

A Secret Never Forgotten

This article is being written in conjunction with my book: "Julius and the Mysse Curse."

Facts which at first seem improbable will, even on scant explanation, drop the cloak which has hidden them and stand forth in naked and simple beauty. - Galileo Galilei

This monograph begins as Julius, Dean and I are completing the corrugated steel roof on a log lambing shed at Cherry Springs for the Cherry Creek Sheep Company and for my parents, Paul and Bernice Milam.

When asked about certain subjects I have always emphatically stated I do not believe in one or all of these three specific topics of discussion. One: Sasquatch or the Yeti. Two: UFOs and aliens from other planets. Finally Three: Ghosts.

I will leave it up to the reader to make up their mind what the three of us saw on October 27th, 1971. In my mind once you eliminate the **impossible**, whatever remains, no matter how **improbable**, must be the truth.

I will start this journey on October 24th, 1971, a Sunday. My parents, Paul and Bernice Milam and their friends, had left Ingomar to head back to Bigfork Montana. Julius, Dean and I were once again putting sheets of corrugated steel on the log lambing shed. From the very start of putting on the roof we were continually interrupted and delayed in the placement and securing of the steel corrugated sheets due to the unpredictable, incredibly strong prairie winds that Fall. Very dangerous winds that came mostly in the afternoon. The sheets of corrugated steel had the potential of cutting a person in half if the wind made them airborne and they struck someone. This particular Sunday afternoon was

no different. We worked on and off throughout the day trying to avoid the increasingly strengthening winds. Frustration overwhelmed the three of us so we decided have an early supper so we could regroup and go to bed early that night. Hopefully to have a fresh start on Monday. We were all dead tired from all the work, hunting, and entertaining we had done over the weekend.

As I was cooking supper that night a Cherry Creek Sheep Herder, Carl Watson, drove into our camp with a Cherry Creek ranch pickup pulling his sheep wagon. In the front seat were his two dogs named Cootie and Little Jimmy. Ryan, Carl's mare, was following Carl's pickup on her own anticipating some oats that Carl kept stored in his sheep wagon. Carl asks the three of us if we had seen anything strange the past couple of days. The three of us had either been working on the log lambing shed roof or out taking Paul and Bernice's friends out hunting and sight seeing. Julius and I had seen nothing in our journeys. As Dean stated to Carl he had not left the worksite the entire time he had been on Cherry Creek property and nothing unusual had happened at Cherry Springs except for the normal daily interruptions of work on the log lambing shed, bad winds, dust and the persistent biting bugs.

Carl's face was very stressed and his mannerisms and speech were extremely apprehensive. I had known Carl for about ten years. Normally Carl was always smiling, joking and up beat. Finally Julius asks Carl if he had seen a ghost or something like that. Carl just remained silent and shook his head NO. I asked Carl if he had received bad news from his family in his last batch of mail. Carl just looked back towards his his old camp area as if he expected something bad to be chasing after him. Carl's camp was located in the North West Corner of the Cherry Creek Sheep Company pasture. Just almost centered between the Ten Reservoir, the Fourteen Reservoir, and the Birkrem Reservoir. I invited Carl to supper and he nodded his head to affirm he would join us. As we sat on the pickup end gates eating our evening

supper of hamburger steaks Carl finally opened up to us what was “bugging” his mind.

Background Thoughts: What is a Sheep Herder’s Day like?

Normally a good sheep herder will check on his band of sheep at least three times a day. Once in the morning to round them up, make a rough count, and then move them to water. After midday and after lunch a sheep herder would ride around the band to round up the “string outs.” String outs are the ewes that string out away from the main group and get in trouble by getting lost in coulees or when a ewe rolls on their back and can not right themselves. This is called “Turtling.” A ewe in the upside down position or when they “turtle” themselves and can not get back upright on their own. If not caught soon enough it unfortunately ends up with the ewe suffocating and dying. That is unless the herder rolls the ewe over onto their legs. Late afternoon and evening checks on the sheep band usually meant that the day was almost over. This would be the last ride and check for the well being of the sheep band. The herder would ride around the approximately one thousand ewes to group them while making sure with a rough count their numbers and making sure they were bedded at or near water and food for the night.

Carl began by saying, “What had been happening did not make any sense.” The past week or so the ewes had been acting “more than strange.” Carl stated he would bed the ewes down for the night by the corner reservoir a mile from Yoakum Springs which was normal for his band. When Carl would wake up at daybreak the entire band of ewes would be gone... not a ewe to be found anywhere. Carl stated he would get on Ryan, his mare, and find the band sometimes still together as a band but more often than not usually scattered in multiple groups and the groups would be spread out in different, unusual locations around the North half of the ranch. Sometimes the majority of the ewes would be trying to hide in the larger coulees bunching up on themselves. Another way for sheep to try to kill themselves by suffocation. Carl

said it was like there were fifty ghost coyotes scattering the sheep in all directions.

Keep in mind that the ranch was almost 15 miles across and 10 miles down which makes locating lost animals and people very difficult. Sheep herders do not like moving their bands unless there is a specific reason to do so. Reasons such as no grass, bad or little water, prairie hazards like mud, poisonous plants that sprout out of nowhere or taking them to the corrals for vaccinating and shearing. Carl once again stated that the past five or six days were “days from Hell.” Each and every morning his band had been scattered to one degree or another over the entire Northwest end of the Cherry Creek pasture. To make matters even worse the sheep had been scattering during the day while Carl was watching them... Carl stated, “It was like something invisible was chasing them or pushing them away from water.” Least wise something Carl didn’t see or couldn’t see. Carl states he personally watched the sheep “go nuts” four or five times on his daily roundups and checks the past few days. Not once did he see anything that should have bothered them.

