

# THE WINGED BEINGS OF BLUESTONE WALK

The original account of Mrs. Jean Hingley's January 1979 experience at Rowley Regis.

*Eileen Morris*

THIS is a report of Mrs. Jean Hingley's experience which was alleged to have happened in January 1979. I have met her and her husband a number of times; I have been to see them, and they have been to my house. I am convinced Mrs. Hingley is telling the truth, and she is anxious that the account is exactly as she remembers the event. She has read this version that I have prepared from my notes and is satisfied that it is accurate. I have typed out the main part of the story, but I suggest that any in-depth investigation could reveal more facts.

Mr. Hingley came to the Midlands from Kent, and he and his wife are honest, hard-working people. What the strange beings were I suppose we may never know, although they do seem to me to have been like elves. In all my reading on the subject of UFOs and all kinds of encounters I have never before come across any beings with lovely "rainbow wings."

A necessarily brief version of the story appeared in public for the first time in *The Dudley Herald* of January 12, 1979.

## Jean Hingley's story.

ON the morning of January 4, 1979, a cold dark morning with snow on the ground, I had the strangest experience of my whole life.

I live in a small council house in Bluestone Walk, Rowley Regis, near Birmingham. The house is one of a number on a small estate surrounded by waste land and quarries. We are near Hailstone quarry and our road is named after the Bluestone Quarry. We, my husband Cyril and myself, have lived here for nine years. We have an Alsatian dog, Hobo, who is two and a half years old.

I work at a factory making sound proofing for cars and my husband is employed at a Cement Works.

The house has a small front garden and a small lawn at the back about seventeen feet by eleven feet. There is a carport at the end of the lawn and a shed. A door opens to a road at the back of the house.

At seven o'clock on January 4th my husband was going to work by car and I stood at the back door to wave him off. Hobo, our Alsatian dog, was by my side.

When my husband had gone I saw a light in the garden and thought, "Cyril has left the light on in the car port." I went down the garden to the car port but saw that the light was switched off.

As we turned to go back to the house I saw an orange light over the garden which gradually turned white. It lit the whole garden.

We went into the back door of the house. Suddenly with

MRS. HINGLEY'S account of the unusual experience which befell her was taken down in shorthand notes and carefully transcribed by our contributor in March 1979. I feel that the report is so freshly and easily written by Mrs. Morris — it needed very little editing — that it stands in its own right as an excellent introduction to the case. I gather that a UFOIN report is being prepared, and this should no doubt be available to researchers in the usual way in due course.

EDITOR

a sound like Zee. . .zee. . .zee. . . three "beings" floated past me through the open door. They glowed with a brilliant light and seemed to float about a foot above the floor. As they floated past me into the lounge I saw that they had wonderful wings. I was so terrified that I grabbed the steel sink in the kitchen. I couldn't speak. I was frozen.

I looked at Hobo. He seemed to "hobble" to his drinking bowl, swaying from side to side. His hair was sticking out all over like a hedgehog's. Yet usually Hobo is afraid of nothing. He seemed as though he was drugged. He just flopped down and lay on the floor, stiff, with his eyes open.

I felt as though all the blood in my body had drained out through my toes. I was paralysed. My mouth was wide open. I couldn't move or speak.

After a while the fear seemed to leave me. I felt as if I were lifted up. I wondered what was happening to me. I felt as if I were a different person; as though I was in Heaven although I was still at home. I seemed to float into the lounge. I held the door but my feet didn't touch the ground. The doors were wide open and it was a bitterly cold morning but I felt warm. All the downstairs lights were on as it was dark outside.

I could hear the little artificial Christmas tree shaking but the light was so brilliant that I had to cover my eyes. The three "creatures" seemed to read my mind. It was like a light or an X-ray penetrating my mind.

