

the overwhelming “magical” technology of the aliens, as they themselves, and their craft, “flipped in and out of visibility” (“now you see us, now you don’t!”) Eisenhower went very red in the face and looked to those around him and muttered “*We’re not ready for this! Mum’s the word!*”

As will have been noted, William Milton Cooper’s account suggested that Ike’s first heart attack was due to the Muroc experience, and that it was also the direct cause

of James Forrestal’s mental breakdown.

POSTSCRIPT.

It is important in this connection to take a look also at Salvador Freixedo’s articles “*Contacts Between U.S. Presidents and Aliens*”, in FSR 39/4 and 40/1, and Robert Dean’s article “*We are in Contact with Several E.T. Civilizations*”, in FSR 39/3. G.C.■

A UFO CRASH WITH CORPSES IN VENEZUELA IN THE EARLY 1950s? © BY JÖEL MESNARD, Director and Editor of *Lumières Dans La Nuit* (France).

(Translation from French: G.C.) (LDLN No. 335, Sept/Oct. 1995)

[We are indebted to our staunch French colleague Joël Mesnard for permission to republish this most interesting account from his LDLN No. 335.

In assessing this sort of story, we must never, never, forget that there have unquestionably been *many* “UFO crashes”, in other countries as well as the USA, and that enormous efforts have been expended to see that as many as possible of them were either never made known to the public at all or “*conveniently forgotten.*” One of the main purposes behind the recent hullabaloo about an alleged documentary film of the autopsy of “Roswell corpses” may have been to produce sufficient fresh clouds of smoke and to delete all memory of the name and the outstanding work of the late LEONARD STRINGFIELD

who, in the course of his many years of study of the Roswell story, devoted six or seven lengthy and detailed reports to it and to its *real corpses*. So far as I know, his name has not even been mentioned once by anyone during all this recent “Roswell Blather” on the Internet and elsewhere, and I have seen not a shred of mention of his work on the corpses, especially such features as their clawed hands (four digits, not six like “Horrible Hilda”).

This report from Venezuela which Joël Mesnard has unearthed is, incidentally, *not* the only such story of a UFO crash in Spanish America, and I shall follow up in the near future with another rather similar one -this time not from the top end of the Andes, but from the *pampa* plains of Argentina. EDITOR OF FSR]



[A] INTRODUCTORY WORDS

BY JÖEL MESNARD.

Here is a most curious piece of testimony, gathered already twenty years ago by two of our French investigators ("J.R." and his colleague) who went to the utmost limits in their efforts to probe the case, even going so far as to visit Spain and Switzerland during the course of their enquiries.

The story is so astonishing (not indeed to say "improbable") that assuredly one would be little inclined to accept the words of the single eyewitness. However, one thing is sure: The four persons (one officer and three teachers) who in one way or another took part in the investigations, between 1954 and 1976, did, themselves, all accord a certain degree of credit to the witness's story.

Proof of this latter point lies in the fact that, right in the last moment before publishing it, we have been obliged -*at their request*- to omit certain indications and certain proper names in order to guarantee the anonymity of all the protagonists.

One detail, among others, could at first appear improbable, namely the return of the defector, in Indochina, to his own side. A last-minute check (February 1996) does however produce an explanation that renders it plausible. -JÖEL MESNARD, EDITOR, LDLN

[B] THE STORY.

In 1973 or 1974, a French officer stationed in a town in the South of our country, and who insisted on remaining anonymous, sent to a teacher (whose name we shall also not reveal) a copy of a report from the French Gendarmerie relating a story told by a Spanish national who had served in the French Foreign Legion in Indochina (today known as VIETNAM) in 1954, [the final year of the disastrous Franco-Vietnamese War, which of course was before America's war in Vietnam. G.C.] Here is a summary of that story (which one might certainly qualify, maybe, as "novelistic"). Publication of the story has, intentionally, been long postponed, out of regard for the wishes of the eyewitness, whom we ourselves contacted only in 1975 or 1976.

"J.P." comes from O. -(a town in Galicia in the far North-west of Spain, and close to the Portuguese-Spanish frontier), where he worked professionally as a pastrycook and, later, as a bricklayer/stonemason. His level of education is about the level of the French first elementary *certificat d'études*. But for an imaginative young fellow neither pastrymaking nor stonemasonry can exactly be suitable, as we shall in due course see.

He heard of a cousin of his, likewise a pastrycook, who was in Caracas, Venezuela. So, along with several of his friends, like him seized with the idea of adventure, he took ship from Cadiz, and sailed to Caracas. But off the coast of Venezuela the vessel was wrecked in a severe storm. Our adventurer got ashore at a deserted spot but his companions were drowned. And he had lost his identity documents. So he hitch-hiked his way to Caracas and found his cousin who fixed him up with identity papers and got him a job, so there he was now, a pastrycook in Caracas. In his free time, of an evening, he frequented the bars and other spots where other

emigrants and seekers of adventure congregate, and in one of them he heard talk of a mysterious region in Venezuela where allegedly you only have to stoop down to find seams of gold. The myth of "*El Dorado*" is not yet dead, and there are still plenty of "Candides" ready to believe in it. So he and his mates mount an expedition to plunge into the hostile and little known Amazonian forests. They save up to buy weapons, food, camping equipment, and the tickets for the air fares for the little party of five or six, from Caracas to their jumping-off point some 500 kms. to the south-west, where they will obtain the many horses required to carry all their gear.

