

*Microsoft Word properties record this document as created March, 2005.*

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Born On The Edge Of Ground Zero  
Living In The Shadow Of Area 51  
By  
Reme & Jose

San Antonio New Mexico is on the main highway between Albuquerque and El Paso Texas. New Mexico in 1945 was not a middle-class American state. It was much closer to the Third world. It was a state where a very small percentage of the population controlling a very large amount of the wealth, where since it's inception there has been a large minority, in fact a majority-minority population in the north, and South Central which nevertheless worked for minimum wage or less. About eighty percent lived at the poverty level or below it.

San Antonio has given distinguished citizens to our state, such as the son of Augustus Holver Hilton, Conrad, who became the "Merchant King" of San Antonio, where the first Hilton Hotel was built. Most travelers are unaware that it is one of the most historic communities in New Mexico. Trinity site, where the first atomic bomb was tested on July 16, 1945 at 5:29 Mountain time is located some twenty miles to the south east of the town. The dream of trinity became a reality in one bright instant on a predawn morning after a long night of cold rain and driving wind. Soldiers manning an observation point at Estanislado Miera's Café in San Antonio told him that if he stepped outside. "You'll see something the world has never seen before."

Estanislado had been advised by one of the Los Alamos Engineers having lunch there to take

down his bottle collection that was sitting against the wall and store it for a while, and he was glad he did.

My dad was a “sharecropper” Reme boasts with a certain amount of pride. He was responsible for the crops from tilling to harvest, and he got the smallest share. We lived on a farm house, complete with windmill, hand dug well and an irrigation ditch close by. A primitive little town, compared to present times. According to Reme and Jose, they had no electricity, running water, or indoor plumbing. The greedy cook stove was powered with wood, and in cold winters, they would pick up coal that fell out of the railroad cars and use that to fire up their coal stoves. In addition, the only telephone system that existed for us, consisted of two empty condensed milk cans, with the top removed, strung end to end by a piece of twine, Reme says. Their version of the present day cell phone was an empty square can of sardines, which was carried in their shirt pockets. Food was what you grew in your garden. The cement tank stored water pumped by the windmill and it was used to water the vegetable garden and used by family and friends as a swimming pool on hot summer days to cool off. Water needed daily was taken directly off the wind mill pipe as it poured into the cement tank. The pumping “mechanism,” was located in the well, about eight feet under ground. The windmill would turn a transmission and move a rod up and down that was connected to the “cylinder” in the well, which created a “vacuum” and sucked the water up thru the cylinder and pump it into the cement storage tank. In San Antonio, you were either a Rancher or a farmer, says Reme. Jose’s family lived on a Ranch House to the south of the town. A traditional adobe house with a well in their front yard and included 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. The ranch was located a few miles west of their ranch house. Their stock consisted of about twenty-five head of White Face Cattle and a few horses.

They lost most of their cattle when the Government confiscated them. The Cow's red hides which faced the bomb test had turned white and the government paid them \$10.00 each, killed and sent them to an out of state laboratory for examination. The government claimed the cows were infected with "pink eye."

Just before dawn, on July 16<sup>th</sup>, 1945, Scientists detonated the world's first Atomic Bomb at Trinity Site, some 18 miles southeast of The Padilla Home. Jose and his mother had experienced the first atomic bomb coming to life at the trinity site some eighteen miles southeast of their ranch house. Jose was nine at the time, and his mother Inez had just seen her husband Faustino off to work. Jose was drinking a cup of hot chocolate when the flash, the sustained deadly sound, and the heat wave came. His mother peeked through the door at the flash of light. Shockingly, she sustained a permanent loss of sight. Reme was at home asleep when he felt his bddc shake and a noise like a train coming through the front door, waking him and his mother up. She assured him that everything was all right, and that it must have been the results of the thunderstorm they were experiencing. On August 6<sup>th</sup>, the world first learned that the Trinity event, which had frightened San Antonioans witless, was not "an Ammunition Magazine containing "High explosives and Pyrotechnics", as the military had reported. It was an atomic bomb, "Death, the Destroyer of Worlds," in the words of project Physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer. It was in this crucible of suspicion and disinterest bred by familiarity that a small contingent of U.S. Army passed almost unnoticed through San Antonio in mid-to late August, 1945 on a secret assignment. Little or nothing has been printed about the mission, shrouded in the "Hush-Hush" atmosphere of the time. But the military detail apparently came from "White Sands Proving Grounds to the east where the bomb had been exploded. It was a recovery operation destined for the mesquite and greasewood desert west of old US Highway-85, at what