When I took my hands from my eyes I could see. They seemed to have turned down the light that surrounded them. There was a glow round their heads. I could see them clearly. They were shaking and tugging at the little Christmas Tree. There they were — three little slim "men" in silvery-green tunics and silver waistcoats with silver buttons or press studs. They were about three feet six inches to four feet high, all alike. Their pointed hands and feet were covered in the same silvery-green, and they had pointed caps on their heads of the same colour and



**Based on a rough sketch by Mrs. Hingley: one of the three "visitors" who were all alike.**

with something like a lamp on top. They had transparent "fish bowl" helmets over their heads which rested on their shoulders. There were no eyebrows or ears to be seen.

Their faces were waxy white, corpse like, and they had "black diamond" eyes. I don't know much about precious stones but that is how I would describe them. I didn't notice their noses. Their mouths were very thin.

Their wings were wonderful, large, oval-shaped and glowing with rainbow colours - red, violet, gold, blue, green — but more beautiful than our earthly colours. The wings were covered in dots like "Braille" dots. I thought of "Joseph's coat of many colours." Our colours seemed like "chemical" colours compared to them.

They were floating round the lounge touching everything — the Christmas cards, the clock, the radio and all the furniture.

At last I could speak. I said: "Three of you and one of me. What are you going to do? What do you want with me?"

Each of them put their hands to their chests. They pressed their chests with their pointed hands and seemed to manipulate the buttons. A "bleep" sound came from each "being's" chest then the voice came from the chest. The mouths never moved. They all spoke together: "We shall not harm you."

"Where have you come from?" I asked, and they said: "We come from the sky."

They started to shake the little Christmas tree again and

the little fairy fell from the top. I still seemed paralysed. I couldn't move to pick it up.

I said: "We put up a tree at Christmas because we believe Jesus was born then." They said, "We know all about Jesus."

They were looking at the Sunday papers on the table. There was an Honours list on the front page. I said, "Those people have been made lords." They said: "There is only one Lord."

They looked at a picture of the Queen, and I said, "You should go to the Queen or go to see a real lady." I wondered why they came to me as I am just a working woman. they said, "You are a lady."

We have a large lounge with a corner unit couch. They sat on the couch and bounced like children. I said: "Be careful of my furniture," and they stopped.

When I spoke sharply they put the light up, so I thought I had better be friendly with them. They were only small but they seemed to have power in their bodies that might have harmed me.

My eyes still felt sore from the bright light but I felt happy with them. They looked at me with friendly eyes, I thought. I said: "I can't call you 'creature' so I shall call you 'gentlemen.' I started to say, "Nice to see you! Nice." They replied: "Nice."

When they floated about the room their wings fluttered gently — there was no sound. When they moved through the open door to the hall they folded their wings behind their backs like pleated fans. They circled in the hall then floated upstairs. The doors to the upstairs rooms were closed and they floated down again.

They picked up the tapes for the tape recorder and looked at the packets of cigarettes on the sideboard. There were bottles of whisky and sherry on the sideboard as it was not long after Christmas. I asked: "Do you want a drink?" They said "Water" three times. I went to the kitchen and fetched four glass of water. I put them on a metal tray. I thought I would bring one for myself as well — to show that it wasn't poisoned — and to drink with them to keep them company. As I came near them with the metal tray I could hardly hold it. The tray seemed to be magnetised towards them. I put the tray down on the table and each of them picked up a glass when I lifted mine. They seemed about to lift their masks but when they saw me watching they put the "power light" on. I didn't actually see them drink but when they put the glasses back on the tray the water had gone.

They said: "We have been to Australia, New Zealand and America. We come down here to try to talk to people but they don't seem to be interested."

"Shall I tell people on earth about it?" I asked, and they replied "Yes."

They said: "We have been here before," and "We shall come again." Another thing they said was, "Everyone will go to Heaven. There are beautiful colours there."

They seemed to put a light on me to draw out the words that they wanted to hear. I was stuttering with nervousness. I was talking about politics and women going to work and said "It's a man's world." They seemed interested and excited as though they were listening and understanding. I told them I had not been to chapel for a year or two as chapels had pop groups and guitarists these days and I didn't like that kind of service.