During any one of the past four or five nights Carl stated he had seen nothing out of the normal around his camp. Carl said in the late evening he would ride around the ewes to make double sure all the ewes were bedded down. Carls said he would ride an extra distance, maybe quarter mile from the band to see if anything unusual was around and Carl stated “he saw nothing unusual... just the normal rattlesnakes, ticks, dust, sagebrush, and an occasional Nighthawk. Carl stated that there was not even the usual coyotes crying to each other to unsettle the sheep during his evening rides. Carl rode to two other Cherry Creek sheep camps to see if the other herders were also having problems with something scattering the sheep, but stated that Jack “Rummy” Rumdahl and Jimmy Mulholland had not seen and not heard anything thing out of the normal. Their bands were acting like sheep were suppose to act.

Carl finished his supper and thanked me for my cooking skills and the wonderful hamburger steak. The sun was setting and the moon was on the horizon appearing as a smiling silver sliver. Just like in a Charlie Russell painting. Carl stated to everyone he needed to get on the move because he wanted his pickup and sheep wagon parked at the muskrat pond (Mud Lake) before dark so he could make sure his sheep band would be bedded down for the night. Least wise that was where he had left them earlier that afternoon. Carl stated that the band seemed to be comfortable at that location even though he worried about some of the ewes getting bogging down in the gumbo mud at the south shore of the muskrat pond.

As we loaded some extra supplies into Carl's food locker... Carl made a strange statement to the three of us. Have any of you heard anything really strange the last four or five nights? We all shook our heads in the negative. Dean asked Carl, "Why do you ask?" Carl stated as he looked once again towards his old camp site and said he had been hearing a human baby crying in the distance and couldn't remember when it had started whether it was the last four or five days prior or even later. Carl assured us that he knew the cries of a hurt cottontail and jack rabbit, the quacking of an antelope, a mule deer calling its fawn, and all the other prairie sounds he was accustomed to. The sound he was hearing wasn't anything like that. "Exactly human like" as he spoke in a very quiet voice... Carl's low volume voice was like he was expecting someone else besides us to hear him. Carl repeated, "The crying sound was exactly like the cry made by a newborn baby human child... how could that possible?" Then Carl added it happens at various times of the night and seemed to him when the night would be at its darkest. Carl stated he did try to find the source of the crying, leaving his sheep wagon, but never walked very far from his wagon because of the dangers posed by walking the prairie when it was pitch black. Carl followed up by saying it was probably a new bird or something like that.

Something new he wasn't familiar with. As I looked at Julius I could see by Julius's face that something was wrong. Terribly wrong! Julius said nothing. We all wished Carl well and told him to let us know if he needed any help with his sheep or anything else. Carl left as quietly as he came into our camp that night for Mud Lake.

I have to admit I really didn't give Carl's story much thought. My mind was still on completing the log lambing shed. It was late and the three of us each head off to our respective sleeping areas. In bed I probably laid there thinking about "What would a human baby be doing out in the middle of no where?"... "Was Carl losing it upstairs a little bit?" Then I was dead asleep.

Monday - October 25th, 1971 - I thought I was the first one to get up, but as I walked from my sheep wagon to the outhouse there was Julius sitting on the tailgate of the Skunk Wagon with his shotgun cradled in his lap. Julius quietly boasted he had stayed up the entire night patrolling the camp and "protecting" Dean and I. I asked Julius, "Who or what put the burr under your saddle blanket? Protecting us from what?" Dean is woken up by Julius and my bantering. Dean was on a mission and beats me to the outhouse yelling the bad hamburger from my dinner from the past night gave him diarrhea. Julius walks off with his shotgun to the North end of the corrals talking to himself and totally ignoring Dean and I. My morning thoughts from my journal were, *"Damn I am getting tired of existing in the middle of no where with mentally unstable idiots."*

The three of us started working on the roof early that morning to beat the afternoon winds. We were having problems with the steel roof and keeping it square as we laid it across the roof of the building. It was a constant battle. Julius and Dean decide I was to make us breakfast-lunch while they figured out how to straighten things out on the roofing project.

Once again hamburger was served for breakfast. After the three of us were finished eating as usual I was washing dishes and straightening and cleaning out my sheep wagon. Dean was on the roof of the log lambing shed and Julius was gone... no where to be found. I yelled at Dean and asked him "Where in the hell Julius was?" Dean stated Julius and him had a short discussion about Carl... then Julius wanted a cigarette and left to be by himself over the hill by the water access at Cherry Springs. Julius did not smoke or chew tobacco so I was a bit confused. I walked a few hundred feet to the springs edge to find Julius actually smoking the cigarette he bummed from Dean. Julius yelled at me in his loudest voice to leave him the F... alone. Of course my feelings were hurt but I did as he wished. My thinking was all of us had been out in the prairie too long and we were all losing our minds to one degree or another. Most of that sunny afternoon it was just Dean and I working on the roof. When Julius did come back to camp he was still white as a sheet... still not saying a word and still clutching his shot gun... sporting a cigarette butt filter in his mouth. Dean yells at Julius, "What... you can't handle smoking a cigarette... you pussy!" Julius flips Dean off and goes off into the skunk wagon to get away from everyone. Once again that night I cook supper and everyone went to their respective sleeping areas. I have to admit I stayed awake for a little while listening for anything unusual... especially the cry of a human baby. I heard absolutely nothing! I had to wonder "What Dean or I had said to Julius to set him off like that?" "How Carl was doing at his new camp?" "Would Dean get the runs from my food again?" As usual I would collapse in my sleeping bag and not hear anything. Not even myself snoring.