is now milepost 139, the San Antonio exit of present day interstate 25. Over the course of several days soldiers in army fatigues loaded the shattered remains of a flying apparatus onto a huge flatbed truck and hauled it away. That such an operation took place between about August 20 and August 25, 1945 there is no doubt, insist two former San Antonioans, Remigio Baca and Jose Padilla, eyewitnesses to the event. Padilla, then age 9, and Baca, 7 secretly watched much of the soldiers' recovery work from a nearby ridge. Their keen interest stemmed from being the first to reach the crash site. What they 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. They 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, Jose and Reme, best friends would sometimes whisper about the events of that august, which occurred before any of the other mysterious UFO incidents in New Mexico, but they didn't talk to others about it on the advice of their parents and a state policeman friend. The significance of what they saw, however, grew in their eyes over time as tales of "UfO'S and flying saucers multiplied across the country, especially in a ban across central New Mexico. Jose and Reme were long gone from the area by the time UFO's and flying saucers became news, and although both kept up with Socorro County events, they lost contact and never discussed the emerging phenomenon with each other. Reme moved to Tacoma Washington, while still in High School and Jose to Rowland Heights, California. In the year 2002, more than four decades apart, they were brought together thru the internet. It seems that Reme was 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 interest in the most intriguing event of their childhood was rekindled.

The pungent but pleasing aroma of greasewood was in the air as Jose Padilla and his friend Reme, set out on Horseback one August morning in 1945 to find a cow that had wandered off to calf. The scent of greasewood, more often called creosote bush today, caught their attention as they moved away from this tiny settlement of San Antonio, on their horses, named Bole and Dusty. The creosote scent is evident only when it is moist, and it's presence on the wind meant rain somewhere nearby. Lightning bolts could be seen dropping to the ridges above the sierras. The wind is stiff and the ground rumbles loud and close. Gully-washers are not uncommon in late summer in the northern stretches of the Chihuahuan desert of central New Mexico, especially along the foothills of the Magdalena Mountains looming to the west. Despite minor Perils associated with being away from adults, it was a routine outing for Jose and Reme. It was not odd to see youngsters roam far afield doing chores during the war years. They decided to tether the horses, as the terrain seemed too rough for their hooves. This was rugged country. Apaches roamed this area many years ago. As they moved along, grumbling about the thorns, the building thunderheads decided to let go. They took refuge under a ledge above the floodplain, protected somewhat from the lightning strikes that suddenly peppered the area. Sudden death by lightning, Jose thought to himself. Around Walnut Creek, lightning is far more dangerous than a rattlesnake bite, lightning kills instantly. The storm passed and as they began to move out, another brilliant light, accompanied by a crunching rumbling sound that shook the ground around them. Not another experiment at "Trinity", Jose thought to himself. The thought was still fresh in his mind, not more than a month had passed since him and his mother had experienced the Atomic Bomb test at trinity about eighteen miles southeast of their ranch, and

his mom losing sight in one eye as a result. The sound seemed to come from the next canyon, said Jose, and as we moved in that direction, we hear a cow “moan” in a clump of brush, mesquite brush that is. They then quickened the pace, said Reme. Sure enough, it was the Padilla cow, licking a white face calf. A quick check revealed the calf to be healthy and nursing, and the boys decided to reward themselves with a small lunch Jose had Sacked, a tortilla each, washed down with a few swigs of water from a canteen, and an apple, as they munched, Jose noticed smoke coming from a draw adjacent to walnut creek, a main tributary from the mountains to the Rio Grande. Ignoring their task at hand, the two boys headed toward it. It had just quite raining, and vapor and whatever was coming out of the ground. We started walking down towards the bottom of the hill. The ground is hot from the weather and the humidity. The first thing we saw was kind of like a giant size gouge, like when a road grader goes in with a blade about a hundred feet wide and deeper than a foot, a good football field long. It was scary, says Reme. The gouge crossed this old road. Jose pulled out his binoculars and looked thru them. He could see that the gouge ran into a ridge and then stopped. This object dug itself into the sandy soil. We could see that there was something there, but the blinding dust and the heat were unbearable. They retreated briefly and then returned, worried there might casualties in the wreckage. About that time, I was ready to go home, Reme says. Jose succeeds in convincing him that everything is going to be alright. Jose leads the way, Reme follows, and Jose has his binoculars out. Reme asked, if it might be an airplane, Jose said, “I don’t think so.” Jose was thinking to himself, might this be another “Atomic Bomb” that the Government was testing. Things got eerie as they began examining the remnants at the periphery of a huge litter field. Reme picked up a piece of thin, shiny material that he says reminded him of “the tin foil in the old olive green Philip Morris cigarette packs. That was the brand of cigarettes his 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, Reme said. He put it in his pocket. They finally worked their way to within yards of the wreckage, fearing the worst and not quite ready for it. It was tough walking thru there, we were short guys, Jose remembers. “I had my hand over my face, peeking through my fingers,” Reme recalls. Jose being Older seemed to be able to handle it better. Jose describes what he saw thru his binoculars. Strange looking creatures were moving fast, seemed under stress, shadowy, almost as if they could will each other from one position to another. We were between 100 to 200 feet from them. Jose wanted to get closer. Reme wanted no part of whomever or whatever was inside. “Jose wasn’t afraid of much, but I told him we should get out of there, Reme said. I just had this feeling. They seemed not to be able to hold their balance, all three of them. Sounds, like a jackrabbit in pain were coming out of the object. It was like a baby crying, really sad. In the late afternoon, in the fading light, they could see scattered pieces of metal. There was a very large piece missing from the craft, and several pieces scattered around several hundred feet. It was getting late, so the boy’s backtracked, ignoring the cow and calf. It was a little after dusk when they climbed on their horses, and a few tears may have been shed on the way home on behalf of the “Hombrecitos” (little guys) without either one of the boys acknowledging it. It was dark when they reached the Padilla home. Jose’s dad got a complete report on the Cow, and a brief report on the object and the “Hombrecitos”. “Well check it out in a day or two. “Faustino said, unalarmed and apparently not worried in the least about survivors or medical emergencies. “It must be something the military lost and we shouldn’t disturb it.” Faustino said. Reme, why don’t you leave your horse here, and we’ll drive you home, since it’s so late. Two days later at about noon, State Policeman Eddie Apodaca, a family friend who had been summons by Faustino, arrived at the Padilla home.

