



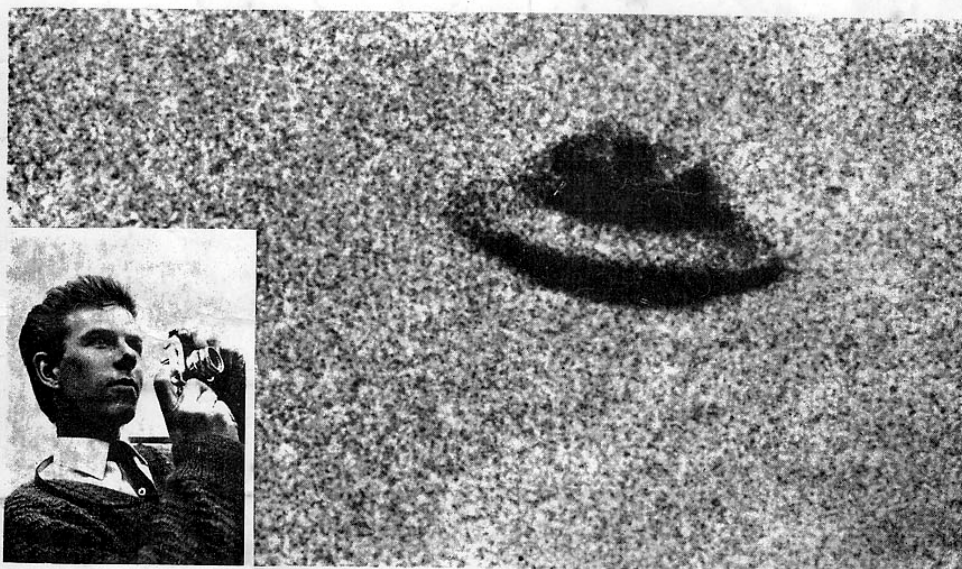
Warminster Newsletter

No.13

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1965 - 1973

(PHENOMENON ENTERS NINTH YEAR)



.....Gordon Faulkner, twenty three year old factory worker, and his 35 mm Halina camera, focused on what could well be the enigmatic Warminster 'Thing'. On the evening of 29th August, 1965, he stepped out of the back door of his home in Warminster. He was going to visit his mother, and was taking his camera along because his sister Caroline asked to borrow it. He shut the door behind him and was suddenly aware of the Thing. 'As it flew fast and low

over the south of town I could just make out the unusual shape. It made no noise. Hurriedly, I got my camera free and pointed it at the craft, but the line of flight was too fast to follow. So I held the camera well in front of it and pressed the trigger as it entered the viewfinder. I did not dream I would get anything on film at all and I was amazed when I saw what came out.'



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WARMINSTER IN RETROSPECT, ONE WORLD ONE TRUTH - SERIAL, LATEST UFO SIGHTINGS, WINTER NIGHT SKY, ARTHUR SHUTTLEWOOD - ARTICLE, NEWS ETC.

KNOCK AT DOORS, LOOK IN WINDOWS.

By Warminster UFO veteran,
Arthur Shuttlewood.

If the majority of UFOs are not physical sky chariots that hail from another planet in our galaxy, crewed by humanoids, but instead are normally invisible cosmic energy forms that transport an advanced intelligence into our atmosphere, then we are in the thralls of a dawning revelation that could stagger our world and mundane thinking.

For, as many are now beginning at long last to realise with more than strong intuition as guiding lines. We are dealing with unknown concepts in science, electrical power fields and concentrated energy streams of vast magnitude, wisdom and age! And these are coupled to spectacular potentials, as anyone who has seen a genuine UFO in flight surely knows beyond doubt.

Based on personal experience in practical on-the-spot research into these phenomena during almost eight years, I have reached certain conclusions, but have had to give up active studies because of failing health. Yet this is a blessing in one respect. It means I can now join the armchair theorists, although with one essential difference in approach. Not bitterly cynical or hyper-critical, not a dogmatist, not indulging in cruel backbiting that characterises those seeking to decry and denigrate the actuality of UFOs - I have seen far too many to dare to link myself to that brigade (I shall attempt to dwell more deeply and earnestly on the varying facets of the enigma in totality).