Tuesday - October 26th, 1971 - My birthday. I have learned that some things are best kept secret. I explained my reasoning in my book "Julius and the Mysse Curse." This day was just like every other work day out in the middle of the Cherry Creek Sheep Company ranch living in the isolation of the Montana prairie, existing and working one hundred miles from nowhere." The only

difference about this particular day was Julius's constant bumming of a cigarette from Dean all the while telling Dean he had never smoked before, but "maybe" this was an occasion where it was warranted. Eventually I asked Julius why all the hissy fitting around and him smoking cigarettes? I told him that his actions and him carrying around his shotgun was making both Dean and I more than a bit nervous. Julius looked at me with a blank look in his face and said nothing to either me or Dean. Once again Julius gets frustrated and then walks away with his hands in the air muttering loudly to himself. That scared the crap out of me!

That evening Julius stood up and made a loud grunting sound, just like he was pooping, as he gets up from the Skunk Wagon tail gate at supper... spilling half of his food on the ground. Julius first looked at Dean and then at me making sure he had our full attention. He did... Julius in a loud voice exclaimed, "When he was bumming around the wilderness areas South of Anchorage Alaska with his brother... he and his brother had an experience similar to Carl's." Dean and I looked at each other with Dean asking Julius... "What experience?" Julius states that they had been fishing for salmon all day on a river. That evening they were stowing the days catch away from the bears and other animals interested in free meals. That night both he and his brother were awoken by a bright light in the horizon of a star lit moonless night. As they watched the bright light Julius's brother came to the conclusion they were watching a UFO... And the UFO was watching the two of them.

Dean and I both glanced at each other. Then Dean being very skeptical of Julius's story asked are you sure that it wasn't a helicopter with a search light or some form of U.S. surveillance aircraft. Dean had served six years in the United States Air Force and by his account had seen the majority of the aircraft the U.S. was using around the world. Julius stated that the object was as white and bright as someone arc welding... but the light was more constant and it definitely was not a bright star. Julius said they

watched the object come closer and closer to their camp when all of a sudden the object disappeared straight up from its position into “outer space” in a split second. Julius stated that it was maybe the third time his brother had seen an object similar to the one they saw in the Alaskan skies. Julius said it was his first time ever seeing a UFO. Then Julius looks around our camp site and states... my brother and I heard a human baby crying near our tents that night. Julius’s brother immediately told Julius it was “aliens trying to lure a human into the woods and into their clutches so they could do examinations and experiments on their bodies, to tag their bodies with alien radio devices, and only God knows what else they do to humans. Julius yells at Dean and I, “Listen to me closely... I know what I am talking about... at all costs ignore the baby sounds no matter how close or how loud they get.” Then Julius said “his bowels turned to water that night out in the middle of that Alaskan wilderness.” Julius further states, “After Carl’s story about babies crying... his bowels once again turned into water... I know exactly what Carl was hearing.” Dean had this weird smirk on his face and then says under his breath by my ear... “Julius has gone over the edge!... UFO’s - little green men...Shiit... Really???”

Julius continues with his story and says he and his brother slept that night sitting upright back to back cradling their weapons to give themselves a chance to avoid being abducted by aliens. By the time Julius was done with his tale... his body was shaking head to toe once again and then he started talking to himself once again. Julius then walks away from us and goes to the outhouse. After returning Julius says nothing more and once again heads for the Skunk wagon tailgate with his shot gun to watch over us without sleeping during his vigil. Dean and I look at each other just blinking our eyes. Dean says to me, “Julius isn’t on the same planet as we are... is he? Now he has really gone off his rocker!” I couldn’t disagree with Dean. I personally wondered if Julius was suffering from some form of “Prairie Madness?” If Prairie Madness really existed.

Dean follows up by saying to me he did believe that something traumatic must have happened to Julius in Alaska... but what it really was... Dean didn't know. Dean was sure it wasn't a UFO and aliens trying to abduct humans for experimentation like Julius stated. Dean had a pretty level head about things... that is... at times. Maybe it was because of his military background. Dean then follows up that the two of you (Julius and I) had been "existing" in this prairie hell way too long and he for one wasn't going to give Julius's or Carl's stories another moment of thought. Off to bed Dean goes finding his bunk in the semi cab. Interestingly Dean did not open the windows of the cab all the way that night and he locked the doors of the semi. Myself... as well as I was getting to know Julius I have to admit I was more than a little spooked by his tale, but more so by his antics and his almost insane actions. I was worried more about Julius doing something to me than I was concerned about aliens abducting me. I locked the door to my sheep wagon that night before I went to bed. After listening to the empty prairie for maybe a whole twenty minutes for any sounds... especially baby crying sounds once again I fell sound asleep. I didn't have the strength to worry about aliens abducting me and doing experimentation on my body. Who would want our stinking, dirty ass carcasses anyway? My last thought I journaled was..."**Maybe it would be a blessing if aliens would abduct us and take us away from all this insane bullshit! I don't think anyone would actually miss us for months around Cherry Creek. I know Sivert and Janet would not miss us (me) one small bit.**"

