

"Fritz Werner's" Kingman Crash

Below is an account of an alleged flying saucer crash in Arizona reported in Casebook of a UFO Investigator by Raymond Fowler (Prentice-Hall, 1981, page 199-203)

In 1973 I came even closer to documenting the reality of crashed UFOs, with a signed affidavit from an alleged member of the USAF investigating team! He must remain anonymous; I've dubbed him Fritz Werner.

I, Fritz Werner, do solemnly swear that during a special assignment with the U.S. Air Force, on May 21, 1953, I assisted in the investigation of a crashed unknown object in the vicinity of Kingman, Arizona.

The object was constructed of an unfamiliar metal which resembled brushed aluminum. It had impacted twenty inches into the sand without any sign of structural damage. It was oval and about 30 feet in diameter. An entranceway hatch had been vertically lowered and opened. It was about 3-1/2 feet high and 1-1/2 feet wide. I was able to talk briefly with someone on the team who did look inside only briefly. He saw two swivel seats, an oval cabin, and a lot of instruments and displays.

A tent pitched near the object sheltered the dead remains of the only occupant of the craft. It was about 4 feet tall, dark brown complexion and had 2 eyes, 2 nostrils, 2 ears, and a small round mouth. It was clothed in a silvery, metallic suit and wore a skull cap of the same type material. It wore no face covering or helmet.

I certify that the above statement is true by affixing my signature to this document this day of June 7, 1973.

Signature: Fritz Werner

Date Signed: June 7, 1973

Witnessed By: Raymond E. Fowler

Date Signed: June 7, 1973

I watched as Mr. Werner carefully read and signed the final piece of documentation to a 65-page report I had prepared for NICAP. My attempts to substantiate Fritz Werner's incredible story had put me in contact with the AEC, Stanford Research Institute, Wright-Patterson AFB, former Project Bluebook personnel, and a number of persons within the military-industrial complex. Although no additional witnesses could be found, the peripheral names, positions, tests, dates, and places mentioned within Mr. Werner's personal account all check out exceptionally well.

Mr. Werner had kept his bizarre experience a closely guarded secret for almost exactly twenty years. If true, his story indicates that the physical recovery of manned UFOs had been kept secret for over two decades.

Between June 1949 and January 1960 Fritz held several engineering and management positions at Wright-Patterson AFB near Dayton, Ohio. During the period in which the incident took place, he worked within what was known as the Air Material Command Installations Division, within the Office of Special Studies headed by Dr. Eric Wang. His special ties at that particular time included the engineering design of Air Force engine test cells, development techniques for determining blast effects on buildings and structures, and the designing of aircraft landing gear. Fritz worked his way up to become chief of alighting devices within the aircraft laboratory, Wright Air Development Center; which position led him up to management positions at Wright-Patterson, and later at a variety of civilian companies involved with defense contracts. At the time of his reported experience, he was on special assignment to the AEC at the atomic proving ground in Nevada.

I was project engineer on an Air Force contract with the Atomic Energy Commission for "Operation Upshot-Knothole." My job involved the measuring of blast effects on various types of buildings especially erected for the tests.

On May 20, 1953, I worked most of the day at Frenchman Flat. In the evening, I received a phone call from the test director, Dr. Ed Doll, informing me that I was to go on a special job the next day. On the following

day, around 4:30 P.M., I reported for special duty and was driven to Indian Springs Air Force Base near the proving ground where I joined about fifteen other specialists.

We were told to leave all valuables in the custody of the military police. I gave them my wallet, watch, pen and other things I don't remember. We were then put on a military airplane and flown to Phoenix. We were not allowed to fraternize.

There, we were put on a bus with other personnel who were already there. The bus windows were all blacked out, so that we couldn't see where we were going. We rode for an estimated four hours. I think we were in the area of Kingman, Arizona, which is northwest of Phoenix and not too far from the Atomic Proving Ground in Nevada. During the bus trip, we were told by an Air Force full-Colonel, that a super-secret Air Force Vehicle had crashed and that since we were all specialists in certain fields, we were to investigate the crash in terms of our own specialty and nothing more.

Finally, the bus stopped and we disembarked one at a time as our names were called, and escorted by military police to the area that we were to inspect. Two spotlights were centered on the crashed object, which was ringed with guards. The lights were so bright that it was impossible to see the surrounding area. The object was oval and looked like two deep saucers, one inverted upon the other. It was about thirty feet in diameter with convex surfaces, top and bottom. These surfaces were about twenty feet in diameter. Part of the object had sunk into the ground. It was constructed of a dull silver metal like brushed aluminum. The metal was darker where the saucer "lips" formed a rim, around which were what looked like slots. A curved open hatch door was located on the leading end and was vertically lowered. There was a light coming from inside, but it could have been installed by the Air Force.

My particular job was to determine from the angle and the depth of impact into the sand, how fast the vehicle's forward and vertical velocities were at the time of impact. The impact had forced the vehicle approximately twenty inches into the sand. There were no landing gear. There also were no marks or dents, that I can remember, on the surface--not even scratches. Questions asked, having nothing to do with our own special areas, were not answered.

