

Major Edwin Easley was commander of the Military Police who cordoned off the crash site. He related to his family that he made a promise to the President that he would never speak of what he saw that day.



**Herbert Ellis, a painting contractor at Roswell AAFB, reported that he saw an alien "walking" into the Roswell Army hospital.**

Joseph Montoya, Lt. Governor of New Mexico, told Pete Anaya that he had seen "four little men." One of them was still alive. He states that they had oversized heads, with big eyes. Their mouth was small, like a cut across a piece of wood. "I tell you

*LIVE ALIEN.*

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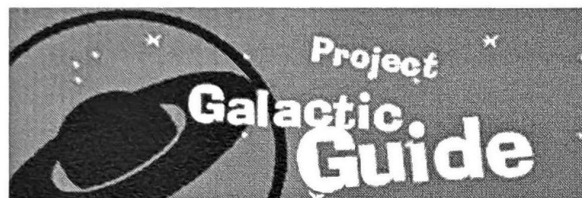
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## Incident At Roswell, The (Real)

### Good News For The Earth-Confined Hitchhiker?

**Author:** Jonathan David Harmon ([jharmon@mtu.edu](mailto:jharmon@mtu.edu))

**Date:** 1995/10/28

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On the night of July 2, 1947, something crashed in the desert about 75 miles outside **Roswell**, New Mexico. The exact identity of

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this object has been a subject of debate ever since.

On July 8, the **Roswell** Army Air Field base commander Col. William Blanchard released reports that the object found was a "flying disk." Four hours later, Brig. General Roger Ramey, the commander of the 8th Air Force at Fort Worth, Texas, announced that the whole "flying disk" story had been a mistaken identification of a weather balloon which the base had sent up. This remained the explanation for the next 30 years.

In the late 1970s, witnesses began to come forward, claiming the first story was the truth. Maj. Jesse A. Marcel, a retired Air Force officer, claimed he had been on the recovery crew, and that the object was actually a saucer of **alien** origin. Others have gone on to say that bodies of the pilots were also found, bodies which were definitely not human. My grandmother, who arrived in **Roswell** in 1948 to join her husband, who had been stationed there before the incident, once told me she saw items the locals had recovered which were definitely not from Earth. She also said her husband had told her that bodies had been recovered. I never knew my grandfather, and thus was never able to learn more about this. My grandmother claimed that everything in the recent movie entitled "**Roswell**" was accurate, though, but I have as yet been unable to talk to her about what she meant (the movie is a dramatized summary of the accounts, including a story of a **live alien** being recovered and studied at government facilities).

In September, 1994, the Air Force claimed that the crashed vehicle was a then-classified device to detect evidence of possible Soviet nuclear testing. At about the same year, Star Trek: Deep Space 9 aired a story claiming that time-traveling Ferengis were the actual

culprits.

This all has serious implications for the Earth-confined hitchhiker. If the craft really was **alien**, this shows that interplanetary travel is actually possible. More importantly, it shows that aliens visiting Earth managed to crash into it, meaning that perhaps those of us wishing to leave should be careful about checking the credentials of any aliens willing to take us, especially those who would choose **Roswell**, a town with absolutely no known social life, as a good tourist destination.

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#### See also

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During the summer of 1997, the International UFO Museum was contacted concerning a transfer of metal allegedly obtained from the Roswell UFO crash. Dennis Balthaser, then representing the UFO Museum, attempted to make that transfer. This is the first-hand account of the government intervention in preventing the transfer of that material to the International UFO Museum. Mr. Balthaser went public with this information for the first time in October, 1997 in a lecture where he disclosed his first-hand experience with government agents that prevented him from obtaining physical evidence and the opportunity to interview the gentleman that claimed to have been at the crash site and who claimed to have seen an alien escorted into the RAAF Base hospital in July, 1947.

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*A first-hand account of the Government Involvement  
in preventing the truth about the Roswell Incident from being known*

The title of my lecture tonight is "Interception". One of the definitions in the dictionary for an interception "is to be cut off from an intended destination," and that is what I'm going to talk about tonight.

In the past when I've done lectures or presentations, I've always been proud of the fact that I had researched the material I presented as thoroughly as possible, before presenting it. Many times that involved hours of research into books I had read, videos I had seen, and I presented information mostly done by others who were much more knowledgeable on the subject matter than I was.

Tonight's lecture will not be that way. The information that I will present tonight is not something I read in a book or saw on a video, but rather is an account of an experience I personally had recently, which I think needs to be made *public*. Some of my associates have suggested that I should not go public. The decision to go public is solely my decision, and I take full responsibility for what I am presenting. I am not 100% sure myself that what I'm doing tonight is the right thing to do, as I don't know what the consequences of going public on this matter will mean to me personally. On the other hand, as a serious researcher or investigator, if I may use those terms to describe myself, I think it is very important, because what happened to me answers a lot of questions we all have about the Roswell Incident, verifies most of our suspicions that the Roswell Incident did happen, and is 50 years later still being covered up by the government.

Some of you may be surprised at what I tell you, but I now may fall into the same category as those individuals who claim to have had sightings or other experiences and couldn't tell anyone about it. My experience however didn't deal with anything extraterrestrial, I was dealing with my own government, and I have decided to talk about it. I was even told "you're playing with the big boys now". I have kept pretty good records and notes of the events that transpired over the past several months, and in fact made notes as soon as possible, in order for the information to be fresh in my mind when I made those notes.

I've been interested in the Roswell Incident for some 20 years, reading everything I could find on the subject. When I had the opportunity to move to Roswell last year and become involved with the museum, it really was a dream come true for me. I take my responsibilities very serious, maybe more so than I should at times, but I think after you hear my presentation tonight, you might understand that seriousness. When I bought my first UFO book years ago, I didn't imagine I'd ever experience what I recently experienced, and it has made my search for the truth even stronger than it was before.

In some descriptions tonight, I will avoid using names, while in other references, I will use names given to me which I know are not their correct names, as there were some people involved who I promised to protect their confidentiality, and I will keep that promise. I hope you understand and respect that.

All of the information I present will be as it was relayed to me on a one-to-one basis, with certain individuals on the telephone and face to face. If the information is true, and I believe it is, you and I are in for an interesting time together tonight.

By now, some of you are probably wondering to yourself, "What is Dennis talking about?". But before I get into the "interception", I'll give you some history and explain how this all started.

In the latter part of May of this year, the International UFO Museum and Research Center received a phone call from a gentleman in Oklahoma, who tonight will be referred to as the son. He was very concerned about some information his father had just revealed to him. This man indicated he was not aware of the Roswell Incident that allegedly happened in 1947. (I must note here again, that this phone call was in late May, 1997, more than a month prior to the media blitz that Roswell received during the 50th. anniversary, when everyone in the world probably learned about Roswell).

