

The Wayward Wind

**By
Charles James Hall**

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**This experience is dedicated to the greater honor and glory of God
Who created us all, aliens included.**

The Wayward Wind

For God So loved the World

that he gave

his only begotten son

that whoever believes in him

shall not perish

but have eternal life.

... John 3: 16

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It was another captivating desert afternoon in the early fall of 1966. The Indian Springs valley stretched idyllic and serene in all directions from my Range Three weather shack. It started in the majestic stately tree-covered mountains to the far north. It gently touched and followed the natural walls of the harvest brown mountains to the east and to the west. It ended finally in the friendly spring watered mountains to the south, at whose base sat Indian Springs.

This beautiful desolate desert valley, located in the American South-West, contained part of a set of USAF gunnery ranges. I was the USAF duty weather observer. I was proud to be an Airman first class. I had worked hard to earn it.

Five days a week, several times a day, I released a weather balloon, measured the winds at various altitudes over the valley, completed the weather report, and phoned it in to my home base at Nellis AFB. Nellis airbase lay some 90 miles away, across the deserts and mountains, down to the distant South East.

The first balloon always had to be released at 4:30 am. To make it on time, I had to start my day at 3:00 am. The last balloon release for the day was usually at 2:00 pm in the afternoon. It made for a long day, but I enjoyed the duty. I had my own truck, my own bunk, my own barracks, tremendous freedom for an enlisted man, and four weather shacks scattered out in some of the most desolate desert valleys in the American South-west. I was the Range Weather Observer, and I was the only one.

In between weather reports, I could do anything I wanted to. I could go anywhere I wanted, anytime I wanted to. I could do anything I wanted to when I got there. That included the highly restricted areas that lay to the west, to the east, and to the distant north of me. Even if the Ranges were closed to everyone else, they were never closed to me. The only rule was that whatever I did, wherever I went, I had to do so, totally alone, even if it killed me. Although it was a rule that I had to live by, it wasn't a rule that I could ever be punished for breaking. It was only a rule that everyone else had to observe, or be court martialed accordingly. My freedom came at a price.

On paper, it seemed like this might be the easiest job in the U.S. Air Force. However,

based on the entries in the log books within my 4 weather shacks, during the 7 previous years at least 41 weather observers before me had experienced tremendous difficulties while attempting to perform these very same duties. None of them were able to rise above the terror provoked by the disquieting presence of the Tall White extraterrestrials that regularly intruded their domain. Hundreds, maybe thousands of their weather reports had been faked, falsified, or were missing from the records. Log book entry after log book entry recorded their days of fear and nights of terror. Most had been intimidated, many had been terrorized, a few had been burned and injured for life. My turn too, had come. That was more than a year ago. I had overcome my fears. Now, for me this was good duty. I had learned to enjoy it.

Today was Wednesday. I was sitting quietly at my desk in my weather shack. I was writing a letter home to my father. His birthday was coming in a few weeks. I was sending him a present and I was trying to tell him that I loved him.

As usual, I had driven myself out onto the Ranges and I was alone. The ranges had been closed for the past two weeks and were scheduled to remain closed for the next two as well. It was three days after the night of the full moon, and it was hot.

On the shelf, up and to my left overlooking my desk, sat several large mail order catalogs. I had two current copies of each of three different catalogs. I kept the catalogs neat, clean, and very carefully arranged. I also kept at least one old, used catalog within easy reach. You see, my Range Three weather shack had outdoor plumbing. On cold rainy fall days, a catalog had several uses.

One of the thick catalogs lay open to a page showing various tobacco related products. One of the products was a small machine that rolled cigarettes. It came complete with several cans of tobacco and several hundred pieces of cigarette paper. I had ordered it from the catalog and directed that it be delivered directly to my father on his farm in Wisconsin. My father had smoked all of his life and he loved to roll his own cigarettes. Much as he enjoyed rolling his own cigarettes, he wasn't very good at it. My childhood memories included many happy summer afternoons playing next to him, as he worked outside in the fields on his Wisconsin farm, while he enjoyed smoking a cigarette that he hadn't properly rolled. On those occasions, he could hardly have looked more comical.

