

Subject: UFOs Information From Argentina.

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Subject: UFO Information From Argentina.
July 25, 2011.

This says that people are reperiencing UFOs in Argentina.

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The Journal of Hispanic Ufology
July 25, 2011

Argentina: The San Francisco Solano CE-3 (1965)

Investigation by: Proyecto CATENT, Buenos Aires, Arg.

Witness: Ramon Eduardo P-reyra

Age: 38

After many years of trying to contact him in vain through phone directories, thanks to the assistance of researcher Hector Antonio Picco, who kindly gave us a copy of his own interview, as well as the eyewitness's address and phone number, we were able to contact Mr. Pe-eyra.

There are many sources to this case, but being so unusual, precisely on account of the all-too-human entities encountered, we decided that securing a personal interview was indispensable.

We were surprised at the certainty with which he told his story, remembering numerous details in spite of the time that had elapsed, giving us the impression that this event marked his life in a powerful way. He was changed by the event, although much more so by the journalistic coverage it received.

He became a noontime TV show celebrity, sought by policemen and journalists eager to secure his testimony. We were welcomed at his home with great kindness and courtesy, and after sharing some mate, he began his story.

Interview Transcript - conducted by researchers Mariela Veronica de Tomaso and Miguel Angel Gomez Pombo, members of Proyecto CATENT, on 12 May 2001:

How old are you?

I'll be 72. That's why I'm telling you I can't give you a specific year. I must've been thirty something when that happened.

I'm going to tell you [the story] as I saw it and according to what occurred. It was an ordinary and commonplace day. I was a milkman at the time, delivering bottled milk, and there was a place where trucks stopped at one place then another, and there were deliverymen. At a certain time, eight thirty more or less, I always did my job. At that time, the places I walked through or headed to, are now entirely populated. There's been a complete change. For example, Donato Alvarez [road]. you got to that place, and you'd only find houses up there, then just a road, farms, the odd house with animals. I was coming from San Martin, which starts at Camino General Belgrano and then ends around Calzada [street] or beyond. I'm going along San Martin, I'm turning on Donato Alvarez, which is on this side of the tracks where there used to be a railroad. I'm driving calmly, like anyone driving with ease. Suddenly I saw something that moves this way...and it draws my attention, obviously. But I look at the landscape...and it fell, lost itself in the wilderness. There was some dense forest, very large, but it had a clearing. Well, it fell in the clearing, that thing.

