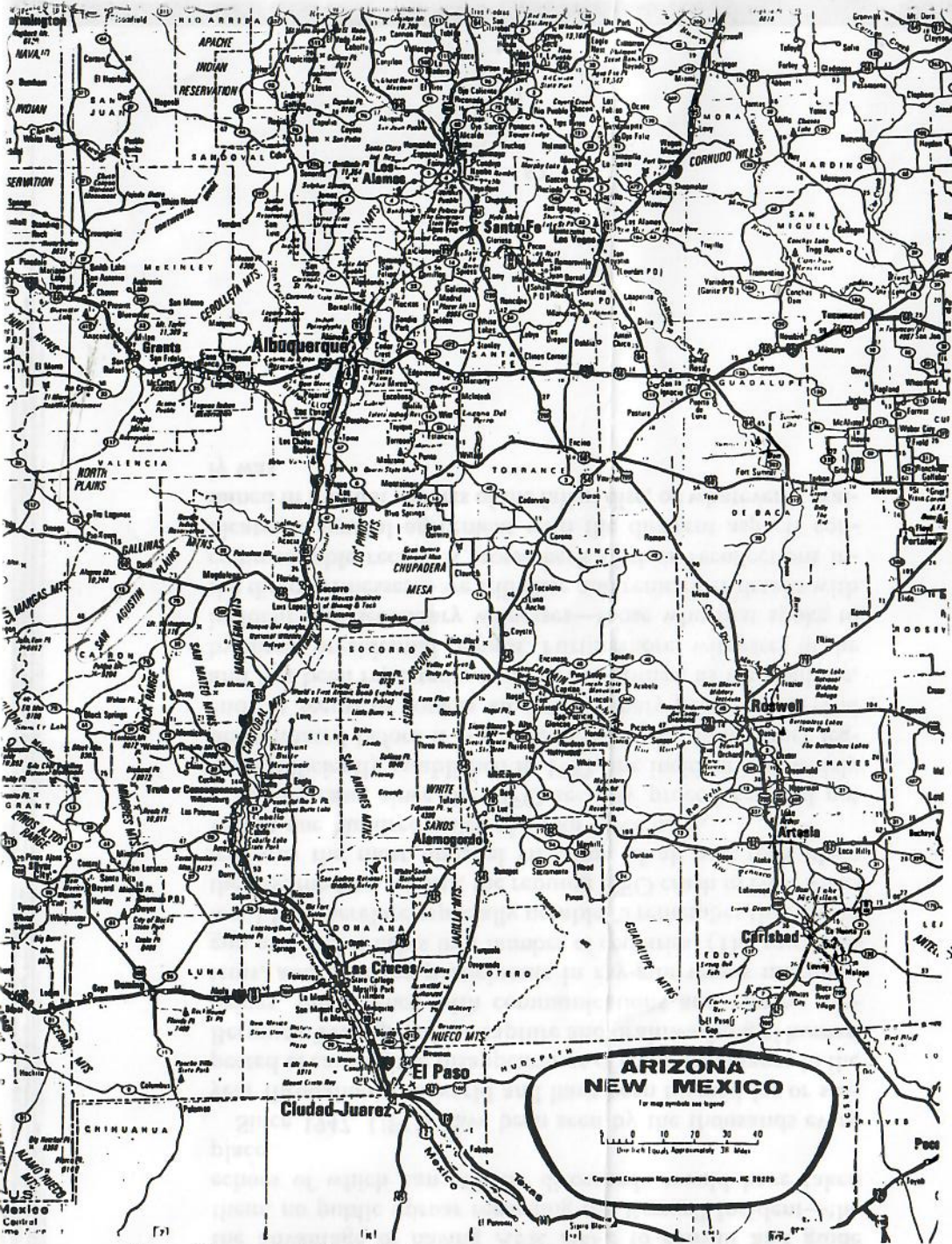


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EXCERPT



# The Roswell Incident

BY

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Map of the central New Mexico area showing locations referred to in the text. © Copyright 1980 Champion Map Corporation, Charlotte, North Carolina 28225. All rights reserved.



and Roswell Base Commander Colonel Blanchard had had the advantage of having AFR 200-2 to consult and guide them, no public uproar regarding the Roswell Incident—the echoes of which can still be discerned—would have taken place.

Since 1947, UFOs have been seen by the thousands every year throughout the world and have been blamed for or suspected of causing the disappearance of ships and planes in the Bermuda Triangle, of the capture and brainwashing of human beings, interference with communications and electric systems, and of being participants in ray-gun versus machine-gun and rocket fights in a number of countries. (The earthlings lost.) It is therefore especially notable to remember that one of the first modern reports, the reputed UFO crash in New Mexico, was the most unusual visitation of all and took place within one hundred miles of an air force base.

In any case, since the UFO security procedures had not been sufficiently established in 1947, the incident was widely disseminated before it was smothered. Like many other legends, it seems to possess an extraordinary power of survival and has been repeatedly revived, sometimes, as we shall see, by direct presidential request. Furthermore, witnesses of the incident and secondary witnesses—those who first spoke to the direct witnesses—are still alive and remember details with commendable recall. A cross-check of their recollections indicates a general agreement with the different aspects contained in the first reports of the fallen disc, or whatever it really was.

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## *Witnesses Speak— the Town Remembers*

Barney Barnett, a resident of Socorro, New Mexico, a civil engineer working for the federal government in soil conservation, was one of the first witnesses to arrive at the site of the fallen saucer, sometime in the morning of July 3, 1947.

While living in New Mexico, Barney and his wife, Ruth, had become close friends with L. W. "Vern" Maltais and his wife, Jean Swedmark Maltais. Vern was "on assignment with the military" in New Mexico at this time.

In February 1950, during a visit by the Maltaises to Socorro, Barnett told his friends an extraordinary story. Before telling them, however, he cautioned them not to repeat it. Barnett claimed to have personally witnessed a flying-saucer crash in the Socorro area—that he had seen it and seen dead bodies that were not human beings. Then the area was quickly sealed off and the bodies and wreckage removed by the military.

Although three decades have passed since Barnett told his strange tale to the Maltaises, they remember it very well, espe-



cially as it was underscored by the many UFO sightings reported in New Mexico at the time. Both the Maltais spoke highly of Barnett's character. He was older than they were, very conservative, and quite sure of himself—definitely not the type to go about spreading wild rumors. But, the Maltais recalled, Barnett definitely said he had seen the thing on the ground. According to the Maltais, this is what Barnett told them:

I was out on assignment, working near Magdalena, New Mexico, one morning when light reflecting off some sort of large metallic object caught my eye. Thinking that a plane may have crashed during the night, I went over to where it was—about a mile, perhaps a mile and a quarter away on flat desert land. By the time I got there, I realized it wasn't a plane at all, but some sort of metallic, disc-shaped object about twenty-five or thirty feet across. While I was looking at it and trying to decide what it was, some other people came up from the other direction and began looking around it too. They told me later that they were a part of an archaeological research team from some eastern university [the University of Pennsylvania] and that they too had first thought a plane had crashed. They were all over the place looking at the wreck.

I noticed that they were standing around looking at some dead bodies that had fallen to the ground. I think there were others [dead bodies] in the machine, which was a kind of metallic instrument of some sort—a kind of disc. It was not all that big. It seemed to be made of a metal that looked like dirty stainless steel. The machine had been split open by explosion or impact.

I tried to get close to see what the bodies were like. They were all dead as far as I could see and there were bodies inside and outside the vehicle. The ones outside had been tossed out by the impact. They were like hu-

mans but they were not humans. The heads were round, the eyes were small, and they had no hair. The eyes were oddly spaced. They were quite small by our standards and their heads were larger in proportion to their bodies than ours. Their clothing seemed to be one-piece and gray in color. You couldn't see any zippers, belts, or buttons. They seemed to me to be all males and there were a number of them. I was close enough to touch them but I didn't—I was escorted away before I could look at them anymore.

While we were looking at them a military officer drove up in a truck with a driver and took control. He told everybody that the Army was taking over and to get out of the way. Other military personnel came up and cordoned off the area. We were told to leave the area and not to talk to anyone whatever about what we had seen . . . that it was our patriotic duty to remain silent. . . .