The son told us that he and a good friend had visited his father, who is a resident of a rest home, where he has been since being diagnosed with terminal cancer. During that visit his father stated that he had been stationed at Roswell in 1947, assigned to a military police detachment. He talked about an unusual event. In addition to talking about Roswell, his father showed him a piece of metal he had kept all these years, without anyone knowing about it. A decision was made by the family, to contact the Roswell Army Air Field, where his father had been stationed in 1947. They were apparently not aware that the Roswell Army Air Field no longer existed, and when he tried to phone, he was told by directory assistance to contact the museum in Roswell. So it was quite by accident, that we were contacted.

The information we obtained on the phone from the son of this man was startling to say the least. You have to understand, when you receive a call such as this one, the adrenaline starts flowing and you want to get all of the information you possibly can. The person taking notes did get a lot of information, that made this seem like something really important, as I personally found out later, I believe it was.

*\* calls  
received  
per day.*

The gentleman calling appeared to be very sincere, on the verge of breaking down as he talked, and fearful for his father and his own family. He also appeared to honestly not be aware of much of anything connected to the Roswell Incident, other than what his father had told him very recently, as described to us by the person receiving the phone call at the museum.

The notes taken during that initial call are as follows, and would be the son telling us what his father had told him.

He was assigned to protect a live being-from another world.

*live alien*

He showed his son a strange metallic piece, which was removed from an old foot-locker that had apparently not been opened for a long time as the son said, it was difficult to open.

The piece of metal was in a box, wrapped up and was the size of a silver dollar. He said it resembled chewing gum foil. His dad moved things off the night stand and told his son to put the metal down on the corner of the night stand. When it was crumbled up, it opened up and there were no creases.

He transferred to Roswell from the European 7th Army Division.

They were told to load up in a PC truck.

Had 30 men, heavily armed and assumed it was an aircraft crash.

An ambulance came up from the desert, through rough terrain and ruts. There were three other vehicles in front and two in the rear.

It was a 45 to 50 minute drive to the site.

A lieutenant ordered them to surround the back entrance to the hospital.

He described the being, as child size, deformed, and walked into the rear door of the hospital.  
They were ordered not to allow anyone to enter the back door of the hospital.

*Was alien!*

Cleared the entire hospital out-doctors, nurses, etc.

He stayed on guard duty more or less 8 hours at the hospital and mentioned the heat, etc.

If anyone got in the way at the hospital, they were authorized to shoot them.

Finally, he told his son, upon discharge, everyone who had been involved was told if they talked about this, he'd never see the sun rise the next day.

We obtained a name and address of the son and advised him that we would Fed-Ex him a copy of the video, "The UFO Secret " and a packet of information, so he and his father could view one of the documentaries about the Roswell Incident, since the son had indicated he was not familiar with the event. The son was very concerned about confidentiality, and wanted assurance that his father and his family were OK by doing this. He was emphatic about confidentiality, and was assured by us that we would do everything possible to maintain that. The son felt very apprehensive about his father having the metal, and offered it to the museum. We told him we were a non-profit organization, and had previously dealt with such items. We offered no monetary compensation for the metal object.

*did name check?*

The son agreed to call us after he had received the video and packet of information, which was shipped to him May 27, 1997.

Here I think it would be a good idea for you to know that many of the decisions that are made at the museum, are not necessarily one person's view, but rather that several people are usually involved in order to get different views and opinions. That seems to serve everyone better, including our visitors. Things work a lot smoother when business is conducted in this manner.

So after the phone call, a meeting was held with a few of the museum's staff members, at which time we listened and discussed the notes taken during the call. We all agreed it sounded like something that should be very thoughtfully and carefully followed up on. We also agreed that for the time being, the discussion should go no further than those of us in that office. We further agreed, that if in fact we could obtain the metal, we would protect it and do nothing with it until after the 50th anniversary, which we were all busily preparing for.

We had experienced the testing of a piece of metal before when we received the piece in March 1996, but we also believed that due to the emotion, concern and other feelings expressed by this individual, this might have much more serious implications than the other piece of metal had. A decision to pursue it after we heard from the gentleman again was agreed on.

One of the key remarks made by the son that I was picking up on, was the metal itself, as this fit perfectly with the description we have all heard for many years, about metal that doesn't crease after being bent or crumbled.

We now waited to hear from Oklahoma again.

We only had to wait five days after we shipped the video and packet of information to the son in Oklahoma, to hear from him.

It was Sunday, June 1st, and I had just unlocked the doors to the museum, turned on the lights, and was talking to a group of visitors at the crash and debris site map, when one of our greeters came over to me and said a gentleman was on the phone that wanted to talk to someone.

\* When I answered the phone, the son told me he had called the museum earlier in the week, and told me who he had talked to about his father's involvement in the Roswell Incident, generally telling me the same things he had earlier talked about. I told him who I was, that I was the Operations Manager of the museum, and that I was aware of his previous call. He told me his father was with him at his home for a visit from the rest home where he stays. He told me about the piece of metal his father had, which he was just recently made aware of along with his brother. He was very concerned about having the metal, since his dad had told the two sons that people would kill over this. He described it as being half dollar size, and it reminded him of chewing gum wrapper paper, or tin foil. He then told me his father wanted to talk to me.

At this point, I was scrambling to find paper to write on, which I eventually did, winding up with 5 full sheets of notes on yellow tablet paper. I asked the son if it would be possible to get his dad's story on video or audio tape? (I knew this would be valuable information, if the father's story was true, just based on the limited information we already knew). The son told me he thought so, if confidentiality could be maintained. He also told me his dad claimed he saw a 'being' escorted to the hospital.

I anxiously agreed to talk to his father, who got on the phone and told me about having medical problems with 6 months to live. He said he felt pretty good, except for a loss of hair, due to treatment he had received. He apologized for breathing problems, and I told him to take his time. I noticed that his breathing was labored from time to time during our conversation. When I mentioned my concern for his confidentiality, he seemed pleased with that.

The following notes were taken during my conversation with the father, which I typed up 6 hours later when I got home, and things were still fresh in my mind.

He had put both of his boys through college, and he told his son what had happened to him in Roswell in 1947. Having talked to the son and father, on the phone, I sensed a closeness in this family.

He served two years in Europe in an Army Infantry Battalion, and was then assigned to a military police detachment at Roswell. He was scheduled for discharge at the end of 1947.

*did name  
check with  
records?*

On the 3rd of July 1947, leaves and passes were canceled - no reasons were given, but he didn't think much of it being in the military.

He was 23 years old, and a PFC (Private First Class) at the time.

The base, (Roswell Army Air Field) was under a mid-level alert, he thought "militarily related."

On July 4th, he and others were loaded in transport trucks and they went 20, 25 or 30 miles north of town, before breakfast, with M-1 carbine rifles loaded. They were not briefed.

Several civilians had been told to guard the road and not let anyone in. Civilians were then told to leave or they would be arrested. He indicated a lot of high ranking military were present. One bird colonel, majors, etc.

