

Warminster UFO Newsletter

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

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1965 = 1967 = 1969 = 1971 == 1977

COUNTDOWN

The Significance of August 27th 1973

Planet Earth now hovers on its axis between the ever-growing surge of new enlightenment and awareness, and the downward rush of materialism; the continuing hostilities between our divided races and the encroaching dangers of science flying temporarily off balance as man steers it in the wrong direction.

Into motion, has been set, the scheme for the re-development of our world. The appearances or the 'signs in the skies' over locations such as Warminster, and the personal experiences allied to them, if the truth were known, are in actual fact pointers towards this stage in time. The manifestations have 'sought out' certain people. By their very appearances, they have caused a certain portion of mankind to look upward and inwardly thus helping them to use the facility of expanded consciousness so that they may be prepared.

It is widely predicted that between 1973 and 1975 something very spectacular is going to occur that will change the whole course of mankind upon this planet. It is already evident that new enlightenment is flooding in to many minds, we are already aware very much of the hostilities around us, of war, hate, pollution, over-population etc.

Certain locations around the globe were chosen as Centres in which the Awakening processes could be put into motion. Places where people would be drawn, sifted, and switched-on.

On Christmas Day 1964 the quiet little town of Warminster was chosen as one of these centres. Why Warminster? The reason, not important. The town lies on the verge of Salisbury Plain a vast barren expanse. Nearby, rockets at Larkhill, RAF Secrets Establishment at Boscombe Down, Bacteria at Porton, derelict ruins of Imber, once a beautiful village taken from the people by the Army for war training purposes. All reminders of our war torn age. Warminster lies between Glastonbury and Stonehenge, Fourteen Leys or more (alignments of prehistoric sites) meet at Warminster. The town has long been a cradle of ancient religion and mysticism. Even the name is said to derive from 'the place of waters where the blue Sky-God was worshipped in a green place.'

Every other year around August 27th, something spectacular has occurred. For example:

AUGUST 26th 1965: At Shearcross, Crockerton, Nr. Warminster at 9.15pm Mr. Mrs John Kirton of Clifton, Nottingham witnessed a "Winking red light jiggling both up and down and back and forth rather swiftly losing height."

AUGUST 27th 1965: The Public Meeting was held in Warminster Town Hall in an attempt to re-assure the people of Warminster that there was nothing to fear by the UFO manifestations.

AUGUST 29th 1965: Gordon Faulkner captured the first photograph of the Warminster "Thin," which made centre pages of the Daily Mirror. The same evening at 9.40pm four senior boys from Swindon High School camping on wasteland near Warminster Central Car Park reported to police of seeing "a bright orb of light over the downs, dividing into two portions."

A year passed, nothing being reported in 1966 around this time of any notable significance. UFOs were manifesting themselves in the skies nightly over Warminster. People were becoming very much aware that something was happening and were visiting the centre to find out. The subtle Plan had been set into motion. The Key was about to be turned.

writing for the Daily Mirror (circulation 5,000,000)

WITH thirty years as a journalist behind me, I am chief reporter and Editor of the Warminster Journal, selling about 4,000 copies each Friday, yet avidly read by more than the town's population of 11,000.

Frankly, I'm a very tired editor at present after eight of the most hectic months imaginable in a country town. Used to a working week of 60 hours, this has soared to an average of over 85 during the past month alone.

Why? Because of the Incredible, Sensational, Stupendous and Fantastic THING!

And I use these glowing terms deliberately... I've been itching to do so ever since the first Thing story broke on Christmas Day.

Weird

Look at this picture. It was taken by Warminster factory worker Gordon Faulkner last Sunday week. I think it is the only photograph of The Thing.

But the story really began all those months ago.

Weird crackling noises in the early morning sky turned an ordinarily normal and pleasant mother into a frightened human.

They came overhead, a peculiar droning accompanying them, then seemed to descend on her savagely, pushing her back against a wall, leaving her jelly-legged.

