

TEN DAYS IN JULY

Roswell: A Life-Altering Event In Human History

By Fran Ridge

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In July of 1947 one of the most important meetings of our time took place at the Pentagon to discuss a study, "The Evaluation of the Atomic Bomb As a Military Weapon." 1. This meeting signaled the beginning of the nuclear arms race. Mankind was embarking on a road to mass destruction. Also being discussed during this era were guided missiles, satellites, and orbital deathray platforms. In June of 1947 nobody had heard or read about "flying saucers". But on June 24th, everything changed when a private pilot by the name of Kenneth Arnold made headline news. And for two weeks there was a major sighting wave of "flying discs" seen and reported all over the United States 3 that came to a screeching halt after something happened in New Mexico that shook the military to its core. Colonel William Blanchard's adjutant, Maj. Patrick Saunders: "We were faced with a technology greater than our own and didn't know what their intentions were." 3

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2rd, 1947

It is a typical hot summer July evening in New Mexico. A violent thunderstorm has been in progress and the flash of lightning and the sound of thunder is heard over a wide area. This causes at least some of the ranchers to be out and about, watching nature's "fireworks" in the sky a couple of days before the 4th. Several of the ranchers begin to see something strange going on, something they haven't seen before. 4

From several vantage points several ranchers see different things happening. One intelligence source reports a strange object coming in from the direction of Baja, California. 5 It comes in over the Pacific at that latitude, and heads for the most highly-restricted area in the entire world, the state of New Mexico. Then something happens, and

it starts to come down. It tries desperately to get back up to a higher altitude, but then goes back down again. Some ranchers see two flying discs, but others report three. But from all of the reports it is determined that one of the objects is in trouble and the other two appear to be trying to help it, or else they are simply riding it down to its final destination. 6 Six miles north of the Foster Ranch the object sets down for repairs and the sand has turned into glass from the intense heat. 7 Shortly after this it takes off and is still trying to get back under control. The troubled craft strikes the ground hard 33 miles SE of Corona, creating a visible gouge, then bounces back into the air and explodes, showering debris all over the Foster Ranch. At some point something is thrown from it or is ejected and comes to rest about 2.5 miles to the ESE. 8 The main part of the craft then continues SE and strikes the ground again, this time making only a gouge, 9 then shears the tops out of some pine trees 10 and skips back into the air. Finally, it travels the rest of the 33 miles to a point just 40 miles NNW of the town of Roswell, where it finally comes to rest at what becomes known as the impact site.

Several persons hear a loud explosion, distinctly different from the mighty thunder that fateful night. Had a superbolt of lightning struck the craft or had something else happened? We may never know, but we're lucky we know anything. We're not supposed to.

Mack Brazel is a real "cowboy", the "real McCoy" as some would say. In 1947 Mack is 48 years old and pretty well set in his ways. On this night of the intense storm he ALSO hears a loud explosion. Somehow it is different. Not just louder, but different.

THURSDAY, JULY 3rd



Mack Brazel

Early that morning in the course of his duties as the foreman of the J.B. Foster ranch, located 33.2 miles southeast of Corona, he is out checking on his sheep. He and young 7-year-old neighbor boy, Timothy "Dee" Proctor, the son of Mack's neighbors, are on horseback checking on the herd, trying to get them to water, but something is spooking the sheep. They don't want to move. So Brazel and young Proctor travel their way into the herd and to where the sheep had been stopped, to see what is holding them up. Strewn all over the area about the size of a football field and with a noticeable gouge in the center, they discover a pasture full of pieces of strange, silvery debris. Scattered on the slopes and into the sinkhole and depressions are pieces of lightweight foil-like material. The debris area is thick enough that the sheep refuse to cross the field and have to be driven around it to water more than a mile away.

Brazel:

Stay on your horse, Dee.

Brazel dismounts and walks several feet ahead and stops, kneels down on his right knee, reaches out and touches a piece of shiny material. When the touch solicits no strange effect he goes ahead and picks it up. It is amazingly light, looks a lot like the tin foil he was use to seeing in a pack of cigarettes. It is very thin but it wasn't bending. He tries forceably to bend it and it still doesn't respond. This is strange, he thought. And it is all over the place, in a path about 3/4 of a mile long and several hundred feet wide. Brazel, wass almost whispering to himself.....

Brazel:

What in the holy hell IS all this?

It looks as though there is a touchdown point or something, but whatever it was it had exploded in the air, then had rained material down over the pasture, but not without part of it forming a shallow trench on the ground while the rest of the object apparently headed towards Socorro.

Brazel gathers up as much as he can in one hand, mounts his horse. It takes a little while to maneuver the sheep around the debris field but they have to get them to the low spot with the water from the rains the night before. Once they accomplished that task they head back to the ranch house.

Brazel is a busy man, working the ranch, and has no contact with the outside world. He doesn't read any

newspapers, which are weekly anyway, so he is totally unaware that people have been seeing and reporting strange "flying discs" all over the country for over a week. He is pretty sure he had heard the explosion the night before, so after consulting with neighbors and relatives about his find, and being told about a possible \$3,000 reward offered by a newspaper for pieces of a "flying saucer, Mack decides to go visit his wife and kids in Las Cruces for the next few days to think it over. It isn't until his return from Las Cruces that he decides to go to Roswell to report what he had found. But something else happens before that which makes it absolutely necessary.

The "flying disc" sightings increase as the July 4th holiday approaches. In early July the sighting rate has climbed beyond 20 per day to 88 sightings on July 4, and 76 on July 5.

A lot of people in the Corona area now know what Mack has discovered, a considerable while before anybody else, including the Roswell Army Air Field. Many of the neighbors and ranchers have actually saved pieces of the debris. But in the meantime, Brazel and young Dee Proctor stumble onto something else at another spot on a ridge 2.5 miles SSE of the ranch. Two badly decomposed, stench-ridden bodies nibbled on by predators are found. ¹¹ It is something that will haunt young Dee Proctor the rest of his life. ¹² It is also the reason that Mac Brazel has to make that long trip to Roswell as soon as possible.

SUNDAY, JULY 6th

The trip from the Corona ranch to Roswell is about three hours by truck. Brazel has brought his debris samples into Roswell around noon, and takes them to the sheriff's office. Deputy Sheriff "Bernie" Clark has the weekend duty. Puzzled by what Brazel was showing him, Clark figures that the sheriff, George Wilcox, who lives with his family upstairs should see it. But the sheriff is not very happy about the Sunday interruption. Brazel and Clark show him some samples of the wreckage, but Wilcox isn't impressed.



Sheriff George Wilcox

But then the phone rings. It is a young radio announcer from Roswell radio station KGFL by the name of Frank Joyce. He is routinely checking on any little stories and other news so he can put them on the air. Wilcox tells him:

Sheriff Wilcox:

Well, there's somebody here right now with a story you might be interested in.



Frank Joyce

Brazel is now on the phone with Joyce. 13

Brazel:

[angrily] Who's gonna clean all that stuff up? That's what I wanna know. I need someone out there to clean it up.

Joyce:

What stuff? What are you talking about?

Brazel:

[somberly] Don't know. Don't know what it is. Maybe it is fromone of them..... "flyin' saucer" things.

Joyce:

Oh, really? Then you should call the air base. They are responsible for everything that flies in the air. They should be able to help you or tell you what it is.

At this point, according to Joyce, Brazel really starts "losing it."

Brazel:

Oh, God, Oh, my God. What am I gonna do? It's horrible. Horrible. Just horrible.

Joyce:

What's that? What's horrible? What are you talking about?

Brazel:

The stench. Just awful.

Joyce:

Stench? From what? What are you talking about?

Brazel:

They're dead.

Joyce:

What? Who's dead?

Brazel:
Little people. [Now barely audible.] Unfortunate little creatures.

At this point, Joyce thought to himself, "This is crazy!" He decides to play the role of devil's advocate to a story he did not believe.

Joyce:
What the...? Where? Where did you find them?

Brazel:
Someplace else.

Joyce:
Well, you know, the military is always firing rockets and experimenting with monkeys and things. So, maybe...

Brazel:
[shouting now] God dammit! They're not monkeys, and THEY'RE NOT HUMAN!!

With that, Brazel angrily slams down the phone and ends the conversation.

By now this has gotten Chavez County Sheriff Wilcox's attention. And KGFL's Frank Joyce is also convinced that something has happened. But both men think Brazel has stumbled onto an airplane crash and bodies burned beyond recognition. To Joyce's everlasting regret, the very worst piece of advice he provides the unfortunate rancher is to report the crash to the Roswell Army Air Field (RAAF). No strangers to top secret tests in their immediate area, Joyce and Sheriff Wilcox think, what else could this be? And with Brazel alerting Joyce (news media), it's only a matter of time and everybody in Roswell will know about the crash. And Joyce's boss, Walt Whitmore, wants to get his hands on Brazel.

While waiting for the military to arrive, Wilcox dispatches two of his deputies to the ranch. They have only the

directions given by Brazel, but both men are familiar with the territory, and Wilcox believes they will be able to find the debris field. 14



Maj. Jesse Marcel

Forty-seven-year-old Major Jesse Marcel is the Roswell Army Airfield base intelligence officer and he has just finished lunch when he gets the call from the sheriff's office.

Marcel:

Roswell Army Air Field. Can I help ya?

Brazel:

Yes sir. I'm over here at the sheriff's office and I brung in some strange stuff I found on my ranch. I don't know what the hell it is. My sheep don't like it, that's for damned sure. Anyway, it's a mess and all over the place and somebody's gotta come and clean it up.

Marcel:

What's it look like?

Brazel:

You know what tinfoil looks like in a pack of cigarettes? Well, it LOOKS like that, but the pieces are way bigger and you can't bend'em! I think something blew up the night before. I heard a god-awful noise that wasn't thunder.

Marcel:

OK. I'll be over there right away.

After a quick trip to the latrine Marcel grabs his cap and heads to the sheriff's office just down the road and a few miles NE of the base. Once there and after a few minutes with the deputy, Marcel turns to Brazel.

Marcel:

Mr. Brazel, I'm Maj. Marcel, the base intelligence officer. I'd like to take a look at what you brought in.

After looking at the debris samples and noticing their strange properties, he asks a few questions.

Marcel.

You say you have a lot of this stuff on your ranch?

Brazel:

Sir, it's all over the place. Somebody's gotta get over there and get it cleaned up.

Marcel:

When did you find this stuff on the ranch?

Brazel:

It was the morning after that awful storm. The storm was on Tuesday night, which was July 1st. Sir, I'm ranch foreman and I have lots of chores to do. Besides, a lot of the neighbors and ranchers have been out there and they're as puzzled as I am. One of them mentioned those flyin' saucers everybody's been seein the last week. Somebody even said the newspapers are offerin' a reward!

After a short discussion about the ranch, Brazel informs Marcel that he had to call Mr. Foster, the ranch owner, from a store with a telephone. Marcel takes him out to the base where he will meet with the base commander, Colonel William H. ("Butch") Blanchard.

Roswell Army Air Field is the headquarters of the 509th Bomb Group. In 1947 it is the only atomic bomb wing in the entire world. The 509th had been the very one that had dropped the atomic bombs two years before on Japan. Security is still tight.



Col. William Blanchard

Brazel waits outside the office while Marcel and Blanchard view the small collection of samples. 7

Blanchard:

I don't have any idea what this stuff is. Major, we need to check this out right away. Have Mr. Brazel take you and Captain Cavett to the site. We can't have something going on near the base we're not aware of. See if you can make any kind of determination and gather up the stuff and bring it back here.

Marcel:

Yeah. That's a pretty good ways out there, about three hours, so I guess we we need to get movin'.

Blanchard:

In the meantime I'll get these samples to higher headquarters. That'll hold them 'til you guys get back.

