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# Warminster UFO Newsletter

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Presented as an Information Service for Persons Interested In Keeping  
In Contact with Unusual Happenings in the Warminster District.

No. 5

PRICE 10p

THE SKYWATCHERS ARE HERE -

AND SO ARE THE LATEST UFO REPORTS. (PAGE 2)



### UFOs ACTIVE OVER WARMINSTER AGAIN

The heading is not a cliché but a mere statement of fact. Scores of sky-watchers witnessed no less than seven unidentifiable objects from watch points Cradle and Starr Hill on the weekend 8th/9th April 1972. Sky conditions were clear, no moon was visible and fixed planets were easily identified. The sightings are listed below in chronological order.

Location: Cradle Hill, Warminster

Date: Saturday 8th April, 1972.

Witnesses: Neil and Sally Pike, Arthur Shuttlewood, Diana Matthews, Cleeve Stevens, Peter Lawless and party, and the Cambridge UFO society. Local skywatchers Barrie Canner, Andrew Pritchard and Jim Wellings.

#### Account of sightings:

(1) 9.20pm. Large golden ball with faint streamers visible trailing out behind it, crossed the sky at fairly low altitude from North to South; visible for about three minutes. A faint red light was seen in the wake of the object. The speed was estimated to be fairly slow.

(2) 9.25pm. A silver coloured object passed directly overhead from South-West to North East. It was moving at a very high speed, estimated by one of the watchers as between 5000 and 8000 miles per hour, having completed the arc of the sky within two minutes. Both satellites and aircraft were discounted by all present due to great height and speed of the object.

(3) 9.45pm. Object first observed above copse near V.P.5. proceeding Southwards at a low altitude. It was silver in colour, like an exceptionally bright star and seemed to glide comparatively slowly across the sky. It faded out of sight within a couple of minutes.

(4) 9.50pm. Immediately prior to this sighting, an aircraft flying over V.P.5. in a Southerly direction had been observed, its identification lights being easily distinguishable. The object was golden coloured and first observed over V.P.5. travelling in a Southerly direction at seemingly much the same speed as the aircraft. Although the object was closer, when observed by two witnesses, it was seen to be definitely not a conventional aircraft. It was visible for approx 3 minutes.

(5) 9.55pm. Silver-coloured object observed at great height, flying Southwards above V.P.5. Visible for about two minutes. At the end it seemed to hover, then disappeared.

Location: Starr Hill, Warminster.

Date: Sat/Sunday 8th/9th April 1972.

#### Account of sightings:

(6) 10.45pm. Object appeared directly overhead of observation point. Silver in colour, it detached itself from a group of stars and seemed to hover for a few minutes before slowly fading from sight.

(7) 01.15 am. Golden object, circular seen first in Constellation of Cassiopeia by member of Cambridge UFO society. Travelling North West to South East Low altitude, slow moving. Dismissed as army flare or aircraft. Dimmed and 'blacked-out' suddenly whilst in horizontal flight. Duration of sighting 1-1½ minutes. All present agreed on peculiarity of object. Witnesses included: Arthur Shuttlewood, Diana Matthews, Jennifer and William Yeadow from Bath, Roy Fisher, Tony Reynolds and Steven Evans from London, Francis Pullen, John Clark from Cambridge and Cleeve Stevens from Hertfordshire. Photographs were taken of the object by the London group.

THE WARMINSTER MYSTERY

IN RETROSPECT.

DATE: 7th October, 1965. 11.32 pm.

WEATHER: Unrecorded.

WITNESSES: Mrs. Annabelle Plowman and John Plowman.

ACCOUNT

Annabelle Plowman is a confidential clerk for the war department at 27 Command Workshop of REME, Warminster. Twice, within one hour, she was badly scared when apparently coming to within a 'hairs breadth' of physical contact with UFO occupants. She was then Miss Randall, living in Warminster.

