

March 1971.Warminster Visit.

Whilst on a camping holiday at Warminster last August I made it my business to contact Arthur Shuttlewood, since I had read his books and heard so much about him. I met him on Friday August 6th. at 9.30pm. I introduced myself and stated my business - to get first hand information about UFOs.

Arthur took me up to Cradle Hill, after first stowing a flask of tea and some home made sausage rolls in the car.

There were about six other persons present when we arrived, Arthur introduced me round, and with all formality gone we got down to the serious business of sky watching. There I stood with a compass round my neck and telescope in hand in earnest anticipation of what might be in store for me.

On the crest of the hill were two five barred gates, one opening out into a field which led to the copse, the other led onto the military road which runs from their camp in Warminster across the hill to the ~~military~~ firing range and Imber village, which is deserted and used by the RAF and Army for training exercises.

Upon learning I had a compass, Arthur asked me to check both gates for magnetism, he told me to set the compass on true North on top of the gates, then without altering the alignment to take a reading from the middle of the gates and also one at ground level. This I did and was amazed as were some of the others present, to find I got three different readings. The difference between the gate top and ground level gave, or very nearly so a 90 degree westerly swing from true North. This I was told was due to the magnetic force fields which run in lines across Warminster. The theory being that these magnetic lines, and the two white horses and Stonehenge, which form a gigantic triangle and are equal distance apart, are a link as to why Warminster has so many strange happenings and the reason why so many UFOs are seen in this area.

What little breaks there were in the sky were slowly but surely being blanketed over by increasingly thick cloud banks, and by now there was a distinct chill in the air, since there didn't seem to be much happening UFOwise, I teamed up with two other young chaps, one I knew as George, who came from Liverpool, the other I didn't know, or couldn't remember his name. We decided to walk down as far as the firing range, which is about a mile from Imber, and also out of bounds to civilians, it is not advisable to disregard the warning notices, since the road to Imber has been mined and the Army and RAF had been shelling and bombing on the range most of the week at night; although all was quiet that night. We walked as far as we could, which I would say took us a good ten minutes steady strolling. George began to tell me about the mysterious footsteps very often heard along this road at night. I gathered from the way he talked he was a regular visitor to Cradle Hill, coming down every spare minute he had and sometimes when he hadn't. He had, so he told me, made several sightings here at Warminster and had also heard the strange footsteps, I remember Arthur mentioning them earlier on and how once he had and several others had been put to flight by them.

It was obvious I wasn't fated or lucky enough to experience anything of this nature, because all was silent except for our voices and the occasional bleating of some sheep in a field near Cradle Hill top.

At 1.45am. we decided to call it a day and return again at night, since it was now already Saturday.

Several squeezed into my old jalopy and wound our way down into Warminster where I had the job of delivering each to their different destinations in town. It was around a quarter past two when George, who was also under canvas, and I got parked on the camp site.

Saturday August 7th. 1970.

I took my son George with me this time, the other George had already gone when I set off, upon arriving at Arthur's abode we found that he had also gone early, so we made our way to find Cradle Hill, and after a couple of wrong turnings we eventually arrived at our destination. Arthur was there to greet us and after more introductions we once again settled down to stand and sky watch.

There were a lot more people present this time, possibly 20-25, I couldn't really tell because it was fairly dark by now.

There was quite a racket going on in the copse, lights flashing, people making cat calls and weird noises, this went on for quite a while, then things quietened down.

I was talking to Arthur and another chap called Malcolm, also his wife, when several people came down from the copse, walked past us and climbed into their cars and were away. Arthur remarked about the people in black and asked if we had noticed how these people were dressed, quite frankly I didn't, I saw these people leave but didn't think very much about the incident. After Arthur's remarks I did look more closely at the people around us, but couldn't find anyone dressed in black, this I was able to do in the light of torch beams flashed on at various intervals by some of the younger amongst the party.

After about 20 minutes another group came down from the copse, consisting of three young fellows and a girl. This time as they passed us to get in their mini car I did look more closely at their dress, and thanks to some one in our midst, who made this comparatively easy by conveniently shining a somewhat powerful light on these four persons, I did notice the fellows were dressed in dark suits, the girl was in a dark blue or purple two-piece and her hair was black or very dark brown. Whether this has any significance I wouldn't care to say, but Arthur seemed pretty sure they were sent to try and scare us off or at least upset us enough to disband. Anyway we stood our ground and continued looking, the sky now, at least overhead had cleared sufficiently to see the stars quite easily. At about 1.30am. we spotted what looked like a rather large star, somewhat larger than a first degree or (Alpha), moving a little to the left of Arcturus, in the constellation of Boöts, the tail of the Plough or Ursa Major, was pointing S.W. The colour of the object was as far as I could tell orangy/red, no pulsations or noise could be detected. I got the 'scope focussed on it but couldn't make out any shape other than a round marble-like object. After watching it for about 30 seconds in which time it changed course at least four times, making 90 degree turns, more like something that moved in straight lines, when it disappeared it just faded out. We were rather jubilant and spent the rest of the time discussing what we had seen, another group who were prepared to stay the whole night said they had seen five objects, but I must admit I only saw the one. Arthur and two other chaps gave their belief that "they" had a space station in this part of the sky because they had seen considerable activity in this particular area over the past weeks. How true this statement was I wouldn't know.

At 2.30am. we decided to call it a day since the clouds were now beginning to build up again like they had done on Friday night, and although we looked with more enthusiasm we didn't see any more movement or activity.

We said our goodbyes to those who stayed behind to carry on the good work, and crammed as many as possible in my waggon and set off to do my distribution service once more, we dropped Arthur at his home and I thanked him most sincerely for his kindness and vowed to return again next summer - '71. Richard Thompson.

The Return Of The 'Things'. Flying Saucer Revival, by Judson Bennett.

Twice in recent weeks mineworkers in the Australian desert town of Meekatharra, 500 miles north-east of Perth, have seen weird orange and white objects in the night sky. The 'things' they claim, have hovered and hissed above them.

Now worried miners have even warned their bosses that they will down tools unless steps are taken to solve the mystery!

Nor have these been the only sightings in Australia of late. There has been a sudden, dramatic increase in the number of reports of flying saucers... and leading experts of saucer phenomena believe Australia will go into 1971 as the world's latest Unidentified Flying Object centre.

If it does, as seems likely, the all too-familiar pattern of sustained UFO activity over one country at a time looks all set to be repeated. And scientists are worried, for no one has yet come up with a satisfactory reason for this state of affairs.

To be continued next month.

World Population.

As of July 1, 1970, the world's population was an estimated 3,550,000,000 persons. That represented an increase of 72 million in one year, an average of about 200,000 persons a day!