Marcel proceeds to the CIC HQ just down the hall from Blanchard's office and gets Captain Sheridan Cavitt, and each driving their own vehicles head back to the sheriff's office. All three, including Brazel, then abruptly leave in

three different vehicles.

The two deputies, that the sheriff had sent out, return later to say they could not find the debris field but observed a burned area. There the sand has been turned to glass and blackened. It looks as if something circular has touched down. 15



Gen. Thomas DuBose

In the meantime Colonel Blanchard goes through the chain of command and tells his superiors what he has so far regarding the few samples Marcel showed him. The first flight takes place. According to General Thomas DuBose, it is ordered by General Clements McMullen, deputy commander of Strategic Air Command (SAC) at the Pentagon, who orders the original debris to be flown to Washington for immediate inspection. That flight passes through Fort Worth, where DuBose checks the container, a canvas pouch under lock and key, holding debris samples prior to sending it on its way to its final destination. Following strict orders, DuBose does not look inside the pouch. 16

After the long drive to the ranch, it is getting late and Mack Brazel and the two CIC officers split up. Brazel goes home. Maj. Marcel and Captain Cavett stay in the Hines bunkhouse, dining over cans of cold pork and beans. It's just too late to go to the crash site and they bed down for the night.

Flying disc sightings are still raging. There are 156 sightings reported to newspapers that day.

MONDAY, JULY 7th

The graduate students included in the team are in their early twenties. The professorial types of course are older, and in their forties and fifties. Neither are of the brave variety this particular morning. At first light, archaeologist, Professor William Curry Holden of Texas Tech, with his team who had been working archaeological sites with him in the area, stumble across a crash site with bodies 40 miles NNW of Roswell. 17 The object is nearly sideways and fully positioned against the rocks. Three bodies are found at this site and one is still alive. Later reports describe the object as looking like a crashed airplane without wings with a flat fuselage.

The archaeologists, not wanting to leave any of their team alone while one of the crew is alive and moving, heads to the closest phone at a gas station at Mesa to notify Sheriff George Wilcox of their discovery. The call comes into the sheriff's office, as well as the fire department.

The Roswell Fire Department crew chief, Dan Dwyer, followed by the sheriff's car, drive 30 miles north up Hwy.# 285 (the Vaughn Hwy. in those days), and then head due west "as the crow flies" five miles to the crash site. They arrive in time to see what had crashed. It isn't an airplane at all, but an egg-shaped vessel of some sort that they don't recognize. They see two, small human-like-but-not-human creatures lying in the lee of the craft. A third one is found alive, stumbling around the crash site. 18 The archaeologists, observing at a safe distance, now join the new arrivals. Five minutes later the military first responders arrive at the scene. The soldiers, finding civilians on the site, escort them off while others secure the area.



NO
PICTURE
AVAILABLE

Maj. Edwin Easley

Maj. Robert Darden

The military, now knowing the exact location of the crash, begin to move in with a carefully selected team for the recovery of the craft. It is still very early morning. Unlike the MPs of the 1395th Military Police Company at the RAAF, who are used for general base security under the command of base Provost Marshal Major Edwin Easley, the MPs of the 390th ASS, under the command of Major Robert Darden, hold higher security clearances, which are required for guarding the "Silverplates", the atomic bomb-carrying B-29s. When the saucer impact site is discovered north of town, MPs of both the 390th and 1395th are rushed to the scene to secure it and are posted along the western edge of Highway 285 from Roswell in the south all the way to the hamlet of Ramon in the north in order to prevent civilians from reaching the crash site five miles west of the highway. The MPs of the 1395th also compose the outer ring of armed guards circling the crash site. MPs of the 390th form an inner ring of armed guards circling the crashed saucer and its occupants. Because they are close enough to see the crash scene up close and personal, the higher security clearance MPs of the 390th are required for this task.

In Roswell for a conference, C. Bertram Schultz, a vertebra paleontologist, drives north from the city on Highway 285. To the west he sees a number of guards along the highway. Schultz isn't interested in driving to the west, so he doesn't stop, nor is he bothered by the guards.

Col. Blanchard now calls Eighth Air Force headquarters and advises them of the new find. By this time no one believes the material is from a Soviet device. Eighth Air Force relays the message up the chain of command to SAC headquarters.

Back at Corona, 75 miles to the NNW, Maj. Marcel and Captain Cavett are now up after their night in the bunkhouse meet up again with Brazel and head to the original debris field. Upon arrival the two stare in awe, while Brazel stands by with his eyebrows up. The pieces, reflecting the morning sun, are of all different sizes and fill an area about an acre. The two officers begin by picking up pieces and handling them, still amazed at the lightness of the material. One of them takes a sledge hammer and tries to dent one of pieces. It does not dent. The other tries burning it with a cigarette lighter. It will not burn. After a short while they send Brazel on his way. The cleanup is their job.

Marcel, stands next to Cavett, both staring at the debris field.

Marcel:

Whatever this was, it was BIG. And no power plant. This isn't all of it.

Cavett:

Hope it's not Russian. Maybe it's a secret device, one of ours?

Marcel:

I don't think so. It's been a week..... and they're not even looking for it!

There is no way to clear the field that day. No matter how they stack the unbendable pieces there's only so much they can place in Marcel's Jeep-Carryall, with more material in the trunk of his baby blue Buick. "Roadmaster". None of the material is radioactive. They take notes and measurements. When they are hungry they occasionally stop to eat enough K-rations to sustain them.

When Brazel gets enough of his chores done he returns and is acting a little strange. He's unusually silent for several minutes. Marcel had been down on one knee picking up a small I-beam-like object and Cavett was standing, taking more notes. Both officers stop what they are doing and stand upright gazing at the rancher who is now, for all practical purposes, acting if he is embarrassed by something. He's looking down and has his hat in both hands. Something is definitely wrong. He motions with his right hand and index finger that there is something southeast of them that he wants them to see. Marcel and Cavett's vehicles are full of debris so they crowd into Brazel's old pickup and drive to a spot 2-1/2 miles SE of the debris field.

Upon arrival they disembark and Brazel walks them up a small hill about a hundred feet away. The men are speechless for a long time. The stench is unbearable. As the men look at each other they realize that what they are looking at is NOT from a Russian OR an American source. These are not "men" and they are not monkeys. Finally they composed themselves enough to speak about what they were seeing.

Marcel:

Well, we don't know who they are, but we know who they are not.

Cavett:

And if we don't do something fast there won't be enough left to do an autopsy.

Brazel:

They've been there five days. Animals have been eatin' on em'.

Marcel:

This still isn't all of it. There has to be more. I mean, where's the crew cabin? The engines?

Cavett:

Man, I don't remember anything that smelled that bad. We gotta get somebody that can handle them and get them out of this desert heat.

Brazel:

You gonna get the rest of the stuff off the ranch?

Marcel:

We'll load what we can and get that to the base, and then we'll get somebody out here to get the rest.

(Marcell takes Cavett by the arm and leads him several feet away from the ears of the rancher)

Cav, you need to get to Col. Blanchard and tell him about the bodies and their condition before they get much worse. They also need to do an aerial search. There has to be more out there, somewhere.

Although it is CIC Agent Cavett's job to write the report which goes to the Pentagon, there is no hurry, but the urgency of getting something done with the bodies makes Marcel change his original plans. Both men were needed for the cleanup and retrieval operation but Marcel sends Cavett ahead right away to notify Col. Blanchard. Cavett returns to the base from the Foster Ranch sometime in the late afternoon with the jeep carryall filled with wreckage, then reports directly to Col. Blanchard, after which he goes home exhausted. Marcell finishes up and begins the long three hour trek back to town, over rough terrain and few roads, taking the debris he had collected to Roswell.

Since the moment Brazel tipped off the radio station, Joyce's boss, Walt Whitmore, Sr., wanted to get his hands on the main source. At some time that Monday, July 7, while the two intelligence officers go about their assigned mission, Whitmore arranges for someone to grab Brazel at the ranch and bring him back down to Roswell. By that time, Whitmore figures that the cowboy is about to become a heavily sought-after man. But where to hide him?

Why, Whitmore's home, what better place? That very evening the station minority owner and newsman, "Jud" Roberts, conducts a wire-recorded interview with Brazel. Having already signed off broadcasting for the day, KGFL has to wait until morning to break the biggest story in the history of the network. At least, that is the plan.

Ed Sain is a private first class in the 390th attached to the 509th Bomb Group at the RAAF. As did most others in the 390th ASS, PFC Sain possesses the top secret security clearance that was required for security personnel whose main duty was to guard the Silverplates. Sain is just about to "turn" in for the evening when the chief of security, Major Robert Darden, bursts into the barracks:

Darden:

C'mon Boys! We've had a crash.

Sain and a 390th ASS buddy of his, Corporal Raymond Van Why, are told to report to the ambulance pool outside of the base hospital ASAP. After the short walk to the hospital, the two airmen are directed to a waiting "box-type" military ambulance, which they quickly entered. They drive north of town for half an hour or so, then head west "into the boondocks" of Lincoln County. Because it is dark outside, they cannot see where they are going or where they had been. The ambulance finally comes to a stop in the lee of a small bluff, around which there had been a beehive of activity hours before. Except for a few tents that had been erected at the base of the bluff and a number of floodlights that had been set up, there isn't much to see but desert. Major Darden and Major Easley [head of the 1395th MP Company] are both there, which is unusual. Sain and Van Why are each given a handheld searchlight and told to guard the entrance to the site from a tent set up for that purpose. Their orders are to "Shoot anyone that tries to get in!" They were relieved before first light and back on the base at daybreak.

There are 159 sightings reported to newspapers.

TUESDAY, JULY 8th

Maj. Marcel, arriving at his home for a pit stop in the wee hours wakes his wife and 10-year-old son, Jesse Jr. and brings in some of the debris and places it on the kitchen floor.

Marcel:

You know all about some of the things people have been reporting the last week all over the country?

They are calling them "flying discs"? Well, something crashed near Corona during a thunderstorm. These

are some of the pieces. None of this is classified so I'm sure it will be in the news very soon. Besides, a lot of the rancher's have pieces too.

Jesse, Jr.:

Can I have some of these?

Marcel:

I don't see why not. Just don't go around telling everybody.

Jesse, Jr.:

Look. You can see pictures or writin' or somethin on this one!

Marcel:

It's like an "I-beam", probably made for structural strength. The rest must have been the skin of the craft. We never found an engine or anything else. (Marcel isn't telling them about the two bodies Brazel showed them 2-1/2 miles from the debris field.)

Mrs. Marcel:

You sure it's OK for him to keep some of this?

Marcel:

The things have been in the news for over a week. A lot of people have souvenirs. It's not Russian. Nobody on this Earth made these things. We just have to wait and see what it is all about. Anyway, I gotta get the rest of the stuff over to the base.

This Tuesday morning breaks sunny and bright very early in southeastern New Mexico, as usual. But there is something going on that is anything but usual to the anxious townsfolk of Roswell. They had been seeing more than their share of strange "things" in the skies overhead, termed flying saucers by the press, for the past few weeks, and now there is talk of a crash of one of them north of town. There is also talk of "little bodies" being found.

Unnoticed this morning, except by a few RAAF airmen who had gone to the base chow hall for the 5 a.m. early-bird breakfast, is the 18-wheel "lowboy" parked outside. Staff Sergeant George D. Houck of the 603rd Air Engineering

Squadron has checked it out of Squadron T (the base motor pool) a few minutes earlier, and before heading north, stops at the chow hall for the early-bird. Similar to many other married RAAF airmen at the time, Houck is living in temporary base housing at the former WWII German prisoner-of-war camp located at Orchard Park, just south of Roswell. Houck eats alone that morning, and, after finishing, put his tray in the "clipper" and quickly leaves.