"There is no need to worship in synagogues," they

said. I didn't know that word until my husband told me later that it was the name of the Jewish place of worship. I said: "The bible is hard to understand," and they seemed to know what I meant.

I told them that I had looked after foster children for seven years and at one time I had looked after thirteen stray dogs. The neighbours' children used to come with me to take them for walks.

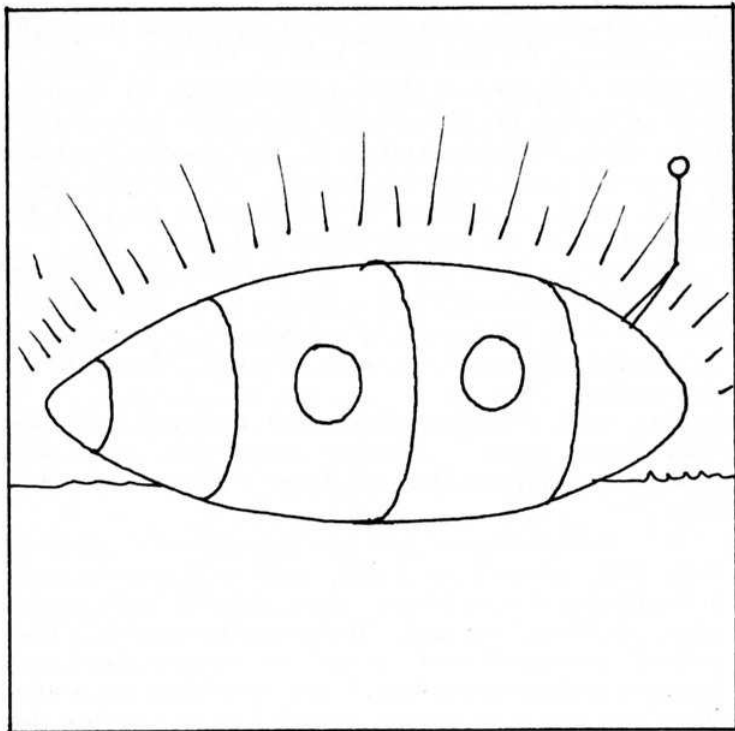
Then I went to fetch a plate of mince pies for them. I put six on a plate and told them to help themselves. They each lifted a mince pie from the plate as though their hands were magnetic. I saw that they were looking at the cigarettes again. "I'll show you how people smoke those," I said. I struck a match and lit a cigarette. They leapt back as though they were frightened and began to float towards the back door. I stubbed out the cigarette and called out "Come back! Come back!" I still seemed to be floating as I followed them and as they went through the back door I saw an orange coloured glowing "thing" in the back garden — a "space ship." It must have been eight to ten feet long and about four feet high. It had round windows or portholes. It seemed to be covered with a kind of shining plastic. I couldn't see through the portholes. There was something like a "scorpion tail" at the back with a kind of "wheel" on top.

They still held a mince pie each as they went towards the "space ship" and entered it. They flashed the lights twice as though to say "Goodbye." Then they took off over the fence and away across the open ground towards Oldbury. The sky was still dark, with no stars, and there was snow on the ground.

Hobo came to life then and wandered around the garden as though he was looking for them.

There was a deep impression on the back garden where the "space ship" had settled.