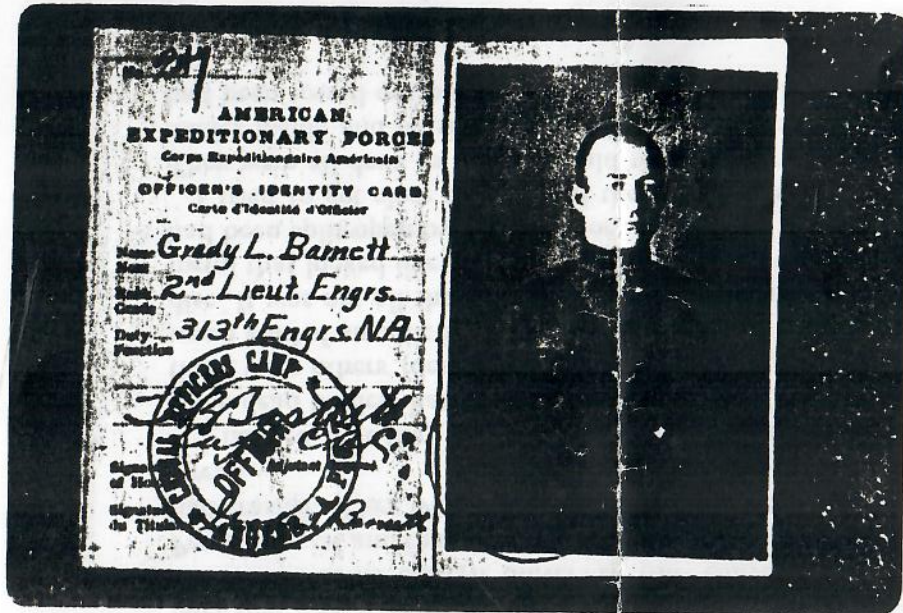
Mrs. Maltais interrupted at this point to add:

Barnett said that he was out in the field when he saw this thing, and that there were other individuals there with him. I think he said that the individuals he talked to there were from the University of Pennsylvania. They were doing some digs in the New Mexico area and were involved with this thing only because they were in the area when it crashed.

The object was a metallic-like instrument of some sort. The individuals were quite small by our standards. Their heads were larger in proportion to their bodies compared to our human standards. I remember vividly that Barnett had been told to say absolutely nothing and he had not done so for several years until he shared his experience with us in 1950. We were very close friends, perhaps the closest he had.

Barnett called the creatures "males." There was no





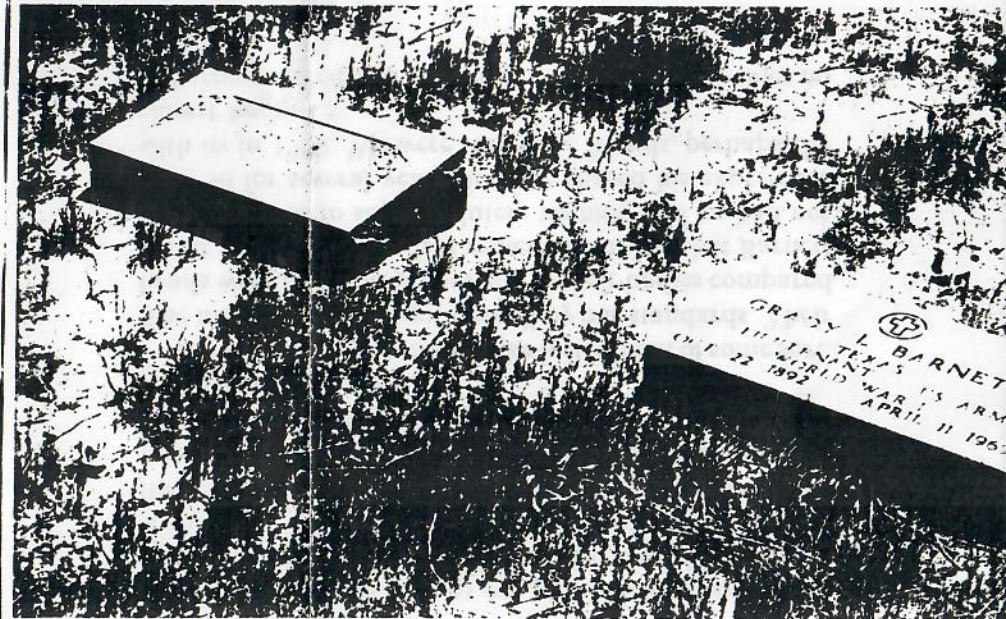
World War I Army ID of Grady L. "Barney" Barnett, who broke a pledge of secrecy to tell friends he had witnessed the crash of an unidentified flying object in New Mexico in 1947.

(Mrs. Alice Knight)



Grady L. "Barney" Barnett in front of his Socorro, New Mexico, house in 1945, barely two years before he would be a witness to one of the most startling events of man's history.

(Mrs. Alice Knight)



Grave site of Barney and his wife, Ruth Barnett, in Dalhart, Texas.

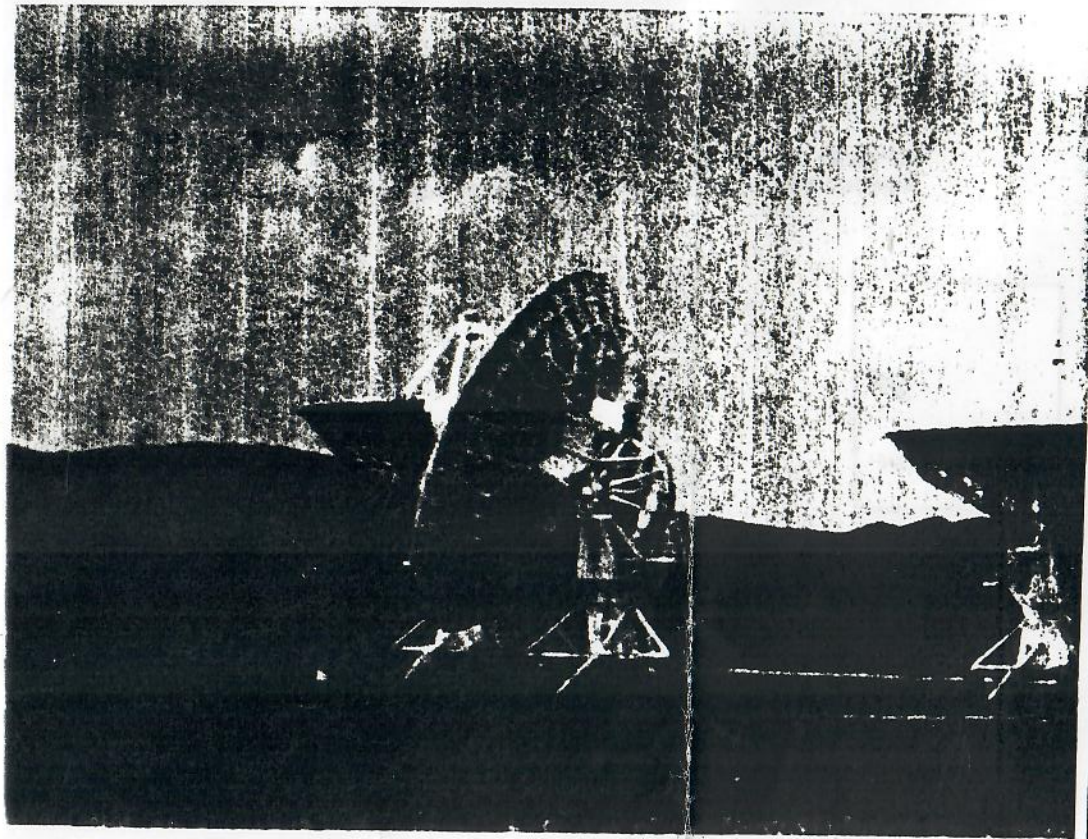
(W. L. Moore)

mention of females. There were a number of them, but I can't remember how many he said there were. He repeated several times that their eyes were small and oddly spaced.

The object was soon moved away from the crash site. They brought in a large truck. Whoever was involved with it asked the spectators to leave. This included the University of Pennsylvania people. Everyone was told to leave the area and not to talk about it to anyone, because to do so would be unpatriotic.

