

FLYING SAUCER
REVIEW

MEXICAN TAXI DRIVER MEETS SAUCER CREW?

by Desmond Leslie

Story of conversation
in broken-down car

SALVADOR VILLANUEVA is about forty years old. He has a wife and seven children. He neither smokes nor drinks and is well respected in his Mexico City home. By trade he is a driver; owning a car which he plies for hire, mainly to tourists.

For some time he feared to tell of his strange experience lest people thought him deceitful or mad (how often have we heard this fear expressed!). But when the Mexican papers began a series of articles on flying saucers, he took courage and wrote to the journalist concerned asking for an interview. Since that day he has

been subjected to all manner of tests for his integrity and accuracy as a reporter. He has come through them all with full marks.

Between August 17-20, 1953, Villanueva was employed by a couple of Texan tourists to drive them from Mexico City to the Texan Border. After covering about sixty miles successfully, they had just passed Ciudad Valleys when horrible noises came from the crankshaft and the car ground to a halt. Examination showed that oil had leaked from the differential and it soon became obvious that the car would go no farther, not that night at any rate. The Texans were

- NB ① Scully (P. 194) says a saucer crashed in the Sierra Madre range of Mexico (some 200 miles W. or N.W. of VALLES) + that crew of six were all dead. No date?
- ② 9/3/1950 Denver Post reports crash of a 46 ft. saucer at Mexico City, with one dead occupant (25 inches high).
- ③ Area of "magnetic faulting" in Oregon - New Mexico - perhaps Mexico also ???

Desmond Leslie went to America last fall and took time off from his two-month lecture tour to visit Villanueva, who has been hailed as the Mexican Adamski. Whether you believe his story or not, it is a fascinating one adding to those already arousing so much interest and controversy.

angry. They unloaded their baggage, engaged another car and drove off without paying. Salvador tried to obtain help but without success. By then it was beginning to rain so he decided there was nothing for it but to spend the night in his car and make arrangements for repairs in the morning.

A little later, about six p.m., he crawled under the car for another look at the damage, in the faint hope he might be able to do something to get himself away from this lonely spot. While lying on his back beneath the car he became aware that he had company. Right by his nose were two pairs of feet. The feet and the legs—what he could see of them from his prone position—were normal except that they were encased in a substance like seamless grey corduroy. Salvador scrambled up to find himself face to face with a couple of pleasant-looking men, no more than four foot six in height. Now, in Mexico, there are many short people. Many of the peasants do not exceed four and a half feet, so Villanueva was not unduly alarmed. He noticed they were both clad from neck to the tips of their toes in this one-piece grey material, broken only by a wide perforated shiny belt. Round their necks they wore metal collars and on the back of their necks small black shiny boxes.

Under their arms they carried helmets similar to those worn by jet-pilots or American football players, so he assumed them to be some kind of aviators who had landed nearby.

The men smiled at him and one opened the conversation:

“Are you having trouble?”

“Yes,” answered the driver, “my differential has broken, as far as I can see.”

The man who addressed him smiled sympathetically and spoke of one or two casual things. He asked Villanueva a little about himself, and he seemed quite friendly. The driver, however, noticed that this man had a peculiar accent as though he seemed to be stringing words together. His companion said nothing, but occasionally smiled or made other expressions suggesting he understood, so Salvador asked: “Doesn't your friend speak Mexican?”

“No, but he is able to understand you.”

Then it began to rain again, so he invited the two visitors to shelter with him in the car. When they were inside they continued the conversation.

“Are you aviators?”

“Yes, we are.”

“Is your plane near here?”

“Not very far.”

“Where have you come from, if I might ask?”

“We have come from very far.” And they smiled.

Still he felt there was nothing wrong until, as the night descended, his strange new friend betrayed by his conversation that he knew far too much for an ordinary man, not only about this world but about others also. He spoke of places and cities and people that made Villanueva a little afraid. Finally, somewhere around dawn, he asked him the question that was creeping into his mind.

“No,” came the answer. “We are not of this

planet. We come from one far distant, but we know much about your world."

Of course, he did not believe him right away. At first he felt they were playing some kind of practical joke on him, and the second man's silent smiles irked him. Several times during the night he accused them of "taking the mickey out of him." Poor Villanueva! By the time dawn broke he was a very confused man.

After sunrise, his companions said they must leave. Then they asked if he would care to see their machine. Still faintly hoping to find a conventional aircraft with wings and propellers, Villanueva agreed to follow them. They led the way through the bushes across a rather swampy piece of land for about half a kilometre. Onwards they walked, his two visitors marching ahead of him. The ground became wet and treacherous; he was sinking in to muddy pools, sometimes almost to his knees. But the men in front—his eyes popped—the men in front were not sinking at all. When their grey-clad feet touched muddy pools the mud sprang away from them as if repelled by some invisible force. No dirt ever seemed to come in contact with them and they remained unspotted although his own boots were by now caked in mud.

Incredible Power

He hesitated. The men in front turned and smiled encouragement. So he plucked up his courage and followed through the rain-soaked scrub. Their feet fascinated him. What incredible force allowed them to walk over muddy pools uncontaminated? And what—again he felt afraid—what strange force caused their perforated belts to glow with their own light each time this happened?