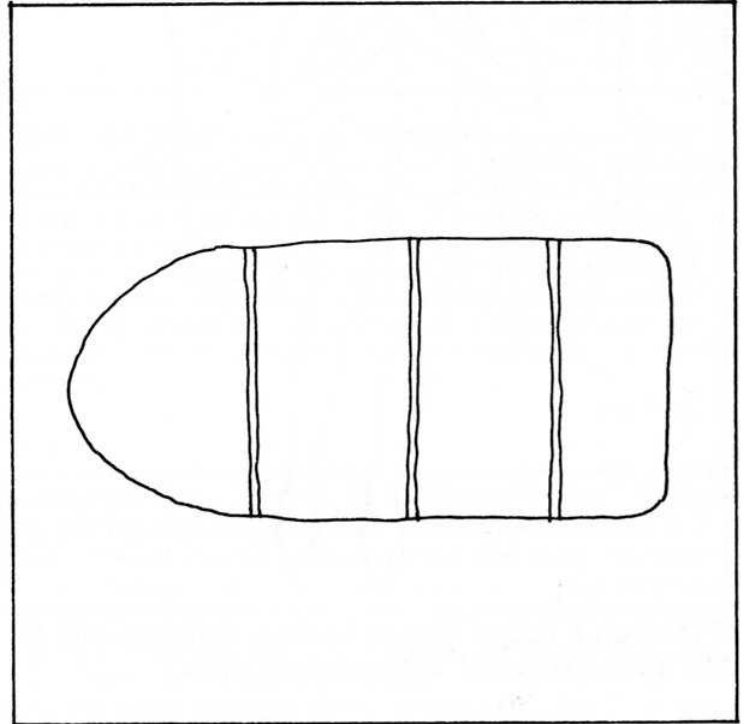
I felt warm and happy although it was such a cold morning. I felt "good," as though I had been blessed.



**Rough sketch of the orange coloured "space craft".**

When I went into the house and looked around I realised that the clock and the radio had stopped. I spoke to my next door neighbour and she said: "You should ring the police." I rang the Oldbury police and they said they would come.

I rang my husband but he couldn't leave his job. I said to him: "I have had visitors with wings." He said: "What do you mean? Birds?" I was shaking and crying. I said, "No. Men with wings." He laughed and said: "Why don't you go and have your hair done and tell the girls about it." I did that later on, and they were very kind.



**Mark left on ground in garden, about 8 ft. long by 4 ft. across.**

The police came from West Bromwich Police Station. They looked around and said: "You look pale as though you have had a shock." They couldn't do much — they couldn't take finger prints. They went away and came back later. They rang UFO Investigation Service in Birmingham. The people came and measured the impression on the ground in the back garden. It was eight feet by four feet. They also took soil samples for analysis. I haven't heard the results yet.

I have had a lot of nice letters from people who were interested after reading reports in the papers. Some people sent tapes to be returned to them with my own story.

The West Bromwich College of Technology — Television Production Course students have made a film

**YOUR CLIPPINGS** of newspaper items are very welcome. We apologise here for being generally unable to acknowledge these items as the pressure of work on our tiny staff and on our postage resources is too great. However, please do not be deterred by this seeming lack of courtesy. We really do appreciate anything you care to send.

of me telling my story. It was to be filmed at the Technical College on March 19, 1979.

My eyes were sore for about a week and I had to wear dark glasses. I have had to have some weeks away from work as I haven't felt well and the doctor advised me to have a rest. My jaws ached after staring with my mouth open with shock when I first saw the "beings."

I have never read books about UFOs. I only read the papers. I don't look at a lot of television, but like the *Crossroads* programmes and *Coronation Street*, and love stories.

Some people have made jokes about me, but people who know me believe me as they know I am truthful.

Some people have written to say that they think the visitors were elves or beings from the Fairy Kingdom, or even robots, but I don't know what to think. I know I shall never forget them if I live to be a hundred.

A few days later we tried the "tapes" that had been handled by the "beings." They were so distorted that

they were ruined. Before January the 4th they were quite normal.

#### Note

These are some of the people who will confirm that they went to the house and heard Mrs. Hingley's story:—

Oldbury Police.

West Bromwich Police.

UFO Studies Investigation Services. Phone: 021 427 6914.

Mr. & Mrs. Westwood,  
71, Wentworth Way,  
Harborne,  
Birmingham B32 2UX.