It was very, very cold. I grabbed a long coat, went to see what it was...but my notion that it fell from above, as though dropped by a parachute, didn't work. I left the pickup truck, walked quickly, went under a bridge...wait...I went under a bridge, kept walking. That bridge went over a stream, and train passed overhead. Then I approached, I approached the device. We're talking about a device now. I must've walked the equivalent of a city block and I realized that something wasn't right. I kept walking, looked at the device, checked it out...but there was a guy inside, dressed, as though he was stuck inside a box. I was startled by the lights of the device, like a car's dashboard, that is to say, green, yellow lights, all that...and I saw that the device was small, very small, much too small for its speed. Maybe this table was longer than the device (witness refers to a standard dining room table). I kept looking at it and didn't touch it out of respect, because they might say I put my hands on it, or some such. I didn't touch it because I was afraid or anything. I looked up and could see a fellow in the distance holding - what do you call them? - binoculars, spyglasses...so I headed toward him. That is to say, I went here, went there, looked this way and headed to where the man was looking toward the center of the forest, known as Monte de los Curas. It was very dense. Later squatters invaded it and they formed a I'm not sure if they were ever granted legal ownership or not...but it was very dense from the number of eucalyptus trees. It thought they were going to cut it down for its wood, but don't know if they ever managed to. But as I approached, the guy either sees me or has something that tells him I'm coming...so the guy walks toward me. I see him. I'm not scared. I'm not excited. I feel nothing. Just like crossing paths with someone. What a strange guy, isn't he? When he was nearly on top of me I had no choice but to say something, and I said good morning, how do you do? What's up, boss? And he didn't say a word. Frankly, he looked at me with a the-h-ll-do-you-want look and kept walking. I wasn't too far from the guy, see, and I must've been like from here to that other path. I stood still and began to think: this is weird. He made a gesture with his hand, touched the upper part of the vehicle, a sort of dome opened up and he got in. Once inside, he kept looking around. It looked like it had floated up a little, but first there was a sound like an autogenous plant [...] and began to rise. It rose, closed its legs and took off. [...] So I stood there wondering, am I nuts? Seriously. That's what I thought. Am I nuts? Am I dreaming, am I asleep? I became a bit physically uncontrolled. Touched my feet. It was a damp day, found a stream of water flowing nearby...realized I was okay. What happened is that something unexpected had occurred. So there I was on my way back, what the hell did I see? What was that? I looked one way and another, and saw two fellows walking along the train tracks. I asked: did you guys see anything? No, they said. I told them what had happened to me. I'm not sure if they paid much mind, and went on their way. Instead of heading toward Pasco to make deliveries, I was stunned by what I'd experienced. What was it? What could it be? Where am I? So I went back and left two crates of milk at a police station that used to be on San Martin and Donato Alvarez. I told the watchman that something strange had happened to me. What happened? he asked. So I told him I'd done this and that, and seen a strange machine on the ground, which landed this way, and I explained everything. Then it took off at a tremendous speed. I managed to see it and I explained it all to him.

Well, so that's what I did. So where there used to be a butcher store, there was a warehouse before that, and one day two guys appeared three days later and started asking questions. They were newsmen from a paper in Wilde that wanted a scoop. From that moment onward, many researchers, journalists and even the police (the police took him to the Lanus station and asked him many questions. He also spoke to a psychiatrist). They told me I was a normal person.

At that time, Fabio Zerpa and his team also came over, and I even got a chance to have lunch with Mirtha Legrand. Much later on they came from the Ministry of the Navy - Captain Pagani - and they also interviewed me and kept me for some four or five hours. Later we went to John Kennedy University with Zerpa to give a presentation on UFOs. It was on one of these events that a foreign journalist asked me how many times had I been to the United States, since the device I was describing resembled something that NASA already had over there. I had said they were Russians, British, Americans...they couldn't be from anywhere else. You see a guy, he's dressed almost like you, except for those suits that looked like frogman suits, a guy who's like you, except without the language to face each other and talk.

How tall were they?

Normal. Thin, elegant. One was walking and the other was stuck inside.

Did they have something on their heads?

No. The one walking had his head combed back, and something behind, a sort of hood that he'd removed, I don't know. I saw it calmly, without any fear, emotion or anything like it. That's very, very important.

You got to stand beside the object. You very nearly touched it?

I didn't touch it for ethical reasons.

And there was another person inside. And that person didn't look at you?

That person looked stuck in there. So the other one got in to the other space that was empty. They must've been seated back to back.

Was the object transparent?

The upper part had a dome at a certain height, I don't know. It was steel colored, just to give you an idea.

What was its shape?

It was like a big egg. Like a Nand egg. Apparently half of it went this way, and opened completely when the other guy got in. The transparent part.

How did you see the object descend?

Looked like something was falling down.

Was it shiny, dark?

Yes, it was shiny, but it looked like it was raining (sic), as if surrounded by a little bit of fog, but a form that had fallen there was clearly visible.

What color?

Just a regular bundle. I thought it was a parachute that had been cast away.

How was that thing braced on the ground?

With its little legs. Two little legs. The legs closed up when it rose into the air. Because it made an explosion here (sic) and rose to the height of the plants, more or less, at a speed that you couldn't see it anymore, well, you could see it, but it looked like a long column of smoke. You can imagine the speed it had.

Part 1.

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