

Subject: The Cameraman's *OFFICIAL* Statement
From: John W. Ratcliff <70253.3237@CompuServe.COM>
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Message-ID: <424jcf\$fuk\$4@mhafn.production.compuserve.com>

THE CAMERAMAN'S STORY

REVISED VERSION WITH NOTES BY BOB SHELL

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EXACT TRANSCRIPTION OF TAPE RECORDED STATEMENT, NOTES ARE IN SQUARE BRACKETS [].

I joined the forces in March of 1942 and left in 1952. The ten years I spent serving my country were some of the best years of my life.

My father was in the movie business, which meant he had good knowledge about the workings of cameras and photography. For this reason I believe I passed a medical that would not normally allow me in, due to Polio as a child.

After my enrolment and training, I was able to use my camera skills and became one of the few dedicated cameramen in the forces. I was sent to many places, and as it was war time, I fast learned the ability of filming under difficult circumstances.

I will not give more detail on my background; only to say that in the fall of 1944 I was assigned to Intelligence, reporting to the Assistant Chief of Air Staff. I was moved around depending on the assignment. During my time I filmed a great deal, including the tests at White Sands (Manhattan project/Trinity).

I remember very clearly receiving the call to go to White Sands (Roswell). I had not long returned from St. Louis where I had filmed the new ramjet ("Little Henry") [According to official records, "Little Henry" was a helicopter project. This discrepancy is resolved by referring to Janes' All The World's Aircraft for 1949, which mentions that McDonnell, located in St. Louis, had a project at this time called J-1, which was a one-man ramjet powered helicopter, with a small ramjet engine on the tip of each rotor blade.] It was June 1st when McDonnell [George C. McDonnell was the first Air Force Chief of Staff for Intelligence. He was most likely Assistant Air Chief of Staff for Intelligence in June of 1947] asked me to report to General McMullen [Major General Clements M. McMullen, Deputy Commander of the Strategic Air Command in Washington] for a special assignment. I had had no experience working with General McMullen, but after talking with him for a few minutes I knew that I would never wish to be his enemy. McMullen was straight to the point, no messing. I was ordered to a crash site just south-west of Socorro [this could be the Plains of San Agustin]. It was urgent and my brief was to film everything in sight, not to leave the debris until it had been removed and I was to have access to all areas of the site. If the commander in charge [at the site] had a

problem with that, I was told to get them to call McMullen. A few minutes after my orders from McMullen, I received the same instructions from "Tooey" [nickname for General Carl Spaatz, supposedly on vacation in Washington State at the time], saying it was the crash of a Russian spy plane. Two generals in one day, this job was important.

I flew out from Andrews with sixteen other officers and personnel, mostly medical. We arrived at Wright Patterson and collected more men and equipment. From there we flew to Roswell on a C54.

When we got to Roswell we were transported by road to the site. When we arrived the site had already been cordoned off. From the start it was plain to see this was no Russian spy plane. It was a large disc "flying saucer" on its back, with heat still radiating from the ground around it.

The commander on site handed over [command] to the SAC medical team who were still waiting for Kenney [General George C. Kenney was SAC Commander at the time. He was supposedly away on an inspection at the time.] to arrive. However, nothing had been done as everyone was just waiting for orders.

It was decided to wait until the heat subsided before moving in as fire was a significant risk. This was made all the worse by the screams of the Freak creatures that were lying by the vehicle. What in God's name they were no one could tell, but one thing's for sure, they were Circus Freaks, creatures with no business here. Each had hold of a box which they kept hold of in both arms close to their chests. They just lay there crying, holding the boxes. [This implies that all four creatures were still alive at this time.]

Once my tent had been set up, I started filming immediately; first the vehicle, then the site and debris. [The sun would not yet have been up, so this filming must have been done under artificial light.] At around 06:00, it was deemed safe to move in. Again, the Freaks were still crying and when approached they screamed even louder. They were protective of their boxes, but we managed to get one loose with a firm strike at the head of a Freak with the butt of a rifle.

The three Freaks were dragged away, and secured with rope and tape. The other one was already dead. The medical team were reluctant at first to go near these Freaks, but as some were injured, they had no choice. [Unless this is a mistake or poor choice of words, it means that only some of them were injured.] Once the creatures were collected, the priority was to collect all debris that could be removed easily, as there was still a risk of fire. This debris seemed to come from exterior struts which were supporting a very small disc on the underside of the craft which must have snapped off when the disc flipped over. The debris was taken to tent stations for logging, then loaded onto trucks. [In verbal statements he mentions a truck full of ice into which the dead alien is placed. The trucks were heavy duty Diamond trucks used by the military.] After three days, a full team from Washington came down and the decision was taken to move the craft. Inside it the atmosphere was very heavy. It was impossible to stay in longer than a few seconds

without feeling very sick. Therefore it was decided to analyze it back at base, so it was loaded onto a flattop and taken to Wright Patterson where I joined it.

I stayed at Wright Paterson for a further three weeks working on the debris. I was then told to report to Fort Worth(Dallas) for the filming of an autopsy. Normally I would not have a problem with this, but it was discovered that the Freaks may be a medical threat. Therefore I was required to wear the same protective suits as the doctors. It was impossible to handle the camera properly, loading and focusing was very difficult. In fact, against orders, I removed my suit during the filming. The first two autopsies took place in July 1947.

After filming I had several hundred reels. I separated problem reels which required special attention in processing. These I would do later. The first batch was [processed and] sent through to Washington, and I processed the remainder a few days later. Once the remaining reels had been processed, I contacted Washington to arrange collection of the final batch. Incredibly, they never came to collect or arrange transportation for them. I called many times and then just gave up. The footage has remained with me ever since. [This may not be as incredible as it seems. At this time the Army and the Air Force were being separated into two new agencies, and there was much confusion as "turf" was sorted out.]

In May of 1949, I was asked to film the third autopsy. [This amazing statement suggests that one of the aliens, probably the uninjured one, lived in "custody" for nearly two years. The cameraman did not have any of the film from this autopsy.]