A black Sergeant in a jeep arrived after about an hour. He went about a mile into the desert and told them to follow. He mentioned more military vehicles and 3 field ambulances. They were told to guard the area, and don't look towards the ridge. Their job would be to follow and guard the ambulances. He still thought a plane had crashed.

He also indicated that people from Washington had flown in 3 days earlier.

One ambulance pulled up to the back of a medical facility at the base. An individual, not human, came out of the ambulance with three doctors that were wearing masks, like people wear today for allergies. Three other MPs with him watched the alien get out of the ambulance. He said it looked like a child, young looking, and it walked in the rear door under its own power.

Three days later on July 6, his supervisor said that a space ship had landed out there. Ten days later, Easley, in charge of the MP detachment, told them not to talk to anyone including their families, or their military career would be threatened. Four months later, he was discharged at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, debriefed again by executive officer Major Barnswell, who told him I see on your records you were at Roswell, and was told not to remember anything about Roswell.

*Fort Sill  
Oklahoma*

While out in the desert that night, on guard duty, he found a piece of metal laying in what looked like a washed-out area. He picked it up and put it in his pocket.

He found out last year that he had cancer and had 6 months to live, but planned on living another year. I told him, I hope you do.

He said, "Dennis the military was very convincing back in 1947. People involved had mysterious accidents."

He had told his wife about this, and she died four years ago. He is now 73 years old, having been born in 1924.

I asked him if it would be OK to video or audio tape him. He said if confidential and his two sons were not involved.

In our conversation he mentioned a name that his buddies called him, which I assume was a nickname.

He said another race, other than humans tried to contact us in 1947.

My next question to him was if he had been searched at the area. He said, "No, I picked it up and stuck it in my pocket." He said there was mass confusion at the site. Being a military policeman, I wouldn't have expected him to be searched.

He mentioned a lieutenant who was "gung-ho", crying like a child, who said I can't believe what I've seen, they're not human. The bodies were mangled up pretty bad. The lieutenant hysterically walked off mumbling to himself. He was a West Point graduate.

En route to the base, they were told to shoot anyone getting near the vehicles. He said, "Dennis, I don't know if I could have shot another American, but those were our orders."

He said the being had a peaceful look on its face, and there were three others in an ambulance - dead.

Before he gave the phone back to his son, he said, " Dennis, thank you for listening to me." I thanked him for sharing his information with me, and told him I would be back in touch with him. Little did I know at the time, that I would never speak to this man again, nor get anymore information from him.

The son got back on the phone, and told me his father also had other items in addition to the metal, and mentioned something to do with a powdery substance. He said his brother (the other son) was having trouble dealing with their dad's story, and thought it was caused by medication. The son told me that after viewing the video we had provided to them, he believed his dad's story, even if his brother didn't. He again said he had known nothing about the Roswell incident prior to his dad talking to them and showing them the metal.

In order for me to contact him, the son gave me a phone number that he said was his private number, and if not there, he would call me back as soon as possible. I told him I would relay the information I obtained today to our staff at the museum, we would discuss it, and I would get back to him Monday or Tuesday. If they were in fact willing for us to have the metal as they earlier indicated, and the other items his Dad had, related to Roswell, I would personally drive over, as I didn't want to fly due to the possibility of losing the object or having it scanned in luggage or on me. He agreed and thought that was a good idea. I told him my son was in college in Oklahoma, and that would be a good reason and excuse to see him, as a cover for me.

He said his dad had told him that he didn't see the craft, but was told it was not saucer shaped, but rather was shaped like an arrowhead, according to troops that did see it. He again told me the metal looks like chewing gum paper, size of a half dollar, and unfolds in 3 to 5 seconds after crumbling.

He said the color was a dull aluminum color.

He again thanked us for the tape and said he appreciated it. His father had watched it four times, making remarks about corrections needed, and wants to view it again.

The next morning, which was Monday, June 2nd, I gathered the museum staff together and reviewed the notes I had taken, making five recommendations which were all thoroughly discussed.

1. A decision will be made for me to contact the son Tuesday, about setting up a meeting time in Oklahoma, to obtain the metal and other items, and also to attempt to video tape this individual if agreeable with his family. I would make the call from my residence rather than from the museum. Using my home phone will be a major factor in the interception, as I will explain later.
2. A list of questions for me to ask the father will be prepared, in order to obtain the maximum amount of information possible about what he knows.
3. I will drive to Oklahoma, using the excuse that I've gone to see my son at college. As it turned out, I think for the most part that was a good plan, as everyone at the museum that I associate with daily, didn't give it a second thought. Some even thought it was good for me to get away for a few days.
4. If agreeable with the people in Oklahoma, I would schedule the trip for sometime during the second week of June, 1997.
5. Finally, arrangements would be made for the safe keeping of the material when I returned to Roswell. Unfortunately those arrangements would never be necessary, as I never brought anything back from Oklahoma, due to the interception.

Everyone agreed with the plan, I would make contact with the son, set it up and report back when everything was confirmed

On Tuesday night, June 9th, I made the call to Oklahoma to discuss the details of my coming over, with the intent of obtaining the metal and possibly other items his dad had, and hopefully to sit down with his dad for an interview about his experiences at Roswell in 1947. Since I could go anytime, I asked the son when would be convenient for him and his father

I told him I was calling from my apartment (which I later found out didn't make any difference, if I had any thoughts of my phone being more secretive than the ones at the museum, as it wasn't)

I informed him that my staff at the museum had thoroughly discussed our latest phone call when I talked to his dad, and we were agreeable to obtaining the metal at a time and place he and I could agree on. He said "OK, when would you like to do it?" I asked him if a weekend would be better, and he said yes due to his work schedule. (During his first phone call to us, he had indicated he was an attorney. That would create problems for me when I got to Oklahoma as I wouldn't be able to verify that.) I checked the calendar, and told him I could drive over on Friday, June 13, meet with them on Saturday, and even Sunday if necessary. (For the record, let's just say it was coincidental that the interception happened on the weekend of Friday the 13th.) We agreed on those dates and, I confirmed the address he had given us to mail him the video.

*metal was  
okay who cares*

I informed him that I would like to bring a video camera, cassette tape recorder and use one or both or neither, depending on how he and his father felt about recording the information. That decision would strictly be theirs and I would respect whichever they chose. He said that would be OK. I told him I would like to tape the information his dad had told me on the phone, in order to be sure that I had all the facts correct. I also told him that after that phone call with his dad, I had some additional questions on certain details that I'd like to clarify.

He told me, that a few days ago he had talked to a close friend of his who is a retired Colonel, that had been talking to him about his work in intelligence and some of the things he knew about aliens, UFOs, etc. That didn't set well with me, but I also decided not to dwell on it.

I asked him if his Dad had the original container that the metal was kept in all these years, and he said yes. His dad had kept it in a 60 year old pouch made by Indians. I thought it would be good to have that with the metal, but also assumed it probably had sentimental value to his dad.