The great adventure begins. They start slashing their way with their machetes through the dense jungle. But - no treasure. Not a scrap. However, there is still hope, despite the heat, the snakes, the mosquitoes, and the fevers. Some of the party, and also some of the horses, are already dead, and the survivors are having to shoulder much of their gear. Morale is away down, and still not the tiniest precious stone or gold to revive their spirits. They are beginning to perceive that what once seemed so certain was nothing but nonsense and empty dreams.

And they start to quarrel. And then soon there are only two of them left. All but one of the horses are now dead and most of the gear has been abandoned. So the two of them divide up what is left of the food and the weapons and the money, and the other man heads back for the coast while J.P. still tries to carry on with the enterprise.

Mostly on level and flattish ground till now, the path begins to rise. The forest thins out, and the heat grows less. J.P. feels his strength returning and carries on uphill, till finally the damp, green jungle has been left behind. Far off he sees a volcano and, on its flank, something glittering. Despite the proverb, for J.P. this can only mean ... GOLD! Three or four more days of march and he reaches the glittering thing that is going to change his entire life - a circular object, eight or ten metres in diameter, surmounted by a cupola 1½ - 2 metres wide. J.P. is not too sure what to do - maybe he feels that to approach more closely might be imprudent, to say the least ...

The "object" is emitting a sound - a sort of "*beep-beep*" as J.P. later describes it. He decides to set up camp near by, and watch what happens.

To begin with he thinks of course that it is some new type of aircraft (terrestrial) that has had an accident and is sending out radio signals for help. But nothing comes. Moreover, the "beep-beeping" gradually fades away, and then, one day, it has ceased.

Then J.P. summons up courage to approach. Timidly he touches the rim of the craft with his gun, and the gun sticks to it as though to a magnet. J.P. is scared.

The "object" is slightly inclined, following the slope of the mountain-side, and standing on three supports. He plucks up courage and begins to examine it, and, to his astonishment, finds an opening beneath the disc and a sort of "ladder" with several steps, and, at the foot of the steps, a small being stretched out on the ground. Terrified and almost fainting with shock, J.P. dashes back to his observation point. He is a Spaniard, he is a Catholic, so,

as far as he is concerned *this can only be a diabolical manifestation!*

But then -can the Devil *die!*? No doubt our hero reflects on this question, for, next day, conquering his fear, he returns to examine the corpse more closely. Curiosity has got the better of him.

The being, lying prone, is 1m 10 or 1m 20 long. His head is big in relation to his body. His arms are longer proportionally than human arms. The hands may possibly have had six fingers (J.P. can no longer remember well) and may also possibly have had claws (but of course our unconscious does attribute claws to the Devil anyway).

J.P. no longer recalls what the legs of the being were like. On the other hand he does recall very well that its one-piece garment was torn, and revealed *testicles that were abnormally long, reaching down almost to the level of the knees.*

As for the face, it was rather triangular in shape. The chin was pointed, the lips thin, the nose almost non-existent: two vague nostrils. The eyes were covered with a mask (*and this mask will play a key-role in the story. For J.P. took it to use as proof of his discovery.*)

The entity's eyes were large, "almond-shaped", drawn out towards the temples. There is no mention of hair. He describes the skin as "tending towards yellowish".

J.P. was perplexed. Was this being from our world or from another, ie, a supernatural world? J.P. had no thought in his mind -at least this is what he tells us- about the so-called "extraterrestrial hypothesis". And so, out of respect for the dead, and also as an act of prudence, J.P. buried the "unclassable thing" close by the "object", not forgetting, too, to plant a rudimentary cross upon the small grave.

J.P. decides to remain for a while longer there beside his discovery, which, (as he will realise later) was no doubt worth all the GOLD in the world!

First of all, he tried on the mask. By day, it made everything obscure. But at night-miraculous! The mask reveals to him the infinity of the stars, the immeasurability of the galaxies. This mask, thinks J.P., will be his crucial piece of convincing evidence. He begins to think maybe he will be able to extract some profit from his discovery.

As stated, the "beeps" from the machine had gradually weakened, finally giving place to silence. Once again J.P. dares to examine the disc a bit more closely. The most accessible side of it is the one that is up against the flank of the volcano. So he gets up on it there, with the idea of making a survey of the disc, which seems to be constructed of a metal akin to aluminium. He tries to make a scratch on this metal. In vain.

The cupola intrigues him. Is there a porthole, an opening anywhere in the great metallic mass? And, in fact, he discovers a sort of "plexiglass" window, and through it he sees three more little beings, all dead, all identical with the first one. Facing them is a sort of control panel, with dials and switches. (J.P., no technician himself, gives us only a summary description).

