

THE VALLEY OF DEATH: CATTLE MUTILATIONS IN WILTSHIRE, ENGLAND (1992)

© by Pat Delgado

We reproduce the following paragraphs, with Mr. Pat Delgado's kind permission, from his *Crop Circles Newsletter* No. 8 of July 1992. EDITOR

Mr. Paul Martin of Marlborough sent me the following report.

Farmer Mr. Roger Harley of Manor Farm, East Kennett (near Marlborough, Wiltshire) has been reporting some strange events happening on an isolated part of his farm from early May of this year and they are still occurring.

In recent weeks and still continuing, villagers have been reporting strange moving and stationary lights up on the Downs at night to Mr. Harley.

Early some mornings when Mr. Harley goes to the Downs to tend his cattle, he has found previously padlocked gates lifted from their hinges and lying out in the field.

In the middle of May he found a steer lying dead in the field with no outside signs of injury. A vet was called and he stated the animal had died of a massive heart attack. This is very rare in stock animals especially a young steer. Farmer Harley has been farming for several years and this has never happened before.

On May 28th an even stranger incident occurred. Mr. Harley drove the one and a half miles to check his stock as usual and found another steer lying dead, this time he thought it may have symptoms of anthrax. Returning to his farmhouse he phoned the Ministry of Agriculture who sent their vet and who carried out a post mortem. To his astonishment he found the whole rib cage of the animal was crushed as were other bones and organs, again there were no visible signs of injury anywhere on the outside of the animal.

The vet's diagnosis was that the animal had been run over by something very large or hit by some massive force. The police were called but were as baffled by it all as Mr. Harley. They could only suggest that it was run over by a heavy vehicle but they could find no signs of wheel marks, wreckage or parts of a vehicle in the vicinity. Any vehicle that could do that much damage to a three quarters of a ton animal would have sustained some visible damage and may have become immobilised, but the overwhelming facts against a vehicle being

involved are that, the animal showed no outside damage at all and the only gate into the field had remained padlocked.

Since these two events, twelve sheep were found dead one morning by the farmer in an adjacent field to that of the cows. The vet declared that each of the sheep appeared to have died of a sudden heart attack and simply fell over where they stood.

All this right in the centre of one of the main areas of crop circle creations.

Report ends.

I suggested to Paul Martin that we should visit these fields one evening and he readily agreed. He arranged with the farmer for us to go there on June 18th and this we did.

We drove as far as we could up a track leading to the area, then we walked about a mile up a rising valley and over the hilltop to the fields which formed the floor and sides of another valley. The time was about 8.30 p.m. and with the low sun and lengthening shadows, the large valley was extremely beautiful as we viewed the panorama from the western high ground.

I took some photos and checked the ground for noises with the tape recorder probes but the only sound recorded was a small amount of static.

We walked slowly down the fairly steep side of the field in which the sheep were grazing to a gap and gate in the bottom of the copse that divided the sheep field from that of the cows and steers. There were about fifty of these and they were some distance down the valley and a few were up on the top eastern side. Unchaining the gate, we went through and discovered a large stone about four feet square and three feet above the ground surrounded by nettles. I hand-dowsed the energies around it and found they were of considerable strength. I used the camcorder to record what was around us and could see the cows were remaining quite still in a line and watching us.

We decided to walk further along into the field and have a look at a second, even larger stone. I dowsed, took some still photos and used the camcorder. During this time the cows on the valley floor and those on the top suddenly turned as one and ran to the far end of the field. We continued our activities, watched a fox chasing a rabbit, took

more photos and it was then we noticed all of the cows were suddenly close to us. They came relentlessly onwards. It seemed they were under some kind of control for they completely encircled us with the swiftness of a military operation and I was still standing on the five feet square by three feet high stone.

The cows had formed a complete solid circle round us, five to six deep. I had no space to jump down and Paul was trapped standing by the stone so I said we had to get to the gate somehow but must not spook them. I gently got down between two animals and said something like, "Come on, make room!", and as we walked among them they were nudging and smelling us with their wet noses.