When asked if she recalled in what part of New Mexico Barnett had said the crash had occurred, Mrs. Maltais answered: "No, I don't exactly recall. It was somewhere out of Socorro. He may have said exactly, but I don't recall. I remember he said it was prairie—'the Flats' is the way he put it. Definitely not in a mountainous area. Barnett traveled all over



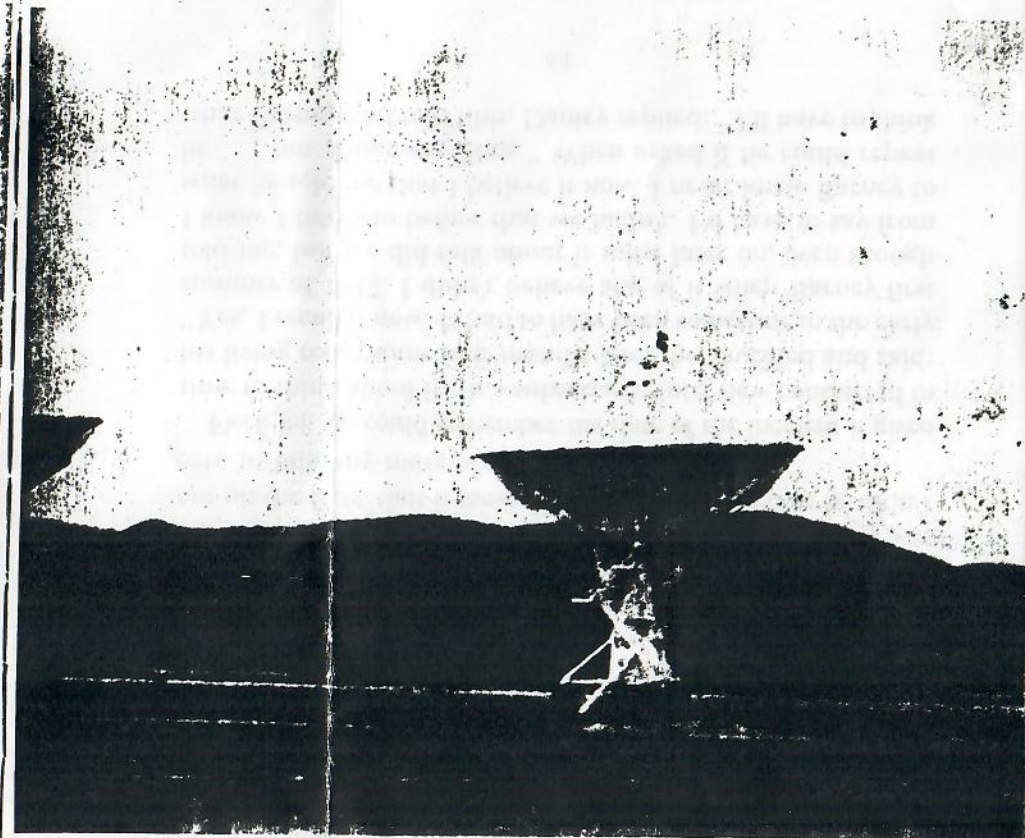


View of the Plains of San Agustin, near Socorro, New Mexico—crash site of the “Barnett device” in 1947, and currently the location of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory’s Very Large Array (VLA) radio telescope program for listening in on the universe. According to the NRAO, the site’s location was specifically chosen because of the “extremely low level of manmade electrical interference” in the area.

(W. L. Moore)

New Mexico, but did most of his work in the area directly west of Socorro.”

As Barney Barnett’s reported version of the incident is so complete and ties in so neatly with other reports it is pertinent to consider his reputation in the area and whether or not he was especially imaginative or visionary.



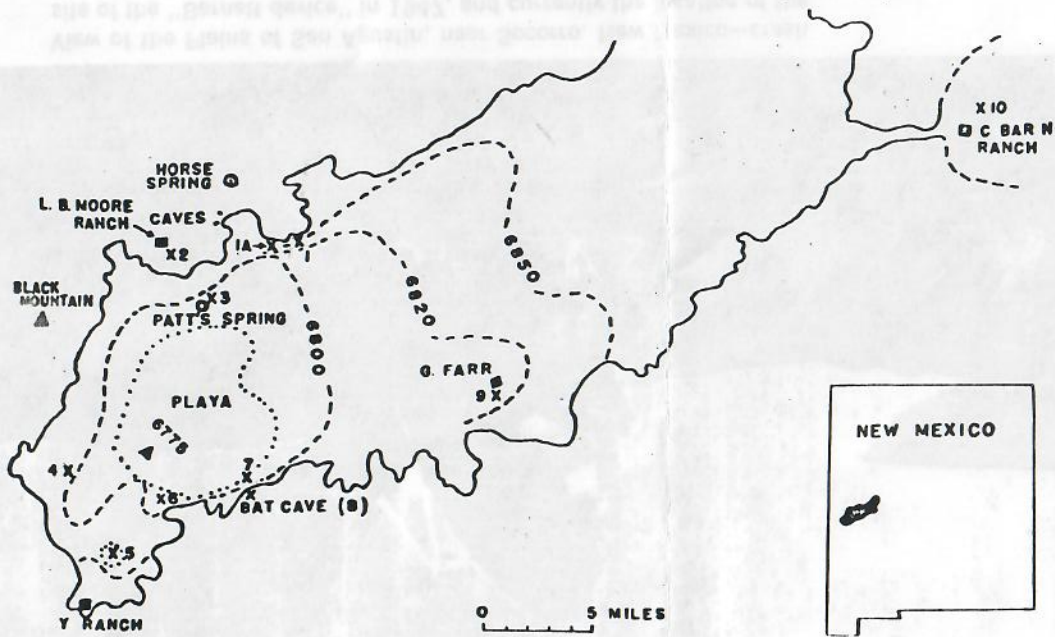
Grady Landon (Barney) Barnett worked as an engineer in the area for the U.S. Soil Conservation Service for twenty years until his retirement in 1957. He was a veteran of World War I (Second Lieutenant, 313 Engineers, AEF) and past commander of the American Legion Post at Mosquero, New Mexico—certainly a model of a conservative respected citizen.

Holm Bursum, Jr., bank executive, former mayor of Socorro, and son of Holm Bursum, Sr., former U.S. senator from New Mexico, was not unaware of the atomic or space age, as his cattle were exposed to fallout from the first 1945 A-bomb test at Alamogordo, which caused them to turn spotted white and subsequently to be shipped to Oak Ridge National Laboratory for study. When interviewed by Moore in 1979, he



immediately recalled having known Barnett quite well, and spoke highly of him. Asked about the possibility that Barnett's crashed UFO account may have been true, Bursum replied: "A tale like that would have been fantastic all right but I would have to say that anything he said would have to be true to the best of his knowledge."

Lee Garner, former cowboy and later sheriff of Socorro County, remembers Barney Barnett favorably and especially remembers the archaeological expedition, doubtlessly because of his own interest in Indian archaeology. He thought the expedition was from Michigan, but said there may have been Pennsylvania students involved with it. John Greenwald, a former federal government employee and now a retired farmer in Socorro County, recalled that Barnett worked primarily in



Map of the San Agustin Plains area near Socorro, New Mexico, showing the location of archaeological sites excavated by the 1946-48 expedition.

(American Antiquity Magazine)

a map area to the west of Socorro called the Plains of San Agustin, also called locally "the Flats," and believed that the incident had taken place there.

J. F. "Fleck" Danley of Magdalena, New Mexico, was more specific:

Barnett was an engineer and worked under me out of Magdalena in the 1940s and early fifties. He was a good man . . . one of the most honest men I ever knew.

Question (by Moore): *Did Barnett ever say anything about a flying saucer?*

Yes, there was one time. Barney came into the office one afternoon all kind of excited and said to me: "You know those flying-saucer things they've been talking about, Flek . . . ? Well, they're real." Then he said something about he's just had a look at one of them. I was real busy at the time and wasn't in any mood to buy a story like that, so I just turned around to him and said: "Bull - - -!" and went back to work. All he told me was that he saw it. I wasn't prepared to believe it at the time and after I had said "Bull - - -" he didn't explain anything else about it. I got to thinking about it later that maybe I shouldn't have been so rough with him because he wasn't the sort to go around making up stories like that, but when I asked him about it a day or so later all he said was out on the flats, that it looked like a saucer, and that he didn't care to talk any more about it.

Fleck felt he could remember the date of the incident if given time to think about it. In a subsequent interview conducted in his living room some four months later, he chuckled and said: "Yes, I recall it now. It had to have been sometime in the early summer of 1947. I didn't believe any of it when Barney first told me, but we did talk about it some later on, even though I know I told you before that we hadn't. I'd have to say from what he told me that I believe it now. I never knew Barney to lie . . . not about anything." When asked if he could repeat what Barney had told him, Danley replied: "I'll have to think



on that awhile. Maybe I've told you enough already."

Perhaps some of the most important testimony in the matter of the crashed disc comes from Major (now Lieutenant Colonel) Jesse A. Marcel, ranking staff officer in charge of intelligence at the Roswell Army Air Base at the time of the incident. Marcel, now retired and living in Houma, Louisiana, had been flying since 1928 and, in his own words, was "familiar with virtually everything that flew." As one of the few cartographers familiar with both the making and interpreting of aerial maps before World War II, he was sent to intelligence school by the Army Air Force following Pearl Harbor and proved to be so capable a student that, upon completion of training, he was retained as an instructor. Fifteen months later, he applied for and was granted combat duty, and went to New Guinea, where he became intelligence officer for his bomber squadron and later for his entire group. Flying as bombardier, waist gunner, and pilot, he logged 468 hours of combat flying in B-24s, was awarded five air medals for shooting down five enemy aircraft, and was himself shot down once (on his third mission).