The three little entities are also wearing masks, and J.P. would like to get these, so he tries to smash the "plexiglass" with the butt of the rifle which, prudently, he has with him, but he tries in vain. The transparent

substance remains intact. No doubt, he then thinks, it would be possible to get through the "airlock chamber" to which the little ladder gives access, but he decides to postpone that for another time. The fact of the matter is that he still feels that the "beeps" may have been heard and that they will soon arrive to get the damaged craft running again. But nothing happens.

Then, one day, J.P. finally decides that he really will "take a look inside". He gets to the ladder. He finds the "air-lock chamber" is still open, so he blocks it with a solid log of wood, for he doesn't in the least relish the thought of remaining a prisoner inside this queer machine which scarcely inspires him with confidence. He is obliged to stoop when he comes to a sort of spiral walk (?) (chemin ronde) which appears to be an integral part of the cupola, but he can see no opening that would give him access to the control cabin. **On the contrary, the "floor" is made of a transparent material beneath which, with the aid of his torch, he sees what looks like bones (a detail only revealed by him orally, and much later, and which does not appear in the Report. He will then refer to it as a sort of "cemetery".) He has no idea to whom or what those bones might have belonged - whether they were bones of humans who had been "collected", or of members of the craft's crew that had died en route?**

He feels no desire to tarry longer. He thinks he has seen enough about the "thing", even if he doesn't know its provenance. At that time he had no knowledge whatsoever of the subject of so-called "flying saucers".

So he is now decided to quit the scene. From his scarcely "commonplace" adventure he has at any rate kept the *mask*. Getting back to Caracas, he gradually takes up his old work and finds one or two of his old mates. But, at first he is still hesitant about mentioning his "discovery".

He is still a visitor to the numerous Caracas bars, with their picturesque "fauna". With his rich store of adventures and diverse experiences, he finally does start telling this story of his, and they all listen, interested, but of course sceptical. He would dearly like to mount another expedition to the crashed saucer, but of course he lacks the funds, and in the bars ready cash exists only for drinking.

The Venezuelan Army might possibly be interested, but it would need very solid contacts and a vast power of persuasion to get the Army to set out in search of a mystery object that might exist only in the mind of a sci-fi mythomaniac.

One evening, however, J.P. talks about the mask, the proof of the truthfulness of his statements. And at this point in the evening he becomes aware of the presence in the bar of a tall blond man, -a "Gringo" -assuredly a North American. Now -anyone who says "American" in a Caracas bar is bound to be saying "C.I.A."!

This impression is reinforced by the very particular attention that the stranger seems to be devoting to the story of the **mask** that J.P. possesses, hidden in his room.

And -whether or not this be a coincidence- the fact remains that, two days later, on returning from a night out, J.P. finds his room turned upside down and inside-

out and gone through with a fine comb. No cash stolen. BUT THE MASK HAS VANISHED

From then on, J.P. is convinced of the importance of his discovery, since -as he does not doubt- the C.I.A. is "in" on the job.

Unfortunately, the mask having vanished, he now has only his own word, as an honest man, as a means with which to combat the scepticism of questioners and with which to attempt to raise the funds needed for returning to the site of what may well have been a landed extraterrestrial craft. **For folk are now beginning to talk about this sort of thing, and the descriptions given by other eyewitnesses corroborate everything that J.P. has been saying about "his" saucer.**

But of course his efforts continue to be in vain. Who would dare to invest large sums of money in so risky a project?

So, J.P. decides to return to Europe. He disembarks at Cadiz and there, we learn, he loses his identity papers. He is put in prison for a while [Spain is still under Franco. -G.C.] But he manages to contact one of his old friends from primary school days, Father "X" -the priest in a small village near "O.". He goes to live with his sister, M., as the paternal farm must for various reasons have already been sold -partly family reasons and partly financial ones.

To begin with, he tries to convince his family of the truthfulness of his story. And then later he tries to convince the Spanish Military Authorities. But everybody remains sceptical about the vanished mask. J.P. "blows his top" with rage. His entire life becomes a nightmare ("*una pesadilla*" as he says, in his native Spanish) simply because absolutely NOBODY will take him seriously.

So, once more he makes a decision. He will go to France, where, naively, he imagines they will give more credence to the story of his adventure!

He goes to Nantes, as he has heard workers are wanted in the shipbuilding yards there. Indefatigably, once more, he starts telling people his story, but they regard him as slightly deranged, and the total impression of unease that he displays continues to deepen. All the same, he never despairs. Without doubt, he feels, the French Army will show itself more "understanding".

So our hero loses no time in joining the French Army and there is no difficulty about that, and he sets sail for Vietnam [at that date still called *Indochina*. G.C.] He thinks his luck has come and that some officer will lend a benevolent ear to his tale and that at last he will be able to "capitalise" on his discovery. (As we see, J.P. is not precisely "désintéressé".)