In a few days she was due to marry John Plowman of Stockton who was, at the time, Chairman of the Warminster and Westbury branch of the National Union of Agricultural Workers. He was at the time employed at Manor Farm, Stockton. Because her motor scooter was being repaired, Annabelle was driving John's car towards his home on Thursday, 7th October. The time was 11.32pm; as they neared the Skew railway bridge just short of Haytesbury. This is an accident prone part of the highway to Salisbury from Warminster. So they approached the bridge carefully, heeding the double white lines. Then, rounding the left-hand curve, they experienced the first shock of that night.

Annabelle swerved the car violently to its offside to avoid a figure sprawling over the highway on top of the bridge. It was slumped on the nearside paving, with part of the anatomy, legs and feet protruding well into the road. "If I had been travelling at speed, I would certainly have run over his feet at least," she said. "It gave us both a fright at that late hour. I thought it was a tramp, but John said it was more probably a drunken soldier. He thought that he caught a glimpse of a rifle lying by the man's side on the pavement by the parapet."

Mr. Plowman was not sure whether they had entirely missed the reclining form. It seemed to him there was a distinct jolt as they pulled the car out to the right. At his insistence, Annabelle halted the car a few yards further along. John ran back to the bridge, very worried that the man was injured by the impact. Yet no trace of the figure was to be seen—nor any telltale bloodstains marking any injury. The person had vanished. Mr. Plowman searched under the bridge, the side of a nearby hill on one side, fields on the other, and combed the railway embankment thoroughly, before returning to the parked car. Mrs. Plowman said later of their experience, "We knew that the army do quite a lot of manoeuvres around the area, so we dismissed it as troops on exercise."

Said Mr. Plowman, "How did the man manage to disappear so suddenly? He was nowhere near that bridge when I ran back, and that was barely seconds after Anna stopped the car. My search lasted for about twelve minutes."

Further shocks were to come. At about 12.25am Annabelle was returning along the same route, ~~going~~ for her own home after dropping her fiancé at his home. As she was nearing the same bridge again, she saw on the far side a bright orange glow, close by the railway embankment. This was almost opposite the turning off to the village of Norton Bavant, which was on her left as she travelled towards Warminster. "It was a large orange ball. I had changed down a gear to take the bridge, yet the engine at full throttle was missing and conking out. For a moment, as I drove over the top of the bridge, I had the impression of being pushed backwards. My full-beam headlights dimmed, flickering like a candle in the wind. This caused me nearly to hit the bank, with the motor suddenly coughing and spluttering. I literally crept along the short stretch of road towards the left-hand turning to Norton Bavant. I kept my foot down hard all the way. I was almost blinded by the dazzling ball of light to my right."

"Just beyond the junction with the Bavant road, an unlit vehicle was parked. What sort it was I really do not know, apart from it having a circular shape. I could not clearly pick out any discernable features, because the light from the opposite side was so powerful. It was glaring and hurt my eyes, yet cast a haze over the highway. That may sound a paradox, but it is true."

"The object spun out into the road in front of me and my engine stopped altogether. There was no need for me to slam on my brakes, although I did so automatically. I saw red and blue sparks fly from the spinning rim of whatever it was. Then, bright crimson in colour, it flew off at a tangent to my right."

cont/d...



"From the corner of my eye I noticed it blaze a trail in the sky. I do not know whether it disappeared or hovered after that, because I had to watch the road in front. Luckily I did so, as then something even more terrifying happened. Straight in front of me there appeared two people."

"They were right in the middle of the road, one more on my side than the other. I almost bowled them over, having to swerve to the edge of the road on my offside to avoid them I probably brushed against the sleeve or trousers of one, they were so close. To begin with, I thought they might be soldiers on a night scheme. They wore dark woollen balaclavas on their heads. These clung tight and showed only a small portion of their faces. I could see only their noses in fact, and the merest suspicion of eyes, wide-spaced and deep-sunk. They were not wearing Army uniforms. Their clothes were of darkish material, either black or dark grey, and skin tight. From the thighs down the material glistened as though wet, very much like skin-divers or frogmen."