Wednesday - October 27, 1971 - I think Julius was up protecting the camp for most of the night again... I also think he must have slept a little bit leaning on the Skunk Wagon camper. As soon as I stepped out of my sheep wagon he came face to face with me and he popped up off the tailgate and told me he wanted to drive up to Carl Watson's camp at Mud lake that morning... alone. Dean and I agreed since Julius had been totally worthless work-

wise ever since Carl had stopped by at our camp and told us his unnerving story. Besides with Julius carrying around the loaded shot gun... that by itself was making Dean and I more than a little nervous... plus Dean was low on cigarettes and did not want to give Julius anymore of his cigarettes. Julius stated he was worried about Carl's well being and wanted to make sure he and the sheep were "All Okay!" Julius drove off in my pickup with two of his rifles. His 300 Mag Winchester and the M-15 with multiple clips. After Julius left Dean makes a comment to me that I had better keep an eye on Julius because he seemed to be becoming "unhinged at the seams." Dean and I worked finishing putting up the roof edge pieces and the final two cap ridges. It wasn't hard work, but the constant hanging on to the edges of the steel roof in the unpredictable winds had made both Dean and I tired of going up and down ladders all day long. So Dean and I took our time finishing things just so neither of us got hurt or fell. Around noon Julius returns from Carl's camp stating that things seem to be normal now with Carl and his sheep. Carl hadn't heard any cries or noises at his new camp, but definitely was still "spooked". In turn I was hoping Julius would calm down and be his "Normal Crazy Self."

I wanted the entire corral system to be spotless. So the three of us spent the majority of the afternoon policing all the trash, boards, logs and other types of garbage around the log lambing shed and the corrals. The burnable items we put into our 55 gallon trash barrel and burned. In addition we were utilizing the black trash bags I had "appropriated" from Sivert's place to store the cans, glass, wire or other trash that couldn't be burned... eventually I would take all the black bags of trash to the Ingomar Dump. It was getting close to evening. Julius and Dean were measuring the door openings. Dean was going to make the custom doors for the "almost completed" log lambing shed. Dean was also to make the hardware and rails needed for opening and closing the doors. When the doors and hardware were done and installed, Julius and I would be finally done with the log lambing

shed project! I can't speak for Dean and Julius but I was as proud as a peacock about everything Julius, Dean and I had accomplished at Cherry Springs. In my mind the building was absolutely beautiful... even if I was the only one that appreciated it. I kept thinking that in only a week or so more I would be heading back home to Bigfork and getting ready for school in Missoula Montana. I couldn't wipe the smile off my face.

That night a celebration was in order. Julius wanted to go find a jug of his poisoned choke cherry wine. Both Dean and I said "Absolutely NOT!" Julius then offered to share with us a half of a jar of his Tipple moonshine. Again in unison Dean and I yelled, "HELL NO!" Dean tells Julius that drinking simple, clean Yoakum Spring water has not killed anyone yet and that is what was going to be served at supper that night. I proceeded to fry up some potatoes and carrots. After setting them on the warmer of the stove I cooked each of us some more salvaged T-Bone steaks. I peppered the hell out of the steaks because I could detect a slight odor developing on them. After all Dean had supposedly gotten sick on my hamburger steaks... and still he lived on. The three of us ate like we hadn't eaten for months. Julius actually was starting to act like himself. Then Dean goes to the outhouse and while in the outhouse starts making "baby crying sounds." Holy Crap! I thought Julius was going to make a pretzel out of Dean when he came out of the door of the outhouse. I tried to step in between the two of them but the insta-flash dispute was over as fast as it started. I exclaimed to Dean that his actions were "Total Bullshit" considering Julius's state of mind. Dean actually apologized to Julius. Julius told Dean to "Go to Hell" and then flipped Dean off. Julius takes another cigarette from Dean's cigarette pack and lights it up in front of Dean. I am guessing to piss Dean off. At least they weren't knocking each other's teeth out. I watched the both of them dance around each other like fighting cats until Dean finally sat down on my pickup tail gate and Julius sat down on his Skunk Wagon tail gate. The

potential fight was over... at least I hoped it was. Now to get Dean out of Cherry Springs in one piece the next morning.

It was almost sunset and the sky was just starting to get dark. My sheep wagon's rear window above my bunk faced to the West. My door opening faced to the East. I could see through the bunk window the sunset highlighting the clouds above the horizon was spectacular that night. I grabbed my camera out of my sheep wagon storage cabinet and decided to take a few pictures. I had very few unexposed 35mm slide pictures left on my roll of thirty six. As I am pointing my camera West towards Yoakum Springs I see a light moving up and down just under the dark horizon. To me it looked like some one who had gotten water at Yoakum Springs and then got lost and didn't know how to get back to the main road. The light would get super bright and then almost dim into nothing. I yelled at Julius to see what he could make of it. The first thing Julius says, "How are they driving directly up and over the sand stone cliff overhang along the butte surrounding Yoakum Springs?" Once again the light would increase in intensity and then almost disappear. The light was moving very slowly and deliberately. Also the light would change from a yellowish light to an almost white light. I took maybe two more pictures... three in total... specifically I tried to take the pictures when I could not see the light because I felt it detracted from the beauty of the darkening prairie contrasted by the bright orange yellow sunset. I was done taking pictures and returned to my sheep wagon to finish washing the supper dishes. I had put a pan of water to heat up for the dishes on the stove. I put my camera away in its proper place on the cabinet by my bed. I was still beaming that the log building was almost completed. We had done as much as could possibly be done until we got the barn doors. As I sat on the bench in my sheep wagon waiting for the pan of water to get hot I saw intense flashes of light coming in from the sheep wagon's West window. At times a very bright white light. I hear Dean yelling at me... almost screaming... "Get your ass out here right now Mr. One Share!" My thinking was someone had gotten lost or

a ranch sheep herder had an emergency and was driving like crazy and bouncing along on the rutted gumbo access road in his pickup towards us heading to the corrals from the West.

