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Bill Rebane

“Film Funding 2000”

**From Roswell**

**With Love**

**Bill Rebane**

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Originally written as a screenplay "The UFO File"  
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For information contact:  
Exploration Press  
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e-mail: baje@centurytel.net

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To my wife, Barbara, the super woman  
without whom little would get done  
My four children, twelve grandchildren  
and three great grandchildren, a diverse  
mix of personalities and temperaments.



## Prologue

The future of man kind hangs in the balance. To avoid the near inevitable may lie in the past.

A half century of cover ups by the government and the secrets of a handful of people belonging to a very secret society, will clash.

The incident at the site near Roswell was largely ignored by the scientific and industrial community, until recently, where it not for another mystery two thousand miles away, a mystery as bizarre and significant as the crash near Roswell itself.

Something has triggered the wheels into motion of every intelligent agency on the planet, attempting to get to the bottom of the real secrets of Roswell.

Suddenly over fifty years later, the joke could well be on those who perpetrated the cover up and in the process missed the purpose, if not the reasons for the entire earth shaking event, foretold in the lost book of Nostradamus.

Saving humanity and life on earth may depend greatly on how society reacts to the demands of those that have the answers, to the needs of all the people on this planet, Earth.

## Chapter 1

1947

Rockland, nestled in the rugged wilderness of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, population approximately 150, is bathed in the soft glow of moonlight the night of July 2, 1947. A car traveling on the highway through this wooded, hilly area comes to a sudden, screeching, sliding halt on Highway 45 just south of Rockland.

The driver side door of the Chev Impala is thrust open to allow the six-foot, 260 pound frame of Reick Hautala to emerge from his vehicle and stand silently, awestruck, beside it, gazing at a now innocent night sky. His exit from the car was instantaneous and impulsive. He was compelled by what he had just seen, though what he had witnessed would be overshadowed by events occurring over two thousand miles to the southwest only moments later that would boggle the global scientific community, and billions around the earth as well, for decades to come.

Reick has observed objects, strange objects in the night skies over the UP before but nothing like what he has seen tonight. Out of the corner of his eye he had caught a flash of bright light in the upper, far visual reaches of the northeastern firmament. It was similar to what he had seen many times before over Lake Superior on his 36 foot Chris

Craft while fishing for trout and lake salmon, or on long drives home from the lake late at night.

This time it was different. He had seen a lot more than the usual bright light that flashed and disappeared into oblivion as fast as one could blink an eye. What Reick had observed was a phenomena. The flash that got his attention turned into a gray outline of an object, a disc-shaped object, glowing intermittently. Then, a split second later, something incomprehensible happened. Something strange was happening up there to the object.

Something had parted from the saucer-shaped thing and, like a fiery meteor, had descended vertically toward the earth. The disc-shaped object seemed to quiver before changing its trajectory and continued its light-speed decent into the southwestern sky. It reminded Reick of bird hunting when he had just winged the bird. It would glide on until the wings gave out and it would plummet to the ground. Reick scanned the full horizon one more time before uttering a few words in his native Finnish, pressing his body back behind the Chevy's steering wheel.

A half-hour later Reick was sitting in a small tavern in Bruce Crossing, Michigan, sharing this evening sighting with the establishment's patrons. Normally skeptical, they had heard Reick's stories before. But something was different this night. This time they listened intently. Just a half-hour before Reick's arrival a flash of bright light had drawn every customer in the bar to rush outside where they were baffled by tremors from the earth beneath their feet.

There are no earthquakes in this part of the country, yet residents within a 20 mile radius of the Little Finlandia Tavern reported similar vibrations.

That very same night, at precisely the same time as the earth trembled, a strange light appeared on the ground, deep in the national forest near Paulding, Michigan, only a stone's throw away from Bruce Crossing, Rockland and just North of Watersmeet.

## Chapter 2

Bayfield, Wisconsin, the most northern geographical point in the State of Wisconsin, serving as the gateway to the Apostle Islands, is an ideal location for amateur astronomer Jason Roberts, a self-described scientist 'extraordinaire,' to observe the heavens.

He loved Bayfield because it resembled the New England fishing village where he grew up. Instead of the Atlantic Ocean, the great Lake Superior provided the ambiance he was accustomed to in his boyhood. His small, but impressive, house stands high on a hill where he could not only see the entire Village of Bayfield and its quaint harbor, but most of the legendary Apostle Island chain. His two-story Victorian house's location has served his stargazing activities well. Where once a widow-walk had circled the house's steeple-style turret, it had been replaced with an aluminum dome sheltering an observatory with a sophisticated telescope housed inside.