My main conclusion is that UFOs are intimately connected with people, with the thinking body of humanity having a healthy curiosity about Life and its purpose. UFOs are most likely to appear - materialise is hardly the right term - where love, peace and harmony prevail below their flight paths, among watchers. They respond, I have found and proved, to unspoken yet sincere invitations to show themselves. Those who research at deeper levels than the superficial will prove this to their own satisfaction once the mind spurns fear of the unknown.

To be continued next issue.

Just over eight years ago, on Christmas 1964, Warminster townfolk were awoken to a startling series of events that was to affect their lives in a manner that has earned its title as the 'Warminster Mystery'. World famous and full of surprises the manifestations are still here after eight years. Now entering the fourth, it is worth mentioning the events of that fateful Christmas and the New year. As readers of 'The Warminster Mystery' (Arthur Shuttlewood, pub. Neville Spearman, London), will know, the mystery began with strange roof-shattering sounds and vibrations. Here then, in detail we present the historic birth of the mystery.....

It was 6.12 am on Christmas Day, 1964, as Marjorie Bye made her way to the Communion service at Christ Church, Warminster. She suddenly became aware that the air was filled with a strange menacing sound. The droning seemed to come from overhead and the shockwaves of vibration pinned her, helpless, to the nearby church wall. She suddenly felt jelly-legged and weak, and was trembling with fear. She was immensely relieved when the pressure loosed its hold and the echoes of sound throbbed away into the distance above her. During her experience, Mrs Bye observed nothing out of the ordinary.

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Over thirty soldiers awoke to a thunderous crescendo of noise at Knock Camp, Heytesbury, near Warminster on Christmas morning '64. A sergeant said : "It was as if a huge chimney stack from the main block was ripped from the rooftop and then scattered in solid chunks of masonry across the whole camp area." The guard was alerted, standing by for action, but none developed. The soldiers were unable to find an explanation for the blasting sounds, beyond asserting that they were definitely not caused by any conventional type of aircraft. That the sounds occurred on the day they did, gives much proof against their being connected with military exercises.

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Mrs. Mildred Head, wife of an ex-policeman was woken at her home in Warminster at 1.25 am, Christmas morning. She said, "Our ceiling came alive with strange sounds that seemed to lash at our roof. To begin with, it sounded like twigs brushing on the tiles, and then as though prickly holly bushes were being pulled across it, or like a cat sharpening its claws. It ended up with a noise I can only describe as giant hailstones pelting down with all their might. I lay in bed, badly scared.

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Then I plucked up courage and crept to the bedroom window and looked out. There was no hail or rain about, yet a 'storm' was raging on the roof."

"While it was going on, I noticed a funny humming sound, which grew louder and then suddenly faded away, except for a faint whisper or wheezing. My husband, who is stone deaf, heard nothing, so I let him sleep on. When the noise abated I was still frightened and could not get back to sleep again."

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Mr. Roger Rump, Warminster Headpostmaster, was awoken abruptly on Christmas morning by strange sounds above the roof of his home. "It was a terrific clatter," he said, "As though all the tiles on the roof were being rattled about and plucked off by some tremendous force. Then came a scrambling sound, as if they were being hurriedly replaced - loudly slammed back into place at that. I sat bolt upright in bed and listened. While all this was going on at rooftop level, I could hear an odd humming tone. It was most unusual. This tinkering with the roof lasted no more than a minute I would say." He added that it seemed as though all the tiles were being roughly mishandled, jostled together with abrasive effect before being thrust into their respective niches again. On inspection, it was found that no tile was chipped or damaged and the roofing was firm and intact. (NB Mr. Rump lives close to Christ church, Warminster, address on file - Ed.)

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Ted and Gwen Davies live in a thatched cottage at Crockerton, near Warminster. They run separate shops in Warminster. While having breakfast early in the morning on Thursday, 25th March, 1965, they both heard the flapping of myriads of bird's wings, rustling over the rooftops, crackling round the chimney. Then came a grinding, metallic undertone. "Our rafters shook and the windows rattled," said Mrs Davies, "We thought all the birds in these parts were migrating." Mr. Davies spoke of the "loud clattering from the chimney and the gale force wind". The noises lasted less than two minutes, both estimated. They rushed outside, but no birds wheeled in flight before migrating southwards. There was not a trace of wind.