Jose and Reme 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 hillside where the boys had initially spotted the wreckage. As they topped the ridge, they noticed that the cow and calf had moved on. Then they walked the short distance to the overlook. For a second time, Jose and Reme are dumbfounded. The wreckage was nowhere to be seen. "What could have happened to it?" Reme asked? "Somebody must have taken it" Jose responded defensively. Apodaca and Faustino stared intently but unaccusingly at Jose and Reme for a few minutes, trying to understand. To Jose and Reme, it seemed like an Eternity. They headed down the canyon nonetheless, and suddenly, "As if by magic, in Reme's words, the object reappeared. Apodaca and Faustino led the way to the craft, then climbed inside, while Jose and Reme were ordered to stay a short distance away. "I can't see the Hombrecitos" Reme offered. "No," replies Jose. "The huge field of litter appears to have been cleaned up", Reme recalled. The main body of the Craft, however remained in place with odd pieces dangling everywhere. Now it was time for the adults to lecture Reme and Jose, Reme remembers, "Listen carefully" Don't tell anyone about this," Reme quoted Faustino as saying. "Reme, your dad just started working for the government. He doesn't need to know anything about it. It might cause him trouble. Faustino also worked for the Federal Government at Bosque Del Apache National Wildlife Refuge and the Ranch itself was on leased federal land. Faustino was a patriotic man and honest to a fault in his dealing with the federal government, according to Jose. "The Government calls them weather balloons." The state policeman chipped in. "I'm here to help Faustino work out the recovery with the government. "They'll want this thing back." "But this isn't like the weather balloons we've seen before," said Reme. "They were little, almost like a box kite." "Your right, Reme, "Este es un monstruso, que no Eddie? Faustino said. "Yeah, it's big for