With my pen in hand and tears of nostalgia in my eyes, I took out a new piece of stationary and for probably the fourth time, I began my letter to my father. I wrote large because his eyesight had been dimmed by the passing years. I began:

"Dear Dad,

Happy birthday. I ordered you a present from the catalog and it should come in the mail in a couple of weeks. I hope you like it.

Things here in the USAF have been going fine. When I finish my four year tour of duty and I get my honorable discharge, I intend to go back to college. I plan on returning to the University of Wisconsin at Madison and majoring in physics, just the way you always wanted.

You have been a perfect father,
and I want you to have a Happy Birthday.

I Love you,
Your Son,
Airman First Class
Charles James Hall "

Then, wiping the tears from my eyes, I carefully removed the two pages of stationary from the tablet I was using. I folded them in half, and carefully placed them in the wastepaper basket that sat on the floor on the right side of my desk. The two folded sheets of paper stood on end, nested within one another, side by side with my other three failed attempts. My tears had stained the paper. My handwriting was almost unreadable. My wording was all wrong. It was obvious to me that I would have to collect my thoughts, clear my mind, and begin again.

After sitting quietly and reminiscing for a few minutes, I decided that my previous attempt, my third attempt, had been better than my last attempt. So, leaving my fourth failed letter in the waste basket, along with attempts one and two, I carefully took hold of the two hand written pages that were my third failed attempt, took them out from the basket, brushed them off and straightened them. Then I carefully positioned them in front of me on the surface of my desk, and tried to begin again. I was still unsure of what to say to my father. I placed the tablet and the two pages of my third failed attempt on the shelf above my desk and decided to try again tomorrow.

I sat quietly in my chair. I slowly turned my chair so that I was facing north, looking out my front door at the faraway mountains that formed the distant northern boundary of this secluded desert valley. Off to my right, the large side door of my weather shack stood open. It allowed the gentle afternoon breezes to occasionally drift into my weather shack. I enjoyed the breezes when they came. They served to comfort me, as they dried the tears from my eyes.

Out in the desert to the north, out past my theodolite with its sturdy steel stand, out past the building known as Range Three lounge, out past the empty wooden Control Tower, out past the two metal trash cans that sat next to the cable fence on the right, out past the Range Three Boards and out past the intersection between the Range Four road heading north with the Bunker road heading over towards the mountains to the east, I could see one of the white scout craft slowly crossing the valley diagonally towards the south and west. It had come down the valley from its main mountain base in the far northern mountains. Now it was heading towards the underground hanger that lay hidden in an arroyo northwest of Range Four. I remember sitting there quietly, wondering why.

It was unusual for the tall white extra-terrestrials to be coming out from their main base this late in the afternoon. Usually, by this time on a hot summer afternoon like today, they would have been returning to their mountain base to refuel their craft and also to rest up for the coming evening. But then, this month was already shaping up to be somewhat unusual. The deep space craft had arrived on schedule at the mountain base at sundown on the night of the full moon some three nights before. Usually, after only one or two nights, the experienced tall white guards would begin escorting groups of new arrivals down the valley to carefully watch me from a short distance as I took the morning balloon run. The tall whites were very punctual. I wondered why the guards were already a day late in bringing the new arrivals down to watch me on the morning run. In any

event, it wasn't like I actually cared, but I did find it curious.

The next morning began normally enough. As usual, I woke up at 3:00 a.m. I bunked alone in an old wooden WWII style barrackes. I happily noted that this morning it was otherwise deserted. I turned off my alarm clock, got out of bed, brushed my teeth, shaved, got into my dark green work uniform, and headed out to my USAF pickup truck parked outside. The weather was perfect. The skies were clear and huge quantities of enchanting moonlight spilled over everything in the valley. I sang loudly to myself as I made the long nighttime drive out to the buildings on Range Three. I was still a half mile or so from the Range Three buildings when I first saw the large white scout craft sitting out in the moonlight and out in the sagebrush on the ridge that lay 1000 feet or so slightly northwest of the Range Three lounge. The tall whites obviously intended that I should see it.

