

UFO WITH A TASTE FOR FISH

Spectacular low-level sighting in the French Jura

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Translation by Gordon Creighton

THIS sighting took place between 4.20 and 4.25 p.m. on November 2, 1972, at Doucier, near Ménétrux-en-Joux (Jura),* when the witness, Monsieur Vuillien, observed a saucer at very close quarters right above his fish-breeding pools beside highway D 326, at a point some seven kms. to the east of Doucier, Commune of Ménétrux-en-Joux.

The fish-farm draws its water from an arm of the nearby river, le Hérisson. Monsieur Vuillien was at work on a new building, and pushing his barrow to and fro along the narrow strip of ground separating his fish-pools from the road.

Coming back, with empty barrow, from east to west, he looked up and saw, very high in the sky, a series of white forms which he describes as resembling curls of smoke from a failing aircraft engine. Then he saw, lower down, and then again lower still, a continuation of this series of smoke curls right down to ground level. They seemed to be about 50 metres apart, in a dead straight line, and getting bigger towards the ground. As he stood there trying to see where the series ended he found to his astonishment that it ended in a magnificent saucer stationary just a few metres from him.

In panic, he dropped the shafts of the barrow. He was all alone out there, dusk was coming on, for his fish-farm lies in a deep valley bordered by hills 200 m. high. The whole valley was already in shade and it was getting dark. Up above, the sky was very clear and bright, especially so.

That he was looking straight at a flying saucer, in this lonely spot, he could not doubt, though he had hitherto never believed the reports of such things. He had heard talk of them but had never taken any interest in a matter, which for him, seemed so remote and mythical and abstract. Now, the moment of truth had come for him.

His sketch shows the classic type of "saucer", and our photograph, taken by me, shows the spot, with the sketched saucer superimposed upon it in the position in which the witness saw it.

M. Vuillien thought it was about 40 metres from him, but on checking the site I find that it was exactly 56 metres from him. He had reckoned the height of the background trees at 25 m., but in fact they are 35 m., so his figures require to be multiplied by a factor of 1.4 (approximately).

The saucer had a circular lower part which I estimate to have been 28 m. in diameter and 1.70 m. thick. This lower portion was markedly rounded or curved over towards the edge, and the underneath showed a slight bulge. In the centre of the top of the

upper disc was the cupola, some 17 m. wide at its base and some 3.5 m. high.

The underside looked metallic and had the colour of polished aluminium. On the other hand the cupola on top could have been, he felt, of plexiglass. He was struck by the strangeness of its hue, and compares it with the material used in the manufacture of certain types of fancy spectacles which permit the wearer to see through them while acting like a mirror for anyone looking at them. He says it is impossible for him to give an exact word to describe the precise shade of this cupola.

He had the feeling that he was being watched from inside the cupola by someone he was unable to see.

He was able to see that the saucer had no sharp edges or angles, and nothing of an engine was visible, and not a bolt, nor a rivet. All was completely sealed, smooth, polished. ("Unless it was spinning at a vast speed," he said, "though it would surprise me greatly if this were the case.")

Making our measurements of the site against the background of trees shown in the shadows, we have concluded that the height of the UFO above the ground was around 7 metres, and certainly not more than 8 metres. A part of it was higher, from where the witness stood, than the hut visible in the rear (a little low wooden building of one storey, standing at ground-level), and thus it was not more than about 4 m. higher than the roof of the hut. The saucer's great size, its complete immobility, its utter lack of sound — all this in the profound silence of that lonely place, made a deep impression upon him. It was right above one of his tanks. Whatever would the effect on his trout be! And would it do any damage to the hut?

And so for five long minutes it hung there — "and that's a long, long time, you know!" as he said to me. It is quite certain that in such moments one lives eternities. When you are all alone, in a place like that, with no possible hope of help from any quarter, indeed it must have seemed a long five minutes to Monsieur Vuillien! He was frightened, perplexed, envisaging all the possibilities, including the possibility that the UFO's occupants might carry him off. And so he stood there, rooted to the spot, awaiting what would happen next.

When curious questioners asked him later why he did not venture closer to the craft, he replied simply that, not knowing how the machine functioned (might it, for example, have rockets which were fired when it took off?) he was afraid he might get a thorough roasting, or that it might set the wooden hut alight as it took off.

* East — Central France.



Photograph of the trout farm tanks, with sketches of the UFO based on drawings by the witness, superimposed on it to show the hovering and take-off positions

Suddenly the saucer changed position, performing a rocking movement which brought the cupola closer to him. The magic spell was suddenly broken. Now — he felt certain — now “*They*” were coming for him!

He leapt towards his car, which was standing only a few metres distant, and got out his gun. “I loaded it with three cartridges of buckshot, and waited.” He stood there, with barrel loaded, leaning against one of the posts of the fence, waiting for the saucer to dive at him, or for someone to emerge from it and come and try to seize him.

Would he have fired? Well, no, says he. Or only if “*They*” had turned out to have hostile intentions towards him.

It was the saucer that finally broke off the contact. It began to move, and went straight backwards some 50 metres or so, still maintaining the same height. Then it became stationary again. He says that when it did the rocking motion it moved through 90°. But in fact it seems clear that he never saw the object as an ellipse, i.e. from the side, so that the degree of movement in the rocking to and fro was in fact a matter of 60° rather than of 90°. This rocking movement continued as it moved backwards the 50 metres or so. Monsieur Vuillien chose this moment to glance at his watch: it showed 4.25m.