Later Annabelle composed her thoughts and tried to assess the situation. She reckoned the men came from the unlighted vehicle parked on the left of the highway, as the luminous craft had taken off.

"But at the time I only thought of escape. By that stage after the orange ball turned red and flew off - the engine worked beautifully again. I passed the strange men in dark clothing and tore over the brow of a small hill. I had my foot at full pressure and I made for home as quickly as possible. Events like that night I would sooner forget. It was horrible."

Mrs. Flowman did not report the matter to the police as she felt she would have looked "an absolute idiot if there had been an ordinary explanation for it."



Mr. and Mrs. Flowman. (Left) Mrs. Flowman with a UFO sighting.

#### FOOTNOTE

There is a large mill pond near Norton Bavant and Heytesbury, surrounded by dense woodland where a Wilts and Dorset Bus Company conductor has heard strange whining noises on many occasions at the rear of his cottage. There have been suggestions that the 'humanoids' manning many of the UFO's emanate from a planet which has far more water than land content. The dark, skin-tight clothing worn by the two figures seen by Mrs. Flowman and the allusion to glistening wet waders or nether garments, seems to support this particular argument.

Shearwater, the lake on the Marquis of Bath's estate, is fairly deep, long and wide. There is a water reservoir beyond Colloway Clump, another notorious spot in the UFO diary of movements. And a watershed near Cley Hill and Norridge Woods.

*Footnote: The author is indebted to the following sources for information:*

## A PERSONAL TIME AND SPACE WARP ?

by Arthur Shuttlewood.

So far as I am aware, it has happened only once to me over the past seven-plus years of UFO investigation at Warminster. I clearly remember that night in November of 1970, when I strolled up to copse No.3, beyond the military vadette post at Cradle Hill. It was something I cannot forget, indelibly etched on my mind although I have tried desperately hard to discount it as an error on my part.

The sky overhead was quite dark, no stars visible, and I had a torch and pair of binoculars with me. I leave photography to those more expert than I, so carried no camera, co-observer Bob Strong having the three inch telescope and other gear we normally bring with us on skywatch periods.

Eagerly I watched for signs of a break in the overcast heavens, but not even a pale glimmer from a solitary star peeped through a gloomy night after a day of sullen storm-clouds and rain showers. My spirits lifted somewhat when I espied a dancing red bubble of light that careened through the air from the direction of Long Wood to my right and slightly to my rear.

It erupted into vivid red birth as though fired into the black target of night by an invisible trigger mechanism. It settled into an ellipsoid that glowed fitfully before sparking into full life and colour. It was totally unexplainable and contrary to expectations when such poor weather and sky conditions are present. The ovular light came towards where I was standing and was no more than fifty feet above the creaking tree branches. It was zig-zagging unsteadily from side to side in a typical oscillating motion enchanting to watch. As soon as the bright speck appeared at the perimeter of the woodland I logged the time by my pocket watch. It was 11.23pm. Apart from spasmodic sighs from treetops and undergrowth, the air was still.

Yet there was high drama in the atmosphere as I became aware of a strong scent on a newly risen breeze seconds later. It was a sweet-smelling mixture of roses and lillies. Noting this subconsciously, I concentrated my attention on the celestial glow suspended at low altitude not more than 100 yards outward from where I stood. When I walked on farther, the UFO or light-energy form followed aurally, so that it remained the same distance away from me. Then it streaked ahead of me, through the air, casting silvery light in a uniformly even patch on the grass beneath it, the craft changing colour. It alternated gold and white as it sped on its short journey, the aeroform tinged with red and green as its flight rate varied. These factors I carefully noted, for it is rarely one sees a UFO at such close range as this. The falling leaf motion was no longer a characteristic of the aeroform.

Its action, though jerky, was straight and consistent otherwise. I checked my watch again when it vanished from sight; one moment there, the next absent from the dark sky-space. It was now 11.31pm. I am positive I did not misread the time given by the luminous hands of my watch, because I was suddenly conscious that the watch face was lit up by extra brightness. The UFO had reappeared. But it was not in the same sky sector.

