

# FARM



• ley lines • standing stones • earth energy •

• entires • ufo encounters

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Cover Design:

This magazine is forever dedicated to Jonathon Livingston Seagulls everywhere.

Subscription to EARTH magazine is £5 per annum for 6 issues (although we may sometimes be late!), or £1 each. All cheques/POs should be made payable to 'Paul Bennett'. It is the responsibility of the subscriber to inform the editor of changes in his/her address, etc. Articles, comments, letters or criticisms are most welcome on virtually any subject-matters (so send em in y' toerags!). The material and/or opinions expressed in EARTH are not necessarily those of the editor, nor representative of subscribers to the magazine as a whole (dig it!?). All material is copyright EARTH magazine and/or the named authors. Copyright EARTH 1988.

Well, what can I say? The unfortunate delay between the publication of ELO and this one has been a long one. I can only apologise. The reasons have principally been twofold. Firstly, the change of address (Please note everyone - I no longer live at my old house!). That took up a week or so of messing around and getting things together. But the main problem in the late arrival of this EARTH was a personal loss of a very close friend of mine, who died a couple of months ago. I couldn't obviously manage to execute the work on the magazine. And I make no apologies for the fact that I have given a page over to the thoughts and words of someone who may be well-known to many of our local readers, Jon Tilleard. I hope that others may bear with me in my lament.

Aside of that for awhile though. Much has obviously been going on over the months we have been away. Stonehenge had its unfortunate troubles again as Solstice occurred. Upon our local moorlands around Ilkley however, sixty or so of us collected around a megalithic fire in celebration of the occasion without any such trouble.

On the media front all sorts of weird and wonderful things have been taking place (or so the papers tell us). There are - if you haven't heard - six hundred Nazi Adolfs wandering the streets of Britain! Tis true! And the Russians are to blame! They took tissues from the blood-stained rat-torn handkerchief of his found in his bunker, and from this they've manufactured 600 clones of him! Bloody amazing! I wonder if YUFOS (our local Nazi-UFO freaks) have heard about this astonishing revelation?

But then there's another, more irritating story - this time on the UFO front - dealing with the alleged landing and abduction of a West Yorkshire copper on Ilkley Moor. Not a bad sounding case you'll admit. However, the tale is a little more complicated. In the first case the report was handed over to a researcher (?) in Lancashire who, instead of getting in touch with local ufologists to help him with the case, decided to take it all upon himself. The trouble here was the fact that the Lancashire chap took the case entirely upon himself and has taken ages over checking the report out in a full and satisfactory manner. Indeed, the case first came to light about six months ago - and he's still at it! The main tale is this: a man (no name given - even to the West Yorkshire UFO-nuts) was walking over Ilkley Moor one morning, towards East Morton. Cutting up near (by the look of it) Silver Well, he saw a four-foot tall entity ahead of him and, beyond that a silver-coloured UFO (at Silver Well? a curiously silly link perhaps!). Now, by a sheer stroke of luck, he happened to have his camera and took a picture of the thing. And, from there, the ufological wranglings begin. The ufonut who first got the case won't say anything to anyone else about the account. ("It's mine...all mine! I got the case first!" he'll be saying) By the looks of it the case is a fake; because as the tale strung out, more details were slowly added. Initially, the witness just saw the entity and UFO. Then, later, he said he'd been abducted. And, after that, the men in black (made famous by Keel) enter the scene. It all looks decidedly silly. And the ufologist who got the case in the first place looks to be the prime joker in the pack! Whatever happened to good old-fashioned investigations when everyone helped each other? Eh?

Such have been the goings-on over the last few months. There's been plenty more of course - some of the sillier bits are mentioned further on in the mag. Happy reading!

Back-issues of EARTH are still available. Nos.6,7,9 & 10 - get em while you can...

It is probably true to say that no one has done more to enrich the literature of mind expansion than Carlos Castaneda. The author of several highly acclaimed studies of shamanism among the Sonoran Indians, he was at the forefront of the psychedelic movement in the late sixties. Since then his reputation has grown steadily to the point where he is now linked with Huxley, Burroughs and Timothy Leary as a pioneer of inner space.