I continued driving towards the Range Three buidings. I parked my truck in its usual position next to the generator shack, opposite the northern set of doors. As I did so, the white scout craft powered up. In near perfect silence, it rose up 20 feet or so above the sagebrush and silently floated towards the Range Three buildings. When it reached a spot some 30 feet or so just west of the Range Three lounge, it silently floated to a stop and set down gently on the hard packed desert floor. It sat facing me, completely powered down, some 200 feet or so away. All of its lights were off, both the interior and the exterior. It was one of the larger scout craft with seating for perhaps 20 passengers. I had dubbed that model to be the "School Bus" model. It was solid white, ellipsoidal, shaped generally like a large smoothly molded flying RV, with windows on both sides and in the front, but none in the back. Like all of the scout craft, It had the usual double hull construction. Between the two hulls it contained many miles of fiber optic windings. There were several different set of windings. It was from within these windings that the various force fields were generated that silently powered the craft. As I sat watching the craft as it sat there on the desert floor, it seemed obvious that the pilots on board, at least, were totally unafraid of me.

After a few minutes, I got out of my truck and began the walk over to my weather shack. I decided not to start the diesel generator. With the desert filled with so much beautiful moonlight, I didn't need any additional lighting and I knew that sometimes the generator's electricity interfered with the tall white's microwave communications. I felt that I would live longer if I never got in their way.

When I arrived at my weather shack, as usual, I opened the front and side doors and began the morning weather report. The scout craft sat off to the northwest, hidden from direct view by the Range Three lounge building. It took me 20 minutes or so to measure the temperature, dew point, etc, fill out the usual forms, and to fill the weather balloon with the required amount of helium, and attach a battery powered light. With my clipboard in one hand, I carried the balloon out to the theodolite stand in front of my weather shack, checked my watch, and released the balloon. I quickly removed the heavy aluminum cover from my theodilite. I took the protective cover off the instrument and began the morning balloon run. As I did so, I noticed that several of the tall whites began looking at me from around the northeast corner of the Range Three lounge. They were obviously new arrivals and, as usual, had not yet overcome their natural fear of me.

After a minute or so, the tall white guard known as Tour Guide stepped out from behind

the Range Three lounge. He walked quickly to the base of the nearby wooden control tower and took up a standing position facing me. Then he motioned with his right hand to the others, who were still hidden behind the lounge, to come out into the open where he was. Tour Guide was the guard whose life I was credited with saving several months before. At the time, he had collapsed from an illness. His friends would have inadvertently left him, until I had sounded the alarm and they returned, with a Tall White doctor to save him. Tour Guide and I trusted each other. He was quite a bit taller than I was. Usually he stayed back some distance from me, realizing that his close presence could be quite intimidating.

There were 15 or so new arrivals. Quite obviously they were all young adults. They generally were about my height 5'10" - 6'0". They had the usual thin frail body build, chalk white skin, large blue eyes, and nearly transparent platinum blonde hair. Like all of the tall whites, their eyes were perhaps twice the size of human eyes and they stretched noticeably further around the sides of their heads than human eyes do. It was with a great deal of apprehension that most of them stepped out from behind the Range Three lounge. Most of them formed up into a close knit group standing next to the northeast corner of the Range Three lounge. A few of them, however, were somewhat braver. They took up carefully selected positions along the base of the control tower. One, somewhat braver than the rest proceeded as far as the two garbage cans some 100 feet or so northeast of me. The two garbage cans sat alongside the cable fence that marked the boundary between the skip bomb area to the east and the graveled square which contained the Range Three buildings. All of the tall whites stood facing me. For my part, I continued with my morning balloon run. Sooner or later, I figured, they would all calm down. Then if the new arrivals wanted to talk to me, they could do so on their terms. This simple plan, of course, was part of my plan for living to a nice old age. After all, the tall white adults, new or otherwise, always came well armed.

