

The crash site, said HJ was roped off for a 50 mile radius. MPs were put on guard everywhere. Restricted to the post for two days, the men of Company B, were then called into an Intelligence office and told that what they had witnessed was a secret Army experiment and they were warned not to talk about it.

According to HJ in his testimony before Lois Kukick, in person, and to me by phone, every person who had anything to do with the retrieval operation was subjected to "every kind of test" for three days at the base hospital.

In her report to me, Lois Kukick comments, "I think we're on to something big. He was reluctant to talk about it to me at first, but agreed when I told him it would be held in confidence. He doesn't want publicity."

To help better understand, or clarify some issues in the incredible story told by HJ to Lois Kukick and myself, and, to refute the occasional charge that my C/R cases are hearsay, I got his approval to allow Dr. Peter Rank (see "The Witness Model") to call him at home at anytime, and freely question both his case and he personally on a medical level. Dr. Rank's letter to me dated March 15, 1982, follows:

Dear Len...I hasten to reply to your request about my telephone call to HJ. I called Mr. J. on a Sunday early in December, and had an extensive hour long conversation with him.

Mr. J. is, by his own admission, now in his early 50's. In 1953 he was a young man in the U.S. Army infantry undergoing basic training at Fort Polk, Louisiana. I believe it was in July. His basic training over, the last training exercises included full scale maneuvers using the uninhabited military reservation near Camp Polk.

One evening, at approximately 7:00 p.m. he was on maneuvers with his platoon, comprised of approximately 8 or 9 men. All the infantry men in the area were divided into the red and blue teams and given military assignments.

He and his platoon saw an unidentified flying object land "out in the boondocks" and just sit there. It was as wide as a three bedroom single story ranch house. Using their walkie talkies, the platoon contacted headquarters and advised them of same.

Shortly thereafter, medics, military police, and high ranking brass appeared. Mr. J and his platoon saw the medics carry one small humanoid out of the unidentified flying object on a stretcher, and assist the others walking out of the unidentified flying object. A portion of the UFO fell away revealing a ramp which permitted access to the interior.

All the individuals in the platoon were strictly warned not to discuss the incident. He and his platoon were not given terminal leave following training and were sent immediately thereafter to Korea.

Mr. J. is a relatively unsophisticated and uneducated man. It is my judgement that he does not have sufficient imagination to make up this story, and furthermore to maintain this story over a period of nearly 30 years. He also provided corroborating names and addresses, although the addresses are probably outdated.

In relating his story, Mr. J. provided the ring of authenticity. In my judgement he has no secondary gain. He is not a hoaxter. He is too naive to manufacture this story and, indeed, too unsophisticated to appreciate its true significance.

All the details provided to me by him have a close corroboration with other similar UFO incidents. Mr. J has also indicated that he has never read anything on UFO's. Indeed I doubt whether he can read very well at all.

COMMENT: During our many phone calls, HJ mentioned that he had the names and addresses of other Company B personnel "tucked away" with other army-day papers, which he could not readily find. Eventually, he found them and on my request, he sent them to Dr. Rank, who, in turn, sent them to me for follow up. I also requested during phone calls in September and October, 1981, that he consider sending me a signed statement highlighting his retrieval experience. He consented, wrote three pages, and signed his name. His wife mailed the letter at the local Post Office on October 3rd or 4th. It never arrived. On February 3, 1982, I called HJ to inquire about his health and to advise him to send another statement by registered mail. His phone had been disconnected.

CASE A-2: KA is married, retired and resides in New York City. Served in U.S. Air Force, 1954-1955, member of local astronomy group; won achievement award.

Initial investigation into this case was commendably conducted by researchers Fred Schaefer, Gerald Miskar and Linda Robinson, all in New Jersey. Included in a 34-page report prepared by the Schaefer Group is a first person account of KA's mission in a military retrieval operation of a crashed UFO in New Mexico, 1954, a state map showing the approximate crash site, and a drawing by KA showing the position of the

crashed craft in relation to four alien fatalities strewn outside the craft, and, attempts by Schaefer to obtain verification of certain data and his group's evaluation of the case.

The Schaefer Group first learned of the incident on February 28, 1981 while attending a lecture given by James Mullaney at the Edmund Scientific Co., in Barrington, New Jersey.