Above all, he hopes that he will now come to be recognised as OF SOUND MIND.

But, alas, he finds no more favourable echo from the French Army authorities in Indochina than he did from all the other folk to whom he had talked about his discovery.

Then he suddenly takes it into his head to get himself captured by the Viet-Minh! But, alas, the open-mindedness of these gallant partisans of Marxism -reputed as it is to be so "scientific"- refuses to go so far as to admit the possibility of any sort of extraterrestrial

life, and so they lose no time in getting rid of this fanatical *illuminé*. *They send him back to where he came from.!*

But now, as before, J.P. is still talking continually about "his saucer", and finally his Captain, who has no complaint against him (officially J.P. is listed as having "escaped from the Viet-Minh prison camp!) *starts to lend a more attentive ear to his tale and gets him to compile a written account of his adventure. To this end, he requests two policemen, both Spaniards by origin, to "interview" J.P. in his own maternal language, so as to avoid any risk of error.* The text is then translated into French, and the Captain hangs on to it, without divulging it to anybody, until the day when one of our LDLN colleagues was delivering a lecture on UFOs in a town in France where J.P.'s former Captain (by now promoted to a higher rank than Captain) was present.

Incidentally, the erstwhile Captain had no knowledge whatever of what, in the meantime, had become of J.P., who had vanished, and was on the official list as a *desterter*.

What had happened, it seems, is that J.P. had been repatriated to France from Indochina aboard the *Pasteur*, the steamer that was serving as the shuttle bringing back the troops after the Viet-Minh's thunderous defeat of the French at Dien-Bien-Phu [a disaster for which the shortsighted Americans, so anxious to bring about the termination of the British, French, Dutch, Belgian and Portuguese Colonial Empires, had contributed in no small measure towards bringing it about. And the USA paid for it later in Vietnam. G.C]

J.P. had "vamoosed" at Suez. He had failed to rejoin the ship there.

It is at this point in the story that the search for J.P. begins. Having taken due note of a long letter which accompanied the Report that had been confided to our LDLN colleague G.R., we decided to go ourselves to "O." in Spain in order to pick up the traces of J.P. In the meantime, G.R. had sent a letter (via one of his other colleagues who knew Spanish) to the Catholic Bishop of "O.", to enquire for the address of that Father "X." who had been a school companion of J.P. And in the end we got an address for J.P. himself -clearly of course a very old one.

This research of ours to find J.P. started, to the best of our recollection, in 1975. We were not entirely sure that we were going to trace him, and indeed it did prove to be very difficult. The street named in the information given to us was still there of course, but apparently the house-numbering had been changed and the old number which we had was not the number for J.P. or for anyone of his family. Fortunately our own knowledge of Spanish sufficed, and my colleague who was with me had the idea to question some of the old people in that quarter of the town who might be likely to have known J.P. and his family.

After lengthy and difficult interrogations, a carpenter (whose own home had managed to escape the destruction which has led to the awful tower-blocks that are held to be such a 'beautifying' element in our towns today) was able to give us the address of Señora "M.", J.P.'s sister.

We had with us several issues of the old Spanish UFO

review *STENDEK* as a means of proving that our own curiosity was confined solely to the matter of UFOs, and specifically to the UFO in Venezuela. It turned out that this precaution on our part was an indispensable one, for a friend of Señora "M." (the latter-named lady was then aged about 50) was very suspicious of our good faith, believing that we were from the French Army *and that our job was to look for the deserter*. Finally being persuaded that such was not the case, our hosts "got out the bottle of friendship and trust" as we say.

And here is the gist of what we discovered in our conversations with them:

After having got back to France from Caracas, J.P. had indeed lost his identity papers, and had indeed been put in prison and subsequently quickly released on the speedy intervention of Father "X.". J.P. appeared to be still very troubled and disturbed over his strange discovery in Venezuela, and often talked about it with his family, who of course displayed interest- but that was all.

Was J.P. capable of lying, we asked them. Or did he show signs of having an excessive imagination? In the opinion of Señora "M." ABSOLUTELY NO. Certainly, she felt, J.P. was "a bit of an oddball", a bit "off-beat", "a bit keen on a binge", etc., but "he wore his heart on his sleeve.... he would have given the shirt off his back for you...."

It was also quite correct that he had gone off to France, taking with him his share of the proceeds from the sale of his parents' farm after their deaths. And they had received news from him in Indochina when he was there, in the Franco-Vietminh War, where he was serving as a soldier. Furthermore, his commanding officers had thought highly of him; he had a good record. He was brave, without being reckless, and described as calm and rather taciturn, apart from when he was telling his UFO story. All this we had already learned from the Report. And his sister confirmed it.

Once "the ice had been broken", Señora "M." opened up a bit more to us. She said that the priest, Father "X.", was still alive, and that she even sees him quite often, for he has maintained excellent relations with this family. We even got his address from her; he is the priest of a little village about 50 kms. from O.