I step out of the sheep wagon and walk towards Dean and Julius. First I look back to see if a pickup was headed towards us... nothing. Then I look back at Dean and Julius... both were looking into the sky with their mouths wide open saying nothing. I look up to see what they were seeing. I am going to try to describe what I saw in the most accurate detail I possibly can from what I wrote in my journal that night plus from what I can still remember.

As the glowing object came closer towards the Cherry Springs corrals and the log lambing shed it changed colors from a bright white to a golden-yellow round light and then the object's color turned almost into an orange tint. Coming towards us in a slow zig zag pattern... the object which was first below the horizon silhouetted as a bright light against the darkened prairie at Yoakum Springs was now visibly airborne above the horizon. As the object got closer to our location I could see that the round, spherical object was changing from a round object to almost a pill like shape as it slowly went from North to South zig zagging up and down (Right to left and then left to right.) (North to South and then North again.) over the open prairie. As the object got closer to our camp the object got brighter and brighter. I never took my eyes off of the object. My first impression was... I wasn't sure what I was seeing. The object was going way too slow to be a trapper in a Cessna airplane hunting coyotes and further more... the light would not have surrounded the aircraft nor changed in color plus there were no standard aviation night lights on the object. The glowing object should have been a dark silhouette against the bright orange West sky's sunset. I had never seen an aircraft fly in an ultra slow zig zag pattern before or since. In an instant the object moved to a position which was totally stationary above the horizon some distance - somewhere between us and

Yoakum Springs. Fastest thing I have ever seen. From where it was located in the sky above us it looked like a small to medium sized propane storage tank. Then in another instant it just disappeared. I thought it had gone South, but everything happened in just a blink of my eye. I look back at Dean and Julius. Dean states to Julius, "That damn thing is incredibly fast! I have never seen an airborne object ever do what that aircraft just did!" Julius says he also thought it went South, but wasn't sure. Dean yelling repeats, "There is no aircraft anywhere that can be perfectly stationary in one spot with no sound and then instantly accelerate into nothingness without a sonic boom let alone do ultra-slow zig zag patterns over the prairie!" As I am turning around to go back into my sheep wagon I see the object for a second time in the direction of Carl's new camp near the muskrat pond. I point to it stating, "There it is again!" Once again the three of us are looking directly at the object in the darkening Northern sky. I try to take some pictures of it in the night sky. As before... the object was slowly changing from a deeper color of white-yellow to almost an orange-red. This time the object was facing us looking more like a a medium to large propane tank than a round oval object. Julius yells that he is going to get his 300 mag and if it gets any closer shoot at it. Dean yells at Julius... "leave your weapon in the Skunk Wagon... don't you dare piss off whatever is flying that aircraft."

Exactly when Dean is yelling at Julius not to get his rifle the object goes from a stationary fixed position above the North horizon of Carl's camp at Mud Lake and the surrounding bluffs into the darker sky and stars of the Eastern horizon. Once again the object disappears in a mere instant. Dean states to Julius and I that there is nothing the United States Air Force flies that has that kind of speed or maneuverability... Dean further states, "Shit it doesn't even have an exhaust trail! So it definitely isn't some form of new jet or rocket." Maybe two or three minutes have gone by... the three of us are scanning all directions of the sky for any movement or for anything... almost instantaneously there was the

object slightly to the South of us seemingly almost directly over head. This time it looked like a super sized propane tank. Julius yells, "Is it the same object?" Dean respond by saying, "I think it is...?" I think it was because the object appeared to be the same shape as we saw earlier... only much larger. The size looked like that of a floating gasoline semi trailer from maybe two football fields away. I could not tell how high above us the object was nor exactly how far away the object was from us. So the only thing I knew for fact was it now was huge. The object was perfectly smooth with nothing seemingly attached to the structure of the object. No window(s) that I could make out or nothing attached to it... it was perfectly smooth. It looked like it was a suspended in air. It's shape was like an extremely large propane tank or medicine pill. As it hovered over the top of us the color of the object had changed now to a deep orange-red color pulsing to almost a momentary bluish color. I could definitely see the objects structure being that it was in the exact metallic shape of a propane tank, but I could not figure out where the light was coming from. It was like the light was coming from the interior of the object... yet the object seemed silver, metallic. The object hovered over the top of us for about four or five minutes... it could have been longer. I am not sure. As I stared at the object my Photochromic (Transitions) Lenses on the eye glasses I was wearing turned so black and dark... I had to take them off to see the blurry final moments of the object floating (flying) near us. The object flew from its position near us directly into the Eastern sky's horizon and not stopping its motion for even a moment, instantaneously changed directions at a right angle to itself and disappeared into a wispy dimly illuminated cloud to the South.

