

## **BUFF POINT, Central Coast, NSW 2262, Australia (S33°13.86', E151°31.80')**

### **1983 mid-July? (Monday/Tuesday)**

The following detailed report of an unusual object over Buff Point on the NSW Central Coast was reported in July 2012, some 29 years after the actual event. However, Gavin, (not his real name) still remembers the incident vividly:

Gavin writes: "In 1983, I was a power station employee and had recently transferred from Wallerawang Power Station, west of the Blue Mountains, to Eraring Power Station on the shores of Lake Macquarie, near Newcastle".

Gavin (then 24) and Paula, bought their first home in Buff Point, a quiet community on the north-eastern side of Lake Budgewoi, some 11 km south of Eraring Power Station itself. The area was well-treed with mature eucalypts about 15 metres high, lining streets and gracing the front yards of most homes.

Their house was a modest, square, three-bedroom fibro structure raised on poles, with car parking space beneath. It had a flat skillion roof with no ceiling space, sloping east to west, front to back. This roof extended partly over an open front deck, with a flight of timber steps leading down to an unfenced front yard onto Buff Point Avenue.

From a large front deck, the front door gave direct access to their lounge room, part of an open plan design with a dining area and small kitchen alcove. A large glass sliding door from the dining area provided access to another open rear deck. The home was located a few hundred metres from the shores of Lake Budgewoi on the south-west corner of the intersection of Buff Point Avenue and Narambi Road (S33°13.86', E151°31.80').

In the decades since 1983, their house and others neighboring it have been demolished. This section of the Central Coast on the edge of the vast Sydney coal basin, has large surface deposits of black, sub-bituminous, 'steaming' coal, which are extensively mined to fuel local power stations (such as Munmorah, Vales Point, and Eraring). Although their area had been 'rehabilitated' for residential use afterwards, ongoing ground subsidence, has now seen it recast as an open space – *Edgewater Park*, next to Lake Budgewoi.

Back in 1983 Gavin kept his old utility truck off-road, under the house. Each day he drove it to Eraring Power Station (S33°03.73', E151°31.22'), a road journey of some 25 km, On their limited budget, the cost of petrol was always an issue – they "were typical ozzy battlers."

After topping up the petrol tank one evening in mid July, he noticed next morning that most of the fuel was missing. "I barely had enough petrol to get to work, and I had very little money to buy more. To make matters worse, the bastards had also flogged my petrol cap."

A week or so later, "maybe around 8 or 9 pm", when he and his wife were sitting in the lounge watching TV, He noticed all the dogs in the neighborhood had started barking. Believing the petrol thieves had returned, he told his wife he was going outside to catch them, and stomped outside and down the front stairs to confront them.

There is a slight bend in Buff Point Avenue at that point, so he had to walk out into the middle, and down the road a little to get a better view. He expected "to see a couple of blokes sneaking along the road with a petrol can, but the road was deserted."

"All the dogs in the neighborhood were barking, but more over to the middle of the suburb [eastwards], rather than up the road where I now stood.

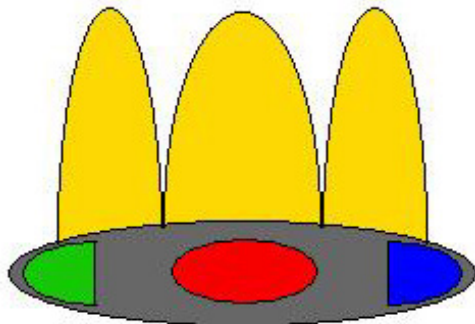
"I stared over to where the dogs were barking, but my view was blocked by the many tall eucalypts. I noticed a bright glow in that direction; it was a bit like the intensity of the HID lamps used to light sports fields. initially that is what I thought it was, because there was a sports field in that direction (400m south-east of their home, S33°13.52', E151°32.02').

“The local football team often trained in the evenings, and would jog past our house at dusk. It must be them; they're training over on the sports field with the lights on and that is what is upsetting the dogs. “I was about to turn round and head back inside, having solved the mystery, when it dawned on me that sports field has no lighting at all. What's more, the glow had inexplicably moved.

“I stood there wondering what it could be. I remembered that a few weeks before, a police helicopter had flown low over our neighborhood with a bright spotlight. Apparently, they were chasing some crook. I had been at work that evening and missed everything, but my wife excitedly told me about it when I got home. So I stood there in the middle of the road staring at the glow, expecting to see a police helicopter arrive at any second.

“What appeared was no police helicopter. This ‘thing’ silently floated over the trees and started to move down the road towards me.

