

12 issues \$2

SEARCHLIGHT

Vol. 3 - No.12

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08901STRANGE CONTACT AT WARMINISTER

A normally quiet community of 10,000 persons in Warminster, England has been constantly terrified since Christmas day of 1964 when a mysterious object hurtled women and children to the pavement after having been stricken by a strange powerful-force from above.

The "Thing", as it has been described, makes horrowing sounds and causes icy chills to run up a persons spine. Animals have been injured by the "Thing" and strange noises in the dead of night have been attributed to it.

On one particular night a terrible explosion ripped the air and a strange orange light appeared in the bedrooms of many residents. Those who ventured outside in their night clothes said they observed a cigar-shaped object hovering in the sky; with a glowing core in its center. Dozens of windows were reported shattered by the blast which the Royal Air Force could not even attempt to explain.

Now our good friend, and author of two books on the Warminster mystery, Arthur Shuttlewood has written us about a new report from this vicinity which includes an actual contact with the occupants of one of these odd unidentified objects.

"13 people were in our skywatching party at Cradle Hill, Warminster, on the evening of Wednesday, August 27th, 1969. My team mates, Bob Strong And Sybil Champion, left the hill at 9:30 p.m. after we had been observing for about an hour. They went off to Starr Hill, another well known viewing point.

"This left 11 other persons, including several Americans. At 10 p.m. the attention of several pairs of eyes were caught by what can best be described as a 'burning bush' about 600 yards southwest of our vantage point."

Upon seeing this, two of those present, Christopher Trubridge and Robert Coates immediately tore across the intervening land, after climbing over a high gate. The others followed at a more leisurely pace.

"The burning effect died on the ground and we were instantly aware of
(Continued on Page)

"SNOWMAN" SEEN IN AMERICA

The counterpart of the Tibetan "Yeti," has once again been reported from several areas of North America.

In Canada recently two backwoods-men told a startling story of coming upon a camp of "Sasquatch" and their narrow escape from these creatures who seemed interested in kidnapping them.

In Fort Worth, Texas in July, 1969 "a half man, half goat thing with fur and scales" that looked to be all of 7 feet tall threw an automobile tire at a group of curious residents who had gathered to watch his activities near Greer Swamp.

One witness, Jack Harris was driving alone at night when he heard a strange squalling. The creature jumped across the road in front of his car and disappeared into a wooded area.

2 skeptical deputies arrived shortly after and by that time an additional 35 to 40 persons had been rounded up who had either seen or heard the creature. Skeptical at first the deputies later backed their patrol car up into a tree in an attempt to leave the area after hearing the creature's wailing noise for themselves.

All those who saw "him" agreed that in height the creature was 7 feet tall and was in the neighborhood of 300 pounds.

Harris told reporters for the Fort Worth Star-Telegram that the thing "walked like a man but didn't look like a human. He was whitish-gray and hairy," Harris stated.

In recent years similar sightings of these weird looking "beasties" have come from Michigan, California, Wisconsin, Mississippi, Florida, Arkansas, Delaware, Georgia, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Virginia and West Va.

On a recent Tonight Show appearance, author Ivan T. Sanderson stated that he had received several reports which indicated that these "Snowmen" (used for lack of a better name) were actually crossing the Canadian boarder into the United States along with the deer.

We here at SEARCHLIGHT are building quite a file on these "beings" and would appreciate any reports-from any source-that our readers might be able to contribute. - T.G.B.

GHOST IN THE HAUNTED ROOM

BY: T E D O W E N S

Some years ago I experienced several weird adventures in Mexico, which I will never forget, and never understand.

I had driven the long road across the Mexican desert from Texas down to Mexico City in an old Chevrolet. My purpose in going to Mexico City was to act as bodyguard for a lovely blonde girl trying to escape from a brutal man in Los Angeles. She paid me handsomely to deliver her to Mexico City, and I did. However my real adventure began on the way back. I stopped over in Durango, Mexico, just at dusk, and asked a policeman on the street, in my conversational Spanish where I could rent rooms for the night in some place other than a tourist trap. He told me there was an old palace...which was not for tourists...but which he felt sure I would like. I thanked him, followed his directions, and entered the gate to the grounds of the palace. It wasn't really what I would call a palace, but was indeed a huge mansion.