Julius was the first one to speak as he lights a gas lantern. Shouting Julius exclaims, "Who's the F...ing crazy one now!? Huh.. Huh!" Dean sits back down on the tail gate of my pickup shaking his head then asks me what I saw. I pretty much exactly repeated what I stated in this article in the prior paragraph. Dean, talking to Julius and I, states, "There is nothing I know that can fly

and maneuver like that aircraft we just saw. I have never seen any aircraft that can fly without wings with its shape being like it was. As far as I know the United States has nothing that can hover in a stationary position and then instantaneously go to speeds far in excess of super sonic jet speeds and then instantly change directions at right angles... especially at the speeds we saw it flying at... if a human was piloting the craft he would be dead from the G-Forces changing directions that quickly at that speed.” Dean finished by asking us a question, “Did any one of you at any time hear the sound of a jet engine, a prop engine, or any sound what-so-ever?” Julius and I both shook our heads NO! Dean states, “There is not an aircraft in the world that can fly that damn fast that doesn’t have an engine of some sort that makes some form of noise... or when flying that fast does not break the sound barrier.” Then Dean asks me, “What the hell is wrong with your glasses... they are pitch black.” I stated to Dean my glasses were transition glasses that turned color from being exposed to Ultra Violet light after being in the sun. Dean states, “Then that craft was generating an incredible amount of Ultra Violet light... look at your glasses they are still black and the craft has been gone for at least 6 to 8 minutes and its almost night time!” While Dean is talking to me as Julius is fishing out his last remaining half full jar of Tipple Moon Shine. Julius offers a “swig” to Dean. Dean shakes his head NO and states he needed to go to bed. Dean had a long drive in his semi in the morning. Julius sticks the open jar into my face. I politely tell Julius I was not interested, but thank you! As I turn around I realize my legs and hands were shaking. Julius tries to tell us that that object was a real UFO with aliens inside. Julius takes a huge drink from his Tipple Jar and looks into the sky around the camp again. Julius then yelling his statement, “See... that’s where those damn baby sounds were coming from... you both saw it for yourself. A real life UFO like we saw in Alaska.” Dean trying to keep the conversation on an even keel replies that, “Whatever that aircraft was... he hoped it was something the United States had built because if it was Russian we were all F... ed.” After all everyone was still nervous from the “Cold War” that

had supposedly ended between Russia and the United States. Then Dean says the strangest thing... Dean says, "I wish I was the one flying that aircraft..." Julius and I looked at him like he was crazy. Julius takes another swig of his Tipple. Dean just shakes his head at him and heads to his semi.

It took me forever to get to sleep that night. I kept reliving what had happened over and over again. I knew exactly what the three of us had seen, but I had to wonder what the object actually was and where it had come from. Yes... I listened for the crying of a baby and other noises. I heard nothing but an owl hooting... like I said... I did not sleep much that night... I did not even want to make my night time trip outside of the sheep wagon to pee.

Thursday - October 28th, 1971 - The next morning I was up early. As I walked to the outhouse I continuously kept looking up at the sky. I noticed that Dean had gotten up before me and was doing measurements on the log lambing shed doors once again. I assumed he was double checking his measurements. After I had come out of the outhouse there was Julius waiting for his turn. I decided since Dean was leaving I would cook a good rib sticking breakfast. So I took out the Jimmy Dean sausage, made patties, whipped up some biscuit mix, took out the remaining eggs and once breakfast was prepared... yelled that breakfast was ready. I served everything on the tailgate of my pickup. Still no one was speaking about anything from the night before. Finally I said to the two of them... "What did we see last night?" Julius was the first to speak. Julius stated to the the both of us that, "What we saw was an alien space craft! A genuine UFO. And they were the ones making the human baby cries that Carl had heard." I could tell by Julius's face he truly believed what he had said. Neither Dean or I could contradict him about his statement. Then Dean interrupts Julius and says, "I know what I saw but for the life of me I couldn't tell you whether it was alien or if it came from somewhere on our Earth." Dean then says to Julius... "Have you ever thought that maybe it was a time machine from Earth's future and humans

from the future are visiting us for some reason?" Julius states to Dean that his theory was total bullshit... Julius restates, "It was a UFO... we "all" saw it and it was not a damn time machine from our future." The conversation was going no where so I figured I would really muddy the waters and said to the two of them, "Do you think it could have been a space craft from another dimension?" I had been watching Star Trek off and on... so my idea came directly from watching television. Dean tells me that I should never drink ever again any of Julius's wine or Tipple. Julius's "alcohol crap" had already rotted my brain... besides my eye glasses were still a few shades darker than they should have been. As it turns out my eye glasses never did return to the clarity they had when they were new or before seeing the glowing object. I had to get new glasses after I was done working on Cherry Creek. Then Dean got totally serious, stands up and almost orders us to do the following: ***"Not one of us should ever speak a word of what we saw to anyone as long as we live. If the government got word of our experience... we could possibly be flagged and watched for the rest of our lives. I for one do not like the idea of always wondering if someone is prying into my private life because supposedly I saw a UFO... even when I actually did."*** Julius echos Dean's sentiment by saying, "One thing I do not need are government (agents) type people looking into my dealings with my "going ons" with the Crows or on some of my gun dealings around Montana or because of my moonshine." Dean then says, ***"Besides everyone thinks you're off your rocker if you even bring up UFOs, ghosts, or Sasquatch. Let's make a life pact and promise each another... we will never bring this encounter up to anyone... ever... even if we are drunk. Each of us will simply say we do not believe in Sasquatch or Yetis, UFOs or Ghosts. Whether we do or not... it will make our lives and our families lives more normal or whatever!"*** We all agreed it would be in all of our best interests to agree with the pact Dean proposed.