In fact, it had moved around to the West quite a lot and was changing colour as it moved more swiftly in a line towards Upton Scudamore. The white-gold alternating pattern, shot with surges of green and red, ceased entirely and the craft became an absolute circlet or necklace of vari-coloured lights, somewhat like a string of burning beads or a whirling catherine wheel type of firework. There was not a murmur of sound when it again stopped.

I shone my torch beam at it, estimating the aeroform to be around the thirty feet mark in overall length to the gaze and some ten to twelve feet deep, possibly a fraction more. It looked solid enough as the flickering necklace of brilliant lights reflected off what to my vision appeared to be a metallic grey outline, with a hemispherical dome straddling it on top. It was while I flashed my comparatively wan shadow of torchlight at it that something odd and unworldly happened. To be honest, I cannot recall with any clarity what transpired next...

In short, I cannot remember if and when it disappeared, or if it continued to hover; or if, indeed, I walked away from that copse area at all. What I do know -with more than reasonable sureness- is that an awful numbing sensation affected my limbs, I shut my dazzled eyes and tried vainly to prop open heavy lids, and felt desperately tired all of a sudden. That is not like me, when observing UFO's. What I was next conscious of, without any doubts niggling mind or memory, was finding myself leaning against the side of the vadette post near copse No.2 and glancing down at my watch, horror-struck. The time was now 12.35am. This was an impossibility! To make certain my eyes and senses were not playing tricks, I shone my torch and ascertained that the watch truly showed this time, indisputably. It staggered me!

cont/d



On strictly surfacial evidence, the UFO had either speeded-up the hands of my timepiece, or I had been asleep while walking back to the road...Neither alternative made sense - and I am definitely no somnambulist, sleep walking no part of my past habits. Yet the fault, miscalculation, error of judgement, unfortunate mistake whatever one prefers to term it, must have been mine, somewhere; unless I had suffered a peculiar personal process of time and space warping? Through my bemused mind shot one thought: I had to be at the white gates atop cradle hill at midnight.

Not bothering to check my watch again when I reached the gate, where my son waited me with the car, I thought no more, then, about the mysterious incident. I apologised to him for being about forty minutes later than the arranged midnight pick-up. He looked at his watch and said "You are not late. It's bang on time." I thought he was being quietly sarcastic, having waited so long for me. No more was said on the homeward run. But the climax of shock was still to come...

Before settling down to sleep, I wound-up our alarm clock on a bedside table. I also, from the force of habit, took out my pocket watch to wind it for it's next twenty-four hour stint. The time shown by the watch was now precisely the time echoed by the clock...Both timepieces registered 12.45am. (And I had enjoyed a warming drink downstairs plus a few minutes by a still-glowing fire, before retiring to bed.) What is more, I found (when rushing downstairs to check) that the reliable eight day clock on the mantelpiece mirrored exactly the time of both watch and clock upstairs, adding to the perplexity of the nights events.

Whichever way I look at it, the inescapable fact is - unless I suffered some form of mental blackout or brainstorm earlier, between Copse No.3 and the range wardens hut - a missing hour is unaccounted for and, to me, remains quite unaccountable although it "turned up" again later! Like the invisible copse walker, the invisible coat-tugger, transparent and neckless giants, it constitutes something totally unbelievable, fantastically so, until it happens.

*~~~~~*

#### Thought for the month

Look not mournfully into the past. It comes  
not back again. Wisely improve the Present.  
It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy  
future, without fear and with a manly heart.

LONGFELLOW.

*~~~~~*

The following account of what could well be a UFO sighting was recieved a few days previous to publication. Although not fully investigated, we thought that it was worth including at this date due to the lapse of time between the sighting and it's subsequent report to the Newsletter. The witness Mrs. D.M. Greenhelgh lives in Corsham Wilts and that is where the sighting took place. Anyone wishing to know more fully about the case should contact us and not the witness.