I was greeted by a gentleman in formal dress, with smooth, impeccable manners, who looked askance at my gringo attire...suede jacket, scuffed shoes, camera around my neck. But in a moment he smiled, and told me to enter. He showed me to a suite of luxurious rooms with a high ceiling. And he told me to bathe and freshen up, that dinner would be served below in the dining room in an hour.

When I went down to the dining room I was amazed to find that I was the only guest, seated by myself at the end of a long, regal, glistening table. The meal was excellent...steak, salad, wine - and while I was dining this personable man stood nearby, ready to call the young waitress for anything I might want. And we chatted. He told me this mansion had been built up again from the ashes of a palace which had stood during the days of the Inquisition. The Spanish nobleman who owned the palace had to run for his life in the middle of the night, assembling his family and hiding his collection of fabulous jewels, and his gold and silver, at the bottom of an old well. Then, as the family fled, they put the torch to the palace, and it burned to the ground. Much later, the new mansion was constructed over the old site. Many had tried to find the secret entrance to the old well, and the treasure, but all had failed. But there was more. In one room of this mansion a ghost...a shimmery, moving, seemingly intelligent white cloud in a form somewhat like a human, had been seen to appear by maids, servants, and various guests. The ghost always appeared in, or near, one certain room.

Well, as you might imagine, I was fascinated, intrigued. I had, some years before, attended Duke University and participated to some extent in the parapsychological experiments there. I had even tried my hand at being a spirit medium for the studies at Duke. So I suggested to my host that we assemble some persons in this haunted room later in the evening, at midnight, and see if we could attract the ghost. The gentleman stroked his chin, thought about it for a while, then excused himself. He returned with his wife and told me that four others besides himself would volunteer to accompany me to the haunted room for the experiment. Well and good. I poured some more wine, lighted a good cigar, and patiently waited for the others to join us.

At midnight we were all seated in chairs inside the haunted room, which was an old storeroom high up in the top of the mansion. We locked the door on the inside. Our only light was a flickering candle on a table. Two of the group were an old crinkled-faced Spanish woman and her son, in his twenties, who spoke both English and Spanish and who attended a college in the United States. At first I asked them to be quiet, then called for any incorporeal spirits which might be there, to signal us in some way. Perhaps by loud raps or knocks. Then the candle went out. We lighted it again and I had an inspiration. I asked my host if he would like to try to find the hidden treasure on the grounds.

He nodded. I explained that I would hypnotize the old Spanish woman and ask the spirit to guide her to the location of the treasure. It worked like a charm. She went into a somnambulistic state, rose, went to the door, unlocked it, and began descending the dark stairway, with us following. She led us down to a old, long discarded fireplace, and stood there, pointing at the fireplace. We thumped the walls and the floor trying to find a

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PHOTOGRAPHS - ILLUSTRATIONS - FEATURES

printed entirely by photo-offset. Quarterly

\$2.00 per year

Sample Copy 60¢

Makes checks, Money Orders payable to:

Gene Duplantier (Dept. SL)

17 Shetland St., Willowdale, Ontario, CAN.

hollow space, but could find nothing. So I woke her, and we all went back up to the haunted room. I went through the same process, and the same thing happened. The old woman went back downstairs, to the old fireplace and pointed. We gave up, and the seance ended. I went to my suite and had a wonderful sleep.

It was here that the marvelous thing happened. I packed my things, now ready to take them out to my car and resume my trip on the long long road across the desert to San Antonio. But, I recalled that up in the haunted room I had seen a very beautiful oil painting, full-size, of a nude, reclining. So I took my camera and went up to the room. I took three shots of the nude painting, then, for some reason that didn't make sense, turned around and made pictures of the rest of the room, and the balcony outside. Finally, feeling satisfied, I went down, assembled my belongings, got into my car, and took off.