Suddenly they came out into a kind of clearing. There it stood, a great shiny craft unlike anything the simple Mexican had ever seen. In form it had the shape of two huge soup plates joined at the rim. Above it was a shallow dome with portholes. The entire structure, about forty feet across, rested on three giant metal spheres or landing balls. Unless this was some secret invention from the United States, it was surely a ship from another world.

As they approached, a faint humming came from within the craft and a portion of the lower hull opened outwards, much in the manner of

the rear entrance to a Martin 404 air liner, so that the inner side of the panel formed a staircase to the craft and the supporting cables became handrails. The two men went up the short flight of steps, pausing on the top to turn and look at their earthly companion.

"Would you care to come inside with us?" came the invitation.

Villanueva could only shake his head. His wife, his family, his job, his home and all the things he knew and loved suddenly seemed very real. No, he would be afraid to leave them for something alien and utterly beyond his understanding.

He turned and ran.

When he regained the road he was gasping for breath. He could hardly believe his own senses. That this should have happened to him! Impossible!

Then he took a glance back the way he had come. Something was happening back there among the bushes; something light was appearing. Something glowing white rose slowly into view, hovering for a moment, then gaining speed it began a kind of pendulum motion, a backwards and forwards arcing movement, like a falling leaf going up instead of down. It attained an altitude of several hundred feet by this method; then, glowing brighter, shot up vertically with incredible speed. In seconds it was lost to sight. Only a faint swishing sound marked its passage.

Villanueva told no one. He had work to do. His car needed attention and it was the next night before he got back to his home. His wife at once noticed his strained appearance and asked him what was wrong. Making quite sure none of the children were listening, he told her, faltering and hesitant, convinced she would consider him insane.

Not Insane

"No," she replied. "I do not think you insane. I know you. You are my husband and you would not deceive me. But others—others will not believe you. Promise me you will tell no one."

Thus Salvador Villanueva kept the mystery to himself until a series of open-minded articles by Enrico Espinosay y Cossio prompted him to tell others of his experience. To date he has not seen his visitors again. But another man in Mexico has since then had a more amazing experience. We hope to publish this later.

When I visited Mexico in November, 1955, I sought out the group of journalists and investigators who had been probing Villanueva thoroughly since the occurrence. They were most helpful and arranged a meeting with an interpreter at which I could interview him personally. A few days later I was loaned a car and Villanueva volunteered himself as my driver. During this time I was able to study him as a human being. I found him quiet, unassuming, well-mannered and an excellent driver. The way he navigated the dangerous 11,000-ft. mountain passes by day and by night won my admiration. His judgment of speeds and distances were first class. On a trip to the Great Pyramid of Cholula—eight times greater in bulk than Cheops—he and his eldest son followed me through the six-mile labyrinth of tiny tunnels and galleries honeycombing this ancient structure. We had a wonderful adventure which they enjoyed every bit as much as I did, and I found them intelligent and pleasant companions. At the end of the long drive he surprised and even embarrassed me by refusing to take any payment, not even a “pourboire” or present for his “señora.” He gave me every impression of being a trustworthy, reliable human being, the kind you would trust to take your jewellery to a bank or to look after your children if suddenly called away. I liked him very much, and I thoroughly believe his story.

Looking for Locality

But I am not alone. All who have investigated him have come to the same conclusion. On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reeves, ardent researchers from Ohio, took Villanueva with a group of investigators and journalists to find and establish the place of contact. They found the pull-in beside the road where he had parked the broken-down car, and after a little recollection Villanueva set up with his stick the line of direction where he remembered seeing the ship take off. The party followed this line until they came across a clearing where bushes and sticks had been broken down by some heavy object within a circle roughly 40-45 ft. in diameter. Later, one of the party secretly moved the stick about fifteen degrees and, when they regained the road, asked Villanueva to re-confirm the direction. He studied the line of sight carefully and moved the stick back about fifteen degrees to its original position.

He was quite certain, he said, that this was the true direction because he had noted the exact background in the distant landscape against which the saucer had first appeared on take-off.

Now such powers of observation may seem remarkable. But I had a chance to see them demonstrated for myself when we took the mountain roads. At times our wheels were but six inches from the edge. But I never felt afraid for I sensed that here was a man who knew exactly what he was doing and whose sight and judgment were above average.

Vivid Re-enaction

Out on the road he related and re-eneacted the story to his examiners without change or contradiction. The whole episode was still vivid in his memory. He knew what he had seen and heard; just that and no more. A practical working-man, he had learned to use his eyes, and he was not in the habit of being deceived.

When I showed him the photos of the Adamski saucer he said that though it was similar to his ship there were several major differences: for example, the double convex hull and the curved underside. He did not believe his visitors were Venusians. They were small and clad in this one-piece grey garment covering the feet as well as the body. He had the impression from their talk, though they did not name any planet, that they had come from somewhere much farther than Venus, maybe from worlds beyond our vision entirely.

The Key

Then, without his direct awareness, I asked him to give me the “Key.” By this I mean that every man who has received a true and physical contact with men from other worlds has been given a certain “Key” whereby it shall be known that he is speaking truly. No man, though he lived a hundred years, could ever stumble upon this key by guess or chance; least of all a simple countryman. Unless Villanueva had spoken to a spaceman in truth he could not have known it. Possibly I am the only “layman” to hold it. It is the “Key” which all falsely claiming contacts through vain or neurotic reasons fail to give. Villanueva gave it without hesitation.

Obviously I cannot disclose its nature or it would lose its whole value on future occasions.