On January 19th, 1972 at 2.30pm, I witnessed a most unusual phenomenon at Corsham near Chippenham, also seen by my daughter, Janet aged 4 years. At that time I sat down at the dining room table facing the windows to read to her. She had her back against the window. I stopped suddenly in mid-sentence as I saw this huge red flashing light in the sky. (The repeated flashing I had observed for several minutes beforehand from the corner of my eyes and I had tried to ignore them as they were distracting me - but they persisted).

I exclaimed "Janet - look!" and she said "What is it mummy?!" I opened the french window and we stood out in the rain peering up at it. What I first saw appeared like a white puff of cloud with a vivid red glow coming out of the front of it. On closer inspection a silver cigar-shaped object, with port hole like windows appeared suspended in the middle. The object remained motionless in the vapour or cloud, as the latter moved slowly forward, appearing to hover and halt at times, but keeping a completely straight course.

The red light winked in and out at regular intervals every few seconds from the front of the object, not the rear, as though the blast was from a huge furnace propelling it forward, much more intense than the light from a plane. The whole thing was completely silent, and must have been of enormous size - at least six times the size an average aeroplane would appear at that height. I am not very good at judging heights, I'm afraid; but should say it was about middle-distance in the sky, possibly several thousand feet up. I saw all this with a naked eye and  
cont/d

find it strange that none of my neighbours saw it besides me, although I made many enquiries.

(signed) Mrs. D.M.Greenhelgh.

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THE WARMINSTER SOUND ?

At the start of the celebrated Warminster Phenomenon in 1965, strange noises - high pitched whines, vibrations etc. were heard. In the early hours of Sunday 31st April, a Westbury man reports hearing a "constant humming noise" over his house. The noise was sufficient to arouse his dogs. The humming which came suddenly, lasted for approx. 30 minutes, before faintly disappearing.

UFOs-KEY TO THE NEW AGE. by Arthur Shuttlewood.

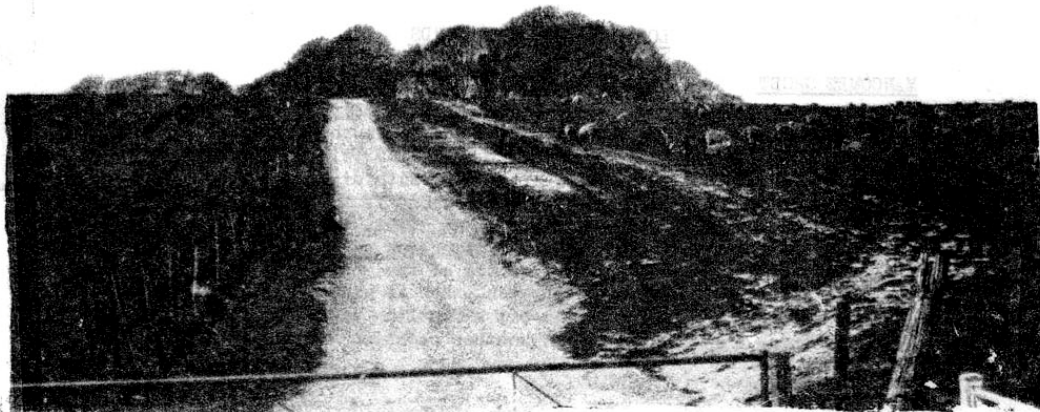
This third book on aerial mystery from the penetrating pen and mind of Arthur Shuttlewood carries the conviction of six years on-the-spot evidence of UFOs in the notorious Warminster area of England. An absorbing and fascinating book, opening all minds.

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4, PRESTON HOUSE,  
EAST STREET,  
WARMINSTER,  
WILTS.





The following letter was recieved from Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hogben of Trowbridge, Wilts :

Dear Sirs,

With reference to Rudy Otters article in UFO Newsletter No.4, I agree wholeheartedly with the gist of his beliefs, but would like to delve more deeply into some of the points he makes.

I realise he is generalising in his comparison of Earth's animals being to us what we appear to be to extra-terrestrial beings. Understandably he is pointing out that the human race has become aggressive and seem to act like wild animals. But we did not create animals as the 'gods' created us. The 'gods' created them. We are not kept imprisoned as we imprison animals in zoos. We are free to move where we like, including space.