I commented how coherent I thought his dad was on the phone when we talked and appeared sharp for his age and medical condition. He said he was very much so, still drove a car, and except for the cancer, he was very active. He said he was diagnosed with cancer in October, 1996, and not given any chance for recovery.

He told me the metal was now at a friends house for safe keeping, as he wanted to be sure it got properly transferred to us when we decided to get it. Again, this was not something I was pleased with, but trying to understand the concern he had emphasized about having it in all previous phone calls, I accepted it as a decision he felt comfortable with. After all arrangements were now in place for me to go to Oklahoma and get it.

He said he had been given a copy of the recent Popular Science magazine, featuring the museum and asked if the picture of the alien was a real alien. I explained that it was a movie prop from the Showtime movie, and a very popular display at the museum.

We talked briefly about the UFO phenomenon, why the government would cover it up, and other related things

Our conversation ended with him thanking me for the call, and saying he was looking forward to meeting me, and would see me next weekend. That never happened. As of this moment, I have still not met him, and probably never will.

I gave him my home phone number and asked him to call me if there were any changes to our schedule.

The next day I again shared this phone call information and the schedule we had worked out, with the staff at the museum. Everyone agreed, and if anyone asked where I was next weekend, they would simply be told I had gone to Oklahoma to visit my son at college.

I asked the staff to come up with any questions they wanted me to ask, if I was given the opportunity to visit with the father. As it turned out there were a lot of questions. Some were simply expanding on information he had already given us, while a few others were seeking additional information. The list of questions was as follows:

- Could he recall the date he was assigned to the MP detachment?
- Had leaves and passes been canceled before or after July 3rd, while he was stationed at Roswell?
- What was involved in a mid-level alert?
- How many troops and how many trucks were used when driven out of town, and since he said they were not briefed, were they told anything?
- Could he see anything driving from the base to the site?
- Any idea who the civilians were at the site and how many were there?
- What was the general terrain, and did you look at the ridge you were told not to look at?
- Any idea who the people from Washington were that had arrived 3 days earlier?
- What did he remember about the being walking into the hospital: Clothing, markings, hands, feet, face, hair, etc.
- First name or rank of Easley, who was in charge of the military Police detachment?
- About the piece of metal?
- Anyone else pick up any of it, like he did?
- How was he able to conceal it for the last 50 years?
- When was the last time he saw it prior to showing it to his son?
- What did he know about people being involved having mysterious accidents?

If the family agreed to an interview with the father, I would also attempt to obtain a notarized statement from him, which should not be difficult to obtain, if in fact the son was an attorney. Ten days later I would discover that none of this would transpire, due to the interception. But for the time being, I had ten days to think about the implications of what I was about to engage in, plan the cover I had set up, and prepare to go to Oklahoma. I couldn't help but think that we were onto something really important, in helping to finally solve the Roswell Incident, 50 years later.

I left Roswell early on the morning of June 13, 1997, knowing I had a full days drive ahead of me, alone, to anticipate seeing my son, whom I hadn't seen in quite awhile, which I was looking forward to. I planned on asking him to video tape the interview, should I be allowed to do one, but I also would let him decide if he wanted to be involved, after I explained why I had come to Oklahoma, in addition to visiting with him. His involvement would be his decision, and I would respect whatever he decided. I also had plenty of time while driving, to reflect on the events that had taken place during the past two weeks.

I arrived at my destination in Oklahoma about 5pm, and immediately called my son, to let him know which motel I was at. He agreed to come right over.

After my son arrived at the motel, we visited a while before I explained why I had come to Oklahoma. I told him at this point, I wasn't sure whether the family would allow this gentleman to be video or audio taped when I met with them tomorrow, but if they agreed, it would help me, if he could operate the taping equipment. When I explained the importance of this trip and the possible consequences, my son did not seem comfortable with my request, and I totally accepted that. My interest in ufology and getting the truth about Roswell, does not allow me to try and influence anyone else, and I would not be a good father if I involved my children in anything they're not comfortable with, so his decision to not be involved was totally acceptable to me.

My son offered to show me the college campus prior to us going to dinner, which I was anxious to see. I told him before we left the motel, I wanted to call the gentleman I came to see, to let him know I was in town and to set up a meeting time for tomorrow.

I called the number I had been given 10 days earlier when I set up the trip, and the person answering the phone sounded like a young woman. I asked for the son, whose name we had been given during the first call he made to us. She told me he was out of town on an emergency. She said she was there taking care of the dogs, and that he would be back tomorrow morning or afternoon. I told her I was supposed to meet with him and I would call back in the morning.

I didn't feel comfortable with that phone call, because details of getting together had been thoroughly worked out during the past 2 weeks, and he had not called me back to change our schedule, but I had to assume maybe he did really have an emergency. I told my son something didn't seem right, and I decided to look in the local phone book to verify the information I had on this gentleman.

There was no one in the phone book by the name we were given, so maybe he had an unlisted number. But when I looked in the yellow and white pages for an attorney by the name we were given, I also drew a blank, no listing. Had I driven all this way and prepared myself for a hoax. I wasn't going to accept that due to the sincerity of the son and the father during the telephone conversations we had. I felt I had one more option. I knew the address we had been given to mail the tape to the son, so I asked my son if he knew where the street was. He said yes. We found the address, and when we drove by, my son said, didn't you tell me he was an attorney? I knew what my son was thinking, because the address was a trailer house in a trailer park. The trailer house created some doubts to our assumption of where an attorney would live, but not valid enough to take that assumption any further. My son and I eventually toured the campus and ate dinner, while I reflected on the days events for the rest of the night. Tomorrow the son would be back in town and things would transpire as originally planned. In a day or two, I would be on my way back to Roswell, possibly with physical proof about the Roswell Incident.

I woke up Saturday morning anticipating what the past two weeks of planning would produce. At 9:45am I called the number we were given for the son, ready to set up our meeting time. I got a

recording and left my name and motel phone number where I could be reached. I figured, 'If he's not back from his emergency trip, I'll try again later.' I called again at noon, another recording and I again left a message. My third call was made at 2pm, and when I again got the recording, I was becoming concerned. It was becoming apparent that maybe we had been hoaxed, and that the whole thing might have been a wasted effort on our part. I laid around the motel all day waiting for a return call from the son, afraid to go anywhere for fear of missing his call.

At 3:30pm, my motel phone rang, and I quickly answered it. A female voice asked for Dennis, I said this is Dennis. She said her name was Christie, and she and Ed would meet me at Denny's restaurant at 7:00pm. She said Ed would be wearing a dark suit, and she would be wearing a light green dress. If I got there first, they would prefer a non-smoking table.

So the contact was now made, I would finally get to meet the son, and if he agreed, I would stay over to interview his dad on Sunday. I had 3 1/2 long hours to wait, and got to thinking, why did a female call me instead of the son, whom we had been dealing with all along. Trying to remain optimistic, I assumed it might have been his wife or daughter calling to simply pass on the meeting time to me.

