



Part 4: UFO Crash/Retrievals: The Inner Sanctum - Status Report VI © July 1991 by Leonard H. Stringfield

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are each on its own merit strong evidence to support the belief
that a B-29, #7301, transported the (non-human) cadavers
to Ft. Worth, Texas, from Roswell, New Mexico."*

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To be more computer-friendly, the reprint has been divided into parts. Here begins **Part 4** of *Status Report VI*, from July 1991. These status reports were written by Leonard H. Stringfield from 1978 to 1994. *Status Report VII* begins at [Earthfiles 12/15/03](#). Leonard Stringfield died on December 18, 1994.

Len Stringfield - continued:

Following are Tim's flight entries in his log for July 1947:

July 4, 1947 DEH (C.A.A. station designation for Roswell) Ship 6291. B-29. Formation flight cross-country. Vicksburg, Little Rock, Tulsa, Amarillo and return. Holiday celebration. Flight time 9 hrs. 55 mins.

July 9, 1947 DEH, Ship 7301. B-29. Cross country. Ft. Worth and return. Flight time 1 hr., 55 mins.

The next 17 days, Tim said, he and crew were in special training school featuring courses in Russian language, Judo, hand-to-hand combat, etc.

July 26, 1947 DEH, Ship 430? (last number illegible). B-29. Cross country round robin to Atlanta and return via Houston. 10 hrs. 20 mins.

July 28, 1947 DEH, Ship 6291. B-29. Cross country radar bombing. Omaha, Kansas City, Houston and return. Flight time, 11 hrs. 20 mins.

July 29, 1947 DEH Ship 6291. B-29. Formation over Utah, live bombing. Flight time 8 hrs., 45 mins."

The Key Date: July 9, 1947.

For one thing it backed up the scenario that Marcel had returned to Roswell on Tim's flight. But, July 8 and 9 were days of other dramatic events linked to his July 9th flight to Ft. Worth. During this period, a special detachment of 509th personnel from Roswell found four alien bodies about two and a half miles from the crash-site on the Brazel ranch.

In the short run, however, the exotic cadavers had to be protected under maximum security, preserved, photographed and crated for shipment out of Roswell. By the afternoon of July 9, while preparing them at the base hospital, a local mortician, Glenn Dennis, had been consulted about techniques used for hermetic sealing of a casket for frozen body remains. Hermetic or not, once crated, they boarded Tim's flight to Ft. Worth. Final destination, probably Wright-Patterson AFB.

"Everything about the flight was unusual," said Tim. "We flew at an unusually low level and so tight was security, we knew that the crate contained more than the general's furniture." It was made of wood, he said and was unpainted and unmarked as though hastily constructed. Fitting snugly into the bomb-bay, its approximate size: 5 ft. high, 4 ft. wide and about 15 ft. long.

Beyond the suspicious cargo requiring extraordinary security measures at Roswell and Ft.

Worth, the strongest factor to support Tim's belief that his plane carried the bodies is in the happenstance of a fellow crew member, Captain FM, who recognized a former school chum among the contingent of greeters at Ft. Worth - a mortician! Tim remembers FM's comment, "We are now a part of history."

I was in frequent touch with Tim by phone and by mail as we tried to resurrect, through his recall, more details of his experiences and observations and to make his "historic" flight fit into the whole Roswell fabric of events.

As more and more people with Roswell connections were surfacing and willing to "go public," the Fund for UFO Research (FUFOR), a Washington, D. C.-based non-profit educational organization, emerged with a plan to do just that - go public! According to an announcement by Fred Whiting, the group's public relations consultant, a meeting would be held in Washington for one and all to attend for on-camera "depositions." I was duly notified to bring my source, namely Time, and that all expenses would be paid. I liked the idea and so did Tim who would bring along his son. Eventually a date was set in July 1990.

But suddenly, there were signs of strangeness. For one, I had requested of Tim that he send me copies of his diary pages which logged his B-29 flights out of Roswell. The package never arrived nor was it returned to his given address. During the same time period, Tim got an inordinate number of pestering phone calls, some from sales people wanting to demonstrate their wares in his home which in his state is against the law.

Already disturbed by this abnormal invasion of his privacy, Tim recounted another incident by letter of June 20, 1990, which we both agreed delivered a "message," quoted in part as follows:

"My second (suspicious call) was in the mid-morning and it went through the usual spiel of solicitation and back-slapping. It was a woman and I caught only her first name, Andrea, and something about a museum of technology. She said she was compiling a series of combat crew stories from USAF units in SAC from 1946 to 1953 during the piston engine era. She was aware that I had written and published some stories in Western Flyer. She wanted to know if I could help her with an article on the B-52 bomber. At that point, I felt it was time to be careful. I told her I had never flown in the B-52. She said, 'Oh, well, perhaps you have some interesting stories of other types. How about the B-29s?'

"I became sure that I wanted no part of whatever she was up to. I said it would take time to come up with something and asked her to give me an address to which I could mail in a synopsis. Then I said, 'I charge eight cents a word.' She then said that it would be better to just discuss it over the phone since my information might not be what she could use anyway. I told her I did not work that way and asked to speak to her boss. She hung up."

Some sinister force in the shadows seemed to be closing in on Tim. The purpose was still vague, but I, too, felt that the "Andrea" call was one more link in a plan to make Tim think twice about his role in Roswell affairs. Bewildered and feeling concern for his family, Tim canceled plans to go to Washington.

