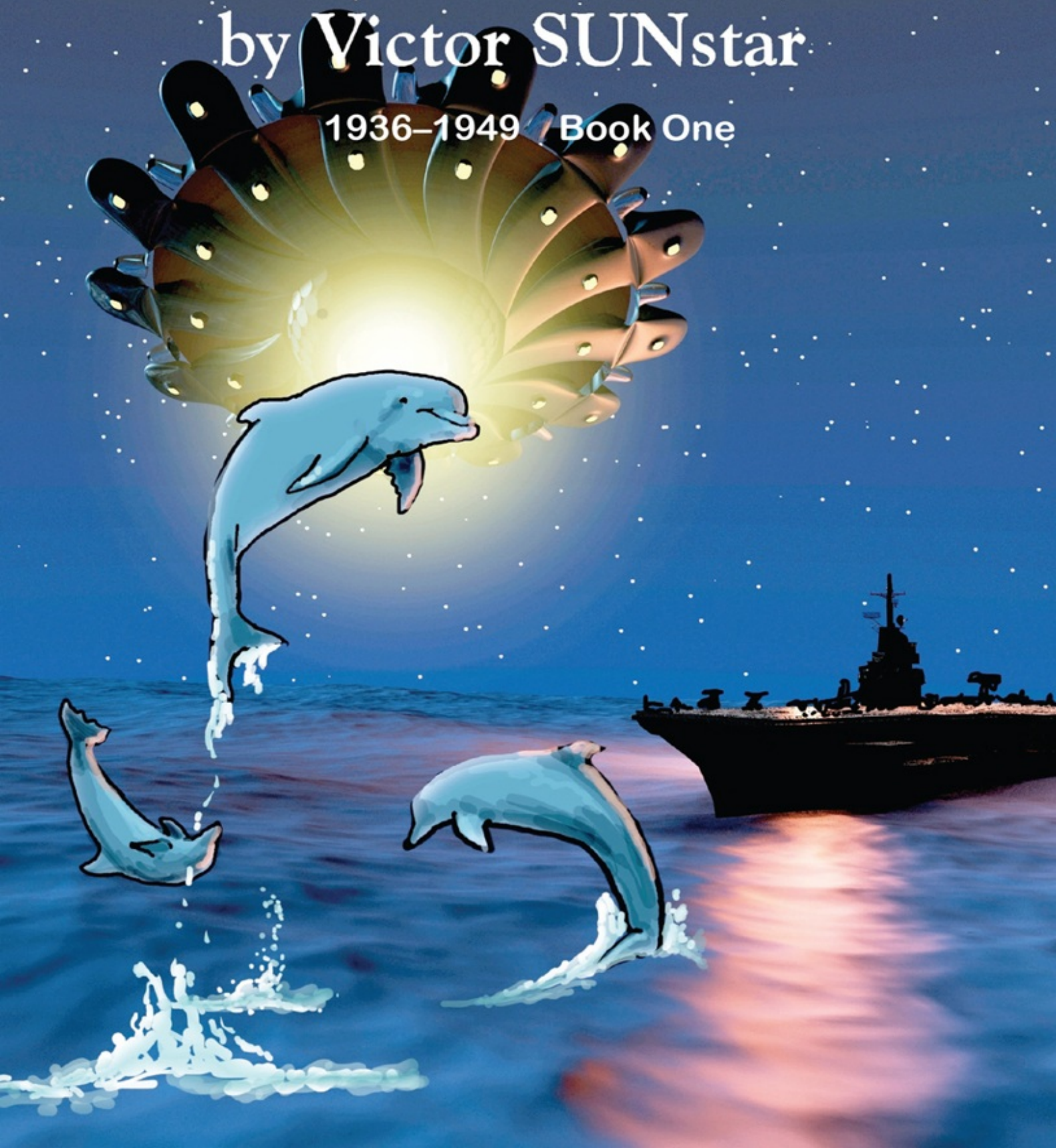


Delphin Homecoming

by Victor SUNstar

1936-1949 / Book One



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CHAPTER 1

AMELIA...

The Place – The Pacific Ocean – just north of the equator

Longitude 176 degrees 28 minutes 27.37seconds West

Between Howland and Baker Islands

The depth: 13,526 ft.

The Date: 2 July 1937 – early evening

Aboard the submerged Delphinian starship, Lifestar

As she groggily awoke, Amelia Earhart slowly realized that she was in a bed, a very nice, soft, comfortable and perfectly supporting bed. But as she reached down to feel the sheet and its mattress, all she felt was air and she thought,

“How can this be?” As she tried to open her eyes and focus, she began to fuzzily see people standing around her, and in her head and body she felt very powerful, loving and healing energies. How nice she thought and just as she was peacefully dozing back to sleep, she thought she heard, “Squeak, squeak and then some strange rapid clicks. Echoing only in her mind she sensed, “Amelia certainly has had some impressive and adventurous life dreams...”