THE same morning Warminster's head postman, level-headed and rational Mr. Roger Rump, heard the same noises, too.

"Just as though our rooftop was being roughly battered—as if the 5,000 tiles were being ripped off and loudly slammed back into place again," was how he described it.

Pace

Among the dozens of early pieces of evidence came reports that dead mice had been found in gardens of affected houses—bodies burnt and riddled with holes.

The pace was hotting up and I frequently worked long into the night, some reports pouring into my phone receiver at between 2.30 and 5 a.m.

Then came the first sightings of unusual sky objects.

A VILLAGE vicar and his family therapist reported "a glowing cigar shaped thing having a black circular patch or aperture at the bottom."

A retired factory

security man and his wife saw "twin red hot poles hanging downwards, a black space between."

A good 70 per cent of all visual reports since then have particularly stressed "huge eyes in the sky" or "car headlights glaring down."

Having seen Mr. Faulkner's remarkable, almost awe-inspiring photo upside-down, I now see what these people meant.

All "eye" features and characteristics are decidedly there clear to see!

ALTOGETHER I've dealt with 100 pieces of evidence in less than nine months.

Mr. Emily Rees, G.D.C. chairman, my wife and I dealt with thousands of questions hurled at us about The Thing.

Soared

These came from hundreds of surprise visitors from the States, Italy, Germany, France and Britain.

The town's population of 11,000 soared overnight to over 18,000, hundreds of cars parked in the country lay-by for miles around, hotels, restaurants, pubs and clubs choc-a-bloc with guests or callers in search of The Thing or new knowledge.

WARMINSTER is near Salisbury Plain with its Army training centres. And there are several airfields

—as well as the aero-research station at Boscombe Down.

But all the military authorities deny any responsibility for the strange phenomena.

A random spot-check of public opinion I carried out among 100 people told me that 15 per cent think it feasible we are under aerial survey from another planet.

Most of the others feel this "absolute rot."

Truth

Often battered, bothered and bewildered by the longest, most baffling, most persistent and bizarre news story ever to hit Warminster headlines, I can only now record that some sections of the populace are frightened, very worried over The Thing's visits.

And they want to know the truth about it.

OPEN MINDED at the start, completely unbiased one way or the other in "flying saucer" contentions and details, writing objectively throughout as a reporter is trained to do to inform his public correctly, what do I think about The Thing?

After these months I can honestly say now:

So far as I'm concerned, it really is OUT OF THIS WORLD!

It's an effort to admit that, too.

The man who took it

YOUNG Gordon Faulkner stepped out of the back door of his home. It was the evening of Sunday, August 29.

He was going to see his mother. And he was taking his camera because his sister had asked to borrow it.

He shut the door behind him... And suddenly he saw "The Thing."

This is how 23-year-old Gordon, a factory worker, described what happened:

As it flew fast and low over the south of the town I could just make out the unusual shape. It made no noise



GORDON FAULKNER

Hurriedly I got my camera free and aimed. 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 view-finder.

I didn't dream I'd get anything on film at all. It shook me rigid when I saw what came out of it all.

Gordon sent the picture to the Warminster Journal. He thought the editor would scoff.

But he didn't scoff. THIS WAS A SCOOP. And the camera? It's a Halina 35 mm, which cost less than £10.

It was focused on infinity at 1.56th sec.

Last (expert) words..

ARTHUR SMITH, the Mirror Science Reporter, writes: "It is one of the best photographs of a saucer ever taken, but the lack of any knowledge of the size or distance reduces its scientific value to nil. Many pictures like it have appeared in the United States—most of them faked. The Warminster picture is in a different category—but there is no way of solving its mystery."

And Air Reporter Peter Harris comments: Sorry, but this picture is just too good to be true. I don't say flying saucers—or "things"—CAN'T exist. Just that this picture does not convince me.

