

SAN ANTONIO

NEW MEXICO, USA, 1945



Reme Baca and Jose Padilla were young boys living in San Antonio, New Mexico in August 1945 when, they say, they literally stumbled across the remains of what they believe to have been an alien spacecraft.¹ Their personal account of the case displays many of the key ingredients of crashed UFO lore.

Reme Baca recalls that New Mexico in 1945 was more like the Third World than middle-class America—a state where a very small percentage of the population controlled a very large amount of the wealth, while about eighty percent lived at or below the poverty line. Baca's father was a sharecropper, responsible for the crops from tilling to harvest, for which he got a small share. Jose Padilla's family lived on a ranch to the south of the town, in a traditional adobe house with a well in the front yard and a nice shiny pickup truck that Jose was allowed to drive, since he was the only male in the family not serving in the armed forces at the time.

San Antonio, a small desert town on the main highway between Albuquerque and El Paso, Texas, is located some twenty miles northwest of the Trinity site where the first atomic bomb was tested on July 16, 1945. Jose was nine years old when he and his mother Inez experienced the birth of the nuclear age at Trinity. Inez had just seen her husband Faustino off to work. Jose was drinking a cup of hot chocolate when the flash, the sustained roar and the heat wave came. When his mother peeked through the door at the flash of light, she sustained permanent loss of sight in one eye.

It was not until three weeks later, on August 6, that the terrified residents of San Antonio learned, along with the rest of the world, that the Trinity event was not a mishap involving "an ammunition magazine containing high explosives and pyrotechnics," as the military had reported. It was an atomic bomb, also referred to as—"Death, the destroyer of worlds," in the words of project physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer.

In this atmosphere of suspicion, denial and apathy born of fear, a small contingent of the U.S. Army passed almost unnoticed through San Antonio in the latter part of August 1945 on a secret assignment. Little or nothing has been printed about the mission. But the military detail apparently came from White Sands Proving Grounds to the east. It was a recovery operation destined for the mesquite and greasewood desert west of old U.S. Highway 85, at what is now milepost 139, the San Antonio exit of present day Interstate 25.

There, over the course of several days, according to Baca and Padilla, soldiers in Army fatigues loaded the shattered remains of a flying apparatus onto a huge flatbed truck and hauled it away.

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"That such an operation took place between about August 20 and August 25, 1945, there is no doubt," Baca says. He and Jose were looking for a lost cow when they accidentally came upon the crash site. "What we saw was a long, wide gash in the earth, with a manufactured object lying cockeyed and partially buried at the end of it, surrounded by a large field of debris. We believed then, and believe today, that the object was occupied by distinctly non-human life forms which were alive and moving about on their arrival minutes after the crash."

They reported their findings to Jose's father Faustino, on whose ranch the craft had crashed. Shortly thereafter, Faustino received a military visitor asking for permission to remove it.

During their school years, Baca and Padilla would sometimes whisper about those strange events, but they didn't talk to others about it on the advice of parents and a friend in the state police. In time, they grew up and moved away—Baca to Tacoma, Washington, and Padilla to Rowland Heights, California. They lost touch with each other and never discussed the significance of what they had seen, even as tales of UFOs and alien encounters multiplied across the country.

More than four decades later, in the year 2002, they were brought together through the Internet. Baca had been doing research on his genealogy and made contact with Jose's son, who provided him with Jose's phone number. It was then that their mutual interest in the most intriguing event of their childhood was rekindled. Baca and Padilla combined their memories of that long-ago event, and a remarkable picture emerged. Baca writes:

The pungent but pleasing aroma of greasewood was in the air as Jose and I set out on horseback one August morning in 1945 to find a cow that had wandered off to calf. Despite minor perils associated with being away from adults, it was a routine outing for us. We decided to tether the horses, as the terrain seemed too rough for their hooves. As we moved along, grumbling about the thorns, the building thunderheads decided to let go. We took refuge under a ledge above the floodplain, protected somewhat from the lightning strikes that suddenly peppered the area.

The storm passed, and as we began to move out, another brilliant light, accompanied by a crunching, rumbling sound, shook the ground around us. The sound seemed to come from the next canyon. Jose noticed smoke coming from a draw adjacent to Walnut Creek, a main tributary from the mountains to the Rio Grande. We headed toward it, walking down towards the bottom of the hill. The ground was hot from the weather and the humidity.

The first thing we saw was a kind of giant-sized gouge, like when a road grader goes in with a blade, about a hundred feet wide, deeper than a foot and a good football field long. It was scary. The gouge crossed this old road. Jose pulled out his binoculars, and through them he could see that the gouge ran into a ridge and then stopped. We could see that there was something there, an object that had dug itself into the sandy soil.

The dust and the heat were unbearable. We retreated briefly, then returned, worried that there might be casualties in the wreckage. Jose convinced me that everything was going to be all right. He led the way; I followed. I asked if it might be an airplane. Jose said, "I don't think so."

