floor. We standardized configuration in our system integration, at the vehicle engine test center in Sacramento. I sold it to Dr. Debus, in my unsolicited briefing at NASA headquarters. The nearby figure shows how Tompkins' design was implemented at Complex 39.

We are planning the Apollo missions to the moon to establish minimum facilities there. The liquid-propelled NOVA rocket trucks may be assembled and checked out in similar launch centers and will transport construction materials. The NOVA vehicles will weigh ten million pounds and the solid propelled booster will weigh 20 million. Construction was estimated one hundred million dollars each.

The Boeing S-IC stage and The North American S-II stages were just rocket boosters. The Douglas S-IVB Stage was more complicated. It contained systems required for the mission, even providing electronic power and command functions for the in-orbit stage separation, rotation maneuvers, re-assembly, and checkout of a converted vehicle and restart the J-2 engine. It would guide the space ship into lunar orbit, ready for the descent and landing of the Lunar Module on the Moon's surface.

My responsibility, as Engineering Section Chief of the Douglas S-IVB Stage facilities electrical ground support equipment installation checkout and launch test systems, was to be fully knowledgeable of all the Apollo vehicle systems. But, to accomplish this task, I found it necessary to understand the mission requirements, as well as the entire Apollo vehicle checkout and launch at (a) the proposed NASA Launch Complex 39 Launch Operations Center in Florida, and (b) the Mission Control Center at Houston, Texas. Also, we needed to provide accessibility to handle stage alignment and assembly as the Complex 39 ceiling heights increased from fifty feet to one hundred and ten feet.

* * *

HOW DO WE KNOW THEY ARE ALIENS?

"Hey Cliff," Bob said, "How do I know that they are aliens?

Rolling his eyes, Cliff answered, "You hear people say I saw a UFO last week; well I think it was… maybe it was?"

"Well I get that too, but if it's close - like here at Douglas, parked 1,000 feet above our runway - I know that SOB is one for real. Now, if I saw one of those little gray aliens passing out hamburgers with fries at Deans on the Beach, I'd buy into that too. But girl aliens that look just like Marilyn Monroe: that's harder for me."

"Okay, Cliff," Bob countered, "how about Bill's Jessica and Christy, the other Zombie?"

They were only Zombies at first. Jessica never looked that way after the first month.

It took several years for us to accept that the star girls really were aliens. Even though, the first time I laid eyes on them, for that microsecond I felt that they were alien. But the best indication is that everything is fine; I just feel all right. It was many years before I realized that my secretary was a Nordic alien.

1 The 18,000-foot encounter

The Apollo contractors were sometimes required to utilize the military transport system in place of first class airline flights to and from the NASA facilities. This was supposedly used to save transportation money. We at Douglas Engineering, on the S-IVB contract, surprisingly enough got bumped off the beautiful first class United Airlines (with free margaritas) to the Naval Air Transport Command or the Air Forces C-118's, both of which are military versions of the Douglas DC-6.

On a trip back from Cape Canaveral my tickets were rescheduled to an Air Force C-118, which would land at LAX, with a layover in Denver. It was a night flight. The beautifully clear night sky was intoxicating. Fortunately, there were twelve commercial airline-type seats located behind the flight cockpit. There was a lot of Navy equipment that the Air Force had to deliver to LAX. Two hours out of the Cape, one of the other Douglas engineers, who had been sitting in the cockpit jump seat that's located between and behind the pilot and the co-pilot, came running back to where the rest of us were dozing and told me, "You have to come up front immediately! We might encounter a UFO!"

Elmer Wheaton, our Vice President of Engineering, had assigned me another hobby, which was disseminator of extraterrestrial documentation. This, of course, was for our Civilian Saucer Investigation. I did some of my investigations of UFO sightings at White Sands, New Mexico, on missile programs. Our Douglas engineers and technicians knew of my positions and almost nailed me when I got to the bases.

The Douglas engineer who had been in the cockpit was aware of my position on this subject in engineering and wanted me to hear all of the communications about this vehicle. I immediately went up and took the jump seat position; three other engineers gathered behind me and the pilot gave me a headset and microphone. We were talking to an American Airlines DC-6 who said, "This fifty-foot, brilliant, regular saucer had passed in front of me going eastbound."

Another United DC-6 had encountered what was thought to be the same vehicle, but about eight minutes earlier. Our co-pilot immediately triangulated its direction. From the present speed, he determined that we were aiming towards a head-on collision with the UFO. At that time we were at 18,000 feet and it was thought that the UFO was at the same altitude. They collectively estimated that we should see the vehicle within three minutes, and we did. We were at 240 knots and the American Airlines pilots thought that the UFO was at 200 knots.

When we first saw this white dot getting brighter it was directly in front of us. Almost before the pilot and the copilot decided to make an emergency bank, it went directly underneath us. We were all looking down on top of it and it was really clean and sharp-looking. For some reason, none of us seemed to realize that we were in a head on collision with another craft, and we were not afraid. I felt that the extraterrestrial vehicle essentially affected our minds to accept that.

It was brilliantly silver, with no exhaust trail, and made no noise. The pilots estimated that it was two hundred feet below us. We didn't have enough time to make the bank before it was gone. There was no air thrust or air concussion. The copilot called the Tower and also talked to both the United and the American Airlines' crews. They thanked them for the heads up.

A military air transport, I believe it was a C-5A, was flying at a higher altitude and also reported

an encounter. All of us turned in separate reports after landing and the Air Force C-118 crew turned in a classified report to Blue Book. At that time all commercial and military, and some private, companies were required to report written sighting of UFOs, immediately after landing at their destination. I wrote my report and turned it into the CSI but was unable to contact our C-118 crew for post-flight reports. It was customary that both the Navy and the Air Force reports of UFO were to be classified.

2 Futurist, what it all means

It is most important to understand one very pivotal situation we find our planet in. First, we must remember that when we were first exposed to the aliens, their missions and interests concentrated on our military bases and large Naval ships. That can only mean that their spaceship, parked in our orbit is a Naval Spacecraft Carrier…a mother ship or worse…mother ships.

Now that our Naval telescopes are locating other planets, we will be exploring them and their moons. We are planning with NOVA and Apollo to go to our Moon and build large Naval bases and research centers there. And we are planning to explore other planets and their moons in our one Solar System.

This puts us at a pivotal evolutionary juncture with intelligent creatures from other stars: their planets either passed us in their development ages ago or have not yet reached our technical achievements. The unbelievable, lightning speed of our technical development - assisted by friendly aliens - may mean that no two civilizations in a galaxy are ever technologically compatible. As the late Astronomer Carl Sagan said, “To us the ETs would be either gods or brutes. This may be hard for the public to take.”

It is now accepted by technology in the Douglas Advanced Design that societies that evolve before us on other stars planets would regard our civilization here on earth as exceptionally primitive.

From an aerospace concept engineer’s perspective, I can say without reservation that you, reading this volume, will live much longer and happier than previous generations. Our Navy spacecraft carriers will first explore our Milky Way Galaxy, then the galaxies in our universe and on into parallel universes.

WE'RE GOING TO BE PSYCHOANALYZED

As usual, Elmer Wheaton hit me up to bring the new guy on the block, Dr. Howard Fitzgerald, up to speed on precisely what we were trying to accomplish in the Tank. So, I set to explaining. The Tank had accepted the hypothesis that we were confronted with benign and hostile extraterrestrials, alike. Dr. Fitzgerald was a psychologist, so of course he had already drilled Elmer extensively on several aspects of our operation last week, indicating that I would brief Fitzgerald.

"Well, Mr. Tompkins, it's apparent that you're the big picture person on this effort," he said.

"No, doctor, I'm the only one here with nothing to do. Could I get you a cup of coffee?"

"Humph. Then, is there a better-informed senior analyst on this project who I can communicate with, on my level?" he said.

Asshole, I thought. We really don't need you, anyway. It occurred to me just how astounding and unreal this program actually was to some people.

"I will try to explain how we got to where we are now," I told him, "and you can question our more experienced staff later."

"Tompkins," said Fitzgerald, "I need to sit down with the principals who are studying all of those damn Europeans clamoring to build spaceships and get to the stars. (The 1,442 people we discussed earlier.) You know, the no-nonsense people. I also need to talk with your top man, the one who gets a hold of their specs somehow, then dreams up those wild, two mile-long spaceship battle-cruisers Wheaton showed me last week. Absolutely astounding."

Oh, shit, I thought. We're going to be psychoanalyzed.

"I'm extremely concerned that your corporation is funding a rough idea like this."

I thought again, where are these people located? Are they from somewhere in the Tank or floating in space?

"Well, doctor, I can explain our approach…"

"No, I need to talk to your senior designer; not to a clerk who tells me what the guy's written. I must see him right now."

Elmer, who was standing behind him, said, "Dr. Fitz, you're talking to him now."

Fitzgerald stepped back: "Oh, um, yes. Well then, I'll have that coffee now."

"Sugar and cream?" asked 'Barbara from Corporate,' stepping in.

I escorted Fitzgerald into the conference room and explained to him about 1,442. I explained that we, in the Tank, had taken up their mission and were presently designing intergalactic Naval spacecraft carriers. Dr. Fitzgerald was dumfounded.

Elmer said, "That's enough for now, doctor. Please understand that we are working around the clock to develop the weapons to counter the alien threats."

1 Costume party, Leonardo we love you

There were five of us working in Advanced Designed in 1954, all using Dr. Klemperer's unconventional propulsion schemes methods. We had to take those approaches and conceive what the systems would look like and how they would be powered. I know that it was extremely naive of us at the time, but we collectively thought of how we could reveal who we were on Earth to the extraterrestrials. How do we talk or communicate to them? What should we say?

Jim Jenkins said, "Why don't we use Leonardo's drawing of a naked man with his arms outstretched to show the aliens what we look like." This is the basis of our current ET symbol, suggested by Jim Jenkins.

One of our lady friends jumped in and said, “Hey, what about a picture of a girl. You know that life on this planet wouldn’t exist without us!”

She was upset that we were only thinking about men. We were trying to show them who we are and how we’ve developed and some of our history. We wanted them to know that we were going into the galaxy and other galaxies.

I kept saying, “Nobody knows what capabilities we have.”

This was back in 1954. We were designing systems, communication systems, propulsion systems, and space vehicles with other smaller vehicles on them. We were the thinkers that brought the ideas to life, eventually. This wasn’t an assignment; this was what we liked to do in our spare time. We were trying to figure out if we sent out a capsule if anyone would respond. We wanted to believe the notion that we could teach another alien species about us. We were working on propulsion systems that would hopefully reach and go beyond the confines of our earthly gravity. At that time, we didn’t realize that our minds could telepathically communicate and that there are nineteen different alien civilizations on, or visiting, this planet.

We had an engineering dance every year at a country club in Pacific Palisades. It was a costume party. Different guys designed extraterrestrial outfits. My wife and I made us costumes out of cardboard with red and orange cloth, and long radio vacuum tubes coming out of a silver shoebox on our backs. I also got some crash- helmets from the flight test. Here’s the actual photo of Mary and me in these outfits. Two of the couples wore Navy dress swords.

I turned and laughed to my friend Jim, “Do you think that they are friendly?” as I pointed to the brigade. How preposterous to think that we were dressed up like aliens and were cowering before a few swords. We spent the rest of the night dancing and shooting the breeze.

When the guys and I openly discussed our project to reveal who we were on earth with our spouses, the topic of sex always surfaced. We were still contemplating on what we should send off in our capsule to outer space. How do we tell the aliens how we procreate? Those questions were stirring though our heads. All of the guys and their gals started to trickle out of the dance. They went to their cars and hotel rooms to put our theories of procreating into action. A capsule was built later and fired out into the galaxy. It never washes ashore like the note in the bottle.

2 The encountered: 1960

It was 6:00 a.m. I had taken the north road from my futuristic home, viewing the San Fernando Valley this morning. I drove my new Cadillac through the Santa Monica Mountains west to the beach. Turning south on the Pacific Coast Highway, on my right was the expanse of the Pacific Ocean, shimmering and sparkling like radiant silver in the early morning sun light. My whole body came alive; I know I can do it today.

Pushing the envelope all day and into the night it was happening. The time now is a quarter past midnight. Leaning way back in his chair, putting his feet up on another chair: Cliff Noland never does that. He was my number one is in charge of the Apollo when I am out of the plant. Like me, only seventeen when he enlisted in the Navy. Learned to fly, was going to make it a career. Only served one hitch and he got his sheepskin in double E.

Now I am fairly good looking but Cliff is marvelously handsome. Walking tall, nearly six feet, he can stop any girl in her tracks. And Cliff really is a nice guy.

Stretching his arms, rubbing his hands through his dark wavy hair, closing his eyes, he said: “I’ll

bet you're tired too!"

"Yep, I am beat."

"Okay, Cliff, This is not something that will go away."

"I don't want her to leave either." I sensed his uneasiness of my secretary, this very attractive extraterrestrial female.

"Holy Cats, Bill; she is unbelievable. And the two of them being here?"

"I know what you're thinking Cliff; what does this really mean?"

"Let's go over it again and then try to understand how their presence here is beneficial to them!"

"I am almost certain that this exquisite thing, my secretary Jessica, really is an alien. Think about it: her phenomenal understanding of deep space mission operations, her verbal suggestions. She also telepathically stuffs my brain with concepts that challenge almost everything in NASA's contracts. All of this imposes limitations that prevent us from accomplishing the missions."

Folding his arms behind his head, "You're right on, there, Bill."

I added, "Then, without my knowing it's her, she slips ideas in my head that would piss off every one at NASA's Headquarters. I mean, with simple suggestions that accomplish the functions of the mission. I think the two of them - Jessica and Christy - operate here in pairs, you know, like a buddy system?"

Cliff nodded, "Bill, that other star girl, Christy Pierson, in propulsion. I have been trying to get in her pants for two years. And, yes, I am nearly convinced that they are instructed to, as you say, operate in pairs."

"Just like when we talk she repeats every word in 'my head' before I even get a chance to say it. Kind of fun, though."

Cliff went on, "After work one night I was alone in the blueprint files."

"Wait a minute, Cliff; that's locked up after 10:00 p.m."

"I found the gate over the blueprint request counter that pulls down was still up, so I climbed up over the counter to get in."

Continuing, Cliff said. "I was walking around in there looking for a specification and she walks up behind me, just like Jessica in one of those blue cocktail minis. Clips my arm, leads me to a different part of the files. Walks right up to a file cabinet, opens it, and with her dainty little fingers slips out the file that I needed. And with that naughty little smile and shining, big blue eyes she makes a sharp 180, the mini flips up and she trots out to the counter."

"Hold it; stop right there. Now you are going to describe her exit up and out over the counter, right? This is really important to our understanding of why the aliens are here. Well, yes it was spectacular."

"Okay, Cliff; get to it."

"Well, this is a little difficult in her four-inch heels. I am right behind her in case she needs help. Up goes one leg, looking back at me, with a big smile, she hesitates and telepathically said: "I love this. Are you having fun too?"

I busted out, "Oh yes, you have the most adorable little bottom I have ever seen. After the view, she swung her other leg over and hopped down on the outside. I clumsily followed pulling the gate down behind me."

"Bill You won't believe her apartment…"

"Hey, back to Jessica," I said.

"Then, there is this other part, in the morning when we meet in my office. She may not say a word; seldom good morning. Her eyes open wide, flash, pupils expand; I swear they change and she is inside

me."

Even though the program is in a crisis situation, whenever possible she always manages to walk close, rub her hips up against me. Somehow, touch my hand when passing documents. Careless though, dropping her notepad or some report. Bends over facing away from me, looking back with that smile. She really makes a lasting impression. Under other conditions things might be different. I just can't give in to her sexual charms. Sometimes I still get the feeling that she is an informer of some type."

"Do you sense that with Christy, Cliff?"

"Yes, directed by someone trying to get control of your ability to understand the big picture, or to foresee ahead in the program, what was not going to work."

"Yes; be careful, your thoughts are showing, and conceive the one and only system approach that would provide a successful mission."

Getting bothered, I said, "Do you think it is possible that these two Star Girls are controlling our minds? Could they be here under orders from out in the galaxies? With a mission to assist us in developing a Naval 'deep water space' battle group capability and help them out there?"

"Holy cats, Bill do you know what you just said? Listen to yourself. Where did that come from?"

"Have we, you and I, encountered these strikingly attractive, almost always scantily clad females who we received psychic information from; to make this mission to the Moon and Mars a success? I mean are we selected for this?"

"Bill, slow down, you are way out there now."

"Cliff, I am nearly convinced that these sexy females are not just monitoring us – they are commissioned to see that it happens.

"Whoooooow, Bill, could you be right?"

"I am also very concerned that we are being watched by others, and I don't mean our twin Star Girls. Not just a normal check on the program but a very sinister intrusion into our thought processes. Reptilians come to mind."

"That's wild, too, Cliff."

Cliff added, "We haven't solved our problem with aliens on the program – even who is wearing the white hats?"

I said, "and more important, who is wearing the black hats, but we have enlightened ourselves a little looking through a bigger window."

PROPOSED PLANETARY MISSIONS

THE STRANGE COMPLACENCY

During the early NASA Atlantic Missile Range (AMR) there was a Saturn program briefing that I attended way before my briefing to NASA. This is when the C-1 Vehicle consisted of only the S-I NASA / Chrysler booster and the Douglas S-IV stage. At a meeting that contractors attended, Dr. Kirk Debus (Director of Launch Operations) expressed his concern about the checkout and launch capabilities of the entire Saturn Program.

Even in Douglas Missile and Space Engineering design of the Apollo S-IV there was a sort of a complacent expectation of we are just glad to be a part of this wonderful Moon Program that the "great thinkers" at that big NASA organization have given us. Look at the DAC APOLLO Engineering Organization Chart nearby. Almost all those other engineering section chiefs were concerned with specific areas of design, not needing to address the entire S-IVB systems; let alone study the Apollo vehicle and the Moon and planet missions, the assembly/checkout and launch - even what facilities were required, and the mission to the Moon.

And what if we have a problem during the mission and need to abort? This would involve systems checkout and launch test equipment that must provide an absolute infallible reliability, unlike any other system ever designed. However, look at our last eight years of the Thor/Delta WS-325 IRBM Missile that produced the Thor/Delta Heavy, the most reliable liquid rocket payload booster in history. The NIKE AJAX and NIKE ZEUS Anti-Missile "Star Wars" systems are some of the most reliable in history. The exception was some of the warhead strikes in Zeus R& D test programs, where NIKE ZEUS missiles were launched from Kwajalein in the South Pacific and launched towards ICBM's from Vandenberg AFB. In some cases, the ET's distorted our warhead final targeting.

Companies were being acquired by Douglas Manufacturing, simply because they were different management responsibilities and "It was necessary to wait for engineering specifications." (At that time Manufacturing ran Douglas). The empire-building within the Douglas organizations was unbelievable. We (Engineering) had that same type of manufacturing problem on the Air Force 315-A Missile and the Army's Nike Zeus Anti-Missile Programs.

The problem that I was faced with was having nine major companies and fourteen thousand subcontractors on the Apollo program, all with the same internal management and contracting problems. With the magnitude of the quality control functions on what is the most complicated technical effort ever attempted by man on this planet, there was no way it was going to work.

I was convinced that I must take drastic action.

I was fortunate in my space checkout and launch test system design section to have seven PhD's and 130 top thinking engineers who were willing to implement totally different design concepts that I came up with for the development of the Apollo Program.

As you have read, my method to sell a new concept to management and to the customer is only accomplished after extensive study and exposure to the problem. It is to first define the mission, conceive a method to accomplish it and establish its configuration - then prepare two trade-off studies, systematically select out of the three an approach that is most likely to meet all the mission requirements. Then, lay out the design and prepare specifications and reports that define all considerations. Prepare physical perspective drawings, build three-dimensional scale models and design well-supported drawings with photographic documentation supporting my proposals. I then recommend to engineering management that we go with an unsolicited proposal that I will present to the customer principals, present the proposal package to engineering management and acquire approval.

After extensive studies I did this precisely and created the then now famous Douglas documents, “Purpose” and Report SM-42107.

1 Lost control

During the weekly Apollo rain dance, Elmer Wheaton, VP of Engineering, who normally did not attend these knockdown drag-out meetings, had been pulled in to monitor this week’s battle. He tapped me on the shoulder.

“Hold on a second, Tommie,” he said (“Tommie” was the name he frequently called me). “You’re still responsible for the configuration concepts of the RAND contract.”

I slouched in my swivel chair, closed my eyes, and relived the last panic scene. Oh shit, I thought, what did I forget to follow up on this time?

“Yeah, Elmer,” I agreed, looking him in the eye.

Elmer was a big man, but he leaned over anyway, so as not to be heard by the rest of the staff, who were leaving the conference room. He pushed his thick, gray hair to one side. “Roger Fleming has asked me to flag you down about something in that area. If this turns out to be Majestic, I want to know right away.”

“Okay, Elmer, I’ll nail him today.” I stood up and followed the crowd out of the room. Roger was Operations Manager over all the flight test programs. This would be really interesting, I thought. Roger was a handsome guy who, when shopping in Beverly Hills with his wife and daughter, was often mistaken for Clark Gable.

I caught Clark, I mean Roger, as he was leaving his office. I didn’t know him, but he had heard of my extraterrestrial “hobby.” I rushed over to him and walked along at his pace, thrusting out my hand.

“Hi there, I’m Tompkins,” I said. “I was given the task of asking you a few questions.”

“Yeah,” he said, stopping, “I’ve heard of you. If you can, I’d like it if you could talk to my 19-year old daughter about this alien thing. We’ve discussed the problem with our doctor, but he recommended a psychiatrist. Maybe you could shed some light on this thing before we see the doctor again.”

I held up my hands in protest. “Hey, not me! I’m no expert in that area.”

“No, just listen to what she has to tell you,” he said, waving me on. “I know you’re busy right now, so maybe you could come over later, if you have the time.”

“Okay,” I gave in. “I’ll try.”

He smiled with relief. “Great. I’ll call my wife and let her know you’re coming. How does six o’clock sound?”

I agreed and headed to my office to finish up some paperwork.

At the end of the day, I jumped into my car and headed east off of Sunset Boulevard. I proceeded

up to Beverly Hills and drove down their palm-lined drive, past rows of two-story mansions with Cadillacs in their horseshoe driveways. I felt right at home in my own Cadillac, which I had traded in my old one for, last month. Inside and out, Roger Fleming's home was immaculate, not a really large mansion, but a semi-modern, one- story in an excellent neighborhood. Ringing the bell, I heard the soft chime announcing my presence. Rogers's attractive wife, Sherrie, invited me through the home and out onto a fabulous covered patio, wonderfully landscaped and lined with palm trees. Nancy, their daughter, was sunning on a large, brightly colored lounge chair by the pool, in a beach robe and a one-piece white bathing suit.

Covering her legs and folding her arms, Nancy cried, "Mom!" She turned and covered her face. "I don't want anyone here!"

"Nancy," Sherrie comforted her daughter, "Mr. Tompkins is here to visit with you. He just wants to help. I'm right here. You don't need to be afraid."

I held up my hands in protest. "If she's troubled right now, I can come back at another time."

"No, its fine," Nancy answered abruptly and started to cry. "He gets on top of me; enters my body. I don't want him to, but he holds me down and goes in me. I don't want him to do that stuff to me."

"Who did this to you?" I asked.

"They did. They do it all the time. Any time they want to. They stay as long as they want. I think they enter me to find out how I function."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm trying to tell you! They get in me all the time and I can't stop them."

"Have you called the cops to have them arrested? That's rape. How many guys are doing this to you? And how often?"

"I don't know, quite a few. He doesn't understand, Mother. He's no help, either."

She started to cry again.

"Try to be quiet dear," said Sherri. "Mr. Tompkins is trying to help you."

I nodded my head and tried to look sincere. "Where are you when this happens?"

"Anywhere! Sometimes, when I'm driving home, the pricks jump in my car, force me to pull over, pull me over the front seat, on to the back seat, then pull my clothes off and hold me down. I can't stop them. Sometimes they do the same thing at two in the morning in my bed. I try to scream, but I can't make a sound."

I scratched my head. She just kept repeating the same story over and over again. It was as if she was worked up to the point where she could only say the same thing. All I could say was, "Why?"

"That's what I am asking you! You're the fucking asshole who knows everything. You're the goddamn expert."

Putting her hand over Nancy's mouth, her mother said, "You shouldn't talk to Mr. Tompkins like that."

I tried to sympathize, but she blurted, "No, you don't understand."

"Well I didn't before, but I understand now."

"Hooray for you. At least someone realizes that these things are entering me to find out what makes me tick. So, why do you think they're doing this to me?"

"I guess I don't know. But I am really sorry this is happening to you."

"Maybe you are, but that won't stop them. I've lost control. I have no control over myself. I'm not myself. I feel like I'm someone else. I'm looking for a place to cover up and hide all the time; this isn't me. Someone has taken over my body and mind and is inside of me."

She started shaking. "It's as if they're making me into one of them."

Holy cats, I thought, this was not my area. How could I get out of here?

"Speak a little louder if you can, dear," said Sherri, as if I hadn't heard her.

"They are converting me into them!" Nancy yelled. "Also, I have something in me."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"I mean, they stuck a thing in my upper leg with one of those big needles. The needles have claws and they left this hard little thing in me." Pulling off her robe to reveal her hip, Nancy yanked the side of her bathing suit above her waist with three fingers and exposed her bottom. "Right there," she said, grabbing my hand and placing it on her hip. "Inside. Can you feel it?"

"Oh, Nancy, cover yourself up!" said her mother.

"Why? He's a doctor, isn't he?"

"I am so sorry, Mr. Tompkins. Nancy is just upset."

Rubbing her eyes, Nancy asked me, "What's your first name?"

"Bill," I answered, pulling my hand away. I had felt something like a hard callous on the inside of her skin, covered with soft flesh. "Have you shown this to a doctor?"

She shook her head. "They all say that it's nothing, that it's not cancerous and they aren't worried about it."

"Does it hurt?" I asked, perplexed.

"No." She pulled her robe back up. "But I think they use it to find me somehow. Is that possible?"

Her robe slipped down again, exposing her legs, and Sherri reached down to pull it up. "Tie it, dear," she said.

Not answering Nancy, I thought that she sure as hell could be right about them tracking her, but this was way out of my league.

"They come inside of my body," Nancy went on. "Don't you understand that? I can't tell the doctors the truth; they would put me in the nut house! These 'guys' all tell me they love me and will protect me. Protect me from what? They're hurting me terribly, raping me. How am I being protected? I'm constantly fighting whatever's inside me. Do you think you can understand that?"

I was frustrated, but I said, "I'm sorry this is happening to you. The best way for me to help you is to ask you some specifics. Are you okay with continuing?"

She sighed. "I thought we were already doing that. None of this is ever going to be okay until it stops or I stop."

I collected myself. "What do these creatures look like?" I asked.

"If it was Dean Martin fucking me, I would enjoy it," she spat. "But these guys are from out there. Way out there. They're extraterrestrials. What else can tell you?"

"What do they look like?"

"They never let me see their faces."

"I don't understand . . . they're lying on top of you?"

"Yes, but they always have their faces turned to the side."

"Are they nude, like you?"

"Sometimes. They often wear a sort of tight material, like skin."

"What color is it?"

"Silver blue."

"What color is their skin in the tight outfit?"

"Light green or brown."

"How do they get their privates out? Do they have a zipper?"

"How the fuck do I know? It's always dark and I am scared out of my mind. I'll ask them to stop

fucking me next time, grab them, and examine their stuff for you."

I didn't get angry at this. Instead, I asked her, "Do you think it's possible they're doing this to control us, here, on this planet?"

"Damn it! You people know more about these things than me. I don't know why. I guess it's possible. Why me? I think they're trying to punish my Dad. This hasn't happened to any of my girlfriends."

Then she got offensive and added: "Maybe it's your fault."

I stepped back at the thought. "Hold on there, lady. You can trust that I am definitely not going to hurt you."

Sherri interceded. "She is so upset, Mr. Tompkins. Maybe you should let her rest now."

Nancy jumped up from the pool chair. "No Mother! I want him to help me. At least I can tell that he believes me!" She turned my way. "Can you fix this?"

At that moment, the phone in the living room rang. Sherri left the pool area to go answer it. Swinging her legs off the lounge chair, Nancy got up in my face, dried her tears, and put her hands on her hips.

"Now you listen to me, Mr. Spaceman," she said. "Daddy told me you're the fucking expert over in the Think Tank; that you know all about these 'people' out there. I'm going to let you off the hook for now, but you'd better be back soon with help. Do you understand me? I've told you what's happening. Can you help me or not?"

I nodded and tried to hold back how helpless I felt. "I'm knowledgeable about the abductions," I replied. "Your situation is under study by the finest experts on the planet. I'll try to get you help, okay?"

"No! It's not okay. Don't 'try' to get me help. Do it. You got me? I want you back here in two days, same time, same pool."

Boy is she spoiled, I thought. How am I going to do this?

"I'll try to get back here in a couple of days," I answered. "And I'll see what I can find out about your dilemma."

At that, Nancy walked away, as if to lead me through her house, to the front door. I followed her, but she pivoted and waved me back towards the pool. Thinking she was too pissed off to show me to the door, I took that as my cue to get out. Sherrie, her mother, was still on the phone as I reached the door. The whole house felt cold.

Back in my Cadillac, I felt better. I mulled over a few things in my mind. Who could I talk to about this? Who could help this girl? How could we protect her, or protect anybody for that matter?

With very little sleep that night I called Cliff and Ralph to make arrangements for before work at 6:00 a.m. breakfast tomorrow morning. We met at a Santa Monica Boulevard coffee shop. Before I could open my mouth Cliff said, "Bill, you don't look so good. What did Wheaton want yesterday?"

I threw up my hands and let it all out, "Well, apparently Roger Fleming's daughter was having an alien problem. Roger and their family doctor wanted to put her into the hospital for psychoanalyzing. They thought that she was just delusional. They wanted to talk to me first."

Cliff patted me on the back and laughed, "They wanted to give you the first crack at the alien problem? Well, that must have made your day."

I exclaimed, "No, didn't want anything to do with it. I'm no psychiatrist. The girl practically ran all over me. I've never meet such a rude and spoiled little brat."

Cliff shrugged his shoulders, "First off, we better have Jessica get her alien buddies to back off on Fleming's daughter."

"Nice thought, Cliff, but Jessica will never admit that she is not from here. Besides, her people don't carry big enough sticks to make these black hats back off. Their horses are no match for these

entities."

"No time to study; we need a plan now," Ralph added.

Cliff disagreed, "No, It's important to figure out similar circumstances. Remember that propulsion service rep that Howard talked to? His name was Spenser. Bert Spenser."

Ralph said, "He got hit a lot at White Sands on the NIKE ZEUS program."

"Yes," I reminisced, "They continued to abduct him even on the Thor system launches from Vandenberg."

Cliff continued and thrust out his hand to make another point, "And then there was that Dotty, the girl who was working on the structures of the WS-315A Thor. She was abducted."

Ralph attempted to join in, "Hey, even that guy Ray something over at El Segundo, he is a supervisor in product development."

I countered, "No. He is in Operations on Navy aircraft at El Segundo."

Cliff agreed, "You're right, Bill. His name is Raymond Sutras. They have been abducting him continuously since he was 4 years old."

I started to feel relieved that I was actually getting some help, "That's good, you guys. I'll have Jessica round up our background on them for a start."

Ralph added, "Could you pull any or all reports on this in our CSI files?"

I answered, "Yes."

"That's right Bill; I know at least six in there alone."

"Cliff, could you hit Klemp on this?"

"I am going to get with Dr. Harding; let's get together at 11:30 and compare notes. Okay, gentlemen."

"Thanks for helping Nancy last night Tommie," Earl said.

"I have known her since she was a baby; Roger's daughter is a really fine young lady."

"This is a terrible thing that she is going through. I know you are loaded but it would help if you can find some way to assist her."

"Now, you know this is actually one of our problems that Klemp has," I interrupted him, "This is a major element that is applicable to at least six of the eight alien species that we are trying to understand."

"When you can, I would like you to inform me as to whom our finest experts on the planet are that are studying the abductions; I really need to talk this over with them."

"Ouch; that hurt, Mr. Wheaton," I said.

"Well, Tommie, at this point in recent history, meaning right now, those finest experts on the planet are in Klemp's file. Maybe if you and your buddy Klemp in the Think Tank could look at the New Program Requirements file. I think its No. 14 'still to be developed. Am I wrong in this?"

"Ouch, that really hurts, Mr. Wheaton," I answered.

"Making that up at that time must have helped Nancy, but that means that you are now Project Engineer on No. 14, finest abduction expert on the planet, as in other hobbies, have fun."

"Seriously, everybody is overloaded; however this subject interfaces, and may affect far more of our ability to expand our understanding of the alien threats and agendas. We must develop methods to understand these different beings that could have developed the capability to move off their planet out into the galaxies fifty million years ago."

"Wow, Elmer, where did that come from? That's my line," I said.

"Gather up who you need and form another study group. We'll meet in my conference room at 5:00 p.m. this afternoon; bring your girlfriend Jessica."

"Bill, you have got to be nicer to her, get her input more than just a suggestion."

"Elmer, she is Nordic. We have no advisory contract with them like Truman who gave away the fucking store to the tall Grays back in '47."

"She is a volunteer and will not acknowledge who she really is; you know that."

"Well, yes, but she is advanced so far above us in this galactic area; we really need help."

* * *

Everyone showed up at 5:00 p.m. After Elmer and I brought them up to date, Klemp hit us all with sex: interbreeding and control; that's what two of these extraterrestrial civilizations want, the reptilians and the grays.

He added that one strain of grays - who at times work for the reptilians - really need to be dealt with. They are very bad people that are sometimes useful but always troublesome.

Several strains of the reptilians must also be dealt with, as they are extremely violent ones, very dangerous, the worst, and a race of killers.

If it is established that the Federation of Planets and or Federation of Galaxies do exist, then it is assumed that the distances between stars and galaxies are so great that establishing a military control over these species at this time is impossible. Control over these reptilian species will be very difficult. That being said, it is a given that we will have very little alliance for support at this time.

Knowing that they are vicious and very difficult to control, we are defenseless against them.

This reminded me of my earlier conversation with Nancy, Roger Fleming's daughter, who had been having personal attacks.

"A force came out of those violent eyes, right at me and into my eyes; splashing my face, nearly knocking me off my feet and snapping my neck back."

"Has this happened before?" I asked.

"No; well, not like this."

"I grabbed my head with both hands; desperately tried to pull my head back in place. I fainted, that's all I remember. I woke up sitting in the front passenger side of my car."

"The same thing happened to me last night at the Brown Derby on Wilshire Boulevard. I rode back to the parking lot with the cute parking attendant to meet my friends. Thought I saw them drive their own car way back there. It was very dark behind that long row of palm trees, couldn't find them; started walking back out to the Derby entrance when he grabbed me."

"More hunched this time, may not be the same one."

"He flipped the head thing off and I froze, couldn't move, it was evil."

"Much worse than a zombie, ominous, red orange in those massive green-black eyes; a cross between a jackal and a gargoyle. I thought it was going to eat me and I fainted."

Downing her drink, she said, "Okay, Spaceman; ball's in your court; spit it out: what the fuck is happing to me? Don't just sit there–tell me right now!

"Name is Bill; I think you should give up the pot."

She jumped up, wearing those four-inch heels, spread her legs out, and put both fists on her hips. She glared down at me and said: "You fucking son of a bitch."

"Well Nancy, that really helped you, at least now you are not scared."

"Now you listen to me, Billy Boy, or whoever you are."

I cut her off: "Okay little girl, your inflated ego won't work with me anymore. All you need is a little love."

"Well you certainly aren't big enough to take care of that."

She spread her legs even more and sat down on my lap with her face in my face.

At the next day's meeting on the new project, Wheaton asked me if I had found a way to help Roger's daughter through her current problem.

Well yes, Elmer I have talked to her and it seems that she is not as frightened now. I really believe she will continue to improve.

At that time, we in the Tank had a large number of alien species documented in our files. They included copies of commercial/military reports, drawings, sketches, poor photos and naval/private citizen abductions. These were acquired from military and private encounters, as well as from the CSI reports from all over the planet. We, almost from the first enlightenment, were still in denial to accept that we were not alone and could really be in trouble. As I have said before, somehow, it didn't bother me, but most of the PhD's simply could not accept that there was an alien race out there. Even worse, that it was possible nineteen different species were really fouling up our planet, not knowing where the number nineteen came from. However, we all were continually forced to accept new and different types of aliens, like the seven and eight foot tall Grays who appeared to be the bosses. We studied every type of alien to understand who they were and what their agenda was. In addition, we wondered: what type of habitable environment does their planet have? In addition, through interbreeding with some other controlled planet out there, how many new species did that group create? Also, what about those insect-like aliens, the ones with the large eyes: did they live underground? We were fascinated by all of this.

Oh, yes, when all the stuff started to sift in on Presidents Eisenhower's rain dance with the Nordics in '54 at Edwards AFB, we in the tank had a ball with those different aliens.

Jessica said, "Surprise, surprise; you guys are finally understanding there are thousands of different others in this sector of the galaxy alone."

"How do you know that?" Bob asked.

"Yes," Cliff said, "I got one of Bill's flashes that one of those four star Admirals in full dress uniform was educating Ike at Edwards's. You're in the Nordic navy too?"

Before Jessica could answer, I walked in and said, "Get off my little girl's back, Cliff."

Jessica pulled her standard answer, "I won't tell."

2 Hollywood, the Brown Derby and Dr. Handen

My older cousin, Walter Handen, my older brother, Tom, and I were raised together like brothers in Hollywood, California. And yes, the three of us frequently sat on the floor of Uncle Harding's living room in his large elaborately furnished Santa Monica home. We were fascinated by being surrounded with ancient Egyptian artifacts. Dr. Harding was chief surgeon at the Santa Monica Hospital. He and his three young daughters also sat on the floor, reading. They had, for years, made numerous trips to the pyramids, acquiring hundreds of photos and actual artifacts. They were attempting to decipher the hieroglyphics.