The events in 1967 here at Warminster centred very much around Arthur Shuttlewood. Shuttlewood is a former Grenadier Guardsman, member of the Air Ministry Constabulary, was once a Warminster Urban Councillor, and has been a professional and trained news observer for well over twenty years. He faithfully reported the events that had been occurring since Christmas Day 1964. Already having an inclination, in 1967 he was to have irrefutable proof of the important role he had to play in the series of events. On AUGUST 26th 1967 he gave an excellent talk to over 200 people in the Tudor Room, Caxton Hall, London.

AUGUST 27th 1967: Arthur Shuttlewood arrived home in the early hours. Lying in bed he had a vision of a very special person. Arthur only describes him as having long hair flowing gently down to white-robed shoulders, parted in the centre from the crown and a rich copper beech red colour. Face and eyes - 'glorious eyes!' - truly 'out of this world.' Violet-blue, glowing lamps of eyes, beautiful and blazing a mute appeal: unlined skin a soft pink; great majesty and strength, a noble spirit, in the set of the high yet broad forehead, slightly jutting outward over finely chiselled features. A brilliant light was shining from around him, illuminating the room. Further confirmation was to come to Arthur Shuttlewood.

AUGUST 29th 1967: Arthur describes what occurred whilst skywatching on Cradle Hill on the night of August 29th:

"After a positive landing of a cone-shaped UFO that dropped like a stone into the copse atop of Cradle Hill, before veering immediately to a final resting place about 1,000 yards away and near a second wooded belt to the right, as can be supported by over two dozen people with that early morning, I advised on-lookers to stay at a safe distance while I explored the area.

"The landed ship was shooting out beams of bright light from a conical and revolving rim. It will tax the reader too harshly if I recount exactly what happened some three-hundred yards from the glowing UFO and "whom" I spoke to hear a rustic gate separating two large fields. I became terrified soon afterwards, in spite of the re-assuring meeting.

"The spaceship blacked out after six minutes and I went along by a hedgerow skirting the edges of both copses. Walking back I was struck by the utter silence, night birds ceasing to trill around me. I passed the second copse and for a few seconds stopped to glance up at the stars.

"I placed a hand on the top of the bordering hedge to steady myself as I stood on a low bank. My thoughts were wildly disturbed, shattered by what happened then in the count of not more than ten seconds. Right above my head came the sound of gigantic bird flapping leaden wings. It was a heavy thumping noise, so ponderous that the whole hedge trembled under my palms and my hands were lifted by the sheer vibratory power pulsing beneath them. Imagine the downbeating thrust of the wings of a swan in flight; this aerial intruder was a thousand times as large and disquieting. I felt my hair blown into confusion by this blasting pressure and swayed on my heels by the rocking of the hedetop. The phenomenon passed, my eyes saw nothing to mark the winged monsters flight."

It is evident that the events, in the bi-yearly countdown, should centre around Arthur Shuttlewood. Already deeply involved with the manifestations at Warminster, Shuttlewood was shown his true purpose. It is interesting to note that he has never once revealed the exact nature of his actual contacts - this leads one to conclude that the experiences were of a strictly personal nature for the purposes already explained.

As the countdown continues the events heighten in intensity. Meantime, more and more people are being awakened, the Plan continues.

In the Autumn of 1967, Police, Army, Ministry of Defence, UFO Societies, Press etc are besieged by hundreds and hundreds of UFO reports over the United Kingdom, significantly many of the UFOs took on the appearance of 'Flying Crosses.' 1967 was a crucial point in time. Never before had so many UFO reports been made in our history as in that year. These were the signs in the Skies.

Once again in the Count Down, a further lapse of two years.

AUGUST 27th 1969:

Skywatcher Chris Trubridge, onetime regular skywatcher to Cradle Hill, takes up the story of the events at this time.

"....there were thirteen of us on the hill. At about 10.10pm a bright light like a bush burning was seen in the direction of the West Wilts Golf Clubhouse in the spot known as 'Kidnapper's Hole', - this was first noticed by Arthur Shuttlewood and I said to him 'let's go over and see'; Arthur was not all that keen as most of the group were elderly and it meant crossing a ploughed field, so Bob Coates and I ran on in front."