Toward the end of the war, Marcel was chosen to become a part of the 509th Bomb Wing of the U.S. Army Air Force, the world's only atomic bomb group at the time, and one of the few "elite" groups in the U.S. military, where all officers and enlisted men were literally hand-picked for their jobs and required high-security clearances. As a part of this group in 1946, he was instrumental in handling security for the 1946 Kwajalein atom-bomb tests (Operation Crossroads) and was awarded a commendation by the U.S. Navy for his work.

In recent interviews (Moore and Stanion Friedman, February, May, and December 1979) he remembered some interesting details concerning his own connection with the Roswell Incident and the intriguing possibility that either there was a second disc that exploded in the air or that material fell, after an explosion, from the disc described in Barnett's account before that object apparently crashed to the earth some distance to the west.

Question: *Major Marcel, did you personally see a crashed UFO?*

I saw a lot of wreckage but no complete machine. Whatever it was had to have exploded in the air above ground level. It had disintegrated before it hit the ground. The wreckage was scattered over an area of about three quarters of a mile long and several hundred feet wide.

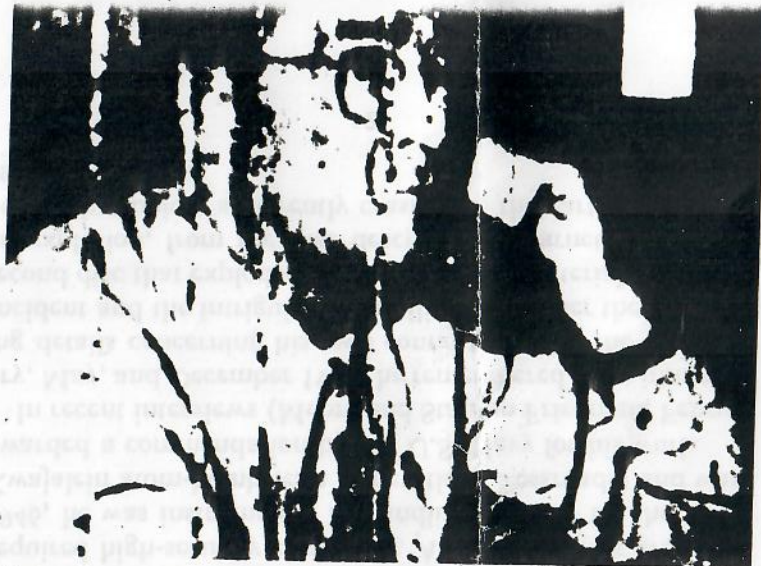
*How did the Roswell Base know about the crash at Brazel's ranch?*

We heard about it on July 7 when we got a call from the county sheriff's office at Roswell. I was eating lunch at the officers' club when the call came through saying that I should go out and talk to Brazel. The sheriff said that Brazel had told him that something had exploded over Brazel's ranch and that there was a lot of debris scattered around.

I finished my lunch and went into town to talk to this fellow. When I had heard what he had to say, I decided that this was a matter that had better be brought to the attention of the colonel [Colonel Blanchard] right away and let him decide what ought to be done. I wanted Brazel to accompany me back to the base with his truck, but he said he had some things to do first and could he meet me somewhere in an hour or so. I arranged for him to meet me at the sheriff's office, and went back to see the colonel.

In my discussion with the colonel, we determined that a downed aircraft of some unusual sort might be involved, so the colonel said I had better get out there, and to take whatever I needed and go. I and a CIC [Counter-Intelligence Corps] agent from West Texas by the name of Cavitt [Marcel couldn't recall his first name] followed this man out to his ranch, with me driving my staff car [a '42 Buick] and Cavitt in a Jeep Carry-all. There were almost no roads, and at spots we literally had to go right across country. It was as close to the middle of nowhere as you could get. Anyhow, we got there very late in the afternoon and had to spend the night with this fellow. All we had to eat was some cold pork and beans and some crackers.





Chaves County (New Mexico) Sheriff George Wilcox of Roswell, shown here on July 8, 1947. Wilcox's office received calls from "all around the world" following a Roswell AAF Base announcement that the wreckage of a crashed flying disc had been recovered on a nearby ranch.

(Roswell Daily Record Newsphoto)

Brazel lived on the southeast side of Corona—quite far. The closest town was thirty miles away. He lived in a dinky house on a sheep ranch—no radio, no telephone—lived there by himself most of the time. His wife and kids lived in Tularosa or Carrizozo [Note: It was Tularosa.] so the children would have some place to attend school.

It seems to me that Brazel told me that he thought he had heard an odd explosion late in the evening several days earlier during an electrical storm, but paid no special attention to it at the time because he had attributed it to just a freak part of the storm. He didn't find the wreckage until the next morning.

On Saturday, July 5, 1947, Brazel went into town—Corona. While he was there he heard stories about flying saucers having been seen all over the area. He began to think that's what had come down on his ranch, but I don't know whether he said anything about it to anyone at the time.

On Sunday, July 6, Brazel decided he had better go into town and report this to someone. When he got there, he went to the Chaves County sheriff's office and told the story to the sheriff. It was the sheriff, George Wilcox, who called me at the base. I was eating lunch at the time and had just sat down when the phone rang.

*Do you think that what you saw was a weather balloon?*

It was not. I was pretty well acquainted with most everything that was in the air at that time, both ours and foreign. I was also acquainted with virtually every type of weather-observation or radar tracking device being used by either the civilians or the military. It was definitely not a weather or tracking device, nor was it any sort of plane or missile. What it was we didn't know. We just picked up the fragments. It was something I had never seen before, or since, for that matter. I didn't know what it was, but it certainly wasn't anything built by us and it most certainly wasn't any weather balloon.

*Can you describe the materials that you found on the site?*

There was all kinds of stuff—small beams about three eighths or a half inch square with some sort of hieroglyphics on them that nobody could decipher. These looked something like balsa wood, and were of about the same weight, except that they were not wood at all. They were very hard, although flexible, and would not burn. There was a great deal of an unusual parchment-like substance which was brown in color and extremely strong, and a great number of small pieces of a metal like tinfoil, except that it wasn't tinfoil. I was interested in electronics and kept looking for something that resembled instruments or electronic equipment, but I didn't find anything. One of the other fellows, Cavitt, I think, found a black, metallic-looking box several inches square. As there was no apparent way to open this, and since it didn't appear to be an instrument package of any sort (it too was very lightweight),



we threw it in with the rest of the stuff. I don't know what eventually happened to the box, but it went along with the rest of the material we eventually took to Fort Worth.

*What was especially interesting about the material?*

One thing that impressed me about the debris was the fact that a lot of it looked like parchment. It had little numbers with symbols that we had to call hieroglyphics because I could not understand them. They could not be read, they were just like symbols, something that meant something, and they were not all the same, but the same general pattern, I would say. They were pink and purple. They looked like they were painted on. These little numbers could not be broken, could not be burned. I even took my cigarette lighter and tried to burn the material we found that resembled parchment and balsa, but it would not burn—wouldn't even smoke. But something that is even more astounding is that the pieces of metal that we brought back were so thin, just like the tinfoil in a pack of cigarettes. I didn't pay too much attention to that at first, until one of the boys came to me and said: "You know that metal that was in there? I tried to bend the stuff and it won't bend. I even tried it with a sledgehammer. You can't make a dent on it." . . . This particular piece of metal was about two feet long and maybe a foot wide. It was so light it weighed practically nothing, that was true of all the material that was brought up, it weighed practically nothing . . . it was so thin. So I tried to bend the stuff. We did all we could to bend it. It would not bend and you could not tear it or cut it either. We even tried making a dent in it with a sixteen-pound sledgehammer, and there was still no dent in it. . . . It's still a mystery to me what the whole thing was. Now by bend, I mean crease. It was possible to flex this stuff back and forth, even to wrinkle it, but you could not put a crease in it that would stay, nor could you dent it at all. I would almost have to describe it as a metal with plastic properties. One of the fellows tried to put some of the pieces together—like a jigsaw

puzzle. He managed to get about ten square feet together, but it wasn't enough to get any idea of the general shape of the object itself. Whatever it was, it was big.

*What did you do with the material you had picked up?*

We collected all the debris we could handle. When we had filled the Carry-all, I began to fill the trunk and back seat of the Buick. That afternoon [July 7] we headed back to Roswell and arrived there in the early evening.

When we arrived there, we discovered that the story that we had found a flying disc had leaked out ahead of us. We had an eager-beaver PIO [public information officer] on the base who had taken it upon himself to call the AP on this thing. We had several calls that night, and one reporter even came to the house, but of course I couldn't confirm anything to them over the phone, and the man who came to the house my wife sent over to see the colonel. The next morning that written press release went out, and after that things really hit the fan. The phone rang right off the hook. I heard that the brass fried him later on for putting out that press release, but then I can't say so for sure. . . .