The next day, she once more returned from her serene sleep. She again felt for the comforting velvety sleep sack and her comfortable mattress but once more, she realized with a bit of a start that she was feeling only air under her and she sensed that there was a soft, warm, kind of sensual, fuzzy sack like blanket enveloping her nude body. As she slowly opened her eyes, she again felt very loving, healing, soothing energies. She could more clearly see the people around her bed. There was a lovely lady touching her fingertips to each side of her head and another woman was holding her right hand. She heard in her head, “Amelia, Amelia can you hear me, can you feel me? Can you see me?”

She groggily nodded her head, smiled slightly and whispered,

“Oh yes...I can hear you...”

She opened her eyes more fully and realized that these people in silver and also some in gold flight suits were helping her. She struggled to return to

more consciousness and awoke gasping and screamed, “Oh God! Oh no!” as she remembered that the last thing she saw was the ocean rushing up to her plane. She remembered hearing and feeling the terrifying impact and the loud wrenching and tearing of metal then the noise of cold rushing sea water.

She then heard in her head, “Amelia, I am Glinda and you are now waking up in our, uh hospital after we rescued you from your plane crash. Do you remember what happened, dear lady?”

Suddenly Amelia drew in and let out a loud quick breath and hoarsely said,

“Oh my God, Fred and I had to ditch after we ran out of fuel. Am I aboard the Coast Guard cutter Itasca?”

Glinda, still beaming calming energies to her, flowed into her mind, “Yes, dear lady. You are remembering what happened, Amelia. We felt your terror as your plane crashed in the sea above us and we quickly surfaced to rescue you.”

Amelia tried to sit up but Glinda gently pushed her back down as she echoed in Amelia’s mind. “Amelia, where were you flying to?”

Amelia recalling more clearly said, “We were headed for Howland Island on the second from the last segment of my around the world flight and we had taken off over 22 hours before from Lae in Papua, New Guinea. We were really afraid because we were dangerously low on fuel and I could not hear any radio or understand the Morse code responses from Itasca. And, even at 1000 feet, we could not see tiny Howland Island through the persistent low marine layer clouds covering the sea.” Again Amelia tried to sit up and again asked, “Are we aboard the USS Itasca?”

She felt Glinda saying in her head, “No Amelia, you are now aboard Lifestar, our, uh, our ship, and we will take care of you and when you are better, take you to Howland Island or anywhere in the world that you want to go. Now you must rest and absorb our healing energies and these nutritious medical fluids flowing into your blood stream. Please rest now dear earth woman, recuperate and when you are stronger, we will then fill you in on all that has happened.” As Amelia again sank into the soothing healing energies, she mumbled, “What about Fred. What’s happened to Fred, is he ok?” And just as she began to slip into a deeper sleep she winced as she grimly remembered hearing Fred screaming from his rear navigation compartment, “My God we’re going to die Amelia. We’re going to buy the farm!”

When Amelia awoke again she still remembered Fred’s dreadful

screams. She also felt soothing, loving, sympathetic energies as she realized that a lovely woman was holding her right hand and the woman who had talked to her, was sitting on the other side of her bed, gently holding her other hand. But again, she was anxious feeling only warm air under her nude body.

She opened her eyes fully, looked fearfully at the woman on her left and asked, “Where am I? Who in blazes are you?” While she asked these questions, she continued to feel down each side of her body, and frantically asked, “Why is there no mattress under me?” As she became more fully awake, she began to be really alarmed and wondered, “Is this a dream? Am I dead?” To her further astonishment she heard in her head, “No dear Amelia, you are not dead. You are ok and you will soon be completely well again. But you were also having some serious stomach problems, so, our medicos cured that for you. Are you feeling better now than before your crash?”

Amelia then noticed that her stomach felt fine and there wasn't any acid or burning feeling anymore. She smiled gratefully and said, “My gosh, you are quite right, my stomach is feeling just fine now.”

The head medico holding her right hand beamed, “That's really great Amelia. I am sure that after some more balanced nutrition, you will feel totally fit soon. Please try and rest again now and tomorrow when you are stronger and healthier we will explain everything to you.” Glinda clicked softly and soothingly and again beamed calming and deep sleep inducing energies into Amelia.

Glinda then heard in her head a worried telepathic question from her husband, Arthur, up on the starship's bridge. “How is our guest doing Glinda? Has she recovered consciousness yet? What in the name of Amador are we going to tell her?”

Glinda mentally beamed back to her husband, the co leader of their pod, “I think with this visitor, after she's adjusted to us, we will simply tell her the truth. Maybe she can somehow act as a connection for us to President Roosevelt or perhaps at least to their new League of Nations in San Francisco.”

Arthur beamed, “Hummmm... maybe so, but remember, when we return her to earth, we must erase all of her memories about her contact with us. With the coming of the horrible second world war on earth, we just cannot yet risk any unplanned discovery of us by any of the earthers.”