The light petered out when the two were about half-way (two to three hundred yards) from it and Robert Coates tells us:

"When we had got half-way and the 'burning bush' had petered out, we noticed this light in the sky above and in the same line of sight as the Golf House."

Both agreed it was an orangy colour - the same as Mars, which at first they thought it was, until it was realised that Mars was away over to the left. Chris continued:

"....Mr. Shuttlewood had gone back to let the others know about the 'craft' in the sky which was joined by a second craft, but Bob and I carried on to this particular place where the 'burning bush' first appeared. - I was the only person who saw the 'humanoid' and the clothing was in fact reflected not by torchlight, but in the moonlight. - there was almost a full moon that night. Bob was some way behind. The figure had something like a gold sash round the neck and chest. The hair seemed to be on the fair side though it was difficult to tell...."

Between the 'burning bush' going out and the figure appearing, both Chris and Bob's attention was distracted by the light over the Golf House - this gradually moved and when it went 'into the moonshine' Chris's attention was brought back to the ground which was when he saw the figure - there was a short time lapse between the 'burning bush' going out and the figure appearing. Chris goes on to say that the red light moved over Cop Heap, round in relation to Lords Hill and disappeared over Battlesbury Hill. As it was over Cop Heap a second and smaller light appeared above and behind the red one, keeping pace with it till they disappeared in the direction of Stonehenge. But to return to the figure: Chris said:

"I was about 100 feet away from the figure when I saw it, - there was no movement except that as I watched it the figure raised its right hand."

Bob here raised the point as to whether it might have been to shield its eyes from the torchlight, - he was carrying the torch, which had rather a weak battery, was some way behind Chris and did not himself see the figure (he was looking at the red UFO). Chris definitely stated however, that it was not a movement of this sort and stressed again that what he saw was by moonlight not torchlight. Chris went on:

"....then I felt scared, turned and ran, and cannoned into Bob, saying 'lets get the hell out of here'. Bob of course did not have the slightest idea of what he was supposed to be running from, but nevertheless ran back over the ploughed field with me to the rest of the party where we were both questioned and given coffee."

Chris and Bob were questioned closely by the rest of the watchers that night. No words were exchanged at the confrontation with the figure. Bob is six feet tall. Chris thought the figure to be a good foot or more taller than his companion. Long, dark-gold hair fell to the shoulders of the figure. It had bright eyes, colour not determinate in the lighting, and a 'rather feminine' set of features in a not unattractive face.

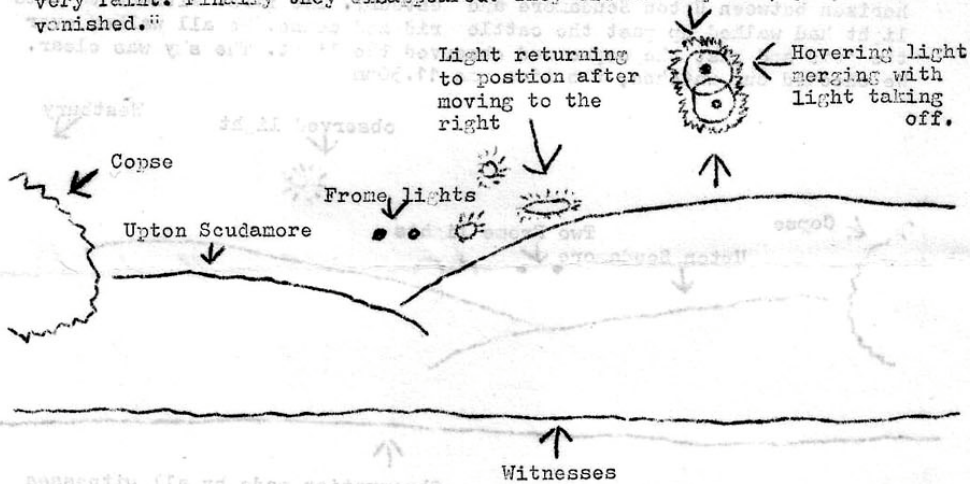
It was the first of the full Moon and everything now stood out frosted clear, the copse silhouetted starkly against the starlit sky. What bravery and calmness - and cool effrontery - the stranger showed in face of all these factors! Deduction? He intended to be seen and came in a spirit of fearlessness because he hoped to make contact.