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On the 28th March 1965, at about 11.00pm, Eric Payne was walking in heavy snow and thick fog, the four miles from Sutton Veny to his home, having just dropped his girl friend at her house. He had reached a point a little short of the bend in the road near Drayton's School at Bishopstrow, when he heard a whistling noise that developed into a loud buzzing. It was not coming from the telegraph wires by the roadside, although it was similar to that kind of noise. He said, "I am not sure from which direction it came. Fog was so thickly banked up by then that it blotted out most of the sky. It was pitch dark, anyway. Then the object made itself felt. It flattened treetops on either side of me, making a tremendous racket. If you imagine a gigantic tin can with huge nuts and bolts inside, rattling just over your head, you will know how it sounded. I looked up to see if it was a low flying plane. I felt great pressure on my head and neck. I lifted my fists to try and push it off, but the pressure was too much for me."

A knife edged wind tore through his hair and burned his eyes. Unable to ward off the invisible attacker, Mr. Payne had his arms bent back by the hidden power of the soundwaves. His eardrums felt as though they were about to burst.

"Before it came for me, I could spot nothing in the sky except a shadow. It was lighter in colour and shaped like an oval dish. I couldn't be sure as the light was very poor. It could easily have been a bank of mist rising, as no aircraft lights or anything like that were visible. But it set up a jarring clatter that no plane could ever make. It was the shrill whining and buzzing which nearly drove me mad. My head was pushed from side to side and I had no use in my arms and legs. The downward pressure was tremendous and I crawled round in the road for a bit, then sank down on the grass verge, which was soaking wet. All I wanted was to get rid of the choking hold the thing had on me. It was like a vice."

When the experience started, Mr. Payne could feel heat and a prickling feeling as though sharp needles were digging into him. Then the soundwaves passed and collecting his shattered wits, he made his way home, where his parents admitted he arrived looking pale and shocked.

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William Marson is a salesman, and he and his wife and baby daughter live in a bungalow in Warminster. This bungalow was singled out it seems for attacks from ultra-sonic blasts. Two aerial attacks came in one May night, '65, when their sleep was disturbed by a great bouncing and bumping noise over their heads. It was as though a load of stones were being tipped against the roof and the back wall of the

bungalow. Mr. Marson said, "I thought tons of coal were being emptied from sacks and sent tumbling all over the place. It all began with an electric crackling."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Marson testified that the bedroom ceiling creaked and the high pitched whining was then heard, quite dwarfing the whispers that preceded the battering. Eddies of disappearing shock-waves left a legacy of a bitterly cold bedroom. In the morning the Marson's expected to find a large pile of stones and rubble outside, but there was nothing. Neither was there any minor damage.

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On a may night '65, having had dinner with her son, Mrs. Haines of Warminster had returned home and was just retiring to bed, as it was fairly late. Then her rooftop was suddenly besieged by a deluge of vibrations. Mrs. Haines sat on her bed, heard pounding, until the soundwaves passed. Having been previously disbelieving of "The Thing", she was now quite convinced of its existence. (NB witness lives in West Parade near Christ Church - Ed.)

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On the 7th June, 1965, Mr. and Mrs. D.B. Goodling and their two children were travelling by car from Wells to Southampton via Warminster and Stonehenge. Said Mr. Goodling: "We pulled off the road just outside Warminster, near Heytesbury for a picnic. We went down an unmade track, probably a hundred yards from the road. At the side of the lane was the abandoned wreck of a car. From this vehicle, and all the fencing posts in the immediate vicinity, emanated a rhythmic thumping, as if from an underground pump of a low-speed reciprocating type. This sensation could mainly be felt by touching the old car and adjacent fence posts, but it was clearly audible from a distance of several yards. There was no building or works to account for the presence of an underground pump in the vicinity. It was the desolate nature of the countryside which caused us to wonder about this odd effect and comment on it."