Glinda responded beaming, “I agree husband. When I mind probed Amelia, I found her to be very unique, special, and strong and really self

determined, I think she may make a very adept first contact for us. Amador knows we sure need a reliable, sane, trustworthy contact and human agent on earth. Also, even though she is married to a Mr. George Putnam, she is not at all happy or really strongly emotionally connected to him. Right after their marriage she took off her wedding ring and has not worn it since. He apparently is only a very handsome mask. He's a psychic vampire for energies from famous people and he has a horrible foul mouth and temper to boot! She is a very independent woman and I really feel and hope that she can be our initial vital connection to the government of the United States. I also discovered that she is very good friends with Eleanor Roosevelt, the President's wife. Apparently one time Amelia took Mrs. Roosevelt on a night time flight over the USA capital of Washington, DC and Eleanor was so enthralled that she soon got her student pilot license with hopes of having Amelia as her flight instructor. But, then her husband, the President, forbade her to take any flying lessons."

Arthur beamed to his wife; "Hummmm. How peculiar that a husband could forbid his wifemate anything. Well then, maybe President Roosevelt will think our Amelia Earhart to be a bad influence on Mrs. Roosevelt."

Glinda beamed to her husband, "Well Arthur, Amelia, and only through Mrs. Roosevelt, will have to somehow win the confidence of Mr. Roosevelt. Certainly after he begins to learn about us, our Amelia and Mrs. Roosevelt could hopefully certainly gain President Roosevelt's undivided attention and respect for our plea to live on earth and also respect our need for maximum secrecy."

Arthur gave a soft moan and beamed, "OK, whatever you think my clever queen. We shall see how sincerely open she might be to effectively helping us while keeping our secret plans to land and live on earth."

Glinda beamed, "Oh Amadore I do hope so! We have reached the stress limit of our pods patience and frustrations over the six confining generations that we have traveled to find a new and safer water world home. Respect and honor always dear, that our previous five generations sacrificed their irreplaceable life dreams in this trusty old starship to get the last remaining, 160 of us, to Earth."

Arthur moaned sadly thru his upper spinal blowhole, clicked lowly and sadly and slowly beamed, "My Queen, I will always and in all ways bless and honor our brave podcestors. So, I also hope that Amelia will ally with us and help us connect with the President. But with their coming world war, I truly wonder now if we made a good choice to come to their magnificent water

world.”

Glinda beamed, “Remember dear, that along with the catastrophic meta gravity un-stability, our sea levels fell beyond being able to sustain us any longer on our home world. Also, the alpha male egos, greed and endless war and destruction of life dreams are why 300 of us left our home world in this ancient star ship 372 years ago. And now, moan, squeak, click, click, click to come here, only to discover that the same fear, egos, greed and war insanity is raging on this beautiful blue water world.”

Arthur beamed to his wife, “Well beloved queen of mine. This is for sure the end of our flight. Our, what... 50,000 year old creaking and stinking starship, from the ancients, desperately needs major and minor repairs that we can no longer accomplish now with our totally depleted spare parts, our inadequate equipment and materials onboard to design and make replacement parts.”

The next ship’s time morning Amelia awoke to find Glinda and several other people standing around her bed. She gradually noticed that she was now in a smaller room. She reached to feel for the mattress and was still anxious to again feel only air beneath her. She quickly sat up and looked down as she panicked and frantically felt for a mattress. She almost began to freak out as she looked uneasily at Glinda and demanded, “Ok sister, why is there no mattress?”

Glinda put her hand over Amelia’s left hand, smiled and without moving her lips beamed into her head, “Amelia, you have no mattress because we don’t use them. You have been sleeping in an antigravity bed and you are aboard our starship Lifestar and... we are now orbiting your planet.”

Glinda waved her hand to a female crewmember standing by the curved wall. She touched a small red plate and the nanocrystalline metal wall section became transparent revealing the extraordinary view of Earth from 500 miles up.

Amelia sat there thunderstruck, gawking and totally mesmerized at her home world and its beautiful oceans that she had almost died in. But as plucky as Amelia was, she silently took all of this in and submissively said, “OK Glinda, please... please do tell me more.”

Glinda gently clasped Amelia’s forearm, smiled and beamed into Amelia’s mind images of her crumpled plane on top of what she supposed was the top of the starship she now found herself in. Glinda then beamed, “I

am so sorry dear lady that your navigator, Fred Noonan, did not survive the crash into the sea between Howland and Baker islands.” “ Our medicos tried for hours to try to save him, but he was too badly injured.”

Amelia felt tears come to her eyes and she began to have the heebie-jeebies and really cry as the impossible enormity of all this truly settled into her mind and spirit. She cried, “Oh poor Fred. He was only 44 and he was going to use the publicity and profits from our flight to open his own flight school at the Grand Central Airport in Burbank. Now we will have to make a memorial plaque for him someday at the Portal of Folded Wings in the Valhalla cemetery which is across from the Burbank airport’s west side rail road tracks.”

Glinda reached out and took the now completely anguished crying aviatrix into her arms and sent caring, loving and soothing energies into Amelia. After about a minute, Amelia, wiping her tears with the back of her hand, sighed and said, “Dear Glinda, whoever you are, thank you. You have saved me and now, I have a million questions for you. Who are you? Where do you come from? How did you know I was crashing? How did...”

Glinda clicked softly and looked affectionately into her eyes and beamed, “Amelia, may I please touch my fingertips to you head?”

Amelia apprehensively nodded her head and with a resigned sigh said, “Well, Ok...”