Very early this morning Johnny McBoyle, a reporter for radio station KSWS in Roswell, runs into Mack Brazel at a local coffee shop. Brazel tells McBoyle the story. And there are now rumors of another crash site just north of town. McBoyle sets out to find it. He phones to report an object looking like a crushed dishpan. He telephones Lydia Sleppy, who works at the parent station in Albuquerque.

McBoyle:

Lydia, get ready for a scoop! I want to get this on the wire right away. Listen to this! A flying saucer has crashed.

Sleppy:

Are you joking?

McBoyle:

No, I'm not joking. It crashed near Roswell!

The program director and acting station manager is Karl Lambertz.

Sleppy:

Karl! Get over here quick. I want you to witness this.

Using the teletype, Sleppy alerts ABC News headquarters in Hollywood to expect a "high bulletin" story. Lambertz looks on as she initiates the connection.

McBoyle:

It's a big crumpled dishpan....and get this. They're saying something about little men being onboard.

Before Sleppy can type out a mere couple of sentences, a bell rings on the teletype machine, indicating an outside interruption. McBoyle, meanwhile, starts to converse with someone in the background and the discussion becomes more intense as it goes along. Moments later he nervously tells Sleppy:

McBoyle:

Wait a minute, I'll get back to you.... Just wait.... I'll get right back.

The very next moment, the teletype comes back on line and prints out a startling message:

ATTENTION ALBUQUERQUE: DO NOT TRANSMIT, REPEAT, DO NOT TRANSMIT THIS MESSAGE. STOP COMMUNICATION IMMEDIATELY. NATIONAL SECURITY MATTER.

In stunned disbelief, Sleppy observes that the message is from the FBI. No further attempt is made to transmit McBoyle's amazing story in any shape or form.

In the meantime the news of the crash north of town has gotten around Roswell's 25,000 people the day before in about a hour! Rumors are now running rampant at local watering holes such as the Bank Bar in downtown Roswell, where servicemen from the base often go during off-duty hours to mix with other servicemen and with the residents of Roswell. The town mood at this time is "anxious...perhaps scared would better describe it." And so far, the Roswell air base has said nothing, and the local media, the Morning Dispatch and Roswell Daily Record newspapers, as well as KGFL and KSWS, the local radio stations had said the same.

Still, early in the morning , George "Jud" Roberts, minority owner at the station, receives a long-distance phone call from T.J. Slowie, the executive secretary of the FCC, who warns him that the matter involves national security. Should KGFL air any portion of Brazel's interview or issue any information regarding it, it will lose its broadcasting license.

As if that isn't enough to squelch the story, another call to KGFL comes from Washington a few minutes later. It is from U.S. Senator Dennis Chavez, who strongly suggests that KGFL do exactly as the FCC has cautioned. When station executives ask for his help, he indicates that the decision is out of his hands. The station immediately complies with the FCC's order.

Robin Adair, a photographer with the Associated Press (AP) in El Paso gets a phone call from the main office in New York, telling him to get to Roswell, immediately, even if it means leasing a plane. Fully briefed on what was going on to the northwest, Adair feels he should try to get some aerial shots before they land at Roswell and instructs the pilot to fly the plane north toward Lincoln County. It doesn't do any good. They are unable to get any pictures. The Foster Ranch is surrounded and they aren't allowed within three quarters of a mile of the place and they are afraid they will be shot at. The military officers on the ground wave them off.

From the air, Adair manages to observe all of the activity at the debris field. Many troops, vehicles, and MPs cover the large open field. Some areas also appear to be scorched. Even from the altitude they are flying, the photographer can make out what he calls the "gouge." His lasting impression is that it had descended, impacted the ground, and then ascended back into the air.

Heading south to Roswell, he observes that the terrain becomes more rugged and canyon-like. Still, he and the pilot continue to look for any type of military activity below. Adair observes two recovery sites, one of them not very distinct; the other more easily seen.

After landing at the old municipal airstrip west of Roswell, Adair links up with reporter Jason Kellahin. Kellahin has also received a call from the New York office and has driven down from Albuquerque. That evening, the team goes to the offices of the Roswell Daily Record, where Adair proceeds to set up the equipment to transmit wire messages back to Albuquerque. The two plan to interview rancher Mack Brazel.

Adair snaps the cowboy's picture, cowboy hat and all. The photo and Kellahin's story are tediously wired back to the New York office. Transmitting the pictures is considered so important, or maybe such a novelty, that the Record runs a story on the front page of the July 9 edition along with a photo of both Adair and Kellahin. The photo taken of Brazel during this session, a head shot of the wary Brazel wearing his cowboy hat pulled back slightly, is the first wire photo ever sent from Roswell by any news organization.

Meanwhile, radio station KGFL's Walt Whitmor, who had every intention of broadcasting the story of the century

and recorded Brazel's testimony the night before on a wire recorder is visited by the military. The U.S. Army takes custody of Brazel and the KGFL wire recording, and removes both to Roswell Army Air Field south of town. Brazel is detained for over 5 days and is denied access to a phone, is given an Army physical, and is subjected to rigorous questioning and intimidation while under house arrest at the RAAF.

Bodies arrive at the base and are taken to the hospital for examination. Two doctors who are not assigned to the base but who have arrived on one of the special flights begin the preliminary autopsy.

A civilian nurse accompanies her boss, a local civilian doctor, to the base hospital to attend to the "live one."

Another participant, Mirium "Andrea" Bush, is a 27-year-old civilian, the Executive Secretary to the RAAF military hospital under administrator/Chief Medical Officer, Lt. Col. Harold M. Warne. Bush arrives at her parents' home from a rather memorable day at the base hospital. She sits down with her mother and father, who was the first chiropractor to set up a practice in Roswell, and her brother George and sister Jean. She is visibly very upset and she won't touch her food. She then excuses herself and starts to sob uncontrollably as she races into her bedroom. Both of them had great respect for her employment at the base. Did she lose her job? Did she lose a close friend? George senses something worse. Fear seems to overcome her and. Dr. Bush responds immediately with similar concern for her well-being.

The story she confides is told between tears and near shock. It sounds like a nightmare, but her emotional response is too real. It was something she is not prepared for. None of them were. She is eventually able to describe how she had been performing all of her regular duties at the hospital earlier that day, but grew more and more curious as to all the additional personnel who acted totally indifferent to the normal staff. Whether it was out of frustration for being left out of all the commotion or just a desire to share all the excitement with someone, Warne takes her by the arm and quietly mentions that she should accompany him to the examination room. Upon entering surroundings that normally would have been quite familiar, she immediately is surprised to observe a number of bodies on gurneys in the middle of the room. But something is wrong. Something becomes terribly wrong. At first she cries out, "My God! They're children!" But she soon realizes that their body size was their only childlike quality. Their skin is grayish to brown in tone and white linens cover most of each body. But the heads, the heads were too large. And the eyes, those large eyes that wouldn't shut. "Those staring eyes," she said. Panic started to quicken her heart, and then it happened: "One of them moved!" All her father could do was listen with total disbelief and hold her as she wept. He was aware of all the talk of a crashed spaceship outside of town and the spacemen inside it. But now it had hit home. And there was nothing he could do about it. Eventually, she would cry herself to sleep, though one

might debate whether sleep would serve as any respite.

Miriam wrestled with her professional training, and her fear grew more and more into anger at her boss, "Why did he have to show me something so terrible?" she thought. "Why did he have to involve me?" But the entire town of Roswell was abuzz with all the talk of the crash of a flying saucer on some ranch and "little men" that were found inside it.

As did so many others merely performing their military duties at the RAAF, Miriam becomes immediately suspect. Any base personnel who saw anything out of the ordinary has to be warned of the consequences of speaking out of turn, and the traumatized secretary was no exception.



Glenn Dennis

Glenn Dennis is a mortician, working for the Ballard Funeral Home, which has a contract to provide mortuary services for the Roswell Army Air Field. At around 1:30, Dennis receives a call from the base mortuary officer.

Officer:

Glenn, what is the smallest size hermetically sealed casket that you have in stock?

Dennis:

Well, right now we don't have any.

Officer:

How long it would take to get one?

Dennis:

Usually the next day, no problem. Something happen at.....?

Officer:

No. Just doing some planning procedures. That's all we need for now.

About 45 minutes to an hour later, the officer calls back.

Officer:

Have another question for ya. What would the preparation be for bodies that have been lying out in the desert for a period of time. (Before Dennis can answer) Specifically, we want to know what effect the preparation procedures would have on the body's chemical compounds, blood and tissues.

Dennis:

well, our chemicals are mainly strong solutions of formaldehyde and water, and the procedure would probably alter the body's chemical composition. If you would like for me to come out to the base to assist with any problem you might run into.....

Officer:

Again, this information is for future use.

Dennis:

If I had such a situation I would suggest you try to freeze the body in dry ice for storage and transportation.

Members of the First Air Transport Unit begin loading crates into C-54s. They load three or four aircraft with an intermediate destination of Kirtland. From there they are to be taken on to Los Alamos. Armed guards watch the loading of the aircraft.

Back at the Roswell AAF base.....

The regularly-schedule staff meeting for 8:30 am is moved up to 7:30. Besides Colonel William Blanchard, Major Jess Marcel; CIC [Counterintelligence Corp] Capt. Sheridan Cavitt; Col. James I. Hopkins, the operations officer; Lt. Col. Ulysses S. Nero, the supply officer; and from Carswell AAF in Fort Worth, Texas, Blanchard's boss, Brig. Gen. Roger Ramey and his chief of staff, Col. Thomas J. Dubose are also in attendance. 19

Col. Blanchard:

Gentlemen, we moved the meeting up in order to address an unusual and potentially dangerous situation that has come about. As you know, the U.S. military, especially the Army, presently is no match for the Soviet military machine, especially the Red Army. So, fear that this device might have been Russian was the first thought on all our minds. It was almost a relief that it wasn't. But, the debris samples found near Corona suggests that SOMEBODY is way ahead of us..... and they have been flying over New Mexico the last few weeks. But yesterday there were new developments. But first, let Maj. Marcel brief us on their find near Corona.

The two CIC agents discuss the extensive debris field in Lincoln County approx. 75 miles NW of Roswell. Samples of wreckage are passed around the table. It is unlike any material anybody has ever seen. Pieces which resemble metal foil, paper thin yet extremely strong, and pieces with unusual markings along their length are handled from man to man, each voicing their opinion. One sample can actually be folded, but when released it returns to its original shape with absolutely no crease! No one is able to identify the crash debris. Next, they briefly discuss the find 2-1/2 miles SE of the debris field: Two badly decomposed bodies of what appear to be non-human entities who apparently were blown from the craft. Nothing else was found. No trace of an engine or crew compartment, or any indication what the craft looked like before it exploded.

Marcel turns the meeting back over to the colonel.

Col. Blanchard:

Yesterday things began to get even more complicated. An archaeological team stumbled upon another site 40 miles northwest of town. This time there was some type of airfoil and three victims or bodies found, and apparently one of them is still alive!!!! Some members of that team got to a gas station and

called the sheriff who then contacted us, and we sent our people up there. When our people arrived, of course there were civilians on the site, the original archaeology team and then the fireman. We got them all together and told them that this was a matter of national security and that they had to keep this all secret, at least for now, and made them leave. We then set up guards to keep anybody else off the site. Then, it got worse. The rancher and his young neighbor boy found two more bodies a few miles SE of the debris site which Major Marcel described earlier.

Gentleman, one thing we CAN do is we can safely rule out the Russians. We can breathe a sigh of relief on that matter, but it's not over. As you're all aware, for the last couple of weeks there have been reports in the news all over the country, about strange "flying discs". General Ramey, what is the official word on those? Anything we know?