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On the evening of 10th August 1965, Mr. Hodges was about to take out his wife Phyllis. He was washing up while she got ready upstairs. Suddenly the window shook violently under the impact of a soundstorm... "As though buckets of gravel were hurled against the glass, heavy and rasping," he said, "My wife came tearing downstairs half dressed. She had heard it too. We went out and looked in all directions, but nothing was in sight which could have caused such a terrific noise."

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At 03.45 am on 10th August 1965, Mrs. Rachel Atwill, wife of a R.A.F. pilot was woken by a 'terrible droning sound'. Said Mrs. Atwill, "It made the bed and floor shake. I went over to the bedroom window and looked out. Between the two bungalows opposite, about 200 yards above the range of hills beyond, was a bright object like a massive star. I have never believed in flying saucer stories, but I cannot describe it as being anything else. It was definitely domed on top and was huge in size, an unwinking light of uncanny brilliance. It hung there in all its glory and did not frighten me, but the noise it made did. The strange thing is, not one of my neighbours on this private estate saw or heard anything. I asked each one of them next day."

"When the humming sound grew less, the starry object flickered feebly. The noise then ceased and the object vanished from sight. But the two lasted for about twenty five minutes or more. The noise was the most upsetting for me. I felt there was a tight steel band around my forehead towards the end, and a pounding and hammering in my eardrums. Afterwards I was dreadfully cold and had some brandy and went back to bed."

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On the 17th August, 1965, dozens of houses were rocked on Boreham Field Estate, Warminster, by the impact of a detonation which has so far defied explanation. Said Walter Curtis, "It kicked up such a terrific row that I thought our roof was going to lift right off. It was a huge blast. A whole series of jolts and vibrations were felt underfoot. For twenty seconds or so, it seemed that the house was a ship, tossing in a big storm at sea. From here we often hear the far-off thudding of heavy shells or the rat-a-tat of machine guns when the military are carrying out battle practice. This was no comparison; nothing like that; it was the biggest explosion I have ever heard. It shook all the ground round here. In any case the army firing safety limit is supposed to be at least three miles from our houses, so it is a mystery."

His wife added, "It was as though a gas main right opposite us had blown up. I suffered pins and needles in the legs and toes from the vibrations." Next door, Mr David Pinnell, a shoe factory employee said: "It was 1.55am when the loud bang woke

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so many of us. My wife and I wondered what had hit the estate. I ran downstairs and looked out. I saw a monstrous orange flame in the sky over by the roman earthwork fort of Battlesbury. It was shaped like an electric bulb, round and broad at one end, thinner at the other. By the light it cast I clearly saw the sides of Battlesbury and the ridge of hills beyond. It was much too close to be anything to do with the army. Over the hills hung a curtain of bright light for almost a minute. Then the orange flame dropped out of sight, although it still threw a lighted glow. Our house lights were on and my wife was still up in the bedroom. Then the ring of orange round the hillsides fizzled out like the snuffing of a candle. Then a great ball of smoke came from the direction of Battlesbury floating towards the estate road down by the Dene. It had a funny yellow core at its centre. It crackled and hissed when it touched the grass beneath or brushed against the tree-tops."

Mr. and Mrs. P. Whettingstall, living at another house were convinced the phenomena did not originate from gunfire. "I was in some of the biggest air-raids in London in the last war," said Mrs. Whettingstall, "The explosion was not a bit like you would expect from an anti-aircraft gun. It was more in accord with the dropping of a large block buster type of bomb from a great height. There followed a lot of minor quakes all over this area. You could actually feel the floors trembling. Imagine a several storied house being demolished and bricks and mortar flying all over the place. That is what I heard. It was an enormous bang."

Miss Sandra Horton, in another house, admitted, "I was a bag of nerves the next day; the sky lit up and the ground shook." Mrs. Whettingstall said that a friend who heard the explosion saw a giant mushroom of smoke. She estimated its height as over 150 feet and its breadth as a good 50 feet. She described its "golden heart" as "very large and shining". The puffball eventually settled in the road and gradually dispersed in straggling wisps, the fiery centre burning out as it did so.