(We may feel astonishment to hear these precise details, but it is a fact that, in certain sorts of situations, one does look at one’s watch, and I have

had personal experience of this myself. For Monsieur Vuillien was finding the time dragging very heavily indeed, and in fact he looked at his watch frequently.)

Now again something was to happen suddenly. The saucer had moved backwards quite slowly to its new stationary position. Abruptly it shot straight upwards, absolutely vertically, very fast, so that in three seconds it was at an enormous height. When we asked him how high, he spoke of the order of 10,000 metres, the height at which the airliners pass overhead on their way to Geneva. This is of course just a guess on his part. (If correct, it would mean that the machine had moved at 12,000 km.p.h.)

The saucer remained stationary again for three minutes at that height, and then moved off towards the west at very great speed.

A few moments later, an aircraft passed over, leaving its contrail, and it struck him that it was at about the same altitude as the saucer.

His three dogs which were there at the fishery with him had shown no reaction throughout.

As is usually the case, I found no radioactivity at the site, and I was able to reassure Monsieur Vuillien as to the fate of his 50,000 trout. At times, in certain cases, investigators have reported finding vestigial magnetization. Apart from the fact that the roof of the little hut contained some metal, my compass showed no local reactions of note.

THE CASE OF BRUNO FACCHINI

Antonio Giudici

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AT 10.00 p.m. on Monday, April 24, 1950, at Abbiate Guazzone (in the district of Varese, Northern Italy) a most singular adventure befell Signor Bruno Facchini, who was 42 years old at that date. A skilful and highly esteemed worker, he was employed by a local industrial firm, and was living in a little house on the outskirts of the town, a few metres distant from the provincial highway leading to Milan.

On the evening in question the region had been swept by a violent storm. Just before 10 o'clock the rain had stopped. Far off in the distance the last flashes of lightning could still be seen, and Bruno Facchini had stepped out of the house to take a breath of fresh air. After a glance at the sky, which was now clearing, he was re-entering the house when his attention was drawn to a peculiar flashing a few hundred metres distant. Here are his replies to the questions which we put to him during our interview:

Question. What happened on the evening of April 24, 1950, when you stepped outside from your house?

Answer. I was just coming back in again when I noticed some strange flashes a few hundred metres or so from the house. As there is a high tension power line passing over right at that spot and a pylon with electrical equipment standing right in front of my house, I immediately thought of the storm we had just had, and of the possibility that it might have damaged the electricity system. So I put on a pair of old boots and decided to go over there and have a look at what had happened. I proceeded with the maximum caution as I was afraid there might be broken power-lines lying about on the ground. When I had got to a point where I was underneath the power-line and I had noticed nothing abnormal, I decided once more to go back indoors.

Question. Why didn't you?

Answer. I was close by the power-line, and everything appeared to be normal and then, just as I was on the point of coming back to the house I saw the strange flashing again, and this time I could see that it was a little further away from where I stood. So I decided to go closer. It was a dark night, but I had no fear, I didn't believe in ghosts. When I did get closer, I caught sight of an enormous black shadow, almost round in shape (it looked like a ball with the top part flattened). In the middle of it I could see a little ladder, and from the top of the ladder was coming a greenish light.

I was now able to have a close view of the source of the flashing, that is, I saw quite clearly an individual who, from the top of a pneumatic lift (of the type made with a base, an extensible shaft, and a platform on top) seemed to be standing and

While, so far as we recall, there have been only a few cases in which UFO percipients claimed to have observed entities walking around landed craft and seemingly inspecting the hulls, rarer still are the cases where it is claimed that actual repairs were being carried out. We have just given one such case in Ted Bloecher's *UFO Landing And Repair By Crew* (FSR Vol.20 Nos. 2 and 3).

Here is another remarkable story of the same kind, involving (as we may speculate) an object which may have been damaged in a storm. And metallic material is alleged to have been left by the occupants of the UFO.

GORDON CREIGHTON

doing a welding job. I could see quite clearly that the individual who was welding was wearing a diving-suit and a mask.

My curiosity now aroused, I stepped closer, and now also saw two other individuals, likewise in diving-suits and masks, moving about very slowly around the machine, which caused me to think that the suits they were wearing must be very heavy for them. The machine, which was of a dark colour, showed metallic reflections when lit up by the flashes coming from the welder.

Question. What were your thoughts at that moment?

Answer. I knew that the intercontinental airport of La Malpensa was only a few kilometres from there, and that there were military airfields at Vergiate and Venegono. So I thought I was looking at an aircraft that had suffered a forced landing, and I told the men that I lived close by and asked them if they needed any help. The only reply I got were some incomprehensible guttural sounds.

I tried to guess what their intentions were, and I got the impression that they wanted to invite me to get up into the machine. Then I heard a noise like the sound of a "gigantic bee-hive," or perhaps it might be better to say "like a big dynamo," and I saw, inside, another ladder going up, and all around, on the walls, tubes, cylinders and gauges. In that precise moment I realized that it couldn't be an aircraft, and I was seized by a sensation of panic and fled.

But after I had run a few paces I turned round, and saw one of the pilots grab a sort of camera that he was carrying round his neck and shoot a beam of light at me. I carried on running, and simultaneously I had the impression that I had been struck by a blunt instrument or, to put it better, by a powerful jet of compressed air, and I fell to the ground, landing, for further measure, right on top of one of the boundary stones marking the edges of the fields.