That night, at dark, a terrible storm came up, rain poured down and lightning crashed. I pulled into a lonely filling station where only a small boy, about 12, was on duty. He filled my gas tank, put in some oil, and then took me into the station to cash my bills and give me change. He had just handed me my change when a gastly look came over his face. I turned and saw that a strange-looking, strangely dressed man had entered the station. Another man stood just outside the door. The boy warned me, under his breath that we were in great danger. I stuck my right hand down inside my coat, as if I had a pistol there. The man spoke in rapid Spanish to the boy, who cringed. I figured that quick, bold action was needed on my part, so I talked loudly to the man, saying nothing that made sense, deliberately, hoping to confuse him. At the same time I gestured with my left hand toward my coat pocket, stuck out my finger like I had a gun in the pocket, and edged around the man, who had taken out a knife and was eyeing me intently. I backed to the door, pushed aside the man who stood there, and ran through the dark to my car. The men did not chase me and I drove off as fast as the old Chevvy would go.

I drove all the next day and into the night. The next morning I pulled out a blanket and decided to get some sleep. The last thing I remember is the hot sun beating down on me. When I awoke I had no idea where I was. My hair stood straight up. If there is one thing I fear, it is spiders. And around me, forming an exact circle was a ring of tarantulas. Huge, hairy things - each larger than my hand. They made no move toward me, nor to break the circle. I estimate there was about 20 of them. Then I did another foolish thing. I leap up, grabbed my blanket, and took a great jump over them. Later I discovered that any one of those tarantulas could have leaped clear over me. I jumped into my car and took off, not even half knowing what I was doing at the time.

Everything was in a haze. I had no notion what day it was, what time it was or even what I was doing. Finally, I came to a bridge. I looked into my rear view mirror. Nothing behind me, and nothing ahead of me. So I slowed down and prepared to drive across the bridge. Again, that is all I know. When I came to I was lying beside my car, with a hazy recollection of having been snapped backward and forward with terrific force inside the car. I picked myself up, and discovered a pickup truck behind my car. 2 men were seated inside it. They didn't speak. They didn't even look at me. I figured they must have hit me from behind, but I had checked my mirror and no vehicle had been on the road. It was like being in a dream. I said nothing to the men, they said nothing to me. I got back into my car and drove ahead as if nothing had happened. In several hours I reached San Antonio.

For some unknown reason I drove to the Conrad Hilton and asked for a room, despite the fact I didn't have more than \$20.00 on me. The bellhop took me to a floor high up in the hotel and threw open the door on a swank suite that couldn't have cost less than \$100 a day.

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* NEWS SHORTS
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* Harold Salkin, Washington's leading UFO researcher recently returned from South America where he appeared on several outstanding TV shows. He reports to us that sightings are at an all time high in Brazil, Peru and Argentine.....
* Paul Twitchell, soul-traveler and spiritual head of ECK-ANKAR created a near riot in a Czechoslovakian city while on a European tour, with the spirit phenomenon of Soul Travel - being in two places at the same time. According to The Roynost, a leading Czech paper, Twitchell appeared on the steps of the St. James Church and caused a riot of youths taking part in a demonstration. The police quickly broke up the crowd following the manifestation which was witnessed by many. They were shouting the American born mystic's name when the police arrived. However at the exact time of his appearance on the steps of St. James he was in his physical body delivering a lecture to a leading Spiritualists group in England. We have both the Czech clipping and the English program to prove this astounding feat was accomplished by Paul Twitchell.....
* Dr. F. Regis Riesenman, prominent Washington psychiatrist believes that in the future our astronauts will be able to communicate by telepathy to trained human "sensatives" who will replace the conventional ground control apparatus of NASA.....
* Jeane Dixon's latest book "MY LIFE AND PROPHECIES" is just out and already is on the best seller list.....
* Mark-Age is offering a free copy of "Visitors From Other Planets" to our readers. Their address is 327 N.E. 20th Terrace, Miami, Florida. Best to you Mark and Yolanda.

Before I could turn around and ask him why he had taken me to this room he had vanished.