Eventually, the last tall white adult came out from behind the Range Three Lounge building. It was the tall white doctor who had saved Tour Guide's life several months before. He stepped happily from out behind the Range Three lounge. He stood perhaps 6 feet 4 inches tall, and had a build that was noticeably more muscular than the usual tall white male. His build was more like that of a tall, muscular human. Like Tour Guide, his greater height indicated that he was older than the new arrivals. As the Tall Whites aged, they experienced several additional periods of growth. His large eyes were now noticeably pink, instead of blue. Most older Tall White males had pink eyes. Seeing him, and knowing he was a doctor, I immediately guessed that the new arrivals might be a group of medical students and he was perhaps showing them around as a training mission.

The doctor could hardly have been in a happier mood. Like Tour Guide, he was wearing his communication equipment so occasionally some of his thoughts would slowly appear in my consciousness. Like Tour Guide, he kept the equipment tuned down to a low level, so I had to concentrate carefully to tell what he was saying. He and Tour Guide apparently kept the communication equipment turned down as a courtesy to me. If it were turned up too high, it could greatly disrupt my normal thought patterns.

The Doctor began by walking over to the base of the wooden control tower. He did so in an open and forceful manner. He could hardly have been happier. He pointed to the wood and to the paint, and he began by saying to the other new arrivals, "Look at this. They call

it wood and they build everything from it." Then he continued by pointing to the sagebrush and discussing the differences between sagebrush and wood as building materials. He had his back to me at the time. He obviously trusted me.

When that part of his lecture to his students was completed, he turned around and began visually inspecting the rest of the Range Three area. Suddenly, in a very electric and emotional fashion, he spotted me standing at my theodolite stand. I was standing on the south side of the theodolite at the time. Immediately, a large smile came across his face as he recognized me and who I was. His thoughts began invading my consciousness and seemed to say, "There you are Charlie. I've been looking for you."

Then, without warning, he began walking directly and energetically over towards me, in much the same fashion that a grandfather might suddenly start walking over towards a new grandson. At first I was spellbound. I kept thinking that he was going to break his stride and keep his distance from me, as Tour Guide would have. However when he was finally less than 20 feet from me, I became totally intimidated by his presence. Only the theodolite stand itself and a few feet of graveled desert separated us. It seemed like he intended to walk right up to me and start hugging me. A sudden wave of anxiety swept over me. I broke off my balloon run, grabbed my clipboard in my left hand, and began backing away from him. I backed away towards the southwest, until I was standing with my back nearly touching the north wall of the generator shack. There, I decided, I would make my stand.

For the Doctor's part, he wasn't the least bit surprised. He seemed to understand completely. As soon as I started backing away, he stopped immediately by my theodolite stand and waited for me to reach the emotional safety of the generator shack, and to regain my courage. Being a doctor, he seemed to care nothing about the mechanical aspects of my theodolite. Rather, he seemed interested only in studying the emotional or psychological aspects of what was happening. I was very emotional at the time, so I guess that he found my behavior to be very entertaining.

In any event, after a few minutes had passed and I had settled down, he started treating me with tremendous respect. He began communicating with his students. He wanted each one of them to inspect my weather shack. With that in mind, then, while he remained standing at my theodolite stand smiling at me, the new arrivals divided into small groups of two or three. Each group, in turn, would carefully walk from where they were standing next to the Range Three lounge, east across the graveled square until they arrived at the two metal garbage cans where another tall white adult was waiting to greet them. Then, they would very carefully follow down along the cable fence until they were opposite the side door of my weather shack. Then, one by one, they would take turns entering my weather shack and inspecting any item that they considered to be of interest. None of them appeared to care anything about the mechanical items inside the shack. My helium cylinders and balloon tools were never touched. One group, for example, apparently with an experienced hand, opened one of my catalogs to a section on cotton and nylon medical clothing. There were several pages which seemed to capture their interest. Another group seemed to find my paint-by-numbers paintings to be of tremendous interest. Another group seemed to find my bottles of rubbing alcohol and my snack foods to be quite interesting.

