

Strange Sign

By Pete Clark

In early July, 1997, my wife, Norma, and I joined some other members of Colorado MUFON (an acronym for Mutual UFO Network) for a trip to Roswell, New Mexico for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Roswell Incident. Sometime during the first week of July, 1947, some type of aircraft crashed in the vicinity of Roswell, generating investigations, conversations, arguments, conspiracy theories, magazine articles and books, and though it will soon be the seventieth anniversary of the crash, there is no good explanation of what happened that day in the New Mexico desert. Walker AFB at Roswell was home to the 509th Composite Group, who flew the nuclear weapons to Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Norma and I took a tour out to a supposed crash site, the most enjoyable part of which was talking to the other people on the bus, going out and coming back to Roswell. The UFO, more popularly known as a Flying Saucer, had supposedly buried its leading edge in the middle of the low bank, protruding up on the south side of a dry wash. The bank was hardly high enough for a Frisbee to bury its leading edge into the dirt halfway up its face. The kingpins of ufology had not yet arrived in Roswell, so reporters at the ersatz crash site were interviewing everybody, even me. Of course they threw their notes away when the VIP's arrived.

The next day, we caught a ride a fair distance down the street to the UFO Museum. The artifacts, film clips, photographs and models on display were interesting, to say the least. When we were leaving the museum, an older Mexican couple were walking toward us: the lady was waving a beautiful hand fan, cooling her face and neck. Norma, being the person she was, stopped the couple and complimented the lady on her fan and asked where it came from. She answered that a relative had gone to Spain and had brought her the fan from Madrid. She said her husband had retired from the Air Force in Roswell and asked where we were from and if we had come for the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration. We told her we were from Colorado and had come for the Anniversary.

Her husband said, "I was an MP in the 509th."

The lady said, "He saw the bodies too, but he doesn't talk about it. The nurse blabbed and she's dead."

We conversed for a while longer and then went our separate ways. We needed to catch a bus to go back to the motel, but we had seen no bus stops. I asked a stranger on the sidewalk where the bus stops were. He said, that when I saw a bus coming, to step out in front of it. That worked. On the bus a small child acted as an interpreter so we could talk with her grandparents.

It was an enjoyable trip and the strangest thing we saw in Roswell was a sign stating, "Parking for the Blind."