West Bromwich College of Technology,  
Woden Road South, West Bromwich, Birmingham.  
(Mr. R. Wilkinson, TV Production Course)

[The report has also been investigated by Martin Keatman on behalf of UFOIN — EDITOR]

## MAIL BAG

**Correspondence is invited from our readers, but they are asked to keep their letters short. Unless letters give the sender's full name and address (not necessarily for publication) they cannot be considered. The Editor would like to remind correspondents that it is not always possible to acknowledge every letter personally, so he takes this opportunity of thanking all who write to him.**

### The "Black Monk" and other matters

Dear Mr. Bowen, — Allow me to express my deep gratitude to you for sending me your splendid journal. I enjoyed reading about recent UFO-cases happening in various parts of the world.

I should like to comment on the letter by A. B. Sidle published in FSR, 25/2 and concerning the observation of a flying humanoid by E. E. Loznaya (FSR, 24/4). Of course I have read the tale "Black Monk" by A. P. Chekhov but I do not believe the coincidence of the stories is very close. The "monk" had his face; the humanoid did not have one. It resembles some other similar observations (see, for example, FSR Special No. 4, p.53) which Mrs. Loznaya undoubtedly had not the possibility of getting acquainted with. Moreover after publishing this report in *Tekhnika-Molodyozhi*, 1976, No. 11, I have received several readers' letters containing similar information. I am planning to publish these reports in a future issue of "TM".

Incidentally I do not think there is (or was), in our country, a legend about the "black monk," for A. P. Chekhov had a dream about such a "monk" and later he used it for the tale.

Naturally the possibility of the fraud on the witness' part is not fully excluded — as in any report about humanoids, UFOs etc. However, when investigating this research field an investigator is

forced, to my mind, to share an important principle — "the principle of confidence." We may not trust or distrust the witnesses (for it is impossible to verify each report). Should we not assume that the report is a true one, and look where this assumption leads?

On the one hand, almost each separate UFO — or humanoid — sighting may be explained by an "unusual combination of usual causes." But the phenomenon as a whole? On the other hand, there is at present no hypothesis explaining the phenomenon more or less completely. Even the ET concept explains a separate sighting rather than the full complex of the sightings. From this point of view I note with interest the evolution of such an eminent ufologist as Dr. J. Vallée from *Anatomy of a Phenomenon* to *The Invisible College* (unfortunately I have not had the chance to read his two most recent books — *The Edge of Reality* and *Messengers of Deception*). The UFO-phenomenon may be "real" or "imaginative" but its influence on our civilisation is quite real.

When publishing the letter by Mrs. E. E. Loznaya in *Tekhnika-Molodyozhi* I had the intention only to demonstrate that there is in the UFO-phenomenon a sub-phenomenon: not flying objects in general, not flying saucers, but flying "men" or flying humanoids. The readers of FSR can also read about such observations in FSR, 19/2, p.29 and FSR

Case Histories, Suppl. 10, pp.14-16.

I am very glad of this opportunity to wish you personally, and your colleagues and readers a happy and successful 1980!

Sincerely yours,  
**Vladimir V. Rubstov,**  
Kharkov,  
USSR.  
20 December, 1979.

### The "Dapple Gray Lane" experience

(The following is an extract from a letter on unrelated matters).

Dear Mr. Bowen, — . . . Here is something that may prove of value, if nobody else has pointed it out yet. It concerns the story told by "John Hodges" as related in FSR Vol. 25, No. 3. I thought there was something familiar about the alleged truth about the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and indeed there is. The idea that air dropped bombs do not work and that those two cities were flattened by earthquake, the "atomic effects" (blinding flash and radio activity) being produced by the USAF, appears as the plot to a novel called *The Jesus Factor* (Mayflower paperback 1972). The latter, as far as I am aware, is complete fiction.

I do not intend to suggest that "John Hodges" fabricated his story; just that the required information exists elsewhere and that it may have been dredged up from an unconscious source by the