It was during intermission that KA came forward to Mullaney, hoping to find someone he could trust to relate his UFO experience. Schaefer, having Mullaney's acquaintance, was introduced to KA, who preferred to remain unidentified at that time. With time pressing, arrangements were made to meet again on March 7. But KA stressed one condition: Schaefer must agree to swear on a Bible that he would never divulge his name or address to anyone.

Through the cooperation of Clark McClelland of Pittsburgh, channels were cleared for me to receive the Schaefer report on October 1981, and through negotiation with Schaefer, I was able to make direct contact with KA in December, 1981. By maintaining a close liaison with KA and the Schaefer Group, I have been able to gain more information.

Following is a re-construction of KA's oral statements, in first person, as prepared by the Schaefer Group:

Early in 1954 I joined the Air Force. Even though I was only eighteen years old, I had acquired a good knowledge of cameras. My reason for joining the Air Force was to make use of this knowledge in the field of aerial photography.

I took my basic training at Sampson Air Force Base near Geneva, New York. After completing about one month of basic training, I was approached by an officer who told me to pack my gear because I was being reassigned to another base for special training. That same day, four other airmen and I were flown via Mohawk Airlines (charter) from Sampson to what is now Kennedy International Airport in New York City. There we boarded another chartered airliner (airline unknown) and were flown to Roswell, New Mexico (Walker Air Force Base). There I began special training in the Sikorsky H-19 helicopter, also known as the "Flying Bathtub". This training was conducted in relation to desert search and rescue operations.

On April 12, 1954, between 6:30 and 7:15 p.m., I was playing ping-pong with my fellow crew members when we were ordered by an officer to pack our gear in 15 minutes, and report to the flight line, as there had been a crash in the desert and it was our mission. (Our crew was known as Rescue 4.)

When I arrived at the flight line, our chopper was ready to depart. As we were taking off, an unfamiliar voice said over the intercom, 'Men, this not a drill. This is a red alert scramble.' It was then that I realized that someone in the cockpit, other than a regular crew member, was in complete command of the aircraft and was giving orders.

As I remember, we headed north with route 285 to my right. We flew approximately 25-to-30 miles, passing over a lake at that point, then changed course to the northwest.

We continued heading in this new direction for about 10 miles, where we cleared a small cliff. Suddenly, below and slightly ahead of us, we saw what appeared to be brightly flashing red, blue, and yellow-white lights. As we flew overhead, at an altitude of approximately forty feet, we could plainly see below us the outline of a round silvery object. After hovering for a few minutes, we descended to thirty feet. At this point, the "stranger" in the cockpit gave the order to turn on the spotlight. When the light was turned on, we saw below us a round, metallic, saucer-like object, approximately 40-50 feet in diameter. The craft appeared to have crashed edgewise into the sand.

The object had a stationary dome in the center, but the outer rim was still spinning in a counter-clockwise direction, and the lights on this outer edge were rotating in the same direction. But what startled us more was the sight of four small bodies scattered outside the craft. They were motionless and appeared to be dead. Even from our altitude (thirty feet) it was obvious that these bodies were abnormally proportioned. They were small in size, approximately 4-to-4½ feet tall, with extremely large heads which were out of proportion to the rest of their bodies. They were dressed the same, in tight-fitting, dark blue uniforms. They wore no helmets. Even with the spotlight shining on them, their faces seemed to have a light green, luminous tint. After observing the incredible sight below us for several minutes, we just looked at each other in disbelief.

At this time, I was ordered to take several pictures from different angles, while the helicopter hovered at thirty feet. Then the order was given to land, and our helicopter touched down approximately one hundred feet away from the object.

After I jumped out of the chopper, two things immediately became obvious: (1) the overpowering stench, like that of automobile battery acid, that permeated the area, and (2) the headlights of several approaching ground vehicles. As these ground vehicles came nearer, I glanced at the cockpit of our helicopter in order to get a look at the "stranger" who was giving the orders. Unfortunately, the dim lights of the control panel revealed only the head and shoulders of a man.