We walked steadily towards the gate which was about two hundred yards away and I remember hoping none of them would panic, otherwise we would be in trouble. They formed a half circle round us and one kept nudging me in the back so I turned round and held up my hands and shouted "Get back!", and they all stopped in unison. We walked on and they continued with us, the nearest ones about twelve to eighteen inches away. They all seemed huge, a lot of cow at three quarters of a ton each. The walk to the gate seemed endless and on reaching it the chain appeared reluctant to unfasten but with

"The cows had formed a complete solid circle round us five to six deep... fifty is a lot of cow at three quarters of a ton each!"

more nudging from behind we were through and safely away from the wet noses, bulging bodies and expressionless eyes.

We cannot understand how they got so close to us so quickly and manoeuvred with such precision. I had the feeling we had been purposely escorted out of those fields. It was an enigmatic place, a mixture of serenity and foreboding.

We ended the long walk back to the car with a cup of coffee but finally found ourselves locked into the farmyard because someone had padlocked the entry gate. Luckily we were able to lift the metal gate off its hinges and swing it round on the fastening chains, drive through, replace the gate and off to freedom. ■



MAILBAG

Reported "Saucer Nest" in New Zealand

Dear Editor, — When I sent you the material which you published in FSR 37/3 (*More UFO Reports From New Zealand*) I ought to have pointed out that Karekare, scene of the suspected "saucer nest", not being near to the Bay of Islands, it was the only item in the report that I had not investigated personally. I was relying on the opinions of Captain Cathie and Squadron-Leader Habgood that this was a genuine mystery, but apparently they had not really investigated it either.

However FSR reader Murray Bott (who had supplied the *Western Leader* with the original photo) got in touch with me as soon as he had seen the article in FSR and pointed out that the newspaper's report of the affair was inaccurate. The area of collapsed reeds was, he said, "not a circle, but more like a semi-circle", nor were the reeds arranged in a circular pattern. He has since discovered several similar patches of collapsed reeds, and has concluded that there was in every case a perfectly natural explanation. If publishing, please credit Murray Bott and MUFON, of which he is the N.Z. Director, for supplying this information and the enclosed newsclipping.

(Newsclipping not reproduced due to lack of space available. ED. FSR).

There do not seem to have been any genuine crop circles in New Zealand lately but only a couple of rather clumsy hoaxes.

Yours sincerely,

Gordon Tuckey,

(FSR Consultant, New Zealand),

P.O. Box 268,

Paihia, Bay of Islands,

New Zealand.

December 18, 1992.

Response to John White's Article

Dear Mr. Creighton, — In response to John White's article in FSR 37/2, and to Harry Edgington's letter in FSR 37/4 and your comments on that letter, I would like to say that I found John White's piece very interesting, and would like to read more of this type, including one by Mr. White on Lucifer/Satan, and that these articles by John White and Dan Lloyd (FSR 37/3), and your editorials, are what I find most interesting in the magazine.

One does not necessarily have to agree with, or even to understand, *all*

aspects of these articles to be able to appreciate their original and thought-provoking qualities.

Yours sincerely,

J.A.G. Adams,

2 Brickyard Cottage,

Abbecwmhir,

Llandrindod,

Powys, Wales, LD1 6PG.

March 21, 1993.

An Extended Viewpoint

Dear Mr. Creighton, — I enclose my cheque for £15 to renew my subscription and would like to add how very much pleasure I have received over the years from getting FSR and how beautifully it is presented.

Also I find that now, apart from the interest of the "sightings", you have achieved an extended viewpoint, of how to perceive the Universe in a new light... another "voyage of discovery".

May I wish you a continued success, and express my thanks.

Yours sincerely,

Joyce M. Leeke,

91 Birkdale,

Cooden, East Sussex,

TN39 3TG.

April 9, 1993.