**AFFIDAVIT OF SALLY STRICKLAND TADOLINI**</DIV>[[1]](#footnote-1)<DIV align=center>

</DIV><DIV align=left>
</DIV><DIV align=left>(1)  My name is Sally Strickland Tadolini</DIV> <DIV align=left>

</DIV><DIV align=left>(2)  My address is:  XXXXXXXXXX</DIV> <DIV align=left>

</DIV><DIV align=left>(3)  I am employed as: XXXXXXXX    ( )I am retired.</DIV> <DIV align=left>

</DIV><DIV align=left>(4)  In July 1947, I was nine years old and lived with my parents, Lyman and Marian Strickland, and my two brothers on our ranch in Lincoln County, New Mexico.  The neighboring ranch was the Foster place, which was managed by William W. ("Mac") Brazel.  His house was about 10 miles from ours.</DIV> <DIV align=left>

</DIV><DIV align=left>(5)  I remember my parents talking about Mac Brazel finding a lot of unusual debris in one of his pastures and that there was a great deal of excitement about it among the neighbors.  I recall the adults at first thought it was some kind of newfangled weather balloon, then deciding, no, there was no way it could be anything like that.  I also recall that, later, the neighbors talked about how badly Mac Brazel had been treated, and that when he came back to the ranch, he never wanted to talk about what he had found.</DIV> <DIV align=left>

</DIV><DIV align=left>(6)  A week or so after all the excitement, Mac's son Bill, who was quite a bit older and married [added later:  I am not certain that he was married at that time], stopped by our house.  He had someone with him, and while I am not absolutely certain, I think it was his brother Vernon, who was my age.  </DIV><DIV align=left>We--my father, brothers, myself, and possibly my mother--sat at the kitchen table with them.  Bill showed us a piece of the thing his father had found, </DIV><DIV align=left>and he asked us not to say anything about it.</DIV> <DIV align=left>

</DIV><DIV align=left>(7)  What Bill showed us was a piece of what I still think of as fabric.  It was something like aluminum foil, something like satin, something like well-tanned leather in its toughness, yet it was not precisely like any one of these materials.  While I do not recall this with certainty, I think the fabric measured about four by eight or ten inches.  Its edges, which were smooth, were not exactly parallel, and its shape was roughly trapezoidal.  It was about the thickness of very fine kidskin glove leather and a full metallic grayish silver, one side slightly darker than the other.  I do not remember it having any design or embossing on it.</DIV> <DIV align=left>

</DIV><DIV align=left>(8)  Bill passed it around, and we all felt of it [sic].  I did a lot of sewing, so the feel made a great impression on me.  It felt like no fabric I have touched before or since.  It was very silky or satiny, with the same texture on both sides.  Yet when I crumpled it in my hands, the feel was like that you notice when you crumple a leather glove in your hand.  When it was released, it sprang back into its original shape, quickly flattening out with no wrinkles.  I did this several times, as did the others.  I remember some of the others stretching it between their hands and "popping" it, but I do not think anyone tried to cut or tear it.</DIV> <DIV align=left>
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1. Karl Pflock, *Roswell in Perspective*, 1994. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)