General Ramey:

Almost all of the reports are press reports by civilians, so we just took the position of sitting back and watching developments. But always with the concern that the Russians might have something and these somethings were flying over the United States. But we do have a few reports of interest.

On June 29th, near Las Cruces, about 1:15 p.m. a rocket scientist-engineer from NRL and three others were driving in a car from Las Cruces to White Sands headed NE when they saw a rotating silvery or shiny disc or sphere with no appendages, wings, tail, propellers, reflecting sunlight.

On June 30, there was an incident with a Navy P-30 near the south rim of the Grand Canyon. At 0910 a Navy Lieutenant from Williams (AAF) was at 30,000 feet heading south and saw two gray, circular objects about 8 or 10 feet in diameter, diving at "inconceivable" speed from about 25,000 feet, which appeared to land 25 miles south of the Grand Canyon.

And there was some activity over Muroc (AAF) yesterday, but I don't know the details

Whatever is going on it probably isn't over. We don't know enough, at least about what and why, so we have to be cautious. One of the main concerns here is whether we should go public or not with this. Most of you probably remember the Orson Wells broadcast? Well, this could create quite a stir because we don't know who these people are and what they are doing here. We certainly don't know their intentions. But I'm working with the Pentagon on a plan.

One thing for sure, everybody has heard the stories and rumors. It's already out! What we have to do now is damage control. Col. Blanchard will fill you in on the plan. We can't deny that something came down. Nobody would believe that. But that part of the problem doesn't demand or necessitate a lot of work. No need for classification. But the bodies, that aspect is a different story, and that is all Top Secret, and DOES affect national security. Col. Blanchard.....

Blanchard

First thing we're going to do is put out a press release. The attention needs to be diverted from the site north of town by acknowledging the other location. Too many civilians are already involved and the press is already asking a lot of questions.

After the meeting at approximately 9:30 a.m. Col. Blanchard phones Lt. Haut's office and dictates the press release of having in their possession a flying disc, coming from a ranch northwest of Roswell, and Maj. Jesse Marcel flying the material to higher headquarters. Haut is to deliver the news release to radio stations KGFL and KSWB, and newspapers the Daily Record and the Morning Dispatch.



At 11:00 AM, Mountain Time, Roswell Army Air Field commanding officer, Col. William Blanchard announces the recovery of a flying disc. It is important to note that Blanchard is the officer entrusted with oversight of the first atomic bomb strike force in the world, based at the RAAF. This is 2-1/2 days after Washington, D.C. was alerted to the crash.

By the time the news release hits the wire services, the base office and Lt. Walter Haut are inundated with phone calls from around the world. Messages stack up on the desk. Blanchard tells Lt. Haut to go home and "hide out".

Blanchard "goes on leave". The colonel actually goes into hiding on the base to command the recovery effort.

Chaves County Sheriff, George Wilcox, is left to answer phone calls from the press but can tell them nothing.



Lt. Oliver Wendelle "Pappy" Henderson

Lt. "Pappy" Henderson and his crew in a C-54 fly some of wreckage and the dead bodies from the Impact Site directly to Wright-Patterson AFB in Ohio. The "live one" is not on this flight and stays behind at the RAAF for an unknown period of time. It next turns up at WPAFB the following spring.



Master Sgt. Lewis "Bill" Rickett

Sergeant Lewis "Bill" Rickett is the non-commissioned officer in charge (NCOIC) and works out of the CIC office in Roswell in July 1947. Captain Sheridan Cavitt works closely with him. Both work under Marcel. Rickett has just returned from assignment in Carlsbad.

Rickett doesn't know what the man's first name is, but the Roswell Chief of Police' last name is Roberts. In any case Rickett has to run a check or something and returns to Roswell. He never takes classified information home, so he has to see Roberts about a matter but Roberts doesn't have anything on it. So he drives to the base to the CIC Office. Ten minutes later he arrives and Cavitt is not there, but his secretary is. 20

Rickett:
Where did Cavitt go?

Secretary:
Well, him, and Major Marcel and some farmer-looking person tore out of here all of a sudden. They all got some vehicles and took off. The last thing when he went out the door, he says, when Rick comes back, tell him to be here at one o'clock.

Cavitt doesn't get back in time to meet with Rickett.

After the news release hit the wires General Clements McMullen calls from Washington.

Gen. McMullen:

General DuBose, tell Ramey to send some of the debris Marcel & Cavett brought in, to Washington immediately and have him make up a story, anything, to get the press off our backs. And also, stop talking about a crashed saucer. Do you understand me, Colonel?

DuBose:

Yes, Sir, Gen. McMullen, we're already on it!

Reporter J. Bond Johnson of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram is instructed to drive to the base at Fort Worth. His editor tells him a flying saucer is coming from Roswell.

Warrant Officer Irving Newton is ordered from the weather office at the Fort Worth Army Air Field to Ramey's office.

Later, back in town, Walt Whitmore and Lyman Strickland see their friend, Mack Brazel, being escorted to the Roswell Daily Record by three military officers. He ignores Whitmore and Strickland, which was not at all like Mack, and once he gets to the Roswell Daily Record offices, he changes his story. He now claims to have found the debris on June 14. Brazel also mentions that he'd found weather observation devices on two other occasions, but what he found this time was no weather balloon.

The next time Frank Joyce sees the rancher, he doesn't have the same things to say. When the military escorts Brazel to KGFL, Brazel sits down at the microphone and retracts his original story. The unusual material that Brazel had carried with him in two boxes all the way from his ranch to Roswell is now "nothing more than a weather balloon," according to Brazel. Taking Brazel out of the broadcast booth during a music break, Joyce follows the older man out into the front lobby of the radio station.

Joyce:

That's not the story you told me before!

The rancher stuck to his new story while growing more agitated. Brazel could see by the look on his face that Joyce was rapidly losing respect for him.

Brazel:

They told me it would go hard on me if I didn't do what they said.

Presumably, Brazel had been warned of the dire consequences, not to the nation, but to Brazel and his family, if he said anything that conflicted with the Army Air Force's new, official story. At that point, Joyce notices the uniformed men standing just outside the glass door entrance. The reporter makes one last attempt to get the truth.

Joyce:

What about the "little green men" you told me about?

The rancher pauses as he walks over to the door and put his hand on the doorknob. Turning toward Joyce, he casually mentions in a soft-spoken, matter-of-fact voice,

Brazel:

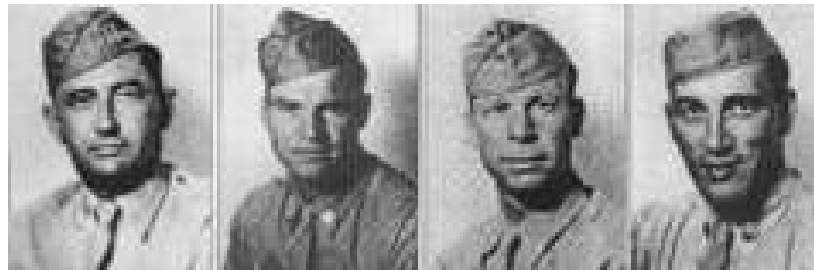
Well..... they weren't green.

Major Jesse Marcel learns that he will transport the debris on a specially prepared B-29 airplane heading for Fort Worth Army Air Field. Marcel describes the load of debris as "half a B-29 full." Everybody on the base knows something is going on: There was no weather balloon ever made that can fill half of a B-29 bomber. Meanwhile, back at the debris field, army personnel are continuing to fill wheelbarrows with debris and load it onto trucks.

The standard C-54 cargo plane at the base is not used to transport the wreckage. Instead, a B-29 bomber is readied for the unscheduled flight. Although it remains unclear why this choice was made, the choice reinforces the unusual circumstances of this flight.



The second flight out of Roswell. The nine men who flew the debris to Fort Worth on July 8, 1947. Maj. Jesse A. Marcel, Lt. Col. Payne Jennings, Lt. Col. Robert I Barrowclough, and Maj. Herb Wunderlich



Capt William E. Anderson, M/Sgt. Robert R. Porter, T/Sgt. William A. Cross, T/Sgt. George M. Ades.



T/Sgt. Sterling P. Bone

A silver Boeing B-29 "Superfortress" bomber nicknamed "Dave's Dream" taxis up to the flight operations building at Roswell Army Air Field. This is no ordinary flight, even by RAAF standards. It has been personally ordered by none other than Colonel William Blanchard, the base commander. Its command crew is not one of the regular ones chosen from three constituent bomb squadrons on the base: the 393rd, the 715th, or the 830th. Instead of the usual cast of young lieutenants and captains, this flight is commanded by lieutenant colonels, including the Roswell deputy base commander himself, Lt. Col. Payne Jennings (just below Blanchard in the RAAF command structure), two majors, and a captain all from Blanchard's close staff. The enlistees on board are all experienced NCOs -- tech sergeants and master sergeants, not the usual mixture of privates, corporals, staff sergeants, and others who were included as a matter of course in normal crews.

All of the noncommissioned officers on the flight are from the 830th Bomb Squadron and include Master Sergeant Robert R. Porter (who is the crew chief), Technical Sergeant William A. Cross, Technical Sergeant George M. Ades, and Technical Sergeant Sterling P. Bone. Also on this flight is Maj. Marcel, who has been ordered by Blanchard to accompany the material that he and CIC Captain Sheridan Cavitt have brought back from the Foster ranch earlier that day.

Robert R. Porter, the flight engineer on the original flight, confirms the extraordinary security measures that surround every aspect of the assignment. Whatever is in the cargo hold is escorted by an armed guard who has been assigned to it from Roswell. This would suggest that something extremely important or highly classified is on board. There are three or four shoebox-sized packages wrapped in brown paper, and one triangular-shaped package, also wrapped in brown paper and about 2 1/2 to 3 feet across at its base by 4 inches thick, loaded onto the plane. These are handed up to him through an open hatch on the B-29 while it is still going through preflight near the operations building. A staff car from Building 1034 has driven up to the plane and delivers the packages, which Porter personally receives. All of them are extremely light, and they are stored in the forward section of the plane.

First Lieutenant Robert J. Shirkey is the former assistant operations officer for the 509th and the officer on duty when the July 8 flight to Wright Field taxis up to the flight operations building. He is responsible for drawing up its flight plan. Shortly after he has returned from lunch (about 1:15 p.m.), he is informed that a flight plan has to be drawn up for an unscheduled 2 p.m. flight to Wright Field. No sooner is he told this the plane, a four-engine, B-29 bomber, taxis up to Flight Ops for checkout. Shirkey can see some of the crew inside the cockpit. He recognizes Lieutenant Colonel Payne Jennings in the pilot's seat.

Just then, he hears a loud voice behind him wanting to know if the flight is ready. Shirkey recognizes Blanchard's voice. He replies that it is, and Blanchard steps out into the hallway and waves to some people who are waiting outside on the street side of the building to come on through. Blanchard backs up into the doorway to allow the men to pass, and in the process, blocks Shirkey's view of the procession down the hallway. Sometime shortly before or after the Marcel troupe makes its hallway dash Shirkey notices an Army staff car driving up to the waiting aircraft, whereupon someone gets out and hands a few plain packages up through an open hatchway to someone inside the plane. After the hatch closes, the engines revved up as the B-29 rolls down to the runway and makes a speedy takeoff. Blanchard then turns and tosses a perfunctory "see you" in Shirkey's direction as he leaves the building.

When they land at Fort Worth, the officers are permitted to disembark, but enlisted personnel are told to remain on board until the plane is secured, meaning that guards are posted around it. Afterward, they are allowed to go to the mess hall to eat, during which time the material is transferred to another plane, a B-25 that will fly it on to Wright Field. When they return to the B-29 for the return trip to Roswell, they are informed that the material they had flown to Fort Worth under so much secrecy and security is simply a weather balloon.