After Glinda connected with Amelia’s mind and spirit, she quickly let the entire story flow into Amelia’s mind of how they had stolen this ancient starship from a military history museum and traveled 97.5 light years for six generations to come to try and resettle on earth. Glinda then clicked and smiled as she related, “Like the rest of the world, we were eagerly following your flight on our vhf and shortwave radio frequencies, when we heard your frantic KHAKK calling Itasca, and heard you say, ‘We must be on you now, but cannot see you. Gas is running low.’ We then simply calculated where your plane was going to crash. We rapidly maneuvered our starship just 40 feet (12 meters) under water in that area between Howland and Baker Islands to stand by in case we were needed.

As your plane crashed and lost its inertia, we ascended to gently lift up your slowly sinking Lockheed 10E onto the flat area on the top hull of our ship. Then, four crew members exited the roof hatch and rescued you Amelia. Another crew member using an anti gravity cart, retrieved all of the loose salvageable items inside your plane.”

Glinda gestured to the corner of the room and there, on a table and on the floor, were most of her and Fred's baggage, notes, maps, food, flashlights, water canteens – almost everything, even some of the damaged soaked stuff had been recovered from her plane. Glinda unfolded a piece of paper, clicked softly and beamed, "Dear Amelia, we know you are a woman of strong vision and true courage. I really loved reading your poem. She then handed the paper to Amelia.

Courage

Courage is the price which life exacts for granting peace. The soul that knows it not, knows no release

From little things;

Knows not the livid loneliness of fear Nor mountain heights, where bitter joy you can hear

The sound of wings.

How can life grant us boon of living, compensate, For dull gray ugliness and pregnant hate

Unless we dare

The soul's dominion? Each time we make a choice we pay with courage to behold resistless day

And count it fair.

Amelia Earhart

Amelia tearfully hugged Glinda and said, "Oh Glinda this is so special. I am very glad you retrieved this from my things." She hesitatingly asked, "So, what did you do with my airplane?"

Arthur, from the bridge, beamed to Amelia, "I am Glinda's pod mate and dear brave pilot lady. When we submerged, we had to let your aircraft sink to the bottom. It is important that for now, no one knows what happened to you. I am sorry but we must protect the secret of our presence on your planet."

Amelia, while at the same time understanding this, also began to feel anger and more trepidation as she realized she was abducted and was a captive of these kind and loving aliens.

Glinda sensing Amelia's concerns beamed, "Dear Amelia, you are not

our prisoner. You may leave us anytime you want to and we mean you and all earthers no harm.”

Then one of the women, wearing an all white flight suit, brought a light blue hospital like bed tray to her and on it was apparently food. But Amelia, in open-mouthed astonishment, recognized only the regular bottle of Coke a Cola sitting next to a traditional light green soda fountain Coke glass half filled with ice.

The woman smiled and beamed, “Dear Amelia, you must try to eat this solid food. It is very nutritious and tasty too. I programmed our food synthesizer to try to prepare this to your earthly tastes.”

Amelia, seeing no fork or spoon, simply picked up an orange colored bit and chewed and remarked, “Why, this is quite tasty. What is it?”

The lovely alien woman smiled as she used an earthly bottle opener to open and pour Amelia’s Coke and also handed her a hospital style accordion bent soda straw. She beamed, “I am glad it is to your liking Amelia. I am Mariana, our chief nutritionist. This is what you would call seaweed and those white bits are fish chunks and the caffeine and sugar in your Coke will also help replenish your blood sugars and normal human body energy levels.”

As Amelia tentatively sipped her Coke she asked, “Coke? Oh jeeppers! Where on earth did you get it?”

Glinda grinned, made a joyful squeaking sound and beamed, “Amelia, since our arrival to earth back in 1936, we discovered Coke during our uh, exploratory walkabouts onshore - and we totally adore it! We almost all drink it every day now.”

Arthur squeaked and clicked as he beamed, “Uh Uh, not for those on duty here on the bridge my Queen.”

By then Amelia had begun to take a good look at these handsome beings. The three other lovely auburn haired women in her room were all dressed in silver flight suits but honey ginger haired Glinda had on a gold colored flight suit. As Amelia thought to herself, “In my life I had come to realize that when things were going very well indeed it was just the time to anticipate trouble. And, conversely, I learned from pleasant experience that at the most despairing crisis, when all looked sour beyond words, some delightful ‘break’ was apt to lurk just around the corner.”

She then noticed a young girl with curly dark hair nearby, also wearing a

gold flight suit. She was smiling and apparently beaming joyful and excited love energies to her. She seemed to be a very lovely, bright and exuberant child. Amelia reached out her hand to the lovely chestnut haired star child and said, "Oh you are so lovely, please come here."

The girl stepped over and took Amelia's left hand and beamed to her,

"My adopted earth name is Selena after your lovely moon." Amelia then clearly heard high squeals of delight and some rapid clicks coming from behind the excited young girl.

Amelia smiled and asked, "Oh ok dear little Selena" "How old are you?"

Selena squeezed her hand and beamed proudly, "I am 5 of your earth years old now. I was born in space in your year of 1932."