Back in Hollywood, Walter lived with his father and mother in a small rented house with a dirt back yard. The three of us boys regularly dug holes in the dirt. Some of our tunnels were four feet deep. We were boring the holes while being watched by several three foot tall "Borts." They looked like half-rabbit and half- gopher. The Borts would sometimes just appear from around the side of the house as soon as we started digging. They sort of jumped around watching us, making no sound. We paid no attention to them. Walter utilized his imagination to create images of very large boring machines. I made drawings and helped him build models of his Juggernaut type boring vehicles that would bore down into the earth. Most

of them would fire light beams ahead of gigantic corkscrew-nosed boring machines to explore the interior of the earth and gain access to exotic materials.

Much later in his life, Walter changed his name to John Handen and drilled the deepest hole on the planet. He went to UCLA and got his BS in Geology while in the ROTC. He was commissioned and served in the Pacific theaters of World War II. He got malaria while fighting in the Pacific. Walter came back to Hollywood, went to UCLA, got his doctorate and went to work at the Shell Oil Research Center in Houston, Texas. He was the Senior Scientist on the government's Geographic Deep Drill Hole Program. The earth sciences research program was conducted off the continental shelf in the Atlantic Ocean. He researched astrophysics, combining earth structural strata with solar system planet elements and structures.

Later in the late 1960's and 1970's John attained the distinction of Dean of Texas A&M in Houston. He was one of the principal geophysicists / astrophysicists on the planet. John continued his astrophysics studies as lunar, planetary and star advisor at NASA, also located at Houston.

He frequently flew out to Los Angeles, alone, for several days at a time as principal speaker at UCLA, CALTEC, JPL and TRW. Some of these briefings were highly classified government programs. Missing the mountains and the beautiful southern California weather, he always stayed in our home in San Fernando Valley, with my wife and our three children. As we had always been very close, keeping in touch with our families gave us an opportunity to combine his star and planetary programs with my Douglas and, later, TRW Think Tank penetration into the Universe. We talked with each other about the extraterrestrial threats until three in the morning, laughing at each other's concepts. At times his involvement was addressing the Navy sponsored unmanned and manned planetary fly by probe space vehicle missions that I planned earlier at Douglas and more recently at TRW.

Several times John revised his thoughts on the potential advantage of technical interface communication with the aliens. He never got into remote viewing, like I did, however. He was extremely interested in the aliens' knowledge of tectonic physics and their galactic experience. Our discussions on this subject were extremely interesting to me because the same thoughts had surfaced in my mind, or someone alien put them in there. We needed to somehow take advantage of the aliens' vast experience and establish specific trouble areas on our planet and develop earthquake building codes to protect our population.

Now, remember, John and I were involved in totally different technical fields. So, John continually pushed me to sweet talk my little plaything at Douglas to help us. I tried to explain to John that Jessica has never said that she is a Nordic, even though she flirts almost daily with me, exposing her unbelievable knowledge of the universe. And, yes, she frequently stuffs my head with exactly what is needed on a program. When I implement the plan it works every time. When I tell John this, he shakes his head in disbelief. But we separately came to the same conclusion about the necessity that at some point in time we would recommend leaving our home planet, because this planet at one time in ancient history had only one continent, causing it to be extremely unstable. That the continents did slowly separate helped, but did not prevent major catastrophic events. Our planet also has a very bad history of one tectonic plate climbing on top of another and forcing the other down into the magma, causing volcanic eruptions along several thousand miles at the same time. Like down from Alaska through the U.S. and Ecuador to Chile.

One clear sunny morning, Jessica, being nosey as usual and aware of my cousin and his interest in history said, "Billy, call your cousin over at CALTEC. Let's meet at the Brown Derby, cocktails at six."

The Derby is on Wilshire Boulevard and a really nice place to get together. John had arrived earlier than Jessica and me. Our maître de ushered us both to John's glass table. I had told John several times about this gorgeous plaything that I had at Douglas. But he was still not briefed enough before the

meeting, at seeing her sashay in a flowing orange mini that was so short it exposed all the little pink things underneath. John, being a gentleman, stood up and nearly knocked the table over and almost spilled his drink. Now, I have told you guys reading this book about Jessica's entries, before. But poor conservative John was just not prepared for Jessica. With her flirting smile she sat down across from John, spreading both of her arms wide up on the top of the leather booth back cushion, while crossing her legs.

The expression on John's face said it all. He lost all memory related to sciences. Jessica pulled him back with: "John, what do you know about Admiral' Riis' maps?"

John was thinking that this is so funny - an intelligent, sophisticated, historical question coming out of a dumb, blond showgirl. That brought him into another spin that he was unable to answer. Jessica playfully reached over the table and took his hand. She pulled the glass out of his hand and downed the cocktail.

"Billy, I though you told me he was up on the alien stuff?" Just then our waitress popped in. Almost before she could even say her name - which was Helen - Jessica slapped her on her bottom and snapped, "Double Margaritas all around, now. Let's get this party going."

Groggy John said to me, "It must be really fun working at Douglas; could I have one like that?"

Reading his mind telepathically, Jessica blurted out, "No, little John, you can't order another one like me, I am the only one in this Galaxy."

"How about the universe?" John said. In three minutes, and with a sheepish smile, Helen showed up with our drinks. She served them from the other side of the table. Where Jessica could not smack her again...

Now just sipping her Margarita, Jessica said to John, "I know all about you sneaking out into the Atlantic Ocean on the continental shelf, and at night, mind you; so no one could see you drilling a deep hole in your lopsided planet. There are laws about people doing things like that. That won't work now. Some of us have bigger eyes and can see everything you do. It's bad enough that you were punching holes in the dinosaurs; you use them to stink up the planet but you, Dr. little John, were really trying to find gold. Also I saw you with that drill in your hands and complaining all the way down of the grinding noise. Well, little John, for your information, those were the dinosaurs hollering and you know it.

"And about your questionable past, John; you sold your soul to that dumb Shell Oil Co. back when… back when you quit school and started pumping the dinosaurs up to Houston. Yes you did run the school; teaching how to rob the dinosaur's graveyard in six easy lessons. But you never tried to push the Trilateral to get the World Bank to fund electromagnetic and antigravity energy. And wait just a minute. What have you done to stop cancer and get you guys to live 2,000 years, like sensible people do."

"Jessica, that is my line. That is the biggest pitch I have ever heard you say; I love you."

"Well, Billy, I love you, too, but this cousin of yours has got some explaining to do."

"Dr. Little John boy, speak up. If you can't justify how you broke the law then answer my question. The Admiral Riis charts; what do you know about them?"

By this time my cousin, John, was on his fourth margarita. He answered, "You are right Jessica, I can't justify my past but I have changed. I am out of the corruption to the planet. However, I did extensively study the Admiral's maps. And yes, we came to the conclusion that they were drawn before the last Ice Age. Not making any assumptions about, it but I think Jessica, one of your great Grandfathers drew them."

"Bill, get out of digging dirt holes in the back yard and give me more about what goes on when looking at the stars at two in the morning."

"Well Blondie, I am certain that you know more about warming up a cold night than I did at that time because I was really a late bloomer. Besides, I can almost see the stars in your beautiful eyes and

that gorgeous smile right now, so let’s get on with it.”

The point here is that two boys, for whatever reason, grew up together with an intense interest in what makes up our planet and galaxy. We then separately accomplished major achievements, professionally, and then reunited twenty years later - at the highest possible technical level - contributing on the most important programs ever attempted by man. Neither of us participated in heavy sports or had time for girls - because we didn’t have the time - All our efforts were devoted to studying every aspect of our different technical fields.

That did not prevent either one of us from becoming exceptional, passionate, lovers later, however. When I looked into her gorgeous starry eyes, everything in the universe changed for both of us: we got married and we are still lovers years later.

PUSHING TWO ENVELOPES

The Air Force Thor Weapons System WS 315A was, to some of us in the Tank, a learning curve for the automated system required as a prototype for the Mars and Planetary stations. Still pushing the envelope on the Moon underground center and the Mars surface Naval communication station facility, we were pulled out of the Tank again for Elmer's ballistic missile program. However, I had to wear two hats for that missile system development. Still with one foot in the Tank door, I was privileged to utilize the extremely advanced electronic missile systems we were developing on the expanding requirements for the Mars facility.

After the Roswell events of July 4, 1947 finally sank in at the Pentagon, elements of the old Army Air Force and the Naval Intelligence worked secretly investigating the alien problem. The Air Force and Navy missile and space vehicles research and study contracts started pouring into Douglas Engineering Advanced Design.

Elmer Wheaton's Advanced Design Proposals, that I had been designing for the Air Force, were for an Intermediate Range Ballistic Missile weapons system program that paid off big. I don't mean to repeat myself but this accomplishment was astounding at that time. It was a major contract to deploy hundreds of 2,000 mile range IRBM's with mobile launching capabilities. Douglas had been in competition with the German rocket technicians. These people were part of "Paperclip," bringing several hundred of the top German rocket people over to the U.S. to continue their rocket development. Their latest was our Army's Jupiter Rocket IRBM designed by these German V-2 scientists at the Army's Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama. During early IRBM studies at Douglas, Ramo-Wooldridge consultants (my first design contact with the later TRW) had been advising the Air Force and creating our design concepts.

We won the Phase I Concept and then the production contract, which became the Air Force WS -315 A Missile Program (Douglas DM-18) that was deployed in Europe. And we created a new Missile and Space Department A-260.

The Douglas design Thor DM-18 Missile was by far the simplest and most reliable large liquid propellant rocket ever built on this planet. It has been in operation continually since its storage at the end of the Cold War. The Thor Delta II heavy rockets are now the standard launch vehicle that NASA used to place the ion-propelled spaceship probes to Mars.

This part will blow you away. To acquire a perspective and an understanding of what it has taken for all of us to make this trip into our galaxies and the Universe, you must first understand the complications involved in the design and development of one of the first major large rocket systems. It was first necessary for us in Advanced Design to reverse engineer the entire World War II German V-2 rocket system. Then we established where the weaknesses were in their system and conceived automated new designs that simplified the overall system operating functions and provided unbelievable reliably.

This was accomplished primarily by the Missile Check-out and Launch organization that I was assigned to as Assistant Group Engineer responsible for all program launch operating functions.

For you to improve your understanding of the magnitude of designing the most critical elements in the launch of the most reliable heavy space vehicle ever built on our planet, you must look at the automated system. I don't know how to put it any other way; this was a magnificent accomplishment at that time.

As is often the case in progressing from a research and development phase to a production phase it was necessary for the DM-18 advanced design group and engineering to reorganize. The Ground Support Equipment and launch test had required more engineers than the missile. With so large a proportion of the engineers in the original design phase, it was only natural that the reorganization had such a great effect on all of engineering.

A new DM-18 Missile Design Group was created in 1955 and I was pulled out of Advanced Design and assigned as Assistant Group Engineer of the Douglas DM-18 IOC (Interim Operating Capability test equipment group). Using missile system checkout and launch techniques developed during all the Douglas Engineering years of Navy and NIKE series missile design, manufacturing test, field pre-launch and firing, development and operational Deployment gave us the heads up to the Moon and Mars.

1 Jessica: still in the old wooden hangar

It was nearly eleven o'clock; most of the Apollo people had gone home. "Cliff." I said, jumping up from my chair in my office, "I know it now; remember way back when we were just getting started with Apollo, back in the old wood hangar with the splintered floor?"

Startled, he said, "Yeah, what's the problem?"

"Remember when Jessica fell down the wooden stairs going down to the blueprint files?"

Before he could answer I continued, "Well, I saw the whole damn thing."

"What are you saying? We were in your old office with Bob and Ralph when that happened."

"I know that, but I saw the whole accident; heard everything they said, in another flash, just now! I was in her mind, Cliff. Even heard that boss of hers trying to get her to wake up. Now, Jessica hardly ever talks to me telepathically. She just throws me a picture of what the situation is; or should be. You know; like the other Nordics do. But this was very different; she slipped me into her mind. Just like I told you back then about Max Stanley, Chief test pilot at Northrop.

"It was its first flight; when he took that B-49 Flying Wing bomber off the short Northrop Hawthorne runway. Somebody dropped me in Max's head and I rode right along with him in the front seat, under the bubble canopy. Could see, feel and even smell that new green aluminum primer paint coming up from the flight engineer's station. The vibration noise, from the flexing of the outer wing panels from the rough concrete runway, was even louder than the four 4300 Pratt and Whitney pusher engines."

"What are you saying, Bill, is that those white hat aliens have the ability to enter our minds and implement their agendas. Expose us to exactly what they want. If we expect that, then the black hats can control the Russians in the same way."

"Oh boy, we are really in trouble."

2 Hitler and the SS

Oh My God! We're out of Apollo again and back in Advanced Design. Dr. Klemperer was giving me a hard time as usual, right after our 10:00 a.m. coffee break. "Billie boy," he said, "you are spending too much time playing with your 'How to do it games.'"

He has been calling me that ever since he heard my secretary Jessica - back on the Apollo program section - call me that when she really wants something. Barbara, the hottie from Corporate in a mini skirt, overheard this time and jumped in before I had a chance to defend myself: "Oh Billy, that's so cute of Dr. Klemp to call you that. But he is right, why are you fooling around drawing all these little blocks? Didn't your mother ever give you real blocks to play with when you were a baby?"

She added, "I am cleared way above top secret and I have a need to know! What are you and Klemp really doing here now?"

"You know Barb, you are so full of that stuff it isn't funny. And stop shaking your little butt at Klemp or you will give him ideas, too. But if you must know so you can report back to your fucking corporate bosses. Klemp replied, "Go ahead and tell her Bill; Elmer said maybe it would help if they understand that part of our Think Tank operations."

Barb said, "Well, really, Bill, Dr. Klemp is right again. If they hear it from me it might really help you guys and get them off your backs. How did this whole Klemp thing get started?"

"Well, Barb, as you know, Dr. Klemperer came on board in 1934 before Paperclip flew von Braun over from Germany after World War II. There were several dozen, weren't there, Klemp?"

Klemp got a call and had to leave.

"Go ahead Billy, tell me!"

"Well, yes, we got Klemp and he had this list of all those guys mostly from Germany. All those would-be intergalactic fly boys were driven to go to the stars. Farmers, shoe salesmen, and engineers driven to design and build the propulsion and a spaceship and fly to the stars."

"Oh, Billy, you are pulling my leg again, aren't you?"

"No Barbara, each guy got the same type of thoughts to leave this solar system. Not to go to the Moon or Mars, but to take their family to a nicer planet orbiting another star. I think it got started about 1872 and continued until Hitler and the SS found out about their fantastic research. Imprisoned them in underground sweat shops to continue their research. Hitler wanted to use their vehicles to control this planet and possibly establish a master race on the planets in our solar system.

"Hitler lost the war and Dr. Klemperer got this list and brought it to Douglas for us to evaluate and find the most promising propulsion systems. That list is now refined with their concepts, prototypes and is our Douglas MTM-622 Unconventional Propulsion Schemes."

"Okay, I get it," Barb said. "Then you, Carl and Jim used Klemp's most promising propulsion systems, such as electromagnetic and antigravity, to power your proposed large Navy starcraft carriers that will operate at more than light speed."

"Yes, and we have also acquired some of the alien green integrated circuit boards, microchips and fiber optic wire that were from crashed and acquired alien vehicles. We are back engineering them and designing our control and power versions of Klemp's propulsion systems and some of our Apollo checkout and launch systems."

Barb interrupted, "Hold it right there, Billie Boy! Don't try and convince me that you guys stole that new stuff on the floor of Hangar 18 at Wright Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio! Oh, you little so and so. I remember you did stop off there last March on your last trip to the Pentagon."

"Well it was not Hangar 18, Barb; that was full up to the ceiling with their stuff. It's possible that some things fell in our pockets while we were peeking into Hangar 16. Well, Barb, the Air Force said that no alien craft exist, so they can't put us in prison for just borrowing a few little trinkets, can they?"

Just then, Dr. Sylvester Morrison and Dr. Philip Greaser, both on the expanding RAND Think Tank staff, walked in and Dr. Morrison said, "Tompkins, Dr. Klemperer suggested we sit in on your method of conceiving your advanced 2000 weapon development plan. We are keenly interested in your precise thinking process and your step by step analysis/definition."

He went on saying, "Your briefings have interested Dr. Greaser and me extensively. Where did you complete your advanced concept thesis? Was it under Dr. Bromberg at CalTech?"

Barb said, "Gentleman, you timed it well."

William was just getting started on my corporate report. I ignored their sarcastic education background crap; they always consider the Advanced Design Tank as a step-child to their operation. I went on, explaining how difficult it has been to think of all the steps necessary to check-out and launch our NIKE ZEUS anti-missile missile (that later became "Star Wars"), using old outdated Army mule operating methods. I conceived my functional flow vertical analysis of virtually every element necessary for the design, build and firings of these very high velocity missiles and warheads. I included each event that could malfunction. I also established backup elements to correct them and move on to a useful launch, using this engineering concept for all our Douglas unsolicited government proposals.

Particularly for the development of very complicated launch systems, I also initiated functional flow block diagrams for all our Advanced Design space star ships. In 1953 several of us had flown back to White Sands Proving Ground in New Mexico to evaluate the German V-2 unguided rockets and their crude mobile launchers. We roughed out a plan and conceived how to reverse engineer and convert these uncontrolled V-2 rockets into computer-controlled guided intermediate range missiles with checkout and launch systems located in mobile trailers. These would be deployed all over the planet. We can move them whenever the other guys find out wherever our launch sites are located.

I then conceived and listed every necessary element to develop my entire weapon system development management plan. Using my detailed functional block diagram concept, including every item in the entire weapon system, I utilized task and functional flow items as advancements from the old DM-18 vertical activity plan of every event required to successfully conceive, define, develop and operate an entire weapon system. Then I established and chaired a system group and requested each design section chief to define every task and system that is required for their missile or aircraft development, requiring all to be summarized to show how our section integrated the entire development plan. Then I integrated every item into horizontal block diagrams and functional flows in the entire list. I separated the then 44-page list of events into Concept, Definition, Development and Operation. I established these into phases and listed them into a horizontal, long, foldout management document that we used in the design of our Army NIKE ZEUS anti-missile/missile program. Every element in this plan is identified in blocks that are in four major phases: concept phase, definition phase, development phase, and operation phase.

A rough of my management plan later became the first deployed Army NIKE ZEUS battery. An underground operational control launch center and of missiles that we (I) designed in the Advanced Design Think Tank was actually built and deployed outside of Boston in 1957. We had an unsolicited proposal with the Navy, first as a complete submarine launched IRBM weapon system, and then as a plan for their submarine- launched long range missiles. This unsolicited proposal concept engineering effort resulted in our design requirements for unsolicited bids to the Army for the NIKE ZEUS anti-missile/missile program and the Air Force WS-315A (Douglas DM-18 Thor) Intermediate Range Ballistic Missile programs that we won almost single-handed because of our Advanced Design understanding of the alien threat. We had simulated it in an unsolicited bid before they ever transmitted an industry (RFP) request for proposal.

Even later I proposed it to the top brass at NASA on the Apollo Moon program and it got us to the

Moon. For a number of years we (I) in AD continued to accept all the fuss and praises because of our near perfect concepts.

More recently we have accepted that not all of the approaches that seemed to be on track are really thought out in our brains. They may be from telepathic suggestions stated by aliens, allowing us to accomplish tasks that were instigated by their agendas.

Now, not all of this stuff fell together in my brain at the same time; but those alien guys, primary star girls who have very attractive physical characteristics and who operate in pairs here in Douglas, kept sort of dropping stuff between my ears. The systems just fell in place.

Dr. Greager said, “Tompkins, please don’t expect us to accept dreaming and men from Mars to support your success. You are constantly saying I developed this one, I managed this. We all know that aircraft and missile engineering is a profession that is accomplished by hundreds of far more talented people than your limited experience could possibly provide. So, really, who is the brains that has helped you accomplish these amazing developments?”

“Go fuck yourself, Doctor!”

3 It’s northeast of the slot machines at Vegas

BLOW THEIR STACKS, REVERSE ENGINEERING

It was 6:30 in the evening at the cocktail lounge, again Dean’s Place, on the beach in Santa Monica. All the glasses sparkled behind the counter in the low lights and in the smiling eyes of that darling little thing. Holding out her arms, she said, “You space boys really need hugs tonight.”

We were on our first drinks. Cliff, Ralph Malone, and I were trying to justify our complete change from NASA’s contract for manual checkout and launch of our Apollo S-IV Stage. Change to an automated system for our Rocketdyne restartable single J-2 engine S-IVB Stage.

“Corporate will blow their stacks when they find out what we’ve done,” Cliff said.

“You may be right,” I said, “but it will be nearly impossible trying to get those NASA hardheads to sit down and listen to a concept that isn’t a German idea.”

“NASA will be easy compared to Douglas manufacturing,” Ralph said. “Those guys have been running the entire company for ages. Remember NIKE ZEUS and the DM-18 missile production manufacturing? They always had their manual test equipment contractors lined up for big under-the-table kick back dollars.”

“Okay, gentleman,” I said, “it’s imperative that we accomplish our plan. Do you remember how we got into this in the first place?”

“Yeah,” Cliff added, “you conceived a concept; you waved your arms, drew those sketches, and away we all went to put your designs into the project like we always do.”

“No, Cliff, I mean after that extraterrestrial craft crashed in Roswell, New Mexico in ‘47. The Army Air Corps went out into the desert, picked up all the crash material. They flew it to Wright Patterson Air Base in Dayton Ohio, and then dumped all of it on the floor of the big hangar. Their powers-to-be picked up the telephone and called the top engineering design guys from missile and aircraft companies. They instructed them to get their asses back to Wright-Pat, and then asked them: ‘What the hell is all of this crash material on the floor?’”

“We know that, Bill. What’s your point?” Cliff asked.

“You guys may not be aware that the Navy has also acquired a dozen more UFOs since then, some we shot down.”

"Wow," Ralph said in a shock. "We shot them down?"

I added, "They have been studying them in large underground hangars at the Area 51 Base. It's northeast of the slot machines at Las Vegas."

"We know that too," Ralph said. "John Silva takes a United flight to Vegas every week. He stays at the MGM, flies one of those white 707 jets with the red stripes up to Area 51 every day, round trip. He's stolen a lot of miniaturized extraterrestrial electronic equipment."

Just then, Barbara from Corporate walked in to the lounge in a mini so short we could see her red panties. She grabbed my drink, downed it and said, "Oh, Ralph, you know Johnnie didn't steal those alien goodies. He's back-engineering that equipment in our El Segundo plant. Because you guys never do lab stuff like Jack Northrop did. Gosh don't you boys know anything?"

Ralph asked, "Barbara, where's your gray business suit, do you strip in your car after work every day?"

Outwardly pissed at her arrogance, Cliff asked, "How did you know we would be here? Are you stalking us?"

"Oh, come off it, Cliff. You guys are so easy. Anybody could follow you twerps, I don't need the KGB."

She went on, "We bought that plant from Jack so he could use the money to build his big Hawthorne plant. You know to develop his B-35 and B-49 flying wings. He has at least nineteen labs at Hawthorne now."

"Enough," I said, "Barb, normally I would say you're full of shit, as usual, but you're absolutely right…to a point. What you don't know is when we are not in the plant we're probably reverse engineering that microchip equipment John's acquired over at the El Segundo Plant. Where the heck do you think our S-IVB automated wire-wrap came from, which eliminates 99-percent of the manufacturing, installation, and connection time and has the highest reliability on the planet? The wire-wrap connection joint is gas-tight. And, it improves with age by intermolecular exchange at the interface. And we aren't even using wire; we're using extraterrestrial fiber-optics."

"Oh, come on, Bill, you guys have never even seen the inside of a laboratory," she said. "You wouldn't even know what to do in one."

"Some of their automatic equipment appears to be biological. We've developed a detector that we're using as a sensitive metric technique for determining bacterial population by measuring their enzymatic activity."

"Oh, Billy, that spooky extraterrestrial stuff: don't give me those big fucking words just because I've got long blond hair. I'll bet you're going to try to convince me you guys copied the little grey guys touchy-feely control panels, too."

"No, but we're working on it. Barb, sit down in that chair and quit wiggling your ass in Cliff's face!"

"Well, if any of you guys were gentlemen," Barbara said, "you would have stood up when a lady entered your area, anyway."

"Fuck you, Barb," I said. "If you were a lady, you wouldn't have stolen my drink."

"No, Bill," Cliff said, "don't stop her; she doesn't need that chair. She's going to give me a lap dance."

"Oh, Cliffy," Barbara played along, squirming on Cliff's lap. "I love it when it gets hard like this. I bet you three spend all your lunches at the Kit-Cat Club in El Segundo, don't you? And I bet several alien species hang out there, too."

"Sure," said Ralph, "but you're probably pissed because we don't invite you."

Laughing, Barbara said, “Shut up, Ralph. You’re just Bill’s attorney, trying to keep everyone out of jail for stealing all the nice gray guys’ secret UFO things. But, Bill, what are these playing cards you’re not telling anyone about? Something Ralph is getting upset with?”

“Don’t say anything Bill! Barb’s from Corporate,” Ralph said. But Barbara got up in his face.

“Stay out of it, or else,” she said.

“Or else what, you frigging spy? Have me fired?” Ralph yelled. “Who do you really work for, Barbara? Corporate, Manufacturing, the subcontractors, who? You throw your body all around Engineering. Probably screw half of them just to get information on how we know more about the entire NASA Apollo program than von Braun.”

“Sit down, both of you,” I ordered.

“I know they’re not playing cards,” Barbara said. “They’re fantastic, juicy, laminated, electric circuit cards, standup jumping microchips, and those cute little black 8-legged alien spiders crawling all over them. You guys have reverse engineered them into perfection. Oh no, they’re not strip poker cards, either. You know that if you can make them work, you could launch the entire Saturn vehicle and operate every function required for the missions to the Moon and Mars just with one of them. You guys are so frigging positive that you can really do it. You’re planning to develop seven Douglas subcontractor companies to manufacture every type required.”

“All right, Barbara,” I said. “Cliff and Ralph don’t know about you. Its time they do.”

“Know about what?” Cliff asked.

“Barbara is in the top corporate office,” I said. “But she’s on our side. She only tells them what’s in our best interest, and never lets them in on what we’re really doing until it’s beneficial to our plans.”

“Holy cats, Bill. Barbara from Corporate is a good guy? Both Cliff and Ralph said at the same time?”

“You mean,” Ralph said, “she’s one of us?”

“Let me kiss you Barb!” Cliff added.

“Okay, boys,” Barbara said, telling them that they were sweet and now everything would work out.

“I’m not as good as your alien secretary, Jessica,” she said to me. “Knowing exactly what you’re thinking before you say it. But when I came in here, I did pick up what you three were trying to figure out: how to justify your fracturing of our S-IVB contract. Because of what NASA is doing wrong with the Apollo Program. Well gentlemen, let me tell you. There is only one way to do that: don’t tell anyone what you’ve discovered. Not even marketing. Just prepare all your documents and have your guys in engineering present it to the top people at NASA as soon as possible.”

“Wow,” said Cliff to Barbara. “I love you. Give that little girl another drink!”

Ralph agreed. “Now I know why you showed up here at Dean’s, Barbara. It was your beautiful disclosure.”

Holding up my drink, I said, “Barbara, we salute you.”

And Billy, don’t forget I know some of that Alien stuff leaked out of the Tank and into your desk drawer.

After a twenty minute rain dance on all our advanced concepts, in walked Jessica who had been spying, as usual, hanging on the door. She was wearing a white summer uniform of the day.

“Billy, I am surprised; you should know better. Didn’t you ever question why OUR SECTION IS THE ONLY ONE in engineering TO HAVE AN a ATTORNEY? A Patent Attorney; THAT’S FOR INVENTIONS?

“Smiley over there. Mr. Malone. Look at his halo; so innocent. He has nine women working

fourteen hours a day trying to keep up with all the ALIEN STUFF YOU GUYS ARE REVERSING EVERY WEEK. Even Ralph really does not know who he is really working for. Right, Ralphie?"

"Well yes, Jessica; but Bill has known all along. I know he has known."

Then I interrupted, "Jessica just lives for these big dramas, rolling her eyes."

FOUNDATIONS FOR THE BROCHURE

SIVB APOLLO PROGRAM

Standing on the corner with attorney Ralph Malone and Phil Taylor from my staff, watching all the pretty secretaries go by the drinking fountain, I said, “If we only fix the Douglas SIVB systems, and not the rest of the program, we’ll never meet the Apollo missions. We’ve got to get the other contractors to do the same thing we’re doing. If we don’t standardize everything, it may cause a huge mission problem, and if something goes wrong, the contractors will be pointing fingers at each other. Why don’t those Krauts down at Huntsville understand this?”

“You’re right Bill,” Phil said. “Everybody’s thinking about one or two launch schedules per year, like R and D.”

I said, “In order to meet Dr. Debus’s production launch, it’s imperative we have a common system. We’re not planning to launch a research vehicle every eight months like everyone seems to think.”

Ralph agreed with this. Collectively, we understood that everyone, including NASA, Douglas, and the contractors didn’t understand the Apollo launch schedule. Although the tall secretaries in high heels and miniskirts helped temporarily, they never solved our problems. Sacramento Engine Test was doing the same thing for the Complex Beta rocket engines and systems tests. They were buying different obsolete test equipment hardware that had different results from our SIVB stage test equipment..

In the seeming chaos that existed in the early development of the mission to the Moon for the Saturn Apollo family, my section crew at Douglas Space Engineering and I were extremely frustrated with the NASA approach. During one of our meetings, I turned to Cliff Noland and stated, “For the early C-1B intermediate Saturn Vehicles, there’s simply no way we can get all our manual electronic checkout and launch equipment into that old small underground blockhouse that NASA requires. We have to go with our new and totally automated computer-controlled approach. For God’s sake, Cliff, this is a production launch program, doesn’t anyone understand this? This is never going to work.”

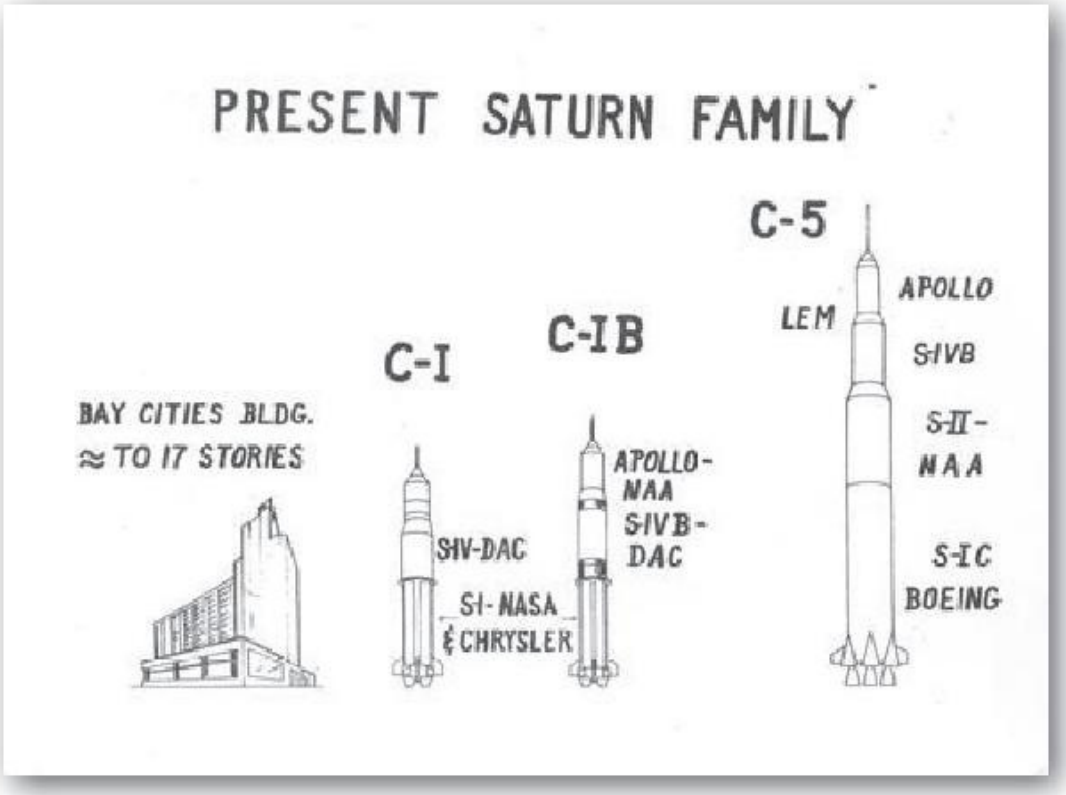
Cliff rolled his eyes and nodded in agreement: “Let’s go back and use the modular concept you designed on the Air Force DM-18 Missile System. Only, let’s use the new, printed, circuit board computer racks, then put together a package and propose it to those SOBs who keep telling us it can’t be done.”

On that note, we got to work on this specific course of action. I reviewed everything with my section engineers and staff. They were in complete agreement. It was imperative we cover our own program first, the SIVB stage, which was the early mission control element of the Saturn V vehicle checkout, launch, Moon mission systems; and standardize every phase. This included our engineering systems integration and the Douglas production manufacturing checkout systems. In other words, NASA needed our automated engineering system and we needed to convince them of that.

In our planning sessions, Cliff and I agreed that we needed a standardized system. “All of these guys in Sacramento, Huntsville Alabama Integration, and the field test guys at Cape Canaveral complexes have different, but equally obsolete, checkout and test systems,” I told Cliff. “These management pencil pushers are pitted against one another. They won’t even consider discussing standardizations. They go out and hire their old friends to build obsolete production checkout hardware. This is driving me crazy.”

I knew we had to put together a total Apollo System Plan, not only to get our own company to use the same plan, but to force the other contractors, who had their heads in the sand like DAC Manufacturing, to standardize on the interface between all of the Apollo stages and all the companies.

Our first step was to prepare an in-house document that we called “The Brochure.” It was meant to familiarize Douglas engineering management with the existing Atlantic Missile Range research and development facilities used for our manual ground support checkout and launch of the SIVB stages. The Brochure was three fold: it comprised our early research, as well as the development of the Saturn-IV vehicles, and the totally undefined Saturn V Complex 39 Facilities. Douglas was to completely study and define the Complex 39 unsolicited proposals from a quality-control standpoint and provide successful missions if properly documented. Douglas was also to provide the systems engineering management, including all of the AMR complexes 34, 37 and 39, and eliminate the special assembly checkout building concept, which was just another open airplane hangar. The Saturn family of launch vehicles, as they finally evolved is shown nearby.



1 Gulf of Tonkin

On October 4, 2003 during a Roswell UFO discussion with Steve Conway, a retired Navy Commander, he described a very unusual interface between a U.S. Navy Admiral and supporting extraterrestrial Naval officers. Commander Simpson was the Duty Officer of the Deck during secured flight hours; the incident

below occurred in 1976 on a July evening around 10:00 p.m..

Commander Conway stated, “On July 1976 during night operations in the Gulf of Tonkin (Indian Ocean), I was aboard the Aircraft Carrier U.S.S. Ranger CV-61 assigned to the Pacific Fleet. I had the watch and was on the bridge overlooking a 3.2 sea state with a clear night sky and the ship was in a non-combat minimum lighting station. Our radar encountered an incoming and I issued the command ‘Battle Stations,’ then the incoming changed immediately to identify friendly. The incoming vehicle appearing at first as just a small light becoming larger and slowed to approach speed and then made an excellent vertical descent with no sound, vibration or exhaust wind. It extended its landing gear and ever so lightly touched down on the carrier flight deck. It landed on the crowded deck with F-4 Phantoms and A-7E Corsairs. The central flight deck lighting was ordered on. Even though there was considerable deck lighting located on the Carrier Island ten stories directly above and over the 238 foot wide flight deck, it was difficult for me to provide an accurate size of the round silver UFO but I estimated it to be ninety feet in diameter. Viewing the landing from the bridge it was also difficult to establish whether the vehicle was actually floating above the deck or resting on its extended landing gear.

“Our Admiral the Commander of the Battle Group and two officers exited the island to the flight deck and disappeared under the UFO. They reappeared accompanied with two individuals dressed in smooth fitting uniforms; all five entering the island and proceeded down the ladder (stairway) to the Admiral’s two star (blue) conference room quarters adjacent to the CIC (Combat Information Center) located one deck below the island. At approximately 2300 hours the Admiral, one officer, and the two individuals came out of the island and went back under the vehicle. At 2311 hours the UFO slowly rose vertically to approximately 400 meters and shot into the night sky making no sound and no wind. For some reason I had a feeling that the UFO entered a large mother ship in our orbit. The Admiral returned alone aboard a Command Control helicopter the next day and resumed his routine duties as Battle Group Commander. I gave the order to log this event in the Classified Ship Log.