Things got eerie as we began examining the remnants at the periphery of a huge litter field. I picked up a piece of thin, shiny material that reminded me of the tinfoil in the old olive green Philip Morris cigarette packs, the brand my mom smoked at the time. It was folded up and lodged underneath a rock. When I freed it, it unfolded all by itself. I refolded it, and it spread itself out again.

We finally worked our way to within yards of the wreckage, fearing the worst and not quite ready for it. It was tough walking through there; we were short guys. I had my hand over my face, peeking through my fingers. Jose, being older, seemed able to handle it better.

Jose described what he saw through his binoculars: three strange looking creatures, moving fast, seemingly under stress, shadowy, almost as if they could will themselves from one position to another. They seemed not to be able to hold their balance. We were 100 to 200 feet from them. Sounds were coming out of the object, like a jackrabbit in pain, or like a baby crying, really sad. Jose wanted to get closer; I wanted no part of it. Jose wasn't afraid of much, but I told him we should get out of there. I just had this feeling.

We could see that there was a very large piece missing from the craft, and pieces of metal scattered around several hundred feet.

It was getting late, so we backtracked. It was dark when we reached the Padilla home. Jose's dad got a brief report on the object and the *Hombrecitos* (little guys).

"We'll check it out in a day or two," Faustino said, apparently not worried in the least about survivors or medical emergencies. "It must be something the military lost, and we shouldn't disturb it."

Two days later, at about noon, State Policeman Eddie Apodaca, a family friend who had been summoned by Faustino, arrived at the Padilla home. We directed Apodaca and Jose's dad toward the crash site in two vehicles, a pick-up and a State Police car. When they could drive no further, they parked and hiked to the overlook where we had initially spotted the wreckage. For a second time, we were dumbfounded. The wreckage was nowhere to be seen.

"Somebody must have taken it," Jose said defensively.

We headed down the canyon nonetheless, and suddenly, as if by magic, the object reappeared. Apodaca and Faustino led the way to the craft, then climbed inside, while we were ordered to stay a short distance away.

The huge field of litter appeared to have been cleaned up. The main body of the craft, however, remained in place with odd pieces dangling everywhere. We didn't hear any sounds of the *Hombrecitos* anymore.

When Apodaca and Faustino returned, they had a different attitude. They appeared nervous.

"Listen carefully; do what we say. Jose's dad just started working on it. It might be something important."

"The Government wants it back. They want this thing back."

"But this isn't like the *Hombrecitos*?"

"Maybe you just thought the military body took them, or the military took them."

We headed home.

The recovery operation was underway. It was then that a Latin American friend of mine, We joined Faustino in the recovery operation.

Sergeant Avila said that he had been ordered by the Army to get your permission to enter the area. He was a cattle guard on your property. He said that we may drive in a flat bed trailer. He said that the balloons that was reported to be there.

Avila and Faustino were the only ones left. It wasn't long before the object was recovered. Equipment was left behind.

Although we were very nervous, we watched from our hiding place. The object was graded a road and sold to the military. The road was graded, however, so the object could be moved to a smaller vehicle. Jose, four soldiers, and I were there. The changes every 12 hours. The object was moved down a crevice. The object was moved. Then they would be there.

Once the flat bed was in place, the object was hoisted the intact portion of the object. The object was tilted to fit the object. The object was moved to the bottom outside. The object was prepared to haul away.

Lying in a trench, we got a closer look. The object was moved. The object was moved. We hadn't seen the object before.

Jose untied some rope. He was holding a piece of pipe, he was holding it. He handed it to me, I was holding it.

When Apodaca and Faustino came out of the object, they had a different attitude. They appeared more serious now.

"Listen carefully: don't tell anyone about this," Faustino said. "Reme, your dad just started working for the government. He doesn't need to know anything about it. It might cause him trouble."

"The Government calls them weather balloons," Apodaca said. "They'll want this thing back."

"But this isn't like the weather balloons we've seen before," I said. "And the Hombrecitos?"

"Maybe you just thought you saw them," Faustino said. "Or maybe somebody took them, or they just took off."

We headed home.

The recovery operation started about two days after our visit to the site. It was then that a Latino Sergeant named Avila arrived at the Padilla home. We joined Faustino in the conversation with the soldier.

Sergeant Avila said to Faustino, "I have been sent here by the United States Army to get your permission to tear down part of the fence adjoining the cattle guard on your property. We need to install a metal gate in order that we may drive in a flat bed truck to recover one of our experimental weather balloons that was reported to have accidentally crashed there."

Avila and Faustino reached an agreement on the recovery, and the soldier left. It wasn't long before the Army was on the scene with road building equipment.

Although we were warned by Faustino to stay away, Jose and I sometimes watched from our hiding place, sharing a pair of binoculars, as the military graded a road and soldiers prepared for the flatbed's arrival.² Before the road was graded, however, soldiers were at the site carrying scraps of the mangled airship to smaller vehicles that were able to immediately get close. According to Jose, four soldiers were stationed at the wreckage at all times, with shift changes every 12 hours. The soldiers would throw some of the pieces of material down a crevice—so they wouldn't have to carry them up the hill, I guess. Then they would kick dirt, rocks and brush over them.