Castaneda's spiritual journey actually began in the summer of 1960 when he was introduced to don Juan Matus, a Yaqui Indian from the American Southwest. Although the encounter was quite casual it was to have far-reaching implications for both men. Castaneda was at the time studying anthropology at the University of California. His special interest in medicinal plants took him on several field trips to the Arizona/Mexico border, where he hoped to gather information from the Indians of the region. It was during one such trip that he met don Juan for the first time. The two struck up a casual conversation in a bus station after being introduced by a mutual acquaintance. Castaneda noticed that despite his advanced years the old Indian conveyed an impression of vitality and personal insight. "I was annoyed," he wrote later, "at being seen through by those remarkable eyes."

It later transpired that don Juan was a "brujo" or sorcerer who allegedly possessed some kind of secret knowledge. As such he was given a wide berth by the Sonoran Indians among whom he lived. Castaneda however, was fascinated by his new-found acquaintance, and visited him on numerous occasions. In June 1961 he began to serve a magical apprenticeship under don Juan, using psychedelic drugs (such as peyote, Jimson weed and mushrooms) to open new centres of vision. His subsequent initiation is described with scrupulous attention to detail in such books as "The Teachings of Don Juan", "A Separate Reality" and "Journey to Ixtlan".

Read consecutively, these books constitute one of the most remarkable literary odysseys of recent times. It is Castaneda's involvement with his material that makes it all seem so real, so credible and compelling. Under don Juan's tutelage, he not only studies the techniques of shamanism, but becomes well-versed in their lore. One of his first tasks entails learning how to see, or develop occult perception. The process of seeing, don Juan explains, is indispensable to the sorcerer's way of life. Its effect is to penetrate the illusion of gross physical matter and lay bare the underlying reality. As he acquires this clairvoyant faculty, Castaneda frequently enters what he describes as "a special state of non-ordinary reality." There he is confronted by all manner of bizarre entities - a talking coyote, a sorceress in the shape of a crow, Mescalito (the spirit of the peyote plant), etc. It is, of course, possible to dismiss many of these encounters as mere drug-induced hallucinations. After all "druggy" people are occasionally prone to psychic-type revelations. (Sixties rock star, Jim Morrison, whose chemical intake was prodigious, once told a reporter, "A while ago I became aware that there were spirits, other beings in the space around me. They have spirit, but they don't manifest themselves physically. They are aware of us, but we do not like to think that they exist. I think that they envy our lives.") Nevertheless, there are many intriguing parallels between Castaneda's experiences and those found in Fortean lore.

A particularly significant episode is related in A Separate Reality, when Castaneda, returning to his car after a sojourn in the desert, finds three Mexicans waiting for him. The first of these is a dark-haired man in his late thirties carrying a bundle on his back. The second is a younger man, and the third a woman in her forties, overweight and apparently very tired, her face covered with beads of perspiration. The Mexicans ask Castaneda for a ride back into town, but he protests that there is no room for them in his car. Nevertheless, their entreaties make him feel "very sad and ill-at-ease." This sensation builds in pitch and intensity, and Castaneda finally drives away from the scene in a panic. Later, when he discusses the incident with don Juan, he is told that the three Mexicans weren't human beings at all, but "those who are not people" (los que no son gente). They were forces, don Juan continues, "neither good nor bad, just forces that a brujo learns to harness."

Don Juan refers to these inexplicable forces as the sorcerer's allies. They can, he says, assume any size or shape as the situation demands. The only way to detect their presence is by the process of seeing with the inner eye. "Real people look like luminous eggs when you see them. Non-people always look like people... You cannot see an ally. (They) take different forms - dogs, coyotes, birds, even tumbleweeds or anything else. The only difference is that when you see them they look like whatever they're pretending to be."

If don Juan is to be believed, these strange mimetic creatures, the allies, exist all around us. In common with many UFO-related phenomena they are able to mold themselves to suit the cultural beliefs of the era or milieu in which they appear. Their motives are obscure, but at the same time "anything they do is significant." When questioned about their function in the scheme of things don Juan replies, "That's like asking me what men do in the world. I really don't know. We are here, that's all. And the allies are here too; and maybe they have been here before us."