2 The brochure

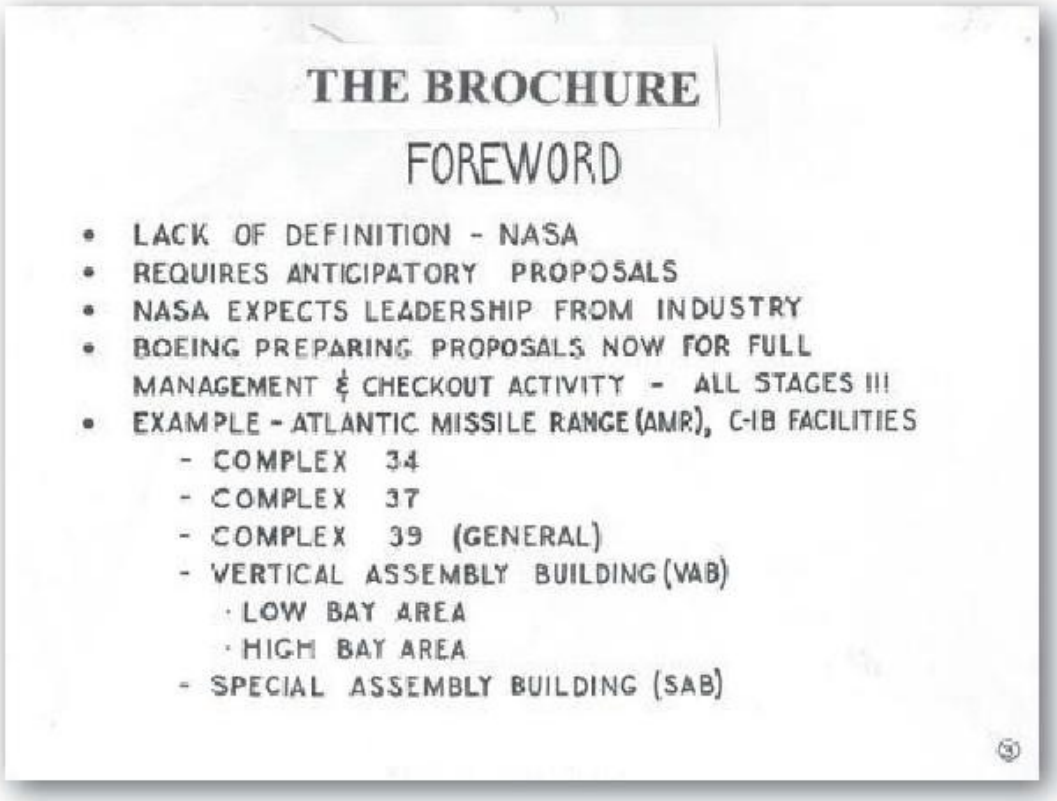
As I said before the foundation for successful lunar and planetary missions, I conceived and we developed a brochure for both Douglas Engineering Management and later NASA.

The purpose of this brochure was threefold:

First, to familiarize the reader with the limited existing facilities and ground support equipment (GSE) at NASA’s AMR for the checkout and launch of the S-4 stage; staging and launching of the Saturn C-1B Vehicle by NASA with emphasis on the present capabilities and limitations of each facility.

Second, to examine the facility utilization problems which confront the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) and Douglas Aircraft Company, Inc., in terms of the present capabilities of the these facilities, tentative launch schedules, and present contractual agreements.

And third, to suggest specific anticipatory failures during the countdown, launch and mission and to provide systems that will prevent failures through the entire mission. Nearby is an exact copy of the foreword to the brochure.



3 Strange situation

We were in a meeting surrounding the reevaluation of NOVA type space ships.

“Hell, I understand it’s been nearly ten years since Tompkins and the others in the Tank were playing with concepts of large Naval space ships to combat the alien battle groups,” Philip Horseman, the new guy from Corporate, said.

Jim agreed. He thought: How did he know all that?

“You sure got that right; over five years before Kennedy got permission to get off the fucking planet.”

“Yes,” Dr. Klemperer added, “and created NASA to study our heavy NOVA type rockets and get us to the Moon.”

“Okay, Elmer put it back in perspective. Nobody had a rocket engine with enough thrust to get us up there.”

“Yes; Klemp said, “but Rocketdyne got their H-1 engine up and running. Call it Apollo and five of them can do it.”

Elmer said: “Well, again, Admiral Conway wants his lunar Naval base, the one that Bill designed. He is upping the schedule to build the base. And we need heavy NOVA type trucks to haul the construction equipment up there. I have read the Tompkins Naval base proposal; most of it is underground. Do you have any idea how large his lunar tunnel boring machines are? They are over four boxcars long. We will have to build them in sections, load them in the NOVA trucks, fire them up, soft land them on the Moon surface and reassemble them on their tracks. And don’t forget, we will have to completely check them out before operation, just like checking out our Apollo S-IVB stage.”

“Well, that’s what Tompkins is developing now out in engineering. So, who is going to run with this ball?” Jim asked.

Just then Horseman jumped up: “Where does Tompkins get his ideas from? I mean, yes he seems to always conceive the right approach, but this is not normal; someone must be helping him.”

Jim added, “Could be his tall blond secretary in the mini skirt; her naughty smile could make me do anything.”

Elmer stepped in, “That’s enough; yes, Jessica is very inflammable. And never mind where Bill is coming from. He spent a lot of time in Naval intelligence before we got him.”

“I am not pulling him back from managing the Apollo program in engineering into Advanced Design for this new redesign of the NOVA missions. He is sharing a heavy load with trying to get Corporate to accept all four of his system proposals to NASA to manage nearly the entire Moon and Mars mission for the next thirty years. Bill is very knowledgeable of NOVA and can handle both with Jessica’s and our support,” Dr. Klemperer stated.

“Okay, Elmer. Get them started now,” concluded Horseman.

A figure later in this book shows the grandeur of the NOVA vehicle concepts, begun right then in 1963.

4 The unsolicited proposal

I instructed my staff to take our already-designed concepts and specifications and to rewrite them into four unsolicited proposal packages. The plan was for me to present to DAC engineering and corporate management and have DAC Marketing present them to NASA Management. (It turns out that I conceived and developed it so I was to present it to NASA, the guy for the job). We built a large six-by-six-foot scale mock-up concept model of their systems checkout and launch center at the Cape. Also, a finished viewgraph proposal for the Complex 39 Theater launch control center.

My boss, Hal Eaton, was in full support, but his boss’ boss, Frank Dunsfort, is Vice President of Engineering. He said, “Bill, you can’t do it, it will jeopardize our S-IVB contract. Who the hell do you think you are to try and change the entire Apollo Moon Program?”

I replied, “No other sections in the S-IVB engineering see this as a problem; my people in systems engineering are the only people who are looking at the big picture and addressing the real mission requirements: This is a production launch program with reliability unprecedented on this planet. I know nobody else sees the problem; nobody is standing back and looking at the big picture. We’ve got to stop looking at date lists and small pieces.”

The Vice President then stated, “You have to sell it to Douglas Marketing.”

I exclaimed, “No! It would take at least a year to get them to even seriously listen to the proposal.” Somehow I was told that it was okay to continue preparing my proposal.

Separately, Hal Eaton agreed fully however, saying, “But, that we could both get fired for an unsolicited proposal of this magnitude that disclosed a total lack of definition by NASA, and accepting leadership from industry to define their job.”

It was more than chaos. Apollo was broken. Douglas management waiting to be told what to do, and Boeing preparing proposal after proposal for full management to Dr. Debus to design and manage the entire lunar program. Boeing’s marketing continued their position that industry “could accomplish the program more efficiently than NASA” and NASA believing them. They even prepared proposals for full management checkout and launch activities on all stations at the Atlantic Missile Range (AMR), C-1B facilities complex 34, 37 and 39, and even the assembly and launch buildings - none of which Boeing had ever been involved with, because Douglas was the only contractor on all the early Apollo Program except

the old (and now excluded) Chrysler Booster.

Chrysler was the builder of the stage C-1 and C-2 solid propellant rocket booster, not Boeing.

5 The sloppy request

To better explain how we realized that our star girls were aliens: Jessica, Christy, Cliff, Bob and I went to lunch at Dean's place above the beach, an Italian Bar and Grill on top of the palm-tree-lined palisades, overlooking the blue Pacific.

"Let's celebrate," Bob said, patting Christy's adorable little bottom.

"Celebrate what?" Christy asked, shaking it at him.

I said, "We got a sloppy request to define property rights."

Bob said, "That's nice, must be for that new strip club in Culver City? That flight test wants us to help pay for? They already have seventeen Vegas girls lined up for us."

"Fuck you," Christy said. "You naughty boy; you told me that you only think of what's up between my legs."

"Well, that too."

Then I said, "Back off, you guys; it came from NASA Huntsville. A half-assed contract to define property rights on the Moon."

"Hell, Bill, we did those seven years ago in Advanced Design," Bob added.

"It was an answer to our unsolicited A D proposal," I answered.

Christy twisted up her nose and said: "Those Krauts at NASA have no fucking idea what is going on out there.

"Out where?" Bob asked.

"In the Galaxy, you asshole. We should set up a real-estate office here in Beverly Hills, appraise the good stuff on the Moon and sell the Bad Lands to the Reptilians."

"What's a Reptilian?"

"Are you paying, Bobby?"

"Paying for what?"

"Our drinks, stupid; get with the program."

JESSICA, THE SPEED READER

"Boy," Cliff said. "This is really first class."

I agreed. We had just moved the entire Missile and Space Division out of the old wooden hangar. We gave it back to the DC-8, commercial guys, splinters and all. We were relaxing in our new southwest area, outside the lunch complex, facing the beach.

Cliff Noland, my sharp dressed number one, has close-cropped blond hair, steady brown eyes and a tall lean frame. Ralph Malone, our section's attorney, has thinning salt-and-pepper hair, and a medium heavy build. Jessica, the stunning sex goddess, is in her red/orange skin tight leotard, marching boots and nude legs. We were on our second cup of morning coffee.

"Okay, Jessica," I said, "Tell us how do you type every day wearing those bell bottom slaves so long that that they completely cover your cute little hands?"

Cliff said, "Never mind the sleeves; I followed her out here and that leotard is cut so high in the back I nearly tripped."

"You really like my bottom? Oh, Billy. I can type blind and I just love them; they're so soft and sexy."

"I've heard of flying blind, but typing blind that's way out there," I said.

Even though we, in Douglas engineering, didn't have the IBM three piece black dress code, we were the closest space plant to Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. Taking after Cliff and me, my section included the best-dressed designers in the business - my Apollo section being the sharpest.

We were trying another approach of selling Moon and Mars dirt to get around NASA's problem of who owns the Moon. They had insisted that all countries on earth should jointly own the Moon. They did not, however, trust the "evil empire." We wanted NASA to increase planned diplomatic solutions, primarily with the Soviet Union, and instruct all other countries to follow our peaceful division of mineral recovery properties; using the same concept.

Reviewing my old Think Tank plan data on who owns the Moon, I said, "If we go ahead with this Apollo proposal, it means that everything in NASA's requirements must change."

"Okay, Bill," Jessica said, "I know that." Spreading her arms defiantly, she said, "So here it is."

"Here what is?" Cliff asked.

"Your new planetary ownership requirements."

"Billy, after our little review and stuff, you fell asleep last night," said Jessica. "I rewrote the program requirements."

"Oh," Cliff said, "come off it, Jessica, that's 700 pages of all new legal documentation. That's a five-week job. And what about the three-week, red- line review?"

Very pissed, Cliff added, "I know you are one of those new speed readers, Jessica, but speed writers - no way! I don't believe any of this; give me your original."

“I am keeping it, but here’s your copy, Cliff, and one for you, Ralph.”

Licking her lips, she added, “Even a bright, shiny autographed copy just for you, Billy boy, for keeping things up last night.”

Slurping on his coffee, Ralph started reading his copy, as the rest of us followed. Twirling her pen around her finger, Jessica asked Ralph, a patent attorney, “What are your thoughts on Naval blockades to enforce ownership: section 4 page 307?”

“Slow down, Jessica,” a scowling Ralph said. “I am still on page 28 paragraph 3; how did you get to page 307?”

“I told you guys Jessica’s hot; oh, I mean fast,” I added.

Cliff said, “I am only on page 20, Jessica; did you really write this?”

“Hey, both of you guys are ahead of me,” I said.

“Look, Cliff, Jessica worked until 4:00 a.m. last night.”

“Jessica said, “You mean this morning, Billy.”

“Chuck, you expect me to believe that you really worked on our Moon and Mars ownership proposal all of that time?”

“Jessica still has the same leotard on that she wore yesterday. Look at it; half the sleeves are torn off.”

“Bill, at least give the girl time to slip it off.”

“Oh Cliffy, you have such a nasty mind. Only we didn’t have time for breakfast; have Polo pick up some donuts at the cafeteria.”

“Listen, you guys” I said, “what we have defined here – well, what Jessica has defined here - is a plan to make selling Moon and Mars dirt to the black hats.”

“What’s a black hat?”

“It has completely changed all our previous method of dirt ownership.”

“Hold on here, Bill,” said Ralph, rubbing his chin. He added, “Almost as important as that is, that your little blonde here may really be an alien. None of us can write like that; you fucked up and exposed your identify, Jessica.”

It was a little hazy but right then, in a fraction of a second, I thought to myself, I think I know what happened. Jessica was from another part of the Galaxy and had been trained to blend in. She was accomplishing that beautifully, but this time she really fouled up in front of us. She blew her cover. Telepathically hearing my thoughts, she said, “Stop embarrassing me in front of them, Bill; you know I can’t tell.”

I said, “We are your friends; we love you. Well, I do anyway.”

“Yes Jessica,” Ralph added, as if nothing had happened.

“We are your families and we are all doing this together.”

Cliff added, “Jessica, are you somehow controlling our minds? It’s sort of like, maybe, mind control?”

Jessica was saying nothing.

1 Beyond expectations: Flash Gordon

Cliff Noland and I were cleaning up our agenda for our by-weekly S-IVB stage meeting; we were in the new engineering building that faced the beautiful Pacific Ocean.

“It never ceases to amaze me, Bill: you know that massive launch control center you conceived in

‘54? Back in the Tank for the Moon Naval base missions?”

“Yes Cliff; what about it?”

“Well, you redesigned the center for the pre-NOVA planetary missions.”

“Okay, so?”

“You also conceived and designed that massive underground Air Force Stringent Air Command Control Center in Omaha Nebraska. You were able to tie it into NORAD’s satellite viewing of the entire planet. Its mission is to monitor all incoming Soviet bombers, missiles and UFOs. They’re building it, Bill; it’s a nuclear hard site twelve-story steel building on coil springs 400 feet underground just like you conceived.

“Those S-IVB stage System Integration and Sacramento engine test control centers that you are going to show to NASA, they are just unbelievable; you will blow their minds.”

Cliff went on, “The advancement of launching rocket controls from those 1920 German underground block houses that we had to use at the Cape: remember them? Just look at this color photo; it’s like something out of *Flash Gordon* or *Buck Rogers*.

“You’re right; I am visually seeing Jessica.” I said.

Cliff interrupting, “Yeah. Sashaying up the stairs to her master control console; taking over everything, as usual. She would be in her four-inch heel boots and orange mini dress. She is going to love strutting around these centers. Other than your Army NIKE and Air Force SAC Command Centers, nobody has ever conceived anything like this.” See the nearby sketch.

“You’re right,” I answered. “It’s out of this world, and it’s so clean. Your concept, to have everyone at their control console facing the large front wall with total system displays, is genius. Everyone can, at a glance, look up and view the entire operation on colored displays and see exactly how the mission or test is actually proceeding.

“Yes, Bill, we are orders of magnitude more advanced than every other operation on the planet. It’s beyond expectation. I hope you can convince NASA to use this theater control concept to launch the Saturn V Apollo’s for all the Moon and Mars missions.”

After I get NASA to accept my Apollo changes, will Douglas buy it? Was it possible, I thought, that they would not go along? Am I getting cold feet? Why would Douglas corporate – the largest aerospace company on the planet – somehow completely discount all of our massive data confirming the opportunely to lead this planet into the Galaxy? Could the reptilians actually control the entire Boards of Directors’ minds? Could an alien race, one that for thousands of years instigated violent control of the entire planet, force us to carry out their agendas? Could all of this vile control be to prevent us from ever propelling us off our planet? Must we wait another thirty thousand years to try to get out into the Galaxy?

Then, Jessica telepathically gave me a swat, right across the back of my head; it sent me spinning.

“Billy: get all those negative thoughts out of your mind right now; you will do fine at Huntsville. One step at a time, Billy boy.”

2 Approved brochure

Engineering management approved The Brochure and authorized my group to review information for the development of an unsolicited proposal to Dr. Debus. That proposal included flip charts, acrylic 8 1/2x11 viewgraphs of the entire L-shaped module, and vertical assembly concepts. It also included the C-IB Facility requirements at AMR, Douglas’ computerized electronic checkout control equipment packaging concept, Saturn systems support management program plan, NASA Saturn systems facilities management

program, and a six-foot, square, detailed model of the checkout and launch theater style complex control center.

Most of the ideas in this proposal were my concepts and were presented to my Saturn S-IVB Stage Checkout and Launch Systems Section, where they studied these proposed documents, engineered them, and completed a finished Douglas Report with 20 copies.

It was at this point that my boss, Gary Langston, told me that the program was totally my own. It was up to me to make the arrangements now. It was up to me to establish how to present our complete change of the Apollo Saturn launch center to the NASA brass.

3 Crashed UFO discoveries

BEFORE MY BRIEFING TO NASA

Kevin Natter, the group engineer for the DM-18, had separate labs, including one in his garage in Van Nuys. It was in those labs that we utilized some of John Silva's Area 51 findings, including the microchips and printed circuit-boards. There were problems sealing the epoxies circuit. There were some metal alloys that still, to this day, I can't figure out, such as an orange, purple, bluish color that changed with temperature (some were malleable, some were tough, and some felt like plastic).

We tried to make copies and use epoxies to laminate them. We tried to miniaturize ribbon wires and we thought of how to power the units. We jury-rigged configurations. Originally, during the crashed UFO discoveries at Wright-Patterson Air Force base in Dayton, Ohio, the military had all of the wrecked parts on the floor and offered patent rights to whoever could figure out the technology and manufacture it. We eventually used the first circuit-boards for our Apollo mission S-IVB Stage, both in the vehicle and for ground support systems. In the briefing, I opined that all contractors use this equipment as part of my standardization reasoning. (Jack Northrop personally went back to view the findings).

I AM IN TROUBLE

THEY FOUND OUT. I'M IN TROUBLE AGAIN, TURNING OVER THE CONTROL

Now well into the implementation of these designs and the four proposals, Elmer Wheaton was our understanding and fully supportive VP of my concepts. Unfortunately, he had almost no authority over the Apollo Moon and Mars programs. That job had been given to Al Sorenson, the somehow boss of everything. I was surprised when Elmer, at this critical time, considered pulling some strings and have me removed from the Apollo Moon Mars program and put back in the Think Tank. I was out of the office when Jessica had taken Elmer's call. When I arrived back from CalTech at 6:45 p.m., she threw her arms around me, forcing us into a full-bodied hug batting her long lashes over her deep blues.

"Slow down," I told her, nervously. "Somebody could walk in

"It was a major element of Section 139 of our Rand contract," Jessica said.

What the hell do you know about section 139?"

Ignoring me she pulled her blouse down, exposing a nipple.

"I don't care. You can't go back in the Tank now. There are too many loose ends that could fly into fires. And speaking of things that fly, I love the way I'm affecting you, Billy."

I turned red, but silently, I agreed.

I said, "Elmer would never pull me off Apollo, or off the manned mission to Mars, if it wasn't critical."

"Well, if it's that bad, I'm going with you," she demanded.

"You know that's impossible," I told her. "You're not cleared for the Tank; that's the highest security area in the country."

"Well then, get me cleared! You need me. You know you do."

"Please, Jessica, just get a memo out for me, turning controls of the section over to Cliff, with Ralph as his assistant chief."

"It's done. I wrote it this morning, with copies to everyone in Southern California, right after Wheaton called. I signed your name better than you do, too."

Grabbing my face in her soft hands, she kissed me, saying, "I'm calling him right now to tell him you're on the way. He's in the situation room with Dr. Klemperer."

"Situation room? I didn't know the Tank had a situation room?"

"It's just the old conference room fixed up nice."

"How do you know that? And who decided to call it a situation room?"

"You need to get with the program," Jessica cooooed. "That's what those hotshot PhD consultants call it, the CalTech guys from Pasadena?"

Not answering, Jessica was still locking our bodies into one. She licked my cheek and stared inside me.

"How do you know all this about the Tank, where is this coming from?"

She dropped her arms and backed off, as if she was instructed to: "Billy: you call me tonight, okay? I don't care how late."

Not having been in the Tank for a while, my old entry card was inoperative and I had to be ID'd and buzzed in. As I entered the well-appointed situation room, the look on Wheaton's face said everything.

"Morning, Bill," he greeted me. "Thank you for coming on such short notice. If you would, close the door and bolt it."

"It's not morning. After 6:30 p.m. now." Oh shit, I thought, glancing from him to Dr. Klemperer, what did I do now?

Klemp raised a brow. "It's dinner time and we need to know."

"Know what?" I asked.

"We're in a lot more trouble than we thought. We have been at it all day in the big conference room with the other people."

I thought: Who are these other people? Scientific consultants that somehow have the authority to attend and listen to every advanced concept that we create? They show up in our classified conference room? I started shaking. I had the feeling that some of them waiting in the big conference room next door weren't really human. Knowing that this was going to be hard and that I had already sensed it, Elmer got right to it.

"There are hostile extraterrestrials shooting down everything the Navy and Air Force put up. As you know, they've had their UFOs flying into our air space over the most classified bases for some time now."

"Yes I know, and our pilots have been ordered to contact these craft and instruct them to land." I said. "And if they don't cooperate, we are ordered to force them to land. In effect, we're ordered to shoot them down."

"Well that's not working very well, now is it," Klemp said.

Wheaton, who was a big man, looked down at me, his eyes bulging slightly.

"Now, Bill, let's call it what it is. We know that several of you guys, especially you, have been 'selected' by some of these alien guys, if you get my meaning. Naval intelligence wasn't alone when they took an interest in you. There are aliens - probably Nordics - who selected you as a child to assist them in their endeavors to prod the U.S. into developing galactic Naval space ships and operations advantageous to us both."

"Gosh, Elmer," I said, taking a seat on the armrest and almost missing the chair. "Don't start that rumor about me again. Some designers were fooling around, pulling my leg. We don't really know that."

"Look, let's not get into a standoff here," he said. "This is reality, Bill. An extraterrestrial race has contacted our government, and from what we have learned they may be Nordic people; very similar to us. Navy Intelligence recruited you because they knew that you and others like you were visited and selected as children, and now, in your adult lives, these entities have been communicating with you telepathically.

"In other words, the Aliens have involved you in their agendas. You know things that we don't know. Like what is really out there. You have seen continuing conflicts between different civilizations involving naval space battle groups. And that our world will never be the same."

Elmer continued, "Our Naval intelligence considers you a preferred human contactee. The communication link between these extraterrestrial races and you contactees provides us with advanced counter-threat concepts, not just for the Apollo program, or for the Navy base on the Moon, but literally for all advanced space conflicts. In subsequent encounters; not just with your secretary."

"Leave Jessica out of this," I interrupted.

"No, Bill, we think she is an alien consultant." Elmer barked back.

"I'll buy that, but she has never in four years ever instigated a single event that wasn't beneficial to the United States of America."

"We're not saying she is the enemy, but other aliens are really problems. Be assured we don't have a barometer to tell who is supportive and whom we can't trust. That's where you come in. Naval Intelligence has informed us of your capabilities and that your judgment is impeccable. As a contactee, you've been put in a position where you can begin to sort out why these different races are at war with each other. More important, what our involvement on this planet is and what it should be."

"Oh, this is just a lot of bullshit, I can't do all those things, and you guys know it."

Klemp jumped in, "I told you not to hit him with that part," smirking at Wheaton.

"I don't believe…"

Elmer jumped in and continued, "You've been implanted with a program that transfers highly advanced information from extraterrestrials to what the Navy calls 'preferred human contactees.' That's you. You're a 'preferred human contactee,' Bill. You're one of them. That is why you, by yourself, have been able to completely redesign the Apollo Moon and Mars programs that will land us on the Moon and other planets when all of NASA has been unable to accomplish it."

"I can't explain it, but…"

"Bill," Klemp interrupted, "I know this whole thing seems unbelievable, but it's what's been handed to us and somehow, we need to exploit every possible avenue. There are different groups of extremely violent aliens, all of different appearances, who are threatening our very existence. We must take advantage of this opportunity to gather intelligence and develop a plan."

"Exactly," said Wheaton. "And before we go into that damn Tank conference room, with all those narrow minded PhDs who can't visualize any of the military accomplishments these extraterrestrials have already developed millions of years ago, you must understand the consequences of what you know. As specialists, their narrow-mindedness prevents them from seeing the big picture and accepting our / your design concepts and methods."

Klemp nodded at me again and I felt another pain of guilt, but I managed to suppress it.

Wheaton cleared his throat, "Now, Bill, I want you to understand that every time - since your first top secret disseminator assignment in Naval Intelligence - you were requested to visit or work in a classified military facility and you were never ever denied access. Even admirals commanding Battle Groups in combat were denied access that you can just walk right into. The boy with the photographic memory was a lot more knowledgeable about Naval space combat than them.

"You have been tracked by both extraterrestrials and an elite Naval intelligence-gathering operation since Commander Perry reviewed your Naval ship model collection documentation in 1940. You were never informed of your association with the alien alliance. Nor your highest security classifications as a contactee monitored by a small core of senior Naval officers probably chaired by Bobby Ray Inman."

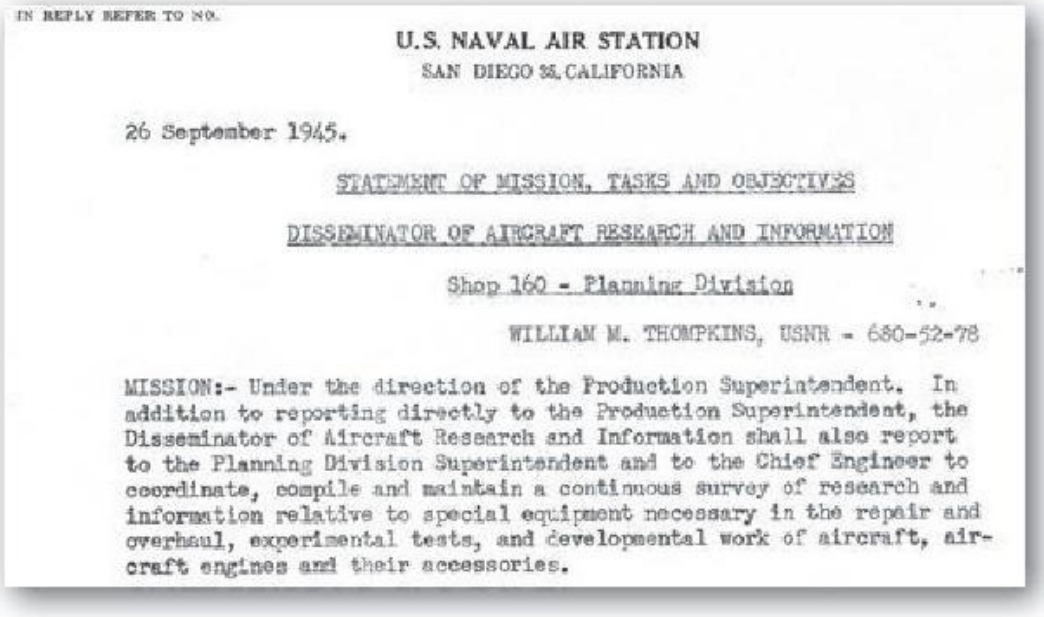
"This group has been preparing the Navy on our planet for space war; battlefields in space against certain hostile alien enemies. Friendly races are aware of the hostile alien races who may have taken over our planet years ago. Your secret Navy clearance and classified government records have identified you as a 'preferred secret human contactee,' a person selected by one of the extraterrestrials, status established years before, when the military was in contact with alien entities and monitored their encounters between human beings and the aliens.

"Originally, it was Naval Intelligence investigation of contacts with human beings such as you.

Naval Intelligence did everything possible to enlist that person into the Navy. They were convinced that that person had been told of fantastically advanced technology by aliens who had developed the capability to move out into the galaxies possibly thousands of years ago – and who are on this planet now. These aliens know things that nobody on this planet knows. You are an extremely knowledgeable human contactee who continually experiences contact by aliens, a member of a select group supporting the friendly alien presence on our planet. They have been transferring information into your subconscious memory. This is the Navy Intelligence contactee movement program. That's why when you arrived at Douglas as a draftsman, in engineering, you were immediately granted a higher level of security clearance than the badge you were wearing and thrown into the Advanced Design. Shortly later, as your real identity was confirmed, your badge was upgraded again and you were shipped down the hall into an element of the most secret complex on the planet, the Douglas Think Tank. There is a marker on your security clearance, which states that you are one of the contactees. Bill, I have said for years that you're able to conceive the impossible, things that the rest of us can't, but it is only a feeling."

(My U.S. Navy Mission was defined directly from the Secretary of the Navy Forrestal. The "Battle of Los Angeles of February 1942 resulted in the salvage of one craft from the ocean that resulted an early Navy involvement in UFO technology. Subsequently, in 1945 Forrestal, the Secretary of the Navy, decided to formalize the authority by creating an "Office of Research and Invention." The first paragraph of this three page memo is shown nearby. A few months later, an authorization to assign Bill Tompkins a similar responsibility for the San Diego Naval Air Station followed, and they are both shown here. These two documents specify the scope of work for Bill Tompkins, later applied to his specific duties at the Naval Air Station.)

Klemp added, "Dr. Weston Jensen, one of the consultants group, dismisses most of your accomplishments as being irrational and completely without any technical foundation. Some of the alien events are so unbelievable that they are beyond the fantastic - almost into other dimensions - and so controversial that the top technical minds in the country are attempting to analyze these events.



IN REPLY REFER TO NO.

U.S. NAVAL AIR STATION
SAN DIEGO 35, CALIFORNIA

26 September 1945.

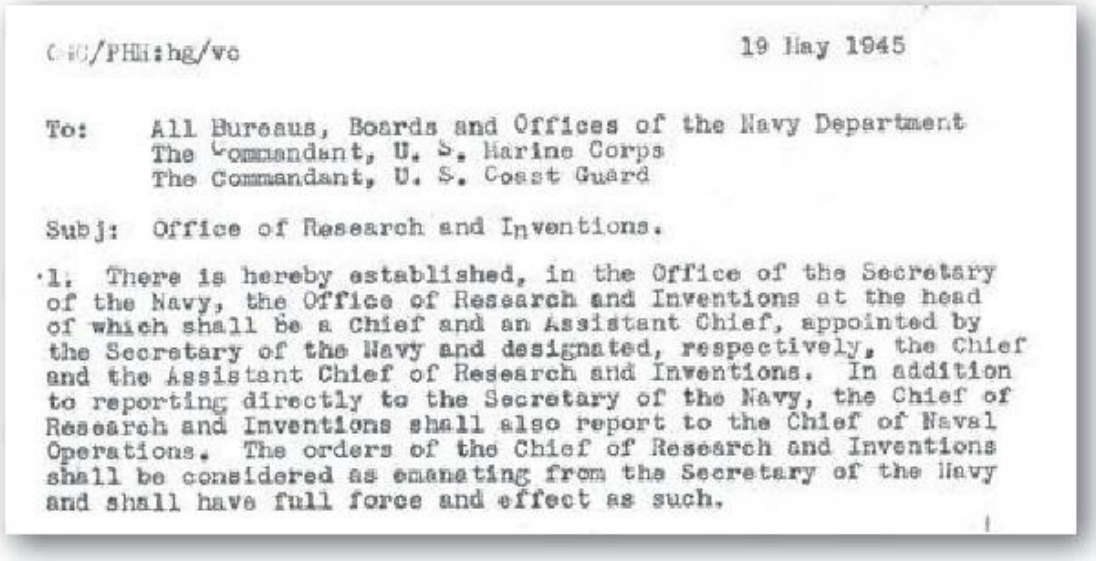
STATEMENT OF MISSION, TASKS AND OBJECTIVES

DISSEMINATOR OF AIRCRAFT RESEARCH AND INFORMATION

Shop 160 - Planning Division

WILLIAM M. THOMPKINS, USNR - 680-52-78

MISSION:- Under the direction of the Production Superintendent. In addition to reporting directly to the Production Superintendent, the Disseminator of Aircraft Research and Information shall also report to the Planning Division Superintendent and to the Chief Engineer to coordinate, compile and maintain a continuous survey of research and information relative to special equipment necessary in the repair and overhaul, experimental tests, and developmental work of aircraft, aircraft engines and their accessories.



C-NO/PHH:hg/vc 19 May 1945

To: All Bureaus, Boards and Offices of the Navy Department
The Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps
The Commandant, U. S. Coast Guard

Subj: Office of Research and Inventions.

1. There is hereby established, in the Office of the Secretary of the Navy, the Office of Research and Inventions at the head of which shall be a Chief and an Assistant Chief, appointed by the Secretary of the Navy and designated, respectively, the Chief and the Assistant Chief of Research and Inventions. In addition to reporting directly to the Secretary of the Navy, the Chief of Research and Inventions shall also report to the Chief of Naval Operations. The orders of the Chief of Research and Inventions shall be considered as emanating from the Secretary of the Navy and shall have full force and effect as such.

"We don't have confirmation on this as yet, but similar encounters have been documented this year. Admiral Steve Mc Donley, the flag on the aircraft carrier Coral Sea operation southeast Pacific theater, sent requests to NAVPAC concerning an encounter with three of his fighters last month. The Coral Sea was training 180 nautical miles west of Punta Arenas, Chile. Three, bright blue, new Grumman F9F jet fighters, flying in shore at 26,000 feet and cruising at 390 knots, encountered two, silver, extraterrestrial fighter type spacecraft entering our tight left echelon, taking formation position 4 and 5. After allowing our pilots to expect their presence, the alien pilots broke formation, made 180°'s aft, and took up positions between our lead aircraft 1 and flight 2 and 3, nearly touching our wing tips."

"Yes, Elmer, I watched that encounter in my mind. It was five weeks ago, saw it in color. One of our pilots said we were so close I could have opened my canopy and walked out on my wing tip, stepped over on that alien bastard's outer service panel, walked right up to his window, rolled it down, and punch him in his nose that he doesn't have."

Elmer continued, "Increasing their speed to 420 knots, they shot directly down in a dive towards the coastal mountain range. Our three F9F's gave chase on their tails. Passing over the shore line, and leveling out at about 400 feet below the top of the mountain range, they both flew straight into the Pacific side of the range, WITH NO EXPLOSIONS exiting out the eastern side and WITHOUT ANY FLYING DEBRIS. As our fighters climbed over the top of the range, they watched the two alien craft perform perfect, three snap rolls, dip their outer surfaces and climb. Having completed their demonstration, like other military alien flights, they shot vertically out into earth orbit, probably smiling as they prepared a soft carrier landing in their spacecraft carrier parked in earth orbit."

"Could this be an alien hologram?" I asked.

"No, that's real."

Klemp cocked his head to one side. "Are you getting it, Bill?" he asked.

"No, I don't believe that contactee BS." Thinking, they're right, I do see things and I know I have been out there. I fly a lot - just me, no plane - and out there, way out into the galaxies. And, yes, I do see things that nobody believes. "No it's just nonsense. Who is telling you two all of this? No, wait a minute, who do we really work for? Are these other PhD's feeding you all of this?"

"There are experts in many fields who have been helping us," Elmer said.

"No, Elmer, we have been helping them. They are using us," I replied. "Damn it, tell me, who gets all of our concepts and proposals? And who are those PhD's that seem to show up in our special project conference meetings?"

Elmer chimed in, “Calm down, Bill.”

I asked, “Are they technical consultants, CalTech, SRI, JPL, Northrop; the Skunk Works? One meeting last month, I counted fourteen that I have never seen before. And Elmer, why no introductions? What are we and who are they? TELL ME RIGHT NOW.”

“Bill, you know I can’t answer that, but, collectively, we all have something so important that our lives depend on it. And that’s coming up with a plan to save every soul on this planet,” Elmer replied, in an agitated tone.

I hesitated for a moment, considering their argument, before turning to look at them. “You have a way with words, but apparently so do those who’re influencing us.”

They both grinned in triumph.

“Is that a yes?” asked Wheaton. “You understand?”

I sighed. “Yes sir, I understand.”

“Good,” said Wheaton. “Now that we understand one another, Bill, I want you to walk into that snake pit of disbelievers with the confidence of a Nordic Four Star Naval Space Commander, in charge of a five hundred-ship battle group. Get my point? I know you can do it.”

“Hey, that’s my line, Elmer,” I said.

“Some of these people have been studying the alien threats for over three years. They will share their conclusions with us and we - you - will evaluate their inputs and recommend a plan of action,” Elmer concluded.

1 The copy snatcher

APOLLO (1961) JUST BEFORE MY BRIEFING TO NASA

In the new Apollo conference room, the self-styled replacement for Al Sorenson, who was Kelly Hackman, took the podium like he was going to give a speech, and started babbling about schedules. Thinking Hackman is another asshole pushing himself up in engineering management, he now appears like a front office prick type.

Nudging his elbow in me, Cliff whispered, “Who let that son of a bitch in here? He hasn’t shown his face in the Apollo meeting in over a year.”

“Sorensen must be on another five month vacation,” I replied.

Hackman said, “There is no way you can do that, Bill. Not in a time frame the NASA contract calls for. Their contract people have absolutely no understanding of what it’s going to take to get to the Moon or Mars.”

“And for damn sure, not running this program.” I answered.

Gary Langston my boss, (I guess under Hackman), Cliff Noland, Ralph Malone, and I were correcting my recommendations for combining and increasing launch schedules for the Apollo/NOVA Lunar Base Missions. It was the second rewrite of my second brochure. The first one I had sold NASA on vertical check out and assembly of the Apollo stages. Somehow, Hackman had acquired a copy and had bled all over it.

“This is none of your business, Hackman,” Cliff growled. “Who let you in here?”

At the same time, Ralph demanded, “How did you get a copy?”

Gary fired back with, “This is none of your responsibility.”

“Whose side are you on?” I asked Hackman. “Are you now on manufacturing’s payroll?”

“Yeah,” said Ralph. “You may be an engineering type, but you always take a negative view of

everything we are attempting to accomplish."