Selena reached, put her arm under Amelia and laid her head on her chest as Amelia tentatively and lovingly fondled her curly golden walnut hair. Amelia then began to hear some low pitched but rapid clicks, almost like purring. And incredibly, she heard in her head from Selena, "In my life I had come to realize that when things were going very well indeed it was just the time to anticipate trouble. And, conversely, I learned from pleasant experience that at the most despairing crisis, when all looked sour beyond words, some delightful 'break' was apt to lurk just around the corner."

Amelia gasped in delight and said, "Oh my God! You actually can read and totally memorize my mind!" Amelia smiled lovingly, looked at Glinda and said, "Oh she is super bright and lovely and full of loving energies. I am really thankful to have encountered all of you and again my whole hearted thanks for rescuing me."

Glinda smiled as she put her hand on Selena's back and beamed, "Dear brave Amelia. We are so happy that you are ok now." Amelia smiled and said, "I realize now that none of you can talk. Is that true?" Glinda nodded her head, clicked softly and smiled as she beamed, "It's true Amelia. Since we evolved from dolphins on our home world, we are completely telepathic and sonic." The contented clicking and happy squeaks and squeals that you feel and hear from Selena are also part of our emotions and natural communicating."

Three days later Amelia was completely healed and reenergized. She sat at the amazing and magnificently decorated round table in the alien's main meeting room with Glinda, Arthur and Selena. After they finished off a delicious fish and processed seaweed dinner, they sipped their cokes, which the aliens seemed to get just a little bit mellow on. Amelia asked Glinda, "Uh

your majesty, May I please thank those who went topside and rescued me?”

Glinda smiled and beamed, “Ok, I will summon them and they should be here in a few minutes. Why do you ask this?” Amelia who had been a dedicated pilot since her first flight lessons at Kenner Airfield in Long Beach California when she was 23 said, “It is customary to always thank those who rescue us from crashes.”

She then sadly thought back to the previous evening when they gathered in the small funeral chapel of the starship to return Fred Noonan’s remains to the eternity of space and time. Glinda, Selena and Arthur holding her hands, stood on each side of her along with several crew members of Lifestar. Glinda recited the traditional blessing and farewell for the mortal starstuff remains and spirit of Fred to be returned to the creators - of this and other universes - the Amadores.

“Beloved Amadores, creators of space, time, and precious light, life and awareness, we bless and release the body our fellow being as all of his 44 Earth years of life dream mind recordings have now returned to you.”

Arthur then pushed a red button and the airlock outer door slid open and Fred’s silver shrouded body simply floated silently out to space and eternity. Amelia then heard all of the Delphinians singing. It was an emotional combination of soft moans and low and slow clicking that clearly demonstrated their sadness and respect for Fred.

As Glinda was holding Amelia’s left arm, Selena tearfully clung to Amelia’s right arm, Amelia asked, “Glinda what exactly are life dreams?” As the spiritual leader of her pod, Glinda smiled and beamed to Amelia, “Every living being and most higher animals in the universe, each night, when we are in stage four deep sleep, we transmit, through our universal delta brain waves, everything we have thought, seen, heard, felt and done, back to our creators so they too can enjoy the life dreams of their creations. Don’t you do that on earth?”

Amelia became taken aback as she mouthed, “Oh sweet Jesus, Joseph and Mary! Creators of the Universe, oh my dear God in heaven...”

They walked hand in hand from the small chapel with its curious Madonna like sculptures and spiritual artwork on the walls. Selena beamed to Amelia, “We love our Amadores because they created us and gave us unconditional free choice to try to always respect each other and make good life dreams come true for all.” Glinda beamed in, “Yes because anything

thing we think can become true. Good, bad, sad, or happy - we are the response able creators of our own life dreams every moment of each day.”

Amelia said, “Oh Glinda, that is so beautiful and wonderful for self and social responsibility. I wish we on earth could learn your spiritual ways. Will you please teach me?” Glinda, who began to feel more hopeful that Amelia would be their prime contact and crucial colleague, smiled and beamed, “Of course Amelia, I will be glad to share with you our spirituality.”

Selena squealed and beamed, “Oh mother, pleaseeee, can Amelia come live in my cabin?”

Amelia, who now found herself crossing into a new, exciting and inconceivable life now far removed from her previous earthly flying adventures and connections, grinned as she said, “Oh Glinda I really am excited and totally glad to be welcome and needed here. We have wondered for centuries if we are alone in the galaxy and now of course, I alone know that we are not alone. I have so much to ask you and to learn from you and really, I do indeed want to stay with all of you!”

Glinda squeezed Amelia’s hand as she thought to herself, “I thought so.

When I probed your mind I realized that while you are reluctantly indulgent of your husband, you do not like at all what he has done by patronizing you for publicity and financial gain. So, understandably you despise his horrible foul mouthed tempers and his psychic vampire like super sponge ego supposedly all for your flying career. You do not have a real spiritual marriage with Gerald Putnam and you have finally now, thank Amador, become totally used up by his seemingly endless, cold abuse and exploitation of you.”

Glinda smiled as she beamed, “Amelia welcome to our pod, family as you call it. I hope you can stay for a long interval and learn from us. We have so much to share with you and frankly, we need your help in contacting your President Roosevelt.”