Dean and Julius have both gone to see their maker. I am only sharing this experience we had on the Cherry Creek Sheep Company because it falls into all the other totally unbelievable experiences I had during my five months working in the middle of nowhere in Rosebud County, USA... North of Ingomar Montana. I am now in my 70's... so what is the U.S. Government going to do now... take away my Social Security because the three of us saw something in the sky which we had never seen before and could not explain by ordinary measures. Interestingly enough... one my pictures that I took that night of the sunset actually does show a dot of light below the horizon. I know what that dot was and also I know the picture by its self proves nothing. But just the same I published that specific picture in my photo book, "Julius N. Sebulsky." Every time I look at that sunset picture and the picture of the object zig zagging towards us from the West of my sheep wagon I relive that night as if it had just happened. I even find myself getting the same chills of excitement and wonder that I experienced that evening over fifty years ago.

So where is this leading? Let me tell you some more things that have happened later in my life.

Buddy Maxey, a good friend of mine and I took a trip during the time we were working in Saudi Arabia in the late 1970's. We started in Cairo and visited the Pyramids and Sphinx. From Cairo we went Luxor and began our river cruise to the Valley of the Kings seeing the Temple of Hatshepsut and King Tut's Tomb. Continuing to Edna to see the Temple of Khnum then onto Edfu to see the Temple of Horus or the Falcon God. I never brought up my encounter about the UFO on Cherry Creek with Buddy ever. But after ten days of viewing these Egyptian temples and listening to our Egyptian guides describe everything we saw... Buddy and I both came to the same conclusion. There is no way one man - let alone a million of the strongest human men in the world could have cut, moved, and stacked all the megalithic stone pillars, archways and wall stones using only human power. Egyptians

possessed a technology far beyond what we have even today... even in 2004. Our Egyptian Guides stated to Buddy and I, whether we believed them or not, "The Gods and Pharaohs of Egypt were Star people with alien technology and knowledge which the aliens shared with the Egyptians." There is no other plausible explanations for what Buddy and I saw on our journey up the Nile River in Egypt.

A year later when I was in India working for SAS Trading out of Riyadh Saudi Arabia hiring Pakistani workers. In Delhi, India Buddy and I visited with an "Enlightened One". Buddy and I did this because more than anything we thought it would be fun to have our futures and fortunes to be told to us. This "Enlightened One" was a Buddhist or a Hindu (at the time I did not write it down) who had somehow had an awakening of intellect and could see into the future and into the pasts of people as if he was there. At least that is what we were paying him for... to see into our future lives. The Enlightened One slowly and carefully with great detail told Buddy and I what each of our futures would be. Buddy and I were amused, but not convinced. As Buddy told me at the time..." Nothing more than parlor tricks... the guy is full of sh_t!" Buddy told "The Enlightened One" what he had told the two of us was maybe too vague and a bit hard to believe." To prove to Buddy he indeed could see people's pasts and futures and that he spoke the truth... the Enlightened One told each of us something we had never told anyone. Not even to each other. Now the Enlightened One had my attention and Buddy's. How did the Enlightened One know about Julius, Dean and I seeing what he specifically called "one of the creators of mankind riding in his star vehicle." Buddy went nuts and asked the Enlightened One if he meant an "Alien Space Ship." The Enlightened One nodded Yes and further stated that our Earth has been visited by "the star people" for tens of thousands and possibly for hundreds of thousands of years... maybe even millions of years. He continued to say that we are offspring of the Star People (the Star People made us in their own image) and they were our Gods and sometimes we called them

our Angels. The Star People mated with mankind and had children who were demigods or half man and half Star People. The Enlightened One continued by saying Star People lived at one time in Dwarka – The Sacred City Of Lord Krishna and Lord Krishna was a star god. Both Buddy and I were speechless and speaking for myself not quite fully understanding the implications of the what the Enlightened One had stated. I had never heard of the Lord Krishna or Dwarka. I thought I had pretty much figured out everything in life. After all I was almost 30 years old and I did not realize I hadn't scratched the surface of what could be learned on this Earth. Was The Enlightened One making up the story or was it really true? Then The Enlightened One asked me to leave him so he could talk to Buddy alone. When I saw Buddy I asked him what was said. Buddy laughed a bit and said The Enlightened One stated he would lose his mobility (be paralyzed from the neck down) and eventually would commit suicide. If someone had told me that... it would be like setting your brain on fire. Buddy took the future happenings all in stride and said he would have to live everyday like it was his last then. Buddy even laughed about what The Enlightened One told him about his past... even though Buddy thought it best he didn't tell me about what was said. I didn't know what to think about any of what we had heard. As usual I just made some notes of the happenings in my journal.

Buddy lived his life like everyone else does until he was in a car accident while on leave from his air traffic duties with the U.S. Air Force in Panama City Florida. This accident resulted in Buddy being put into a wheel chair for the rest of his life. Three years later Buddy did indeed commit suicide. All of this still bothers me greatly. Were all the predictions a just a parlor trick... in Buddy's case everything that was predicted came true in the most realistic terms possible concerning his life... in my case almost 100% of everything the Enlightened One told me has come true. I have to wonder if Buddy and I had never met The Enlightened One... would our paths in life been the same or instead not as they were so accurately predicted? So how can I not think that some special

humans do and can see into our pasts and into our futures. I have thought more than once I wish Buddy and I had never seen The Enlightened One.