But at that very moment, in sauntered Jessica, looking even more stunning than ever with her blond locks piled on top of her head and a long thick ponytail going down her back. She snatched the copy out of Hackman's hand. Ripping it in half, she threw it on the table. "I've just about had it with your sneaking around. Admit it; you stole that copy off Sherrie's desk, while she was talking to Gary. I saw you do it, you traitor."

"What?" Ralph looked appalled. "Hackman, you should leave now."

"Don't ask him," Jessica said. "Kick his ass out!" Then she turned to me. "So, you're worried that someone in Douglas is fouling up the Apollo Program on purpose? Well, you'd better look at the top of engineering first. Namely at your boss's boss; that son of a bitch, Hackman. By the way, Bill, Dr. Klemperer is in trouble again. As soon as you can get this resolved in here, he requests your presence over in Advanced Design - I mean, the Tank."

Gary interrupted, "Kelly was an Electronics Section Chief, and five years ago he's one of us."

"Bullshit," Jessica added. Standing there in her short skirt and five inch heals with her hands on her hips and those delectable long legs spread in a stance, she said, "Oh, sometimes you guys are such pussies. Why don't you find out who gave Hackman Sorenson's job and fire them both? That or you'll never get a Saturn V to the Moon and forget about Mars." Jessica grabbed my arm and pulled me out of my chair.

"I'm not finished here," I protested.

But Jessica didn't care, "Get with the program Bill, I just finished the meeting for you. There's trouble in the Tank and we're going to fix it right now."

Hackman, having had the wind knocked out of his sails, turned around and left.

Cliff said, "Go ahead Bill; we'll move with your new schedule."

Ralph, a little rattled, commented, "Oh boy."

"What do you mean 'we?'" I asked Jessica. "You aren't cleared for Advanced Design in the Tank."

Walking fast in those four inch heels, "Oh yes I am." You've been playing with Apollo Moon toys way too long, cutie. Been out of touch with what's really going on out there. You're going to have to put out now; get your ass in gear."

"Hey, that's my line."

"This is how we're going to do it," she said, "Right now, I'm taking you on a quantum leap into another dimension."

"Thinking of how we're going to do it," I said, sarcastically. "There's no place in the Tank that we can do it. Besides, you, little girl, can't get in there."

"I'm not a little girl, Billy, as I said before. If I wanted to, I could de-atomize us both, walk right through that fucking Tank wall and pull you through with me." Tilting her head, she stuck her tongue out and shoved her security card in the slot of the new automatic double doors.

"Okay, you little vamp, who gave you permission?"

Giggling, she flipped her hair with both hands and the ponytail was gone. "I'll never tell."

"I don't want to admit it, because you'll get that big head again," I said. "And I won't be able to get you to do anything."

We walked down the Tank hall towards the systems lab, leaving Ralph and Hackman behind to work out their differences.

"Hey," Jessica said, "I don't have to do anything in here, because I've done my homework. Billy, you won't have time to chew the fat about old times with Klemp either. Your vacation is over. You're just

going to have to put out or else."

"Or else what?"

"You'll see."

I opened the lab door for her and she marched right through down the long hall, her four inch-high pumps rapping on the floor. She headed straight for the group that was clustered around some kind of transparent glowing structure on a workbench. It was hard to see what it was; the men were blocking it. Jessica was a little taller than most, so she and I looked over their heads, but everyone turned around to acknowledge Jessica's presence - her entrances always command attention. One of the eleven men, Jim Jenkins, my old Tank buddy, smiled, "I've said this before," he whispered in my ear, "but I've got to say it again. Jessica is perfection."

All twenty-two eyes stared at her perfectly shaped smile; her now flawless, flowing blond hair; her stunning blue eyes, so deep and rich.

"No, boys," Jessica said, "this is not party time. That's on Friday."

Dr. Klemperer, looking short in a white smock, stuck out his hand, "Glad you could finally make it, Bill. I see that it took Jessica's charms to get you in here."

"Works every time," I sensed military stars in the Lab - maybe a three, no there was a four wearing civvies. Yes, there were actually two of them both in civvies, Generals or Admirals I thought, from the Office of Naval Research (ONR) or the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI). "What do we have here?"

"Early evaluation has deduced the possibility that it may be part of a communications system," Dr. Klemperer said. "It was recovered from a vehicle that crashed in the Andes Mountains, in Brazil."

"It has five assemblies," said someone from the group. "It still appears to be running."

"Well, the two center units do," someone else added. "The larger one is blinking some sort of code or message."

Someone else chimed in, "Can't be a message. It's repeating, like a code. It appears as if all five assembly units are welded together."

"No, they look joined," another said, "The two smaller ones are more flexible. They look like a different material."

It's what I would have imagined an organic structure's internal organs would look like if they were made of metal, I thought.

"No, I think those are joined, as with thick transparent tubes. The wires have no connectors. It seems to be a part of the smaller units. A strange silver pink color, maybe?" another said.

"Looks more silver blue to me."

"You're both wrong," I said. "They're both colors, like transparent silver. How did you get it?"

"We acquired it indirectly," said the first man. "A Chilean DC-3 and a Bolivian DC-4 going to Bogotá recovered it. We acquired it from them, wrapped in Chilean newspapers and stuffed in a wooden crate."

"What is that smell?"

"Sulfur, I think."

I noticed the big center unit moving. "It's turning," I exclaimed, but it stopped shortly.

"I saw it!" Jim confirmed. "It moved about 4 centimeters closer to the other big one."

The thing had bent all three of the thick joining wires (or tubes - I thought some of the wires might be some kind of fiber optics).

"It's just like that equipment Carl's got over at the El Segundo Plant," Jim said. "That thick wire could be antennae of some sort."

"The tips closed up after the crash," said one of the men. "Maybe to preserve the data."

"How long have the lights been pulsing?" I asked, looking at the colors flowing through the tubes. The outer wires were moving at the tips where the man indicated they had been cut off in the crash.

Satisfied for the moment, the men finally took time for introductions, and I was right: there were two admirals in the lab; one of the guys is a CIA snob, a Mr. Persian, Elmer Wheaton our V P was there, of course, along with our Al Sorenson, Dr. Hurtling, Dr. Jansen, and Dr. Mayfield from El Segundo.

"God! The center one is pulsing," I said. "I think the damn thing's alive!"

"What's it doing here? This is no laboratory." Persian demanded.

I was surprised, but Klemp took control of the situation. "Back off, Gentlemen," he said. "Paul Thompson from flight test brought it to me first. Dr. Mayfield is taking it to his lab this morning."

"The hell he is." Persian pointed a finger, "I'm taking it to Baltimore, right now."

"Back off, CIA, Possession is ninety-percent of the law. This is Dr. Klemperer's private property," Jessica butted in. She tossed her hair with both hands, as four shore patrol types in civvies entered from the aft entry.

"Sorry Gentleman," said the Admiral. "Show is over. This is ONI (Office of Naval Intelligence) advanced research material." And with that, the Naval personnel in the room cloaked the unit in a black cloth and were gone with it.

"That was quick," I said, "I am proud of Jessica for the way you stood up to that four star." I couldn't resist telling her so, either.

"Jessica's not your little girl any more, Bill," Klemp said, ruining the gesture. "I doubled her salary. She's my assistant now."

2 A peek into the secret Vatican files

This is sort of hard to accept and – yes - it is out of sequence, too. Remember way back in 1953, that beautiful girl? Well after a continuous honeymoon that lasted for over a year, my little blond and I bought a very modern new home over the Hollywood hills in the "Valley." She is Catholic, and to keep the honeymoon continuing I became one as well, in a way. Every Sunday we attended church at the St. Mills, a futuristic and prominent A-frame structure on Ventura Boulevard in Woodland Hills. After spending ten hours in the Douglas Think Tank playing with extraterrestrial stuff all day, eating dinner with my little sweetie, I went to class to learn how to be a good Catholic.

On my first night in class, just as we were getting started, Father Mescal (the number two in command) tapped me on the shoulder. He beckoned me to follow him out of class. We went down a long hall to an office in the rectory. Father Mescal softly knocked on a heavy door that became unlocked. We entered a large office. The door was closed and locked. Father O'Conner, the head man at St. Mills, nodded to me. There were two well-dressed young ladies on my side of a large table with typewriters. There were also six large leather chairs, widely spaced, three on each side and facing each other. Three Monks in traditional brown robes, with their hoods up, were sitting facing Father O'Conner. There was an empty chair that Father O'Conner indicated me to sit in. Everyone had note pads and pencils. There were stacks of documents and photographs in front of the Monks. I could see dirty old document cases open on the floor behind the three monks.

Without giving any introductions or purposes for the meeting, Father O'Conner indicated to the Monk (Monk one) on the left side of the table facing us. He said, "This will take a long time, proceed."

Now at this time I had absolutely no idea of what I was doing here or what these Catholic Monks

were here for. Monk one lifted several photos, separating them out and facing us. Of seventy six alien encounters that had occurred in his region over the past eighteen months, nearly all of these involved small entities of three distinct appearances.

Fifteen, however, involved gargoyle-type entities that could be part hairy manlike and part animal. They could all stand up but ran like dogs, had horse heads with large fang-like teeth, and orange-red insect eyes. They have been seen devouring small children, dogs, cats and other animals live. It wasn't stated at the start but each monk presented their alien encounters in the form of an overview. Then, shuffling their documents and photos, and in a broken but surprising clear voice, the monk gave detailed accounts of over several hundred different encounters. Then, after each had presented their overall situations, they collectively integrated all types into a single list. Then, they went back a second time and detailed every encounter.

Number two Monk was from central Brazil and had similar encounters. He also presented well over a hundred and forty sightings of UFOs and encounters with small entities. They had scaled bodies, large heads and insect eyes. He explained the Amazon River has hundreds of smaller rivers and tributaries dumping water into that river from just east of the Andes Mountains, and all the way east to the Atlantic Ocean. In the jungles on both sides of the Amazon - north and south but primarily south - there are some rivers and streams that normally are not occupied by schools of piranhas. But when people see UFOs submerge into these smaller rivers almost at once thousands of piranhas swim up to these locations and devour smaller natives' people fishing and animals drinking. Children don't even have time to holler. Another strange element of this area is that very large cat-like fish are seen devouring the piranha schools!

Number three also spoke our language, supporting number one and number two. He spoke of many people seeming confused after they saw what they know could not be true - a large vehicle parked (floating) eight kilometers up near a farm house. There were several aliens in diving outfits mulling around, not paying any attention to thirty townspeople watching. At one point I think he said that all the divers floated very slowly up into the bottom of the vehicle.

It thus became obvious to me that Father O'Conner was far more important in the Catholic religion than a priest in a regular church parish. This was a major technical historian investigation by a high level Catholic organization. They were documenting the integration of an unbelievable penetration of hostile aliens into their archdiocese. They may have been there for several years, but in 1954 they seemed to be all over South America. This outstanding event was being tracked by hundreds of monks and priests. They documented the sightings, and monasteries were selected to collect this information. Somebody paid these three monks to fly to Los Angeles, meet in secret at St. Malls' rectories, and document all this to Father O'Conner and me.

Why was I selected to critique their findings? Who selected me to this task? Nobody at St. Malls knows of my "way above" top secret extraterrestrial background, in the Douglas Think Tank. I wasn't even a Catholic then! And why was I selected at this time, when I am supposed to be studying to become a Catholic? And why were they having these meetings precisely at the time of my schooling? I never attended any of my classes to learn how to become a Catholic. Several weeks later, however, Father O'Conner, with a smile, threw holy water on me, along with all the other new people. I was now a Catholic. How important were my questions and dialog to this unbelievable documentation that became clear to me was going straight to the secret Vatican files?

THE GATES WILL OPEN

Back from my final Apollo pack of blunders at the Cape, I asked Jessica, “Would you please round up all the key members of our complete redesign of the Apollo Moon Mars Program Proposal?”

“I’m almost done, Bill.”

I eased back in my chair, “Scheduled the meeting for 8:00 a.m. tomorrow.”

Her voice came back “Where? Would the proposal conference room be all right?”

I straightened back up, “No, too public. Let’s use the Think Tank this time.”

“Yes. Nobody from Corporate can get in there, now. Do you want to go over everything this time?”

“Yes Jessica, I want to make absolutely certain every item is included, with no surprises hitting me when I give our proposal to the top NASA people in Huntsville.”

“Got it, Bill. I’ll even bring Dr. Klemperer and Paul Bremen. Paul is good people and here this week from our Huntsville field office.”

I shuddered at the thought of involving another questioning skeptic (Paul), “No, it will be easier on him if he really does not know that I am presenting a proposal to the top people of NASA in Huntsville. I will also try to bypass that Corporate VP at the Douglas Huntsville field office.”

In our developed briefing, we prepared a handout to the top NASA brass that included all documentation necessary for the redevelopment of the entire Apollo program. It included the four major program changes affecting all of NASA & all of its contractors. We needed standardization.

I joked around a little, “Maybe you could pull strings and fly me and the crate into von Braun’s office, Jessica?”

She laughed, as I heard her fingers tapping on her desk through the phone, “Anytime, Billy boy.” I put the phone down on the receiver.

The next morning everyone was in the Tank conference room with their proposal documents in hand, shifting in their chairs. We were all shouting over each other and almost saying the same thing. I could feel the tension. I had confidence that we could really do this. The anticipation of it really was working, yet there were fears that something, or someone, would throw another wrench in the gears and the whole thing would blow up.

“8:10 a.m., Bill, and we got our coffee.”

Cliff, my number one man is a striking young man just over six feet with neatly trimmed blond hair. He motioned for me to follow, “It’s been a year in preparation, let’s get this proposal put to bed.”

I thought of how this meeting really was different. Knowing that Corporate said no to our proposal to change to the entire Moon Program, we could get fired for challenging the NASA. Do we really want to do this?

Picking up my thoughts Jessica said, “Timing is of the essence. It must be now.” Then Jessica leaned over and rubbed my shoulders. She put her hand on my face, turned it towards her, and stared right

into my eyes. Smiling, and with no lip movement, she said telepathically, “You damn well better go through with it or your little ass will really be in a sling.”

I looked around the room to see if anyone else was paying us attention. I looked for her lip movement, “What do you mean?”

Jessica with confidence said, “Yes, very important, properly phased, yes. But all this stuff has got to hold their attention until you, Billy boy, close the deal. You must dramatically pull the blue cloth off the top of our Apollo model system control center at precisely the right moment, knock them off their feet. Pull them back up; point them into the right direction to the Moon.”

I snapped out of her spell and smiled, “Jessica, that’s the biggest speech you ever gave me.”

I turned to address the room, “Gentleman, you all know what’s at stake here: we either get this right now or we won’t get to the Moon for another 500 years.”

Ralph stepped in, nervously rubbing his fleshy fingers together, “Well, maybe not quite that long, but Bill is right: we can’t afford to miss any asset that we really need.”

“Let’s go over it again,” Cliff said.

I emphasized over everyone talking, “We have simplified the Apollo vehicle and it will perform the Moon mission. We recommend that thesis tasks must be implemented, now, to accomplish the successful production missions to the Moon and Mars later. It is imperative that our four proposals be implemented now at NASA: (1) The Vertical Assembly and Checkout Building concept, (2) The Theater Launch Control Building concept, (3) The System Engineering Standardizing Management & Development Plan, and (4) The Facilities Standardization & Management Plan.”

Standing up, I said, “We are ready for our briefing to NASA. It is imperative that we must stop the crises on Apollo. It, and all the contractors, must be restructured around these tasks. Explaining that we have built a scale model of our S-IVB Apollo Stage Vertical Assembly Theater Systems Checkout Center Concept, and installed it in a 6x6 unmarked crate that also included all our proposal documentation. Have it and all the briefing documentation shipped over to LAX. Jessica bought a roundtrip ticket for me and the crate. Secretly we will have the crate stored in a United DC-8 to Huntsville, Alabama.”

The group started conversations amongst themselves. I was starting to gather up my paperwork when I had that familiar feeling. I heard in the back of my mind, “Yes, you will have my letter to the Douglas Huntsville Field Office, to try and get you an audience with someone at the NASA Headquarters. You won’t need it.”

While everyone in the conference room was talking, Jessica telepathically said to me that I was going to accomplish this proposal alone, with no support. “You, Billy boy, after landing in Huntsville, will be in a three- piece, dress business suit, with a white shirt and tie, renting an open bed 10-ton truck that you have never driven before. The rental man will look at you kind of funny: driving a truck in a suit? He will ask you if you would have any trouble handling it.”

“You will say ‘I don’t think so’ and proceed to drive it over to the airport shipping area, grinding the gears. Find your big gray crate: the airport handlers will load it on your truck and put the side fences back on. You will drive through heavy Huntsville traffic, all by yourself, to one of the largest and one of the most classified military facilities on the planet, the Redstone Arsenal.

“You will turn off the highway, onto the entrance road leading to the base entry gates. Do not slow down, because the gates will open and you will just drive right through, past four military guards carrying automatic rifles.

“They will not challenge you to stop. You won’t even be challenged for carrying a large, unmarked gray crate that could be holding, an A-Bomb to blow up the entire base. After driving through very heavy base traffic, stopping and starting at the stop signs, passing Army tank convoys security vehicles, and with

everyone looking at you, no-one will be pointing rifles at your head, demanding that you halt.

"Getting into von Braun's tower will not be trouble either. But finding it will be something else; trees cover everything. You will not be able to see the tower. Don't worry, you will be amused as you drive out into a clearing. von Braun's white tower will be right in front of you. Continue driving part way around the circular drive, around the American flag that has a translucent swastika in it. You pull right up and stop in front of the steps of the twelve story building. That's von Braun's tower.

"Four of the security guards will stack their rifles, leave their posts and roll a large dolly out to your truck. The way they will march out, you will think that they are going to salute you, but they will just remove the side truck fences.

"Lift the crate off the truck and onto a dolly and carried it up the steps, into the lobby, past the security requirements sign-in desk, and right into the wide open elevator doors to the top floor.

"The doors will open into a very large lobby. Roll the dolly right past von Braun's secretary. She will be on the left and Dr. Kirk Debus' secretary will be on the right. You will come into an enormous conference room that separates their offices from the two most important space people on the planet.

"The soldiers will open up the crate and delicately remove the model that will be covered blue cloths. While they hold the model, the two secretaries will take the other blue cloth into the conference room and spread it out in the center of the conference table.

"The soldiers will carry the heavy model over and lightly lay it down on the second cloth, almost as if it 'had been rehearsed' a dozen times. As they leave nobody in the area will question anything!

"Dr. Debus will come out of his office, with his arm extended. He will shake your hand saying, 'I am Kirk Debus; it's nice that you could make it.' He will invite you into their conference room, as Dr. von Braun prepares two enter the conference room from his office.

"Now, remember, almost no-one at Douglas Santa Monica, or at our Huntsville field office, will be aware of your unannounced meeting with the top NASA people. No one at Douglas Santa Monica will have any inkling that you are going to give a pitch to change the entire Apollo Moon Program."

I completely forgot everything that Jessica had just said to me, telepathically. It was like I never heard it.

Our meeting in the Think Tank at Douglas was concluded; there was a feeling of understanding between Jessica and me that we had never had before.

AND YES, THAT'S EXACTLY HOW MY TRIP AND BRIEFING – WHICH COMPLETELY CHANGING THE APOLLO PROGRAM TO THE MOON AND MARS - WENT.

This is another example of the work of the White Hat Aliens. They are not just monitoring me and others, or our progress into the galaxies. They are also specifically controlling major events that they feel will meet their agenda. That is, to technically assist us. They want to help us develop capabilities that will provide our U.S. Navy Space Systems the tools necessary to deploy and operate our Deep Space Battle Groups. This will be in conjunction with their offensive Nordic Naval missions that are against the Black Hat Aliens.

1 The strange entry into the base, another alien agenda

DON'T EVER TRY SOMETHING LIKE THIS

On the United DC-8 flight to NASA Headquarters at The Redstone Arson, Huntsville Alabama, I was sweating bullets, profusely. My model was right under my feet in the cargo compartment of the jet. I was worried. (Unlike when I was involved in other major briefings for the top Generals and Admirals inside the Beltway.) I would have my company's Vice President, and six or eight specialist PhD's, backing me up on Major Weapons Systems Proposals. Today, I am proposing the largest technical engineering program ever attempted by man in the history of this planet. Just me.

von Braun's office was overseen by a secretary. I immediately visualized that the office had a frequently used, large bed. He had a woman in there; a mistress. And, yes, this girl was different; she must have been fifteen when they first met in Germany. Now in her late twenties, her name was Connie. She was a tall person, one that I sensed could be extremely attractive when she wanted to be. And, for some strange reason, this unscheduled meeting was one of those times. Statue-looking, with blonde hair gathered in a ponytail, and sporting a real short, tight, red dress exposing almost all of her long, beautiful legs. Connie entered the conference room first; von Braun followed her.

In a slightly concerned voice she said, "I am Connie and this is Dr. von Braun, the conceiver and implementer of the world's first penetration into the galaxy."

No handshakes. Looking at her classic appearance I was intrigued, but above all I noticed that dangerous look in her eyes, in spite of the semi-warm smile on her face. von Braun was different; a tall, husky, light-haired, and stern-faced man in a black suit. I could barely see the nearly transparent, red *SS* band on his left arm. I thought he was going to throw up his right arm in a "Sieg Heil" salute and click his heels.

Dr. Debus and von Braun exchanged glances at the blue cloth covering something on their nice conference table. For some reason I was completely relaxed, thinking how much should I tell them. Should I give them something? Say a little tidbit, something to whet their appetites? I toyed with several approaches. "Good Morning Gentlemen!" I started. "I am Bill Tompkins, from Douglas. I'm here, this morning, to present to you a path to avoid pitfalls and get us the Moon."

I received a few muffled responses. I caught a twinkle in Dr. Debus' eye, as he motioned to Stacy to open her pad and take detailed notes like, "This is going to be good."

I began to outline the details of my plan: "Some of us at Douglas are of the opinion that we are not going to get there using your plan, or lack of plan." Von Braun looked over at Connie for confirmation and started shifting in his seat. My statement made von Braun very uncomfortable.

Connie asked, "How can you be so sure?"

"Because your approach will fail before we get first stage separation." I waited a moment, letting the full realization of what I had said begin to sink in.

I extracted my handy pointer, aimed it towards my viewgraph contraption, and presented my case, "This is your C-1B facility requirements at the Atlantic Missile Range. To accomplish our purposes we need to review the complex 34, 37 and proposed 39 facilities. What I propose is that the Saturn stage checkout should no longer be horizontal but vertical with in a sealed white room - low and a high bay area for assembly."

Then Dr. Von Braun sheepishly admitted, "We have had problems with the V-2, A-4, and A-9 and A-10 missiles when they check out horizontally and then don't fire vertically."

I nodded in agreement and then moved on to my next topic, "I have reviewed your potential problems with Complexes 34 and 37. We have developed an electronic checkout, controlled computer-packaging concept, which is part of the next phase in my briefing. Essentially we have gone to fully automatic checkout and launch control. This system will easily fit in the old blockhouses for the remainder of the R&D phases."

I then showed them my SM-42107 report; “This document in my hand is the ‘Automated Electronic Checkout Control Equipment Packaging Concept for the Saturn S-IVB.’ This document describes the Douglas electronic control equipment modular packaging concept for your ground support equipment. I conceived these ideas and my team have brought them to life, logistically.”

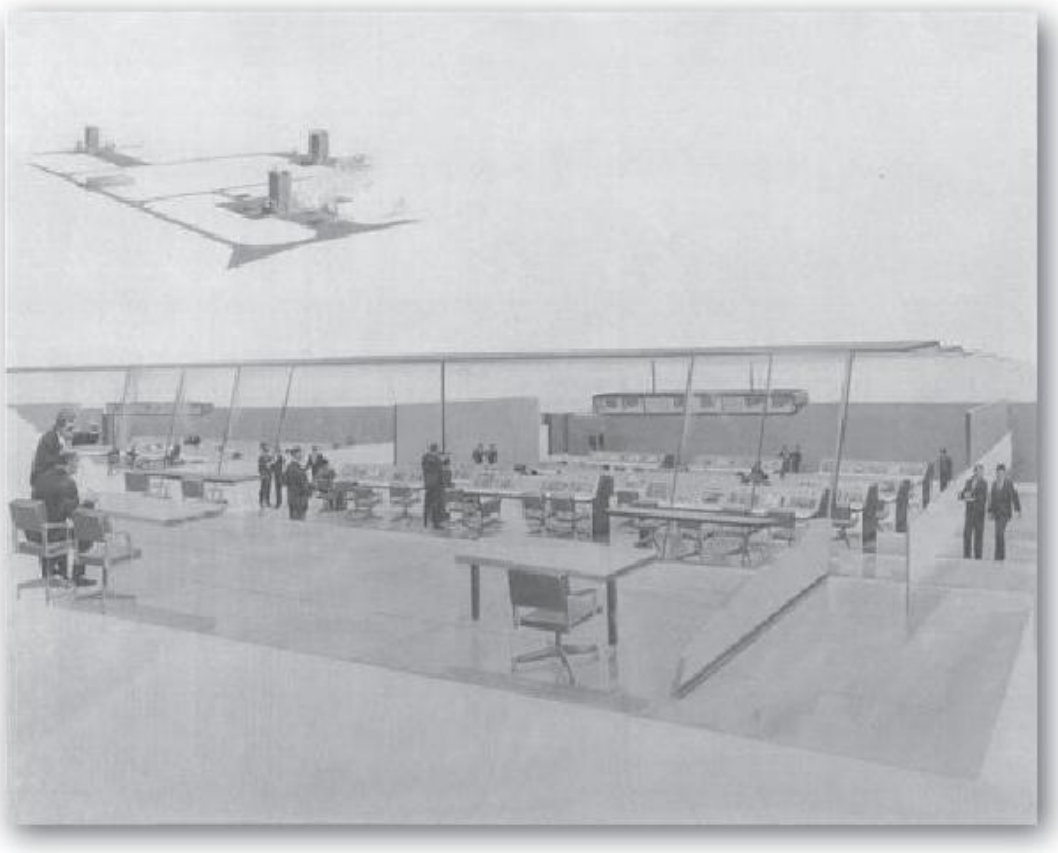
Glancing around the room, von Braun unbuttoned the top of his shirt and loosened his tie.

On a side note, even still to these days, IBM has been using their Data Star Supercomputer, with the same checkout computer program storage module racks and configuration as my SM-42107 concept.

I continued: “We are recommending that we build a command and control launch center with the same step down theater concept for the Complex 39’s launch center to replace your launch block house, and also the NOVA launch centers and the Houston Mission Control Center.

“Gentlemen, every station will utilize the same computer control systems equipment that we have now. This computerized system that is in use now will not fit into the previously proposed block houses.”

I stopped for a moment and reached for a glass of water that was provided for me by that nice Stacy and then listed some credentials, “We will be using these concepts in the Huntington Beach Systems Integration Facility, at our production checkout L-shaped Module, and at our Sacramento checkout and engine test center. We’re recommending the use of our L-Shaped Module vertical checkout at Complex 39, as shown on page 200. We’re suggesting that the other stage contractors do the same. This, again, is part of our standardization for the entire Apollo Program.”



I showed them a photograph of the U.S. Air Force Strategic Air Command, SAC Post: “This is a twelve-story building buried underground and set on springs. This was a nuclear hard site facility set up with the same step-down theater concept that I designed in Douglas Advanced Design.” (The figure nearby is a sketch of my design.)

I utilized my viewgraph, “Please, follow along with your handouts. These are the proposed NASA Saturn systems facilities, which Douglas would manage. This would also incorporate architectural and

engineering design by subcontracting to build these facilities under our management."

I turned to Dr. Debus: "Can I borrow your secretary to help me with this?" I asked, as I pulled out my fourteen-foot-long flow chart.

Dr. Debus motioned to her. She nodded and walked over to me. "I would be glad to help," she whispered.

I then explained, "This is a copy of WS315A Thor/Delta Weapon Systems Development Plan. We need to design everything on a modular basis that can accept change. Everything from the smallest circuit board, to the vehicles, to the facilities needs to be designed with this pattern. It follows four phases: 1) concept phase; 2) definition phase; 3) acquisition phase; and 4) operation phase. It was used on the entire development of the ballistic missile system deployed in Europe. We're recommending that this systems management technique be used for the entire Apollo production development program. We can even utilize different versions of this for planetary and deep space missions. It will force us at Douglas, and all of the other contractors, to document every phase of our and their developments."

Dr. Debus understood this immediately and said, "This is going to be implemented on the Apollo Moon Program."

I smiled, knowing that I had already sold them on my ideas. I added, "Wait, the good news is still coming."

I said, "Here are your proposed financial statements for the entire Apollo Moon Program. This states that 17.5 billion dollars is needed to develop the program, as it is now. With Douglas's cost analysis utilizing our four recommended systems, the cost will be dropped down to 1.4 billion. As you can tell, standardization is the key in our concepts."

I caught another twinkle in Dr. Debus' eye, as he motioned to Stacy to open her file. She pulled out an official looking document, holding it up to me and showing the large lettered title: "WHAT IF?" I did the only thing I could think of: give the presentation I had planned.

Dr. Debus was tremendously impressed. He stated, "I've never seen a documented proposal so eloquently prepared and presented. The concept specifically answered my most important problems for this Moon program. This will provide reliability." He put his arm around me and added, "You are my prince of my what-if concepts."

Dr. Debus explained to me, "I see everything in this entire program as if could be a potential problem. Long before the countdown, every part of the entire program needed to be addressed as if that part would fail, simply because it will fail. Bill, we'll never get to the Moon the way that Boeing and North American have been presenting their concepts to me." He then threw up his arms and shouted, "Beautiful!"

His praises continued for 3 ½ hours, while Dr. von Braun was impressed with the theater launch control concept. He said, "I would like to learn more about your theater concept and how it would operate logistically. Also, how will the systems engineering management work?"

I replied, "I would very much like to take the time to explain it to you." He then said, "Let me get my staff and we will look at your briefing charts and models."

Then Dr. Debus exclaimed, "No! I will make arrangements to have Mr. Tompkins brief our staff, later."

Dr. von Braun gave a look of surprise and stepped back a little. He had been taken down a peg and I then realized that Dr. Debus was the one running the show.

Dr. Debus made a conscious decision at that briefing to tell me that all four of the documents should be implemented for NASA's Moon program. He was impressed, "It's uncanny how you people understand our place in your concept and that your orders of magnitude are more comprehensive than

anything that we have been doing on our launch production program. You've just answered every potential problem that we have been facing. I'm going to direct my people to put together a systems engineering contract for Douglas to implement all four of your concepts here. Your completely automated checkout and launch concept is brilliant! These systems have to be implemented. Bob Smith, (director and #3 guy in NASA*)* is going to be pissed! This changes everything."

von Braun then left and Dr. Debus and I were still running through questions, "We need this for all of the stages. Not just yours. What if, what if! You are solving the problems with dual computers and multiple systems! This is genius! We have to standardize this on every level."

Dr. Debus then picked up the Systems Management Program Development Plan. He placed it on the table and said,

"This can be used in the entire development of future Apollo and Nova Missions." He saw in the phases how he could utilize these ideas for his people in their operations, as well as all of the contractors. He was fascinated with my ideas and he asked, "How did you come up with this great program development plan?"

I then replied, "We developed this plan for the THOR missile development program. Doing this forced us to go over everything that could possibly go wrong."

After asking a few more questions he said, "That is an unbelievably beautiful tool to develop the Apollo Program. Wait a minute, this wasn't done by a group. You're not just selling someone else's ideas. This must be your thinking. You did this didn't you?"

I then told him, "I have done the original programming on this development."

He then asked, "Who are you? You didn't have a meeting and authorization to come here today. What do you do at Douglas?"

I said, "I am Section Chief of Engineering for the SIVB Check out and Launch Systems and I've been in Advanced Design for years conceiving space vehicles for missions to solar systems."

Dr. Debus replied, "Everything that you presented to me are prerequisites of what we must do for the Apollo Program. Chrysler, Boeing, North American, Grumman's ideas are so full of holes that it's not even worth my time to listen to what they have to say. They are all over the place with suggestions, but not a plan. They're looking at the details and missing the entire picture."

I said, "Remember Douglas designed the S-IVB stage, technically supporting the lunar module, which is one of the most complicated stages on the Saturn V vehicle. It requires separation, transportation and docking maneuvers; J-2 engine restart on the way to Moon orbit. Also, activation of the attitude control motors to accomplish extraction of the lunar module, in preparation for assembly of the service module containing the command module. They are all major elements of the mission requirements."

He said, "I know, I know, I know! They are missing what we are trying to do."

We spent 2 ½ additional hours reviewing everything. He shook my hand and then said, "I am putting you on my Launch Operations Committee, Complex 39 Facility Planning Committee, and Mission Planning Committee. Then, I would like you to technically consult my Systems Management Committee, Mission Control Committee, Facilities and Complex Panel, Launch Operations Working Group, Checkout Project Office, and Launch Project Office."

This was somewhat of a conflict of interest. I was the only contractor on the Launch Operations Committee. So, Dr. Debus came through and set up meetings to have me brief all of the NASA organizations on my Douglas proposal.

2 My briefing to NASA continued

Knowing that the top of NASA was cleared top secret, I explained our understanding of the extraterrestrial factor affecting the Apollo missions. When, in 1947, what is now, today, Wright-Patterson Air Force base received crashed UFO materials found in New Mexico, they located them on the floor of the big hangar. Knowing the structures contained valuable alien technology that appeared to be hundreds of years in advance of our systems, they called all the aircraft companies' top designers in: "Get your little asses back here and identify the operational systems, control, propulsion, communication, stabilization, materials and establish precisely how they work."

They offered numerous companies roulettes; even offered IBM patent rights if they could figure out some of the components that appeared to be electronic, and manufacture them. After our Douglas evaluation, we eventually used the UFO's modified microchips and circuit boards for our Apollo S-IVB stage and ground support check out and launch systems.

Dr. Debus nodded, while Dr. von Braun seemed to be unsettled in the briefing. I opined that all of the contractors should use this equipment as part of my standardization reasoning. I added that Jack Northrop, who had been designing and building flying wings, personally went back to view the crashed UFO.

Dr. Debus showed an intense interest in our unsolicited concept proposal to provide NASA with a far more reliable method to accomplish their Moon and planet missions. As the model of the S-IVB System Checkout Control Center was out in the open, in the center of the conference table, Dr. Von Braun immediately entered the conversation, asking, "Is this your approach for our Complex 39 Launch Control Center? It's beautiful. Where did you get those Control Consoles?"

I answered his question, saying I designed them in a way that I believed the Apollo launch control building should be configured.

Dr. Debus jumped in, saying, "I am intrigued; please proceed with your concept presentation." (The Editor has a copy of the pages of a NASA memo dated 28 August showing that author Bill Tompkins made such a presentation.)

We left the Arsenal and went to a restaurant to have dinner. We sat down at a booth and I saw Sharon's sister at another booth, down the row. There was a gorgeous, tall blond with a body that didn't quit and the uniform of the day, a mini skirt. She was with a tall man in a business suit. Before she got up she smiled and looked right inside of me, just like they usually do. She got up and went to the little girl's room. When she came back she walked right up to the booth and placed her hands on the table. All she said was, "I assume you're doing it right." She went back to her booth and the two of them left.

Then Dr. Debus said, "Who the hell was that?"

I quickly replied, "I have no idea. I see them everywhere. I've seen them at Crystal City, at the Navy Point Hueneme Missile Test Station, United DC-6 in Orlando, at Bob's big boy at LAX and a bar in Coco Beach. She was probably one of the girls that follows the classified programs."

Debus then said, "Well, anyway, I would like to know how you came up with all of these diversified concepts."

I explained, "For five to seven years in Advanced Design my coworkers and I went over Dr. Klemperer's study of hundreds of individuals attempting to design unconventional propulsion schemes for vehicles that have the capability to reach the stars. These were electromagnetic, anti-gravitational, ionic, and nuclear and rocket systems."

Dr. Debus exclaimed, "That's exactly the kind of thinking that we've been looking for. This is classified information and I would like to keep this to ourselves for now. We have a launch schedule of

seventy-five Apollo's per year from 1980 and 150 thru 1990. I want you to stay for the rest of the week and I want to introduce you to several of my top staff. If I could, I would like to keep your model and information in my office. This way we can brief my people and still keep some secrecy and internal control from all of the contractors who are running around Complex 39."

I then smiled and said, "Dr. Debus…"

He shouted, "Don't call me that! Call me Kirk and I'll call you Bill." We talked for a few hours and as the restaurant closed we left.

Later that night I arrived at my hotel. I went to the front desk for my key and they gave me two letters. When I got to my room my stomach was in knots. As soon as I entered my room the phone rang. I picked it up. "Hello?"

A woman replied, "Bill, You know who this is. Don't push it too much. You've done well enough for now. Did he accept it?"

Then, before I could answer, she said, "He's already accepted it. Don't overdo it for now. We'll be in touch." She hung up.

I noticed the phone on the nightstand blinking red, so I pressed the button and listened to six messages from the Douglas Field Office. One message grumbled, "Hello this is the Huntsville Field Station Vice President. We need you to come to the office tomorrow morning at 7 o'clock." Basically they were trying to fire me for going over their heads and talking to the top of NASA. That night I didn't sleep very well.

The next morning Kirk and I ate breakfast at his house on Kraut Hill. He told me, "I've had my secretary cancel all of my meetings for this week. I need you to run over everything you told me, yesterday, with my staff and department heads."

He got on his phone; he put his hand over the phone speaker and said to me, "I am on the horn with Smith. I am requiring him to implement your L-Shaped Module this morning and your other tasks by Friday. And, yes, Bill, you are on my mission panel. Let's have another cup of coffee before we drive back to that bag of snakes as you called it."

I thought, Let's see what we have here. The two most important space people on our planet gave me forty minutes to present my new "standardization of everything to the moon concept," to solve the entire NASA's Moon / planet forty year production launch mission program. This was very well received.

Thinking back when counting my briefing, Dr. von Braun, being the Space Beltway salesman said, "Your whole concept sounded like a good approach." He headed out to his late lunch.