Anyway, that next afternoon we loaded everything into a B-29 on orders from Colonel Blanchard and flew it all to Fort Worth. I was scheduled to fly it all the way to Wright Field in Ohio, but when we got to Carswell at Fort Worth, the general nixed it. He took control at this point, told the press it was all a weather balloon, and ordered me not to talk to the press under any circumstances. I was pulled off the flight and someone else was assigned to fly the stuff up to Wright [Patterson] Field. Everything was sent to Wright-Patterson for analysis.

Just after we got to Carswell, Fort Worth, we were told to bring some of this stuff up to the general's office—that he wanted to take a look at it. We did this and spread it out on the floor on some brown paper.

What we had was only a very small portion of the debris—there was a whole lot more. There was half a B-29-ful outside.



General Ramey allowed some members of the press in to take a picture of this stuff. They took one picture of me on the floor holding up some of the less-interesting metallic debris. The press was allowed to photograph this, but were not allowed far enough into the room to touch it. The stuff in that one photo was pieces of the actual stuff we had found. It was not a staged photo. Later, they cleared out our wreckage and substituted some of their own. Then they allowed more photos. Those photos were taken while the actual wreckage was already on its way to Wright Field. I was not in these. I believe these were taken with the general and one of his aides. I've seen a lot of weather balloons, but I've never seen one like that before. And I don't think they ever did either.

*Let's go back to how the press and radio people got involved. Can we go over that again?*

It was the public information officer, Haut I believe his name was, who called the AP and later wrote the press release. I heard he wasn't authorized to do this, and I believe he was severely reprimanded for it, I think all the way from Washington. We had calls from everywhere—all over the world. It was General Ramey who put up the cover story about the balloon just to get the press off our backs. The press was told it was just a balloon and that the flight to Wright-Patterson was canceled; but all that really happened was that I was removed from the flight and someone else took it up to W-P. I wasn't even allowed to talk to the press except to say what the general had told me to say. They all wanted to ask me questions, and I couldn't tell them anything.

*So what you're saying is that this whole weather-balloon thing was nothing but a cover-up?*

Well, one thing that I want to point out is that the newsmen saw very little of the material—and none of the important things that had hieroglyphics, or markings, on them. They

didn't see that because it wasn't there. They wanted me to tell them about it but I couldn't say anything. When the general came in he told me not to say anything, that he would handle it. He told the newsmen: "Yes, that's the weather balloon." So the newsmen had to take his word for it because they had nothing else to go by. They tried to get me to talk about it, but the general had told me not to say anything and I couldn't say anything. That's when the general told me: "It's best you go back to Roswell. You have duties to perform there. We'll handle it from here. . . ."\*

In October 1947, just three months after the Roswell Incident, Marcel was suddenly transferred to Washington, D.C., over Colonel Blanchard's objections. Once there, he was quickly promoted to lieutenant colonel (in December) and assigned to a Special Weapons Program that was busy collecting air samples from throughout the world and analyzing them in an effort to detect whether the Russians had exploded their first nuclear bomb. "When we finally detected that there had been an atomic explosion, it was my job to write the report on it," related Marcel. "In fact, when President Truman went on the air to declare that the Russians had exploded a nuclear device, it was my report that he was reading from."

Upon being asked whether he knew if the Brazel-ranch wreckage was connected with the report that a saucer had crashed near Socorro at about the same time, Marcel answered:

I heard about that but I could not verify such an occurrence from my own experience. Of course, if another military group had become involved with a larger piece of wreckage, there would be no reason for me to be informed about it officially. All I can verify is what I saw and, I repeat, the material I saw came from no weather balloon.

\*After duly noting the general's strong hint, Major Marcel returned to Roswell immediately and maintained a commendable silence for years thereafter.



*Would anyone else remember anything about what you found on the Brazel ranch?*

My son may remember something. He was about twelve then and he saw some of the stuff we took from the site before it was packed off.

Major (later Lieutenant Colonel) Jesse A. Marcel, S-2 (Intelligence) officer, Roswell Army Air Base, 1947. Major Marcel was in charge of a July 1947 investigative expedition that recovered the first pieces of wreckage from what appears to have been a UFO crash.

(RAAF Yearbook, 1947, courtesy Walter Haut)



Major Marcel's son is now a doctor in Helena, Montana. As a young boy Dr. Marcel was naturally interested in flying and also in space travel. He was fascinated by what his father had brought home and the reports that a vehicle and wreckage from space had come down near the Roswell Base, but he did not have much opportunity to examine it. Dr. Marcel remembers:

Dad got a call to go out and investigate a downed aircraft or something like that. He was gone a couple of days and returned with a van and part of a car filled with wreckage and debris.

The material was foil-like stuff, very thin, metallic-like but not metal, and very tough. There was also some structural-like material too—beams and so on. Also a quantity of black plastic material which looked organic in nature.

Dad returned toward evening. He was gone all one night and most of the next day. He had a 1942 Buick and a Carry-all trailer, and both were loaded with this material which was only a small fraction of the total material.

Dr. Marcel recalled that he was about eleven at this time. When asked if he had managed to save a piece of this material, he replied:

You know, I could have kicked myself a thousand times over for not doing so. Dad said it was classified stuff and not to take any, so I didn't. But I sure wish I had.

*Did Dr. Marcel recall hearing anything more about the incident after that?*

Yes. The story leaked out and we were bombarded with reporters, etc. I wasn't too involved in this. My main impression was that the metal objects and strips were from some kind of machine not a weather balloon. I was told that it was some type of aircraft, but it wasn't any type we were familiar with—that's for sure. Dad said that the speed of impact was not in keeping with any type of aircraft we had at that time.

Several weeks later, in April 1979, Dr. Marcel remembered something else:

In reference to the UFO incident of 1947 or 1948 I omitted one startling description of the wreckage for fear it might have been the fanciful imagination of a twelve-year-old. Imprinted along the edge of some of the beam remnants there were hieroglyphic-type characters. I recently questioned my father about this, and he recalled seeing these characters also, and even described them as being a pink or purplish-pink color. Egyptian hieroglyphics would be a close visual description of the characters seen, except I don't think there were any animal figures present as there are in true Egyptian hieroglyphics.



I keep wondering if some remnants of the crash might still be lying on the New Mexico desert floor. According to my father, some of it was left behind when he and his crew investigated the air-crash site. I suspect, however, that after the true nature of the craft became known to Air Force Intelligence, the whole site was gone over with a vacuum cleaner.

As you know, my dad brought a portion of the wreckage into the house and spread it over the kitchen floor, trying to piece some of the larger fragments together. There were quite literally piles of metallic scrap along with bits of a black, brittle residue that looked like plastic that had either melted or burned. The task was hopeless because there was far too much debris for one kitchen floor to hold.

I doubt if all the smaller fragments were picked up from the kitchen, and, indeed, my mother remarked that some of it was probably swept out the back door. About that time we poured a concrete slab around the back door for a patio. I don't recall whether this was before or after the incident, but if it was shortly after, what better way to preserve some of these fragments that were swept away? [Chances of] recovery of anything would be vanishingly small, but not zero. . . .

Although this would not be the first time in the chronicles of archaeology that potentially and incalculably valuable shards or records had been unconsciously destroyed, researchers would no doubt meet with some difficulties explaining to the present owners of the then Marcel house the imperative need for breaking up the patio piece by piece in order to locate writings from space.

Walter Haut, now the proprietor of the W. H. Art Gallery in Roswell, although the base PIO at the time of the incident, was not a witness. His activities were mainly limited to the uproar occasioned by the arrival of the apparently interplanetary visitors. In interviews during March and June 1979, his recollections ran as follows:

Lieutenant Haut was called by Colonel William Blanchard and directed to write and distribute a news release to the effect that the AAF had recovered the remains of a crashed flying disc. When he asked whether he could see the object in question he was told by Colonel Blanchard that his request was impossible. He wrote the story and distributed the release.

Haut was informed that Major Marcel had been on the plane that had taken the recovered material to Fort Worth, but Haut did not go. He was ordered to stay behind and "answer the telephone" (one remembers that he was only a lieutenant) which he did continuously for the next eight hours, receiving calls for information from all over the world, including one, he remembers, from Hong Kong. When Colonel Blanchard learned of this now international news explosion he "hit the ceiling" and told Lieutenant Haut: "If there is any way you can get them to shut up on it, then go ahead and do it." The pressure ceased when the "weather balloon" story was issued from Fort Worth accompanied by General Ramey's definitive denials to the press and over Radio WBAP from Fort Worth.

