

BUILDING 265

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Joe receives NASA medal

Biography:

Joe Gutheinz is the most decorated Special Agent in NASA OIG history, having earned the NASA Exceptional Service Medal, the President's Council on Integrity and Efficiency Career Achievement Award, a Special Commendation from the United States Attorney's Office of the Southern District of Texas; a Certificate of Special Achievement from the United State Department of Transportation and awards and recognitions from six other Federal Agencies.

Joe graduated top of his class from the Federal Law Enforcement Training Centre's Criminal Investigator's Basic Course, and as the Distinguished Graduate from the Federal Law Enforcement Training Centre's Office of Inspector General Basic Course.

Joe teaches for both the University of Phoenix and Alvin Community College and holds six degrees and eight teaching

credentials. He is also a Certified Fraud Examiner and criminal defence attorney licensed by ten courts to include the United States Supreme Court.



This account is either a true account of real events or the impression left in the mind of the author after an horrific nightmare,

Make up your own mind!

From Roswell to White Sands New Mexico to building 265 at Johnson Space Centre the secret of UFO's has been tracked, documented and ultimately held behind massive safe doors in an underground bunker complex known simply as building 265.

Whether the following story is truthful account or just the bad dream of it's author is for you the reader to decide, through your own investigations of the "facts" I provide.

In 1992 I was leading a nine agency 25 strong task force investigation known as Operation Tall Timber. Predicated on security concerns and size constraints the task force was

placed in one half of building 265 at Johnson Space Centre.

The portion of the complex controlled by me was accessed through a safe door, but within the complex itself there were two other safe doors, which each led to the underground bunker, for which we, the task force members, had not been granted access. One of these internal safe doors was found in a large conference room and the other in the hallway.



During the day time, with 1 million pieces of evidence contained therein, the task force side of the building was always a hive of activity. However, at night only I, the task force leader, remained.

My Office was at the far end of a cold and uninviting hallway. There were no windows in the heavily concreted and partially earth covered building, which provided excellent soundproofing but denied the occupants an understanding of the outside

conditions or an appreciation for what time it was, but for a reliance on clocks, Government furnished clocks. NASA prohibited cameras in this building and for whatever reason watches tend to run slow, making them unreliable.

I had always been a maverick within NASA, relentlessly investigating fraud, waste and abuse without concern for repercussions. In 1991, I investigated defective temperature transducers, a problem which led to the grounding of the entire Space Shuttle fleet. In 1992 I was leading the Operation Tall Timber task force that ultimately would put seven companies out of business and result in the largest count indictment and conviction in NASA history. NASA was always curious as to what I was doing with my task force, but I shut down information going to them, and routinely denied or limited access of NASA personnel to building 265.

On occasion NASA would send Security personnel to ring the door bell of the complex, late at night, to try to get a look see; but as a law enforcement officer I could and thus did deny them access. Compounding NASA's suspicion during this time was the existence of a second major operation transpiring at Johnson Space Centre. This operation was led by the F.B.I and included a few NASA OIG Agents, it was known as Operation Lighting Strike.

Like Operation Tall Timber, Operation Lighting Strike was a multi agency task force investigation, but unlike

Operation Tall Timber it was wholly undercover. These two task force investigations ran independent of each other and for the most part had no overlapping personnel.

One night, about midnight an inexplicable hum rang out through my office, and the complex of offices I had cognisance for. At first it was but a nuisance, and within the soundless void I worked, a curiosity, but I worked through it. As I worked on the hum increased to an intolerable level and I, stumbling to my feet, with my hands clasped over my ears, was forced to launch for the exit, bumping into the walls as I went down the hallway; reaching the safe door exit I pressed the quick release and got out of there.

Now I stood at the back of the building where our entrance was located looking out at a dirt track, as the hum completely dissipated. This track was seldom used, and had only been sporadically used since Apollo days when it was used by our astronauts.

Few people worked at NASA this late at night and for me to see anyone but security personnel at this time was unusual, but there in the dark stood an old bearded man with a cane. He was no more than a hundred feet in front of me, stealthily, he stood looking at me. I suspected initially that it was some NASA bureaucrat told to watch the building, which made me angry.

I walked across the thin strip of grass separating the parking lot

from the track and approached the old man. I said: " Sir can I help you? My name is Special Agent Gutheinz, and the building behind me is used by law enforcement, so we have to check out anyone we see, who seems out of place, and at this hour that would be you." I found that I said far more that I needed or usually would.

The old man said "You only have access to the part of the building not the bunker". I was surprised by his knowledge and then noticed that the man was not wearing a NASA badge, but then again neither was I, I never did. I asked him where his badge was and he reached into his pocket and pulled out not a NASA badge but a retired badge for the Department of Energy's, Los Alamos National Laboratory. I said: "This gets you to the gate, not inside, how did you get into Johnson Space Centre?" The old man said "first things first, do you know what the hum is?" I was curious. "No" I said, "what was it" The man then said "



"Have you ever heard of what happened at Roswell, New Mexico back in 1947?"

I laughed, as I threw up my right hand as to say halt, and told him: "I don't believe in little green

men." At that point I could again hear the faint hum sound coming from my building.

The old guy continued "Believe it or not the story about a UFO crashing near Roswell is true, three alien creatures were taken to a desert location only 5 miles from the present NASA Office complex at White Sands where they were initially examined in a perfectly camouflaged earth toned building.

One of the creatures had survived for a few hours before it died. During the autopsies the organs from each creature were removed and placed in a preservative solution, then bodies were subsequently reassembled, without the organs and transported to Johnson Space Centre, to the building behind you.