The July 8th flight from Roswell to Fort Worth was a special flight. Much secrecy and security, if not urgency, surrounded it. The high rank of the crew members indicates the kind of priority attention that would not be accorded a flight transporting merely rubber and tinfoil. The talk on board was that they were carrying pieces of an actual flying saucer, but the crew was warned to keep their mouths shut about it. The fix was in; everyone should just go home and act as though nothing happened.



Gen. Roger M. Ramey

At approximately 4:30 p.m. (CST) General Roger Ramey, the commander of the 8th Air Force and Blanchard's supervising officer, offers an alternate story, announces that a flight is booked to go all the way to Wright Field near Dayton, Ohio after a "preliminary" stop in Texas at the Fort Worth Army Air Field, headquarters to the Eighth Air Force under his command. But soon after taking off from Roswell, Marcel is informed of a short layover at Fort Worth.

At 5:30 PM. Major E. M. Kirton tells the Dallas Morning News that a balloon is responsible for all the excitement.

Onboard that B-29, "Dave's Dream", are three or four of the packages are of the shoebox variety, and the fourth is triangular in shape with the base edge being 2 1/2 to 3 feet across. All of the packages are wrapped in plain, brown paper and taped shut. The answer leaps out when one looks at the Fort Worth photographs taken in Ramey's office. Scattered on a blanket of brown wrapping paper in the middle of the general's office, with all of its triangularity on display, is the torn-up tinfoil radar target. Also on display in the pictures of Ramey and DuBose, is one of the brown-paper-wrapped containers. It can be seen behind the middle chair in the Ramey/DuBose photos.

Marcel is ordered to stay overnight in Fort Worth. Upon his arrival, Marcel carries a box of genuine debris that he has held in his lap on the flight to Ramey's office. The box includes the small I-beam that displays indecipherable symbols along its inner surface. Marcel places the box on Ramey's desk in the general's office. Ramey then directs Marcel into another room to indicate the crash location to him on a large wall map.



Maj. Marcell & balloon debris

When they return to the main office, Marcel immediately observes that his box of real wreckage has been removed, and the remains of a weather balloon and a torn and mangled radar target has been laid out on the floor. The reporter, James Bond Johnson from the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, is asked to step into the office, and Marcel is then posed for two pictures with the substituted balloon remains, after which he is instructed by Ramey to not say anything to anyone, and that he would handle the entire situation. More pictures are taken of Ramey alone and with DuBose, and the remainder of the flight to Dayton, Ohio, is officially cancelled.



**Gen. Ramey & Gen. DuBose
(Note papers in Ramey's left hand)**



The "Ramey Memo"

Computer enhancement of high-res Fort Worth Telegram news photographer's image of memo..

The message is a Top Secret telegram from Gen. Ramey to the Pentagon and Gen. Hoyt Vandenberg, the acting AAF Chief of Staff. Ramey is providing Vandenberg an update on the very fluid situation in-the-field at Roswell.

The first paragraph describes what has been found. Ramey starts by acknowledging "THAT A 'DISK' IS NEXT NEW FIND." He then adds that "THE VICTIMS OF THE WRECK" and something else (possibly just "A WRECK") had also been found near the recovery "OPERATION AT THE 'RANCH'." At the end it states that "YOU" (i.e. Gen. Vandenberg) had ordered the "victims" and/or the wreckage "FORWARDED" to "FORT WORTH, TEX."

In the second paragraph, Ramey describes how the situation is being handled. Ramey first states that something "IN THE 'DISK'", probably the bodies of the "forwarded" "victims" (and possibly termed "AVIATORS") would be flown by a B-29 SP (Special Transport) or C-47 to the "A1" (personnel director) of some "8TH ARMY ??????" division, most likely the head flight surgeon at Fort Worth given the context. Wright Field, Ohio, home of the AAF's aeronautical labs, was to assess the Roswell crash object (possibly referred to as an "AIRFOIL").

Finally Ramey outlines how the situation is being treated publicly and how they are going to cover it up. First he assures Vandenberg that the earlier highly inflammatory Roswell base press release (referred to as the "MISSTATE MEANING OF STORY") was the work of an Army counter-intelligence team ("CIC/TEAM"), but that the "NEXT SENT OUT PR" (Press Release) would be "OF WEATHER BALLOONS."

AND THE VICTIMS OF THE WRECK
IN THE "DISC" THEY WILL SHIP

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General Ramey announces to the world that a flying saucer had not been recovered by Marcel and the 509th command at Roswell, but was merely the misidentified remains of a very common rubber weather balloon and kite-like, tinfoil radar target. To seal the verdict, several pictures taken by J. Bond Johnson of both Marcel and Ramey (by himself and with his chief of staff, Colonel Thomas DuBose), each posing with these mundane items on the carpeted floor of the general's office are referenced. A number of these photos are out over the wire services and are picked up by many newspapers across the country as a final solution to the previous day's excitement.

Maj. Marcel is abruptly removed from the flight to Wright Field and ordered to return to Roswell, while the real wreckage from the B-29 is transferred to another plane to complete the original mission. The resumption of this

flight, contrary to Ramey's previous statement of being cancelled, is confirmed by the local FBI office in Dallas in a widely circulated telegram dated 6:17 p.m. CST on July 8.

Richard Talbert, a Roswell Daily Record paperboy, has just picked up his batch of the Record. It is somewhere between 3 p.m. and 3:30 p.m.. He is plying his trade in the vicinity of the Roswell Daily Record building at 4th and Main streets in downtown Roswell along with a number of other paperboys, when he looks up and sees, heading south down Main Street is a military convoy composed of one large, 18-wheel, low-boy or flatbed trailer protected by an escort of jeeps in front of and behind it, each carrying a contingent of armed MPs. But it is the trailer, or what is on it, that really catches Talbert's attention. The low-boy has a tarp on it, and there is something under the tarp. Whatever is under there appears to be oval-shaped. He can see a silver, oval-shaped something that was approximately 4 to 5 feet wide by about 12 feet long and 5 to 7 feet high. It has a dome on it, but it was damaged because it was cut off at one end. Bob Rich, another paperboy, sees the convoy pass "right though the center of town".

Paul McFerrin is a preteen who is out with friends, Floyd and Lloyd Carter and Charlie Webb. They are walking down Main Street when they see a big, military flatbed transporting an egg-shaped object through town, obviously heading for the base. The flatbed trailer has a tarp over the object but you can pretty much tell what shape the object underneath is. It is escorted by MPs in jeeps who were holding machine guns.

By now everybody in town knows about the crash. A few miles farther south, Jobie MacPherson is in the middle of completing a roofing job for his employer, Lynn Everman Construction Co., when he spots the convoy., coming from the north heading toward the base and goes right past him. Jeeps and a flatbed truck. He can see mangled metal sticking out on the flatbed and something else that had a conical shape to it, like a pod or something.

A little later, and before leaving the base, Col. Blanchard takes Lt. Haut personally to Building 84 [AKA Hangar P-3], a B-29 hangar located on the east side of the tarmac. Upon first approaching the building, Haut observes that it is under heavy guard both outside and inside. Once inside, he is permitted from a safe distance to first observe the object just recovered north of town. It is approx. 12 to 15 feet in length, not quite as wide, about 6 feet high, and more of an egg shape. Lighting was poor, but its surface appears metallic. No windows, portholes, wings, tail section, or landing gear are visible.

More men arrive at the debris field and are assigned to assist in cleaning it. Soldiers with wheelbarrows move across

the field, tossing in the debris. When the wheelbarrows are filled, the soldiers take the debris to collection points. The debris is then loaded into covered trucks to be driven into Roswell.

At 6:17 PM.CST the FBI sends a Teletype message from the Dallas, Texas office to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover disputing General Ramey's announcement to the press that a special flight transporting wreckage to Wright Field at Dayton, Ohio, has been cancelled.

At 7:30 P.M. the AP breaks into its last message with a bulletin telling the world that the Roswell flying disk is nothing more than a balloon.

At 10:00 PM. ABC News "Headline Edition" tells the audience that Roger Ramey has identified the Roswell wreckage as a weather balloon.

At 11:59 PM. one of the photographs taken by J. Bond Johnson is transmitted to New York on the news wire.

The U.S. flying saucer wave is still raging. A whopping 189 sightings are reported to the newspapers.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9th

US military officials search news offices in Roswell, Albuquerque, and Santa Fe to retrieve copies of the original press release or any other related documentation that is contrary to the weather balloon explanation. Soldiers also go from ranch house to ranch house, emptying drawers, tearing up floorboards, making sure no leaf is unturned in order to glean every scrap and souvenir from the crash.

Mack Brazel's son, Bill, would later say, with a look of melancholy on his face, that his dad was never the same. Possibly driven by lack of resolution, Bill continues to seek out some answers, eventually salvaging enough evidence to fill a cigar box. After heavy rains, he has known enough to return and check for anything missed by the military cleanup. But this time there would be no subsequent drive to Roswell.

The recorded interview of Mack Brazel is confiscated from the home of Walt Whitmore, Sr.

And this same rancher who started it all, Mack Brazel, had been forced to change his story from that of the previous

day, as evidenced by a front page interview article that appears in the July 9, 1947 Roswell Daily Record, wherein he describes his find in terms consistent with a rubber weather balloon and a tinfoil radar target. Nobody knows about Brazel and the young Proctor boy stumbling onto the two dead, stench-ridden bodies several days before. At that point, the press loses interest in the story.

It is shortly after lunch and a flight crew goes to the skeet range to test their shooting skills. They had spent the morning attending "ground-training classes" in Russian history, Russian language, and hand-to-hand combat, and their official duties for the day are completed.

Staff Sergeant Robert Slusher, a radioman, leaves to join baseball practice for the base team, the RAAF Bombers.

Captain Frederick Ewing is the aircraft commander.

Captain Ewing:

Forty eight out of fifty ain't bad!

Private Lloyd Thompson:

How about 47 out of 50? Not bad for a private.

The buzz about the flying disc and the "little bodies" preoccupies the shooters, and the NCO in charge of the skeet range talks about nothing else. It is about 3 p.m. when the officer of the day comes by the skeet range in a jeep.

Officer of the Day:

OK, guys, you need to stay together and stand by.

Captain Ewing:

What's goin on?

O.D.

I don't know, sir. I'm just followin' orders.

As the jeep pulls away, Captain Ewing talks to his men.

Captain Ewing:

This is a little unusual. Somethin's up. Could be something serious. Go ahead and get Slusher over here right away.

A bus then picks them up and transports them to the flight operations building near the flight line. All the other flight crews had been released for the day. The operations officer, Major Edgar R. Skelley, instructs the crew to stand by, because he has an unscheduled flight for them. Not knowing what to expect, the crew thinks it might be a last-minute test flight to prep a plane for a mission the next day. This thought does not change when the enlisted crewmembers are ordered to preflight a B-29, nicknamed the Straight Flush (#301), that is waiting on the concrete tarmac just behind the flight operations building. This is because the Straight Flush is not this crew's regular aircraft of this 393rd Squadron. Theirs is a B-29 nicknamed the Necessary Evil (#291). A copy of the flight log confirms the July 9 event.

Necessary Evil was their aircraft which had served as the weather spotter plane for the Enola Gay as it approached Hiroshima in 1945. They couldn't clear all the radio equipment inside the bomb bay in time to accommodate a large crate.

The preflight of a B-29 takes about an hour. During this time, the officers of the crew remain inside the flight ops building, where they are cleared and briefed for the impending flight. With the preflight completed, the commanding officer of the 393rd Bomb Squadron, Lieutenant Colonel Virgil Cloyd, appears and tells the crew:

Col. Cloyd:

OK, guys, this is a routine mission. Do exactly as you are told, and don't discuss it.

Major Skelley then instructs the crew to board the Straight Flush and taxi it over to Bomb Pit #1.