So the time arrived, I went to Denny's at 10 minutes till 7, found a table and sat down.

This part of my lecture will deal with the "interception", and all the events I am sharing with you tonight, happened starting at 7:00pm, on the night of June 14, 1997, in Oklahoma. I again want to state that what I am telling you and making public is solely my decision, and I take full responsibility for what I am telling you. I didn't take any notes during the meeting, but as soon as I returned to the motel I tape recorded what I could remember on cassette tape. Three and one-half hours of meeting is a lot of information to remember.

A few minutes after I arrived at the restaurant, a couple walked in fitting the clothing description I had been given, of a man in a dark suit and a woman in a light green dress. They walked over to my table, and he said "are you Dennis?" I said yes. He said, "I'm Ed, this is Christie", and we sat down.

He told me the man I was expecting to meet with, would not be at the meeting.

I don't think I need to go into a lot of detail here to explain to you how I felt at that instant. When he told me, "we are not who you expected", that was a statement I will carry with me forever. I knew I was at the wrong place at the wrong time, and all the communication problems I had encountered during the last 24 hours, trying to contact the son, were now evident and explainable... I had been intercepted.

My newly acquired meeting partner, Ed, informed me that he and Christie worked for OSI, which stands for Office of Special Investigation, working out of the Dallas, Texas office, and that they answered directly to Langley Air Force Base in Virginia. We all know among other things, Langley is home to the CIA. He said they both worked for OSI as agents. He told me he was 43 years old. She was younger and worked with him as an assistant. He told me Ed and Christie were not their real names, but would use those names for our meeting. He admitted that my telephone and the phones at the museum were tapped. (Remember I said earlier, I would find out that my telephone was not secure, as I had assumed it was). They knew I was coming to Oklahoma on Monday, five days before I left. Apparently the son, whom I was supposed to meet, also has a different name from what we were given. (I felt I had proven that to myself the night before, when I couldn't locate him in the phone book by the name or occupation he had given us). I also gathered from my conversation with the agent, that the son's wife through a friend of theirs, had contacted the OSI. Perhaps the retired Colonel I mentioned earlier, who supposedly was keeping the metal for safe-keeping. That contact informed the OSI that I was coming to Oklahoma to talk to the father, and to obtain the metal.

The agent told me he had seen the metal last night, handled it, and it is definitely strange metal that can be folded up and will go back to its original shape.

I didn't exactly feel threatened during our 3 1/2 hour meeting, but I was led to believe that they had an awful lot of authority, pertaining to UFOs. He said his boss was gunned down in Florida two weeks earlier by the CIA. He admitted the government is well aware of UFOs, they do exist, and that Roswell is real. He indicated there was a leak coming out of Roswell, perhaps out of the UFO museum, reporting back to Washington. He would not get specific as to who it was, but just said that the museum probably should be careful. He said the government was going to make the UFO information public, as soon as they can figure out a way how to do it, as there are many problems with setting that up, in order for people not to panic, and to make sure that the news media obtained and reported the information correctly.

He had extremely good knowledge about the Roswell incident of 1947. He laid out a New Mexico map in front of us, and said the craft had been picked up on radar out of Kirtland Air Force Base in Albuquerque, by a device in the mountains near Cloudcroft, and the Roswell Army Air Field, at speeds of up to 3500 miles per hour, in a southeast direction, and then it disappeared.

He talked about the Corona debris site, and he talked a little about Jim Ragsdale, but had not known that Ragsdale had a woman friend with him at the time. He said the Plains of St. Augustine were not part of the Roswell incident. He mentioned Aztec as a possible site, that was picked up by Kirtland Air Base, meaning physically picked up by Kirtland Air Base personnel.

He told me, he and three other members of OSI, plus a CIA agent were planning on coming to Roswell to investigate some things, and talked about some of the equipment they are bringing with them to do it, apparently in an attempt to find out where the leaks are coming from.

The agent actually gave me the impression of wanting to know what the truth was, but being obligated to his work with OSI, he was not at liberty to talk about that with many people.

When I brought up some names affiliated with the Roswell Incident, he thought Kevin Randle might still be involved with intelligence; he believes Bob Lazar; we talked about Wendel Stevens; a Lieutenant Colonel Gray, and several other names I couldn't remember when I made notes later.

He indicated that when they come to Roswell, I would be contacted in a way that I've never been contacted before, saying it would not be by letter, fax or telephone. He said they had a way of contacting people that was totally different, and totally obvious when the contact is made. (Speculate on that all you want--I already have).

I asked him if Majestic 12 was real. He said it was and it still existed.

He talked about the alien bodies in the Roswell Incident, saying there were four. One of them was alive-in fact is still alive.

We talked about the metal I had intended to pick up in Oklahoma, and he didn't know who the family would give it to. (As I confirmed later, the government already had it). He understood if the museum got it, we would have it tested, and go public with the results eventually. If they get it (they being the government), it will not go public.

He told me there were about 50 agents such as himself, all over the country, in different locations. (There may be some here in the audience tonight). He said there were other countries involved in the cover-up with the United States.

When he talked about the one alien being alive, he mentioned the scenario that when this craft crashed, the alien probably realized that his compadres were dead, and he knew there were other craft scouting in the area, and he placed a homing device in the desert, which he said was detected in the 1960's with a transmission about once a month. Today it is transmitting about every 73 hours. That homing device is one of the things they want to look for when they come to Roswell.

He asked me if I knew about the craft that supposedly crashed in Roswell, as far as the shape of it? He showed me four drawings of different shaped UFOs. I told him that there were actually 2 stories. One involved the disc shape, and the other involved a craft shaped like a shield or heel of a shoe, arrowhead or triangular. He indicated the Roswell craft was not a disc - that it was triangular.

He discussed the religious impact of UFOs, the power that the Catholic church has, and the fact that most Christians don't look at UFOs in the broad picture, depicted in the Bible. He agreed with me that UFOs have probably been in existence for thousands of years, referring to the Egyptians, the Mayans, the Incas and other civilizations that have been on earth, with astonishing technology.

He talked about a government project Snowbird, which when accessed on a computer will give you a long list of numbers, symbols and fractions, which shuts down the access to that project, for the public.

The homing device he talked about still being in the desert can be picked up on a 40 channel CB receiver and he gave me the frequency.

He told me about a book on Area 51, which is a novel, but contains a tremendous amount of security information, and he mentioned a woman's name who is 72 years old, still living in Roswell, who was a nurse at the base, as a civilian, and asked to leave the base when the incident happened. He mentioned a Colonel Turner, who was the pilot of the 4 bodies taken to Wright Patterson Air Force Base.

If and when the UFO information is made public, he said, it will probably be released by the Joint Air Technical Intelligence Center.