An armed military policeman guarded a tent pitched nearby. I managed to glance inside at one point and saw the dead body of a four foot human-like creature in a silver metallic-looking suit. The skin on its face was dark brown. This may have been caused by exposure to our atmosphere. It had a metallic skullcap device on its head.

As soon as each person finished his task, he was interviewed over a tape recorder and escorted back to the bus. On the way, I managed to talk briefly with someone else who told me that he had glanced inside the object and saw two swivel-like seats as well as instruments and displays. An airman, noticing us talking together, separated us and warned us not to talk with each other.

After we all returned to the bus, the Air Force Colonel in charge had us raise our right hands and take an oath not to reveal what we had experienced. I was instructed to write my report in longhand and not to type or reproduce it. A telephone number was given me to call when the report was complete. I called the number and an airman picked up the report. I had never met nor talked with any of the investigating party. They were not known to me, although I think I recognized two officers' faces. One was from Griffiss Air Force Base at Rome, New York, and the other was involved with an Air Force Special Weapons Group based at Albuquerque. I later saw and recognized the Colonel-in-charge in a movie concerning Project Bluebook.

Mr. Werner confided that a year after his experience he was assigned to serve Bluebook as a official consultant. He sympathized with the Air Force's secret handling of the UFO problem: It did not have an answer regarding where UFOs originated. He felt that they probably still don't know. He said, however, that the Air Force did believe that UFOs were interplanetary vehicles and did not want to create national panic. In response to my questions relating to UFO propulsion systems, he said:

Well, we all had our guesses as to what it was. At the time, I happened to have contact with a professor in Germany from a very famous university. The Air Force had a contract with them to study antigravity. We didn't call it that exactly, but that's what the popular term was in which you would use the earth's magnetic fields as a form of propulsion. They were able to--with a lot of power, by the way--produce an antigravity machine. It was very impractical and as far as I know, still is impractical, but someday it will be perfected.

Fritz Werner's credentials are impressive. I checked out his professional resume by calling former employers during a careful character check. Neither of the two former Bluebook officials that I talked with would confirm the incident. One asked, "Where is the object now?" The other got very nervous when I mentioned Dr. Eric Wang's Office of Special Studies. He asked me to leave him alone, as he wanted to live out his life in privacy.

The AEC in Washington and in Nevada both confirmed the dates and names of the tests that Fritz mentioned. They also confirmed the name of the test director, Dr. Ed Doll, and the chief of the Office of Special Studies as the technical and scientific monitor for the project. Further investigation revealed that Dr. Wang had died. I did manage to track Dr. Doll to Stanford Research Institute, but their personnel department did not know his whereabouts. They felt he had died.

Through correspondence with the Mohave County historian I found that Kingman was an unlikely place for the incident to have occurred. A four-hour drive at night in a bus with blacked-out windows could have conveyed the investigating team to any number of places. The historian felt that the vast range controlled by Luke AFB, southwest of Phoenix, was a more likely spot for the crash site. He stated that it is a real desert area with packed sand just as Fritz Werner described.

There were some inconsistencies associated with Fritz's story, but most appeared to be memory lapses. Former employers and professional acquaintances held Mr. Warner in high esteem. Everyone described him as a highly competent, technical, and moral individual. I found that he holds two bachelor's degrees, in mathematics and physics, and a master's degree in engineering. He is also a member of a number of professional organizations such as the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and is involved in a variety of civic groups. The only out-of-the-ordinary activities in his personal record are a keen interest in parapsychology, and past involvement--with other professional people--in psychic experiments. In my final report, I discussed the possible explanations of his account. There seemed to be no motive for a hoax, and no apparent evidence for a psychosis. His associates felt strongly that he was not the type to perpetrate practical jokes.

To pin down the exact date of the crash, Fritz mentioned that he may have written something in his diary at that time. After a search, he found the penciled diary that he kept meticulously in those days. When I examined its pages, there was no doubt as to its authenticity. The obviously aged page for May 20, 1953, read:

Spent most of the day on Frenchman's Flat surveying cubicles and supervising welding of plate girder bridge sensor which cracked after last shot. Drank brew in eve. Read. Got funny call from Dr. Doll about 1000. I'm to go on a special job tomorrow.

My eyes then skipped over to the entry on May 21.

Up at 7:00. Worked most of day on Frenchman with cubicles. Letter from Bet. She's feeling better now--thank goodness. *Got picked up at Indian Springs AFB for a job I can't write or talk about.* [italics mine]

Tantalizing as the Werner story might be, we still have no proof that such incidents have occurred. (How many would believe the government were it to state that studies had been made of crashed UFO vehicles and occupants? Some still believe our manned trips to the moon were simulated in Hollywood studios.)

Note: The book appears to contain no other references to Fritz Werner or the Kingman Crash.

Html by [Glenn Campbell](#), 7/12/95.