The only areas of the base that have unobstructed views of the bomb pit are the air traffic control tower near the

flight ops building and portions of the flight line. While the huge airplane positions its open, forward bomb bay directly over the pit for loading, it is then that the crew notices that the pit is covered by a large, canvas tarp. But there is no atomic bomb in the bomb pit that afternoon. Corporal Thaddeus Love, a tail gunner who is on the flight, is overheard asking another crewmember:

Corp. Love:

Did you see what I saw?

Captain Ewing's quick retort:

No talking!

The enlisted crewmembers and NCOs are ordered to deplane and stand at the far wingtip of the aircraft, facing away from the bomb pit. As this was unusual, even for A-bomb loading, they still do not know what is going on. They also do not know that their own aircraft, the Necessary Evil, has spent the night and part of that day parked over The Pit while a ground crew tried in vain to ready it for this flight. When it still was not ready by mid afternoon, it was decided to substitute another aircraft, the Straight Flush, in its place. The canvas cover over the bomb pit is pulled away, exposing a large, rectangular wooden crate. All indications suggests it has been hastily constructed, as it is unpainted and unmarked. Its size approximately 4 feet high, 5 feet wide, and 15 feet long made for a snug fit as it is hoisted into the forward bomb bay of the waiting B-29.

Four special security guards dressed in full MP Class-A uniforms positioned themselves at each corner of the sealed box. One of them is a major, one is a captain, one is a lieutenant, and one is an NCO. Three additional MPs positioned themselves inside the aircraft in the fore and aft crew compartments. After the bomb bay doors close, the enlisted men and NCOs have to wait before reboarding the aircraft, while Lieutenant Martucci, the bombardier on the flight, conducts a security check of the cargo in the bomb bay. It isn't until the Straight Flush is airborne that the rest of the crew are told of their official destination: Fort Worth Army Air Field, home and headquarters of the "Mighty Eighth" Air Force to which Roswell's 509th Bomb Group was attached.

This is definitely no quickie test flight.

The bodies from the Dee Proctor site had been lying in the sun and nibbled on by predators for a week were badly decomposed. After being taken to the base hospital, and with failed attempts at autopsies due to the terrible odor, the bodies had been crated up in one large wooden box with dry ice and placed on the "Straight Flush" and flown

to Fort Worth where there is proper facilities to handle such a grim task. The flight was at 8,000 because the bomb bay was being guarded by a team of live, armed and air-breathing MPs.

When the "Straight Flush" lands it taxis over to a contingent of officers. One crew member recognizes one of the officers in the greeting party as an old friend from his college days.

Lt. Martucci:

Hey! I know that guy. I went to school with him. He's a mortician.

Captain Ewing:

Knock it off, Martucci! (came through the crews earphones loud and clear.)

The mysterious crate is unloaded and the enlistees and NCOs in the crew are ordered to remain on board, while the officers disembark the aircraft to talk to the officers in the receiving line. About 15 minutes later the rest of the crew is allowed to get out of the aircraft and stretch their legs. Soft drinks and sandwiches are brought out to them which turns out to be their dinner.

When they are just about finished eating, the flight officers return from the flight operations building to the aircraft, along with two MPs. Besides Captain Ewing and Lt. Martucci, there is a third officer who also boards the plane. Maj. Jesse Marcel is being flown back to Roswell. As soon as the aircraft lifts off the runway, Martucci apparently can't contain himself.

Martucci:

Boys, we just made history!

Back to Rickett.

CIC Agent Lewis Rickett usually eats either at the NCO club or over at the officer's club or the airman's club. The policy at CIC (later OSI) is for agents to be seen in these places, any time. If someone wants to talk to the them they

wouldn't want to talk to a total stranger. Rickett likes to tell them where their office is, and lots of times they would come in looking for him.

CIC Agent Sheridan Cavett, who had been to the debris site with Marcel and Brazel on Monday, and attended the staff meeting on Tuesday morning, returns and meets up with Rickett at his office at the base about 1:00 - 1:15 PM. It's a beautiful day. 21

Cavett:

I want you to go with me.

Rickett:

Where you been? You and Marcel went out of here with some old farmer.

Cavett:

Some old rancher, not farmer. He said he was going to show us something so we both headed out there. But I've got something to show YOU.

Rickett:

Where are we going?

Cavett:

To the boondocks.

Rickett:

We'll get stuck in the sand.

Cavett:

No, there's a half-way road out there. I don't believe what I've seen, and I just thought it would be advisable to have another set of eyes on this.

They requisition a staff car. The military, knowing the location of the final impact site had moved in for the recovery

of the craft and bodies two days before. . Most of the debris had been removed but the site was still heavily secured. The trip took them thirty to forty five minutes.

Rickett and Cavett arrive near the final impact site and are a short distance down a hill not far from all the activity. There are four or five military vehicles, up about a half a mile or so down the road. 22

Rickett:
What's going on up there?

Cavett is silent for a while, staring ahead as he drives onward.

Rickett:
I don't recognize this place.

Cavett:
You'll see. And Darden's even got some of HIS men up there.

Rickett realizes something important is going on. Major Robert Darden is Chief of Security.

So they drive up to the first checkpoint, which is Maj. Edwin Easley's MPs.. The guards look at them and one of them confronts Rickett.

Guard:
You know, me, Ole?

Rickett:
Yeah, hell yeah, I believe I do,

All the MPs are armed, either with 45's or Thompson submachine guns. When they first arrive, there must be five or six men, positioned there by Provost Marshall, Edwin Easley. But as they get on up the road, another hundred

yards, there is at least 25 or 30 people out there, all Darden's men. The men are scattered. Some of them are out three or four hundred yards, all out in a big circle, here and there, on top of the little dunes, all are just standing there. Darden doesn't want anybody else wandering in there.

But Easley's MPs still check their I.D.s. Easley or Darden would crucify them if they hadn't. They're not taking any chances.

After showing their IDs at the checkpoint along the road Cavett & Rickett approach the next group of men and Darden comes over.

Darden:

You can't say anything about this to anybody, and I didn't talk to you about any of this. I want to shoot some more pictures. Marcel is going to be out here later, and I just thought it would be advisable for somebody else to see it. Don't walk anywhere until I tell you.

Rickett stops in his tracks.

Darden:

Well, what does it look like to you? What's this whole place here look like?

Rickett:

This is kind of hard to believe. It looks to me like something landed here. But if it landed here, I don't see any tracks. I don't know how anything could land here and not leave tracks. The sun is pretty bright. Have you been over there? (Pointing to where Darden's men are on guard) Don't you see what I see? Looks like there's.....I guess that's metal.

Rickett at that time is approximately fifteen to twenty feet from various closer pieces.

Rickett:

Is it hot? (radioactive) Can you touch it?

Darden is shaking his head no to the first question:

Darden:

Yeah, be my guest. That's what I wanted you to ask me.

As for the strange wreckage, it is very similar to that found by Marcel and Cavett on the Foster ranch; thin, light, and strong. Rickett picks up a piece of it, a slightly curved piece of metal, real light. It is about six inches by twelve or fourteen inches. Very light. Rickett crouches down, places it over his knee and tries to bend it.

Cavett looks over at Darden and laughs:

Cavett:

Smart guy. He's trying to do what WE couldn't do.

Rickett:

What in the hell is this stuff made out of? It doesn't feel like plastic and I never saw a piece of metal this thin that you couldn't bend or break. Some of the edges on some of the pieces, they're kinda curved in a little bit on the edge. Whatever it was.....

They walk around a little bit and Rickett asks:

Rickett:

What are they doing up on the hill?

Cavett:

Well, I figure we walk over there.

They always kept a pair of walking shoes just in such a case, so they put them on and head towards the hill.

Darden:

I just don't want anybody coming in here until after you fellows have seen this, and Major Marcel gets back, later in the afternoon. We took all the pictures of the whole area. Everything you see, it's on film. They even tried to estimate this shallow place, right in here, where all this is, how much is it but on the other end? If you will, if you've noticed, we've already run a string through here, try to stay close to that marker. If he (pointing to Rickett and talking to Cavett) can't, if he insists, if he wants to do something else, let me know and we'll run another one over.

Rickett walks around and sees pieces in various places, different sizes but not too many of them very large. Something anywhere from four or five inches to a foot. He can't imagine what it is. So, then he walks over and talks to one of the MPs/

MP:

Sir! What do you need over here?

Rickett:

I just wanted to walk from here over to there.

MP:

It looks like, just like you're over there and I'm over here. No different.

Rickett:

Well, what's on the other side?

MP:

Well I know what you're talking about. I don't know what we're doing, but I do know this. I never talked to you in my life, not out here.

Rickett:

What you see out here, you never saw it.

MP:

That's right. They told you the same thing.

Rickett:

Well, you didn't have to tell me that. In the first place, I don't know what the hell is going on.

MP:

I see you got your boss with ya.

Rickett:

Well, let's say I work with him.

MP:

We just want to keep any.....if there happened to be some rancher...cowboy or rancher, up from this direction, maybe see the vehicles over here or something..... keep them outa here..

Apparently the area of the impact and the recovered bodies is not allowed to be viewed, at least by Rickett. In any case the bodies are gone and the "pod" or "cabin" is also gone. Since Rickett never sees bodies or a craft at any time it just might be a "test" to make sure the only thing observable is the debris debunked by Ramey at Fort Worth.

Marcel returns from Fort Worth to his home in Roswell just one day after he had displayed some of the true wreckage to his wife, "Vi" (short for Viaud), and son, Jesse Jr. Upon his return, Marcel informs both of them that he was no longer able to talk about it with them. He also tells them that they cannot have the samples he had left with them Tuesday morning.

Later in the day Marcel comes to the new impact site driving a little pickup vehicle. They drive around and gather all the debris they can find. Rickett confronts Marcel.

Rickett:

You must have your whole office out here.

Marcel:

Mine and Don Yeager's both. Yeager's holding up the fort, both offices.

Marcel, being the base intelligence officer, works out of the CIC office at Roswell AAF. (Counter-Intelligence Corps). Captain Cavett and Master Sergeant Bill Rickett also work there. Yeager's office is across the hall.

The MPs don't lift a finger. They are still in the same position as when Rickett & Cavett arrived.

Marcel and his group converse, and Cavitt, his group and Rickett talk.

Rickett:

Its kind of hard to believe there's something like this even possible, that something comes in, disintegrates. But it didn't blow, it just vaporized. It just....

Cavett:

Yep. But what about the pieces?

Rickett:

Yeah, what about the pieces?

Cavett:

Well you know, just remember (and Darden was standing there too) you and I never saw this. You and I have never been out here. We don't see any military people out here. We don't see any vehicles out here.

Rickett:

Yeah, that's right. We never left the office, in fact.

They are back at that office in Roswell by 5:30 PM.

After the embarrassing news media coverage the sightings reports dropped quickly back to 20 per day and then only a few per day

JULY 10th, THURSDAY

Marcel returns to the base complaining to Lt. Haut about the "staged event" in Fort Worth in which he feels that he had, unfortunately and unwittingly, played a part. After all, he and Cavett were the investigators. Col. Blanchard was the one who ordered the press release saying they had captured a flying saucer, not Marcel.

Rickett and Cavett go to the base and Marcel is working with some boxes. While they are there Marcel closes a box, wraps it up, tapes it up, and puts it inside another box, then tapes that up. He then gives it to Cavitt and Cavitt gives him a receipt for it. 23

This routine jesture would seem to suggest all things normal, but that doesn't prevent Marcel from trying to get some answers. After his humiliating press experience at Fort Worth, and orders to go along with the coverup, Marcel confronts the officer who had accompanied him to the Foster ranch with Mack Brazel to first investigate the crash, the head of counterintelligence for the Counter Intelligence Corps (CIC), Captain Sheridan Cavitt.

