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-[For The Record]- P-1947: Death of Roswell

From: **Greg Long** <greglong@PACIFICHARBOR.COM>
Date: Sun, 13 Sep 1998 11:19:16 -0700
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Subject: -[For The Record]- P-1947: Death of Roswell

The Roswell case is now, in my mind, dead.

What was Roswell all about? It was the case to end all cases. It was similar to those reports we used to get up through the 1980s--but no more--that there would soon be "revelations" regarding UFOs from the US Government.

Such a revelation was announced during the Carter Administration.

That "revelation" never came.

And so Roswell has now entered the long history of failed revelations, failed "smoking gun" cases, the cases touted to "blow it wide open."

If you recall, the Ed Walters lie was to be such a case, at least, photographically. It, too, entered the trash heap of history as just another hoax.

Roswell, at first--in its initial stages, with the first Schmitt and Randle book--seemed promising. So many names, so many dates, and supposedly, if one cocked his/her head the right way, one could almost believe the "weather balloon" coverup story.

But, then, the second Schmitt and Randle book came out.

Now gray humanoids had entered the scene. Bodies! My God! And the pieces of "crashed saucer" had been whisked away.

But, odd, every account, every report from UFO witnesses from the 1947 area never mentions so-called "gray humanoids." In fact, not until the mid-1960s and 1970s do the strange "grays" enter the UFO scene. In fact, as one studies such documents as Flying Saucer Review that has covered the UFO scene for decades, interesting cases of small creatures with silvery suits and glass helmets appear in the 1960s, sporting even oxygen backpacks, quite reminiscent of images from the 1960s space program and the 1969 moonwalk. Odd. But no grays with large, black, sinister almond-shaped, slanted eyes in 1947.

Yet suddenly grays now infest the second Roswell book, The Truth About the Crash at Roswell.

Quite clearly Schmitt and Randle, or their "witnesses," were now "modernizing" the Roswell story.

Above all, ALL of Schmitt and Randle's witnesses offer no concrete evidence of any crash at Roswell. One would think that

perhaps photographs of the crashed saucer, even photos of bits and pieces of metal strewn on the ground, would be in their possession. Perhaps, one photo would exist showing the military cordoning off the crash site. Nothing. Perhaps there would be documents, perhaps even one, demonstrating that something was trucked from Roswell, then to Fort Worth, then to Wright-Patterson--at least one document that was reliable. None.

And yet, proof exists of Project Mogul. Proof exists of certain Mogul launches. Odd. They rose on air currents north, toward Roswell. One vanished. Strange, could it have crashed near Roswell?

Odd it was that Mac Brazel found balsa wood and dark-gray neo-prene material. Strange. There were markings on wood. The material looked like a flimsy weather balloon, or some type of balloon material.

But no, this was an advanced alien alloy. In fact, material was found that, when folded in the hand, miraculously folded back into its original shape!

Incredible revelations! A balsa wood spaceship. Made, in part, of tissue paper. And, no photos of the debris field. No photos of military activity. No documents. But lots of "witnesses."

In 1997, I sat in the audience of a "Town Hall" television show in Seattle. On the stage was Kal Korff and Kevin Randle to "debate" Roswell. Months earlier it was revealed by an enterprising reporter that Donald Schmitt, Randle's co-researcher, had lied publicly about his education and professional background. He wasn't formerly a police officer; nor did he have a college degree.

After the rambling discourse ended and the show was over, Kathy Andersen with MUFON, introduced me to Randle. She said, "This is Greg Long. He's writing a book on Kenneth Arnold." Randle's face instantly went hard and flat; a certain glare entered his eyes. He said nothing. His behavior was odd. I couldn't quite understand it. Was it because I had a brain?

Randle had been invited to join MUFON members and others interested in the UFO subject to have a drink at a Seattle hotel. As it turned out, a small entourage followed Randle outside the studio. I was standing on the pavement near Andersen; she had driven me to the studio, and she was my ride back to her house where my car waited. She invited Randle to join her and me in her car--she'd drive him to the hotel. Randle shot a hard look at me, then at Andersen, and said, "No, thanks, I'll join the others." And he caught another ride.

About a dozen people ended up at the hotel. Randle walked in. I asked Randle a number of challenging questions. Among his answers was that the material from a crashed UFO could be like "a black box," so advanced that we might never be able to understand it. I pictured in my mind the flimsy tissue paper, balsa wood, and blackened plastic material. Clearly, Randle should be investigating, not Roswell, but the government conspiracy to hide the truth of Roswell; to find that "black box." Yet, he didn't seem to be. I knew, in my mind, that he couldn't. Because there was no government conspiracy.

Shortly, the subject of cattle mutilations came up; I asked Randle his opinion. He said, in effect, that farmers are ignorant people and that they are mistaking cattle that have died of natural causes for mysterious mutilations. He said something to the effect that farmers are stupid. I don't believe Randle has ever investigated a mutilated cow.

Yet, I did read somewhere that Randle has written over 20 books, if my memory serves me right, that have science fiction themes.

It dawned on me, "Greg, you are sitting in front of a science fiction writer. You need to get a list of those books. Who is Kevin Randle anyway?"

I thought back to an earlier meeting I had with Randle. It was in Portland during a book signing for *The Truth of the Crash at Roswell*. I approached him with a copy of the book and asked for his autograph. Clearly, from his blank expression, it was a bit of an imposition, I could tell. I asked him if he needed a copy

of Project Moon Dust documents. Stan Gordon had just secured them on microfiche from the US State Department. I followed up with my own FOIA, and I had just finished hours and hours of printing them out at the local library. The mound of paper stands one foot high. In none have I found reference to crashed space ships, only crashed rocket boosters and satellites. Randle looked at me with his hard eyes: "That? Our contacts already have that." He swept away; a busy man with many things to do, many media appearances to make.

About 10 minutes later, as he and Schmitt were signing books, Schmitt and I struck up a conversation about balls of light. In fact, Schmitt was quite interested in my work and had read my book published by CUFOS. Randle interrupted our conversation: "Stop talking! We have to sign books, we have money to make!"

I thought, Odd. Was this all just to make money?

Later, near July 4, 1997, I saw Randle on CNN. He was holding a box from the Testor Corporation that held a model plastic spaceship, I think designed from the "accounts" of what "crashed" at Roswell. I thought, He's a science fiction writer. He sells toys.

A day later I read an article that described the actions of a woman who had traveled to the "actual" "crash scene" outside Roswell. She picked up the soil at the site and wept.

And so Roswell has entered UFO history as the case that was to "break it wide open," to "expose the truth," etc., etc. And now it has come to two UFO museums in Roswell, T-shirts with gray alien heads, and desert dirt.

A science fiction story? Yes, a compelling one. As I told Martin Belderson of Four Winds Productions when he was shooting the four-part UFO: Down to Earth series for Discovery, "It makes an interesting story." His eyes brightened, "Yes, yes! It makes a great story." Later, he proceeded to devastate the "story" in the Discovery series, bringing it all down to earth: a crashed Mogul balloon in the paranoid, fear-infested desert of early post-war America.

Good bye, Roswell. Good-bye, Mr. Randle.

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