Amelia exclaimed, “Please know that I will do anything I can to help all of you. Do you know that I am actually good friends with the President’s wife, Eleanor?”

Glinda, already knew that but she just looked amazed and beamed, “Oh really! That would be so helpful Amelia. But with your frightening world war coming, we now feel that we must wait for more peaceful times to contact

your government to ask for uh, refuge.”

Amelia looked frankly at her new alien friends and said, “Did you know that president Roosevelt asked me to try to spy on the Japanese ship placements as a part of my around the world flight? But when we could not find Howland Island and then crashed, well, dear lady, I am truthfully relieved to be free from such covert and dangerous espionage war games and worries. Oh Glinda, I agree that another horrible senseless world war is coming and I think that there is nothing you or I nor anyone else can do to stop it.”

Glinda beamed and moaned, “It was the same on our home world Amelia. The alpha male egos and their endless over reactive limbic hormones eventually caused the political and social ruin on our beautiful home water world orbiting beta Delphinus in the constellation that you call Delphinus. This is truthfully why our pod pirated this ship and fled for six generations over these 372 light and life years with hopes of finding a new peaceful home water world like your magnificent Earth.”

Amelia held her new ally’s hand as she tearfully cried, “Oh dear Delphinians, welcome home, but now with the coming war with the Germans and soon the Japanese, I fear that our world would not be at all safe nor ready for you now...” Just then, Amelia noticed a really handsome curly dark haired Delphinian and that he was also wearing the round tortoise shell eye glasses that apparently all male Delphinians always wore. He was wearing a medium blue flight suit and the rather strange very wide black and silver trim shoes that all of the Delphinians wore. The other three were amazingly dressed in earth like khaki trousers and each wore turtlenecks; one in a light grey, one in blue and the last one, an attractive female dressed in an off white.

Glinda grinned and beamed, “Enough of this deep and onerous war talk for now. Amelia, I want you to meet your rescuers. This is Delnoid 4M, Delnoid 5M and Delnoid 6F. And finally here,” she mirthfully squeaked “In his, semi formal flight suit, is Embry, our chief pilot and one of our celestial and earthly navigators.” Amelia stood to shake their hands and as she did, each one, to her astoundment, kissed her on her cheek as she shook their hands. Then to her even further bewilderment, as she shook the hands of the three Delnoids. They each actually said aloud, “Hello Miss Earhart, I am very thankful you are ok and well again.” Amelia looked at Glinda in confusion and stammered, “Why... why... they can talk! How is this possible?”

Glinda looked at Arthur who gave her an affirmative nod and explained, “Amelia these Delnoid units are actually uh, what you would call,er, made from us, but they are especially designed biological androids. We call them

Delphinoids. They are produced by us to help us and since we knew we would be coming to earth, we genetically modified them so that they can speak aloud. They each have been programmed to speak in English, Spanish, French, German, Italian, Japanese, Chinese and Russian. We too have been learning these languages ever since we came into AM radio range of your planet back in your year of 1899. On your Christmas eve in 1906, we heard what might have been your first radio show. We heard somebody playing *Oh Holy Night* on the violin and then someone recited a passage from your bible. I have since read it and its fascinating and some of its stories parallel some of our spiritual legends.

As Amelia again shook the hands of the Delphinoids, she looked admiringly at Embry and invited him to please sit next to her. She thanked Glinda and Arthur for saving her and again after looking directly into Embry's eyes, she very uncharacteristically hugged him and whispered, "Oh thank you so much Embry, I do hope we can spend some time talking about uh, flying."

Embry winked at Glinda and beamed, "That is exactly what I want to enjoy too dear Amelia."

Glinda grinned and beamed privately to Arthur, "OK good, she is hooked." Arthur just let out a descending relieved squeak from his blowhole as he grinned and squeezed his wife's hand under the table.



CHAPTER 2

ELEANOR...

The Japanese sneak attack on Pearl Harbor occurred on 7 December 1941. On February 19, 1942, FDR signed the heartless and needless Japanese American internment executive order number 9066 to remove all Japanese from the West Coast inland to stark and freezing or baking hot concentration camps in California, Arizona, Utah and Idaho. All of it was done to supposedly to protect Americans. Eleanor Roosevelt was furious with her husband for caving in to the war hysteria and the anti Japanese racial prejudice. But, in spite of her pleadings, he ordered the internment of over 120,000 loyal Japanese Americans. Half of which were innocent infants, children and women!

After her visit by covered jeep to the central Arizona Gila River relocation camp on April 23, 1943, Eleanor, after eating dinner at the camp with the Japanese prisoners, returned late at 10pm to her modified twin tail C-87A / B-24 Liberator Express aircraft number 124159. It was blithely named, '*Guess Where II*' which was waiting for her at Falcon Field which was the temporary war time British Air Corps training facility located 5 miles north east of Mesa, Arizona. She ordered the co-pilot and all of her staff, except for her pilot, to get their overnight bags and get out of the plane. Once she had them all lined up at the ladder of her plane, she said in her usual shrill voice, "I want all five of you to please wait for me here until I return hopefully by 10 pm day after tomorrow. The Falcon's Roost restaurant will stay open for you until midnight and re-open for breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner for all of you until I return." She continued, "I know it can be hotter than hell here in central Arizona during the day even now in early springtime but, the evaporative roof coolers here should keep everyone comfortable.