Marcel:

Cav, I want to see the report of what all happened here while I was in Fort Worth.

Cavett:

What report?.....I don't know what you 're talking about.

Marcel:

Cav, you know what I'm talking about.

Cavett:

Hey! I can't help you.

Marcel:

Cav, I outrank you!

Cavett:

Sorry, Jesse. I take my orders from Washington. If you don't like it, you can take it up with them.

On that brusque note, the CIC officers put an abrupt end to the debate. It should be pointed out that CIC NCO Lewis "Bill" Rickett is also present at the heated exchange. To him, the discussion is out of character for both men; the Marcells' and the Cavitts' are good friends.

Marcel then says to Rickett:

Marcel:

I want you to go with me. There will be a plane here this afternoon. (He points at the box) They're coming in for that box.

For some reason Marcel doesn't make it and the other two CIC agents are waiting near the runway. That afternoon an unscheduled flight from Bolling Field (Washington, D.C.) arrives at Roswell. The C-54 lands, is gassed up, and the copilot walks toward Rickett and Cavett. Three or four other people get out and walk around. As Rickett walks over to the aircraft the copilot looks at him and Rickett looks at the copilot. Rickett just shakes his head. The pilot then shakes his head and comments, "Nice seeing you." Cavett gives the copilot the box. Apparently both of these men are CIC because they both have to sign for it. 24

After all the formalities Cavett and Rickett are alone again.

Cavett:

Why did that copilot look at you? I looked over, and I saw you shaking your head at him.

Rickett:

I KNOW the guy! Know him real well. I've flown with him. I didn't WANT him to recognize me. He's from Andrews (AFB).



Dr. Lincoln La Paz

Dr. Lincoln La Paz is a meteorite hunter. A few years later, working for the Air Force, he would be looking into the mysterious "green fireballs" that were being reported in New Mexico, overflying many restricted Air Force and atomic installations. But at this time he is about to be called in to find out where the crashed object came from. But even before that, La Paz has his own brush with the mysterious phenomena.

On this very day near Fort Sumner, New Mexico, at 4:47 PM, Lincoln LaPaz is with his wife and two teenage daughters and driving west on Highway 60. They see a sharply outlined, white ellipsoidal seemingly luminous 200 ft object wobbling in the distance to the west about 25 miles away. The object is almost motionless for 30 seconds and at a low speed of about 150 mph. It then disappears behind a cloud in the west, very low elevation, but reappears 5 secs later further to the right, or N, and higher elevation. The object is traveling 600-900 mph with a peak velocity of about 1,400 mph (calculates to about 13 g's!!!!) But no sound, no trail. The object continues to slowly drift N about for about 2 mins in level flight until it disappears in a cloud bank after 2-1/2 minutes.

LaPaz doesn't know any more than anybody else at the time, but soon that will change.

FRIDAY, JULY 11th

The Cavett's and the Marcel's get together for their weekly game of bridge. But this night is different. The wives remain in the main room while the two husbands toil over the stove in the kitchen. The men turn up the heat as high as it can go, and it still has no effect. That's because the focus of their efforts is no simple pot of boiling water. It is a piece of the real crash debris. This rather astonishing scenario ends when Cav tells Marcel:

Cavett:

Jess, I don't have to remind you. This material is classified 'top secret' and you had better get rid of it.

The two men go out onto the patio with the indestructible material. Moments later, when they return, it is gone. It never comes up again. Loyalty and security oaths have prevailed.

Within a week of the crash on July 2, 1947, top generals in the Army Air Force conclude that we are dealing with something not of this Earth and the physical evidence of flying saucers must remain a military secret.

SATURDAY, JULY 12th

Bill Brazel (Mack's son) and his wife, Shirley, arrive at the ranch, but no one is around. Brazel begins his work, first surveying the ranch to see what needs to be done. He sees no evidence of a continued military presence. The trucks, jeeps, soldiers, and cordon are gone.

TUESDAY, JULY 15, 1947

Mac Brazel returns from Roswell. All he will say about his experience is that his interrogators kept asking him the same questions over and over again and that Bill is better off not knowing what happened. Besides, Mac has taken an oath that he will never reveal, in detail, what he saw. By now most of the world has forgotten that a flying saucer supposedly crashed in New Mexico.

AFTERMATH

By the end of July the UFO security is down tight. With just the UFO sightings alone, Dayton, Ohio's Wright-Patterson AFB, confusion is almost to the point of panic.

Most reports come from civilians, and there is no way of stopping them. As long as those civilians have no hardware to demonstrate as proof, flying saucer reports would be just that, reports.

All in all, military and civilian, there are over 600 witnesses to the Roswell incident.

July 30, 1947

Meanwhile the Army Air Force is pondering the wave of sightings, now many by military people, including pilots. There is yet no project to study these objects, but Col. Garrett is coming to some conclusions very early. Lt. Colonel George Garret, in the Collections Branch of Brig. General George F. Schulgen's staff at the Office of Intelligence, Requirements (AFOIR) drafted an analysis of the sixteen most credible cases, compiling a list of reported patterns and physical characteristics of the flying discs.

In a revealing document, a rough draft, Colonel Garrett notices a "lack of topside inquiries, when compared to the prompt and demanding inquiries that have originated topside upon former events, give more than ordinary weight to the possibility that this is a domestic project, about which the President, etc. know." (See page 18, a. & b.)

http://www.nicap.org/docs/garrett_073047doc.pdf

From detailed study of reports selected for their impression of veracity and reliability, several conclusions have been formed:

- a) This "flying saucer" situation is not all imaginary or seeing too much in some natural phenomenon. Something is really flying around.
- b) Lack of topside inquiries, when compared to the prompt and demanding inquiries that have originated topside upon former events, give more than ordinary weight to the possibility that this is a domestic project, about which the President, etc. know.
- c) Whatever the objects are, this much can be said of their physical appearance:
 1. The surface of these objects is metallic, indicating a metallic skin, at least.
 2. When a trail is observed, it is lightly colored, a Blue-Brown haze, that is similar to a rocket engine's exhaust. Contrary to a rocket of the solid type, one observation indicates that the fuel may be throttled which would indicate a liquid rocket engine.
 3. As to shape, all observations state that the object is circular or at least elliptical, flat on the bottom and slightly domed on the top. The size estimates place it somewhere near the size

of a C-54 or a Constellation.

4. Some reports describe two tabs, located at the rear and symmetrical about the axis of flight motion.

5. Flights have been reported, from three to nine of them, flying good formation on each other, with speeds always above 300 knots.

6. The discs oscillate laterally while flying along, which could be snaking.

August 15, 1947

America had succumbed impressively to the saucer story in few respects, according to the Gallup Poll which found that public awareness of the aerial mystery had reached 90% leaving such famous newsmakers like the Marshall Plan and the Taft-Hartley labor bill far behind in the ratings, but when tested about the possible explanations to the riddle, prosaic answers claimed lion's share of the percentages. Most took liking to possible secret weapons, balloons, hoaxes, etc. Nothing was said about "alien visitors," not even measurable 1% toyed with the concept. The cover-up was working.

August 19, 1947

The unexplained lack of interest by the topmost military chiefs crops up again in an FBI document that relates an exchange between Special Agent S. Wesley Reynolds of the FBI Liaison Section, and Lt. Col. George D. Garrett of the Army Air Intelligence.

http://www.nicap.org/docs/fbi_081947doc.pdf

While Reynolds is questioning the Colonel about the possibility that the discs were highly classified domestic experiment, Colonel Garrett remarks "...when flying objects were reported over Sweden (in 1946), the 'high brass' of the War Department exerted tremendous pressure on the Air Forces Intelligence to identify these sightings." Colonel Garrett went on to state: "...that in contrast to this, we have reported sightings of unknown objects over the United States, and the 'high brass' appeared to be totally unconcerned ...this led him to believe that they knew enough about these objects to express no concern."

Late August, 1947

A bombshell!!! Holloman Army Air Field, Alamogordo, New Mexico, a major event:

At an undisclosed time Air Materiel Command (AMC) Watson Labs Project MOGUL engineer P. Rosmovski and his crew (six operators) track a stationary target at 70° elevation. This CPS-4 radar is modified to track objects at very high altitude. They aim the antenna straight up and pick up a target at 200 miles up!!!! (We still can't do that) The report leaks out, The project sends two high-level investigators, but the prime witnesses are conveniently not available. This object is hovering 200 miles up and has a full view of the entire Roswell crash debris and impact area.

Most of the Air Force (and all of the other people of Earth) are still in the dark about the significance of the crash at Roswell. The Air Force, however, is beginning to realize what the objects being sighted may represent. But at the same time the top brass who secretly want to know more about the motives behind the UFO visitation, allow the intelligence gathering agencies to find the clues.



Gen. Nathan Twining

September 23, 1947

General Nathan Twining, the chief of the Air Technical Intelligence Center, one of the Air Force's most highly specialized intelligence units, sends a letter to the Commanding General of the then Army Air Forces, Gen. George Schulgen. The letter was in answer to the Commanding General's verbal request to make a preliminary study of the reports of unidentified flying objects. The letter says that after a preliminary study of UFO reports, ATIC has

concluded that, to quote from the letter, "the reported phenomena were real." It also stated, "the reported operating characteristics such as extreme rates of climb, maneuverability (particularly in roll), and action which must be considered evasive when sighted ... lend belief to the possibility that some of the objects are controlled either manually, automatically, or remotely."

The letter strongly urges that a permanent project be established at ATIC to investigate and analyze future UFO reports. It requested a priority for the project, a registered code name, and an over-all security classification. ATIC's request is granted and Project Sign, the forerunner of Project Grudge and Project Blue Book, is launched. It is given a 2A priority, A being the highest priority an Air Force project could have. Apparently the subject is taken seriously by the Air Force while the top brass at the Pentagon sit on the Roswell evidence.

Fall 1947

Lewis S. Rickett is assigned to assist Dr. Lincoln La Paz from the University of New Mexico. La Paz's assignment is to determine, if possible, the speed and trajectory of the craft when it hit. According to Rickett, they discover a touchdown point five miles from the debris field where the sand has crystallized, apparently from the heat, and they find more of the foil-like material. La Paz, who apparently does not know that bodies were recovered, concludes that the object was an unoccupied probe from another planet. (Ref. 1) The Truth About Roswell

November, 1947

The "inner cabin" or "escape pod" is shipped out from Roswell Army Air Field in the bomb bay of the B-29 "Up an' Atom", most likely headed to Wright-Patterson AFB in Ohio.

March 3, 1948

A SECRET memo from Maj-Gen S. E. Anderson, U.S.A.F. Director of Plans and Operations regards an AMC proposal to use fighter aircraft to intercept flying discs.

July, 1948

In intelligence, if you have something to say about some vital problem you write a report that is known as an "Estimate of the Situation." A few days after the DC-3 was buzzed (Chiles-Whitted Case, July 24th), the people at ATIC decide that the time has arrived to make an Estimate of the Situation. The situation was the UFO's; the estimate is that they are interplanetary! It is a rather thick document with a black cover and it was printed on legal sized paper. Stamped across the front are the words TOP SECRET.

Some people are getting too close to the truth and things must be calmed down.

February 11, 1949

The "Dark Ages" begin. The order that changes the name of Project Sign to Project Grudge has not directed any change in the operating policy of the project. It has, in fact, pointed out that the project is to continue to investigate and evaluate reports of sightings of unidentified flying objects. In doing this, standard intelligence procedures are to be used. This normally means the unbiased evaluation of intelligence data. But standard intelligence procedures are no longer being used by Project Grudge. Everything is being evaluated on the premise that UFO's cannot. No matter what you see or hear, don't believe it.