He asked me about the temperature required to melt or fuse metal together with sand forming a glass like substance, and also the theory about the craft coming down near Corona, going airborne again and then crashing at another location.

He indicated he and the woman with him would be returning to Dallas after our meeting, and he would make a report about the meeting to his superiors, and again said he didn't know what the son would decide to do with the metal. (I later discovered that at least one other agent was in Oklahoma, and they had the metal). I assumed the agents talking to me did not have the metal in their possession while talking to me, but again told me they had seen it the night before, while I was trying to contact the son.

I had a hard time reading the agent as to where he was coming from or going during our 3 1/2 hours together in the meeting, because he appeared to be confiding a lot of information to me, that he didn't have to. He again indicated he also wanted the truth known, but due to his affiliation with the OSI, what had happened to his boss, the involvement of the CIA, maybe the FBI, he may not have felt secure himself in publicly talking about it too much. He told me he could not handle the people that were "kooks" and the "cults", and things like that, but was very interested in people that had knowledge of ufology in general.

He told me about the time when President Reagan was addressing the United Nations (and I heard this before), when he slipped up while talking about Star Wars. Immediately afterwards, Reagan was briefed on the status of UFOs in the United States and world wide, and pretty well threatened to not publicly talk about it again. He said Truman briefed Eisenhower when he was still a General on the UFO situation, and agreed with me that President Bush probably had knowledge of ufology due to having been the head of the CIA, before he was elected President. He further agreed with me that other presidents are probably not knowledgeable about all of the facts on ufology, knowing it exists but not much more.

We talked about the agents security clearance, which is a very high clearance, and that there were only a few people in the "Need-to-know" classification.

When the meeting ended, the three of us left the restaurant. I went to my truck and they went to their car. It appeared as if there might have been a little cat and mouse game between us to decide who would drive out of the parking lot first. I eventually did, but I also looked in my rearview mirror more than usual until I arrived at the motel.

Before I made these notes on a tape recording, which I have just reviewed with you, I decided I needed to hear a familiar voice, so I called one of the museum staff members in Roswell at 11:15pm, to inform him that I had been intercepted by agents of the OSI, and I would give them all the details when I returned home, which I was planning on doing the next day.

Since I did not take notes during the meeting, I was able to recall some information, during the long drive back alone in the truck.

When the agent talked about the homing device that is possibly still out in the desert, with the signal being transmitted every 73 hours, he indicated the transmission was of such short duration, that up until now they have not been able to locate it, as it couldn't be traced.

He had also said that something big was going to happen in Roswell, soon, according to Washington. When I questioned him, he would not go into any details, other than something big was going to happen. I tried to talk to him at length about the cover-up, to see what information I could obtain. He seemed to think that the cover-up was pretty much controlled by several people with money, with great deals of money and the effects that making this information public would have on people in this country that control the money.

When we were looking at the New Mexico map, he indicated that the craft had been picked up by radar at Kirtland Air Base, in Albuquerque, the location near Cloudcroft and the Roswell Army Airfield. I asked him if Roswell might have had better radar than other facilities, due to the 509th being assigned there, and White Sands because of what was taking place there in the 40's. He agreed with that and said yes by all means. He indicated the range of the radar was some 85 miles, almost 2 to 3 times farther than I had heard before.

When he told me about 3 OSI and one CIA agent coming to Roswell, he told me a little about how they work. When they want to go in somewhere to do this type of work, they will actually get part-time jobs in the local economy and become part of the community they are in. Other than that he wouldn't go into any details.

Another note I remembered about the piece of metal the agent said he had seen and handled the night before our meeting was, I asked him what color it was? He said it was kind of a mauve color. That was ironic, since that is basically the color used to describe the debris in the back of the Army ambulances in 1947.

Upon returning to Roswell on Sunday, I prepared my recorded notes to share with the staff on Monday, and played the tape for them, which we reviewed. I was still bothered by the way things had transpired, and felt cheated and betrayed. I was now looking for reasons why things happened like they had, so I offered to call the son again to ask him how the OSI got involved.

On Tuesday night I called him, however this time I asked for a different name than the one he had given us originally. Just prior to my meeting ending with the two agents in Oklahoma, the agent wrote something on a piece of a paper, folded it up, handed it to me, and said don't look at it until later. Due to the amount of information I was trying to absorb and get recorded as notes, and a real desire to get back home, I did not look at the paper until I had returned to Roswell.

The paper had a name and phone number written on it. The phone number was the same number we had been given by the son, but with a different name. So when I called the son on Tuesday night, a female answered the phone again and I asked for the new name I had been given. After a short surprised pause she said, uh, one moment. There was then a considerable pause while she obviously was checking with someone. (I had caught her off guard.) He nervously came back on the phone and said, "I'm sorry I think you might have a wrong number." I then asked for the name of the son we had been using for the past two weeks, and again with a short pause she said, "Yes, just one moment."

I again waited for a long time until the son picked up the phone and said hello. I said this is Dennis Balthaser in Roswell, he said "OK." I said, "I guess it's obvious why I am calling." He paused and said, "Uh-yeh, is it possible we can talk later?"

When I said I'd prefer to talk now, he informed me that he was not in a position to be talking to anyone right now. I asked when he would suggest. When he hesitated, I continued telling him, my main concern was how the OSI got involved, and the position I was put in, after he and I had an agreement, to keep confidentiality and all that. In an extremely nervous, uncomfortable voice he said, "Mr. Balthaser, I have somebody here right now." I asked him if he could call me collect later. He said "I'm going to try." I told him, "I'm very concerned about what happened, not only to myself, but on behalf of the museum, and because of the position we were put in, and also the fact my son could have been involved." I continued by saying that he wasn't, as far as I knew, but I wanted to know why things happened like they did, and I that I wanted to know what he knew about it. I also wanted to know where we were going from here.

After another long pause a new voice came on the phone, and in a very short period of time, I realized this was another agent, still in Oklahoma, 5 days after they had arrived. It was now very obvious to me that I was outnumbered and the interception wall I had faced, had just become higher.

This voice said, "Mr. Balthaser," (It was my turn to pause) and he said, "Hello." I responded, "Yes sir." He asked how I was doing.

"You do not know me, and we'll keep this very anonymous. The gentleman you called is cooperating with my office, and, I think that anything that has been addressed concerning what his father had in his possession, uh, we can probably maybe-uh-we can probably work something out where the museum will benefit from this as much as we will." I said "Yes," and asked him if he was the same man I had the meeting with on Saturday night. He replied, "No sir, no sir, you talked with one of our field agents. I'm sure you talked with a Mr. Ed Thomas."

I agreed Ed was his first name. He said, "He was sent by us and a young field trainee who was also with him." I said, "Christie," and he said, "Yes." He then informed me, what we needed to do, and stopped to get the pronunciation of my last name, which he was pronouncing close to correct, and I told him, "That's right, Balthaser."