So, two days later, we decided to go there, having of course first made preliminary arrangements. Meanwhile, Señora "M." had also informed us that her brother, J.P. himself, had just telephoned to her from Switzerland, where he is now living (because of his fear of being sought by the French Army- which, incidentally, the French Army has never tried to do.) And she also told us that J.P. would be arriving in two days' time.

We got to the priest's village and easily found his home, an ancient building with strange windows. When we arrived there, at one of these windows there appeared a *duenna* of forbidding aspect, whose initial gesture was to repel us intruders. Fortunately the priest, who must have a good understanding of his old domestic dragon, arrived on the scene and opened up to us the imposing carriage portal of his domain. *The "open sesame" that had secured this was our mention of the name of J.P.*

The rear part of the priest's house looks out over

vineyards. He makes his own wine. And we drink. A man of the modern times, he is in jeans and a coloured shirt. With a ready laugh, and in a lofty and often picturesque style of speech, he told us that he had known J.P. very well at the village school, and was looking forward to seeing him again soon when he returned, and he added that J.P. would get a good kick in the pants if he failed to come over and see him.

And he gave us a description of J.P. that was somewhat at variance with what the sister had told us. It seems that, already quite young, J.P. had the soul of an adventurer combined with that of a dreamer. He had sworn to get rich some day or to die in a ditch. Highly imaginative, said the priest, J.P. avidly read anything and everything that came his way, and he was much interested in scientific discoveries. But, a poor scholar, doing only so much as he chose to do, he never went beyond the educational level corresponding to the French *Certificat d'études* [I gather that this would be at elementary level, around 12-14 at the most. G.C.] The priest also told us that J.P. had had meningitis as a boy and that, curiously enough, instead of weakening his intellectual faculties, it had seemed to increase them. This piece of news aroused some scepticism in us, but anyway we have had to put everything on record.

The conclusion of our host, the village priest, was that J.P. *might* well have invented this flying saucer story with the precise intention of making money out of it. But at the same time the priest also insisted that he did not consider J.P. to be in any way a dishonest fellow. *If he had, he said, then he never would have honoured J.P. with his own friendship.*

On the other hand, he also said, J.P. was certainly competent and hard-working, in both of his careers as a mason and as a pastrycook. [And, as we have seen, his officers in the French Army seem to have had him on record as a good soldier. -G.C.]

In the end then, so it seemed, the priest was not one of those who are systematically opposed to the possibilities of extraterrestrial life. And as he chatted with us, he quoted in this connection Cyrano de Bergerac, and Voltaire and his *Micromégas*. He said that when he saw J.P. again he would make a point of discussing this Venezuelan adventure with him, for strangely enough, it seems that although J.P. was always so keen on finding ears willing to hear him, he had nevertheless never spoken to the Padre about "*his saucer*"! But it may well be that they had never met again after J.P.'s return to Spain from Venezuela.

As fate would have it, we ourselves were not destined either to meet J.P. at O. that year. For in fact on our return to Señora "M." house she told us that her brother was unable to come and was suffering a lot of pain from spinal trouble, for which reason he was now about to enter a hospital in G. But at any rate we now had his address in Switzerland and his telephone number.

For various reasons we ourselves were both unable to go to Switzerland that year.

However, my colleague telephoned several times to J.P. who, it seemed, was at first not over-keen to hark back to his past. Only after much insistence from us, and

after our firm assurances that no publicity whatsoever would be given to our interview with him, were we able to secure from him a commitment to meet with us. This, if my memory serves me aright, was for July 1977.

When we finally did arrive in G., J.P. was not at his home -a modest room above a Spanish restaurant. He was in hospital again, so we went there, but found that he had checked out that same morning. I returned to the Spanish restaurant and left a message for him. Finally, next day, we were able to meet him, at the restaurant, where he was punctually sitting, waiting for us over a glass of beer.

The immediate impression made on both of us by him was good. There was nothing of the weird or "way-out" about J.P., nor of the visionary fanatic; he just appeared to be simply what he was -a retired stonemason bent on ending his days in Switzerland, where he possessed the right of residence (*by no means easy to obtain in that country!*)

In poor health ever since his Venezuelan expedition, he went out very little, except to visit the cinema. He lived among a little circle of friends, none of whom knew anything whatever about his adventure.

He truly did make an exception for us, and was good enough to recapitulate all the phases of his discovery and of his life since - *which he said had been totally poisoned (this was the term he used) by the affair.*

My colleague and I had both read the original Report, and studied it in great detail. *And at no moment, in the account that J.P. now gave us, did he forget any detail except one -and that was the abnormal length of the extraterrestrial's testicles, nor did he at any point fall into the slightest contradiction.*

His tone of voice was even and steady, his smile "disillusioned", but no resentment or bitterness showed through at any point in his account. THEY SIMPLY HADN'T BELIEVED HIM -THAT WAS ALL.

He did a drawing of the disc for us. It seemed to be not quite circular, but very slightly oval. He got quite lively as he told us about the loss of the "mask" which, as he said *would have sufficed* to make his story credible to the Military Authorities.