Whatever Jason Roberts does for the Society is no more than what others with similar enthusiasm and talents did for the organization's cause. This time around though, he was doing something very special. Maybe for the world as a whole, but the Society would understand its value more than anyone else, because whatever Reick Hautala had seen the night of July 2, 1947, Jason had captured on 35-mm film

through the high powered telescope in his small, but sophisticated, observatory.

But no one, and he meant no one, except the Star Light Society would learn from him what had happened this night and how. His fingers trembled as he unloaded the Bell and Howell Eymo 35-mm camera with an attached periscope viewfinder.

He had seen the object and had to act fast. He had kept his eyes on the telescope eyepiece, set the film speed on the camera from still motion to 24-frames per second hoping to capture it all.

While 35-mm movie film is an expensive proposition, this time, with a split-second decision, he opted to run the camera at normal speed, praying that the 100-foot roll of film, maximum for this camera, would not run out before he had captured the full event.

This would be the first time in the history of UFOlogy that an unidentified flying object had been caught on film with problems, if not a major system failure. Something very bizarre had happened up there while the camera purred away. All he could do is hope that whatever he had observed was captured clearly and accurately on that 100 foot spool of film.

As a whole, he could depend on his Bell and Howell Eymo, one of the most rugged film cameras ever made. This rugged piece of equipment had served him well throughout his years as a war correspondent and Army Corps of Engineers cameraman.

The camera had been through one hell of a lot of action during World War II, from Anzio to Normandy, to the Battle of the Bulge. It had been lost in the mud of

battles, been submerged in water, and even dropped from a plane at 10,000 feet. Yet, it had survived and had delivered the goods on film that ended up on American theater screens as newsreel footage from World War II.

The thought that it could fail him now was absurd. Nevertheless, images of his experiences with his precious camera flashed through his mind as he unscrewed the camera from the mount on the telescope. The entire event had taken no more than 20 seconds.

At this very moment, while unloading the film in his darkroom he used the extra precaution of a camera changing bag. He didn't even trust his red darkroom light. Jason knew that he had captured it all just as he had seen it. The film would stand as indisputable evidence that flying saucers did exist.

What Jason did not know at this point in time is what was going on in the desert near Roswell, New Mexico, an event that would turn the U.S. government upside down, shake up the world's scientific community, baffle the public and create a new purpose and a new secret movement called the Starlight Society. What Jason Roberts had on film would, more than a half-century later, shake up the United States Government, and a few other governments as well.

## Chapter 3

Roswell New Mexico July 2nd, 1947

Army surgical nurse Rachel Dunham was rudely awakened at an ungodly hour and ordered to report to the hospital immediately. "*What the hell happened?*" she thought to herself. She couldn't figure it out. World War II was over. The boys were home and there had not been any life-threatening emergencies requiring her skills since she returned from Frankfurt, Germany over a year ago.

Before that, she had spent two years in the European theater of war. As a front-line battle nurse, she had experienced it all right up to the time the allies had divided up the Reich upon the fall of Berlin.

By this time in her life she had seen more blood and guts and had stitched up more flesh than any other person on the base at Fort Douglas, New Mexico.

"*What the hell had happened now? What was the big rush? Above all, why me?*" she wondered to herself as she threw on her clothes. Without a cup of coffee or any hot nourishment, she rushed out to the waiting jeep that was to deliver her to the hospital and to something that would first horrify her and then forever change her life.

## Chapter 4

### The Pentagon

Just an hour earlier Colonel Blanchard also experienced something he would have never expected to see happen in his military career. He had just entered his office, a cup of coffee in hand, when the telephone rang. He slid into the wooden office chair with armrests while picking up the receiver on the third double ring. He did not have a chance to sit very long. After the voice on the other end of the line identified himself, Col. Blanchard jumped out of his chair and stood at attention.

"Yes, Mr. President," he said, "Colonel Blanchard here." Realizing that he was alone in his office, and there was no need to stand at attention, he slowly redeposited himself back into his chair. Only after listening to the caller's inquiry did he answer, "Yes, Mr. President, we have four bodies: three dead, one alive." There was a pause allowing Blanchard to collect himself from this unexpected call. The conversation ended with; "Yes sir, Mr. President, be assured."