Dr. Debus, being the real brains of NASA, stayed with me in their conference room for three more hours, reviewing my concepts. We left the base and had a late lunch. Dr. Debus, being fascinated, continued to discuss the ramifications of such a massive change; not only to NASA but to all the major contractors and the thousands of subcontractors.

He said, "This is what we must do, but Boeing and North American will definitely be pissed off." We continued to discuss the changes throughout the evening. He was so impressed that it answered the most important problem concerning him since the start of the Moon, Mars and planet programs.

3 Fire the SOB

Over the next few days Dr. Debus arranged several meetings for me, in which I would brief nearly all the top NASA department heads of our Douglas concept. I received, at the hotel, numerous messages from Santa Monica Corporate and the Douglas Redstone Arsenal Field Station, who of course, were not in

attendance at my briefings.

My briefing did not have the approval of my Engineering VP, but he gave it when I got back, as we were the Douglas Missile & Space System Division. But, certainly, at that time, I was unaware of the tremendous control that Manufacturing had over Douglas. They carried the big stick and controlled everything.

By the third day of my briefings, Bob, one of our reps at Huntsville, called me, "Manufacturing was screaming at the DAC Huntsville Field Station Vice President." He said they said, "What the hell is that fucking engineer talking to the two top NASA guys for? He is telling them that I will have to use his Douglas Engineering's goddamn test equipment. I already have my entire subcontractor manufacturing test equipment being updated! That damned ass draftsman is going to cause me to slip my schedule."

What he really meant was he will have to cancel all of his 'under the table' contract deals with his old drinking buddies' test equipment manufactures' that are keeping him in his Las Vegas life style. I took a breath.

He went on: Manufacturing said, "NASA is never going to put up with slipping a schedule like that. Who the fuck is this asshole engineer? Fire the son of a bitch and his fucking engineering vice president boss. The two of them will fuck up my manufacturing contracts."

So, eventually my briefings with Dr. Debus and his staff ended and I went back to Santa Monica. When I arrived and went into the Santa Monica Douglas Building, I heard the news.

My boss, Gary Langston, came up to me with a grim look on his face and said, "It is all over the plant. You've been fired."

My heart sank to the floor, but I noticed a small spark of hope in his eyes. He then said, "Grab your coat and let's go get a cup of coffee." This is how we discussed things without the company breathing down our necks. We spent most of the day at the coffee shop.

He asked, "How did it really go?" I explained all of the information Dr. Debus relayed to me. Gary was extremely excited. It was almost as if he thought the whole plan was still in the works. He was even surprised that I got into the maximum security military Redstone Arsenal without authorization. At the end of our conversation he said, "Everyone in the plant might think that you are fired, but you're not." We both went back to my office to discuss my trip report with my staff in engineering. Of course, everyone in my section was excited.

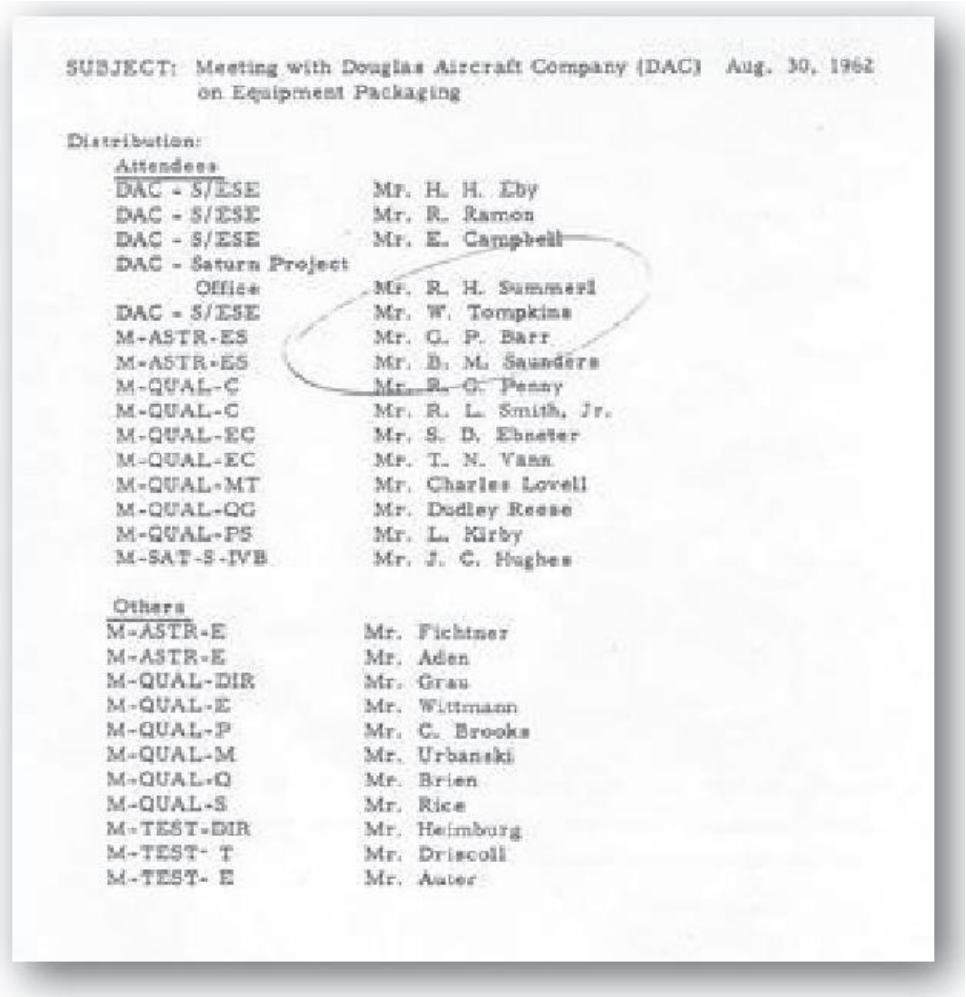
One of my guys, Cliff Noland, busted out, "Let's celebrate! Our concepts are on the market."

Ralph Malone, my lawyer, stated, like he was my father, "I'm proud of you Bill."

Later that night, we all proceeded to have a few drinks, saluting how well NASA liked our ideas. They wrote a memo dated August 31, 1962 stating that our DAC concepts were "relatively new." The image on the prior page shows the distribution list that includes me and Dick Summerl, a colleague of Dr. Bob Wood, who is the editor of this book. I was a legitimate member of the NASA Launch Operations Working Group at that time.

We spent the next eight months defining the facility requirements for the SIVB at Sacramento and the Complex 39. We received a $36 Million systems engineering contract from Dr. Debus. So, now I'm not fired, I'm a hero! We detailed numerous studies to Douglas Corporate presenting detailed recommendations that the Douglas Company submit our proposals to NASA for (1) a total systems management program, (2) a complete facilities development contract, (3) the standardization of all contractor and sub-contractor stage hardware, and (4) the design and control of the launch operations at the cape and mission control in Houston.

That entire year of Apollo system integration of our section, after I returned to Douglas, was somehow under the facilities section. Through the facilities section, all of our work was accomplished



SUBJECT: Meeting with Douglas Aircraft Company (DAC) Aug. 30, 1962 on Equipment Packaging

Distribution:

Attendees

DAC - S/ESE	Mr. H. H. Eby
DAC - S/ESE	Mr. R. Ramon
DAC - S/ESE	Mr. E. Campbell
DAC - Saturn Project Office	Mr. R. H. Summers
DAC - S/ESE	Mr. W. Tompkins
M-ASTR-ES	Mr. G. P. Barr
M-ASTR-ES	Mr. B. M. Saunders
M-QUAL-C	Mr. R. C. Penny
M-QUAL-C	Mr. R. L. Smith, Jr.
M-QUAL-EC	Mr. S. D. Ebneter
M-QUAL-EC	Mr. T. N. Vann
M-QUAL-MT	Mr. Charles Lovell
M-QUAL-QC	Mr. Dudley Reese
M-QUAL-PS	Mr. L. Kirby
M-SAT-S-IVB	Mr. J. C. Hughes

Others

M-ASTR-E	Mr. Fichtner
M-ASTR-E	Mr. Aden
M-QUAL-DIR	Mr. Grau
M-QUAL-E	Mr. Wittmann
M-QUAL-P	Mr. C. Brooks
M-QUAL-M	Mr. Urbanski
M-QUAL-Q	Mr. Brien
M-QUAL-S	Mr. Rice
M-TEST-DIR	Mr. Heimburg
M-TEST- T	Mr. Driscoll
M-TEST- E	Mr. Auter

with no direction, whatsoever, from J. Tiedemann, Facilities Section Chief.

I was present when the Douglas Corporate Senior Vice President and presented these recommendations to the corporate office. In these briefings it was continually stated that the information that my section developed, which we were proposing unsolicited bids for, was based on inside information from NASA management and Dr. Debus and that I was on his launch operations committee. I had the inside scoop. All we needed was their okay. We desperately tried to explain to Corporate that we had the inside advantage and the ideas were already in motion. We were way ahead of the competition with the computer-controlled check out and launch systems; probably ten years ahead. Unfortunately, they procrastinated while Bell Telephone, Boeing, North American, Rocketdyne and Grumman seized the opportunity.

Southern California was the center for aerospace at that time. The weather and healthy economy gave the area the ideal situation for the industry. Since my ideas and designs were so heavily modified, the entire program moved out of my hands. Aerospace was moved to Houston, Texas. Vice President Johnson gave Texas the boost, to satisfy his pork barrel promises. The entire shift was insane. We had all of our bases covered in California. The facilities were by far greater in California.

YOU CAN'T DO THAT

DRIVING ME

Trying to establish just how and where all these thoughts and concepts develop in my brain proved to be a very difficult thing to answer. In the early Think Tank days they just came to me and I simply accepted it. But later, I did at times question it. People in engineering would say, "Bill, you're off your rocker." It wasn't that my solutions given were unacceptable. It was the way I was driven to accomplish the program that was uncanny. I must emphasize the word "driven." The idea that aliens were behind my thoughts was far out. However, the possibility that aliens had agendas for this planet, and that certain people had been selected and technically- and telepathically-assisted to accomplish these agendas, was becoming a real possibility in my mind.

Not only was it very hard for me to understand that 98 % of scientists and engineers are specialists. It was hard for them to understand the importance of other fields of engineering; let alone, how the entire program would operate.

Even with my own section people, I continually created enthusiasm by informing them of program changes and the primary missions, Moon, planetary bases, and deep space star missions. Some of my engineers simply did not accept it. They could not visualize the importance of our mission into space. Our manned Mars missions seemed to be unacceptable. Let's say that you are a systems engineer and you look at the total program, the big picture; that's your job. Apparently, I was the big picture guy. I saw the insurmountable problems; I conceived a solution plane and went alone to the top man on the planet (NASA), sold it to him, and it worked.

1 Pre-Corporate proposal

I again instructed my staff to take our already-designed concepts and specifications and rewrite them into four unsolicited proposal packages for me to present to Douglas Corporate management. It turned out, for a second time, that when I conceived and developed these concepts, I was to present *them* to Corporate. I always had rough models built from my concepts; they allowed for quicker understanding of my proposals by everyone involved in engineering. Later on, I had a detailed model built that I shipped to the Pentagon. This was for my pitches to the Air Force and Naval brass, to give them a better understanding of our proposals, always presenting a totally new concept of their weapon system. Basically, I would use it in my presentations to the customer. As I said before, on my briefing to the NASA brass I had had the Douglas model shop build a large 6 x 6 ft. scale mock-up concept model of my step-down theater section of our S-IV stage systems integration control center. I explained to NASA that we at Douglas were already using this system for every operational station on the Apollo program.

Continuing on with my proposal to NASA, I stated that Dr. Debus and Dr. von Braun should use the command control concept that I recommended years earlier, by integrating it into a full command launch center. I had told them to forget their underground blockhouse and build the concept launch center in a building with a theater-type arrangement, way back to the vehicle assembly building location. Dr. Debus had retained my control model at NASA headquarters to instruct his top division directors.

Gary Langston was in full support, but his boss Harold Potter, Vice President of Engineering, said: "Bill, you can't do it; it will jeopardize our S-IVB contract. Corporate Manufacturing refused to buy it, saying, 'You can't change the entire Apollo Moon Program!'"

I replied, "I already have changed it. It's been approved by NASA. This is a production launch program into space with unprecedented reliability requirements. I know nobody else sees the problem; nobody is standing back and looking at the big picture."

2 The Corporate proposal

So, on April 15, 1963, with A.V. Smith's backing, I presented a watered down copy of my briefing to NASA to Douglas Corporate. I made the pitch, explained that my study of the NASA Moon development program disclosed a total lack of definition on the part of NASA. NASA is expecting leadership from industry to define their job. It was insane: Douglas Manufacturing Management was waiting to be told what to do. Boeing was preparing proposals for full management to Dr. Debus, to design and manage the entire lunar program. Boeing's marketing continued their position so that industry "could accomplish the program more efficiently than NASA."

Boeing even prepared proposals for full management checkout and launch activities on all stations at the Atlantic Missile Range (AMR), C-1B facilities complex 34, 37 and the proposed 39, even the assembly and launch buildings – none of which Boeing had never been involved with, because Douglas was the only contractor on all the early Apollo Program, except the old and now excluded solid rocket Chrysler booster. DAC Engineering commented: "Chrysler was the builder of the stage C-1 and C-2 booster, not Boeing."

I explained that, in my briefing to NASA eight months previously, attempting to use the Complex 37 Service Tower, in some closed configuration for the Saturn V Launch Vehicles, was unacceptable. This filthy structure concept, like in an open field, would never work. We were going to have to go back to the white room (clean room) concept, not just for the S-IVB upper Stage of the Apollo Vehicle vertical checkout stations, but also for a final assembly and check out vertical building with complete air-conditioning capable of withstanding category 5 Hurricanes. Complex 39 must have the same quality controlled environment that we at Douglas have designed for the S-IVB stage.

Somebody interrupted me again. "WERE DAMNED SURE NOT GOING TO DO THAT HERE IN MANUFACTURING"

I thought, "Oh yes you certainly will."

I continued to state that every operation on the Apollo program - from the smallest microchip to a 360 ft. high Saturn V Apollo Moon vehicle - must be controlled in a white-room environment. To meet Dr. Debus's production launch schedule, it was a prerequisite that the vertical assembly building designed so that additional identical Complex 39 Vertical Assembly Building sections could be added off the left side along with the S-IVB stage L shaped assembly modules and the North American S-II stages can be added on the opposite side of the building.

We had total lack of definition by NASA for the anticipatory proposals. We in engineering

understood that NASA was incapable of managing a program as complex as the Apollo Moon Program. They expected leadership from industry. Douglas manufacturing were waiting for Daddy to tell them what to do. Daddy had no idea what to do and it was imperative that we had to plan the total Moon program ourselves and submit it to Dr. Debus at NASA's Headquarters in Huntsville Alabama. NASA's contract requirement to Douglas, for the Special Assembly Building (SAB), was totally unacceptable.

Because of extensive problems, which I continually encountered in the checkout and launch systems of all of the Air Force and Navy missile programs - such as when the vehicle checkout in a horizontal position and all systems are finally operating correctly - we erected the vehicles such as the Air Force WS -315 IRBM missals to a vertical position for launch. Many of the electronic systems failed because of the different positions of the vehicle in a horizontal checkout position and a vertical checkout position. Boeing, not being in the field, would never have even been aware of this, or of hundreds of other system problems.

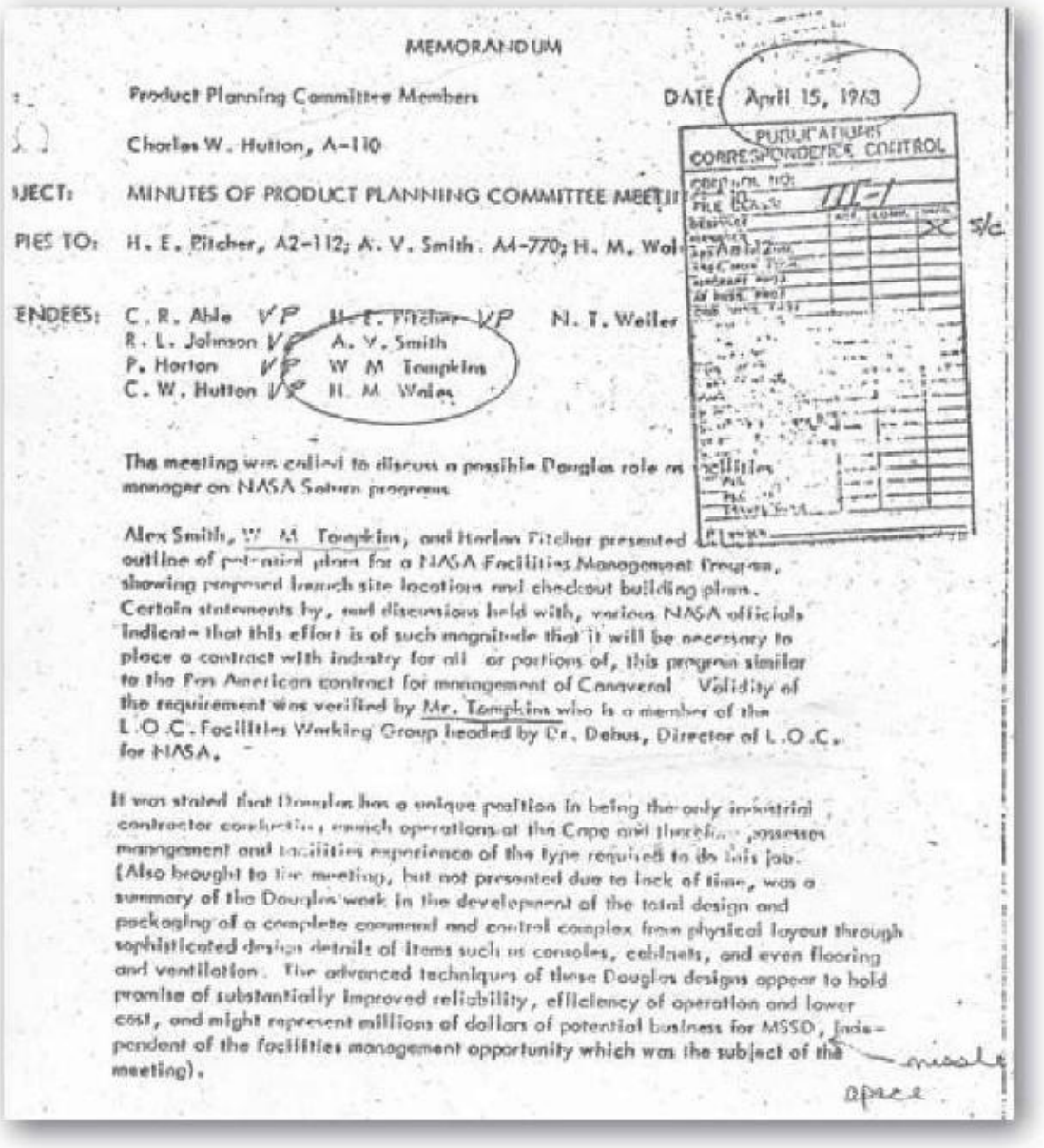
"Stop this shit," one of the guys said, picking his paperwork up and storming out of the meeting. The atmosphere in that meeting was negative and very forbidding, evil to the extent that I got a cold sweat. Now we must understand that all of these people on the memo are not dumb; nearly all of them are VPs. Did they already make up their mind before the meeting not to go there? Did someone influence them to close their eyes to the most profitable next thirty years in the history of Douglas, let alone the United States, leading us into the Galaxy? Why did they back away from this massive opportunity? Did the reptilians now control the entire corporation?

3 My Corporate pitch of the memorandum

The memo documenting this presentation is the minutes of the Product Planning Committee chaired by Charles W. Hutton. The minutes of this meeting are shown nearby.

It was stated by me that Douglas was in a unique position, in terms of being the only industrial contractor on the Apollo program for production launch operations at the Cape. No mention of the Star Girls' telepathic assistance was made.

4 What are you saying?



MEMORANDUM

Product Planning Committee Members — DATE: April 15, 1963

Charles W. Hutton, A-110

SUBJECT: MINUTES OF PRODUCT PLANNING COMMITTEE MEETI

COPIES TO: H. E. Pitcher, A2-112; A. V. Smith, A4-770; H. M. Wol

ATTENDEES: C. R. Able VP — H. E. Pitcher VP — N. T. Weiler
R. L. Johnson VP — A. V. Smith
P. Horton VP — W. M. Tompkins
C. W. Hutton VP — H. M. Weiler

PUBLICATIONS CORRESPONDENCE CONTROL

The meeting was called to discuss a possible Douglas role as manager on NASA Saturn program.

Alex Smith, W. M. Tompkins, and Harlan Fitcher presented outline of pre-study plans for a NASA Facilities Management Program, showing proposed launch site location and checkout building plans. Certain statements by, and discussions held with, various NASA officials indicate that this effort is of such magnitude that it will be necessary to place a contract with industry for all or portions of, this program similar to the Pan American contract for management of Canaveral. Validity of the requirement was verified by Mr. Tompkins who is a member of the L.O.C. Facilities Working Group headed by Dr. Debus, Director of L.O.C. for NASA.

It was stated that Douglas has a unique position in being the only industrial contractor conducting launch operations at the Cape and therefore possesses management and facilities experience of the type required to do this job. (Also brought to the meeting, but not presented due to lack of time, was a summary of the Douglas work in the development of the total design and packaging of a complete command and control complex from physical layout through sophisticated design details of items such as consoles, cabinets, and even flooring and ventilation. The advanced techniques of these Douglas designs appear to hold promise of substantially improved reliability, efficiency of operation and lower cost, and might represent millions of dollars of potential business for MSSD, independent of the facilities management opportunity which was the subject of the meeting).

After Dr. Debus and von Braun's acceptance of all my recommendations changing the Apollo Programs, and at Dr. Debus' suggestion, we - in my section - continued to develop all of my NASA management proposals, essentially to take over most of NASA's Apollo/ NOVA production launch missions to the planets.

5 The unbelievable failure

Both the public and Douglas management's understanding of the Apollo Moon program was that it would send men to the Moon, land, take photographs, collect rocks, and return. That, however, was not, and never has been, NASA's Apollo Moon program. Only a few of the principal people that were involved in these missions knew the Apollo Moon programs' real purpose. Others, when exposed to the truth, ignored it and contributed to the failure. What is the truth? I am going to answer that question.

Back at Douglas, in engineering, I had already been assigned by Dr. Debus to his NASA Apollo mission planning, launch operations committee, and facilities operations committee. My section and I had completed our third rewrite of our brochure called *Purpose*. It was to familiarize Douglas Management with the massive potential production business in the Apollo / NOVA missions, facility operations

management, servicing, and production launch programs.

In addition, my section was to share some support with the Think Tank in the trade-off configurations of very large Naval battle-cruiser designs, utilizing electromagnetic and or electro anti-gravitational propulsion, and provide the capability for missions to Alpha Centauri and 11 other of the closest stars. In the 1960's almost no-one could fathom the value of these assignments.

Just after my unsuccessful pitch to Corporate, another strange thing happened. Throwing up his arms in disgust, Cliff said. "What the hell is going on now?"

"Two more of our group engineers in our section disappeared," Ralph answered. "Where did they go?"

"When we called their telephones at home they were out of service. Their neighbors told us that big unmarked trucks came at night and removed everything and the house was for sale."

"Who's behind this?" Cliff asked.

Ralph Malone said, "I saw two manufacturing guys from *Cicero* again last week. You know, Bill, the two reptilian bastards that were screwing up our S-IVB checkout procedure meetings with manufacturing last year?"

I answered, "There must be reptilians at the very top of manufacturing management in Douglas. They are preventing us from implementing all of our engineering proposals that I have presented to Douglas Corporate to manage all of the NASA Moon and Mars mission program?"

"Could it be Goldberg, in facilities? Ralph added. "He is more manufacturing than engineering."

Cliff said, "He only addressed our S-IVB test stands at Sacramento; never got involved in the systems integration check out at our new Huntington Beach Center - not even in any of our facilities at Huntsville or at the Cape / Cocoa Beach for Complex 34,37 and the proposed 39."

Several days later, walking into our section at 7:00 a.m., Jessica didn't greet me with that naughty smile. "Where is Jessica?" I demanded.

"You were still up at Sacramento playing test director; she did not come in Monday," Ralph answered.

"Not here for two days and nobody called me?"

"We didn't want to worry you." Cliff said. "Her phone was dead and I went over to her apartment Monday morning. Her manager and I went in; some of her things were missing, like her suitcase. Her manager suggested maybe she was going on a trip. Bill we are all really worried."

"Cliff, you're worrying me." I said.

"It appears someone has continually caused our top staff and senior group engineers to resign from Douglas," said Ralph, trying to soften the Jessica blow. I immediately tried to implement the procedures necessary to telepathically contact her. Not being an expert at that, I was unsuccessful.

Cliff said, "Bill, I tried that last Monday and it didn't work for me either, so I called Admiral Collins of Naval intelligence with whom you worked. The Admiral initiated a search that morning."

Bob jumped in the conversation with, "Hey, you guys, Art Dunseith of Structures said he saw a marked up engineering organization chart, showing that you, Bill, have been moved up to Staff of all systems and you, Cliff, are up there too. I didn't see where you were, Ralph."

Cliff said, "It's about time; we have been doing the entire Apollo program systems for three years."

"This puts us back to our problem with Manufacturing," Cliff added.

"It has got to be the Reptilians who are telepathically making our people get out of Douglas."

“Good try, Ralph,” Cliff added. “I think it’s the fucking Corporate manufacturing V P’s using their Reptilian gangs to break us up.”

Still thinking about Jessica, I said, “Yes you’re both right; that’s the same thing, you guys. Apollo is broken, and if we don’t fix this now we’re not going to get off the planet for another 500 years.”

DOCTOR DEBUS RECOMMENDS

1 Doctor Debus recommends 1963

AS DOUGLAS SINKS, DR. DEBUS RECOMMENDS ME TO NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, ROCKETDYNE, NUCLEONICS AND ALIEN HOBBIES.

"You know who this is," Jessica said telepathically. "Hey Billy, I'm on another mission; heard you got the boot from manufacturing. Those assholes at Douglas; not to worry, you are still on Dr. Debus' mission planning committee. Call him now; he has your next assignment. You're really going to have fun over there."

I asked her, "Where are you?"

She said, "Quadrant 45001; no fun like we had."

I said, "Where's that?"

"Right next door to Orion; call Dr. Debus, everything is established. Whoops; my commander is yelling for me; got to go. Love you."

Because of my unsolicited, major change to the entire Apollo Moon proposal a year earlier, I was fired at Douglas. This was for going over corporate heads. My presentation was to the two most important space people on the planet, Dr. Kurt Debus and Dr. von Braun, the head of NASA. Their acceptance of my system engineering and standardizing concepts ricocheted off the Douglas Manufacturing walls. I was the bad guy, the one causing them to slip schedules. Dr. Debus was so impressed with my depth of the alien threats and their implications with the Apollo and Naval missions that he appointed me to his Mission Control, Launch Control and Facilities Planning Committees. A call to Dr. Debus and I was on board the next week at North American Aviation, Rocketdyne, a NAA division and Nucleonics, also a division of NAA, at a director level in advanced technologies research.

Part of my presentation to NASA included a concept that, if we utilized my plan to go to the Moon we could do it by using existing Rocketdyne liquid rocket engines. These could also support the Naval exploratory solar system planets and their Moon missions. The Navy's missions, however, would require entirely different propulsion systems, as my studies conceived in the Douglas Think Tank back in '54 had established. All of this was above top secret, so Dr. Debus had a difficult time explaining what my mission should be, without violating security. He said, "Now, Bill, you and I know how far ahead our alien competition is, and how far behind we are."

"Affirmative," I agreed. "If possible you must utilize the same technique you used to slide in the back door of my office and 'get them on board,' as Admiral Conner says. "Everybody is running with the ball in the wrong direction; you know who I mean."

He added, "Bill, you have got to get them to back off. I hope to be out there this spring but this is your mission and we both know how important it is."

I fully understood precisely what he meant. They are all designing, building and testing massive

nuclear propulsion engines for Naval spacecraft cruisers: GE, Westinghouse, JPL, Convair, Boeing and. North American, who formed the Nucleonics Division. What Dr. Debus could not say over the telephone was obvious to both of us: develop anti-gravitational propulsion.

2 Two more star girls

OVER FORTY HOBBIES AND THE UNBELIEVABLE ORGANIZATION CHART

I felt bad leaving Douglas in Santa Monica on a Friday and Jessica's warm affection. Then one week later on Monday morning I entered NAA Rocketdyne in Woodland Hills (Canoga Park that was only seven blocks from our home with a pool, on the Clark Gable Hill overlooking the Valley). Add this is to my gratification of having two more really very nice star girls. Then, I was really excited to discover that these new star girls excelled in space powers.

Sashaying into my office came another beautiful dream. She was wearing the Douglas 'uniform of the day', the miniskirt.

"My name is Tiffany. Your vacation at Douglas is over. I want you to understand. Are you listening to me? Von Braun is a lot smarter than you think he is. He was into capturing the planets around Alpha Centauri before you got out of first grade."

"Now, Miss Tiff…whatever..."

"Don't Tiff me little boy or I'll sic the SS/CIA on your back."

"Surprise! No, you won't, little girl because I know a lot about you."

"I have hunch you are the Nordic type and are on our side."

Walking around behind my desk she kissed me on the cheek, saying, "This is really going to be fun."

* * *

Nucleonics is a division of Rocketdyne, or NAA, depending on who you are talking to. It's one of my hobbies, as my new secretary Tiffany calls them. She said. "Well they're on the project & program management team personnel June, 1, 1964 organization chart. Actually, you're all over that fucking chart and that's why you got me, the most desirable pussy on the planet, and that bitch Brittany to help you do it."

"Yes, my name is all over the chart from advanced technology, ion, electromagnetic, antigravity propulsion, through Apollo, Thor-Atlas, F-1, H-1, J-2, P4-1, Gemini, LEM descent, nuclear space engines, nuclear nozzle systems, Phoebus feed systems, research programs, Apollo S-II stage, SE-5, trans-stage, proton, space engines, space materials, nearly all of which I was heavily involved in for 12 years at Douglas in the Tank," I said.

Tiffany replied, "That's the whole fucking requirement for this division."

Ignoring her, I said, in a cold sweat, "This is really weird. Tiffany. Do you remember the CSI back in '53 and Dr. Walther Riedel at NAA that I told you about?"

"Well, yes; he is one of the top guys here at Rocketdyne."

"Be a good little girl and find him for me, will you? And snoop around and find out how much of this chart stuff that we are responsible for is reverse-engineered."

"I'll check all the locations of the off-site meeting and labs. That's where it is all happening; not in

engineering."

"You mean alien things, right? Okay, but don't call me your little girl: I am 5' 7" without my 4 inches."

"Well, Tiff, listen to this, it just happened again. I have been thinking about the switch from Douglas to North American and Rocketdyne and I felt like that I had left this planet for a while; like three months between Douglas and Rocketdyne. Like I went to a different galaxy and came back in reality only one week. And I was plopped down with you in the middle of a desperate attempt to develop the systems necessary to actually have all of us leave the planet and yes, move to another star's planet."

"Well, Billy, I don't give a fuck about the rest of them, but if it is just you, sweetie, and me to the other star's nice planet that is covered over with a Las Vegas. I am ready. We can keep fucking forever."

She continued: "But yes, I am supposed to help you to analyze all of those tasks on the fucking chart, establish which ones have possibilities, which ones are just full of shit, which ones will really work and get us back to the stars."

"Slow down Tiffany, 'back to the stars?' Who do you really work for? Are you related to the Zombies at Douglas?"

"I'll never tell."

"And, no, Tiffany; you just described Brittany's assignment. Your job is to keep me out of trouble."

Tiffany replied, "That's never been one of my attributes, and I am trouble."

Continuing, she said, "That bitch Brittany though, is just a file clerk. And, by the way, she still hasn't welded the steel rings to our file cabinets for those heavy clumsy L-angle steel bars that keep our stuff secret."

"Brittany is not a welder, Tiffany, and you know it."

"Well, Billy, she hopped right in the conversation last week when security was going to throw all of us in the pokey because we didn't conform to their security requirements."

"She said I will weld them up myself; you heard her."

"Oh, Tiff, if you weren't so cute you couldn't get away with half so much around here."

Tiffany rambled on, "Security said we must have those removable rusty L-angle steel bars with the support ring welded on top and bottom of our steel file cabinets and combination locks on all twenty of our classified file cabinets by the 5th of the month and it's the 29th now. Brittany is also a slow welder, too. And if she is so smart she would get us some real file cabinets with built-in locks; you know, Billy, like the ones at my Daddy's bank, only painted bright pink with purple flowers on them."

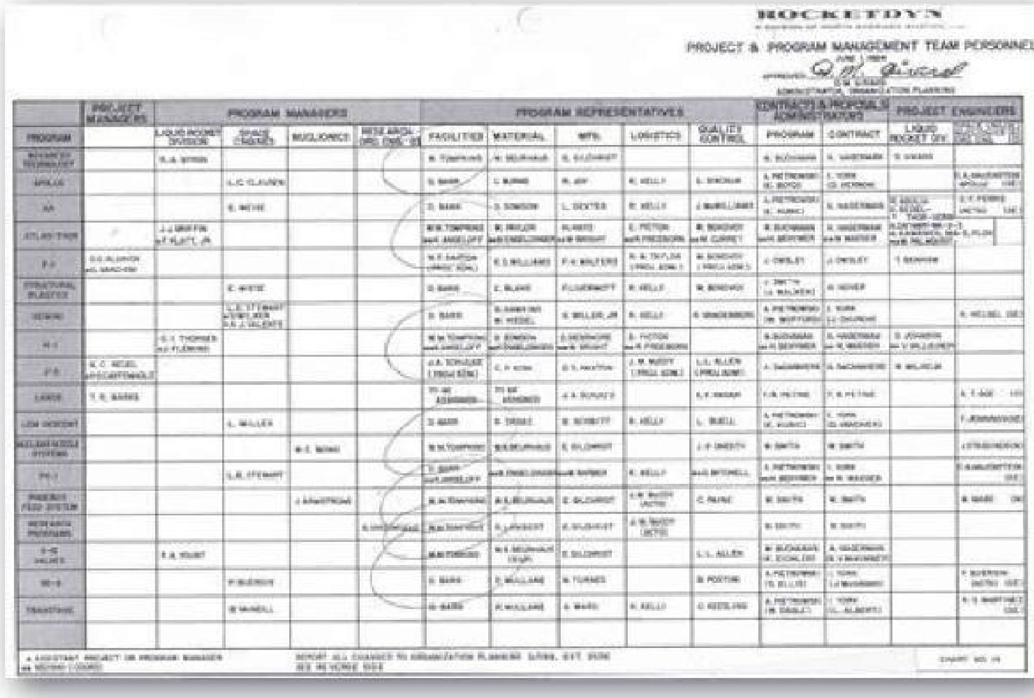
"Oh boy, I am in trouble?"

3 The Program Chart Part II 1964

As I have said, after I left Douglas. I started working at the North American Aviation Inc (Rockwell) Rocketdyne and Nucleonics Division in Canoga Park, California. I was appointed Facilities Program Representative for Research.

"Who's missions?" Tiffany asked me.

"Well, Tiff, Dr. Debus wants you, me, and Brittany to continue my Douglas Tank Naval galaxy penetration."



Here I am, developing exotic unconventional propulsion systems at Rocketdyne, that I designed at Douglas in Advanced Design Think Tank - twelve years ago, with Dr. Klemperer's ion, electrometric and gravitation propulsion. I brought the NAA Apollo S-II Stage Program Office up to date on NASA's (Dr. Debus') production launch operation to track all the equipment necessary to build the Navy's 2,000 man base on the Moon.

I was facilities program representative for all classified nuclear propulsion systems at the Nucleonics Division. This organization chart shows me as the Rocketdyne facilities program representative for seven projects. Also, a representative for top secret Naval vehicle rocket fuel stations on planets, appointed program representative for all the top secret advanced technology programs, and appointed facilities representative for the nuclear space engines Phoebus systems.

I was also appointed facilities representative on the top secret ion, electromagnetic and antigravity propulsion programs, with test and operation facilities at the Yucca Flats Nuclear Testing Site, Nevada and White Sands engine test center. What is so unusual about this is that back at Douglas I did concept studies of ion and nuclear propelled space ships. I utilized data from the Douglas / RAND Corporation to define requirements for Rocketdyne's study of developing nuclear propulsion for Naval space ships and testing them at the same Yucca Flat Facilities. We frequently exchanged design and operational data between liquid rocket and nuclear propulsion, in an effort to reduce development time.

Because of my Apollo / Saturn total program mission, launch and operation knowledge, I monitored and modified the North American division Saturn S-II interface reviews that were held at their systems integration facility in Redondo Beach California. This facility had a low bay vertical assembly building that I designed at Douglas, as support to their S-IVB stage Apollo Launch Complex at Cape Canaveral. They were my L shaped modules located on the side of the Vertical Assembly Building called "The Barn," then the world's largest building for production launchings of Apollo Saturn V vehicles with S-2 stage assembly, system integration and check-out.

No, I am not at Rocketdyne this morning. I am standing on the top level at NAA's Apollo S-II Stage production assembly and checkout building, located at Huntington Beach CA that I designed in 1958 at Douglas and sold Dr. Debus as the standard Apollo L Shaped Module assembly and checkout structure with its step- down control center. It's also the same at Complex 39.

This one is still under construction. I ran into Wilson Rentals, the NAA construction rep, Robert Davis, their system checkout specialist type, and Arthur Teheran, their stage manufacturing manager.