At this time, the ground vehicles, which included several trucks, arrived on the scene. Approximately fifteen-to-twenty men dressed in fatigues emerged from the vehicles. Some of these men were wearing side arms, but I did not notice any rifles or automatic weapons. As we walked toward the crash site, one of the members of the ground crew stopped us about forty-feet from the object and informed us that we could go no closer. By this time the stench was so bad that one of the ground crew members vomited right in front of me. I was then ordered to take several pictures of the crashed object and the alien bodies, but I was not allowed to move any closer than forty feet.

While I was taking these pictures, the ground crew began very carefully to put tags on the object and on the bodies. During this time I got into a brief conversation with a member of the ground crew. He told me that on the side of the craft opposite us was a small open hatchway. He said that he had looked inside this hatchway and saw two more dead bodies similar in appearance to the four lying outside the craft. He said that the manner in which these bodies were positioned indicated that the aliens had tried to crawl out of the craft on their hands and knees.

After I had finished taking pictures, we were ordered to return to Roswell. Just before landing at Roswell, we were instructed not to leave the helicopter until ordered to do so. As we were landing, our helicopter was approached by several staff cars. After we touched down, our crew was divided into two groups of two. Each pair entered a staff car and was driven to an old barracks-like building known as Building #5. And here is where three days of what we called "a living hell" began.

When we reached Building #5, we were put into separate rooms and restricted there. Soon after, four men dressed in civilian clothes and wearing black ties entered my room. They identified themselves as "Intelligence officers". Three of these men then left the room. The man who remained asked me to tell him exactly what had occurred in the desert. After I had related my experience to this man, he left the room but was replaced by two of the others who proceeded to tell me "what I did not see". When these men departed, the fourth man entered, carrying some type of written material. He told me to pay close attention to what he was about to read. He then read what sounded like some kind of military law that referred to the penalties that would be imposed upon me — fine, imprisonment at hard labor, and general discharge — if I were to reveal my experience regarding the mission in the desert to anyone. After this man had finished reading this information, he left the room and was replaced by the first Intelligence officer. This procedure lasted from three-to-four-and-a-half-hours on the first day, and continued throughout the next day and the following day. (April 12, 13, and 14.) The other members of my crew were experiencing the same ordeal at the same time in their separate rooms.

While we were being interrogated, scuttlebutt had it that the "saucer" was brought onto the base and an attempt was made to house the object in Hangar 46. However, Hangar 46 was too small so the craft was eventually stored in Hangar 18.

The day after we were released from interrogation, we were flown by helicopter to the crash site. As we hovered, one of the four Intelligence officers who interrogated us pointed to the ground and said, "See, I told you guys that you didn't see anything." As I looked over the area, it appeared as if the site had been "gone over with a fine-toothed comb". It looked as if nothing had ever crashed there. I couldn't even see the impact area! After this flight we were released to our barracks.

Shortly after we returned to our barracks, the pilot of my crew went to his locker and grabbed an ULTRA R-5 camera that he had stored in his locker (but which he was not authorized to have in his possession). He then went into the latrine, stood on the commode, and began taking pictures through the window of the activity around Hangar 18.

As for me, I was so exhausted from the ordeal of the past three days, that I flopped down on my bunk and immediately fell asleep. When I awoke the next morning, the pilot, his gear, and the camera were gone — and I never saw him again!

From that time on, activity around Hangar 18 was top security. No one but the top brass could enter or leave the area. The hangar itself underwent reconstruction and modification in the following two weeks. According to a construction worker I spoke to, Hangar 18 was expanded "to a width of nine stories and a depth of eleven stories". Heavy refrigeration equipment, radar equipment, and sophisticated computers were installed.

During this time rumor had it that another UFO crashed near Bandelier, New Mexico on April 24.

After an undetermined period of time elapsed, we were sent back to Sampson AFB. Upon arrival at my barracks, I was immediately confronted by my sergeant who was furious about my absence. He accused me of going AWOL and assigned me every possible extra duty he could think of.

After a brief period of this unwarranted discipline, I could take no more. I finally broke down and told the sergeant where I had been and what I had done during my absence. But he didn't believe me. At that point, my mind snapped and I had a nervous breakdown. I was immediately placed in the base hospital where I remained for at least three months.

During my stay in the hospital, I remember a doctor injecting me with a large needle, which made me feel as though I were in a drunken stupor. I was then led to a room where four or five people were seated around a table. On the table was a large microphone (similar to the microphone used during my interrogation in Building #5 at Roswell). These people