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— AS GOOD AS THE BEST —
— BETTER THAN THE REST —

Dear Jan,

I just finished your interesting article re: 1947 -
The Beginning of the UFO Era, in the MUFON Symposium
Proceedings for 1997.

I've been an investigator for 50 years, beginning
with a CE in 1947; joining APRO in 1952 when I became an
official investigator; then becoming investigative consultant
on the Board of Directors for Rhode Island MUFON for the last
few years. Pretty much retired now at 70 with one or two
debilities, most of my time is spent in writing. My Antilles
Incident is due out next month in paperback. It's a true
case from my files involving a U.S. destroyer/UFO confrontation
with the permanent abduction of three destroyer crewmen.

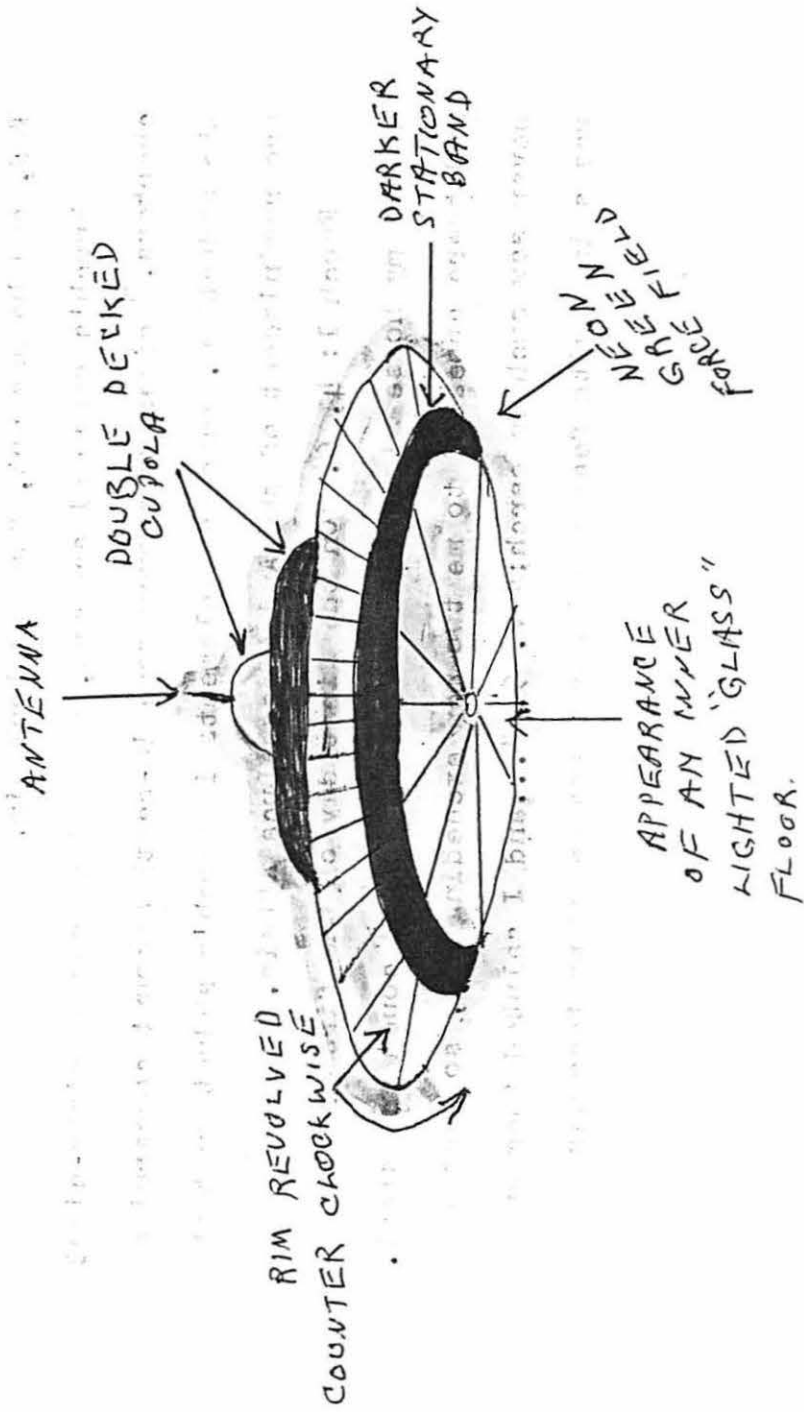
Through the years trading info with Len Stringfield,
I mentioned the CE at Fort Bragg, N.C. in '47. He asked me to
forward the details to him in the event he did Crash Retrieval
Report #7. Unfortunately due to his passing, he never did it.