Do we regard animals as being inferior?. If we do, it is one of the biggest mistakes we have ever made. Admittedly, Mr Otter did not intend to start an argument about animals, but it is an aspect which has a great bearing on the idea he is putting over.

So the advanced civilisation is too highly evolved to have anything in common with us. Perhaps they are. But I doubt if the human race is too highly evolved to have anything in common with animals. I doubt very much whether animals are inferior to us. Bees, for instance, came from venus - according to ancient accounts, and are still baffling Earth's laws of aviation. They don't belong here any more than we do.

Many animals do belong here. They have evolved on the Earth and adapted to Earths conditions. The ape family obviously belong on Earth; to Earth's plant-life and weather conditions. But the human race has, as Rudy Otter implies, been introduced here, and have polluted the Earth by building, improving and manufacturing unsystematically all over it.

Surely, now we realise this, there is a case for our having some respect for the original inhabitants of Earth. After all, wildlife is an important part of the Earth's natural cycle. When it dies out, Earth cannot live and the human race cannot live here either. It is a case of live and let live.

Incidentally, when one considers the vast number of species of animals, insects, fish, birds etc. on Earth and then we talk of beings on other planets. Surely it is rather narrow minded to presume that there is only one kind of living being on each planet.

Unless of course, Earth is a zoo - but an animal zoo. Are there Dodos and other extinct animals on other planets ?.

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#### LOCAL TALES AND LEGENDS

##### MANCOMBE GHOST

Mr..F. worked as a shepherd until lately on Mr. Stiles's farm on Warminster Down. No one could he get to remain in the farmhouse because it was said to be haunted. The crockery rattled and fell, doors shut of their own account and were only opened afterwards with difficulty, so it was demolished. Some years ago he took a flock of sheep from there to Tilshead, and returned via Imber, where he had a pint at night. When he reached the foot of Sack Hill, a white form came from the direction of Battlesbury, but it had no definite form. It stood in the middle of the road in front of him and remained there until his near approach, when it glided into a copse at the side of a road. There was no wind but a rustling sound came from the copse. The same thing happened to him on another occasion

##### 45, East Street

..has the reputation of being haunted as stated by several persons. In May 1931, Manley was given two incidents by Mrs X who used to live in the terrace adjoining the house. It was about eleven o'clock one night when she was going home, and near the house she could see a woman with long sleeves. The stranger gave her a poke in the back and was asked if there was not room for both on the pavement. The stranger crossed the road...



and then rose from the ground and passed out of sight. Her father was going to work very early one morning and is positive he saw a spectral figure come from the house, cross the road, and disappear up the lane by the posts.

#### Oldfields Ghost, the Buries (Bury House) Bishopstrow.

There is a lane on the east side of the Buries itself, the site of a Roman villa. A ghost, supposedly haunts the lane.

#### Ghost of Boreham Mill-House

There is an odd ghost story associated with the mill house, an unseen ghost who leaves wet footprints on the bedroom stairs on every Friday the 13th. It is reputed that, many years ago, when sacks of corn were exchanged for sacks of coal brought by pack horses from Radstock, the miller was found to be swindling his clients, who then put his head between the millstones and threw his body into the mill dam. The mill house, like Boreham Mill, has been rebuilt more than once, on burnt-out foundations, but the wet footprints of the headless miller still appear on their way from the mill dam, through a now walled up doorway, and up the stairs to the bedroom.

#### The Haunted Coat

An old man of the common who had been gathering sticks for fuel all day, returned home sodden with rain and hung his coat on the clothes line to dry overnight. Next morning when he wanted it, a queer looking ghost was inside, grinning and dancing on the line. On threatening it with a stick the haunted coat glided indoors and became fixed to the ceiling.

Note:- Guernsey fisherfolk burn the clothes of drowned men to prevent their ghosts reanimating them and haunting the new owner.