He said, "Well , Mr. Balthaser, what we need to do right now is keep this very anonymous, and keep it kind of hush-hush, cause what we're dealing with here is probably something that, well, never should have got out to the public, and my office right now is very interested in it, and we're talking with the son, and we want to keep his name quite anonymous on this. From past experience, I found that people that have knowledge of certain things that the government won't, uh, they have a, well, we don't need to discuss that, you're pretty sure what I'm talking about."

I laughed and said, "Sure."

"So what I'll do," he said, "is I'll hand you back over to the son, and we will probably shorten this phone call right now, and probably like I said, I'm sure the museum was quite interested in this and I'm sure the museum would go to great expense to find out exactly what this material is, but with our office, we're assigned to track down certain entities like this, and you being an investigator, you can probably appreciate this." He continued by telling me, "We do not want to strong-arm anybody, but the son preferred," he said, "that he would like us, since we are the Federal government, and we're funded by the Federal government, to go to maybe as much extend to try and identify what his father has in his possession, and again I appreciate your time and effort."

Since I now knew the government had the metal, and that I had been prevented from talking to the father or the son in Oklahoma or in this phone call, I decided to stay with it, and not let the call be a short call as he had suggested.

The agent told me he didn't know what the son and I had talked about, so I told him there was confidentiality involved when he first contacted us about his father, his concerns, and we wanted to honor that, and I was taken off guard when things didn't work out the way they were planned, between he and I, Friday and Saturday. He said, "Correct." I said that apparently I wasn't aware, or ready, for it when it happened, and I was merely calling tonight to see where I stood, as I believe I was told by the agent that my phone and the museum phones were tapped.

He laughed and said, "Well Mr. Thomas has been with us since, oh Lord ! I can't remember when. He's been with us quite a while. He has a lot of insight on things that are going out and around what we like to call the ufology community, and it's one of his speciality areas. "

I told him I'd gathered that.

He said, "And basically where I come in, because I come directly from Langley Air Force Base there in Virginia, with Langley, it is our assessment, and our duty, and probably our number one assignment, that when we get these inputs that maybe somebody has something maybe out of the ordinary, and something maybe quite unusual," at which point I interrupted him and said, "Maybe something the American people should know about?"

He said, "Well Mr. Balthaser, you know there's a lot of things the American people, maybe they feel they have the right to know, but believe me, you know being an investigator you would probably appreciate this, this keeps the panic button to a minimum. A lot of people suspect certain things but the majority of the things we do recover, we generally find out a lot of it's hoax and stuff." He continued, " But here in this man's retrospect, he has something very unusual, very unusual indeed, and you know it's our assessment that we need to find out exactly what it is."

Knowing the government had the metal and had interviewed the gentlemen in Oklahoma, I decided to ask the agent a question: "What assurance can you give me or possibly the museum that we could have results of whatever tests you run or whatever you find out on it?"

Here he decided to re-identify me by my last name and asked me what my first name was. He said, "OK, Dennis, my name is Charles, and you can call me Charles if you want to. I suppose because of the question I had asked, we were now on a first name basis." He said he'd been with the agency since 1973, and said, "You know I've been around the block a few times on certain matters concerning what we like to call unusual."

"Dennis I can tell you, I'm sure the agent told you the other night, that maybe we can work together here. It's very unusual that we work with the ufology community and everything, but since your museum there in Roswell has a pretty good standing and credibility to us, I think the American public when their interested or kind of looking for certain answers, or their just curious, a lot of people go to Roswell to visit the museum, I'm pretty sure I'm correct on that. "

I told him he was exactly right, and what might be surprising to him was that what we present, is both sides. I said, "We do not try to convince anybody one way or another. We present information as a museum, and let the visitors make up their own mind." He said, "Correct."

He then said, "Dennis let me ask you a question. Did you suspect that we were here this evening, or did anybody call you that we were here?"

I said "No", (and I really didn't expect an agent to still be there when I called).

He said, "OK, we were just curious, we had a car drive by out here in front of the son's residence for the last hour, however they haven't driven by in the last 30 minutes."

I asked him what kind of license plates. He said, "Well it had New Mexico plates, and I was curious about this." I responded by telling him, "Since I'm being taped, I can assure you I'm, in Roswell. He laughed and said, "Well I'm sure you are too, all our phone calls are monitored Dennis, as you probably well know."

He continued by saying, "Dennis what I can do, and I'm not exactly sure what you and the agent talked about Saturday, as I've not read his report yet, but Dennis I can assure you, probably what you and the agent discussed is pretty factual, OK, and if he didn't tell you I will over the phone. Whatever we find out about this metal, and whatever circumstances we do come up with, our office has a policy, we don't bull around with nothing. This is unusual and if our scientists don't know what it is their going to label it UNKNOWN, but we have a good 90% batting range in identifying certain elements with metals. We also have people there in Langley with photographs in the laboratory, and a lot of the stuff we get involved with we're able to identify it."

"Now this metal here, somewhere down the road I'm sure we'll find some kind of priority, that maybe it's got some kind of earth elements, or maybe it's part of a meteorite, or maybe it's a piece of some aluminum material, we're not sure, it doesn't look like a piece of a meteorite. Again we're not sure, I can't go to an assumption by just looking at it."

I told the agent that I had talked to the son, and from what he described the metal looking and acting like, it appeared to resemble some of the metal described as the Roswell metal of 1947, but that is not factual, because that metal has not been tested that we're aware of. He said right, that was correct.

I asked the agent to keep me informed of what develops with the metal. I said you're right on target as to the museum being a service for the public, and our goal is to make information available.

The agent said , "Let me ask you a question here, you've been an investigator, and in the field long enough, you know the calls are being monitored, it's being recorded. This name you used when you first called tonight, where did you get this name?"

I said that name was given to me, and it was the same phone number as the son's. He said, "Well Dennis, in confidentiality I would like to keep the son's name confidential." I said I could do that, and he responded, "I sure do appreciate it." He said we would stay in touch. "We have your name and number and the other agent got your card, and probably has filed everything with the office."

He asked when was the best and most convenient time to get in touch with me and I asked if he wanted to contact me at my residence, or at the museum. He said, "Well let's do it under a professional manner, whatever is more acceptable for you."

I suggested my residence , due to it's being easier to contact me after 9pm, because during the day I'm all over the museum. He said ok. He told me the agent I had met was supposed to turn in all of his reports by Friday, cause he was doing an assignment down in San Antonio, which he described as a craft landing south of there and that the MUFON people in Seguin, Texas got a bunch of witnesses stirred up. I said, " Are you telling me your pretty busy?" to which he laughed and said, "We are pretty busy."