There is plenty of coffee, coke, beer and sandwiches and again - I should hopefully be back in about 72 hours. I have chosen to visit the Manzanar relocation camp in California alone in order for me to see what it is really like without any camp officers trying to cover up any outposts. When I think of those poor unfairly interred Japanese Americans and especially the children and infants I am outraged! The barracks here are also ready for you. So please be sure to get a good night's rest. All of you should take advantage of this opportunity to meet and thank the brave young British pilots training here for the European theatre."

Her chief assistant, Malvina Thompson, sputtered, “But, but Mrs. Roosevelt, aren’t you going to need me and other staff to accompany you?”

Eleanor grinned and said, “No, no thank you. I want to go alone and unannounced to see what it is really like in that camp. It was the first one built and opened in mid March of 1942. Now, all of you please listen up. This is top, top secret and your jobs depend on each of you keeping this, uh, little surprise side trip of mine completely confidential...”

After the take off, Eleanor sat in her seat, opened her briefcase and from a secret document compartment, she withdrew and opened a well worn plain manila envelope. She again, still in disbelief, unfolded and read again the handwritten letter on a strange, almost metallic like, very light blue paper which was folded in the well worn rectangular brown hardcover flight log of Amelia Earhart. She cried as she again read the last entry made by Amelia on July 2, 1937, after 20 hours in the air after she had taken off from Lae in Papua, New Guinea. The log book notes column said, “Oh God it will be so good to get back to California. I hope we make it.”

Holding the flight log to her breast, almost like a prayer book, Eleanor recalled the Sunday on March 7th 1943, when her whole universe changed forever. She had been reading and relaxing in her living room next to the fireplace on that weekend. It was her separate residence, at her own Val-Kill Stone Cottage, about 2 miles east of her and FDR’s home on their tremendous mile square 640 acre (259 hectare) Roosevelt estate in Hyde Park, New York.

Fala, the President’s black Scottish Terrier, lying at her feet, scrambled to his legs and started barking furiously and even his somewhat short curly back hairs hackled. Eleanor was unsuccessfully trying to calm the freaking out pet, when her colored staff maid came into room and said, “Excuse me Mrs. Roosevelt, the secret service man says there is someone at the front door to see you.”

Fala raced off, teeth barred, claws slipping nosily on the wooden floors, he was barking frantically and growling as he had never done before as he scrambled towards the entrance.

Eleanor wearily rose from her chair and followed the maid to the front door. When she got there she found agent Jim Grant standing next to a really nice looking dark haired man who was dressed in a proper grey and off white striped three piece suit and a brown tie. The stranger at the door smiled, looked directly at Fala and the frenzied little dog amazingly stopped barking

and laid down in a submissive posture with his small tail wagging in acceptance of the stranger. Eleanor told her maid to please collar Fala and keep him away.

Jim turned to Mrs. Roosevelt and said, "Excuse me ma'am. This is Mr. uh, what did you say your name was sir?"

The man politely removed his brown Fedora hat, looked directly into Eleanor's eyes, smiled and said, "My name is Delnoid uh, Delbert that is."

The agent gruffly said, "Well, I checked his Federal ID and it id's him as Delbert Delphino from the Pentagon alien affairs office. So, he is ok Mrs. Roosevelt."

Eleanor had sensed the unusually good energies coming from this very handsome visitor. She held out her hand and as they clasped, she suddenly felt very strong caring and trusting energies between them. Eleanor, with admiring eyes only on Delbert, flicked her left hand dismissively as she said, "That will be all for now. Thank you Jim." She gently pulled on Delbert's hand and said, "Oh my, somehow I am so delighted that you came by dear sir."

Delnoid 7M smiled and said, "I am very relieved and glad to have found you at home Mrs. President, uh, that is, Mrs. Roosevelt." Eleanor smiled and said, "Oh please, do call me Eleanor."

They sat facing each other in front of the fireplace. They were in the living room near the study. She sat on the blue couch and he sat on the blue chair with wide white trimmed panels. Eleanor asked, "Would you like something cool to drink Mr. uh, Delbert is it?"

He nodded appreciatively, almost like a kid, grinned and said, "Coke please. Oh, I do love ice cold Coke Mrs. Roosevelt."

Eleanor dismissed her maid after receiving coke, ice in a glass and ice tea for her. As they sat there Delnoid 7M, smiled earnestly and said, "I have come to visit you to bring you a message from a dear, uh... mutual friend of ours."

Eleanor gave a half smile and asked, "And, who might that be? I don't believe I have ever met you before Mr. Delphino."

Delnoid looked very attentive as he stood and asked, "May I come sit next to you on the couch Eleanor?" As he sat next to the flattered First Lady he said, "This is so Mrs. er, Eleanor. We haven't met before, but I am sure you will welcome the news that I bring from your long lost friend, Amelia"

Stunned, Mrs. Roosevelt exclaimed, "What are you saying sir?" She was wide eyed with shock, she stiffened, dropped her ice tea glass on the floor and scowled, "Sir, my dear friend Amelia has been missing and presumed drowned for the last five years."