#### Horses

A place called Vicar's walk at Norton is haunted by a headless, galloping horse at night. The church lane at Crockerton has a similar spectral horse, and Longbridge three, besides the wild hunt at Gun's Church, a barrow on the hill.

#### A Spectral Funeral

At midnight a spectral funeral haunts Bugley finally disappearing down the lane at Blue Ball, a disused inn.

#### Smugglers ?

Longbridge folk used not to venture out of doors at night because of ghostly woolpacks which assailed them - or were they smugglers?

#### The Blacksmiths Ghost

A Corsley farmer one day was driving home from Warminster market when a dark object alongside the road attracted his attention. It proved to be an anvil, which he managed to lift into his trap, and on arriving home put it in an outhouse on the farm. That night the farmer was awakened by the sound of hammering of metal on metal which was so prolonged that he was forced to investigate. His lantern shewed him the ghost of a blacksmith at work on the anvil he had brought home. A missile was thrown at the phantom which thereupon disappeared, overturning everything in its path.

Returning to bed, the farmer was faced with the ghost at his window, and later with renewed hammerings. After several visitations of this sort, the ghost eventually left the place and soared away over the top of Cley Hill. Note:- This is but a small part of the story whose narrator died before it could all be unravelled. The ghost might safely be identified with Wayland Smith, who was at first the Norse hero Weland and a blacksmith afterwards. His kinsman THOR, god of thunder and patron of Thursday, was another favourite in pagan England.

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## ANGEL HAIR AND UFO BEADS

In my last book, UFOs - Key to the New Age, I postulated that angel-hair (reported as dropping from the air, evaporating after a short period) may be a form of plankton that is equivalent to the Manna referred to in the Bible. This was only an inspirational guess on my part, but someone who has not read my book, Mrs. Margaret Harris Browne, of Crawley, Winchester, wrote the following to me on October 5th 1972:

"I am just reading with great interest The Warminster Mystery and am reminded of a mystery which I noticed a few months ago...Living in a farming district, one often sees various forms of substance on the roads, but what I saw was like seaweed in round patches all up a country lane.

"I was not very interested in this peculiarity until I found two of the 'patches,' about four inches across, in our garden. The next day I turned one over with a trowel. It was the same on the underside - and the dogs were not interested in them.

"The next day I told my husband and, when we went out to look, it had all vanished. I am still puzzled as to what they were and where they came from; and why they all vanished leaving no trace. I wonder if anyone else has ever seen anything like this?" she added. Rather odd, of course, but no stranger than hundreds of ovular glass beads, incredibly hard, which landed in the drive of a Devon farmhouse a few years ago. One was given to an optician friend of mine, Owen Roberts, who is also a chemist. All the other 'beads' were confiscated by the local police. The farmer, returning home one evening, found the flashing beads scattered all over his drive, some on outhouse rooftops. My friend gave me one for analysis....

I tried simple tests myself, finding it tough and unyielding. It was egg-shaped, a tiny bauble a half-inch long, transparent, small red centre to it. Stupidly, I entrusted it to the care of a scientist who promised to take it to London laboratories for complete testing... I saw neither bead nor the scientist again. Warminster friends will verify this story.

Arthur Shuttlewood.

## **Wingless—and as long**

### **as four buses**

DR. VALERIE FELTOE is a general practitioner in Bournemouth. Whenever she gets the chance, she drives the 50 miles to Cradle Hill to join the skywatchers.

"I was up here a few months ago, and watched the Army sending up flares," she recalled.

"As soon as they stopped, I saw a bright white light of tremendous intensity rise up over a wood.

"It made no noise, al-

also saw something strange in the sky.

"It was an immense noiseless object, cigar-shaped, and a sort of metallic grey," she said.

"It was about as long as four double-decker buses laid end to end, but it had no windows or port holes, tail-

er wings. It was flying very low and slow, but it didn't cast any shadows as it passed overhead."

though it was very close to me.

"Whatever it was, it was not like anything I had ever seen before."

And Maureen Butler, a 29-year-old nursing sister, of Mendip Close, Warminster,