He said furthermore that he would be able to pinpoint the site of the crash on a map of Venezuela.

Fascinated as we were by what he was telling us, but without minimising the difficulties of such an enterprise, we then asked J.P. whether he would be prepared to act as our guide if we were able to mount an expedition? But then of course there was always the consideration that the affair dated back over 25 years, and that it was impossible to say with certainty that the thing would still be there, on the flank of the volcano, and in what condition!

But in any case J.P. argued that, given his own state of health and his financial situation, and, above all, given his immense desire for a peaceful existence, nothing could have been able to make him decide to attempt such a project.

So here ends our enquiry.

My colleague and I have had much discussion about the personality of J.P. We weren't dealing with a madman,

nor, so we think, with a fraudster. His account rang true in every respect. The man didn't drink. He seemed well integrated in his milieu. (A few discreet questions put by us to the staff of the restaurant confirmed this). What was dominant throughout in his behaviour was *a vast lassitude, a certain sort of disillusioned, disappointed sadness.* As regards his age, he must have already been into his 60s in 1976/77.

[C] FINAL NOTE BY THE EDITOR OF LUMIÈRES DANS LA NUIT.

A VERY STRANGE STORY.

J.P.'s account raises innumerable questions. His alleged discovery of a crashed saucer in Venezuela would have been in the period roughly around 1952/53. In any case, it can only have been well before the end of the war between France and the Viet-Minh (settled by the Geneva Agreements, July 1954). And this point is interesting, because it was *only two months after that*, with the UFO landing cases at Quarouble and Bugeat (September 10, 1954) *that the very first* descriptions of UFO occupants were published anywhere in the French press. Those descriptions, brief though they were, included mention of an alien body-height very comparable to what we are given in J.P.'s story.

As regards the other features in J.P.'s description of the small being, all of them *-with one exception!-* present a striking similarity to countless other descriptions of UFO entities, *of which practically NONE had been published before the 1960s.*

So, if the written Report is indeed from before the close of the Indochina War, then its contents are remarkable, at least as regards the description of the little being. Many years later, hundreds of eyewitness accounts, coming from numerous countries, have largely confirmed that description. In other words, if the written Report dates from well before July 1954, then we cannot suspect J.P. to have been inspired by the descriptions contained in other eyewitness accounts: none of them would be published for a long time yet.

With regard to the one detail that is an exception (concerning the entity's testicles,) *so far as I am aware it has no equivalent anywhere in the literature of Ufology, which, on the contrary, indeed abounds with descriptions of creatures that were apparently ASEXUAL.*

The situation is thus as follows: concerning the physical characteristics of the small entity, we have numerous details which (if the Report is indeed from earlier than the summer of 1954) would be firmly corroborated subsequently, plus this one detail that appears aberrant (and that, curiously enough, J.P. did not mention when he was interrogated about it twenty years ago).

The map of Venezuela shows that, 500kms, to the south-west of Caracas, we are near the upper waters of the River Apure, and in fact not very far from the Nevada de Merida Snowy Range, which constitutes the northern end of the Andean Cordillera (and which also contains many volcanoes). The site of the crash, if it exists, could

thus be located on the south-eastern face of this chain of mountains and approximately in its centre, in the region of the PICO BOLIVAR (Bolivar Peak), 5007 metres high.

If the story is true, then we can probably say that there is no pressing urgency to set out, 43 or 44 years after J.P., to face the snakes and the mosquitos that put his companions to flight. (*Particularly as the "Gringo" in the Caracas bar would hardly have been satisfied with getting only the mask....*)

If the story is true.... J.M.

[D] TAIL-PIECE FROM GORDON CREIGHTON, FSR.

We are told that the Spanish pastrycook came from a place called O. in Galicia, North-Western Spain. That remote corner of Spain contains remarkably few towns anyway, and, so far as I can see, only one beginning with O., namely ORENSE (42°19N. 7°55W.) SO MY BET IS THAT HE COMES FROM THERE.

And, curiously enough, Orense is very close to where Salvador Freixedo now lives. *We shall be delighted to hear what "Sal" thinks about this case!*

As for the town of G. in Switzerland, there are frightfully few placenames in Switzerland starting with G, and only one of them, GENEVA (GENF), is of any size. SO MY BET HERE IS ON GENEVA.

Finally, as for my opinion about this fascinating story, my considered answer must be that I think it is very, very probably TOTALLY TRUE. I say this on the basis of my knowledge of Europe, of Spain, of South America, of the Far East, and of my 58 years of study of the UFO phenomenon since my first sighting, over the Chinese wartime Capital, Chungking (Ch'ung-Ch'ing, or, in the horrible new Commie spelling Chongqing) in the Far West of China, not far from Tibet, in the summer of 1941.