Haut resigned his commission in April 1948 on learning that he was about to be transferred. (N.B. He was promoted to captain before he left the service. However, he was not promoted before he signified his willingness to resign.) A Sergeant Edward Gregory, who worked in the Public Information Office with Lieutenant Haut at the time of the incident, observed in a phone interview with Stan Friedman from his home at Livermore, California, that he never quite understood why Lieutenant Haut had left the service and that if he had stayed in the Air Force he would really have made it because he was exceptionally sharp. Colonel Blanchard, Sergeant Gregory said, was "top-notch . . . first-rate, and wouldn't have suggested any press release unless he was damn sure he wasn't dealing with any weather balloon."

The series of denials of the first release might be considered a fairly normal mistake and be excused on the grounds of a



nationwide UFO "flap" at the time, however far this would have taken the local command from the army tradition of "no excuses—no explanations." But there were to be a variety of other direct and indirect witnesses, and means would have to have been found, if the upper echelons had decided to wipe out the story, to silence effectively the other witnesses, either through ridicule or having them change their stories.

One person who should certainly have had firsthand information about the alleged craft would be William W. "Mac" Brazel, the rancher who discovered the strange pieces of wreckage on his land, and the person ultimately responsible for bringing the entire matter to the attention of Major Marcel at Roswell. Although the elder Brazel died in 1963, his son and daughter-in-law, Bill and Shirley Brazel of Capitan, New Mexico, recall the incident well. Bill Brazel is an employee of Texas Instruments and spends the better part of his time working away from home as a geoseismologist in Alaska's North Slope oil region.

Moore: (Interviews conducted in March, June, and December of 1979.)

Question: *Mr. Brazel, what can you tell me about your father's experience in discovering the wreckage of some sort of aerial device out on the ranch?*

Well, actually I can't tell you the whole story about that because I don't know all of it. Father was very reluctant to talk about it at all, and what I know is only what I could manage to get out of him over the years before he died. He took the most part of what he knew to the grave with him. They [the military] swore him to secrecy, you know, and he took that very seriously. A good indication of just how seriously is that he would never even talk to Mother about it. To tell the truth, Shirley here was the closest to him of any of the family and if he was going to tell anyone at all about what he knew, it would have been her. But he never told her the whole story

either, so unless the military chooses to come out in the open with what they know, we're likely never to find out any more about it.

Actually, we first learned about it when we picked up a copy of the Albuquerque *Journal* one evening and saw Dad's picture on the front page. There was another story about it in the Lincoln County *News*. Shirley said: "My God, what's he got himself into now?" and I said: "I don't know, but maybe we had better go over to the ranch tomorrow and find out." We had just been married at the time and were living in Albuquerque. Anyhow, when we got there Dad wasn't there. There was nobody there. Well, we knew he was in Roswell from what the paper had said, so I decided I had better stay and look after the ranch till he got home again. Shirley went on back to Albuquerque that evening. By Monday [July 14] when Dad still hadn't returned, I began to get concerned, and that was when I went over to Corona and made a few phone calls to find out what was going on. I was told not to worry, that Dad was O.K. and that he ought to be coming back to the ranch in the next day or so.

Sure enough, he did, but when he got there, he wouldn't say hardly anything about where he had been or what he had done there. He seemed very disgusted about it all, and was in no mood to talk about it. "You saw that paper," he said. "What you read there is all you need to know. That way, nobody will bother you about it." Later on, he said that he had "found this thing and turned it in to Roswell" and they shut him up for about a week because of it. I can still hear him: "Gosh," he said, "I just tried to do a good deed and they put me in jail for it." Then he said that if we had read it in the papers, then we knew all there was to tell. He said they had told him to shut up because it was important to our country and was the patriotic thing to do, and so that's what he intended to do. He did say that they had shut him up in a room and wouldn't let him out. He was very discouraged and upset about the way they had treated him. They even gave him a



complete "head-to-foot army physical" before they would let him come home.

What I finally got out of him came in bits and pieces over the years, and from what I can piece together, what happened was this:



July 1947 photo of rancher W. W. "Mac" Brazel who first discovered the crash debris while checking fences on his ranch.

(Mrs. Lorraine Brazel Ferguson)

Dad was in the ranch house with two of the younger kids late one evening when a terrible lightning storm came up. He said it was the worst lightning storm he had ever seen [and you can be sure he had seen a lot of them], not much rain with it, just lightning—strike after strike. He said it seemed strange, that the lightning kept wanting to strike the same spots time and again, almost as if there was something attracting it to those spots—he thought maybe underground mineral deposits or something. Anyway, in the middle of this storm there was an odd sort of explosion, not like the ordinary thunder, but different. He said he didn't think too much about it at the time because the storm was so bad that he just guessed it was some freak lightning strike, but later he wondered about it. Anyhow, the next morning while riding out over the pasture to check on some sheep, he came across this collection of wreckage scattered over a patch of land about a quarter mile long or so, and several hundred feet wide. He said to me once that it looked like that whatever this stuff had come from had blown up. He also said that from the way this wreckage was scattered, you could tell it was traveling "an airline route to Socorro," which is off to the southwest of the ranch.

At first he didn't recognize the importance of it, and it was only after a day or so of thinking on it that he decided he had better go back and have a closer look.

It was then that he picked some of it up and brought it back to the ranch house. That evening he went over and talked to Proctor [Floyd Proctor, Brazel's nearest neighbor] about it. But Proctor wasn't interested in coming over to look at it, and Dad was more curious than ever. The next night he went into Corona, and it was then, during a discussion with my uncle, Hollis Wilson, and someone that he knew from Alamogordo, that he first heard about the flying-saucer reports that were sweeping this area at that time. Both Hollis and this other fellow from Alamogordo thought that there was a chance that Dad had picked up the pieces of one of these things, and they advised him to go to the authorities with it. Dad was still not



convinced, but he knew this stuff was like nothing he had ever seen before, so the next day he rounded up the two kids and took off for Roswell by way of Tularosa, where he stopped off and left the kids with Mother. I believe his original intention was to go to Roswell and buy a new Jeep pickup truck—he certainly wouldn't have made the trip just on account of the stuff he had found—but I don't believe he bargained for what he got himself into. One thing's for sure, he didn't get the pickup on that trip anyhow.

Now some of the news reports have it that he went to Roswell to sell wool. I don't know where they got that story, or some of the other information they printed along with it, but I can say for sure that Dad never sold any wool in Roswell. He always contracted for all his wool with some company up in Utah, and they always picked up the wool at the ranch with their own trucks. Anyway, I know he didn't go there to sell wool—it was about trading his pickup that he went.

*Did he ever describe what he had found to you?*

No, not exactly; but then, he didn't need to since I had some of it myself. He had showed me the place where this stuff had come down, but of course you couldn't see anything there since the Air Force had had a whole platoon of men out there picking up every piece and shred that they could find. Still, every time I rode through that particular pasture I would make a point to look. Seems like every time after a good rain I would manage to find a piece or two that they had overlooked. After about a year and a half or two years I had managed to accumulate quite a small collection—about enough that if you were to lay it out on this tabletop it would take up about as much area as your briefcase there.

*Can you describe what you found?*

Yes, I can. There were several different types of stuff. Of course all I had was small bits and pieces, but one thing that

I can say about it was that it sure was light in weight. It weighed almost nothing. There was some wooden-like particles I picked up. These were like balsa wood in weight, but a bit darker in color and much harder. You know the thing about wood is that the harder it gets, the heavier it is. Mahogany, for example, is quite heavy. This stuff, on the other hand, weighed nothing, yet you couldn't scratch it with your fingernail like ordinary balsa, and you couldn't break it either. It was pliable, but wouldn't break. Of course, all I had was a few splinters. It never occurred to me to try to burn it so I don't know if it would burn or not.

There were also several bits of a metal-like substance, something on the order of tinfoil except that this stuff wouldn't tear and was actually a bit darker in color than tinfoil—more like lead foil, except very thin and extremely lightweight. The odd thing about this foil was that you could wrinkle it and lay it back down and it immediately resumed its original shape. It was quite pliable, yet you couldn't crease or bend it like ordinary metal. It was almost more like a plastic of some sort, except that it was definitely metallic in nature. I don't know what it was, but I do know that Dad once said the Army had told him that they had definitely established it was not anything made by us.

Then there was some thread-like material. It looked like silk and there were several pieces of it. It was not large enough to call it string, but yet not so small as sewing thread either. To all appearances it was silk, except that it wasn't silk. Whatever it was, it too was a very strong material. You could take it in two hands and try to snap it, but it wouldn't snap at all. Nor did it have strands or fibers like silk thread would have. This was more like a wire—all one piece or substance. In fact, I suppose it could have been a sort of wire—that thought never occurred to me before.

This stuff was something I had never seen the like of before. None of this stuff had an exactly natural appearance about it, it was more like something synthetic now that I think about it.



*Was there any writing or markings on any of the material you had?*

No, not on what I had. But Dad did say one time that there were what he called "figures" on some of the pieces he found. He often referred to the petroglyphs the ancient Indians drew on rocks around here as "figures" too, and I think that's what he meant to compare them with.