Everything from that point on is a blur in my memory. I recall getting undressed and falling into bed. I recall somebody bring me hot soup and something to eat. And I sent someone out with my pictures taken in Durango to have them developed. Days later I awoke in a different room, a small room. My pictures were on the dresser. I picked them up. Good shots of Mexicans on their horses out on the desert... little children on the streets in Mexico City. Then I came to the Durango prints. Every photo I had taken in the haunted room had a black, shadowy figure, manlike, in it. It assumed different poses and shapes, but no matter where I had pointed my camera in that room, that black figure was somewhere in the picture. Standing in the middle of that beautiful nude picture, was the tall shadowy shape!

Years have passed now. And as Ted Owens, "P K Man", I have become famous for my ability to communicate with UFO intelligence and PROVE it. Last summer at Brewer, Maine, I took some pictures in a mirror in an empty lodge besides a lake, and when the prints were developed THERE WERE THE FACES OF CREATURES IN THE MIRROR WITH ME! Thus, peculiar phenomenon has happened twice in my life. These photos taken in Brewer are published in my book HOW TO COMMUNICATE WITH SPACE PEOPLE.

Looking back at the Mexico adventures, I now believe that during my long lonely trip across the desert I was captured, taken over, by UFO creatures (for what purpose I don't know) because my memory and mind up until I went to sleep on the desert that night were crystal clear. Who were the two men at the filling station? Who were the two men in the truck? What did the circle of spiders mean, and why didn't they attack me? How did I get the rich penthouse apartment in the Hilton Hotel? These are all questions I still can't answer. But since those days my mind has miraculously gained astounding power, until just recently I was accepted into Mensa, an international organization that will admit only those people into its group whose minds, register in the top 2% of the general population.

Did the SI's do something to my mind, out there on the desert, to increase its power, for their purposes? Yes, I am sure that they did. And only time will tell how this mental power increase on my part will be used to help bring about whatever it is the SI's want to bring about.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We still have copies of Mr. Owens recently published book: HOW TO CONTACT SPACE PEOPLE. Each copy sold through us will be charged by Mr. Owens. Copies are available from our 3 Courtland St., New Brunswick, N.J. mailing address. Price is \$4.95 - TIMOTHY GREEN BECKLEY)

STRANGE CONTACT AT WARMINISTER - Continued From Page 1

a large orange ellipsoid that hung stationary over the top of a lighted house at low altitude - we estimated somewhere around 100 feet at the most. It was glowing and immobile for a good 3 minutes... It was enormous!. It moved slowly, sedately, throwing off a bright and fitful halo around the main body of the craft."

Shortly after, they heard cries coming from the field, "and tearing toward us with ashen faces and trembling limbs were Chris and Robert. Something obviously unnerved and upset them both.

They drank hot coffee to recover from shock and shattered composure. Then they blurted out an amazing story of a near encounter with an unknown entity. When they reached Kidnapper's hole they saw the flame or 'burning bush' peter out; and in its place was a tall figure dressed in a tight-fitting black suit that had a sheen reflected in their torchlight.

"A gold-colored 'sash' was around its neck and shoulder, winding about the waist. No words were exchanged at the encounter."

Robert Coates is six feet, one inch tall. He thought the figure to be a good foot taller than him. Christopher confirmed this. Long dark hair falling to shoulders, bright eyes and a rather "feminine" set of features, in a not unattractive face, the lads felt. The "visitor" did not move - but they, overcome by fear, could not approach nearer than about 30 yards from it.

And although nothing more of the strange UFO-naut was seen at the same time Bob Strong and Sybil Champion were watching 2 UFOs glide gently overhead from their point near Starr Hill.

Why all these sightings around Cradle Hill and Warminster? Arthur Shuttlewood says; "We are inclined to believe from available evidence that there exists a 'gate' or 'window' which allows 2 dimensions to converge, meet, and - who knows - even communicate. What our scientists might term a time warp."

In closing his exclusive report, Arthur comments. "Of one thing we can be certain: Warminster is a place that will be remembered for many years to come for its sheer consistency in UFO sightings and landings. It could be that - whatever is designed by a superior intelligence to happen in the future this town will be a focal point of any big cosmic operation affecting our planet. Love and trust, not suspicion and hostility, may be the key to the entire UFO mystery...."