For my part, I was quite content to remain standing with my back to the generator shack

while the tall whites amused themselves in my weather shack. The valley that evening looked more like a huge enchanting desert cathedral than like a set of military gunnery ranges. The air was cool and fresh. The winds were gentle, light and variable from the southwest. The moonlight was exhilarating. The tall whites could take all of the time they wanted to, as far as I was concerned.

Eventually, all of the medical students had taken their turns inspecting my weather shack and had all carefully retreated back to their initial places next to the northeast corner of the Range Three lounge. Now it was the Doctor's turn. Now, at last, the Doctor stood fully upright and began walking carefully and respectfully towards the front door of my weather shack. The expression on his face as he did so, was one of awe. When he arrived at the front door, he stopped for a minute or so, just to enjoy the experience. When he finally and carefully stepped up into my weather shack, he seemed to be stepping up into a special world that he had always dreamed of entering. He could hardly have been happier.

He spent the next 15 or 20 minutes inside my shack, very carefully studying my desk area. When he finally came back out through the front door, stepping carefully back down to the graveled desert out front, in his left hand he was carrying the two pieces of paper that formed my fourth failed attempt to write a letter to my father. He was totally engrossed in his discovery. He had obviously taken it from my waste paper basket. As he walked slowly back towards my theodolite stand, Tour Guide communicated with him. "Wait for me at the stand." Tour Guide said pleasantly.

While the Doctor waited at the stand, Tour Guide left his position at the base of the tower and walked over to meet him at the stand. When he arrived, he began in a brotherly fashion, "We promised the American Generals that when we come to inspect his things, we would never take anything of his and leave it in place where he could not come and get it. You may read the letter that you are holding and you may show it to the others, but you can not take it with us on the scout craft. It must be left someplace, either here, or in the Range Three lounge, where he can find it."

The Doctor was immensely dissatisfied, but pleasantly began arguing with Tour Guide. "But you do not understand." he said. "You should read this letter. It is to his father. In it he tells his father that he loves him. It proves that he and his father love each other."

"But we promised the American Generals. The letter can not be taken on the scout craft." responded Tour Guide.

For my part, I stood there in shock. The Tall White Doctor could read my poorly written letter better than I could. My tear stained handwriting had been, after all, atrocious.

The Doctor continued, imploring Tour Guide, "But he was throwing it away. It was in his waste basket. He has other letters that he likes better. If I could take this with me, I could show the others. You don't understand how valuable this is."

"The agreements that we have with the American Generals can not be broken." responded Tour Guide. "The letter can not be taken on the scout craft. It must be left behind."

"I understand", responded the Doctor sadly. Then he slowly bent down to the ground and found a medium sized rock. He carefully placed the two pages of the letter on the gravel, and used the rock to hold them down. "He can find his letter here on the ground next to

the stand." said the Doctor sadly. Then he and Tour Guide walked slowly and carefully back to the northeast corner of the lounge. Tour Guide returned to his previous position standing his post at the base of the wooden control tower. The Doctor and the others took up their positions in groups at the northeast corner of the lounge building and stood watching me.

I continued to stand waiting with my back to the generator shack for a few more minutes. After all that had happened, I needed time to collect my thoughts and settle down. The night breezes continued to be cool and gentle. Every now and then they quietly moved through the Range Three area, coming in off the desert from the southwest, entering the graveled area from between the buildings and swirling gently around the rocks and scattered sagebrush, until they continued on their way out across the skip bomb area to the northeast. When I had finally collected my thoughts and my emotions, I began walking slowly over towards the rock that was holding my discarded letter. When I reached it, I bent down and began to pick up the two hand written pages. A gentle gust of wind came along and blew the second page from my grasp. The piece of paper bounced gently across the gravel until it reached some small stunted sagebrush plants that were growing next to one of the posts of the cable fence marking the edge of the skip bomb area. The dry thorns of the sagebrush held it there while I walked slowly over to get it, carrying the first page of my letter as I did so. Once I had the second page in my hands, I stood up, turned around, and carefully studied the Doctor and the others, as they stood there carefully studying me. For a minute or so, they seemed as human as I was.