At any rate, since you're amassing UFO info for 1947,
I thought you'd be interested in the report I sent to Len 10
years ago re: the '47 CE. If I can supply any further info
just let me know. Best of research with Project 1947.

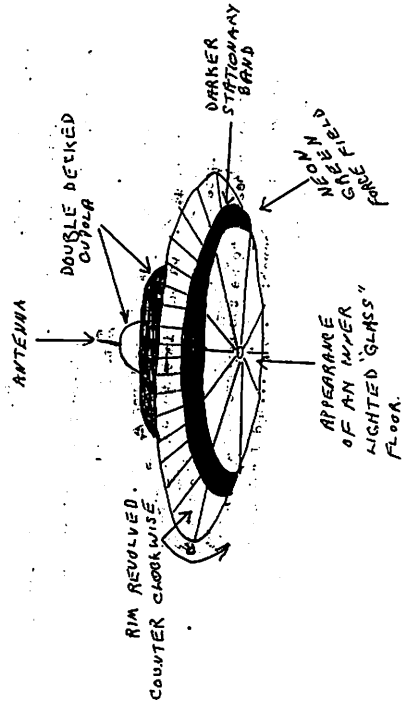
Warm regards.

3 encl.

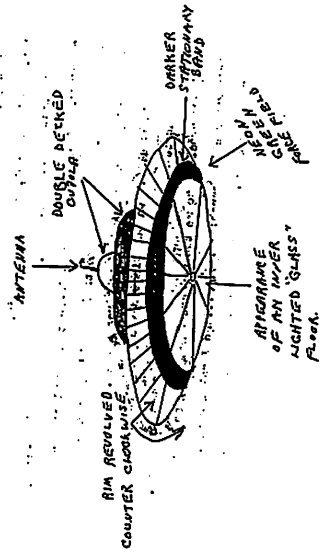
DECEMBER 14, 1944
FORT BRAGG, N.C.



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DECEMBER 14, 1944
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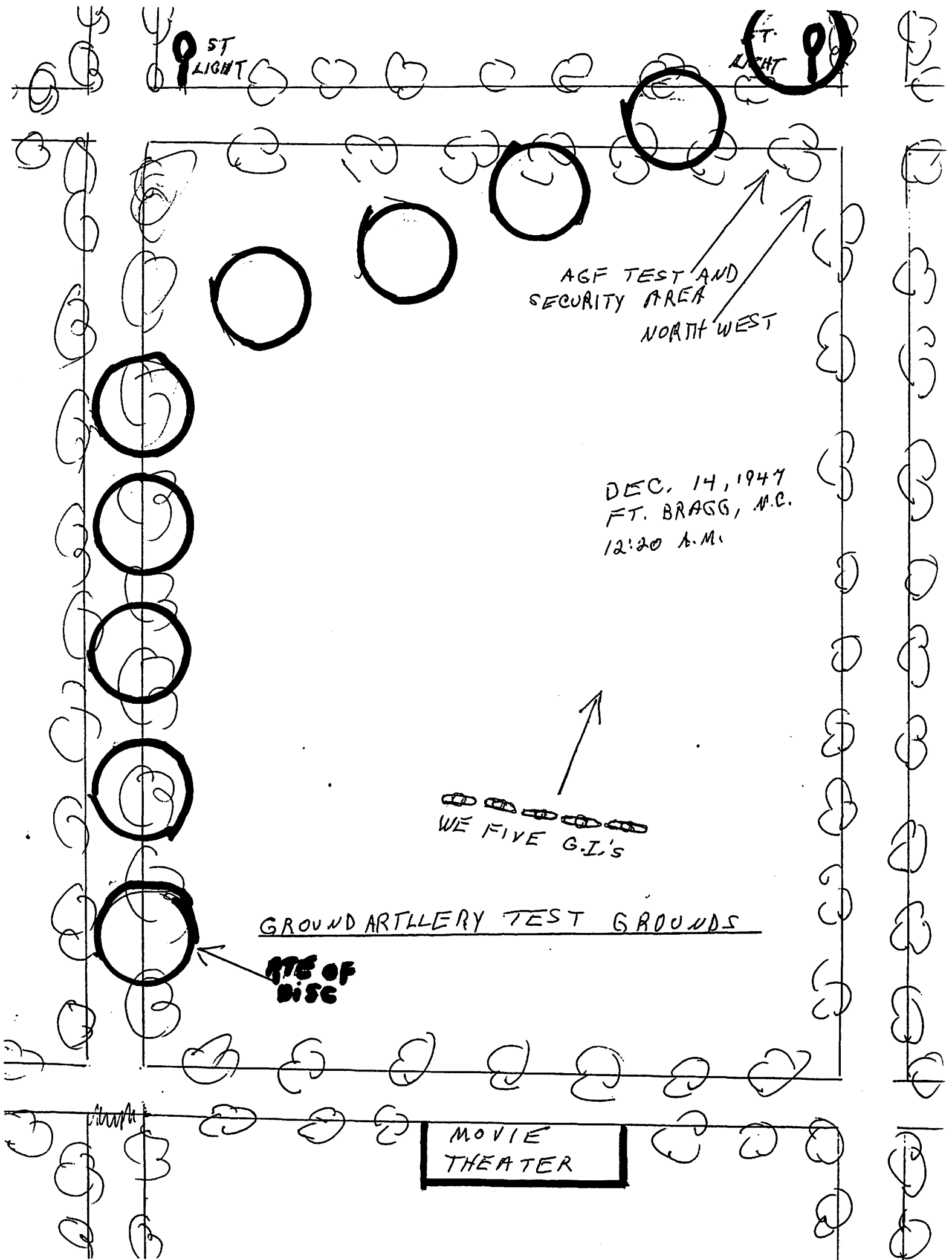
DEC. 14, 1947
FT. BRAGG, N.C.
12:20 A.M.