"Hey, over here, you guys!" I hollered, over the construction noise, while pointing to another L Shaped Module building, inland of the Apollo Stage transportation highway to the Navy Shipping Docks to transport our S-II stages and on to NASA's launch center at the Cape, already under construction. That's my Douglas S-IVB production assembly and checkout building; it's already finished."

Davis complained, "Is there anything you haven't designed on the Apollo program?"

"Well, Bobby, not really; just several microchips in the guidance system, but I have thoughts on them, too."

Art said, "You fucking Douglas types are all alike; you have got to be from another world."

Back at Rocketdyne Brittany was unbelievable. She was preparing my itinerary and all the stuff necessary for me to enter the way above top-secret Jackass Flat's Nevada ion Test Center. I was looking at her and, yes, she is a vision. She senses that I am staring at her and gets wet between her beautiful long legs. Brittany giggles mischievously, one of the most adorable blonde Nordic babes in this part the galaxy. Telepathically reading my mind, she said, "No, Bill, we can't do that now; we must get you ready at LAX to jump in the NAA Saberjet at 0500, I'll drive you over."

Like my secretary at Douglas, she is fantastically brilliant, with knowledge of virtually every element of every weapon system in the U.S. and the rest of the world. She has told me, several times, that there is nothing wrong with a girl that thinks like an alien; this was while she was expressing her sexuality with me. She is a nice girl, with a very desirable sexual body, and a rebellious attitude. There is no denying her beauty – and, even more important, she knows it.

I started contemplating entering, yet again, another classified base that didn't exist and which was funded with black dollars, all with no accountability. It was possibly heavily influenced by alien beings. For the past nineteen years I have worked in these organizations that have all been influenced by aliens.

I did not know then that I would be spending the next forty years on programs that would take me all over the country, to military bases and contractors with the top Naval and research personnel involved in programs that were improved by encounters with gorgeous, golden-haired, alien, sex goddesses.

At 10,000 feet I was now flying over southwest Nevada, past the 4,900 foot Yucca Mountain, to the valleys below, in a spectacular sweep of desert landscape. It was ringed by the Funeral and Chocolate mountain ranges, colored by blue gray sage, and pocked by red and black cones that represent the entire area's last gasp of volcanic activity.

Jackass Flats' electromagnetic, antigravity, photon, ion, and propulsion test center is a reality from nineteen years earlier, at Douglas. This is when I designed those long 2.5 kilometer Navy space battle cruisers using Dr. Klemperer's unconventional propulsion schemes. Elements of those star ships were also under test at China Lake, Muroc, White Sands, Los Alamos, Alamogordo, Roswell, and Albuquerque. They are all beautiful at this time of year, and they all hold a sinister alien influence, one that governs the outcome of this country's penetration into the galaxy.

I was talking with Robert Davis the next week about the L shaped module stage assembly and checkout systems, and trying to justify these two sex kittens at Rocketdyne. You could say they gave them to me because of the important job I was to implement, but why gorgeous things? But it's more than that. These girls are aliens assigned here to see that the Apollo Moon program will accomplish its goals.

"Well, Robert," I said, "there are these nine different types of unconventional propulsion that Rocketdyne has selected to develop that are really blue sky unconventional propulsion. I mean, this is not even applied research; it's really *Flash Gordon*-type alien thrusters. They are even testing laser propulsion; not just laser weapons."

Robert asked, “You mean laser guns?”

“No. Well, yes, we got that too - but laser propulsion.”

These guys have even established a complete Rocketdyne Division called Nucleonics, for seven different methods of nuclear aircraft / space ship propulsion, all with massive, lead-shielding so thick you can never get the airplane or space ship off the ground.

When I arrived at Rocketdyne they gave me nine packages of twenty file-cabinets full of reports on each system. Included in those packages were these two cuties sitting on top of the documentation file cabinets in minis, crossing and uncrossing their beautiful legs.

“Oh, you’re kidding me, Bill,” Robert said.

“No, really, Robert, that’s the way I met them.”

“You are full of shit, Bill.”

“Well, maybe, I stretch it a bit, but when I was introduced to the two of them, the shock of knowing that these two hot alien beings were mine to play with was overwhelming.”

Then, the next week, Fred Packman, who was the NAA S-II Systems program proposals guy, came over to my conference room for another rain dance. After the briefing that I presented with support of my new secretary, Fred said, “Bill, I know the San Fernando valley on this side the Hollywood hill is loaded with them, but, Oh, my God she is not from this planet.”

“Well, yes, but don’t let this get around Fred; she is something of an alien sex goddess. She still looks seventeen. Tiffany believes that she was put here, on this planet, to teach us mortals the treasure and pleasure of true sexual bliss. As you can see, Tiffany loves to flirt and her lust parallels her passion for control, by utilizing her substantial 5’7” sex goddess assets.

“With that long blond hair she is the kind of girl that can detect that you need to get some. She will select you telepathically for a specific mission, inform you of her mercy sex, and send you on your way to develop exactly what you really need to do that will meet the requirements of that specific weapon system. Then take you to her pad and have sex with you, until you pass out. The next morning you will wake up wondering if it really happened, because she could just be controlling your mind. Or, was it all just a dream, a hot, wet, wonderful dream, with a happy ending?

“Where do I sign up, Bill?” was all Fred could say. Then, in walked Brittany, my administrative assistant, in a low cut blouse.

“Unbelievable!” Robert muttered to me, adding, “Are they both tall Zombies, with really nice figures?”

“Yes, Robert, but we don’t call them Zombies here. Don’t get me to try and explain why, because, like you, the really big ones, turn me off, too. Like Tiffany, Brittany loves to flirt. They’re both spoiled rotten hotties from well-to-do families, living Nordic lives, on this planet, here in the San Fernando Valley.”

Brittany lives for the looks she gets when she doesn’t wear a bra and when she’s letting me see those perfect thongs.

“Hi guys. I am Brit,” she popped down in a chair, letting her mini slip all the way up. “You have been chewing his head off all afternoon, Bill. It’s 6:00 p.m.; happy hour. Time for you to buy me a margarita.”

“I am, Robert…”

Brit interrupted, “Oh, I know all about you, Bobbie; you are the only one at NAA that understands the Apollo Program. Billy tells me everything.”

“Okay, Brittany, back off. Give me twenty minutes and I’ll take you to Dean’s place.”

Robert said, “That’s okay, Bill; I can take Brit with me now.”

"I am ready now; let's go, Bobby. See you guys in twenty."

I finished my stuff and went to my parking place. The parking lot was nearly empty. Tiffany was sitting on my caddy's hood, straddling it with a big open smile behind the caddy hood ornament. To lift her off that position was not easy. Her blue string bikini got caught on the ornament. With my hand up in there, trying to untie her from the ornament and with her arms around me, she wiggled that perfect little ass of hers and loved it.

She kissed me, while standing by the car. In the car she hit me again with, "It's already Thursday, Billy boy, and you haven't accepted my offer to Vegas Friday night. I have Daddy's suite at MGM for the whole weekend. Like I told you, you can tell your wife that you must fly to Jackass Flats for the three days; it will be our first honeymoon."

4 Program Goals 1965

APOLLO SATURN-V ROCKET ENGINE PROGRAM GOALS.

Over at North American's Program Directors meeting, in their big conference room, with everybody in California, they were waiting for my Apollo outline report.

Tiffany, leaning over, and putting her face next to mine, so they couldn't hear her, said. "Who found out you were going to report on the big picture? Your plan to penetrate the galaxy? It's right out of *Flash Gordon*, in last Sunday's comic strip. You, Billy, had better feed it to them slowly, or they will fire both of us. These people are living in the dark ages."

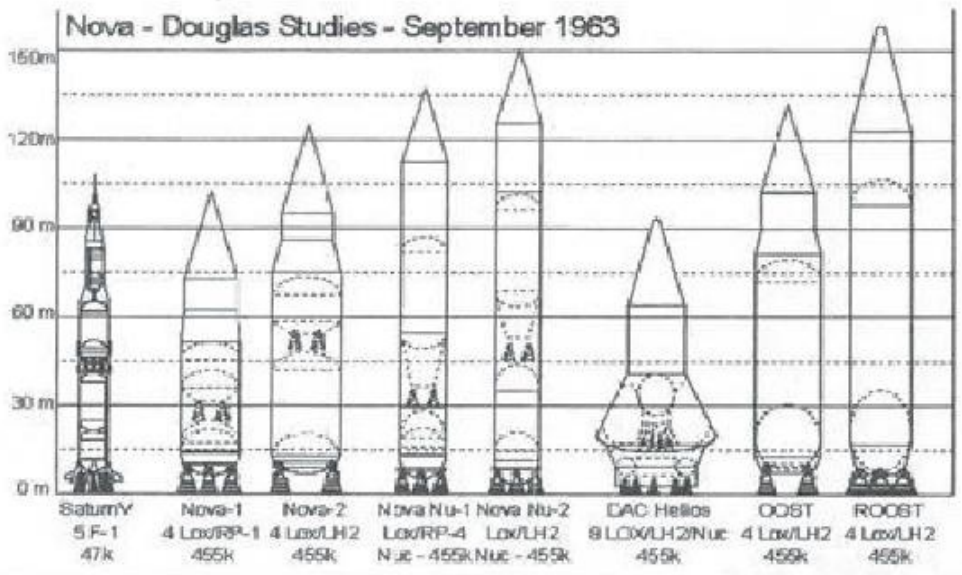
"That's why I brought you along in that red mini - to distract them. I'll sell the top guys my changes that will continue to be a part of our way of life for thirty years, as Dr. Debus had defined. Not just three or five research Saturn-V flights to the Moon, but hundreds of missions to all the solar system planets and their moons."

"But, Billy, don't tell them hundreds of missions, or that this program may continue to the year 1995. They will kick us right out the door and have us locked up."

"Right again, Tiffany; I will play the entire program down and make arrangements for a meeting later, with only their top guys."

Two weeks later I was presenting a long range mission; it utilized my revised plan to the top people on the program. In my S-II New Business Plan our goal was also to send large Naval spacecraft to other stars planets. We would also utilize the old Douglas Post Nova Vehicles, which were over 600 feet high.

Some NOVA vehicles were only two stage configurations, with twelve first stage rockets strapped around a single second stage vehicle. Others were four stages that were forty times heavier than the Apollo vehicles. The family of NOVA designs by Douglas is shown clearly nearby.


Nova - Douglas Studies - September 1963
150m
120m
90 m
60 m
30 m
0 m
SaturnV
5 F-1
47k
Nova-1
4 Lox/RP-1
455k
Nova-2
4 Lox/LH2
455k
Nova Nu-1
Lox/RP-4
Nuc - 455k
Nova Nu-2
Lox/LH2
Nuc - 455k
DAC Helios
9 LOX/LH2/Nuc
455k
OOST
4 Lox/LH2
455k
ROOST
4 Lox/LH2
455k

NORTH AMERICAN S-2 PROPOSALS

I made an unsolicited proposal presentation of some of my post NOVA Apollo concepts to NAA's management. Referring to Dr. Debus's seventy-five Apollo launches per year, I suggested using two of their NAA S-2 Stages as payloads, existing as third and fourth empty stages for the Navy's Moon base operational buildings. After this presentation, the advanced program director, marketing V P, S-2 program director, and I were roughing out some of the details in their big conference room.

I turned to Roger Thorp, the advanced program director, and emphasized how these two empty stages were to be soft-landed on the Moon. They will need to have shock-mounted legs to keep them vertical for landing. Also, the attitude control motors and, most important, the descent engines can be comparatively small; not like the big, liftoff rockets needed for launch. The four landing gear supports need to extend about ten meters, where the spherical feet can be planted to insure that the stage won't rotate over.

Then Shawn stated, "The entire picture of this concept is clear. As long as your engineering people can make it operate, this can work as a cost effective solution to the Navy's moon bases."

"Again, Bill," Shawn added, "You're always claiming credit for everything."

"No, I'm not. These are my thoughts on the missions and the engineering decisions."

Then Thorp jumped in, "Definitely, Bill. Compare this to the Navy's Lunar C4I Center, which you came up with last week. That can be used as one of Jupiter's moons as a Naval command center."

"We, NAA, have run around with so many of these poor proposals I had given to the NASA that this simple approach is almost refreshing." I said smiling and laughed. "Yeah, the possibility of converting an S-2 into a cocktail lounge is also very refreshing."

We had also made mock-up versions of a recreational S-2 building that also sparked the attention of most of our staff.

I was convinced that these NAA S-2 types were light years behind some of us at DAC. These people are living in the Dark Ages. How do I really communicate with them? Interstellar missions are things they won't understand. What must we do? Should I try to bring them on board a little at a time? Yes, this is going to be tougher than I thought.

What is really, really weird is that now, fifty years later, in 2015, we are going back to the Moon, using the old Apollo slim S-2 Stage as the first stage, which I conceived with the updated J-2 engines, when I was program representative at Rocketdyne in 1963.

1 Four types of aliens?

Shortly thereafter, the topic of conversation led to the possibility that aliens were involved with the Moon

program. We were all naive at the time, but still had an inkling of a deep conspiracy that had infiltrated our programs. Thorp stated, “Our guys down at Cape Canaveral were talking to your old buddies at Douglas. They had some strange tales to tell us. It seems that the aliens still have a strong pull on how things operate down there.”

I thought back to how Douglas operated and came to a realization. Manufacturing at DAC - whom I thought were supposed to be pushing us in the right direction - were possibly working against us, and even more than we realized. Whenever our work started to come together, their snide remarks could set us back so much so that our progressive ideas were left in the dust. I felt a shiver run down my spine as I came to the conclusion that some of the Nordic aliens, in the Douglas shop whom I thought were helping us, may be disguised Reptilians - and this could be happening here in NAA, too.

Thorp said, “Bill you look like you’ve seen a ghost. All of the color just washed out of your face. Douglas must have really worked you over.”

I gave him a wanton smile and said, “I just realized that over all of this time I may have been fooled by the agreeable attitudes at DAC manufacturing.”

Thorp then stated, “We need to talk. Let’s go have a drink. We can drown out some of those inhibitions and get into some more of this alien jargon.”

The three of us then proceeded to one of Shawn’s favorite cocktail lounges, where we would work out our theories.

Shawn hit me before our third drink, asking me, “How do you Douglas experts know an alien when you see or talk to them?”

I came back with, “It took me three years to realize Jessica really is an alien; but that was years ago. Now it’s true, that some of us DAC types are smarter than you NAA types about technical things like that.”

Shawn came back with, “While you were putting it in your alien secretary, was she putting stuff in between your ears?”

I said, “I know she really is an extraterrestrial.”

“When one of your engineers at the Cape tells you he saw a UFO flying at 300 feet over the service tower at complex 34, he knows damned well that it is a real alien vehicle. He just knows it. Well, when any of you guys see a real alien - the grays, the ants, or the insects - you damned well know it, too; absolutely no question! But if they are Nordic - who looks just like humans - you will not know it. They really are Nordic, beautiful, light-skinned people who look like movie stars. They may be Reptilians appearing as Nordics, who have the ability to change into human-like people.

“I remember, when I first met Jessica, she had long blond hair and she stared into my eyes much longer than is normal, knowing my thoughts. I was wondering what was out there. She said telepathically. ‘No, you don’t want to know what is out there.’ She said some of those black hats are ghoulish killers, worse than any of the worst murderers we have on this planet.”

Thorpe noted, “Now, the four types of aliens that we know about are only the tip of the iceberg, I’m sure. Going on what we’ve already established, the Nordics seem to be here to help us complete our mission, but we are still questioning some of their motives. The seven-foot- and four-foot-tall gray aliens seem to pose little to no threat, but, certainly, they are not here to progress our species.”

I replied, “Yeah, all we’ve got on them is that they need to learn how to fly their saucers in a thunder storm.” That was followed by a stint of laughter.

I continued, “My main concern, and I’m sure yours too, is why the hell are the Nordics pushing us to the Moon, but these damn Reptilians, who seem to look like the Nordics, are throwing wrenches into the gears? There is so much that we don’t know.”

Shawn said, “Hey, Bill, you’re going to like this: here comes Connie in a mini; she is my favorite here. And she is no fucking Reptilian; look at those knockers and those legs. She dropped her napkins, Bill, and she’s picking them up with that cute bottom of hers right in your face. Hey, you guys, I’m in trouble again. What’s a Reptilian?”

2 NASA Stuff

During my 8:00 a.m. NASA briefing break, the H-1 Rocket Engine Program Manager was talking to the J-2 Program Rocket Engine Manager. “How does this operation really work?”

“What operation?”

“Well, Tompkins works for Rocketdyne, right?”

”Yes.”

“He’s also on NASA’s top Mission Control, Launch Control and Facilities Control Committees.”

“Right again.”

“So, how can he tell us what we need to investigate on our engines’ test projects?”

”Hey, bud, he is corporate here and he also takes his input from Dr. Debus, the head of everything in NASA. I, for one, am not going question anything Tompkins says.”

“Well, yes I guess you’re right; especially when it’s in writing, fresh from NASA.”

3 Douglas Key Club

THREATENED BY DOUGLAS SECURITY. THE KEY CLUB CONTROL

The control problem we had at Douglas continued while at Rockwell; people kept calling me late at night, threatening all of us if we would not keep quiet concerning the Douglas Key Club. I, of course, had contacted my stepfather back east - who was a medical doctor, surgeon, and CEO of a Pittsburgh hospital, and also very involved, politically, in his state. I had informed him on conditions surrounding my departure from Douglas. He had contacted several powerful Congressmen and informed them of all the details. They then contacted the FBI, who was very concerned because of the high security violations involved. An investigation was initiated by the FBI and later by the CIA. Naval Intelligence agents at Douglas Corporation contacted Engineering, Security, Field Operations at DAC and subcontractors. Also NASA, Boeing, North American Rockwell (and Rocketdyne and many NASA Sub Contractors.) This continued for several years with very little information disclosed to the public.

As one of the mission tradeoff configurations, we used an advanced Apollo type vehicle that was configured with 8 H-I rocket engines for the first two stages, 4 H-1’s for the third stage, 2 H-1’s for the fourth stage and 1 H-1 for the eight-man Command Module to support the early Naval exploratory planetary missions. We realized that liquid rocket vehicles would suffer with fuel Tank storage space. That even if we got the Post Nova Vehicles off the ground, for these deep space missions, that the amount of fuel, thrust power needed for lift off and then exit earth orbit would be greater than the physical space for fuel Tanks that we could provide in their structure. It will require a pit stop at our gas station on the Moon to get to Mars. Other configurations utilized gimbaled engines in multiple stages with similar problems. This was when I started pushing the Douglas Think Tank unconventional propulsion schemes using anti-gravitational propulsion. Over at Rocketdyne.

The Rocketdyne people had already made a major commitment for space engines in establishing

Nucleonics as a separate division, experimenting with nuclear propulsion. I thought that I was not well accepted in this atmosphere and must maintain a low profile.

Testing for theses massive rake mounted nuclear space ship engines took place at our Jackass Flats test center in Nevada, near the military's nuclear bomb testing facilities and the White Sands Proving Ground test range in New Mexico.

NOTE: The last two probes to Mars in 2005 used the old Douglas Thor IRBM missiles with J-2 rocket engines that had been deployed in Europe during the Cold War. They were designed and built back in 1954. They were, and still are, one of the most reliable rockets boosters ever built and operated. NASA launched them as first stage boosters and got the second stage to orbit with successful stage separation. Then the second stage, our Douglas Think Tank ion engine, kicked in for the Mars missions. This is how the U.S. got to Mars in '05. The rovers are still exploring Mars, picking up rocks and sending back excellent photos. The most recent launch to Saturn was also propelled there using our Douglas Think Tank design ion propulsion schemes. That mission was so precise that the ion propelled probe went right through Saturn's rings. And then over into to its Moon orbit.

IF WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO USE NUCLEAR

Talking to Tiffany, later, I said, "If we are going to use nuclear propulsion for our spaceships then the big bugaboo is still an unanswered problem. Insulation for radiation and the thickness of the lead required to protect personnel and electronic systems on board any large aircraft or space ship.

"Tiffany, Commander Colon Smith of ONR keeps hitting on me with what Oppenheimer did on the nuclear bomb Manhattan Project. Single-handedly, he developed a method to isolate the nuclear power plant. He did it in three years, for our first nuclear propelled submarine U.S.S. Nautilus program."

"So, why can't you hotshots at Rocketdyne get me one of the Douglas Navy space battle cruisers with nuclear propulsion? Billy, just tell Colon to back off. Oppenheimer didn't do it by himself; it was accomplished in a completely isolated town in the Utah desert with 700 people including entire families. But this technical effort resulted in the highest number of suicides and divorces of any military development program in our history."

"Wow, Tiffany; you have done your homework."

Talking to the Commander later that day, I said, "Actually, Colon, your submarine is the closest vehicle to the Douglas space battle cruisers, because it is a completely enclosed ship, operating in a liquid like the vacuum in deep space."

I added, "The Rocketdyne materials lab has been unable to convert lead into sealed balsa wood; the lead is still so heavy we still can't lift the damn thing off the ground and you know it, Commander, so get off my back."

Colon replied, "Well, just coming over to your office every week to stick it in and turn it softens my temper a bit."

I replied, "Oh, who is kidding who? Your Office of Naval Research types make all kinds of excuses to hold the meetings in my conference room, to ogle Tiffany and Brittany's hot little asses. I'll bet you guys go right back to your hotel rooms and pull it all night long."

"Bill, do you really have threesomes with them every Friday night, like the guys say back inside the beltway?"

Getting back to it, Dr. Jeffery Scolders, the chief of Advanced Nuclear Propulsion, was attempting to explain in his laboratory, to Commander Smith, his theory of operation of their very large liquid rocket combustion chamber, using a dilute fuel comprising .1% uranium 235, dissolved in a solvent of hydrogen peroxide. "Now, using a cross section of my data, a chain length of 20,000 fissions per initial neutron is needed to supply my desired amount of energy."

Colon said, "Hold on, Doctor; you are getting ahead of me now."

Tiffany was giggling in the background.

Dr. Scolders said, "Well, I am talking about the conditions needed for this. I am saying that this chain length is impractical."

“I get it.”

Tiffany whispered in my ear, “No he’s not.”

Dr. Scolders went on. “A reduction of chain must be sought for by altering the basic conditions used as assumptions, such as the pressure of the burning gas changing the character of the dilute fuel from a true solution to a colloidal suspension of the fissionable component. May I also point out that the effects calculated herein are independent of critical mass effects, and will be susceptible to our bench scale apparatus here as a check on my calculations.”

Tiffany, holding her pussy, whispered, “He is getting blue in his face.”

“This will use direct heat exchange from the enriched pile to the rocket feed liquid or gases. Do you understand now, Commander Smith?”

“Well, yes, Doctor, ah, you explained it very well; thank you for updating me.” Tiffany said. “He didn’t get it. It’s almost time for chow, Bill. Would you like to join us, Commander?”

A week later I was a little late meeting Tiffany at a restaurant. Dr. Dwayne Horton, the Nucleonics Division VP, had left a message for me to call him using his nickel at their systems test center in Nevada.

Tiffany was still pissed because I was late for lunch. “Where the fuck have you been, William?” she snapped. She only calls me William when she is really mad. Her eyes were burning red. I found out later that some Nordic hotties have the ability to make us mortals think that their eyes turn orange-red when they really don’t.

Tiffany went on, “I have already paid our bill with a big tip for holding the fucking table here. Have you been feeling up Brittany’s legs again? Did she forget her thong panties? You know I have seen you two sitting next to each other, supposedly reviewing one of your hobbies, and your hand never stops on Brittany’s legs. Oh, I saw you early this morning; she was letting you look up her mini skirt. She was standing on that chair in the classified file room. Oh my god, you used that cot in the store room behind the file room. Say something, you fucking prick.”

”Mmmm.”

“I called you over at Nucleonics at 10:00 a.m. this morning and Lindsay said you never showed up for your 9.30 meeting with Dr. Horton’s new Assistant - what’s his name? - an Air Force General. And nobody could find that bitch Brittany all morning either. Damn, William, have you been fucking her all this time? Don’t just stand there with your finger up your ass; say something.”

I replied, “You know, Tiff, you really look cute standing there, in that mini dress, with both fists on your tiny waist, and those long sexy legs spread like that; I really love it.”

“William, you son of a bitch, that stuff won’t cut it this time, and don’t call me Tiff.”

“Back off honey. I called Dwayne and put out the Nevada fire. They were reviewing Dr. Debus’s requirement’s and had gotten hung up on three different conclusions, none of which would be acceptable to NASA’s star missions. And no, I didn’t fuck Brittany this morning. But, now that you mention it, I had forgotten about that cot and that Brittany likes to be on top.”

“What do you mean, on top of what?”

“And I was the one that pointed out to you that there’s a cot back there; you only took time to kiss me and went right back to your hobbies. I couldn’t believe it; I had laid down with my legs open.”

I said right back, “Spared; just like right now. Only, we did not have an audience then; like we have now.” Tiffany put her arms around me, with her tongue in my mouth.

“Oh, you big goof; you have been teasing me all the time.”

As most of the restaurant patrons clapped.

1 Rocketdyne and Nucleonics

NUCLEAR VS. ELECTROMAGNETIC OR ANTIGRAVITATIONAL - AND THE KECKSBURG UFO

Back in 1954, at the Douglas Think Tank we had given up using nuclear and liquid or solid propellant rockets for our Naval spaceship design projects. We had spent years analyzing our unconventional propulsion schemes documents. I, and others, eliminated nuclear because of inadequate shielding for both the ships crews and the electronic controls. However, for other space propulsion companies and universities, everyone else including even NAA / Rocketdyne spent billions on nuclear research. Like I said, Rocketdyne even created an entirely new NUCLEAR DIVISION called NUCLEONICS. That was one of my hobbies, along with numerous other assignments on the organizing chart. JPL, CalTech, Westinghouse, General Electric: they all designed and built massive, nuclear engines for spaceships. Many were tested at the Jackass Flats nuclear center in Nevada, and White Sands Missile Test Center, New Mexico.

During a Rocketdyne J-2 engine meeting lunch break that was with the North American Apollo Saturn V, S-II Stage Engineers, one NAA Engineer Jerry Cornel asked, “What do you guys know about those aliens fouling up our missile test programs at White Sands Proving grounds?”

I asked, “Who wants to know?”

“Well, I still keep up on the CSI files,” Cornel answered.

“Dunlap, one of their investigators informed me last week that on December 9, 1965 (reported in A.F. Project Blue Book files) a fireball entered the late afternoon sky near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. It had slowed down, moving horizontal and maneuvered left and right several times, landing in some trees at Kecksburg, twenty-five miles southwest of Pittsburgh.”

“You’re kidding?” Susan, an NAA proposal writer fired back.

“My sister, Ellen, lives near Kecksburg. She saw it, too; told me hundreds of townspeople witnessed the UFO in the air and on the ground.”

“She described it as a fifteen-foot-long acorn that got imbedded in the ground about a foot. It was lying on its side.”

“Was she with family then?” Spenser, our electronics engineer, asked.

“No, she was with her girlfriends.”

Susan went on, “Ellen went up to touch it, but didn’t. She could feel heat twenty feet away. It was hot, a red-orange color. Other people got up too close too but then it started to cool. It was radiating blue-white light and smelled like rotten eggs.”

“Rotten eggs: that sounds like sulfur.”

Bob, their system interface engineer said, “The local Fire Department and Sheriff came, then a bunch of Army guys came,” Susan related.

“Army?” Spencer asked. “Do they have an Army base around there?”

Susan replied, “Ellen didn’t know where they came from, or how so quickly.”

“She got scared. The Army ran them all out.”

“Then, the same day, a local radio broadcaster named John Morley started broadcasting the story nationally. After a short time was instructed to stop and his station was shut down.”

“Boy, this is getting spooky,” Ellen said.

“We heard that the fireball had been followed by the Air Force; so they came over too. It was unreal.”

“After that, some men in black suits came over and ran the entire operation. Some of the men in black suits wore NASA shields on their suits.”

"A lot of us saw them," Susan related her sister's concern.

Looking at me, crossing her legs and wiggling her bottom, Ashley put her two cents in, "Did Ellen think those guys in black were cute?"

I Ignored her antics. "I asked Ashley to write this all down and get everyone's comments."

Uncrossing her legs, Ashley answered, "I've recorded everything up to now, Billy Boy, and yes I'll pull our cuties' file for you as soon as we finish here."

"Hey, Ashley, I think Ellen was too scared to check them out like that." Susan answered.

Susan went on, "At about 4:45 p.m., people a block away heard two unearthly screams that came from the area of the UFO. There were military vehicles all over town."

"This was getting really weird."

Ellen had told Susan, who said, "They also heard that one uniformed officer told two local eleven year old boys to have them give the wrong directions to all the people that were coming into town, from as far away as Pittsburg to see what was going on."

"Ellen said, she didn't see it, but a lot of people saw an empty flatbed truck driving into the UFO's area," Susan went on. "Later, Ellen saw it herself, a flatbed truck driving out of town with a partly-covered large long acorn-shaped object on top."

"How big was the gopher food?" Ashley asked.

"Oh, I guess maybe fifteen or sixteen feet long," Susan answered, remembering her question to her sister.

"The truck got stopped several times in traffic and people identified ten-inch-high Egyptian hieroglyphics, all around the smooth copper-colored back outer ring."

I asked, "Did your sister see the hieroglyphics, Susan?"

"Yes; well, no. I mean there were a lot of military all around it where she was when it went by, but yes, she did see some big thin-lined lettering, but not close."

"Now listen to this," Susan added. "It's really spooky. I understand that the radio broadcaster, John Murphy, was recently killed in a strange hit and run sideswipe auto accident just outside Santa Barbara, California."

"Yes, that's right," Carl said.

"That's what our DM-18 Thor engineers at Vandenberg said too," Susan added.

2 Neosho

I was concerned that the Rocketdyne production plant in Neosho, Missouri, was incapable of meeting Dr. Debus' high production mission launch schedule. Tiffany was waiting for me, with all my documents and two first-class round trip airline tickets to Oklahoma. She said, "Billy, I hate that humidity back there in the middle of nothing, but at least we can screw six nights in a row."

She was always trying to get me to spend a three-day weekends at Las Vegas. And I always had an excuse.

I told her, "Cancel one of those tickets, Tiffany; I've got to do this one alone."

I was talking to the J-2 Rocket engine Program Director, Phil Jayson, about one of my hobbies, his Saturn J-2 Stage engine. It was still bothering me. I asked, "Why did NAA select Missouri to build their production rocket space engines?"

He answered, "We did not want it in that humid location, either. But NAA Corporate could save big bucks. I think Les Focken - on the board - owns half of the state. And, Bill, he's never even been

there."

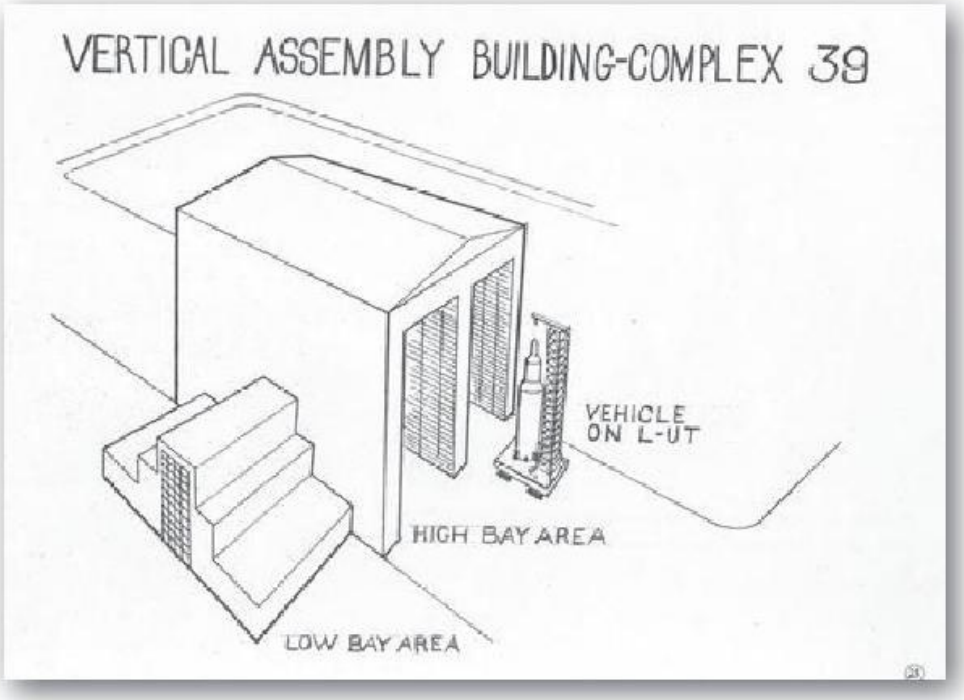
I said, "Phil, the Air Force has got you guys also using the Rocketdyne Neosho Missouri engine manufacturing factory for the J-2 on their WS-315 Douglas IRBMs, Atlas ICBM and other missiles?"

"That plant is right in the middle 'tornado alley.'" "

"Well, yes, Bill."

Bending over and speaking low, he said, "You never heard it from me; but through the grapevine, some Democratic Congressmen are also in on the take."

"As you know, Phil, I redesigned the NASA's Apollo complex 39 vertical assembly structure, the largest building on the planet and the launch and mission control centers. See the nearby sketch as part of the briefing to NASA, ensuring the vertical position at all times. We insisted that all the production buildings be stressed to accept Mark 7 hurricanes.



"This was to ensure a year-round production launch schedule with minimum holds (launch delays) in any type of weather. We even got them to throw out their Apollo Saturn V on its transporter barge that would have to have been pushed in a canal by a tug boat from the vertical assembly building out to one of the launch pads. And as you know, Phil; we are now using a tractor-powered transporter on a freeway."

With a chuckle, Phil added, "Freeway, hell; your transporter's maximum speed is one mile an hour and the NASA cops are out every day."

All kidding aside, I added, "This Moon and Mars thing is a massive program with Apollo and NOVA production missions to continue until nearly 2000. Knowing the number of extremely bad weather conditions that occur every year and their destructive power, what justification is there in building the engine production for all these launches in tornado alley?"

"Back off, Bill; you know the answer: under the table money. Now, get your ass back there and determine what needs to be done to provide production capability."

When I arrived back at my office, Tiffany was waiting with my tickets in hand. She said, "We couldn't get you on one of the corporate Sabrejets. So, we reserved a commercial flight out of LAX to Kansas City where you will get a rental car, and drive to Neosho. Let's go. I'll drive you to the airport,

now, and pick you up on the way back."

Knowing that I was reviewing the Neosho engine plant and its capability to expand to accommodate Dr. Debus' massive production missions to the Noon and Planets, Tiffany said, "Be prepared Billy; the Neosho realtors will have already doubled the price of the dirt around our J-2 manufacturing plant."

I was on a DC-7 to Tulsa where I rented a car and drove down to Neosho. Next time, I'll fly in to Dallas and drive up to Neosho in half the time. Checking in the hotel that night, the air was heavy and it seemed very humid. Grabbing a cup of coffee early the next morning, I drove out to the plant. Earl Bokovy, the Neosho Plant Manager, met me at their gate and invited me into his office for another cup of coffee. He was a little put back at my being there, not really knowing what some corporate type big shot was up to.

He treated me royally, personally giving me a complete tour, an all-day review of their entire rocket engine manufacturing plant. "Mr. Tompkins what are you really looking for, to shut us down and move the engine manufacturing back to Van Nuys?"

"Well, Mr. Bokovy, why don't you call me Bill, and I call you Earl?"

"Fine, Bill."

"Can we go someplace private?"

"Yes; it's 5:30 p.m.; let's head out to my cruiser."

"Your cruiser - you're a long way from both oceans."

"Got it on the pond; can make it out there in half an hour."

During the fast drive, mostly on two-lane crooked roads, I said, "There are several doors open to the outside of your plant that can be left open while the engines' equipment is being moved to other shops. Has this been a problem in contaminant components?"

"Wow, I knew it; you're not Corporate, you're an engineering inspector."

"Picky, picky," I said, laughing.

"You're partly right, Earl. And, yes, we have to talk."

We entered the yacht marina parking lot and Earl pulled his Cad into his reserved space. "I am impressed; your pond looks like it is over fifty miles long out through those trees."

"Well, I can get her up to about 28 knots for two days and still not hit the other end."

We walked past an elaborate boat club overlooking about three hundred power- and sail-boats to a large white cruiser with blue canopies. Three girls in string bikinis met us at the gang plank.

Dean Martin was singing over the com system, "Hi. Earlie." Girls swayed their cute bodies to the music.

"Who is your cute friend?" Jane, the adorable brunette, asked.

Earl answered, "This is Bill; you girls be nice to him."

Grabbing my arm, the redhead, Susan, pulled me into a really tight hug, as the blond took off my coat and tie. It was hot and humid, but somehow seemed comfortable. Another girl got up from lying on the elaborate couches and went inside the large aft cabin. She came out with a tray of champagne glasses for everyone.

Earl said proudly, "She has two cabins and can sleep eight."

Susan, the redhead, grabbing one of the champagne glasses said, "Party time - everybody inside; let's dance." Giggling, she grabbed one of the other girls and started gyrating very luridly. Clicking their glasses and spilling the three drinks, all the girls started swaying to the music and dancing.

I said to Earl, "I thought we were going somewhere we could talk?"

Earl, with one arm around Jane, and holding his drink high with the other, saluted in answer. "First

things first, Bill."

Other girls powered up the twin engines and we cruised the pond until 2:00 p.m. It turned out there were three other guys and a total of ten girls on board for the party. I am not quite sure how it happened, but we all ended up at a very large exclusive estate. This home was like a European castle. We had all driven over there in the early morning and slept till noon. My room was elaborately furnished with a full, marble, open shower- bath that I used. I don't know where they came from, but my closet was complete with a full wardrobe, including a tux. Not knowing what the other guests were wearing I picked an embroidered white shirt and blue sport pants. Opening my door I walked down a long, wide, high-ceiling hallway, decorated with nude statues. I found other early risers, out on the veranda near a massive pool, eating brunch. Earl was there, with Jane, in a different, juicy bikini and four-inch high slippers.