“There was no sound at all and it was only just clearing the tree tops. I yelled to my wife to come out and see it. She came out and stood on the front deck, and immediately started to yell at me to get back inside. There was a definite note of panic in her voice.



**View From Front**

“The strange object continued to float down the road towards me. It had three big arch-shaped ‘windows’ which were internally lit – a bit like the interior lights of a car -- not very bright.

“There were also three coloured lights across the front below the arch windows. The two outer lamps were "D" shaped, I am not sure if the centre lamp was oval or D- shaped.

“None of them were flashing, but all had a strange dull quality to them. The colours left to right as I faced them were a green D-shaped lamp, a red oval or D-shaped lamp, and a blue D-shaped lamp.

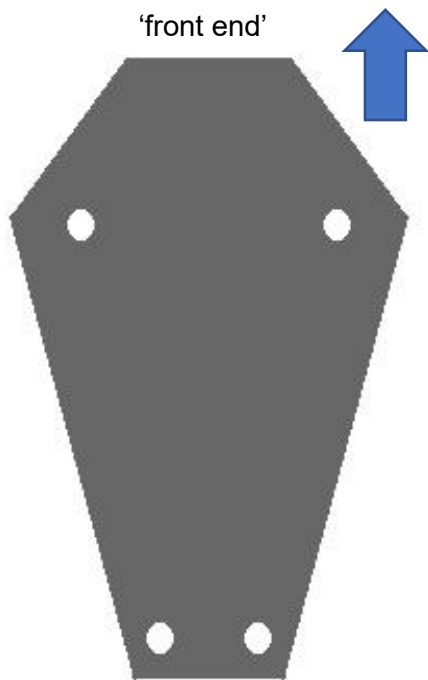
“I just stood there and yelled back at my wife; ‘That's not a plane, it's not a helicopter, it's making no noise, I think it's a UFO!’.

“My wife continued to yell at me to come inside. She now sounded scared, but I stayed put, I was determined to have a good look at this thing.

“Then the interior lights [the golden arch lights] went out. The object was now floating down the road below the tree tops, heading straight towards me. It was probably less than 30 metres away when my courage deserted me and fear kicked in; I turned on my heel and sprinted for home.

“I don't remember climbing the stairs but I do remember entering the lounge room, I looked straight at the TV and excitedly commented to my wife that whatever it was, it was not interfering with TV reception. Yet the dogs were still barking.

“My wife was sitting in an easy chair in the corner of the lounge room. She seemed a little dazed, but still scolded me for being outside and yelling. She also sounded a little drowsy to me. I said ‘I'm going out on the back deck to see where that thing has gone!’ She replied in the same drowsy voice: ‘Just stay inside; what do you want to go out again for?’ This was totally inexplicable to me. Here I was having this huge adrenalin rush and she was just sitting there, almost asleep, wondering what all the fuss was about!



**View From Below**

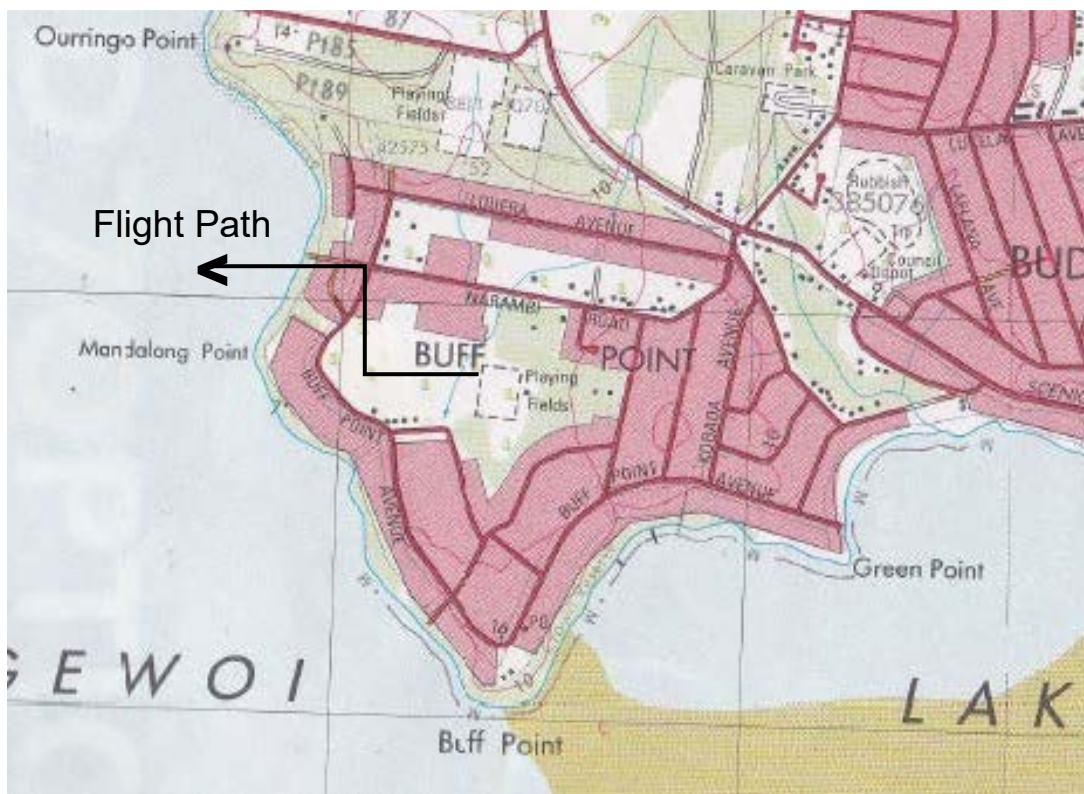
“I went out onto the back deck. The object was just passing directly above me. If I had been a basketball player, I could have jumped up and punched the bottom of it. It was no more than three metres above me. I could just make out a faint hum – about as loud as a bathroom exhaust fan. From below I could see the object’s shape silhouetted against the night sky