The passing time reminded me that I was already late with the morning wind report. I was also worried that Nellis might ask for a second balloon run because I had broken off the balloon readings so early. So, carrying my clipboard and the pages of my letter, I turned and hurried back to my weather shack. I placed the letter back in the wastepaper basket that sat on the floor by the front door. I quickly straightened my stack of catalogs and other papers that the tall whites had looked at. Then I completed my wind computations and phoned Nellis. It was very late and I was quite embarrassed. However, the duty weather observer who answered at Nellis didn't seem to care at all. He said the Base Commander had phoned him and for some reason, had ordered him to skip the morning wind report. Even so, for some reason, something about his unusual carefree attitude left me feeling very nervous. During the entire phone conversation, the tall whites stood by the Range Three lounge watching me in an unusually attentive manner. It seemed as though their communication equipment allowed them to listen in on the entire conversation.

As soon as I had completed the phone call and had hung up the phone, the tall whites formed up into small groups and began heading back towards their scout craft. By the time I had finished tidying up my weather shack, arranging my tools, completing my log book entries, and filing my weather forms, I could see the tall whites in their scout craft heading slowly back up the valley towards their mountain base at the north end of the valley. As I stood there, watching them in the distance, an unusual idea formed in my mind. Since I wasn't going to send my fourth letter to my father, there was no reason for me to store it in my waste basket. So, almost on a whim, I took the letter from the waste basket where I had placed it and carried it out to the two garbage cans that sat along the

cable fence. Both cans were empty and very dry, thanks to the many days they had sat exposed out in the desert sun. I carefully placed the two page letter in the bottom of the nearest garbage can and left the cover off. It seemed like an easy enough place for the doctor to find it. Then I returned to my weather shack, closed everything down, and headed on in to base for breakfast.

The weekend came, and then the following monday came. The ranges were still closed and the weather had been perfect. I had just finished my 1:30 p.m. run in the afternoon and I wondered if my letter was still in the garbage can. So, singing one of my sunshine songs, I walked out to check. Both pages still sat in the garbage can. They had been touched only by the desert winds. Feeling some disappointment, I stood up and studied the mountains to the northeast for a while. Nothing seemed out of place, but I became convinced that I was being watched. Acting on an impulse, I shouted out into the gentle afternoon desert winds, "You can have the letter if you want it. I'm not going to use it. I've already written a better letter to my father." Then I returned to my weather shack and completed my afternoon wind measurements.

The next day produced yet another jewel-like morning in the desert. As I parked my truck in its usual location for the 4:30 a.m. run I noticed that the garbage cans had been moved slightly. I walked over to the nearest one. My two page letter was gone. The footprints in the soft desert soil said it all. The doctor had walked down from the ammunition bunker to the northeast. He had come back for the souvenir of his dreams.

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Wayward Wind is the true experience of Charles James Hall. If you enjoyed reading it, you may want to purchase his three book series, ***Millennial Hospitality, Millennial Hospitality II, The World We Knew and Millennial Hospitality III, The Road Home.*** Every event in the three books is true. When the books were published, Mr. Hall was understandably nervous about publishing his memoirs because of the nature of the material. The prudent action to take, seemed to be an editing pass which changed place names and made up names for the other servicemen that Mr. Hall served with. The books may be ordered through any book store in the world and are also available through Amazon.com. Additionally, Charles James Hall has a generous stock of hardcover copies which he is happy to sign and send promptly at a discounted price. You can contact him at 11500 Jewel Cave Road SE, Albuquerque, NM, 87123 or phone 1-505-292-5419

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