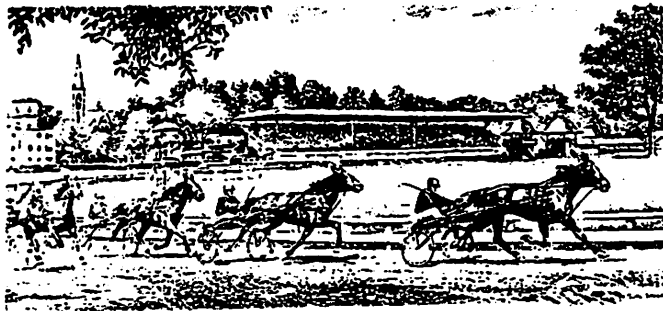
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GROUND ARTLLERY TEST GROUNDS

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— AS GOOD AS THE BEST —

— BETTER THAN THE REST —

Donald R. Todd

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July 15, 1987

Dear Len,

First of all, thanks for your response. I had an idea you would be at the MUFON symposium down in D.C.

As to the 1967 UFO overflight info from Reverend Barry via the CIA, I suspected that as well. Sorry to hear the Reverend is in poor health. Had a bout with heart problems myself, and as a result have curtailed investigations per APRO considerably for the time being.

I don't think, therefore, that it would prove anything at this point to disturb Reverend Barry as to further details re: 1967. Thanks, anyway, for his address. Maybe sometime later, if and when his health improves, inquiries can be made.

Incidentally, I have a copy of your Status Report III. Status Report II, was the one that eluded me for some time.

As to Fort Bragg, N.C., and my CELL.

Date: December 14, 1947.

Time: 12:20 a.m.

Location: Ground Artillery Service Test Section quadrangle. (Quad. about six football fields in dimension)

Weather: Calm. Nearly clear. About 50°F. Low moon eastern horizon.

NO. of people: 6. Staff Sergeants. All six of us assigned to Army Ground Forces Board #1 Test Station.

The Station sections tested all elements of Communications & Electronics. (CESTS) Parachuting and Airborne. (ABSTS) (conducted mainly at Pope AAB part of the Post) Field Artillery. (FASTS) Ground Artillery. (GASTS) And, specialized photographic and development section. (PHSTS)

Each of the field compounds had its own security. All of the section main offices and admin. business was at the brick security headquarters building at the Main Post.

All of the non-commissioned, and some of the commissioned personnel were housed in the large, multi-winged triple-decked, self-contained, brick security barracks across the street from the headquarters offices.

All personnel had to sign in and out of the security building. C.Q.'s and guards were on duty 24 hours. (even then, a touch of espionage crept in, which a couple of us sniffed out to a satisfactory conclusion) I add all this general info only to indicate that there may have been justification for a UFO surveillance overflight of the area.

The accompanying rough sketch of the disc, and general map of that immediate area of the Post will give you a better idea of the CE.

On the night of the CE, six of us went to the Main Post theatre to catch a movie. We left the theatre at about 12:15 a.m. and strolled slowly west across the GASTS quadrangle headed to the PX for coffee and crullers. I'm not a drinker, and neither were a couple of the other guys. So, coffee and Coke was in order.

We had hardly gotten started across the field, when one of the guys... Burce, I think... pointed up over his left shoulder. With an uttered: "Holy Chr...! What the hell is that thing...?" Or some such. We all pivoted as if on command, to stare up at the disc.