New people take over Project Grudge. ATIC's top intelligence specialists who had been so eager to work on Project Sign are no longer working on Project Grudge. Some of them drastically and hurriedly changed their minds about UFO's when they see that the Pentagon is no longer sympathetic to the UFO cause. They now direct their talents toward more socially acceptable projects. Other charter members of Project Sign have been "purged." These were the people who had refused to change their original opinions about UFO's. One of those people is Alfred Loedding.

<http://nicap.org/docs/loedd/cover.htm>

With the new code name of "GRUDGE" and the new personnel comes the new objective, get rid of UFO's. It isn't specified this way in writing but it doesn't take much effort to see that this is now the goal of the project. This unwritten objective is reflected in every memo, report, and directive.

Now that Dr. La Paz has left the green fireball investigation, it leaves a gap. A teletype message is flashed by New Mexico authorities to Wright Field reflecting that fact while requesting aid: "Local sensitive installations concerned. Scientific personnel and equipment unavailable this office. Dr. La Paz only consultant engaged full time academically University New Mexico. Request assistance and/or advice. Please reply." There is no reply! Kirtland OSI then tries sending data direct to the Pentagon, but Wright Field finally sends a message reminding the boys at Kirtland Field that Project GRUDGE had sole responsibility for the UFO problem. Kirtland authorities get around this by sending reports both to Wright Field and Washington.

Feb. 15, 1949

The higher-ups still want as much information as they can get from the Air Force in order to find out what the saucers are doing and why. The J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI, once discouraged in 1947 over their "flying disc" involvement with the Army Air Force, gets a memo from General Cabell, who isn't aware of the Roswell evidence.

AFOIN AIR Memo No.4 Feb.15,1949.pdf

March 2, 1950

A Joint Chiefs of Staff (JCS) meeting focuses on establishing goals for a minimum air defense by 1952.

October 2, 1951

In a dramatic 10 a.m. conference in the office of the AF Director Intelligence, Maj. Gen. Charles P. Cabell, the ATIC officers who investigated the Ft. Monmouth UFO sightings and radar tracking, Lt. Col. Nathan R. Rosengarten (Chief, Aircraft & Propulsion Branch, Technical Analysis Division, ATIC) and Lt. Jerry Cummings, give a briefing to Cabell and his top staff, plus representatives of Republic Aircraft, including a Mr. Brewster. Cabell at the end is very upset at the dismissive reassurances he had been hearing from some of his nay-saying anti-UFO senior officers and explodes in anger, "I've been lied to, lied to, lied to! I want it to stop! I want answers, good answers." Cabell orders an overhaul of the UFO program at ATIC.

March 1952

Some very influential USAF generals (Cabell, Garland) are so dissatisfied with the state of Air Force UFO investigations that they dismantle Project Grudge and replaced it with a new project with a new code name, Blue Book. Gen. Garland thinks the UFO question deserves serious scrutiny because he has witnessed a UFO.

One faction in the Air Force is developing a plan to tell the people the truth. For months Maj. Donald Keyhoe is given selected UFO cases by Air Force Press Desk's Al Chop. Forty-two formerly classified UFO reports are cleared and plans were made to show the press the two top secret UFO films taken at Utah and Montana.

April 1952

A USAF Commanders Conference at Ramey AFB, Puerto Rico, planners familiarize commanders with the thinking behind the plan of minimum defense as well as with its contents. Referred to as the Blue Book Plan, it stipulates that a minimum air defense could be in place by mid-1952. It was estimated that July 1, 1952, as the critical date when the Soviets would pose a dangerous threat. General Charles Cabell expects the Soviets to have between 45 and 90 atom bombs and 70 to 135 Tu-4 bombers (copied B-29s) by that time. Was there a nuclear connection between this threat and the massive UFO sighting wave of 1952 and the events over Washington in July?

1952

Major sighting wave, includes radar trackings of saucers over the White House.

1953

CIA kills plan to release information to the public.

1957

Major sighting wave involving "humanoids" and Electro-Magnetic effects. For years after WW II, both the United States and the Soviet Union have been trying to perfect a long-range missile capable of carrying nuclear warheads. Building on the successes of Nazi Germany in developing the V-1 and V-2 rockets that pummeled Great Britain during the last months of World War II, both American and Russian scientists race to improve the range and accuracy of such missiles. If an alien race was observing all our activities, what would they be thinking? The impetus was already on to create orbiting platforms and satellites and missiles in space. The most peaceful nation on the face of the earth had used two A-bombs on Japan and the thought some might entertain would have been that Earth satellites and orbiting atomic bombs was a good possibility and a very bad idea. The missile race was on.

1967 - MISSILE SHUTDOWNS & THE MOTHER OF ALL SIGHTING WAVES

April 21, 1967 the Strategic Air Command reaches the level of 1000 operational Minuteman I and II ICBMs. By 1967 the U.S. has 37,000 nuclear warheads. March 16th, Echo-Flight of 10 Minuteman nuclear ICBM's of Malmstrom AFB, USAF 341st Strategic Missile Wing, SAC, were inexplicably deactivated within 10 seconds of each other and for 1 day after UFO's hovered near 2 missile silos. Followed a series of UFO sightings during early morning hours by USAF security teams. The Soviet Union has 45,000! On June 5th the Arab/Israeli War almost brings the U.S. and Russia head-to-head in a confrontation that would have led to WWIII.

November 27, 1968 - RAND DOCUMENT: UFOs: What to Do? by George Kocher

<http://www.nicap.org/papers/randdoc.ht>

1973 - WORLD-WIDE MAJOR SIGHTING WAVE

The Year of the Humanoids. As evidence for the nuclear connection continues to mount, world-shaking events are taking place which lead to the Arab/Israeli War, fought from October 6 to October 26. The 1973 sighting wave was concentrated in the last half of the year, and featured the largest number of humanoid occupant sightings in many years. Oct. 25, 1973, US Forces go on DEFCON III The U.S. became concerned that the Soviet Union might intervene in the Arab/Israeli (Yom Kippur War) and U.S. forces including Strategic Air Command, Continental Air Defense Command, European Command and the Sixth Fleet were placed on DEFCON III Alert.

1975

The Air Force releases the files of Project Blue Book along with collected files from the various districts of the Office of Special Investigations (OSI). It becomes possible to check the claims of the main sources of UFO history, Capt. Edward Ruppelt and Maj. Donald Keyhoe, who described the Air Force investigations and also the reports of various UFO incidents. Their accuracy is found to be very high. But there are "holes" in the Blue Book data. There were UFO reports, lots of reports for 1947-1951, but the office documents and overall analyses and position papers for the period are missing.

Of particular interest here is the summer of 1947, for which there is a total lack of information on the Air Force investigations. The reports are there, but the documents leading up to Twining's letter to George Schulgen are not there. The documents leading up to Craigie's letter which gave Project SIGN the go ahead are not there.

The obvious answer is that a few top generals knew the answer right after the crash and retrieval. The only thing they didn't know was, what were these people in the flying discs doing and what were their intentions. With the facts about Roswell now Top Secret, those not in the "need to know" would just be keeping an eye out. And there was plenty to see.

July 1995

The controversy over Roswell was at high pitch and Rep. Steven Schiff (N.M.) is now smelling "a rat". In addition to unit history reports, he is able to get the GAO (Government Accounting Office) to search for other government records on the Roswell crash. In this regard, the Chief Archivist for the National Personnel Records Center provides Roswell researchers with documentation indicating that

- (1) RAAF records such as finance and accounting, supplies, buildings and grounds, and other general administrative matters from March 1945 through December 1949 and
- (2) RAAF outgoing messages from October 1946 through December 1949 were destroyed!!! According to this official, the document disposition form did not properly indicate the authority under which the disposal action was taken. The Center's Chief Archivist stated that from his personal experience, many of the Air Force organizational records covering this time period were destroyed without entering a citation for the governing disposition authority.

UPDATE BY RICKETT

Much of what we know about Roswell in the form of details comes from the testimony of CIC Agent, Master Sergeant Lewis Rickett. Rickett saw the debris but never saw any bodies. The transcript we have from that interview conducted by CUFOS Research Director, Mark Rodeghier in 1990 was a major breakthrough. Rickett's association with Dr. Lincoln LaPaz in trying to trace the path of the object a year after the crash led to many discoveries and some mind-boggling final comments.

Rickett:

Well, I always felt that they hadn't really solved the mystery of where they come from. Now, that's my theory. If La Paz was sitting right there where you are today he would probably tell you the same thing. It's something unknown that you can't defend against. You can't build something (like it), even today, we think that we know.

Rodeghier:

How did it make you feel back in 1947 when La Paz told you what you may have already suspected, that he thought this was an alien, you know, spacecraft? How did that make you feel, though?

Rickett:

It certainly didn't make me feel very good. He says well, you and I are in the same boat. He says, the thinking person, if its true, what we think is, let's pray as long as you and I live, and for generations to come, that they are real friendly. Evidently these are just probes, sent all around. But he said, I would hope that my generation, your generation, generations to come, if they are indeed friendly, if they have, if they're robots, he says what might have happened is maybe one of those three he says, had control people in it. And the other two were probably flying here and taking pictures and come on in making a sweep, see. Because we'd gotten sightings of these lights and things all over the world. Its not just in the United States. If La Paz were alive today and at the same age he was then , he'd have a field day.

Rickett, and a lot of others were kept out of the loop and were never told about the bodies, which is/was the smoking gun.

The date is unknown, but sometime in the fall a few years after the Roswell incident, CIC Agent Bill Rickett's wife sells their home. The furniture is shipped to the new location. When it arrives, a box is missing. Rickett receives a phone call from the CIC office at Roswell. His friend, Joe Worth, (now OSI) is on the line.

Rickett:

Joe, we got all of the boxes except one. All the items and boxes on the list are numbered and one is missing.

Wirth:

Don't worry, Rick, we're flying the box out. What's in it?

Rickett:

Hell, I'm not sure WHAT it is!

Wirth:

Valuable?

Rickett:

She packed it. I wasn't there when she did it. But, I want to ask you something.

Wirth:

Fire away.

Rickett:

This kinda reminded me of something. Some time back Marcel boxed something up and Cav and I had to sign for it before they put it on a plane. Speaking of missing boxes.....

Wirth:

Now, you stop it, right there. Didn't no airplane come in there. Didn't anybody get anything. (he calms down) And we haven't found out yet if there WAS a box, or what it was.

Rickett:

OK, OK.

1960's

These are troubled times. By the end of 1962 the Cuban Missile Crisis will steal the headlines and be the number one topic on radio and TV. It's been 15 years since Rickett last saw Joe Wirth, who is now with the Park Police.

Wirth:

You know, you almost got me in a little bit of a bind, but, I think we covered ourselves.

Rickett:

That box disappeared? Planes come into that base all the time, the boxes rode on an Air Force plane. Couldn't anybody get court-martialed for a thing like that?

Wirth:

Let's walk out through here in the parking lot. We'll talk for a minute.

They proceed to the parking lot.

Wirth:

I'm not military, now, but I'm Park Police. I hold my reserve commission. You know, honest to God, they haven't found yet just what that was, what that metal was.

Rickett:

Well, it looked to me like, you know what Monel looks like?

Wirth:

Yeah, but Monel would be too heavy. I've seen some sheets of Monel, and they'll give a little bit.

Rickett:

Well, maybe someday we'll all know. If we don't nuke ourselves out of existence.

Even without the Roswell crash there is enough evidence to convince most people of the UFO presence and proof of the earlier concerns. Some of the most dramatic and telling incidents involve sightings over the world's nuclear

sites and missile installations. With over 600 witnesses reporting the Roswell story we have had a peek at those who are doing the watching. These beings, way ahead of us, are apparently mortal and they appear to have exhibited a long-term interest in humans on planet Earth. And somebody ON this Earth is determined to keep this Top Secret.