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## **“The Night They Came”**

In 1953 in Fremont county, Wyoming near a small town called Sand Draw, a place not many have ever heard of, lived a handful of Stavrosian Families, three that found refuge in an out of the way part of the world.

Wyoming was still a wide-open place to hide in. It was an easy choice to settle down there, start a new life. They arrived in 1949. World War II was over. So many people needed a new home; someplace they could live without being seen. For four years they held their First Life Celebration on the banks of Sweetwater. Jack Davis was the family head. He and his wife Cynthia held the three families together. They had all traveled thousands of miles across Europe, oceans, and America to resettle.

It was all going well until June 15, 1953. Jack and the rest of the Stavrosians had just returned home from their 1953 First Life; they all had a great day. Cynthia recalled she had just put her children to bed when a man in their little town came over to see Jack. He had news of some kind of trouble going on near town. He wanted Jack to go with him to see what was going on. After all, in a small town anything was something to see.

Jack went with the man into town. He saw several military type trucks. There were men in uniforms standing listening to one man giving instructions to all the men. Jack moved closer standing in the back. He noticed there were no markings on the uniforms. Jack walked slowly to stand behind one of the trucks closer to hear better. That's when he heard the speaker tell the group, "We're here to capture aliens from another world. We know they're here. We caught a few of them in New York. After several days of reinforced persuasion, we were able to get one of them to talk. That information he gave us before he died led us here. We don't know what they look like, but I'm betting they'll be kind of scary looking. There is a plot of land they are known to live on. So, once it gets good and dark, we'll head out. They may well be dangerous, so you be ready. That's all, get some rest."

Jack left for home alone to give the families the news of what he had heard. There was no time to pack. It was time to leave. Cynthia went to the gas station by them. She called a friend to ask her to call the S.G.L. for help. Jack took the families up to Thermopolis in Hot Springs to hide. The uniformed men went to their home and when they didn't find them, they torched the houses burning everything to the ground. These unmarked men searched the area for hours. When they couldn't find Jack or the families, they drove out to head west in hopes they

would find them.

Jack went into Thermopolis to call the S.G.L. to give them his location. As he was driving back to meet with the rest of the families, he noticed one of the trucks passing him was one of the trucks from back in his town. As he watched in his rearview mirror, he saw the taillights come on. They stayed out of sight for two days, but now it was time to run. Jack drove as fast as he could. Trying to outrun the truck. He pulled into the campsite yelling for everyone to drop everything; telling them to run into the hills.

Later, Jack was able to regroup everyone. It was now too dark to keep running. It was also too dark for the men to keep chasing them.

Jack and Cynthia, along with the rest of the families, slept on the ground without a fire.

The sun came up over their little cluster. The sounds of trucks starting up shook the air. There was another sound, the kind that motorbikes make. The sounds grew louder as apprehension filled their hearts. Louder and louder and then suddenly fourteen men on motorbikes came bounding up over the hill right into their camp. Cynthia yelled, "Yes yes!" It was the S.G.L. coming to rescue Jack and all of the families.

The men on the motorbikes could carry one person each. Eleven Stavrosians climbed on the back of a bike holding on to the rider. More sounds came hard and loud. Dirt was jumping up around them. It was gun fire. Jack saw that everyone was being shot at by the unmarked men in their trucks. The riders took off away from the danger. Three of the S.G.L. stayed behind to face off with these men.

As the rides left, they could hear the shootout going on. With the distance growing greater the sounds grew softer.

There is no documentation telling if the three S.G.L. men ever made it out. Jack Davis with the other families were relocated by the S.G.L. to another part of America. They have lived in peace ever since.

The S.G.L. is an asset to the Stavrosian people. We have had to fight persecution, being hunted with the threat of death always hanging over us. We never started this; we hope the world would just forget about us. We're not afraid we just want to live in peace.

S.G.L. Researcher  
C. Smith