"There now commenced considerable activity from these lights. The landed light rose and descended several times. Sometimes quite high, sometimes just off the ground. The hovering light above and to the left of it remained stationary but on occasion moved slightly towards the light on the hill and away again.

"The other three in triangular formation broke, and bobbed about singularly with great activity in a very tight area of operations until re-forming into the original triangle. The bottom right hand light of the triangle moved to the right. It changed shape from circular to oval remaining amber in colour, to its former position and shape.

"At this moment an army truck full of soldiers tore up the hill towards us with power full headlights blazing. (The reason being some vandals on the road up to Cradle Hill had been creating havoc on Farmer Gales land)

"At this moment the most astonishing thing happened. The landed light on the hill suddenly arose in a blaze of light appearing much bigger, amber coloured still, but with a white centre. At the same time the hovering light above and to the left of it also became brighter, bigger, amber still but with a white nucleus. The hovering light descended and merged with the rising light, stayed for about three seconds then pulled away. By this time we were in a great state of excitement and were yelling at the army truck for the lights to be put out, but the soldiers were piling out demanding to know what we were about. They eventually drove off. The activity of the lights was now very diminished and were very faint. Finally they disappeared. They did not fly off, just simply vanished."



Rachel and John made a visit next morning in daylight to the same position in order to ascertain whether there was any higher ground behind the observed hill. There was nothing, only clear blue sky. Two local persons living on Warminster's Broadway Estate also reported seeing UFOs on this particular night.

Why was the 27th missed in 1971? Appearances on the 26th and a spectacular series of events on the night of the 28th when NINE were present. The event that did occur at Cradle Hill on the night of the 27th was the UNITY amongst those on the hill, a great contrast to the usual little 'elite' groups that often congregate.

These five pages have been primarily devoted to presenting factual evidence, already published in various works, in order to confirm conclusively that a bi-annual, re-occurring pattern is manifesting here at Warminster.

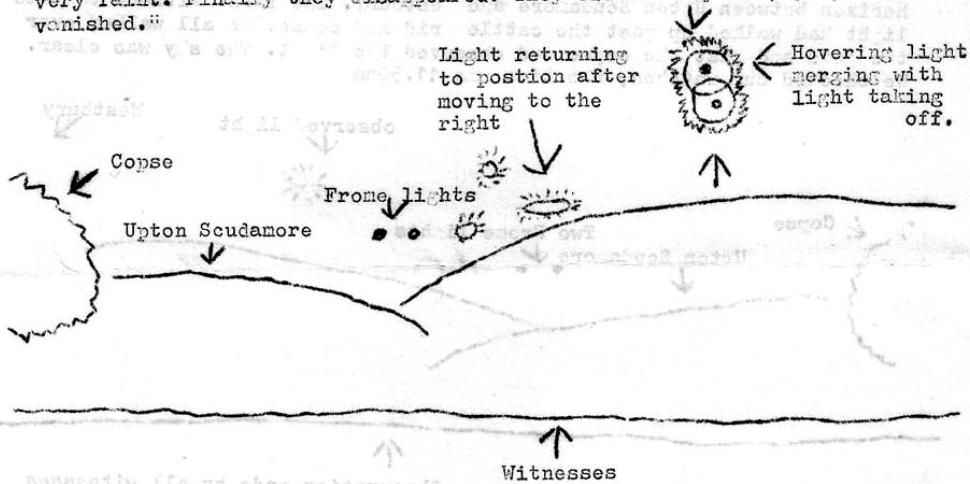
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