

“MISSING TIME”

ON THE D47 IN NORTHERN FRANCE

“I don’t know what happened to me...”

EXTRACT FROM LUMIERES DANS LA NUIT, NO.305 (SEPT./OCT.1990)

(Translation from French. G.C.)

One night in the early part of the summer of 1976, in northern France, Claude Damman was driving homewards in a small truck (Mercedes 206D, with a 9 h.p. Diesel engine).

At the southern limit of Steenvoorde, he was just preparing to leave the D48 and to turn left onto the D47, going southwards. It was at this point that he noticed, in the sky towards the WSW, a glow that seemed to him to be quite abnormal.

After the crossroads, he continued to watch this glow, now on his right. It was getting slightly nearer, and dropping as it came. He tried to figure out what it could be, and thought momentarily of the glow from blast-furnaces. But it wasn’t that. He could see perfectly well that it wasn’t that.

He pulled up near a windmill situated on the right-hand side of the road, and watched.

“At first”, he says, “when it was approaching, it was a light with hazy edges, but when it halted, its edges were sharp. It lit up the ground underneath, and the windmill too....it lit up the whole area right as far as my truck. You could have read a newspaper”.

The thing, of a uniform orange-red colour, was not more than about 120 m. or 150 m. from him, and its base, which was flat, was maybe no more than 10 m. or so from the ground.

Claude Damman had now got down from his truck and had approached nearer to the light, though...not too near...

The thing was still stationary there, behind the windmill. And this continued for a certain time.

Then, a few moments later, he returned to the truck, resolved to leave. But when he turned the ignition key, the engine refused to start. It was the first time that this had ever happened to him! Usually his truck started up at the first turn of the switch...

Since the truck refused to budge, Claude Damman got out again and went back to take another look at the thing. But now it began to move

away, quite slowly, and rising slightly, in the direction from which it had arrived.

So Damman returned to the truck and tried the starter again. The engine started up straight away.

All of which had astounded Claude Damman, one may be sure, but what astounded him even more was the time when he got home and looked at the clock. *It was past 2 o’clock in the morning.* Now _ this was quite unbelievable. It ought to have been a lot earlier than that, given the time that it was when he had passed through Steenvoorde, given the amount of time that he recalled having spent in watching the phenomenon of the light, and given the distance that he still had to cover before he arrived home.

“I just couldn’t grasp it”, he told us. “I don’t know...it was just like a sort of hole in the time...What struck me so forcibly was the time when I got home....and then, that business about my truck not starting up. And then, when I did move on again, I felt all

queer for a while....”

He told his wife about the experience, but insisted that she speak to nobody else about it. And for thirteen years nobody knew a thing about the episode. Then, in 1989, by pure chance - a chance named Paulette Daudel - we were enabled to hear his recollection of it all. After having kept a total silence about it for 13 years, he gave us a relaxed account of the entire affair. He had realized (thanks for your help, Paulette!) that we weren’t going to laugh at him, and I even got the impression that he was quite relieved to be able to relate his experience to somebody.

For some years past, this sort of experience has had a name: *MISSING TIME* — in other words, a ‘memory hole’ but a ‘memory hole’ related to a close encounter.

As to what we know about the phenomenon — we know only the outer appearance. As to its true nature, that eludes us entirely.

NOTE BY EDITOR, FSR

No- it no longer completely "eludes" us, and we know quite a lot more about "missing time", and what happens in it, than either we or the LDLN's Editor knew so recently as 1990 ■

*For thirteen years nobody knew
a thing about the episode.*

THE VALLEY OF DEATH: CATTLE MUTILATIONS IN WILTSHIRE, ENGLAND (1992)

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We reproduce the following paragraphs, with Mr. Pat Delgado's kind permission, from his *Crop Circles Newsletter* No. 8 of July 1992. EDITOR

Mr. Paul Martin of Marlborough sent me the following report.

Farmer Mr. Roger Harley of Manor Farm, East Kennett (near Marlborough, Wiltshire) has been reporting some strange events happening on an isolated part of his farm from early May of this year and they are still occurring.

In recent weeks and still continuing, villagers have been reporting strange moving and stationary lights up on the Downs at night to Mr. Harley.

Early some mornings when Mr. Harley goes to the Downs to tend his cattle, he has found previously padlocked gates lifted from their hinges and lying out in the field.

In the middle of May he found a steer lying dead in the field with no outside signs of injury. A vet was called and he stated the animal had died of a massive heart attack. This is very rare in stock animals especially a young steer. Farmer Harley has been farming for several years and this has never happened before.

On May 28th an even stranger incident occurred. Mr. Harley drove the one and a half miles to check his stock as usual and found another steer lying dead, this time he thought it may have symptoms of anthrax. Returning to his farmhouse he phoned the Ministry of Agriculture who sent their vet and who carried out a post mortem. To his astonishment he found the whole rib cage of the animal was crushed as were other bones and organs, again there were no visible signs of injury anywhere on the outside of the animal.

The vet's diagnosis was that the animal had been run over by something very large or hit by some massive force. The police were called but were as baffled by it all as Mr. Harley. They could only suggest that it was run over by a heavy vehicle but they could find no signs of wheel marks, wreckage or parts of a vehicle in the vicinity. Any vehicle that could do that much damage to a three quarters of a ton animal would have sustained some visible damage and may have become immobilised, but the overwhelming facts against a vehicle being

involved are that, the animal showed no outside damage at all and the only gate into the field had remained padlocked.

Since these two events, twelve sheep were found dead one morning by the farmer in an adjacent field to that of the cows. The vet declared that each of the sheep appeared to have died of a sudden heart attack and simply fell over where they stood.

All this right in the centre of one of the main areas of crop circle creations.

Report ends.

I suggested to Paul Martin that we should visit these fields one evening and he readily agreed. He arranged with the farmer for us to go there on June 18th and this we did.

We drove as far as we could up a track leading to the area, then we walked about a mile up a rising valley and over the hilltop to the fields which formed the floor and sides of another valley. The time was about 8.30 p.m. and with the low sun and lengthening shadows, the large valley was extremely beautiful as we viewed the panorama from the western high ground.

I took some photos and checked the ground for noises with the tape recorder probes but the only sound recorded was a small amount of static.

We walked slowly down the fairly steep side of the field in which the sheep were grazing to a gap and gate in the bottom of the copse that divided the sheep field from that of the cows and steers. There were about fifty of these and they were some distance down the valley and a few were up on the top eastern side. Unchaining the gate, we went through and discovered a large stone about four feet square and three feet above the ground surrounded by nettles. I hand-dowsed the energies around it and found they were of considerable strength. I used the camcorder to record what was around us and could see the cows were remaining quite still in a line and watching us.

We decided to walk further along into the field and have a look at a second, even larger stone. I dowsed, took some still photos and used the camcorder. During this time the cows on the valley floor and those on the top suddenly turned as one and ran to the far end of the field. We continued our activities, watched a fox chasing a rabbit, took