No damage was done to doors or roofing on the estate, but window glass was shattered at two houses at least. A further investigation found that no army troops could be adjudged culprits. They were on block leave at the time. Air stations in the area disclaimed all knowledge of the happenings. Mr. Arthur Shuttlewood's suggestion that a rocket launching pad had perhaps swivelled the wrong way at a crucial firing moment, hurling its missile astray, was labelled 'laughable'.

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August, 29th, Gordon Faulkner - See front page for account.

The following account was told to taxi-driver Gerald Francis while he was taking Hospital Matron Miss Eva Godwin to Westbury railway station from Warminster. She was evidently upset. She was middle aged, a very capable lady who has had a varied nursing career with the military rank of colonel which has taken her to Central and South America, Africa, the Middle East and India. At 12.55am on 3rd December, she was awakened by "the crashing of pebbles on the roof."

Stone dropping effects were followed by a thunderous roar, a bombardment that developed into a buzz of high-pitched droning. When she switched on the bedroom light, outer walls and ceiling vibrated wildly. Curtain rails and curtains themselves were flung from mountings, sent jangling to the floor. The weather outside was blustery that night, though not of gale like force. "The ceiling light was thrown about all ways, going frantic over my head. Hoping to get away from this, I rushed into the adjoining smaller room. It was the same in there." The light swung round and round from a writhing cord. Curtain rails and material had finished in a jumbled bundle on the floor, thrust from their window setting by the vibration. Strident soundwaves rocked the room and beat at her ears and she put up protecting hands to her face. She was terrified, not knowing what to do next. The phenomenon lasted for about three minutes and then subsided. Miss Godwin staggered back to bed, but didn't sleep for the rest of the night.

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Adapted from 'The Warminster Mystery', by Arthur Shuttlewood, published by Neville Spearman. Available from 17, Portway, Warminster, Wilts. Price £1.25. For further reading and study of the cases aforementioned and many more, we strongly recommend this book.

(Editors Note :- Due to shortage of space we have had to omit certain cases that occurred in 1965. We have tried to give you what we consider to be the highlight of that particular year. The omitted cases will be of course, dealt with in a future issue.)

Mr. Clive West, the proprietor of a hotel in Cornwall, was driving home with his family along the A303 across Salisbury Plain when they saw what they first thought to be a bright star in the sky. They soon realised that it was not a star for it was accompanied by two red lights which circled it with a motion similar to "a model aeroplane attached to a line." Initially the UFO was about 500 yards from the road and at an altitude of approx. 400 feet, but as they watched the 'star' it came nearer and sank to the ground where it past from view. As it did so it lit up the whole area with its brilliance. The two red lights remained on opposite sides of the 'star' whilst they were circling it but when it touched down they departed skyward. Mr. West has previously worked as a reporter and photographer in news media and has an interest in UFOs. He appealed for other witnesses in the Salisbury area newspaper and as a result another family who saw the objects have come forward.

(Case still being investigated by The British Unidentified Flying Object Research Organisation at time of publication. Ed.)

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WARMINSTER IN RETROSPECT

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Witness : Miss Moreen Butler.

It was 7.40pm in mid-July of 1967 and she was walking along Plants Green, Warminster, a road just off the centre of town. She noticed a low flying aircraft that she first thought to be a plane; but as it drew nearer she was struck by its complete silence in flight and changed her mind, it might have been a glider. When it was almost directly overhead she saw that it was neither.... "The shape of the object was very much like a submarine or cigar, but a little pointed at both sides. The colour was a metal grey and there were no signs of windows, portholes or doors. Its size was what most impressed me. It was enormous, I could estimate it best by the size and height of double decker buses laid end to end. The object appeared to be flying low altitude and at a time I thought it to be about a hundred feet above treetop level.

"However, some time later, when observing large aircraft coming in to land on the perimeter of Heathrow airport, I then realised it must have been much higher up than I first imagined. I had been deceived by its gigantic size. Its speed appeared to be leisurely and I had it clearly in view for around three seconds. The sky was absolutely clear, cloud free, and it was a perfect summer evening," added Moreen, who remembered that the actual date of the sighting was July 17th when she was going on duty that night at Beckford Orthopaedic Hospital, in the eastern district of Warminster.