“The object had a truncated diamond, or coffin, shape, wider at the front than at the rear. At its widest point, it was only about 3 to 4 metres across, and about 6 metres long. It had four small white lights adjacent to four points of the diamond.

“I never experienced any ill effects that I am aware of, despite being so close.

“Next day I foolishly mentioned the event to some work mates. They just laughed at me and said I must have been on drugs or something. I never mentioned the event again at work.

1985 Topographic Map (original scale 1:25,000 – a grid square = 1km X 1km)



“I had become good friends with Kevin, next door. He was a couple of years younger than me, and we used to enjoy fishing together. We had become good friends in the short time we had known each other. So it was only natural that I tell him what had occurred just outside his front door the night before.

“Kevin laughed at me and made me feel like a fool (I think he was right; not for seeing the object, but for going outside in the first place).

“He was a ‘garbo’ (garbage collector), and would leave for work at 3 a.m., Monday to Friday. Back then, ‘garbos’ physically hoisted metal rubbish bins up onto their shoulder and dumped the contents into the back of a truck – a hard physical job by any measure.

“The morning after I told him of my experience, he discovered on his way to work that it was real!

“He hailed me as soon as I got home from work that day. I pulled up in our driveway and had just got out of the car, when he came up to me all excited. Kevin blurted out something about what I had seen. I thought, ‘Here goes, he’s going to have another go at me, I really wished I’d never told him. But no! He was saying he believed me because he had seen a strange object that very morning over Tuggerah Lakes.

“Apparently while driving to work, he approached a bridge next to the lake (Wallarah Point Bridge, S33°15.78’, E151°30.84’). A number of cars had pulled up on the bridge, and people were out of their cars looking out towards the lake – an odd occurrence at 3 a.m. in the morning! Kevin pulled up to see what they were looking at. He told me he watched a strange craft hovering over the lake, shining some sort of beam down onto the water. He watched for a while, until it silently drifted off out of sight.

Gavin then states: “What I have related above is the event as I remember it consciously, however from then until now I have had an odd memory that does not fit with the event as recalled by my conscious memory, I have always had this memory of standing frozen near on the front stairs, and just staring into the blue D-shaped light as it loomed up close to me. It doesn’t make a lot of sense to me because there was a 6 metre eucalypt growing about 3 metres out from the deck and stairs, how could the craft get that close? The memory is so vivid, it has colours, it seems so real, but does not fit with my memory of the event.

“My wife never talks about it. Many years later I was telling a friend who had just told me he had seen a UFO once. So, I thought, fair enough, it won’t hurt to tell my experience. I’d just finished recalling the event when my wife entered the room. I said to her ‘I was just telling Martin about that UFO we saw in 1983!’ and fully expected her to chime in with her account of the event. But she just looked blankly at me and said she remembered nothing, I was totally at a loss. How could she not remember! She had a perfect view of it, both when it had its interior lights on and when they switched off. She had been yelling at me to get inside and had scolded me for being out in the street yelling. The most she could now remember was just seeing some lights.