Delnoid 7 smiled and beamed soothing energies as he asked, "May I hold your hand Eleanor?"

She, surrendering to his loving alien energies said, "Very well Delbert, I trust that it will be all right - whoever you really are..."

As Delnoid 7 held her hand he said, "Please close your eyes now Eleanor." He then telepathically beamed into Eleanor's head the whole story of Amelia Earhart's crash and rescue by the Delphinians. As she grasped the incredible magnitude of what he was sharing with her, she stamped her feet rapidly on the floor and broke into tears of joy and disbelief.

At the end of his astounding story he reached into his inside coat pocket and withdrew a well worn 4 x 7 inch brown rectangular, leatherette pilot's log book and said to Eleanor. "This I bring to you as proof that it is from our Amelia along with her handwritten message to you." He beamed into her mind, "Of course only you alone can know that Amelia is alive, well, and happily and safely living with us." He withdrew his hand from hers, they both stood and she fell into his arms sobbing and smiling simultaneously, "Oh thank God she is alive. Thank God! We had given up all hope for her years ago. Thank you for this incredible and miraculous news dear Delbert..."

Delnoid 7M telepathically beamed to her, "When you read her note, it will tell you where to come to meet her." "She has much news and a vital plea for you Mrs. Roosevelt."

Then to the utter shock of Mrs. Roosevelt, she heard in her head, "Hello dear Mrs. Roosevelt. I am Glinda, queen of our pod uh, family. I am in our starship 500 miles above you right now. Thank you for receiving our and Amelia's messenger dear First Lady."

We love you and will explain our vital plea to you when we meet at the location listed in Amelia's note on the 24th of April, of this year. The meeting is set for the end of your upcoming Arizona trip. So, please plan accordingly."

Just as Mrs. Roosevelt had ordered from the coordinates on Amelia's note, her favorite pilot, Charles Alfred Anderson, flew northwesterly on a

heading of two three niner niner one (239.91) degrees to latitude 36 degrees 44 minutes 12.88 seconds North and a Longitude of 118 degrees 08 minutes 40.74 seconds west. In approximately an hour and a half they covered the 427 miles from Falcon Field to a strangely out of place large Army airport.

The airport had a 4,800 foot runway, a small tower 7 miles south east of Independence, California, at highway 395 and the Manzanar Reward Mine Road where it crosses the California aqueduct. The south end of the runway was right across from the Manzanar camp. For the landing Eleanor, who still adored flying, went forward and plopped herself down in the right co-pilots seat.

Charles lowering the plane's nose, said, "Mrs. Roosevelt, according to the map, we're on a straight in final approach heading of 350 degrees to land on the longest runway here. Please fasten your seat belt now Eleanor uh, Ma'am"

Eleanor exclaimed in her shrill voice, "Charles, use your powerful landing lights and do the best you can chief!" Charles switched on the lights, smiles and said, "Well Eleanor, any landing we can walk away from is a good landing." Eleanor, hearing that, resolutely remarked, "I trust that we will be just fine but as soon as you can stop our trusty old *Guess Where II* from rolling, turn off the landing and all the other lights as quickly as you can!"

At 00:30 on the 24th, Charles stopped the plane and killed all the lights. Mrs. Roosevelt grabbed and flicked on a flashlight and said, "Well, so far so good. Fortunately we don't see any lights on around here at all in the tower nor in that lone hanger. Maybe they have gone over to the Manzanar camp or into Independence for the night. The only lights I can see are across that highway coming from the camp offices and barracks. Ok now chief pilot Anderson, this will be a top secret, super top secret mission for me. So, you must obey me and put the blackout window covers up now and promise to remain inside the plane until sunup, no matter what you may hear! I should be back - hopefully by 3pm day after tomorrow.

If I do not return, you must fly back to Mesa, pick up my staff and return directly back to Washington. You must report immediately – in person - to the President and tell him, "Gone with the Wind." Is that understood Captain Anderson?"

The fighter pilot ace 1 who had flown Mrs. Roosevelt everywhere since May, 1941, after she went for a flight with him during her visit to the Tuskegee Aviation Institute, reached out, took his First Lady's hand and said,

“Oh dear Mrs. Roosevelt, Please do be extra careful dear lady.”

Eleanor squeezed his hand, smiled and said, “Oh please don’t worry. At sunup you can remove the window covers and walk about outside if you wish” There is plenty of grub in our galley.

Charles smiled and said, “Yes Ma’am! If anyone comes by I will tell them I am just waiting for parts and a repair crew.”

Eleanor smiled and said, “But again Charles, be sure to remain inside the plane tomorrow night with all window covers back up. If I return at night. I will knock three times on the hull with this flashlight. Your career and possibly your very life depends on you keeping those covers up after dark tomorrow and staying inside this plane tonight no matter what! Ok?”

She impulsively bent over and reassuringly patted his right shoulder a couple of times.

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