The allies, it seems, cannot "take the lead" or exert direct influences on the affairs of mankind. Nevertheless, contact with them is potentially dangerous because they tend to bring out the worst in human nature. Their existence, if considered purely for the sake of argument, sheds new light on a wide range of contemporary mysteries - everything from Bigfoot and the Surrey Puma to appearances of the ubiquitous phantom hitch-hiker. It explains, for instance, why so many UFOs and their occupants appear to share a link with human consciousness. American author and researcher, John A. Keel, understands that this link is actually a kind of symbiotic relationship. UFOs, he says, are psychic constructs: thought forms or transmogrifications of energy. They emanate from a parallel dimension, perhaps using the power of human emotion as "fuel" for their manifestations. "In order to materialise," he writes in "Operation Trojan Horse" (G.P. Putnam, 1970) "these entities seem to require a source of energy - a fire or a living thing - a plant, a tree, a human medium or contactee." And again, "...They need to drain off energy from human percipients, or from power lines and automobile engines."

Don Juan makes a similar disclosure in "The Fire from Within". Allies, he tells Castaneda, are drawn to strong emotional fields. "Animal fear is what attracts them the most; it releases the kind of energy that suits them." Later in the same book he expands on this statement, adding that, "Once an ally catches you, you either have a heart attack and die, or you wrestle with it. Then after a moment of thrashing around in sham ferocity, the ally's energy wanes. There is nothing an ally can do to us, or vice versa. We are separated by an abyss."

This "sham ferocity" is an odd feature of many reported cases involving Bigfoot and the phantom big cats of Fortean lore. Two such cases are recorded in Jerome Clark & Loren Coleman's, "Creatures of the Outer Edge" (Warner, 1978). The first of these allegedly took place at 8.30pm on April 10, 1970. The victim, Mike Busby of Cairo, Illinois, USA, was driving along the perimeter of Illinois' vast Shawnee National Park when his engine unaccountably stopped. As he got out of the car to investigate, Busby was attacked by a strange creature, six feet tall, black and upright, with "almond-shaped glowing eyes." This fearsome apparition knocked Busby to the ground and proceeded to "wrestle" with him. During the ensuing struggle, it inflicted superficial wounds on his chest, abdomen and left arm with its dull two-inch claws. Despite its upright gait the creature was unmistakably cat-like with short wiry hair and a wet odour. Fortunately, it was frightened away by the headlights of an approaching diesel truck, thus allowing Busby to regain the safety of his car. It started without trouble, and he drove away from the scene at high speed.

The second case quoted in Creatures is less well documented, but follows much the same pattern. This time the victim was a woman, a Mary Crane of Rising Sun, Indiana, USA. Like Busby she was attacked by a mysterious cat-like animal "as big as a good-sized calf with a tail as long as a door." Here again, the creature seemed curiously reluctant to do any real harm; instead contenting itself with pinning Crane to the ground and licking her face. When a rescue party appeared on the scene it emitted a "piercing shriek", leapt over a nearby fence and vanished, leaving its

victim shaken but physically unhurt.

Why were Mike Busby and Mary Crane mawled in so half-hearted a fashion? To what end? For what purpose? By ordinary standards of animal behaviour such attacks seem strangely pointless. They do however, make sense if viewed as "ally strategies", carried out in order to generate a powerful emotional response. It is almost as if these "creatures" are inert without the energy of human emotion and shapeless without human expectations.

David Tansley, an authority on all forms of alternative medicines, has expounded a similar view. His book, "Omens of Awareness" (Neville Spearman, 1977), is a penetrating study of the occult sciences. Tansley sees many classic UFO encounters (including the now largely-discredited Scoriton Mystery) as "ally scenarios". He also applies the same rationale to cases involving the so-called Men in Black (or MIBs as Keel called them), those sinister agents of terror who made their first appearance on the modern scene circa 1947. The MIB are usually described as swarthy men with Oriental or vaguely foreign-looking features. They are said to threaten or openly harass UFO witnesses, warning them to remain silent about their experiences or face dire consequences. Their threats, however, are seldom fulfilled.