The main gathering in Washington, D. C. and subsequent meetings in the United States of Roswell-connected people in the summer of 1990 were a success. The on-camera "depositions" were impressive and credit must go to the Fund for UFO Research for a job well done. I called Fred Whiting and told him that I had plans to get Tim aboard later and he assured me that the expenses to meet him privately would be covered.

When I checked with Tim later, he said that the "invasion" of weird calls had abated and, yes, he would consider meeting me in Cincinnati. Reaching Don Schmitt, he also agreed and, yes, he might encourage others still willing to go on camera to join in. The date was set for September 14, 15, and 16, 1990.

But the same *shadow* that I assumed guided Andrea, somehow knew my plans for Cincinnati; this time the voice that called Tim at 10:45 a.m. on August 15, 1990, went by the name of Vard Jacobsen. Identifying himself as a member of the *American News Release Syndicate* and boasting that he had been published in several electronic "journals," including the *Allegheny Review*, Jacobsen said that he was looking for writers like Tim to contribute an article on electronics. Tim was quick to relate that he was no expert in electronics and his knowledge was limited to processing electrical equipment in a large well-known firm. Tim also told Jacobsen that he had a "gimmick" patented in his line of work by that company. Jacobsen's response, 'You're just who we're looking for!' Then, according to Tim, he said that he was aware of a person named 'Hall,' who into UFOs wrote an article on electronics and that he knew a general who worked at White Sands and then came the clincher. He would be in Tim's city on September 14th through the 16th to talk

business. 'We should get along very well,' was Jacobsen's final comment.

On August 21, 1990, Tim wrote me the following letter, quoted in part:

"...Things we have discussed on the phone (proposed meetings) are suddenly in public domain, or so it seems. That is, unless you are a close friend of Vard Jacobsen. After his call, I sought advice from a person who has reason to know and he told me to back off from any and all commitments and gave some good reasons. He is sympathetic to our beliefs, but strong in his opinion that in my case, it is best to say nothing, particularly right now. ...I think we, you and I, plus others are getting too close to somebody's cookie jar. ...Anyway for the time being, I must withdraw from the search. I will not make the trip."

The voice of Vard Jacobsen was real, but his credentials were phony and his plan to visit Tim on September 14-16, 1990, was a calculated lie. Jacobsen somehow knew by a bugged phone or by some intelligence grapevine that the dates July 14, 15 and 16, 1990 were those that Schmitt and I had arranged to meet in Cincinnati.

In retrospect, once when Schmitt and Randle visited my home to update our findings on Roswell, I dialed Tim's phone number (which I kept confidential) to allow Schmitt to get firsthand answers to his own set of questions. This was my gesture of sharing to build a two-way trust and to establish the fact I didn't invent Tim. But, to be paranoid for a moment, sometimes sharing sensitive information on the phone can also be bugged which I suspect might have happened on that day we talked with Tim. At that time, Tim was a key, pivotal figure who knew the names of others on an important flight from Roswell.

Reaching Tim that day, his first response was to relate that he got a chilling call a few days earlier from an anonymous male source who curiously addressed him by his formal first name, but one he rarely ever used in normal daily life. Curtly, he asked, "Are you interested in the Roswell case?" Tim said he acknowledged his interest, admitting that he was stationed there when the story of the crash was news. The phantom caller then advised that he check on the military policeman involved in the case who committed suicide six months later.

Were others in Tim's flight affected by phantoms? The wife of one in El Paso, Texas, tracked down by Schmitt, refused to discuss her husband's 509th activities when Kevin Randle called. I called later, telling her that I knew a close friend of her late husband (who - she admitted - had passed away six months earlier.) Her angry answer: "I don't care to discuss his activity with you or anyone else." Bang (down went the phone)!

Later after locating the bombardier, FM - the officer who had dubbed the flight as "historic" - I asked Tim to follow-up. According to his log, he called five times and finally on the sixth try, a young lady answered and questioned if he had the right number. Tim did not give his name, saying only that he wished to talk with his old friend with whom he had served in the 509th. Abruptly the voice said, "No," and she hung up.

The names of all the crew members aboard Tim's flight that he can recall are known to me, which I gave to Don Schmitt. In our cooperative efforts, Don offered the ways and means to track the names down to their current status and location. Most were deceased, including the pilot who died in a plane crash two years after Roswell. One crew member, however, willing and able and so far unbothered, was reached by Schmitt, Randle and me. He was the B-29's gunner, Staff Sergeant Bob Slusher.

Slusher's recall of the secret flight to Ft. Worth was our bonanza. He remembered all the important details: the wood crate in the bomb-bay, its size (which conformed to Tim's estimates), the tight security at Roswell and Ft. Worth, and even the vivid scene in Ft. Worth of the bombardier, FM, meeting his old school pal among the official greeters - the mortician. "I can still see them," he said, "shaking hands and hugging."

Slusher also remembers Major Jesse Marcel being aboard his B-29's return flight to Roswell on same date, July 9, 1947. "No doubt about it," he told me. "Jesse Marcel was on our plane. He spent most of his time in the cockpit."

Needless to say, a secret crate, a mortician to greet it on July 9, 1947, are each on its own merit strong evidence to support the belief that a B-29, #7301, transported the (non-human) cadavers to Ft. Worth, Texas from Roswell, New Mexico.

Continued in **Part 5**.

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