He concluded by saying, "Well Dennis we will be getting a hold of you, and our people are flying out of here in Oklahoma in the morning and going back to Langley. We have your information and we'll be in touch, and when we find out what we're dealing with here, and basically you were the first one that tapped in on it, and our office doesn't do any strong arm tactics and threatening." (*You might have noticed that was the second or third time he told me his office didn't do any strong arm tactics*). He said , "When we get wind of something unusual we investigate it. That's our job and that's what we're paid to do. We're making sure that the American tax dollars are well spent. So Dennis I appreciate you calling and we'll be in touch."

And thus my experience with the "interception" by government agents ended (at least for the time being), knowing they had the metal, had interviewed the son and the father in Oklahoma, and my life was changed forever.

Over a month passed by and I still didn't know what had gone wrong between the son and I, and the arrangements we had made. I'll be honest with you, for several days after the experience I was paranoid. I really didn't know what would happen when I turned the ignition key on my truck or walked into my apartment, but I decided, I'm not going to live like this, so on July 23rd, I decided to call the son again to see if we could talk.

The same female answered the phone, and when I asked for the son, I told her this is Dennis in Roswell. I got the usual "Wait one moment," and then what seemed like an eternity until she came back, to inform me, "I'm sorry, I tried to catch him as he was driving out of the driveway, and he'll be back Saturday. Can I get a number?" I gave her my number and asked her to have him call me after 9pm on Saturday July 26th. He never returned that call.

So what conclusion can I draw from this experience? Well, based on the fact that two agents were sent up from Dallas, and at least one was flown in from Virginia, who stayed several days, probably at considerable expense to us taxpayers, I think it's safe to assume that I was unto something very important relating to the Roswell incident. I for one do not appreciate someone disrupting my life, or invading my privacy, if I'm not breaking the law, particularly when I'm paying their salary and expenses as a taxpayer. I guess however, they would say I'm violating *national security*.

What about the comment the agent made to me at the restaurant about a leak in Roswell, maybe at the museum, with information getting back to Washington. A leak about what? According to our government and the Air Force, and recently the CIA, the Roswell Incident didn't happen, and if it did it was one of three different types of balloons, so what could possibly be leaking? Maybe one of the three balloon stories over the last 50 years is leaking.

Why would they want to come out to look for a homing device that's transmitting signals? Were the Air Force dummies carrying them in 1953, when the dummies were first used, 6 years after the Roswell Incident?

Was I set up from the beginning by the son, who had a retired Colonel friend that used to work in intelligence? I hope not, because I'd like to believe both the son and the father after having talked to them on the phone and heard the emotion in their voices. I really wonder how the father is doing with his battle with cancer.

What is the possibility that unknowing to me, I'm being used by the government to inform, or misinform the public. I was given a lot of information, mostly in small tempting pieces, but information non the less. Surely these agents knew I would at the least, return to Roswell and talk to the staff at the museum about my trip to Oklahoma and the negative results it produced. What I have told you tonight is absolutely factual and truthful, as I heard it. Is the information I was told, factual and truthful? I don't know. If given the opportunity, I would accept the responsibility of passing on information, as I've done tonight, if I knew it was the truth, because that's all we want - *the truth*.

My intention tonight is not to present new information about the Roswell incident, but rather to simply, honestly and truthfully inform you that after 50 years, I believe the United States government is still preventing people from obtaining information about the Roswell incident, and I called it an "interception".

Am I scared?

No.

Am I concerned? Most definitely I'm concerned, about myself personally, but more importantly, if standing up here tonight and telling the truth about what I experienced and was told means I have to be concerned, then this country of ours has more perplexing problems than we can imagine. I still believe, "always telling the truth, means never having to remember anything".

If the government thinks I violated national security tonight, it's obvious to me that what happened near Roswell 50 years ago, was not a balloon of any kind, and it's time we knew the truth.

I was "intercepted".

For those of you wondering if I ever tried to contact the son again, the answer is yes.

On September 3, 1997, at 8:00pm, I called and when a gentleman answered the phone I asked for the son. He said you must have the wrong residence, he doesn't live here anymore. He asked who was calling? I said this is Dennis calling, to which he replied, that don't tell me nothing Dennis. So I thanked him and hung up.

It's now obvious that I have been taken out of the loop, because the only phone number I had, no longer permits me to contact the son, since I was told he no longer lives there. I guess I'll wait to be contacted in a way I've never been contacted. I have my doubts if that will happen, now that

I've decided to go public. I also don't think I'll ever be told what the test results of the metal were, but then again, I never believed they would tell me anyway.

Perhaps there is some other elderly gentleman out there, that was assigned to Roswell in 1947, willing to come forward. If there is, I assure you that I will be the first in line to try and get the information, whether I'm intercepted or not.

I had an experience with my government, that you now know, that I will carry with me for the rest of my life. There is no doubt in my mind that something very important happened near Roswell 50 years ago, because while attempting to find out, I was intercepted. Thank you.

**AFOSI/PJ**, the predecessor of AFOSI Region 7. In that position, he provided security investigations support to highly sensitive Special Access Programs managed by the Air Force

**AFOSI/PJ or the "Air Force Office of Special Investigations PJ office or "The Pajama Gang" as we call them. This is the same office that harassed the Civil Engineering (CE) person at Wright Patterson AFB in Ohio and the same office which is responsible for dispensing disinformation on UFOs.**

Robert M. Collins, a former Captain with the USAF (AFWL/AWPP) reports in a Usenet article "Disinformation & SA's Lying by the Book 92" states that the Air Force has an office known as **AFOSI/PJ** - otherwise known as the Pajama Gang, whose job it is to run counter-intelligence against the UFO community, and in particular those who are attracting attention. This is done according to Collins to protect the classified information.

Now what has this to do with the suicides in San Diego? In Collins article he mentions a document that was leaked to Bill Moore in 1983 from the **AFOSI/PJ** office that Moore after some research determined to be false.

We were informed by the source who gave this letter to one of our sources that he received this "letter" from now retired USAF Col Hennessey's office in the Pentagon "Air Force Office of Special Investigations PJ branch" or **AFOSI/PJ**: **AFOSI/PJ** has the responsibility for protecting all "sensitive" classified AF programs and one way of doing this is to dispense "disinformation" to the public through different public media. Col Weaver was/is associated with that office and one who managed publication of the AF's 500 page Mogul Balloon story on Roswell in Sept 95: However, whether the "Hilltop Document" actually came from that office can't be proved at this point.

As an added note **AFOSI/PJ** has also been linked to the "1127th Field Activities Group" now the "Air Force Special Activities Center" or AFSAC which in turn have been linked to the "Men in Black" (MIB) phenomena: Ref: "Far Out" magazine. "Those Mysterious Men in Black;" by Bill Moore, Winter 1993. "PJ" offices are also located at various AFBs and one is at WPAFB, OH.

7. In summary: The event never took place and if the AF did in fact fabricate this document the big question is why? And then why go through so much trouble? If the "Santilli Film" turns out to be a fake then **AFOSI/PJ** would have had the resources to produce such a fake with a 2++ million dollar budget per year and then the question again would be why? ?