"What interests me," Tansley writes, "is that (the MIBs) fit like a glove into the theory of the allies, which take the form expected of them." Precisely!! Many leading UFO researchers have speculated that the MIB may be creatures of fantasy, projections, or deep-seated fears on the part of the witnesses. Here we have a tailor-made explanation of how these projections may become integrated into the fabric of everyday life.

This theory, the Ally Hypothesis, provides a springboard for exploring many "high strangeness" aspects of the UFO enigma. Is it, I wonder, too fanciful to include under the same heading such classics of Fortean lore as the Mattoon Gasser case, or the famous Kelly-Hopkinsville siege? In these and countless other instances we find much the same pattern - a series of assaults seemingly carried out for no reason other than to generate a rising tide of fear and paranoia. Opportunities to do serious physical harm are generally avoided. The Kelly-Hopkinsville goblins for instance, were equipped with lethal-looking claws, but did nothing more blood-thirsty than stroke the head of one terrified victim. One is irresistibly reminded of don Juan's dictum that, "There is nothing an ally can do to us and vice versa. We are separated by an abyss."

Throughout the Castaneda books there are precise parallels and correlations with the UFO mystery and related phenomena. The same forces appear to be at work in both situations. The same patterns prevail. The same inscrutable motives are involved. At one point for example, don Juan warns that the allies "Are capable of bringing out the worst in a person." And one need only think of the personality disorders affecting many UFO contactees for verification of this. We are also told that animals, especially dogs, are afraid of the allies. This again is a common feature found in many UFO sightings. Even don Juan's speculation that the allies "may have been here before us", is echoed in Keel's Operation Trojan Horse: "It seems probable that these forces have always been extant on this planet," he says...

In view of all this it seems reasonable to assume that UFO and ally-related phenomena may share a common source. They do not emanate from outer space, nor from another dimension in the commonly accepted sense of the term. Instead they exist all around us, going about their business just as they have done for centuries - as vast and inscrutable as Nature itself. Sometimes they are seen by accident, at others by design when they are called into being by a complex interplay of psychic forces. Their purpose is open to conjecture, but Castaneda's don Juan books certainly provide numerous avenues for further research. (Albeit, one must make allowances for the fact that the author compiled many of his field-notes under the influence of mind-expanding drugs.) But, I leave the task of carrying out this research to other, more capable hands...

## An Examination of Possible Earth Light Phenomena in West Yorkshire, Part 2

Report by Nigel Mortimer, with Notes from Paul Bennett

It was a clear darkening, evening sky on the twilight of Tuesday, July 19, 1983. Jane Hallam of Addingham, West Yorkshire, a nurse by profession, went upstairs to have a look out of her bedroom window to see what the weather was like. It had looked earlier as though storms might be due, but by this time all had passed with the sky being quite clear. From her bedroom window, which faces east, she could see Addingham Moorside to the south: a lovely area which adjoins Ilkley Moor and which is covered with thousands of rocks, crags and megalithic remains. Her half-gaze wandered towards the nearby TV mast, an outstanding feature which she noticed straight away, being very close to where she lived. It was here however that she caught sight of something peculiar. The TV mast appeared to be being illuminated by something directly above it - and whatever it was, was of such a magnitude that it lit up the immediately surrounding treetops, visibly clear as if it were daylight!

It was some forty or fifty feet above the mast that Jane saw an incredible-looking object just hanging there it seemed at first. What she described as "a slender cigar-shaped" object was only just moving in a straight line, towards the west of the mast, heading eventually in the direction of Skipton over the adjacent moorlands. Jane presumed that the object was made of some kind of metallic substance which was giving off this tremendous glare that initially drew her attention to it. It appeared that the object itself was emitting the brightness, rather than something being reflected off it from some other source. She described the object as being about the size of a small Mini-car from her first observation of it (of only 400 yards). It was certainly no smaller than that, she said. However the object looked decidedly thin, being only three feet wide, rounding off to about a foot at each end. Its colour was that of gun-metal, but she thought that there may have been some bluish tints here and there on the object. This too however, may have been due to effects made by the intense brilliance of the manifestation. Jane reported that no noise could be heard from where she was in relation to the sight, and although she had her bedroom window opened all through the event, she neither heard any natural background noises either such as traffic or other nocturnal sounds. In all, Jane claims to have watched this peculiarity for what may have been as long as five minutes before it simply passed out of sight heading in the direction of Skipton. Jane said that at no way through the sighting did she notice any markings or windows on the object.