As you can see by the rough drawing, the disc had a glowing, green corona surrounding it. It was moving in a leisurely fashion, tilted slightly so that we could see the undersurface, but still catch a glimpse of what appeared to be a double-decked cupola or dome above. With something that looked like an antenna, the dome, what we saw of it, was darkened. The outer rim, seemingly slotted or divided, was revolving counterclockwise at moderate speed. The next inner circle looked dark green. The center of the undersurface was light green like the outer rim, and gave the impression of being lighted from within. There were some dark lines that radiated out from the center and gave the glass-like surface a slight convex illusion. The surface seemed to be striated somehow and gave the appearance of being a huge glass (plastic) floor. We got the impression that if there were occupants within, (and I'm certain there were. The thing was guided intelligently) they would have been standing on a "glass" floor that could well have been a huge magnifying glass.

The disc moved in total silence, skimmed above the tree-line parallel to the quadrangle, and then bore off in a soft arc to the northwest. We couldn't be sure, because

of the tree-line and low altitude but, the disc seemed to skim over the corner of the AGF security building, pass over the ABSTS area, Ordnance area, and then turn more NNW toward Pope AAB.

We estimated the disc to be 50 to 75 feet in diameter. Height, because of the angle, was nearly impossible to judge... 30 feet maybe.

We walked off the distance from where we were standing, to the flight line of the disc barely the other side of the tree line across the street. Approximately 300 feet. The trees were maple, sycamore, etc. The average height about 75 to 80 feet. The disc was about twice that altitude... say 200 feet.

The quadrangle was the size of a half dozen football fields... say 600 by 300 feet. The disc traversed the length of the field and cut across the forward field in 10 to 12 seconds. We counted off, one-thousand-one, etc.

The night was calm, quiet and mild. No wind. Yet, when the disc skimmed over the trees to the south, the tops waved gently as if under a mild breeze. That's why I list the CE as a II.

Once the object had disappeared over the trees, we detoured back to the barracks. In the C.Q. room, we called Pope to report the object. Talked to the C.Q. or, somebody subordinate. We got a "Yeah... okay... we'll check it out" attitude. Later in the Day Room, we sat down and compared notes. Over the next couple of days we resumed duty as usual. One or two of the other guys and myself, were just marking time before Separation, anyway.

About four days after the incident, at about 2 p.m., one afternoon, a Six-by-six from the Provost Marshal's office pulled up to the building, gathered us up, trucked us over to Pope, and deposited us in a de-briefing room adjacent to one of the hangers.

One by one we were escorted into a Major's office. Afterward upon comparing notes, the interrogations were the same. What we saw. Date. Time. Size. Direction. Altitude. Speed. etc. When we had exhausted all details, the Major then proceeded to tell us what we saw. "A B-29 making its final approach to Pope, with landing, taxiwing, navigational and wingtip lights on."

At first, I thought the old geezer was pulling my leg. Then, I realized he was serious. The interrogation was brief, brusque, to the point, and the explanation emphatic!

Naturally in those days, I was ignorant of space craft. Generally speaking, so was the military. Now, whether the Major (who's name block on the desk was turned down) was also ignorant of the phenomenon, and was interrogating for other purposes... air traffic control, near misses, etc. Or, whether the word had come down from Twining and Air Materiel Command by then, is hard to say.

My own thoughts were: Something's screwy. Having had to be sharp on IAI (Instant Aircraft Identification) no way was that thing a B-29, B-17, 25, 24 or, any other large conventional aircraft. Having had the most technologically advanced military forces in WWII, there was still no way we or anyone else, had that type of technology. So, I wasn't about to swallow the Major's "fast-food" luncheon!

When we tried to ask questions, the Major's response was: "That's all! You're at liberty to go!" No warnings to keep silent. Just the explanation. A B-29!

After the interrogation, we were trucked back, it now being past 4 p.m., and dumped at the barracks. And that was that! Not a peep out of anyone from then on. One of our sextet, Joe Baroni, assigned to the Photo section, rummaged around in the "classifieds" to see if he might come up with something from any previous incidents. Nothing.

Shortly thereafter, I was separated and just sort of let the incident slip into the back of my mind. Until July 19, 1952... the night of the Washington, D.C. flyover. As a summer student at the University of Rhode Island, in the company of four or five other students, I saw the identical (type of) craft again. But, that's a tale of another horse.

Time does things to the memory. I seem to remember Joe Baroni, George Burce and Bob Densborne in the Fort Bragg sextet. I can't be sure who the other two were. (I said six G.I.'s and me in the original letter. But I'm sure there were only five) I haven't the vaguest idea as to where the other G.I.'s are now. Burce was from Washington State, I think. Densborne from the Kentucky outback. And Baroni, either from Penn. or Ohio.

That's about the best I can put together, Len. Hope I've covered all of the pertinent points. If I've slipped up anywhere, just jog me a note and I'll try to fill in the blanks.

Meantime, it's a fractious business.

Regards,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to be 'D. M.', written in black ink.

2 encl.