"Join us Bill," she said.

"Thank you, Jane; it is absolutely beautiful out here. However, I am a California guy and it's a little too humid for me outside." I passed through that elaborate cocktail lounge overlooking the pool on my way. "I am heading up there. Catch you later."

"Hold on; you're right," said Earl. "Bill, it is really hot out here this morning even in the shade. I'll join you."

"You guys go ahead; I am hitting the pool," Jane said.

Sitting comfortably, now in the secret upper lounge waiting for our coffee, Earl said, "Give it to me; what is the bad news? Congress has pulled the funding on Apollo?"

"No, but you are partially right; they found out about your castle here and are firing all of you."

"Hey, Bill, this isn't my castle. In fact, I really don't know who owns it. A secret group holds rituals here and some of the people don't look like they are from here."

"What do you mean?"

"They're in hoods; not human. The whole operation is off limits. We have very limited privileges when they have meetings."

Just then, this gorgeous, nude thing brings our coffee. "I am Tara; here for your needs." Nothing else just four-inch, silver heels. She is fabulously smooth, so nothing is offensive. With a cute smile, she looks straight into my eyes: "Sugar and cream, sir?"

"Oh, yes, Bill, I forgot to tell you: all the beautiful cocktail girls in this area are nude. Yes, shaven down there; unbelievable."

I thought it was a good thing I didn't bring Tiffany with me; she would never understand. This really is an unbelievable situation.

Again: "Sugar and cream, sir?" I didn't know how to answer or where to look. I still couldn't speak. "Yes please." Somehow, I knew what her next question would be - and it was.

"What else can I do for you, sir?" she said.

"Nothing right now."

Pivoting around, with one arm in the air, and holding her small silver tray, she answered, "I'll be back in ten for whatever you need." As she slithered away, those long legs and beautiful little cheeks moved up and down; it was unbelievable.

"Nice atmosphere Earl; but you seem to have a hard time finding a place to talk," I said. "Your manufacturing plant is appropriate for low Apollo mission launches with some changes for reliability, such as your open-door contamination problems. However, the plant is totally inadequate for Dr. Debus' massive production to support two to five Saturn and NOVA launches per day through to 1995."

Spilling his coffee, Earl said, "Holy cats, Bill; what are you saying?"

"I am defining the requirements for a massive automated rocket engine production manufacturing

facility. I have conceived this plant as a one-story white room with hundreds of subsystem assembly lines. All personnel will wear white room clothing and gloves to prevent contamination. Not just contamination of all of our engine components; we must provide a reliability of one hundred percent for the Apollo and NOVA spaceship launches. We must all be concerned about contaminating the elements on the surface of the Moon, the planets, their Moons, and the asteroids. Do you, Earl Bokovy, have any idea of what we are doing here?"

"I had no idea Bill; it's astounding. Your factory can't even be a prototype for this production plant. Until I am able to provide the Navy and NASA with an antigravity propulsion system that will operate reliably, we are going to have to utilize the current Rocketdyne family of J-2, H-1 and attitude control motors."

"Bill, finish your coffee and let's get out of here. We'll get rid of most of the girls; just bring June and Susan. Drive back over to the yacht club marina and have dinner on my cruiser, out on the pond, where its private and we can talk."

"Sounds good, Earl; let's go."

The two girls, still wearing their string bikinis - one to pilot the boat and one to cook - hopped into the Cad and we headed for Earl's cruiser. Approaching the yacht club, the entire swamp area of thick green trees and bushes started to turn white. The closer we got to the moist ground near the entry, the whiter it got. Getting out of the car we walked out on the pier, noticing that the entire marina of powered and sailboat masts were completely covered with white spider webs. Everything was covered with thick, white webs. Earl's cruiser was completely covered. One of the girls ran ahead and tried to wipe a path down the walkway.

She starting screaming, "This is a really bad one." Both girls started wiping the spiders and webs off their bare legs. Earl yelled for them to get back; the cobwebs were sticking to our shoes, it was so thick. We wiped it off with clothes from the Cad's trunk and got inside the car as the spiders started to web around the tires.

Driving back to town, Earl said, "This is a really bad one. We get the webs every year on and off for several months, but normally not this bad."

I said, "The atmosphere around here is not conducive to the manufacturing of sophisticated space white room propulsion equipment. If we build our NOVA and Apollo production here, the plant has got to be a completely sealed white room facility with bad weather, double doors at all openings. It must also be designed on a modular basis to accept change, as I am recommending for everything on this galactic penetration program."

3 Leaf Ericson Advanced Technology 1967

With her hands on her hips and glaring at Tiffany, Brittany came in my office, stamping her 4 inches on the floor and saying, "There are fifteen different, major projects in advanced technology that you, Bill, are assigned, and you have only let me brief you on six of them. I know you were dropped in the middle of many other burning problems, but you have got to take your hand out of that fucking bitch's pussy and spend the next three weeks with me and establish operational priority on all fifteen. Then get your ass over to the spook lab tomorrow morning."

Ignoring Brittany, Tiffany turned to me, licking my fingers.

"What's a spook lab, Billie?" Brittany asked.

"You are not cleared to offsite stuff, you little tramp, and even if you were, this spook stuff is way

over your tiny little brain."

"Quit wiggling your ass at Billie."

"This is a private Apollo meeting," Tiffany said. "I'm responsible for Bill's entire itinerary, so call me next month and maybe I'll squeeze you in next year."

"Okay, girls. That's enough for now," I said. "Brittany, give us twenty minutes to finish up here and I am yours."

"Finish up what? How do you let that cunt talk you into fingering her to climax? How many times has she come already?" Brittany said.

"She is gone now." Tiffany continued. "I did snoop around, about your question as to how many of the tasks on your chart Would possibly be projects that were back-engineered from retrieved alien vehicle systems. Reverse engineering, what stuff did we get?"

Tiffany continued, "Actually, Rocketdyne has been back-engineering German V-2 rockets motors since World War II."

"Stop giggling."

"But you, Billy, already know that didn't you, sweetie?"

"Reverse engineering of whose alien equipment?" I asked.

"From what little I know about other alien population's star ships," Tiffany carried on.

"What stuff?" I asked.

"There's just got to be a big box full of different alien civilizations out there, in just my neighborhood, and that's only in the Andromeda Galaxy. So Billy, you guys here on this puny little planet have at least forty UFOs, mostly from different alien civilizations."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

Ignoring me again, Tiffany continued. "So, you, Billy Boy, have got to get your fucking act together and help that bitch, Brittany, do her job."

"There, I have said it; I have completely defined another of your hobbies for you. Aren't I great?"

"I am amazed."

"Well, Billie Boy," Tiffany went on, "I couldn't shut her up."

"If my little escapade here is in any way right, every project except liquid rockets is in some way tied into thrust hardware controls and systems that have been removed from at least twelve different types of very advanced alien spaceships. Really, way out stuff for you guys. All but three of the over sixty Rocketdyne labs scattered all over the western states are involved, mostly offsite facilities."

"Bill, Brittany is right; you got to get over to their 009 Lab; it's one of twelve really spooky laboratories."

"Dr. Erickson, it's funny, Bill; his first name is Leif, too. He is Director of that lab; he is such a sweetie And he told me, Bill, that some of this equipment may be designed by civilizations that are technically thousands of years more advanced than us."

"What do you mean 'us'? Isn't some of the hardware Nordic? Your stuff?"

"Well, yes, Billie; but I think of me as one of you guys. Isn't it more juice that way?"

"Yes, you really are, Tiffany," I added.

"Billy, remember none of us - you call us 'Nordic types – are ever going to design it for you. We will suggest a possible way, but you guys have to pick up the fucking ball and run with it."

"Okay, little girl, you made your point and I love some of your suggestions. Like what you tell me with your beautiful blue eyes and that little mini dress."

"Well, yes Billy," Brittany came back. "I know about your sending Tiffany on that snooping safari last week. And you know I will never admit it to her, but Leif and Bob Thornton both told me that she is a

sweetie. Nice girl and really sharp; that both of them are glad that you have us two to keep you on the right star track."

Brittany and I spent the next seven hours, most of it at night, going over her Vehicle 7924 propulsion and other control files.

At 7:00 a.m. we drove way out and met Dr. Leif Erickson inside the second security door lobby of 009 Lab. Leif is a very tall, blond hunk, with a very warm attitude. As he stretched his right arm out to shake my hand, he put his other arm around Brittany's little waist, hugging her and causing her hot little mini dress to rise even higher, exposing her adorable little bottom, to the enjoyment of the security guards. Dr. Robert Thornton, the Director of 0011 lab, was waiting in the conference room with his assistant, Bart De Felt, and his document control manager, Laura York.

Brittany whispered in my ear, "Billy, I knew you would like sexy Laura," who was pouring coffee for us. "Dr. Leif said that he had the pleasure of meeting your Douglas' Dr. Klemperer three years ago at a Navy program briefing and was very impressed with his knowledge of alien technology."

After introductions all around and plenty of donuts, which was really a help because Brittany and I had no time for breakfast, the lights dimmed and Laura briefed us on all seven lab projects at this offsite facility, defining each area of investigation. Paying attention to my reception of her presentation, Brittany was getting jealous again. She whispered, "Stop looking at her boobs; she's getting hot for you."

"Hey," I whispered back, "it's not my looks that the girls are always obsessed with; it's my power, position and control that they are attracted to."

"I know it's a little warm in here, but pay attention to what she is telling you and not how tight her little shorts ride up the crack in her ass."

"Hey Brit, you liked it, too."

Leif said, "Laura will open the door that we don't give to our regular visitors. Laura was presenting us (me) with a full Navy (operational report) account of Rocketdyne's entire alien technology propulsion space ship studies that brought us up to date on their latest evaluations, even defining clean alien propulsion systems, and some very rough dirty systems and the materials that they were made of - also the extremely hard tasks of copying their systems and materials.

Leif said, "Copying the German V-2 rocket motors back in the early days was simple compared to this alien equipment." He added, "Since 1959 we have acquired a sizable level of extraterrestrial space vehicle parts, including high energy light weapons; but primarily in their diversified propulsion systems. However – and, Bill, you were probably aware of these even before we had to cope with them - some of these vehicles are like alive, like a temporary configuration. Two others are not built of metal, but of composite and epoxy-like materials. There are major problems, even for us, in most of the alien hardware. Now, the direct atomic drive, solar thermopile power system, electromagnetic, electrically-accelerated ion, and electrostatic generators, all have been reversed to some extent. But the ionic, with many ion guns in parallel on one space vehicle and photon, gravity amplification, ion gun, laser and anti-gravitational, antimatter reaction systems have been, as Laura has said, extremely difficult projects to achieve working systems that will operate reliably during testing."

He added, "We, ourselves, have conceived and invented some variants of these and many others but…"

Dr. Thornton interrupted, "There seems to always be a 'but' in the non-human stuff. Their diversified controls complicate our progress in achieving successful propulsion systems operations."

Laura asked. "Tiffany you didn't tell Bill about little Willie's control panel, did you?"

"That's my secret," Tiffany said.

"Why do you guys call him little Willie?" Laura asked.

“Because he doesn’t have one.”

“One what?”

“Cause he doesn’t have a pecker.” “

No big cock?”

“How does he do it?” Laura asked, with a smile.

“What are you girls talking about?” Leif asked. “They’re both pulling your leg, Bill, some of the gray guys don’t have sex organs.”

Tiffany asked, “How can I tell the difference? They all look the same to me.”

“I don’t want to waste time, hooking up with one and when I get up between his legs thinking about Billy’s big stiff thing with my mouth watering, pull his jocks off and really get disappointed seeing he is a fucking pussy.”

Laura said, “Oh Tiffany, you are such a stupid slut.”

“I know you will hook up with anything, but, you’re not hooking up with a pussy; those types of grays are made in a bottle.”

Laura said, “But many other alien species have lots of fun with sex, like we do.”

Tiffany said, “Well, now, I can see why this alien thing is so serious. I think if they all came here and took us over, my life as I know it would be over; no cock to lick.”

Leif added, “Let’s get back to the alien propulsion systems that we have been involved in.”

Leif went on, “In 0011 lab we are looking at a low powered test rig that simulates one of their gravity amplification systems that is used on several types of alien space vehicles. The unit under test (UUT) usually consists of three amplifier heads located in the boiler plate test rig ship’s control center that you can see there - those silver boxes up on top. And, now, if you look sort of straight in from our side up a little, you are viewing the lower area that simulates a lower power room. You can see that there are three amplifier sensing and focusing mechanisms that are sort of barrel-shaped containers.”

Laura said, “It is hard to see them in between all of the support structure and instrumentation; but the three sensing and focusing units are directly under the three amplifiers that are separated by the simulated EMI isolating floor.”

Brittany replied, “They are those copper-collared barrel-shaped container things that look like a footrest ball on the central floor. In the middle is their little reactor, and its waveguide terminator is in the middle.”

Tiffany said, “Has a permanent erection.”

Leif added, “This type of propulsion has two modes of operation: omicron for short range horizontal flight and delta where the vehicle tilts up to ninety degrees and flies in a vertical mode for longer missions. We installed two big size seats, locked in on the upper deck so we can tie in our operators when we rotate the test rig unit ninety degrees, simulating long missions.”

I asked Leif, “At what level speed do they make in their test runs?”

“Well Bill, we only pull to 2.4 percent here, but as you were told in your secret program briefing in our all systems tests at Jackass Flats in Nevada, we nearly ripped the vehicle right off the test stands.”

Laura said, “Come on Leif; let’s show them thoughts to the units in the 0021 Lab. These are my favorites.”

“I have never been allowed in there, Leif.” Britney said. “I know you like my long legs, and so can I go too?”

“Well, yes, but, I like your entire configuration, but, no, you can’t go in.”

“Well, I have heard stuff about those things in there and I even heard that Laura wants to ride on one in just her snorkel and string thong. That technician told me that she wants to fly it from here over to

Santa Monica and dive it underwater all the way over to Catalina Island."

Laura jumped in, "I have already done it, so there."

"Back off girls," Leif said.

"Brit, you have been cleared for all the labs, all year."

Britney said, "That bitch, Laura, has kept me out all along."

"Okay, okay," Leif went on. "Let's go in."

He explained there were actually three test stands in 0021, all with different levels of alien spacecraft that operate in low orbit air and sea like fish. They are deployed in a drop mission from their mother ship. They are of a wing/body configuration.

Britney said, "This one has no fuselage and no seats. What's that, uh, a mattress lying on the floor in the big open cabin?"

"Laura, did you steal my mattress off the storeroom cot and bring it out here? Oh, my God, you little cunt, you have been fucking Leif, simulating the mile high club in an alien spacecraft."

Laura said, "I'll never tell."

Leif went on, "They are similar to a manta-ray with shark fin stabilizers on the upper outer wing tips. They are configured for two to six, small personnel and appear to be operated on recon missions. They are piloted by one or two personnel with an extensive pilot control panel. The alien pilots use their fingers pressed on the control panel surface to guide it. You can see that some stations have extensive view screens facing outboard to the side. That's for mission operations. All spacecraft have sensors in the upper nose bay; some have light beam weapons in the sensor bay. They all have a very small reactor located in the middle of the crew compartment, more like a footrest. It's got a cover over it and is smaller than a watch.

"Radiation has never been a problem. The bottom of the vehicle is made up of excitable hexagon thrust plates similar to our proposed solar cells on our sun-powered satellites. The cells are larger in the forward plate wings and considerably smaller in the aft section."

"Never mind about that hexagon thrust shit," Britney said.

"Laura, I'll bet you laid right down on your belly, with your thong ass way up in the air, advertising when Leif came in and took her little ass from the back. He has even less resistance than you, Bill."

Leif ignored her and went on, "The entire vehicle is composed of a flexible composite material. The other two are so heavenly tethered and instrumented for limited testing of lift, role and thrust that you can hardly make out their shape. When energized (under power} the lift cells on the entire bottom glow orange."

Leif concluded, "Now, Bill, it's up to you; it's your move."

"Well, Leif, I want to thank you and your staff for all the extensive studies. And yes, the ball is in my court. You know, Leif, this is just one of my hobbies that I have inherited here and is a continuation of the incomplete Douglas Naval Blue Water Deep Space Program. I will evaluate what you and others have accomplished. And I will conceive a plan that will encompass all this and Jackass Flats alien things that can be integrated into ONI and ONR alien threats and star mission requirements, primarily using Douglas's Battle Group Spacecraft Carriers and R class Battle cruisers." (Several years later this was all accomplished at TRW.)

It was one of my hobbies to assist the NAA Apollo S-II Stage people in their attempt to utilize their S-II Stage, for future NASA missions to the solar system planets or their moons. This technical effort was fairly simple for me, as I had files full of documents from the Douglas Think Tank to select from. At that time we, in the Tank, had already conceived a file cabinet full of Naval Space Missions and another

full of Naval spacecraft ships from spacecraft carriers to spacecraft transports, six years before NASA even existed. A great number of these missions became NASA's (NAVY) prototype for our next thirty year penetration to solar system planets and stars.

During design reviews of the Saturn V, North American S-II Stage, I was accompanied by an ex-Air Force General and two other NAA top management guys on the drive to Huntington Beach. I, again, had the advantage of the six-passenger Cadillac with 2 other top Rocketdyne engineering executives on board. We drove to the North American Systems Integration checkout facility, for the S-II stage, to investigate transfer of their stage to the Navy's ammunition storage facility. Their vehicle, like the Douglas S-IVB, was to be loaded on a Navy landing dock ship, which the Marines usually use for landing assaults, and then transport the completed stage down the Pacific, through the Panama Canal, and up the Atlantic to NASA's Cape Kennedy's launch center. However, a third of the way to Huntington Beach my equivalent at Rocketdyne, Harold Mazes, the ex-Air Force General, was drunk and threw up all over the back seat of my brand new Cadillac I called Corporate and we got a limousine. The general was taken home and we proceeded to the two day transportation review. The general was later fired and I took over his responsibilities.

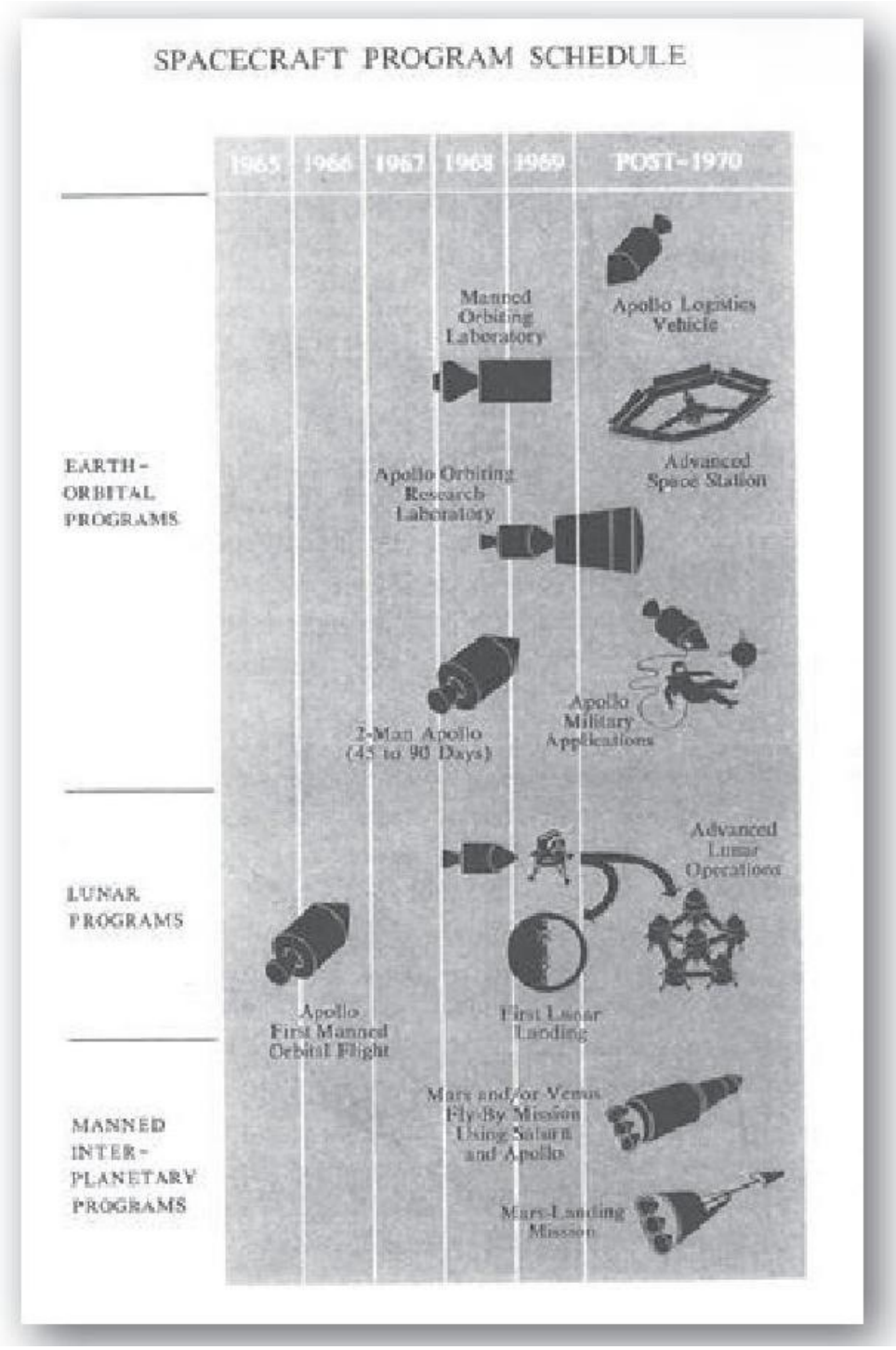
4 New Business Plan for Saturn II

In six weeks we completed THE PLAN. We were to carry out one of Dr. Debus' assignments; I utilized my heavy naval space studies in conceiving the Apollo NAA S-II stages in a large number of naval missions. These included interplanetary, manned, Mars, Venus, Mercury, and deep space major solar system planets or their habitable moons. I conceived, and they developed naval bases on all of them.

"Developing a large service module of 22 personnel in the nose cone of the Post NOVA vehicles will increase diversified Navy missions. Similarly, the availability of the improved NOVA truck vehicle rockets into naval scout ships will considerably increase the effectiveness of early solar system, manned naval planetary Moon, Mars fly-by and station missions. It will also increase development of the naval Mars base operation. The sketch nearby shows the scope of the planning, to 1970 and beyond, way beyond even where we are today, and the sketches nearby provide extensive detail for the lunar base planning.

"Similarly, the availability of the improved NOVA truck vehicle rockets, into naval scout ships, will considerably increase the effectiveness of early solar system, manned naval planetary Moon, Mars flyfly-by and station missions. It will also increase development of the naval Mars base operation. As illustrated, advanced NOVA cargo and living modules will be landed on the Martian surface. As the number of modules available on the surface increases, they will be interconnected to preclude the necessity of the Naval personal leaving the controlled environment when transferring between modules. The first phase Naval base will be on the surface providing surveying for underground second phase base facilities. Consisting of ten major modules, Combat Information Control (CIC) (later C4I), base defense systems, power and communications, central life support, living quarters, mess center, hospital and medical research lab, observatory, logistics support center, transportation support, essentially similar to my Naval Moon base configurations back at Douglas in the Tank."

After extensive evaluation of hundreds of research projects, involving every possible concept to unconventional space population and 14 major classes of Naval space ships, from fighter to 2.5 kilometer-long intergalactic battle cruisers, an unsolicited system development plan was conceived and submitted to ONI and ONR, along with countless Apollo/NOVA lunar, planet and star mission projects. I



accomplished those missions, several years later, at TRW.

5 Where the action is

Noel Crates, my old Douglas Delta-II Thor DM-18 missile Boss who had resigned Douglas after I was fired, had accepted a research position at the TRW space Think Tank at Redondo Beach, near LAX. For years, Noel had also been experimenting with a propulsion concept similar to one of Dr. Klemperer's electrometric propulsion systems. Using my system engineering he and I had agreed to research and develop it together, and independent of TRW and Rocketdyne.

For years, Noel constantly tried to get me to switch over from North American/Rocketdyne to TRW, saying, "Bill, this is the center of the Galaxy where the action is, it is all happening at TRW. You must get on staff here, there is a lot that they are not aware of that, for some reason, you do understand. There are literally hundreds of classified projects that need your big picture evaluation. Bill, in many areas you are light years ahead of them."

"Who is Noel Gates?" Tiffany said, in one of her really soft sexier voices. "He called yesterday for you, acted really mysterious."

We were finishing a tough section of Leaf Ericson's advanced technology report.

Before I could answer, Britney said, "Yes, Billy, who is that Gates guy, with the really warm voice, I told you of last week?"

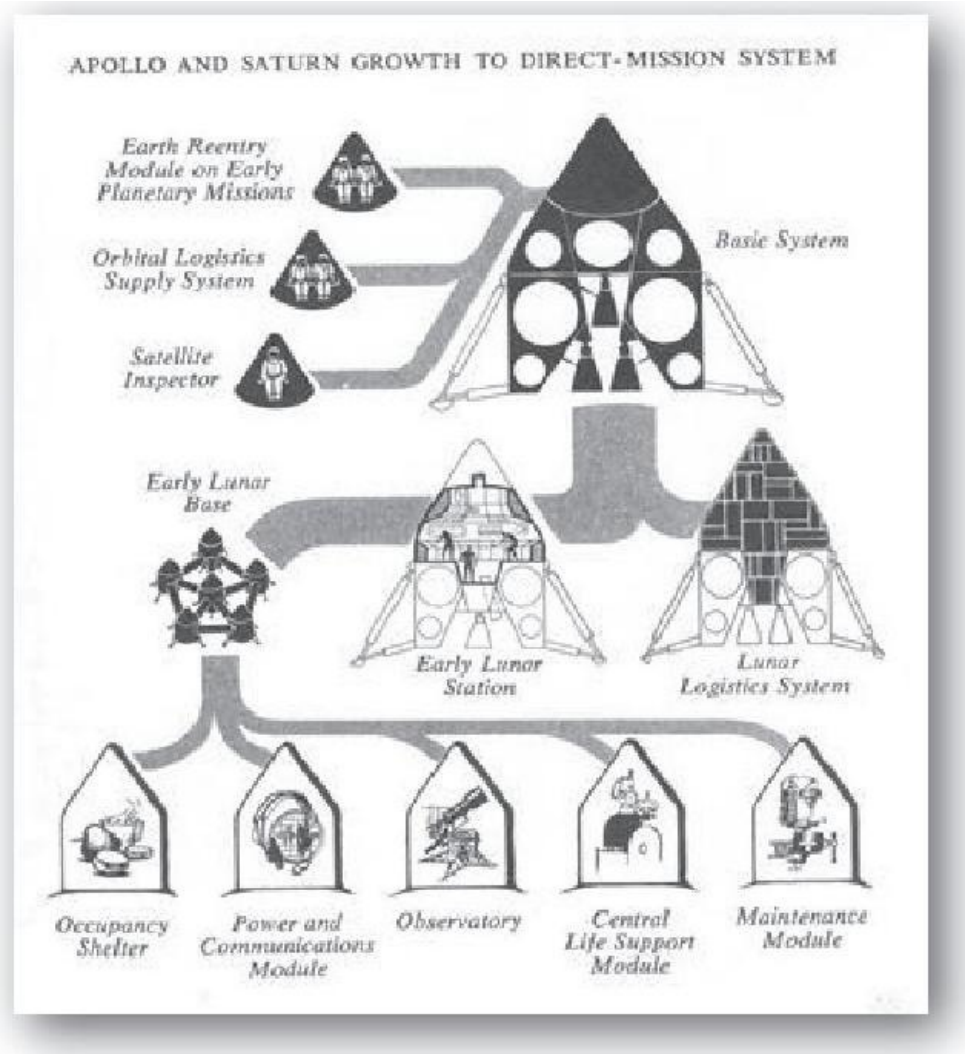
"Back off girls, you don't need to know everything about my past."

I knew that would really get them interested. Report pages flying, they both jumped halfway over the table trying to slap me. I ducked back.

"You tease us that way every time," one of them said. Later, after things cooled off, Tiffany caught me in the parking lot, with that silly mischievous smile.

"Billy, who is he?" I was still not giving in to her.

"Call him back; tell him I'll meet him over at the Beverly Hills hotel Friday at 7:00 p.m. Friday came and guess who was setting on my Cadillac's hood? Yep, hopping down with her mini flying, Tiffany



said, “You’re not seeing that Noel guy without me.”

Noel was a PhD type. I expected to see him wearing his white lab smock. He had let his hair grow out fuller, looking more like Dean Martin - really sharp. He even seemed to be taller and slimmer. He was wearing a tan jacket and tailored slacks.

He walked right up to us, not recognizing me, “You guys know what she looks like.”

Everybody in the lobby turned heads, including Noel, who was holding out his arms for a hug. He said, “Bill, what do we have here? She is even more beautiful that Jessica, back at Douglas. Tiffany let go of me and molded into Noel’s hug.

“What did they do to you at that Tank in TRW?” I asked. Ignoring me and kissing Tiffany’s hand, Noel took her arm and escorted her into the cocktail lounge, like he just bought the hotel. With her nose in the air, like she just won the Miss California beauty contest, Tiff sat down in a booth with a view of the pool and stared into the mystery man’s eyes.

Noel said, “Bill, way before we worked it, the Army was, in 1943, developing and testing biological warfare. They were developing both offensive and defensive techniques at their Camp Detrick center near the capital in Maryland. I’m up to my elbows, combining it with our microbiology labs, and studying the organisms that are bacteria and some that are lethal viruses.”

LAKE TAHOE 1967

The build-up of momentum on the enormous Moon mission was astounding, with nearly 399,000 people involved throughout the entire country. But some of us felt that strange things were happening in the Apollo Moon program and in advanced space research technological development. Not just the continual operational delays by both the NASA and thousands of contractors, but the horrible problems confronting the nuclear propulsion even at Rocketdyne and Nucleonics. Almost all of space research was encountering insurmountable problems. Not openly, but throughout the space industry. A feeling of indifference was building, as contracts were continually delayed or canceled because of inconclusive answers.

The never-ending slipping of schedules was unbelievable. Of course, manufacturing management complained that engineering was not capable of foreseeing the concept or design so the company could MAKE PRODUCTION DOLLARS. Rocketdyne manufacturing was just like Douglas.

"That won't work and we could get by with the old stuff anyway."

I, being the person with the most hobbies, like alien stuff, was continually criticized for not spending time on nuclear issues. And the old, reliable military liquid rocket motors was one of the first to go. We were told that "we, manufacturing" were now controlling the division. They were stopping "most of this unprofitable research." This was something foreboding, sinister, all-inclusive; a pressure to stop this insane push out into someone else's territory. I could feel it; something massive was thrusting complacency onto our plan to get off the planet. This dumped large numbers of advanced engineering and research personal out on the street, way before we finally landed on the Moon.

Even before Apollo made it to the Moon and the program stopped, thousands were laid off. Some of the aerospace engineers changed their careers; getting work selling real-estate, moving to other states. That was really difficult because they were not sales people, so they moved onto even lower paying work. This was a tremendous hit on the U.S. economy.

But, before we landed on the Moon, the powers to be in Nucleonics booted me out the door. They were justifying my exit as being due to lack of support in their camp and my unacceptable interest in anti-gravity propulsion.

I had always been fascinated with contemporary art and architecture, having redesigned several homes we owned and sold. The need to move to a better location to raise our three children, in a nice environment away from the congestion of L.A., led me to implement an architectural design firm in central California.

My family and I had vacationed at Lake Tahoe almost every summer - and for you Easterners it is absolutely gorgeous. Also, the Sequoia National Forest - further south - had its advantages, being closer to Southern California. This was where a sizable number of families were buying lots and having homes built, so we moved up there and rented while I designed a very futuristic glass and white home,

cantilevered off the side of a snow-covered, alpine mountain ridge with a near-360 degree view overlooking a lake. When we moved in, we could not believe what a fantastic home this really was. Our three children just loved it. I had located the home at the top of a large lot and had designed a winding, paved road up to the home, with large boulders trucked in and grouped up the hill.

Things were going fine: our family loved it in the Sequoia National Forest and I was getting more contracts to design both commercial and residential facilities than I could handle. I was recognized throughout the region for my outstanding contemporary architectural design. I was even persuaded to become Mayor of Lake Isabella - and did.

We planted some pine trees not to lose the views and *voila*: utopia. With the lot and the house it had only cost nineteen thousand dollars; we just could not believe it because it looked like half a million dollars. I joined the American Institute of Building Design. I got certified and proceeded to design over sixty residential homes and commercial buildings. This required me to establish setting the home / building laying out foundation, elevation, roof and structural plans. I know this sounds foolish but at that time we just loved everything about it. We met so many wonderful people; just like us they were trying to get away from the space collapse. Several of our neighbors still worked part time at the China Lake Naval Weapons Center over the Walker Pass, east of us. Two were geophysicists from CalTech, Dr. Renée Engels, Director of Naval tectonic / seismic studies worldwide, and Dr. Pierre St. Amand, both of whom years later became principals in Land Ocean Space Corporation, of which I was president.

One very clear night, at 2:00 a.m., I had the need to get up, threw on a heavy robe, and go outside on the west deck, and look up and out across the galaxy. The stars are absolutely brilliant up there. Even though I was bundled really well, I got a strange feeling that something was pushing me back into space - not just into space engineering but out into the galaxy.

“What the hell are you doing out here in the boonies and nude again?” Jessica screamed at me. “For God’s sake I have only been gone five months and you get fired again! Billy, can’t you keep a job? I continually arrange everything for you to get another top position to manage North American, Rocketdyne for Dr. Debus, and get Nucleonic dumped in the trash and you fucked up again. And William, that was where you could have really contributed to what you guys must do. Get off your fucking planet and help us straighten out the rest of your fucked up galaxy!”

“Damn it, William! Are you listening to me?” She was looking straight into my eyes, with those big blue peepers and fire in them now. “What are you doing outside in the middle of the night, in the nude?”

“I am not nude; I have this robe on.”

“I can see everything nice you got down there.”

“But you Jessica; how can you take this cold in that short, sleeveless mini?”

Hugging me she said, “You turn my warm burners on. But don’t change the subject; what are you thinking, playing architect in the woods when the whole planet is still under the fucking control of those grays and reptilians and they’re pushing it back into the dark ages?”

“Well…”

“Shut-up Billy Boy; I have had it with your fuck-ups all the time.”

“But Jessica…”

“Don’t ‘but Jessica’ to me, you little shrimp.”

She continued: “Okay. Now, here is what we are going to do. I have made an under the table arrangement so you can set up an Apollo mission backdoor mentoring operation at one of TRW’s offsite laboratories. You are still cleared way above top secret. After you get that going you will be assigned a hundred and seventy nine; no; a hundred and eighty nine way out hobbies. They’re also going to turn you

into some sort of kingpin wheel; all right, Billy?"

"Sounds cool to me, Jessica, knowing you will be there."

"Not now; maybe later."

Several days later the phone rang and I was told that I would receive a notification that I had been accepted for a contractor at TRW Space Systems (the galactic Think Tank science center), at One Space Park, Redondo Beach, California. I was to attend a briefing on Tuesday at 10:00 a.m. I attended the security briefing and was assigned to the Advanced Systems Laboratory as Member of the Professional Staff. Our vacation was over. We sold our white glass dream home and moved to Woodland Hills in the San Fernando Valley.

CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA

APOLLO 7, THE FIRST REAL MISSION

TRW is the most fantastic space Think Tank campus at the tip of this southwest arm of the galaxy. It has been addressing extraterrestrial threats, conceiving Naval space battle groups and weapons to process these threats since 1960.

I had left home early to beat the construction traffic. I was on Sepulveda Pass that became the 5 Freeway, through beautiful Southern California's orange groves in the San Fernando Valley, over the hill into Beverly Hills past LAX to the beach. I had just turned my old Caddy in on another new one last week and this sparkling space silver Sedan De Ville was a pleasure to drive, with Rimsky-Korsakov's surround sound pounding out the way I love it when I drive alone. I love the crystal clear blue sky, white puffy clouds and the blue sea. Entering this campus is always a pleasure. It is invigorating; each day I come in here and return to the future. It's stimulating; the atmosphere is intoxicating. It's the most advanced Think Tank on the planet. I am surrounded by the most talented PhD's in this arm of the Milky Way Galaxy. It is unbelievable; it is the future.

This campus is One Space Park, Redondo Beach, California. It is absolutely a dream place to be involved with; where all the buildings and laboratories are futuristic crystal white steel and glass with chrome contemporary design, and completely surrounded by Carolina pine-covered landscaping. With four-story high glass entries and cantilevered chrome stars over blue ponds allowing an open view of the entire campus. Oh, yes, thousands of gorgeous girls in string bikinis parading around the beach, just a few blocks from the space center.

You should see my office, with floor to ceiling glass, wall to wall carpeting, and very contemporary furniture, with a view facing the center park that is overlooking the crystal glass, twelve-storey, sparkling, corporate tower. It's Christmas in California; all the hot guys are in light summer business suits, white shirts and ties or sport jackets and ties. Some wear white lab smocks over their suits. And yes, guys, the uniform of the day for hundreds of all the little hotties is micro miniskirts or very short cocktail dresses. And there are more young wannabe Miss Americas traipsing this campus than in Hollywood, just a few miles away. It's just like spring break all year long. You figured it out: TRW Space Systems is the number one Think Tank on the planet.

When I called Tiffany, to tell her all about this galactic playground over at the beach, she gave me the finger over the phone, because - remember - I left her several months ago, holding the smelly bag of alien stuff at Rocketdyne. She was really pissed; said the last thing she would ever do is jump out into the vacuum of space again, and especially with a no-good SOB like me.