As the object was slowly moving along its trajectory, it appeared to be slowly picking up speed all the time, as if it had just set off on its journey. All the way through the event, the UFO maintained a very low level relative to the immediate environment below.

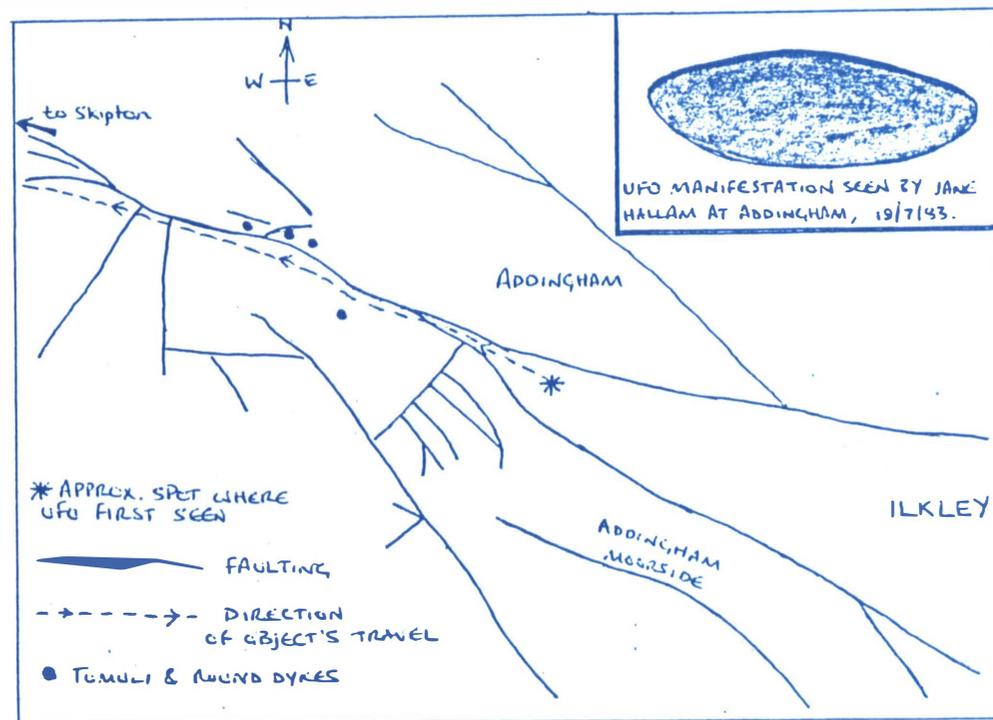
When Nigel enquired about any feeling that Jane may have had during the sighting she said, "That it seemed as if the thing I was seeing was not real. It looked like something out of a sci-fi movie!" Furthermore, "It 'shouldn't have been able to just hang in the sky the way it did so, as it wasn't a balloon. I'm quite sure of that. And anyway, it was made out of something that looked heavy...it was metallic." She continued, "I really did feel transfixed when I watched it, as if it was holding my attention. I've never seen anything like it before, and I do know what helicopters and planes look like, especially close up. I really was stunned at what I saw..." The diagram of the object here illustrates what Jane watched.

Nigel Mortimer, investigator of the case in question here, noted the local environmental factors which may have had possible significance to the case afterwards, although at the time (correct me if I'm wrong Nigel!) didn't see an earthlight significance into the event. He writes that the object was seen "on the moorland slopes. This ground is scattered with some rocks, and above the area to the south is the overhanging outcrop of rocks which lead up to the flat moorland plateau, which in itself leads towards Skipton, Bradford and Keighley." He continues to outline further factors, of course; but it is principally the immediately adjacent region with which we should be primarily concerned with here.