The bodies were to be shipped first with plans for the preserved organs to follow, but shortly after the bodies were sent off, a low grade nuclear-biological release of some sort occurred at the White Sands facility which devoured and disintegrated the employees, flesh and bone in just a matter of hours. That facility has been locked down ever since".

Then the man told me how to get to this White Sands Top Secret facility. At which point the humming increased tenfold, and I could feel my legs give way beneath me as I collapsed into unconsciousness.

Suddenly I was being taken into my building by several men and women in surgical garb, only the emergency lighting was on in the

building, (strange thing too, these men and women each appeared to have red pupils).

I saw the great safe door in my hallway being opened to the underground bunker, on the same level as my Office complex. Moments later I was wheeled through another safe door which I had never seen before, and then down into a lower level of that bunker.

I heard someone talking about inserting a transmitter/receiver, and again I passed out. The next morning I woke up outside my safe door with a couple of my agents attending me. One told me that I had been unconscious. Somebody wanted to call and ambulance but I said no, just drive me to the clinic.

I have always been a rational person and assumed that I had suffered a concussion and experienced a very vivid dream.

At the clinic the doctor treated me for a broken ankle, I said no to a 72 hour sick note, and a few hours later I was back at work, walking cast and all.

I recalled laughing to myself, and thought, "it was so real". I had taken complaints from people who believed the Government had placed transmitter/receivers in their brains before, and I had always assumed they were schizophrenics.

Even today I know many people who believe this happened to them probably are schizophrenics ,but now I know some are telling the truth?

A few days later people came to

the building in bio-protective suits and went through are building looking for asbestos, which they claimed they found in the bunker. For days, behind plastic sheets, men covered in protective cloths totally cleaned out the bunker, and months later we were told that the Russians had taken over that side of the building, using an entry door at the opposite side of building from our entrance.

Subsequently, others also began securing access to the bunker side to include students attending space camp.

For years I did not pay much attention to the goings on in the bunker, although I remained curious, only because it seemed like such an incredible waste of money to give the Russians and then kids access to a maximum security facility.

Later, I realized that this was done specifically to make the facilities prior use seem harmless.

Then two things happened in the late 1990's. First the OIG was given the other half of the building, and I was able to see the second internal safe door, the door I was taken through in my dreams, although much of the rest of the structure had changed the door was the same. "How bizarre" I thought, "the internal safe door was just as I dreamed it to be".

Then in late 1999, I was assigned a case in White Sands New Mexico, correctly known as the NASA White Sands (JSC) Test Facility. This is where NASA, often with the Department of Defence, test flight components, rocket technology,

and "hazardous materials".

As a NASA OIG Senior Special Agent I had the broadest possible access to NASA, its facilities and its contractors.

Upon finishing my case I decided to drive around the small complex, and I came upon a blocked road, reminiscent of what the old man had told me in my dream, and so I drove around the blockade with the intention of driving the 5 miles and disproving my dream once and for all.

At about the 5 mile mark I found myself within a small depression at which time I stopped my car and got out. There was nothing there, and I caught myself laughing at myself for my foolishness.

Then like a mirage appearing only feet in-front of where I was standing I saw the most perfectly camouflaged building I had ever seen, even from my days as an Army Intelligence Officer and aviator.

I went up to the building and saw that it was secured by a camouflaged lock, I had never seen such detail even the lock was camouflaged. I turned around and ran back to my vehicle without the slightest hesitation. I opened up my trunk and removed a large wrench that I found there, and then I ran back to the door in a truly excited state and broke the lock and then prised the door open.

Ten feet in front of me I saw two medical uniforms laying on the grounds as though they were fully laid out, and just as the old man had claimed they were filled

with dust, as though human beings had been devoured within them. At that point an alarm went out and I panicked and ran from the building. Jumping in my car I started it up and immediately turned the car around to make a quick get away. Then three camouflaged Humvees came from over the incline behind me, one of the three vehicles stopped at the building and the other two remained in hot pursuit of me.

All I could see of the occupants of the Humvees was that they were wearing Nuclear/Biological/Chemical suits. One of the Humvees tried to force



my car off the road, but my car was faster and I sped in-front of him. At that point I was aware of a humming sound and sensed a vibration between my ears, both began and got worse finally to the point that I lost consciousness.

When I came round, I found myself back in the Office at the Johnson Space Centre, and whatsmore I had lost two whole days.

On my desk, under where my head had rested, were the completed reports from the investigation I had conducted at White Sands, but I had no

recollection of writing those reports or of travelling the hundreds of miles back to the Johnson Space Centre.

As I tried to stand my body went limp, and the muscles in my legs and hands had all but wasted away.

As a person who investigates people who have bizarre delusions, I decided to keep what had transpired to myself. I assumed that the Government had a worse case solution, should I be perceived as a risk, and I probably would not like that option. In a few months I was to retire, and I did not miss an opportunity, during that interval, to make fun of delusional complaints I had received. I wanted the Government or whoever was listening in, to know that I was going to play the game and remain silent.

Shortly after I retired, NASA said that building 265 had been contaminated by black mould, and they removed the earth covering from the building and the lower level.

The last time I returned to the building site, the Operation Tall Timber part of building 265 was still intact, as was the upper level of what had been the bunker. As I walked to the South side of the building, where the underground bunker used to be, I found myself staring at another bunker only a hundred yards away, a bunker that had always been there.

I asked myself if NASA had ever linked the two bunkers through the underground tunnel complex

it operated at Johnson Space Centre. If so, were the alien bodies still there?

I waited five years to tell this story after retiring from NASA. At night when I try to sleep I can hear and feel a low hum resonate in my brain, a reminder of what had been done to me.

Like the old man of so many years ago, who opened my eyes, I now have passed on this story of aliens and a Government cover-up to you, the reader.

You decide...

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