She agreed, however, to meet me at the Beverly Hilton, on Wilshire Boulevard, that night. Tiffany arrived

in a pink, near-transparent cocktail mini with matching thong. Her blue eyes were sparkling more than I had ever seen and she nearly crushed me with her hugs.

"When did you get back from Andromeda?" I asked.

"I'll never tell. But if I hopped over to your office in that TRW thing could I sit on your lap every morning."

It was two years since Lunar Orbiter II and later Lunar Orbiter III launched and reportedly took many photos of a former decaying artificial city on the Moon. These photographs have remained classified. So there is a great deal of interest, here, in these upcoming missions to the Moon.

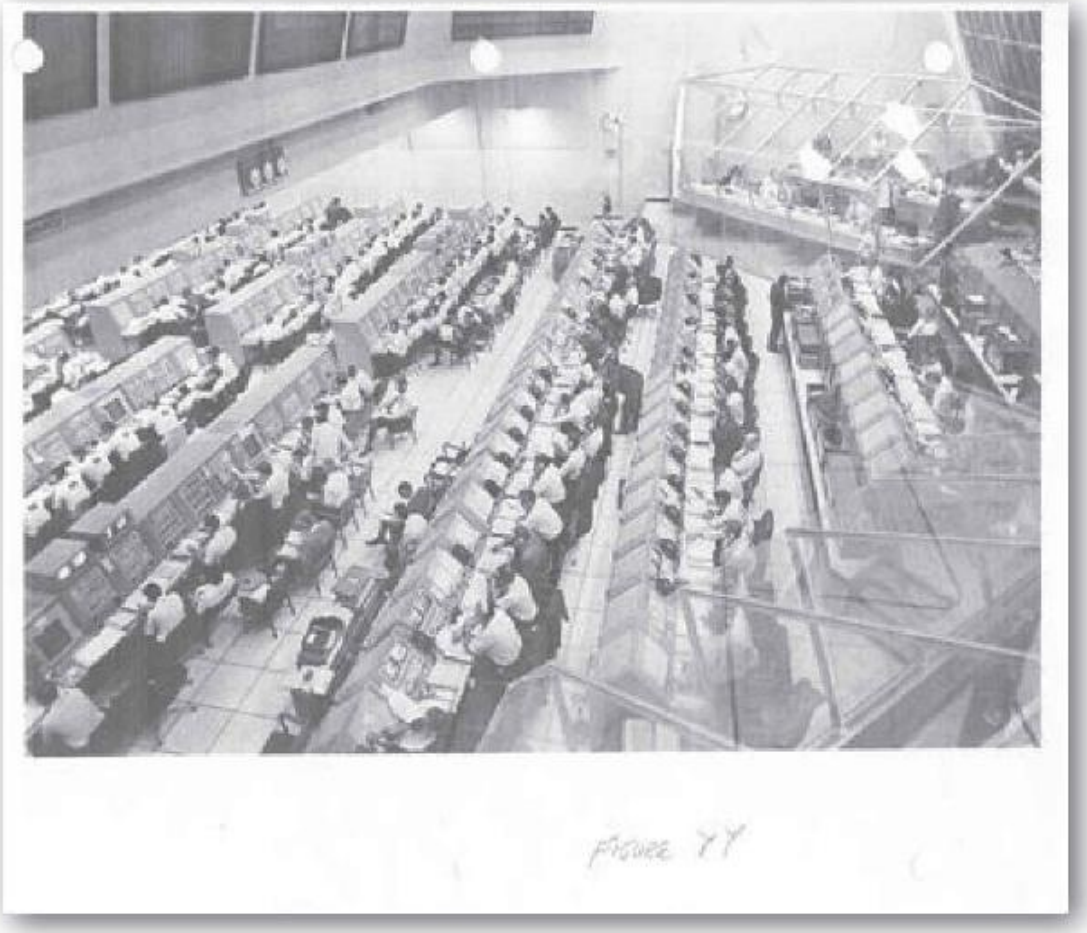
Tiffany was now my number one administrative assistant. I drove into the TRW campus and into my reserved parking space. I opened the trunk and removed my attaché case that was busting at the seams. I went straight to Situation Center 0014, the big Think Tank conference room. I had been putting in twelve, fourteen, hours a day, nearly seven days a week on a "Q Level" 1277 Star Mission E7 Project. I am also Founder and Chairman of the TRW Advanced Concept Space Staff, Manager of 2978 JP Energy Systems, senior staff to the Space Systems VP, senior member of the 1212 remote viewing group, Assistant Chair of Special Projects, concept planner and principal briefer to Army Ballistic Missiles General Gates, Commander of Star Wars SDI (Strategic Defense Initiative), senior member of the Navy NAVSPACE, and have seventy-two way out, deep space hobbies.

Here it is, 1968, in the conference room, station number seven. Tiffany and I are talking to Dr. Frank Conwell, and to several other TRW laboratory experts, whose expertise on 5749 star planetary missions will probably be required later. I am still trying to get these TRW cats to understand the importance of these early Apollo Naval missions, installing the C4I space ship command, control, commutations, computer and intelligence on the Apollo Saturn V Moon Vehicle Command Modules.

I said, "As you gentleman know, Apollo 7 is the first crewed flight of the Apollo spacecraft. One of the mission requirements of this Moon orbiting manned crew launch was to demonstrate command and control of the mission and the Command Service Module (CSM) capability.

"It is the three-astronaut control center, the coned–shaped unit on top of Bill's old Douglas S-IVB stage of the Apollos. It is also to demonstrate Command Module rendezvous capability. There is no lunar module on this mission."

I had conceived the C3I/C4I Command, Control, Communications, Computer and Intelligence method of mission control operations back in '54 at Douglas.



Nearby is a photograph of the control center I designed after it was installed in the Complex 39. Some of these concepts were on the original NIKE ZEUS anti-missile missile launch control system. I am also responsible for elements of the 5749 Star Wars program, here at TRW. I have implemented that C4I system on every military weapon system since.

Dr. Conwell said, “Apollo sounds like a military sort of combat spaceship vehicle, not a scientific research vehicle for a peaceful expedition of our Moon.”

“Well, Dr. Conwell, you people seem to still have a hard time accepting that NASA is a Naval military organization, not a civilian university Moon-rock hunting tool. Everything on the follow-on command service module, including its attitude control thrusters (except for laser weapons that we hoped to have provisions for on follow-on for larger command module Naval CSM’s), will provide capability for strike missions. A limited C3I is now on board (later C4I). With extensive Naval communication satellite support, it will also provide a heavier CSM hardware with almost unlimited control over an entire classified battle space mission.

Tiffany said, “Like quadrants of space surrounding the planet earth or the Moon. On the present configurations for the return mission, I forgot the CM is also the lifeboat at sea after reentry, parachute and splash down, where the CM commander is now the captain. Isn’t that cute, Dr. Cubic?”

It hit me again. I said to Tiffany, “We are being gassed by black hat Aliens.”

“What kind of gases?”

“Several gases; one is to get us pacified, to not ask questions. Another is to cause continued retardation of our tissues, organs and bones. This is done internally to prevent us from living longer. Another prevents us from expanding technically and developing the capability of designing the propulsion and Naval space battle cruisers to combat them.”

"That's right, but where did you get that from Billy? I didn't 'tally' it to you."

"They must be from another one of your Nordic buddies."

Stomping her foot, Tiffany said, "I don't know any Nordic guys. My flash also indicated that the bad guys can send direct messages to individuals, as well as to a large group of people, to put our thumbs in our mouth and not push our advances into space. Make us do things we know we should not do."

Banging her foot on the floor again, she said, "Stop it right now; stop, stop, and stop don't let those fucking Reptilian bastards make you think that way even if that's true."

IT IS OCTOBER 11, 1968,

Apollo Commander Schirra reported to Houston we are now in a stable moon orbit. Astronaut Don Eisele is now initiating early C3I Phase I and II program simulations, while Walter Cunningham radioed to Houston Control, "There is a Santa Claus and Mrs. Claus, too, sir." Santa Claus is code for UFO.

Houston said, "You were instructed not to discuss that."

Commander Schirra said, "Look at the size of those alien ships! They are coming in fast at 2 o'clock, straight at us."

Cunningham said, "No, they will pass in front of us."

Shirra said, "Well, it's going to be close. Fire the SIV-B and cut them off."

"Can't do that; no time for the restart procedure. Wow, those alien bastards cut right over our heads."

Cunningham added, "Our cameras are programmed to automatically focus on any incoming vehicle; they will record all of that."

Schirra said, "Damn, hit the replay."

"We got it all, sir."

The Manned Apollo 8 spacecraft Command / Service Module (CSM) was transmitting instant TV information, which was produced on board, and which showed operations inside and cameras viewing the earth information, in crystal clear multicolor, on our forward bulked command center screen. We were watching everything that our astronauts Frank Borman, James Lovell and Bill Anders were seeing as it happened. Their lunar command service module was on low Moon orbit and their cameras were slightly fuzzy. Nevertheless, we could see imaged aliens and geometric rectangular structures in several areas on the lunar surface, as they moved in orbit over the Moon. Looking back at it now, we at TRW knew that the aliens were on the Moon almost a year, possibly years before the Apollo 11 lunar module separated from the command module and landed astronauts Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin on the Moon, with Michael Collins orbiting above.

It was 8:30 p.m., on December 21, 1968, when Tiffany interrupted my preliminary program outline to Admiral Bob Shelton, Commander NAVSPACE (Space War) Mission Planning. He and his aide, Lieutenant Dave Kelly, were in civvies; he was in a blue polo shirt and gray tennis shoes and his aide was neat in street clothes.

"Sorry, Admiral Shelton," Tiffany said. "Bill, you must take this one."

The familiar voice on the phone screamed, "Bill get your ass over here right now, you son of a bitch; you were right, those bastards have got bases on our Moon."

I answered with a snicker, "You mean Admiral Sergei Gorbashev, sir?"

"No, you fucking asshole, aliens."

"Yes, sir." I brought Admiral Shelton and Kelly with me.

Kelly asked me, “Can we bring Tiffany with us?”

We drove through nearly every red light on the way over to Com Lab 307, one of dozens of offsite secure facilities in the L.A. area. We all entered the building through security in a hot run. As I explained to them, it was two years since Lunar Orbiter II – and, later, Lunar Orbiter III, launched in 1966 - had reportedly taken many photos of decaying artificial cities on the Moon. I also told them that these photographs have remained classified.

It was Dr. John Page, VP and TRW Apollo Program Systems Czar, my boss, who had called me. “The fucking Aliens are already there on our Moon,” he said. “Bill, I don’t believe this. Not the Russians, but aliens from another star, or even a different galaxy. Bill, you were right all along. This changes everything. They’re not going to let us build our 2,000 man Naval Base on the Moon.”

“Well, I wouldn’t, if it were me,” I said.

He went on, “Do you people realize what this really means? The entire Apollo production program is in jeopardy. What is their agenda? Look, their space ship is right next to us, in our Command Module, now.”

Kelley said, “That’s our S-IVB sir.”

Tiffany replied, “That’s not right Kelly; the S-IVB is 100 kilometers out west of us and that alien vehicle is at least 1.5 Kilometers long.”

Ted Lee, our intelligence project manager, said, “You are right, Tiffany; look at the windows in the upper center.”

John noted, “They are moving into our orbit in a threatening maneuver. There are three of them now. Are they trying to influence and potentially stop all our lunar exploration? What about future human space exploration?”

“Slow down, Jim.” I said. “All your questions and assumptions have been answered in my Apollo Operation September report that you have read.”

Jim added, “Well, yes, Bill, but this could stop everything and bankrupt the country.”

“Bill, are these guys your Grays or Reptilians? Or could they be the twelve-foot praying mantis? Who are we really dealing with? And who the hell are these guys?” (Referring to my Navy guests.)

“Oh, I saw them sleeping it off on a bench in our campus park this moaning and brought ‘em in for coffee,” which brought snickers from Admiral Shelton.

“And how did you get them those fucking fake badges? Do you always pick up drunks and then bring them in our classified Control Center?”

After introductions I said, “Well, boss, I have been concerned about your heart problem; you are letting the aliens get to you. Admiral Shelton, I know you guys are aware of some of the stuff we do here at TRW, so let me try to explain what is really going on here at the Com Center. These cats are the top Think Tank types on the planet; you know that. You also know that I designed the Apollo Complex 39 launch control center at the Cape and NASA’s Mission Control Center in Houston.”

Tiffany said, “Don’t forget, Admiral Shelton, Bill has been on the Apollo Program at Douglas Think Tank since even before it was born.”

Dr. Page added, “Bill is one of the few non-NASA type concept experts on Dr. Kurt Debus’ mission / launch operations / planning committees.”

Tiffany noted, “Essentially, we are redesigning every element of the thirty-year Moon, solar system planets and twelve near star planetary mission production program. Even more important, Admiral, Dr. Debus has over 400,000 NASA and contractor employees working on this thrust into the cosmos.”

“We are pushing the envelope into missions to the planets and twelve near-star planetary

envelopes; so we are kind of ahead of your new Naval star exploratory mission program, Admiral Shelton," I said.

Shelton added, "I can't believe you people are already planning and accomplishing the early missions that we, the Navy, must do in blue water space."

I went on, "This simulated control center is located here in our central control lab and also includes two additional major elements of control: (1) my Navy type C4I Center (Command Control Communication Computer & Intelligence), and (2) our Remote Viewing Think Tank Center. This configuration provides us with the capability of instantly receiving all auto and visual information of any event or operation that the NASA astronauts may be involved in, and at the exact time that they are performing it. In other words, like right now, we are in the NASA Apollo Command Module, orbiting the Moon with them, and seeing everything they see and photograph."

"That is amazing," Admiral Sheldon said.

"Hold on, Bill," Ted Lee said. "Listen to what James Lovell, our astronaut, is saying."

"Mission Control, we have a problem; please be advised that there is a Santa Claus. He is shadowing us and is closing in on us, now, like he is going to push us out of orbit."

"This is mission control; you were told not to speak of this. We will review it after you land at debriefing."

Tiffany said, "It will be in our flight recorders too, and they are safe now that this alien vehicle is backing off; no need to activate the yaw thrusters to get back in our orbit."

"That was close," Admiral Sheldon said.

I went on, saying, "Ever since the Gemini 7 mission, when their Astronaut, Frank Bormann, radioed of a bogey tracking him in formation, we have been using your Navy tracking people at Palomar Observatory to assist us in monitoring alien activities in orbits near the Moon. Their activities have been sporadic, but have increased dramatically in the past 3 months."

I added, "We squirt the Palomar stuff into our central computer network and request several mission scenarios and at least two trade-off-studies each, and are presented with numerous questionable intents. So, when we make our first Apollo LEM (Lunar Excursion Module) landing on the Moon's surface next year we may be confronted by big guns."

"Well," I said, "that's our TRW statement in a nutshell, Admiral."

July 20, 1969.

Nearly all the same people were in attendance and half of TRW, too. When Apollo 11 LEM was preparing to land on the Moon, the crew transmitted this message to Apollo Mission Control, "Oh, my God, you wouldn't believe it. These babies are huge, sir, enormous. I'm telling you there are other spacecraft out there, lined up on the far side of the crater edge, sir. They're on the Moon watching us."

And 600 million people all over the earth watched it on TV. After they landed, Neil Armstrong climbed down the LEM ladder and said those now famous words, "One small step for man and one giant leap for mankind. The UFOs are watching us as we are walking on the Moon."

And, when Armstrong was photographing Buzz Aldrin's space helmet, we, in TRW, could see actual ruins of a former civilization, on the lunar surface, reflected in his helmet. The alien voice was very clear. "Finish a total of six of your Apollo missions; take your photos, pick up some rocks, go home, and don't come back."

The NO TRESPASSING sign went up. With the programs over, everybody went home, and nearly all 400,000 NASA and contractor employees got the pink slip.

1 The plot gets thicker

The collapse of the Apollo Moon Mars program seemed to be of little concern to the PhD wheels here. It was just as if the entire Apollo Moon program was planned to fizzle out from the start. Like somebody put a pin in the balloon that would again stop our little attempt to enter someone's territory in the galaxies. Yes, the plot gets thicker. Since 1952, in the old Think Tank at Douglas, they frantically attempted to conceive every possible method to retaliate against the alien threats. We had established, early in those critical days, that it was also imperative that we must develop defense satellite systems, conceive the missions, and design the Naval spacecraft carriers and all the necessary support ships required to support the battle groups.

First, we had to develop small communications Naval satellite stations in earth orbit, then manned stations in the solar system. Then, get on the Moon and Mars. And, later, build large command stations in our arm of the Milky Way Galaxy. Finally, Naval stations were to be located in the far reaches of the galaxies.

With essentially no restrictions in the direction of research or limited funding of my open mission, I prosecuted the targets (a Navy term) of what's necessary to operate in the galaxy: "Talk softly and carry a big stick."

Oh yes, many programs at TRW were funded with specific, controlled, military contract dollars. But, I was selected - for some unwritten reason - to assist in conceiving our penetration into the galaxy. And, yes, I was given this beautiful blond thing to help me do it. TRW had literally thousands of highly classified experts, projects and programs in nearly every technical field; they were at my disposal. One of my hobbies was creating Naval communication satellites for various earth orbit missions. Thrusting in that direction, one hobby became thirty-seven hobbies alone. They included a great many different configurations, specific missions, and an entire spectrum of earth orbit stations, extremely large solar system Naval space stations, and space trucks to build them.

One of these hobbies - that I participated in later, specifically in 1969 - was implemented as the 5208, DSCS II Defense Satellite Communications System. TRW built, tested, launched and deployed two of these DSCS II satellite stations into earth orbit. One covered the entire Indian and eastern Pacific Ocean region and the other covered the Atlantic Ocean. Deployed into earth orbit, the two stations, with requirements for these satellites, were created primary from our naval solar system mission studies. They were not by RFP's (request for proposals) from the Navy's Space War operations at Point Loma.

With some help from me, TRW had continued to implement a major percentage of the Douglas Think Tank programs, including utilizing their documentation. They dispersed those programs throughout the campus into subsystem laboratories that were already studying similar missions. A great deal of this data was inexcusable and I, having personally been working these weapon systems at Douglas, completely reconfigured some of them and converted the programs into unsolicited bids back to the Navy, Air Force or NASA.

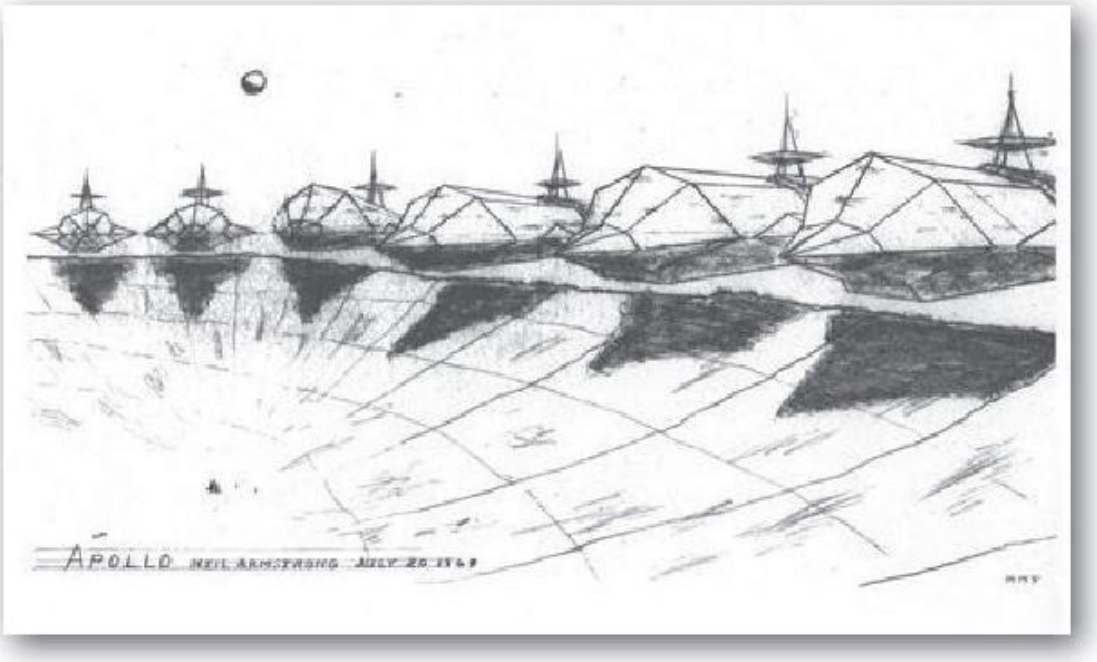
Several of them crossed little-known mission operations. It was necessary to define the class of naval satellite or new space vehicle required. Defining a list of specific threats, both from earth surface and deep space, was developed and implemented. The types were classified from a fixed station, through monopropellant hydrazine propulsion systems, using Apollo attitude control and station, keeping to actual, extended earth orbit manned fighter / attack spacecraft. The acceptance of the possibility that hostile warring earth countries, or alien battle groups, could destroy our satellites initiated extensive studies in a multitude of technical fields. To meet this problem we, (I) conceived naval space fighter, deep space patrol craft, and space communication stations. Numerous, onboard, light ray defense and offense weapon

systems configurations were employed. Even moving the portable units, by employing the use of rocket thrusters, was considered. I know it is difficult to imagine.

2 Sea of Tranquility

As reported late in 1966, the U'S unmanned space probe, Orbiter 2, passed thirty miles above the surface of the Moon. NASA was attempting to find the most interesting location for our astronauts to land. The onboard camera photographed six pyramid structures that were arranged in a geometrical pattern, in a specific area within the Sea of Tranquility. These objects were arranged similar in plan to the Egyptian pyramids and the three stars of Orion. What is most interesting is that NASA picked that location for our first landing. It is interesting that NASA did not make any public announcements concerning this unusual situation. See the following link:

http://www.astrosurf.com/lunascan/argosy_cuspids.htm



Our Astronauts were shocked when they landed on the Moon. The first Apollo landing on the Moon resulted in a major shock to the Astronauts. The Landing Module (LEM) actually impacted the Moon surface in the Sea of Tranquility Crater, which had tremendous size vehicles, parked around part of its rim. When astronaut Neil Armstrong made that First Step for Man on the Moon he looked up to the edge of the crater and said, to mission control, "There are other ships here, they are enormous." My sketch of what I saw on TV is shown here. The public did not hear that statement or see the massive alien starships. Armstrong panned his camera in 360 degree motion all around the crater, the CIA then classified the information as way above top secret.

The Extraterrestrials put up their "NO TRESPASSING" signs but allowed us to make several other additional Apollo landings, to pick up a few rocks and play in the sand. The actions of the extraterrestrials stopped our plans to build our manned Naval Base on the Moon. Everything stopped, including our similar plans for Mars. We beat the Russians but that was not the only reason we went to the Moon – it was also for a long-term scientific research and development program. But, yes everything

stopped. Nearly all of the four hundred thousand aerospace contractors were laid off - not just at Douglas, but at Boeing, Grumman, North American, ITT, CalTech, JPL, and numerous other companies, all over the country.

Do you understand what was just said? All these four hundred thousand Apollo people were dedicated to the program, using Launch Complex 39 only. (Each person is inherently supported by seven commercial persons for normal living activities.) Therefore, that's 2.8 million total persons. Furthermore, there were plans for six times as many launch complexes, as well as three NOVA truck complexes. Thus, the total number of people involved would have been about 25 million people for the projects that NASA was developing in detail. Not just to go to the Moon, but to develop everything necessary to operate massive naval vehicles out in the galaxies, and build naval stations on all habitable planets in the solar system. And, people, this was fifty years ago.

WHATHAPPENED In just a few months everything stopped? ? ? ? ?

I am saying it again, this is fantastic. We create the naval missions, designed, built and tested every element necessary to operate massive, U.S. Naval Space Battle Groups out there in the galaxies, way back then. All of a sudden, everything stopped? Did all of our brains stop working? Why did we stop? What the hell happened?

3 Return to the Moon 1970

In 1969, the U.S. won the race to the Moon with the Apollo Space Vehicles. Supposedly, our astronauts took their pictures of the craters, picked up some rocks, came home and that was it. Forces greater than the entire United States Government had halted our grandiose plans. But thirty five years later, President George Bush issued a new, bold vision. It was called the renewed Spirit of Discovery, which called for us to use our new Constellation Moon vehicle to go back to the Moon by 2015, the other planets in our solar system by 2020, and the planets of our nearest stars soon after. Who stirred President Bush to take off into space and go to where no man has ever gone before? Why, in February 2010, did President Barack Hussein Obama cancel President Bush's completed Constellation vehicle? It had been test flown and was ready five years before schedule.

AFFILIATIONS

SOME JOB TITLES DURING CAREER (chronologically shown)
Staff to Admiral and Air Pilot, U.S. Naval Air Station
Staff to Admiral and Disseminator, Advanced Research, U.S. Naval Air Station
Engineering Section Chief, Douglas Aircraft Company
Chair Advanced Space Systems, TRW
Facilities Program Representative, Rocketdyne (North American Aviation, Inc.)
President, Land Ocean Systems Corporation
Test Pilot, American Jet Corporation
Proposal Preparation, Teledyne-Ryan Corporation
Red Team, Advanced Submarine Warfare, General Dynamics Corporation
President of Wofford Heights, CA Chamber of Commerce
State Vice President, Oregon Navy League
Southern Oregon Council Founder and President

CONSULTING (requested by employers or directly to Thompson)
Disneyworld Planning, Los Angeles, CA
Emergency Management Division State of Washington, State of Oregon, State of California
Movie producers of 2001, Star Trek and Star Wars
San Diego Police Department
U.S. SPA WAR Naval Command and Control Systems
U.S. Naval Sea Command, Anti-submarine Warfare, Crystal City, VA
U.S. Department of Defense Criminal Investigation Services Office of Defense Inspector General, San Diego, CA
U.S. Department of the Navy, Chief of Naval Operations Pentagon, Washington, D.C.
U.S. DOD Defense Investigative Services Field Office, San Diego
U.S. Marine Corps Commanding General 1st Marine Expeditionary Brigade Camp Pendleton, CA
U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, MD
U.S. Naval Air Management Program
U.S. Naval Air Systems, Crystal City
U.S. Naval Sea Cadet Corps, Washington, Oregon, San Diego
U.S. Naval Space Systems Command, San Diego, CA
U.S. Naval War College, Baltimore, MD
U.S. Navy Commander Regional Southwest, San Diego, CA

U.S. Navy Office of Information Systems, Pentagon Washington, D.C. and San Diego, CA
U.S. Navy Office of Information, Pentagon, Washington, DC.
U.S. Navy Office of Program Appraisals

MEMBERSHIPS and PROFESSIONAL MEETINGS

Armed Forces Communication and Electronics Association and the U.S. Navy Western Conference and Expositions, 2001-2015
American Institute of Aeronautics & Astronautics
American Institute of Building Design, California
Professional Engineering Associates, Inc.
Aircraft Electronics Association
Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers Computer Society
Marine Technology Society
Mutual UFO Network
American Management Association
National Management Association
Kern County Board of Trade

PRESENTATIONS (from 1942 to present)

Behavioral/Human Engineering of Automotive Control Systems
Board of Trade, State of Calif., Los Angles, Sacramento, CA
California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, CA
Chairmen Inventors Workshop, San Francisco, CA
Chamber of Commerce, Pasadena, San Diego, CA
Coastal Studies Information Systems, San Diego, CA
Elks Clubs, Los Angeles, San Francisco, CA
Fed. Aviation Authority, Los Angeles, Washington D.C.
Jean Michel Cousteau, President Living Sea Corporation
Jet Propulsion Laboratory, Pasadena, CA
Joe Martin Foundation, 11th Naval District, San Diego, CA
Jonathan Club, Los Angeles, CA
Kiwanis Clubs, Long Beach, San Diego, Los Angeles, CA
Lockheed Corporation, Burbank, CA
Marine Technology Society, Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, CA
Mutual UFO Network, Orange Country, CA
N.A.S.A. Apollo Launch Operations Committee, FL
National Geographic Society, Washington, D.C.
National Science Foundation
National Science Foundation, Washington D.C.
Naval Medical Research Institute
Northrop Corporation, Hawthorne, CA
Office of Naval Research, Washington, DC
Pepperdine University, Los Angeles, CA

Rotary Clubs, Pasadena, Los Angeles, Santa Monica, San Diego, CA
The Boeing Company
U.S. Air Force Strategic Air Command Underground Center
U.S. Air Force Systems Command, Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, CA
U.S. Army Continental Defense, Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, CA
U.S. Dept. of Interior, Washington, D.C.
U.S. Dept. of Transportation, Washington, D.C.
U.S. Federal Communications Commission Advisory Panel
U.S. Naval Development Center, Warminster, PA
U.S. Naval Oceanographic Office, Washington, D.C.
U.S. Navy Submarine Forces, Pacific Fleet
U.S. Navy Underground China Lake Development Center
U.S. Navy, Air Force, Pacific Fleet, San Diego, CA
U.S. Navy, Surface Force Pacific Fleet, San Diego, CA
U.S. Office of Sea Grant, Washington, D.C., San Diego, CA
University of California, Los Angeles, CA
University of California, San Diego, CA

LICENSES:
U.S. Federal Aviation Administration pilot's license single and multi-engine, # 1193678 with instruments
U.S. Federal Communications Commission Aircraft Radio Telephone License, # 208335

EPILOGUE

You have read portions of Bill Tompkins life as he remembers them, from birth to about 1970 when he became employed by TRW. Besides his seeing the TV image of alien craft on the moon at the same time as the Apollo crew, you have read about:

- His talent for remembering details as reflected in his models of Navy ships,
- His first hand report of UFOs during the "Battle of LA" in February 1942,
- His early access to Naval secure installations,
- His involvement in an unknown Think Tank at Douglas Aircraft during the war,
- His fortuitous assignment to the same Think Tank in the 1950s, working on the alien issue,
- His team's interaction with young Bobby Ray Inman on UFOs,
- His fortuitous meeting with his still lovely wife Mary of 65 years,
- His personal interaction with Dr. von Braun and Dr. Debus during Apollo,
- His two major contributions to a successful Apollo Program,
- Why he was fired from Douglas,
- And numerous unsuccessful attempts by alien Nordic secretaries to seduce him.

The next four pages chronicle specific dates of events in the life of Bill Tompkins as he best remembers them.

Bill Tompkins' five decades since 1970 have included many other amazing experiences that he is in the process of writing about as this is published in 2015. They include revolutionary concepts that apply directly to our society today, as well as his perspective on how the aliens are a factor in the control of who has the real power to run our world.

Robert M. Wood
September 2015

Date	William Mills Tompkins activity
5/30/1923	Born in Los Angeles, lived in Hollywood
9/1/1934	Attended Gardener Junction Grade School in Hollywood
7/1/1935	Moved to Long Beach near the Rainbow Pier
9/1/1936	Started to make some models
9/1/1937	Attended Long Beach Trade School
2/1/1938	Moved back to Hollywood, made more models
9/1/1938	Attended Bancroft Junior High, Hollywood

5/1/1939	A few models displayed at Hollywood High School
8/1/1939	Many models displayed Broadway Dept. Store, Hollywood Blvd.
9/1/1939	Starting 11th grade Hollywood High School
10/1/1939	Was a speaker on Naval ships in Hollywood Bowl
1/1/1940	CDR Perry reviews ship model documentation
3/26/1941	1941 Interrogated by Navy; March 26, 1941 Evening Outlook clipping
6/1/1941	Navy got him a job at a secret facility, Vultee Aircraft Co. Downey; waiting for top secret clearance.
2/25/1942	February 25, 1942, saw Battle of LA at Long Beach
4/1/1942	Sworn into Navy, boot camp, then staff to ADM Rick Obatta, secret head of Naval Intelligence on alien threats to Earth. Had top secret "Q" clearance.
6/1/1942	Pilot of multi-engine aircraft and was electronic officer.
6/10/1942	Flew admiral's plane to Douglas El Segundo, Lockheed Burbank and China Lake for four years
7/1/1942	1942-44, visited classified Douglas Santa Monica and Cal Tech facilities, 3 to 4 times each
1/1/1943	1943-45 Spent much time at China Lake facility modifying rockets for testing (40 visits) and working on their alien projects.
6/1/1943	Knew Army was developing and testing BW, "Some that are bacterial and some that are lethal viruses"
3/1/1946	Left Navy, Honorable Discharge, Pasadena
3/1/1946	Sold hosiery for his father, Real Silk Hosiery Mills
6/1/1946	Worked for father selling roofing materials
5/1/1947	Stopped working for his father
6/1/1947	Got a job at Northrop with security clearance in laboratory designing airplanes without wings
6/6/1949	Bill quit, went to work for North American Aviation (old Vultee facility) making prototypes from some ET materials on a classified project. Allegedly "well-known" in that facility that some were ET source.
11/1/1949	Left North American, worked for Lockheed four months
3/1/1950	Bill got "flash," (remote viewing?) went to work at DAC, used his model expertise to get job in wind tunnel model shop
4/1/1950	By this time, his models were famous, and was asked to build model of Endymion Yacht
5/1/1950	Met Mary at Aragon ballroom in Santa Monica, married Sept 8, 1951
3/1/1951	1951-1963 in the Think Tank for 12.5 years, worked for W. B. Klemperer and Elmer Wheaton
4/3/1951	Transferred by Donald W. Douglas Sr. to Engineering as draftsman, working for Pete Duyan
6/4/1951	Sent to a Think Tank for begin study of aliens; great Government secrecy; conceived Naval moon base and planetary Naval Stations

8/4/1951	Upgraded to associate engineer after 6 weeks working in secret tank
9/1/1951	Worked with Ed Sullivan, Dr. Walther Riedel and Gerald Heard of CSI
9/8/1951	Married Mary
7/3/1952	Civilian Saucer Investigation interactions, allegedly met young Jacques Vallee in this context, time unclear
8/1/1952	Conceived NORAD Command/Control Center, underground
1/1/1953	Think Tank concluded UFOs were extraterrestrial spacecraft
6/1/1953	Conceived NOVA type space trucks in the Tank before Apollo
12/1/1954	Began to help establish requirements for Naval spaceships in Think Tank
12/1/1954	Made drawings of kilometer-long Naval spacecraft
12/17/1954	Send to White Sands Proving Ground to evaluate V-2's and launcher designs
12/20/1954	MTM declassified publication in Think Tank
1/1/1955	Transferred to a new DM-18 missile design group, promoted to Assistant Group Engineer
1/1/1955	DM-18 firing at Cape 17B
3/1/1955	Unclassified Part 2 of MTM published
2/1/1956	Learned of Project Horizon by General Trudeau to put base on Moon
3/1/1956	Developed Naval space cruiser and combat spacecraft design concepts
7/1/1956	Worked with Harold Adams on DC-10 design
9/12/1957	NORAD created, Tompkins command center design used
5/1/1958	Promoted to Engineering Section Chief on the S-IVB Project for Apollo
6/1/1959	Army produces Project Horizon, to put an Army base on the moon
9/1/1960	Stated "industry has had access to a sizeable level of ET space vehicle parts since 1959"
1/1/1961	Designed equatorial launch facility for NOVA
2/1/1961	Began Apollo design work
2/1/1961	Pre-NASA briefing on vertical checkout concept
1/1/1962	Began working on Saturn program
7/1/1962	NASA presentations to Drs. Debus and Von Braun
8/1/1962	Douglas published new packaging concept for S-IVB
4/4/1963	1 April 1963, NASA facilities memo written by Tompkins and Smith
4/7/1963	Watered-down briefing to DAC Corporate
5/14/1963	Fired by Douglas in 1963.
5/22/1963	Recommended by Dr. Debus to work for North American Aviation, still on management committees at NASA, started to work for Rocketdyne
5/24/1963	Responsible for ionic propulsion facilities for Rocketdyne
6/1/1964	Shows on Rocketdyne organization chart
12/15/1965	First successful launch of Saturn C-1
5/1/1966	1963-1966 Stayed with Rocketdyne for 3 years, left Rocketdyne
	Architectural office in Kern County, American Institute of Building Design, became Mayor of Lake Isabella, briefings on architecture and

6/1/1966	design for six months.
12/1/1966	Formed W. M. Tompkins and Associates, corporate development, systems engineering
7/1/1967	TRW career begins in product engineering lab; staff to the president
7/1/1967	TRW July 67 to March 71
12/21/1968	“Aliens have bases on the Moon”
7/21/1969	Witnesses live video of Neil Armstrong
10/18/1970	Commendation letter written about Bill Tompkins by TRW
3/1/1971	Left TRW
3/1/1971	Formed Land Ocean Systems Corporation
3/1/1971	LOSC President March 71-Sept75
6/1/1976	Left Land Ocean Systems Corporation Joined Lockheed. TRW friend told him to talk to Lockheed guy working on ASW with Lockheed P-3s.
6/2/1977	Using Systems Engineering Mgmt programs, Bill put together program with four blocks, presented to the Navy, then AF for DM-18s. Navy Commander wanted it, Did complete program. “It’s massive!” Worked on systems engineering for 7 months.
2/1/1977	Joined American Jet Corporation
1/1/1979	Left American Jet Corporation
1/1/1980	Started at Teledyne Ryan in San Diego
1/1/1981	Joined General Dynamics
1/1/1984	Left General Dynamics
1/1/1984	Moved to Medford, Oregon
2/16/1984	Attended Navy League 1984 National Convention Seattle
1/1/1985	Created Southwest Navy League Council with 37 top Navy officers, the “special projects” group, pilots from various employers, all working on alien interaction projects
12/1/1985	80-99 Navy League State VP
9/11/1991	Interviews with John Timmerman/Mike Swords of CUFOS
1/15/1994	Attended Navy League 1994 National Convention San Diego
1/1/1999	Moved from Oregon to San Diego
3/17/2002	Interviewed by Brad Sparks and Tom Tuleet (Bob Wood now has transcript)
11/1/2009	Interviewed by phone by Bob Wood