sure,” the state policeman acknowledged. “And the Hombrecitos?” Reme persisted. Maybe you just thought you saw them,” said Faustino. “Or maybe somebody took them, or they just took off.” While Apodacca and Faustino were in the object, they were always visible to us, Jose said. When they came out of the object, they had a different attitude. Different then when we were on the ridge and it seemed as if they doubted us. They appeared more serious now. The state patrolman states that the military would be coming to get it. Jose and Reme didn’t hear any sounds anymore, didn’t hear the “Hombrecitos” no more, they felt bad. Then they headed home. The cow and calf also grazed their way back in a day or so. The recovery operation started about two days after the group’s visit to the site. It was then that a Latino Sergeant named Avila arrived at the Padilla home in San Antonito, a tiny extension of San Antonio. As Jose and Reme drove into the driveway, caring two large paper sacks into the kitchen in the back of the house. They joined Mr. Padilla who is in the middle of a conversation with the soldier. Come on in says the old man, unlocking the screen door. The soldier extends his arm offering both the old man and the two boys a friendly handshake. Mr. Padilla, my name is Sergeant Avila. 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. The two Boy’s eyes lit up, remembering when they first discovered the mysterious object, and they can’t wait till this guy leaves. It must be very important, Reme whispers to Jose. “What have we gotten ourselves into,” Jose thinks to himself. They finally reach an agreement on the recovery, and the soldier leaves. It wasn’t long before the sergeants departure that the army was on the scene with road building equipment. Long 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 to the scene. Although they were warned by Faustino to stay away from the area, Jose, sometimes with Reme, and sharing a pair of binoculars, watched from their hiding place as the military graded a road and soldiers prepared for the flatbed's arrival. 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, Reme said, so they wouldn't have to carry them up the hill, I guess. Then they would kick dirt and rocks, brush over them. Jose says that the soldiers would work for a while and then lock the gate, climb in their pick-up trucks and go to the Owl Café, where they'd look for girls. I know because some of my (female) cousins who were there told me so. Once the flat bed was in place, the soldiers used wenchers 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 tarp and prepared to haul away. Lying in trench, Reme and Jose are observing all this. When the soldiers leave to the Owl Café, Reme and Jose go take a closer look. The object appeared larger than when they had first discovered it, they hadn't seen the part that was under ground. Jose untied some ropes while Reme held the canvas and Jose climbed in. Finding a piece of pipe, Jose uses that to undo a piece of metal about a foot long and hands it to Reme. It reminds Reme of an ancient Sun Dial that he had seen in some school books. A very light and cold piece of metal. Jose and Reme head back down the hill, climb on their horses and head 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 on to the trailer, as if they were looking for something. However they did not make this known to Mr. Padilla. As this

was taking place, Jose brought the piece they had taken to Reme, stating he did not want to get his dad in trouble with the government if the soldiers found it on the premises. They buried it in the corner under the flooring in the old house that Reme's dad used for storage. According to Jose, the soldiers came to their house and went thru room by room looking for something. They asked Mr. Padilla 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 and took with them, the weather balloons and other odds and ends they found.

The Research To Date: (Note) 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 to look at the metals and then analyse their elemental make up were used. 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 and began asking how it was possible to do that. Later in the day we cut some samples and polished others in order to take a closer more detailed look and analysis. We got some great pictures of very weird structures in the metals. (Pictures included) This is called an "eutectic" metal, which means that it solidified at a specific transition phase. That's what causes those unusual patterns apparently, but this is quite rare and unusual. They look like little skeletons of bugs squashed into the metal. Also there are short strands of some other material which we believe may be carbon fibres. This sort of "Hairy-Ness" 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, different people, different electron microscope. A different facility was utilized, which included a geneticist, and a scientist with a metallurgist background. The analyses and more photos were taken, and the outcome confirmed what we had seen in the first results. There is certainly something unusual about that metal. The presence of “Carbon Tubes” in aluminum, are a rather recent high technology that is presently under development, we have discovered. Our analysis demonstrated the ability of this metal to transfer heat from one end of the metal to the other, thus preventing or retarding meltdown, a bit like the tiles on the space shuttle. It apparently does not melt when subjected to the 2000 degree flame from an oxy-acetylene torch for up to two minutes. This despite the fact that aluminum silicate would be expected to melt at about 700 degrees, and this sample, being eutectic in nature, should melt at closer to 500 degrees, within seconds. Was this some part of a processing or drive mechanism? A blend of carbon and some other trace materials is used which dramatically increases the conducting power, while at the same time a transference of heat takes place eliminating the heat problem and eliminating the resistance to electricity. Carbon carries electricity a lot faster than aluminum. There appears to be the potential for heat shielding, or computer chip manufacturing.

In addition, we are planning an expedition to travel to the Norgal Canyon area in the Chihuahuan Desert. It’s purpose is to investigate and unearth the remains of an alien craft that crashed there in August of 1945. Researchers will seek material evidence that the two witnesses to the event claim was buried by soldiers who were members of the recovery team. According to the two witnesses, a huge object crashed into the side of an arroyo or canyon. We intend to unearth and prove that an extraterrestrial spaceship crashed there. According to the two witnesses, the craft

dug a gouge in the earth about a foot deep and a football field long. About a mile upwind, a damaged radio or radar tower was discovered a short time after the crash. It is believed that the craft was not properly “Grounded” and may have been struck by lightning as it passed near the tower. Considering that the craft remained pretty much intact, with the exception of a large hole in its side, it is believed that some semblance of control or guidance must have been present as it skidded to its resting place, as it does not appear that the craft tumbled, turned over or collided during the impact.

Was this clandestine operation undertaken to recover a weather balloon? Was it something more mysterious as Jose and Reme contend?

Complete analysis data and photographs will be provided in a future publication presently under development.