“I couldn’t believe how the event could be burnt indelibly into my mind and yet be just a vague memory to my wife. Surely, she must have seen it, even if she had not somehow, then at least she should recall the night I was yelling out to her from the middle of the road, which was not something I normally did.

“There are a number of details that still concern me:

1. When I first noticed the glow beyond the trees it was very bright like high intensity discharge (HID) lamps. It created a huge glow behind the trees. Yet when the object appeared above the trees and started to float towards me, it did not cast enough light to cause a reflection on the surrounding trees or onto the road below. Did it somehow detect me when it was beyond the trees?
2. Did I make it into the house? I don’t remember climbing the stairs. I only remember entering the lounge room.
3. Was a memory of me being frozen on the steps as the blue D-lamp came close to me part of the event that has somehow been wiped from my memory.
4. Why was my wife Paula, so drowsy when I entered the lounge room?
5. Why can’t she remember the event?
6. Why was the object still over our house when I went out onto the back deck? Some minutes had passed while I checked out the TV and argued with my wife.
7. Why was the object even over our house? It had to change course by 90 degrees to take up a position there.

8. Why did nobody else come out to see what all the noise was about? I was yelling at the top of my voice and Paula was shouting back at me. This was a quiet neighbourhood. Surely somebody else would have, at least looked out a window and seen it too.

"I never once looked at the time, so I can't say that I am missing any. I don't recall the day or date that the event took place, I just know that it was late autumn or early winter. I know it was a week day as I went to work the following morning and at least the next day also, because Kevin had his sighting the morning after I told him of my event.

"A few weeks after my encounter, a UFO flap hit the East Coast; jets were put on standby at Williamtown Air Base, anomalous blips appeared on radar at Sydney Airport, and a Kincumber family reported seeing an object that curiously resembled the object I had seen, but not quite [Kincumber event occurred Friday 8 July 1983].

"Several other people reported seeing a similar object around Gosford. One man reported being buzzed by a jellyfish shaped object which chased him along Manns Rd and even landed on the road ahead of him, before shooting off.

#### **FOOTNOTES:**

Eraring Power Station is Australia's largest coal-fired station, but there are two other major power stations situated closer to Buff Point:

1. Munmorah: 2.20 km north-northeast of Buff Point/Narambi intersection, S33°12.76', E151°32.34'.
2. Vales Point: 7.75 km north of Buff Point/Narambi intersection, S33°09.75', E151°32.48'.

Gavin added afterwards: "When I was 9 years old I had a really good school mate. When I was about 13 years old his father accepted a position in one of the Hunter Valley mines near Newcastle, and their family moved to Belmont. I often stayed with him during school holidays.

"There was an extensive tidal wetland just down the road from where he lived, and we used to mess about down there all the time. A disused section of railway ran right through the middle of this wetland, Belmont Lagoon, and we used to walk along the disused railway track, taking pot shots at mullet with air rifles. Eventually we would reach the end of the wetland, and cross some sand dunes to arrive at a long stretch of deserted beach. I have many fond memories of these holidays.

"About three weeks after my 1983 encounter, this old school friend came to visit me and I told him about the incident that had occurred a few weeks before. I was surprised when he asked if I remembered the day that we came across a UFO when down in the wetland. He said I'd been taken. I could recall nothing of this incident, but the hairs on the back of my neck rose as he said it.

"To this day I have no recollection of this event, and I find it strange that he never mentioned it in the days following the supposed event. I have doubts that the incident ever happened but I'll never know for sure, because my friend turned into a 'bad egg', and I won't be looking him up any time soon.

"One other unsettling childhood event has taken on some significance since my 1983 encounter. I had always thought it was just a vivid childhood dream, but now I am unsure. This memory has been with me from when I was about three years old. We lived in a two-story house in an area known as Fox Bar near Glasgow, Scotland. (The family emigrated to Australia in February 1966 when Gavin was six. He turned 7 a month afterwards.) My bedroom was upstairs, and the bedroom window overlooked a rooftop, next door. "The houses were separated by a narrow path.

"The memory goes like this: My mother had just put me to bed and left the room, but I never settled down. Instead I was drawn to look out the window, and there peeking out at me from behind next door's chimney was a funny little man with skinny arms and legs, and a triangle-shaped head with big dark eyes.

“That's all the memory consists of, but it was vivid and odd because I can't remember any other dreams from my childhood. In fact I don't tend to remember many dreams at all.

“What disturbs me now, was that many years later, in 1987, Whitley Strieber published a book called *Communion*, and there on the cover is a similar face to the little man that I saw peeking at me from behind the chimney all those years before. Maybe it's just a coincidence, but it's disturbing just the same.