Our Gods came from the Heavens. Our Gods rode in chariots of fire or on dragons. Or could these descriptions be of space ships? I have traveled to Greece with my wife and seen the Parthenon and the some of the main Greek historical sites. What do they all have in common? Like the Egyptian monuments I do not believe even using twenty first century technology could have human beings created such impossible marvels and monuments without the help and guidance of advanced technology used by aliens. Advanced technologies we no longer possess in order to build any of these structures. The size of the gigantic stones which make up these structures could not be quarried and moved by a normal human power even with the use of modern day machinery. When you see Egyptian stones cut with such precision that only a laser could have done it... when you see the mirror image on the face of the Sphinx, a multitude of identical faces smoothly carved into granite Egyptian statues... when you see Egyptian hieroglyphs depicting space ships, airplanes, and helicopters perfectly etched into solid rock without a hint of tools marks... all of which even modern science can not explain... you have to wonder about an alien presence.

My last thought about all this comes because of the day my wife and I spent in Delphi Greece. A religious sanctuary dedicated to the god Apollo. In ancient times Delphi was a sacred precinct that served as the seat of the priestess Pythia. Pythia was famed throughout the ancient world for divining the future and was consulted before all major undertakings. At Delphi the oracle was consulted about important decisions throughout the ancient classical world. The oracle was international in character and also fostered sentiments of Greek nationality, even though the nation of Greece was centuries away from realization. The ancient Greeks considered the centre of the world to be in Delphi, marked

by the stone monument known as the omphalos (navel). A stone placed there by the God Zeus. The entire sacred area was inhabited by Gods. I truly believe Zeus and the other Gods including Pythia were aliens. Humans at that time could not properly explain what they were seeing and hearing... so Gods were what was used to describe the technology and intellect of the alien beings that were living and teaching Greek humanity and new knowledge. This is not my idea but from a statement made from our Greek guide that described all the history associated with Delphi.

Delphi took its name from the Delphyne, the she-serpent (drakaina) who lived there and was killed by the god Apollo. While at Delphi I started thinking about all the Gods and myths of Greece and comparing the similarity that it had to the Norse Gods such as Odin, Thor, Loki and such. I found it curious the tales between the two groups were so similar. (Yet the two civilization were so far apart geographically. After all they did not have TV or phones then.) Zeus with his lightning bolts and Thor with his hammer that produced lightning bolts. Could all these Gods be the same individuals traveling from one area to another thus creating these different stories by primitive humans who could not adequately explain what they were seeing? Could the lightning bolts be a device which in fact created a laser beam of destruction? Were the Gods in reality extraterrestrial beings with advanced technology and knowledge? Read the stories by the Mayans from South America, the stories by the American Indians, stories by George Washington... All the stories bring any half intelligent person to only one conclusion. Our Gods are from advanced beings which have come from the stars somewhere in our universe. Extraterrestrials that not only possessed knowledge on how to travel the stars, but knowledge that jump started the self awareness of humans and our civilizations aiding in mankind's advancements in technology. Unfortunately all the technology and knowledge which the past civilizations of humanity knew and that was given to us by aliens was lost

somehow. Technology which today's humans are only now rediscovering or reacquiring from possibly reverse engineering technology from alien space craft... as suspected in Area 51?

In conclusion it is my belief there is room for any individual to believe in an invisible God through their faith. Also we humans must also accept the possibility that advanced extraterrestrials exist with knowledge beyond our scope of thinking and technology. Knowledge that did exist if we are to explain the structures of the Egyptians, the Mayans, American Western American Indians and our stories about the Gods from Heaven. The stories in our bibles reflect similar stories all of which could be easily explained by Gods being Extraterrestrials. I do not know what Dean, Julius and I saw on October 27, 1971. I can only describe our experience. Was it a UFO, was it a time machine from the future, was it something created by man on this Earth, was it something traveling from a parallel dimension... I have no clue and I can not answer that question. I do know what I saw was real and beyond any normal means of explanation. Sadly with today's human society being as primitive as it still is... human society is still not ready to acknowledge that advanced extraterrestrial life or other possibilities of what the three of us saw that night fifty years ago do indeed exist in our Universe... even with the possibility of a million other planets existing somewhere space with life similar to ours inhabiting them... life maybe just like ours but millions of years more advanced. Just because, we as individuals, we can not explain what we observe on this Earth... does not dismiss our observations as "not possible" or put our observations in the realm of not existing or never happening. Are the Angels we speak of in the Bible and other Holy Texts really in truth "Star People?" Are the holy ones, our Gods, aliens? Are the balls of fire, the dragons in the sky, the fiery chariots really space ships. Are we humans the direct result, as some of our myths suggest, of genetic engineering by aliens? Think about all the myths describing genetically engineered beasts in our earliest histories... were they created by

extraterrestrials? Just maybe... Pondering all these crazy thoughts I have proposed... wouldn't these ideas make any rational person have to consider some my thoughts as "possibly fact and some how true." Maybe this will connect the dots for some and make the improbable probable. For others nothing will change their perceptions about humans and the possibility of life elsewhere. I think I know some of the answers, but I will let you decide for yourself....

"I stopped reading science fiction once I saw that the UFO was real. It became science fact that just hasn't been proven yet." — Mike Bird

XYZ - I have to believe that there are others who have seen similar objects darting around the skies of Eastern Montana. Because of the lack of understanding of the subject and due to the reluctance to stand out as a beacon from what we perceive as normal... like myself an overwhelming majority of people don't talk about the subject. Maybe the topic really needs to be discussed and for the governments of our world to reveal what they actually know about the subject of Unidentified Flying Objects.

March 12, 2004. Love Papi





Pictures taken on my Nikon 35mm camera on October 27, 1971.