I myself arrived in Brazil (next door to Venezuela) early in 1948, just a few months after the news of Kenneth Arnold's famous sighting in America had burst upon the world in the summer of 1947. And in Brazil it was not long before I began to see numerous reports of UFO sightings carried in the Brazilian newspapers, while further to the south of me, in Bello Horizonte, State of Minas Geraes, a professional colleague of mine, the Italian Consul Alberto Perego, was making his own first fine collection of UFO reports from *his* Consular District, later to be published in several books by him in his own country. (*Today, like so many other pioneers in Ufology -Leonard Stringfield for example- Alberto Perego is never, never mentioned. He is totally forgotten. For me his amazing account of the two huge V-formations of UFOs meeting and halting right above the Vatican, and forming a vast Cross, is one of the most extraordinary stories in the whole of the 52 years since 1947.*)

As an example of the sheer intensity of UFO activity over the entire South American Continent I have only recently republished (in FSR 41/2) a lengthy report from Venezuela that I had issued twenty years ago. Since then, nothing whatever has changed. The merry carousel still goes on, in both Brazil and Venezuela, just as before. You may, if you like, just say: "HOW ABSURD!". *Yes, of course it is all absurd. Did not our great and famous colleague Aimé Michel in France warn us, long ago, that*

the entire business of UFOs and flying saucers etc. is nothing but a farrago of nonsense, a festival of complete absurdity?

So if J.P. tells us that the little chap's "particulars" reached down as far as his knees, I say: "SO WHAT?"

As for my assessment of J.P. -what do we see so plainly, there in Geneva? We see a poor, sad, disappointed, disillusioned chap who has had an experience, and who has for years hoped he might find somebody who would believe him, so that he might make his fortune out of it. (Why not? Quite a few other folk have done so and have made a lot of money. *Many of them not even with a true story!*)

But the years slipped by, and nowhere, in Venezuela, or Spain, or France, or Indochina, did poor J.P. ever encounter a soul who paid the slightest attention to what he was saying until, one day, he met that French Army officer, who decided to have a precise and careful record of the story made. AND THEN, IT SEEMS, THIS OFFICER SAT ON IT FOR TWENTY YEARS, RIGHT UP UNTIL THE DAY WHEN THE REPORT SURFACED AT LAST AT A LECTURE ON UFOs IN A FRENCH CITY.

"Deranged ...mad. balmy" they had all told poor J.P., in Venezuela, in Spain, in France, in Indochina. All of them -except for that Officer.

Can you wonder that, by then, poor J.P. might not himself have been beginning to wonder too whether he might not be "off his trolley"? *Hence his terrible obsession with his story. His need to justify himself, and to prove to the world that he was sane after all!*

By the time that he got to Switzerland however, (seeking that country's famous reputation for neutrality as a shield against the French Army who might be after him) he had clearly quite given up the struggle. He was tired of life, tired of the everlasting scepticism. The two French investigators made careful enquiries among J.P.'s little circle of friends at the Spanish restaurant and around where he lived, *and it seems that not one of them had even ever heard his story!*

He had simply given up.

Doesn't it remind you of the poor little Chinese boy whose story I told in FSR 41/2? THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE HIM EITHER. THEY ALL SAID HE OUGHT TO SEE A DOCTOR.

Basically, the news that we bring is indeed the worst news that mankind has ever heard, so it is not surprising that most folk do not want to hear it. One can scarcely blame them.

But I am also betting that some of the Aliens are themselves mighty keen to propagate this idea that "anyone who believes in UFOs is daft.*

Nothing could suit their programme better! Nothing could be more useful, as the Silent Invasion continues, as the Final Take-Over approaches.

***NOTE.**

One of Salvador Freixedo's excellent books never translated into English, of course, bears the title *LA INVASIÓN SOLAPADA*, "The Underhand Invasion", or "The Clandestine Invasion". G.C.■

THE VANISHING UFO AND THE VANISHING POLICEMEN!

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[On August 8, 1998, Mr. Lance Druce, now residing at Bournemouth on the South Coast of England, wrote to me asking whether FSR had ever published any account of an unusual UFO experience that he had had many years earlier - "some time in the early 1960s". as he thought?

I replied that, so far as I could see, the case was not known to us and had consequently never been reported in FSR. A second letter from Mr. Druce some months later brought further details, and I give below the essence of the story, which is certainly a remarkable one.

Two features in it cannot fail to catch our attention. Firstly, the UFO at one stage proceeded to "vanish" **on the spot**. Over the years we have certainly had a few cases containing "disappearing acts" like this, though *few* they certainly have been. **But maybe, in view of what we have to tell you on page 3 about an alleged experience of President Eisenhower, we ought now to start giving the matter some serious thought!** The second notable feature is of course the reportedly speedy disappearance of two Dorset policemen! If true, that is also highly "interesting", though of course not a bit surprising.

Incidentally, I wonder whether any FSR reader in Dorset recalls a man named "Leslie" who might have claimed to be acting on behalf of FSR? (It might have been Desmond Leslie, but he can't remember.) Or is it perhaps much more likely that he was "*a man from the Ministry*"? (*Or indeed perhaps an MIB?*). G.C.]