In the early hours of Sunday morning the 2nd August 1970, thirty six people assembled for a skywatch on Starr Hill, Warminster. The sky had lightened after a cloudy evening, weather improved although sultry and two jerkily moving shapes had been spotted by Arthur Shuttlewood's team. High in the heavens, one moving north, the other southwards, the latter changing direction slightly towards the east before moving and blacking out. A reasonable assumption: One satellite and one UFO. The turning to the east might have finished a clue to the next developments, after Bob and Sybil alerted us.

Bob Strong and Sybil Champion returned to Starr from a recon that they had made of the deserted ghost village of Inber, nearby on Salisbury Plain. They assured us there had been an obvious landing of a fairly large and orange glowing UFO several miles from Starr in the Inber locality. So we tagged ourselves along behind their car as it purred along the main road and along the back road to Inber and Tilthead from the village of Heytesbury. After a few miles, warning notices erected by the army told us not to venture off the metalled road, for the area is the site of unexploded missiles and mine fields. The roads to the village were opened to the general public that particular weekend, army ceasing to operate while former villagers and friends made their pilgrimage to the battered little community now used as a battle ground for street practice and house-to-house warfare of a guerilla type.

We scarcely knew what to expect as Bob halted his car at a tank crossing not far from Inber itself and we neatly parked our cars line abreast on the road facing open country to our right. I travelled with the Rev. Angus Logan, of Glasgow

his wife Christian and Malcolm Bowman who lectures on liberal studies in Yorkshire. Dorothy Gibbs and her son and daughter, from Swindon, had already alighted and being shown the approximate landing site by Sybil. In the advance party were several lads from London and Middlesex, a likeable Lancastrian named Matthias Shields and his wife Stephanie, together with their four toddlers in a semi-sleeping state in a dormobile, hailing from Colne.

First of the thirty six at the scene, we scanned the area, Bob explaining to us the huge size. We saw nothing, although Sybil estimated, "It was about three to four hundred yards away at the most and as large as a house., glowing orange and shaped like a plate bottom, upward." It had obviously blacked out or moved. Our eager eyes probed the darkness. Then our attention riveted on some dancing pearl white aero-forms that no car headlight could match, through binoculars - an uncanny lampshade in form.

In a fairly straight formation at first, they numbered three. Never rising very high, yet one leaping up and down the others occasionally as they followed in a smooth action from left to right. They were astonishingly pretty, petite and memorable. Remotely controlled mini-craft and electronic brains from thinking intelligences on a larger scale spacecraft in the vicinity? We did not know. Or were they the thinking light variety that we once saw a perfect specimen of in Cradle Hill copse? Everyone watching felt a warm glow inside, whatever they were.

In total we counted five of them, after Bob, Sybil and the main party headed for Imber village to get a closer look at the prancing pearls of light and we had to stop at a point a few miles from the road to Tilshed. Two appeared on the left across mine field terrain, identical in brightness and stature to the three forerunners. Bob later reported seeing a spherical light glowing in the trees towards Imber. Malcolm, still with the Logans and myself, logged what we were seeing as one of the light energy forms on the left came nearer to us and turned on edge to become a perfect circle before strangely dipping into the ground and vanishing completely.

We later heard that things had been happening on Cradle Hill too, and there was a sighting of a large aeroform there before dawn broke.

(- Extract from Arthur Shuttlewood's publication 'Key To The New Age', and witnessed at the time by the Editor who was present on that particular night. Favoured by most as one of Warminster's most famous sighting-landing cases and witnessed by many, names and addresses on file -)

A CHANCE TO ASK...

Arthur Shuttlewood a question. Have you wanted to know more about a particular theory, sighting, or just plain ufology. This unique chance is offered to readers for a short period, the questions and Mr. Shuttlewood's reply will be published for you to read.

NB : Sincere requests only please.

WARMINSTER UFO NEWS LETTER is published as an information service for people interested in keeping in contact with unusual happenings in the Warminster district. Available at 10p per issue or £1.10 per 12 issues (monthly). ALL correspondence should be addressed to :

Preston House,
East Street,
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WILTS.