Once the flat bed was in place, the soldiers used winches and a crane to hoist the intact portion of the wreckage into an L-shaped frame that was tilted to fit the object into the trailer. The ripped portion of the craft was to the bottom outside of the frame. The object was covered with a tarp and prepared to haul away.

Lying in a trench, we observed all of this. When the soldiers left, we took a closer look. The object appeared larger than when we had first discovered it—we hadn't seen the part that was underground.

Jose untied some ropes while I held the canvas; then he climbed in. Finding a piece of pipe, he used that to undo a piece of metal about a foot long and handed it to me. It reminded me of an ancient Sun Dial that I had seen

in some schoolbooks, a very light and cold piece of metal. We went back down the hill, climbed on our horses and headed for home.

Off the object went, shrouded under tarps, through San Antonio and presumably to Stallion Site, on what is today White Sands Missile Range.

Two weeks after the recovery, four soldiers showed up on the Padilla Ranch, searching the road where the object had been loaded onto the trailer, as if they were looking for something. They did not make this known to Faustino Padilla.

As this was taking place, Jose brought the piece we had taken to me, saying he did not want to get his dad in trouble with the government if the soldiers found it on their premises. We buried it in the corner under the flooring in the old house that my dad used for storage. According to Jose, the soldiers came to their house and went through room-by-room, looking for something. They asked Faustino if he had anything that might belong to them. He directed them to a room in the back of the house, a storage room where he kept weather balloons he had found. The soldiers went through and checked everything, including voter registration papers. They took with them the weather balloons and other odds and ends that they found.

A piece of apparent crash debris retrieved from the site by Reme Baca and Jose Padilla has since been subjected to independent scientific analysis and is still the subject of additional, planned studies. Baca explains:

Since the research has not yet been completed, we have agreed to maintain the confidentiality of the facilities and scientists who are involved. In addition to local tests conducted in Washington State, we began working with "Dr. Smith" of the metallurgy department at an international facility, where three different scanning electron microscopes were used to look at the metals and analyze their elemental makeup. The first thing we found was that the metal appears to be essentially an aluminum silicate.

However, right from the onset, Dr. Smith pointed out the unusually high percentage of carbon. Later, we cut some samples and polished others in order to take a more detailed look. We got some great pictures of very weird structures in the metals. They look like little skeletons of bugs squashed into the metal. Also, there are short strands of some other material that we believe may be carbon fibers. This sort of "hairiness" about the metal provoked a lot of questions from the academics and electron microscope operators.

Our next step was to get further analysis from a separate laboratory and different people, including a geneticist and a scientist with a metallurgical background. Their analysis confirmed what we had seen in the first results.

There is certainly something unusual about that metal. Our analysis demonstrated the ability of this metal to transfer heat from one end to the other, thus preventing or retarding meltdown, a bit like the tiles on the space

shuttle. It apparently does not melt from an oxy-acetylene torch. Aluminum minimum silicate would be a good sample, being eutectic in nature (low melting point), showing a sharp melting point.

A blend of carbon and aluminum would actually increase the conductivity while at the same time a ceramic would have the potential for heat shield.

Baca and Padilla say they found the remains of whatever crashed on earth in 1945. Was it just a weather balloon recovery by a clandestine military operation or that it was an extraterrestrial

¹ *Born On The Edge Of Ground* by Reme Baca & Jose Padilla, 2005.

² It is not clear how close Jose Padilla was to the crash site. Either they were very lucky or they were very far away.

shuttle. It apparently does not melt when subjected to the 2000-degree flame from an oxy-acetylene torch for up to two minutes, despite the fact that aluminum silicate would be expected to melt at about 700 degrees, and this sample, being eutectic in nature (a form of the material with the lowest possible melting point), should melt at closer to 500 degrees, within seconds.

A blend of carbon and some other trace materials is used which dramatically increases the conducting power, eliminating the resistance to electricity, while at the same time a transference of heat takes place. There appears to be the potential for heat shielding, or computer-chip manufacturing.

Baca and Padilla say they are planning an expedition to investigate and unearth the remains of whatever crashed in the desert near San Antonio in August 1945. Was it just a weather balloon, or something far more mysterious, worthy of recovery by a clandestine military operation? Baca and Padilla intend to prove that it was an extraterrestrial spacecraft.

¹ *Born On The Edge Of Ground Zero, Living In The Shadow Of Area 51*, Remigio Baca & Jose Padilla, 2005.

² It is not clear how close Jose and Reme were to the crash site or military perimeter. Either they were very lucky not to be discovered by the military perimeter guards, or they were very far away.

MAJIC EYES ONLY

EARTH'S ENCOUNTERS WITH
EXTRATERRESTRIAL TECHNOLOGY

RYAN S. WOOD

WOOD ENTERPRISES, 2005

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