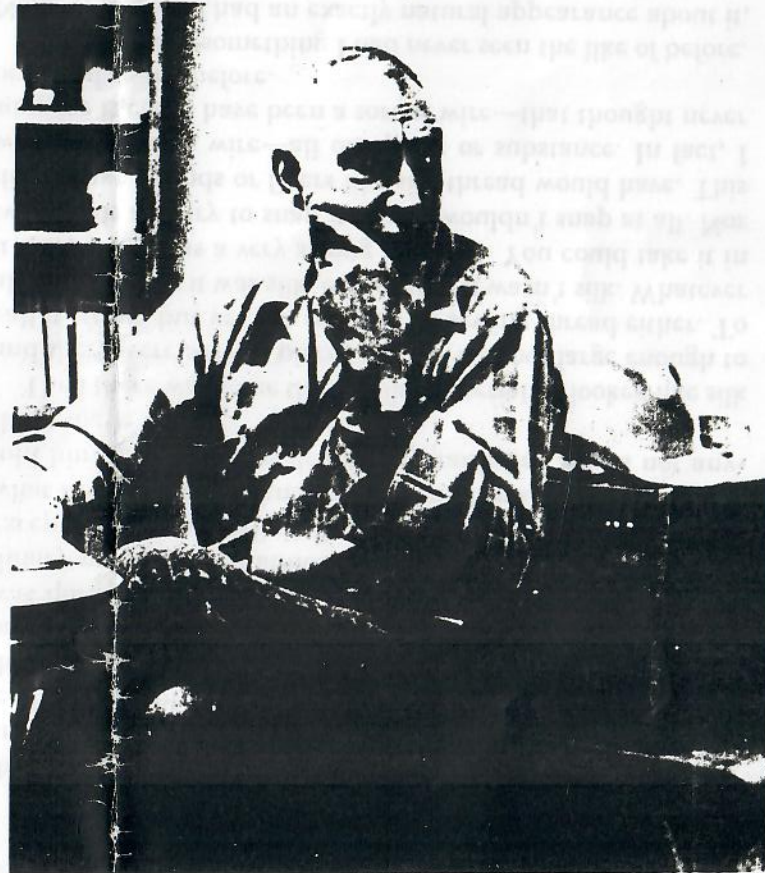
*What ever became of this collection of yours? Do you still have it?*

Now that's the curious part of the story. No, I don't have it. One night about two years after Dad's incident, I went into Corona for the evening. While I was there, I guess I talked too much—more than I should have. I know I mentioned having this collection to someone. Anyway, the next day a staff car came out to the ranch from Roswell with a captain and three enlisted men in it. Dad was away at the time; but it turned out they didn't want him anyway. They wanted me. Seems the captain—Armstrong, I think his name was, Captain Armstrong—had heard about my collection and asked to see it. Of course I showed it to him, and he said that this stuff was important to the country's security and that it was most important that I let him have it to take back with him. He seemed more interested in the string-like stuff than in any of the rest of it. I didn't know what else to do, so I agreed. Next he wanted me to take them out to the pasture where I had found this stuff. I said O.K. and took them there. After they had poked around a bit and satisfied themselves that there didn't appear to be any more of the material out there, the captain again asked me if I had any more of this material or if I knew of anyone else who did. I said no, I didn't; and he said that if I ever found any more that it was most important that I call him at Roswell right away. Naturally I said I would, but I never did because after that I never found any more.

*Could this material have been part of a balloon of some sort?*

No, I can answer that for sure. It was definitely not any kind

of balloon. We've picked up balloons all over this country and any time we found one we always turned it in because there was sometimes a reward for them. This was no balloon, although I once asked Dad if he ever found anything like an instrument package connected with this stuff. He said no, there was no instrument package.



Bill Brazel, son of rancher W. W. Brazel. Bill's collection of "disc fragments" was confiscated by the Air Force in 1949 after Bill had "said too much" the evening before in a tavern in Corona, New Mexico.

(W. L. Moore)



Strangely enough, when Dad first got into Roswell it was the weather bureau he called first about this stuff he had found. It was the weather bureau that told him he had better see the sheriff about it.

One more thing you might be interested in. One time I asked Dad whether there was any burned spot on the ground where this wreckage was. He said no, but that he had noticed on his second trip out there that some of the vegetation in the area seemed to have been singed a bit at the very tips—not burned, just singed. I don't recall seeing anything like that myself, but that's what he said.

*Did your father ever mention anything about any creatures connected with this wreckage?*

No, Dad never mentioned anything like that, but it's curious you should ask. There was a fellow who worked with me on a job in Alaska for a while who seemed to know something about that. We were talking about a number of things one evening and the topic of that flying saucer that was supposed to have touched down for a while on the Alaskan tundra came up. I mentioned to him about what Dad had been involved in, and to my surprise he asked me if I wanted to know more about that. Then he said that they had discovered the rest of that thing after it had come down in a desert area, and that there were some creatures found with it. He told me that when they had got inside of this wrecked saucer, that two of these creatures—he said they were about three and a half or four feet tall and bald—were still alive but that their throats had been badly burned from inhaling burning gases or fumes or something, and that they couldn't communicate. He said they were taken to California and kept alive on respirators for a period of time afterwards, but that both had died before we could figure out how to communicate effectively with them. This fellow's name was Lamme, and he told me the names of two other men who had been involved with this incident, but I can't recall what names they were right now. That's really

all I can tell you on that one, except that it sure surprised me to hear such a story.

As we have already noted, Bill Brazel's father died in 1963, unfortunately without making any further statements to the press, and almost certainly without knowing anything about the little men to whom the wreckage he had found may have once belonged. Even so, in his years of silence, he must have had occasion to wonder why, if the incident really had cosmic importance, it was not later explained. He was certainly not the only one so to wonder.

Floyd Proctor was Brazel's closest neighbor. He lived about eight miles or so from the Brazel house, and when interviewed (Moore, June 1979) recalled the incident very well.

Brazel had come over to my place late one afternoon all excited about finding some sort of wreckage on his ranch. He wanted me to come over with him and look at it, and described it as "the strangest stuff he had ever seen." I was tired and busy and just didn't want to bother going all that way over there right then. You know he tried, he really tried to get us to go down there and look at it.

*What did Brazel say about it?*

He was in a talkative mood, which was rare for him, and just wouldn't shut up about it. He described the stuff as being very odd. He said whatever the junk was, it had designs on it that reminded him of Chinese and Japanese designs. It wasn't paper because he couldn't cut it with his knife, and the metal was different from anything he had ever seen. He said the designs looked like the kind of stuff you would find on firecracker wrappers . . . some sort of figures all done up in pastels, but not writing like we would do it.

*Do you know what he did with it?*

We suggested that he take it to Roswell . . . and the next thing we knew he was in Roswell. They kept him there about





Photo taken on the Foster Ranch near Corona, New Mexico, showing the general area of the crash debris recovery site. Although an apparent explosion on board the stricken saucer caused a large quantity of debris and wreckage to fall here, the craft itself managed to remain in the air a while longer before crashing to earth about 125 miles west of this site.

(W. L. Moore)

a week, under guard. He was real talkative about that stuff until he came back; then he wouldn't say much at all. He seemed to find something else to talk about. He wouldn't say anything except that they had told him it was some sort of balloon. Anyway, they kept Mac down there several days and they sent a crew up here and hauled everything away. Then they brought Brazel back on a plane.

*Did he say anything more about his stay on the base?*

I don't know what they did to him down there in Roswell, but I do know that L. D. Sparks [a former neighbor] and I saw him down there in Roswell when we were in town one time, and he was all surrounded by military men, at least half a dozen, and walked right past us like he didn't even know us.

When asked how many men came out to pick up the pieces, Proctor said he didn't know. He said the location of the crash site was seven and a half or eight miles from the old Foster place (Brazel's ranch house—now torn down) in a pasture

used for sheep grazing. He said the land is now occupied by a family named Chavez.

At about this point in the interview, Proctor's wife came into the room and, after realizing what was being talked about, volunteered some interesting information. Mrs. Proctor's brother, Robert R. Porter of Great Falls, Montana, was one of the men on the plane that flew the wreckage to Carswell AFB in Fort Worth on its way to Wright-Patterson Field in Ohio. She recalls Porter saying that he had asked several of the other men on the flight what all the secrecy was about and whether the material they had under wraps in the cargo hold was really a flying saucer. He was told: "That's just what it is and don't ask any more questions." He added that he didn't know for sure whether it was Brazel's material or something else. Porter confirmed his sister's account via a telephone interview in mid-July 1979 and also added that whatever was in the cargo hold was escorted by an armed guard which had been assigned to it at Roswell.