MR. DRUCE'S SIGHTING.

"One evening, in the early 1960s I had been on a fishing trip near Weymouth with my brother-in-law Brian

George, and I was returning home with him in his car, an *Austin Cambridge*. Actually I was teaching him to drive at that time. (so our correspondent thinks it was probably early in July.) It was his fourth or fifth lesson, and he was driving, with myself in the passenger seat. The time was about 5.30 pm, broad daylight.

"At a place called Lychett-Minster, close to a pub on the right-hand side of the road called the *St. Peter's Finger* (as shown on the hanging pub sign outside) Brian suddenly shouted 'what's that!?' and himself pointed upwards and the engine began to falter and sputter and ran a bit roughly but did not, I think, quite stop. I put my head down to look up through his side-window, and saw a huge dark-brown cigar-shaped thing with a lot of yellow lighted portoles just hanging there stationary and silent in the sky - not a sound audible from it. (As a crane-driver, used to erecting 90 foot jibs, I probably have a good eye for making such a estimate, and my feeling was that the object was about 150ft long). (See Fig. 1, drawn by witness.)

"We pulled up and got out to watch it, and we were stunned. And all the other cars behind us stopped too and their drivers got out to watch it, and frankly, I was starting to feel nervous!

"I happened to remember that there were a couple of Police Houses about a mile further up the road on the left-hand side, so I told Brian to get up there fast and I shouted to the folk in the cars behind to do so too.

"As we roared off up the road, the 'cigar' moved and began to follow us, and when we had reached the Police Houses it took up position just above them, still silent as ever, and at a height of about 200ft or so.

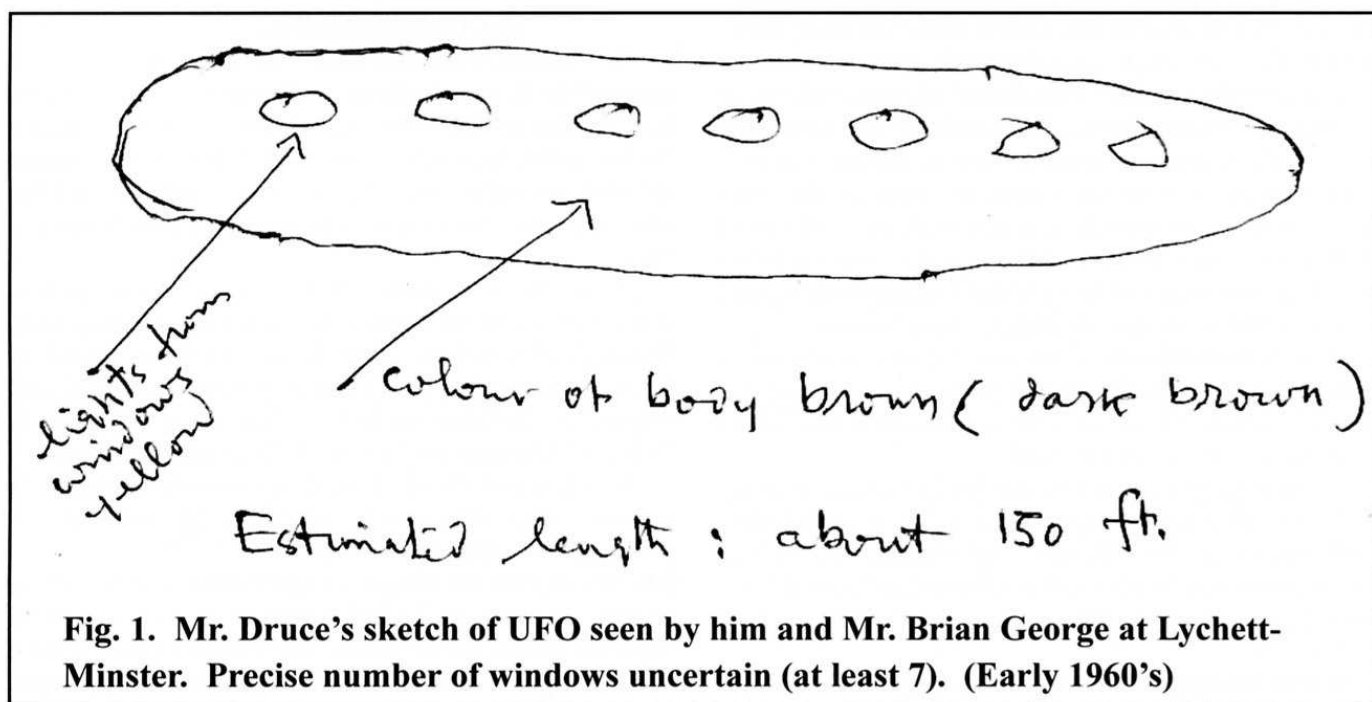


Fig. 1. Mr. Druce's sketch of UFO seen by him and Mr. Brian George at Lychett-Minster. Precise number of windows uncertain (at least 7). (Early 1960's)