Brazel's elder sister, Lorraine Ferguson, lives in Capitan, New Mexico, and, at the age of eighty-three, is an active woman who has no trouble with her memory. When Moore called on her in June 1979 she was hoeing the garden alongside her house, wearing the large sunbonnet typical of the "Old West." In a bit of preinterview reminiscence she informed Moore that her father's first cousin was Wayne Brazel—the man who killed Pat Garrett, who, for his part, had already attained considerable fame for having killed Billy the Kid.

*Question: Why was William Brazel called Mac?*

We used to call him Mac because, when he was a baby, he looked just like President McKinley.

*Do you remember a story about something crashing on Mac's ranch at Corona?*

Sure, I remember, but Mac was extremely reluctant to talk about it. He said he didn't want any great fuss about it, but of course there was anyhow. Whatever he found it was all in



pieces and some of it had some kind of unusual writing on it—Mac said it was like the kind of stuff you find all over Japanese or Chinese firecrackers; not really writing, just wiggles and such. Of course, he couldn't read it and neither could anybody else as far as I ever heard. . . . Everybody up there by the ranch knew about it, but as far as I know nobody ever identified what it was or what its purpose might have been. At first they called it a weather balloon, but of course it wasn't that. . . . Mac didn't ever like to be in the limelight, so he just naturally tried to avoid talking about it. Also, of course, the Air Force people had told him to be quiet too.

The unusual pictorial figures on the remnants of the foil, which, if part of a UFO, would be our first glimpse of extraterrestrial writing, again came up in a July 1979 interview with Bessie Brazel Schreiber, Mac Brazel's daughter.

Although she was only twelve years old at the time, the crash of a strange object on her father's ranch made a strong impression on her. She described the wreckage as "so much debris scattered over pastureland. There was what appeared to be pieces of heavily waxed paper and a sort of aluminum-like foil. Some of these pieces had something like numbers and lettering on them, but there were no words that we were able to make out. Some of the metal-foil pieces had a sort of tape stuck to them, and when these were held to the light they showed what looked like pastel flowers or designs. Even though the stuff looked like tape it could not be peeled off or removed at all. It was very light in weight but there sure was a lot of it."

*Question: What happened when your father took some of this stuff into town to show the authorities?*

We were with him in Roswell but we didn't go with him to see these people. He went to the sheriff's department first and they sent him to the military. They talked to Dad all day. The following day we were descended upon by military people and

news people. We were told not to talk about this at all. Back in those days when the military told you not to talk about something, it wasn't discussed.

*Do you remember what this so-called writing looked like?*

Yes. It looked like numbers mostly, at least I assumed them to be numbers. They were written out like you would write numbers in columns to do an addition problem. But they didn't look like the numbers we use at all. What gave me the idea they were numbers, I guess, was the way they were all ranged out in columns.

*Could the object have been the remains of a weather balloon?*

No, it was definitely not a balloon. We had seen weather balloons quite a lot—both on the ground and in the air. We had even found a couple of Japanese-style balloons that had come down in the area once. We had also picked up a couple of those thin rubber weather balloons with instrument packages. This was nothing like that. I have never seen anything resembling this sort of thing before—or since. . . . We never found any other pieces of it afterwards—after the military was there. Of course we were out there quite a lot over the years, but we never found so much as a shred. The military scraped it all up pretty well.

Finally, there is the question and sequence of Brazel's interview by KGFL Radio of Roswell, New Mexico. He was allegedly interviewed at the time of the incident on a wire recorder by W. E. Whitmore, then owner of KGFL, who planned to use the information as a "scoop" on the Mutual wire. W. E. Whitmore is now dead, but his son, Walt Whitmore, Jr., remembers that his father hid Brazel at the Whitmore home to keep the interview exclusive. At the very moment of the interview the Army, according to Whitmore, was "having a fit" because they could not locate the "rancher who



had found the flying saucer." Whitmore added that he did not know what happened to the rancher after he left the Whitmore home but assumed that the Air Force "caught up with him and put him out of circulation."

When Whitmore, Sr., had recorded the story and tried to get it on the Mutual wire, he was unable to get the call through. Meanwhile he began broadcasting a preliminary release locally over KGFL. At this point, however, a long-distance person-to-person phone call came through to the station from a man named Slowie, who identified himself as Secretary of the Federal Communications Commission in Washington, D.C. Slowie informed Whitmore, in a tone of voice that seemed to permit no further discussion, that the matter involved national security and that if Whitmore valued his FCC broadcasting license he would cease transmitting this story at once and forget that he had ever heard about it. While Whitmore, now concerned that he was onto something of cosmic importance, was trying to decide what to do next, a second call from Washington came through—this one from a senatorial level—from Senator Chavez of New Mexico, then chairman of the powerful Senate Appropriations Committee. Chavez suggested persuasively that Whitmore, Sr., had better do what Slowie advised and to obey the FCC directive. Whitmore complied with alacrity.

Whitmore, Jr., said that while he did not see the actual crash site until after the Army Air Force had "cleaned it up," he did see some of the wreckage brought into town by the rancher. His description was that it consisted mostly of a very thin but extremely tough metallic foil-like substance and some small beams that appeared to be either wood or wood-like. Some of this material had a sort of writing on it which looked like numbers that had been either added or multiplied. He recalls that his father went out to the site in a Buick but was turned back by armed MPs who had set up a road block. Several other people from town tried to get out there but were stopped by guards, who told them that the area was blocked

off because of a "Top Secret" project.

Several days later Whitmore, Jr., ventured out to the site and found a stretch of about 175-200 yards of pastureland uprooted in a sort of fan-like pattern with most of the damage at the narrowest part of the fan. He said that whatever it was "just cleaned it [the area] out. . . . The Army Air Force searched around out there for two days and cleaned out everything. I recall hearing that everything was taken to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio after the Army Air Force had tried to piece the stuff together in Roswell. No one I talked to seemed to know exactly what it was, but I heard the 'flying saucer' explanation talked about quite a bit."

He added that the largest piece of this material that he saw was about four or five inches square, and that it was very much like lead foil in appearance but could not be torn or cut at all. It was extremely light in weight.

Walt Whitmore, Jr., remembers and sympathizes with Lieutenant Haut, then base I.O.: "The information officer out here at Walker [Roswell Army Air Base is now called Walker AFB] sure got his tail in a crack over this thing. He should never have released that story that they had picked up a saucer. He was here at the base for only a short time after that—matter of months maybe—and then they shipped him out."

Based on the information we have obtained thus far, we can postulate a tentative picture of the sequence of events and discovery. At between 9:45 and 9:50 P.M. on the evening of July 2, 1947, what appeared to be a flying saucer passed over Roswell heading northwest at a high rate of speed, as witnessed by the Wilmots. Somewhere north of Roswell, the saucer ran into the lightning storm witnessed by Brazel, made a course correction to the south-southwest, was struck by a lightning bolt, and suffered severe on-board damage. A great quantity of wreckage was blown out over the ground, but the saucer itself, although stricken, managed to remain in the air for at least long enough to get over the mountains before crashing violently to



the ground in the area west of Socorro known as the Plains of San Agustin. The wreckage that had fallen on the Brazel ranch was discovered the next morning by Brazel as he was riding over his pasture, and only after that was Major Marcel of Roswell Army Air Base alerted. In the case of the saucer itself and its ill-fated crew, it had by chance come down near the spot where Barnett was scheduled to do a survey job the next morning and the archaeology students were scheduled to begin their dig.

At the second site on the Plains of San Agustin in Catron County, the military took over more quickly than at the first because of the delay involved between the time Brazel discovered the wreckage and the time he finally reported it to the authorities. Although the sequence of events at the San Agustin site had taken place several days before those at the Brazel ranch and in Roswell, news leaks from the San Agustin site were more effectively plugged and information coming in to media sources was slow to arrive and sketchy at best. As a result, even though this first military intervention did not come from the Roswell base, the early reports on the radio and in the press, in their confusion, assumed there was only one site and quite understandably referred only to the first site of the wreckage, which had received considerably more publicity because of Haut's premature news release. (One actually begins to wonder at this point whether Haut might have been ordered to leak the Roswell story to the press and write his news release specifically for the purpose of diverting attention away from the San Agustin incident.) In any event, indications are that the military group at the San Agustin site came from the air base at Alamogordo on the White Sands Proving Grounds, and that the secrecy involved here was far greater than at Roswell.

Even so, military communications were apparently working well at a high level, for a hastily assembled scientific-military expedition was, according to an alleged participant, sent to Muroc Air Base in California to meet the train which was to

bring them the recovered wreckage and bodies (and possibly the two survivors as well).

This hastily assembled military-scientific group may have furnished the first approximate physical description of the occupants of the saucer and answered the question as to whether "they" were unlucky human test pilots or travelers from another world who had found their final destination on ours.