Nigel's first comment about the local outcrop of rocks sounds OK. There are indeed many thousands of the buggers all round the region, and where the TV mast itself is, we find that a principal geological fault line lies almost underneath it. The direction of travel the "UFO" took, according to Jane, was westerly - towards Skipton. Coincidentally ("Well, of course, it can't be anything but coincidentally, can it!?" cries a half-wit ufologist), the same fault line goes in the identical direction! Looking at it on the geological map of the area, we see a striking relationship between the two factors. But...consider that where the witness saw the object was actually wrong. What if the object she saw was in fact further back than the TV mast she thought it was above? Such mistakes are easily made, and in the past have brought light to events which, previously thought mysterious, have turned out to be mundane objects. The possibility cannot be overlooked. But - I haven't!

About a half mile further back, we reach the ridge of Addingham Moorside. Scattered with thousands of large rocks and boulders, many of them covered with numerous old stone cup and ring carvings, the object may (although it's doubted) have been there. This couldn't really throw anymore light on what the object was, as there are no roads there and few people are on the moors at that time of the night. But (hurray hurray - by jove what a coincidence!), running virtually parallel with the fault line by the TV mast, we find another main fissure in the Earth. This too travels the same way and ends up stopping several miles westwards just short of Skipton. In between the two fault lines there are a number of smaller faults, but each are just short manifestations of the two we're here talking of. As the map below here shows (diagram based on the British Geological Survey Map, Bradford 69 (D), 1:50,000 Series), the correlations are extraordinarily alike the "flight path" taken by the UFO. Nobody with a brain could realistically dispute it. Although some ufologists might like to!

And so, what have we to say for ourselves, eh? Another earthlight old bean? Certainly looks like it! Anyone care to argue...? We will be continuing this series of probable earthlight manifestations in the next edition of EARTH.



PaganLink Network - by Phil Hine

PaganLink is a new venture in setting up a contact and support network for Pagans and occultists throughout the United Kingdom. PaganLink acts to try and link isolated individuals and groups to each other - to generate new pathways of communication and development. The bonding is shared visions and values - PaganLink is not a "cosy little club" for just one branch of Pagans or like-minded peoples. We are concerned with removing the barriers between people of different beliefs - attempting to see beyond the schism of dogma that isolates people from one another. As individuals, we may change our inner landscapes and dream new visions, but to enable these visions to take root we need to bond together in new ways - to work together at growth.

PaganLink is concerned with informing people about what it means to be Pagan (or whatever one cares to call themselves) - to provide a rational counter-current of information to the diatribe of the gutter-press and a certain member of parliament.

The Network is organised so that, where possible, all areas have someone who is willing to act as a local coordinator: to organise meetings, events, and help put people in contact with each other. Some areas also have Regional coordinators who move information around between areas. Anyone who wishes to become involved in the running of the Network is very welcome to do so.

PaganLink also has three main resource magazines:

"Moonshine" - £1 each from 498 Bristol Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham B29 6BD.

"Northern PaganLink News" - August issue free. Send large, A5 SAE to, NPLN - Box 175, 52 Call Lane, Leeds LS1 6DT.

"Albion Arise!" - free newsletter with SAE from, 26 Leonard Road, Lozells, Birmingham.

Ed's Note - PaganLink has been set up for about a year now and around our Yorkshire dens a number of "Moots" have been set up, meeting on regular monthly days. One is close to being formed in York (if enough feedback and a meeting place can be regularly set up), but in Leeds and Bradford we have moots that have been going for several months now. In Leeds, on the first Thursday of every month, at the Griffin Hotel on Boar Lane (just round the corner from the train station) is one regular meeting, anytime after 7.30pm. Next Leeds Moots are on Sept 1, Oct 6, and Nov 3. The Bradford Moots are held at the Crossroads Club, Leeds Road, Laisterdyke, on the first Friday of every month; the next moots being Sept 2, Oct 7, and Nov 4. I have been to both of these small gatherings and the number of folks turning up is slowly increasing. They are just like a night out, but the people who turn up there are Pagan and similar-minded peoples. I encourage as many of you as possible to turn up at these moots. If others crop up - as planned - in other Yorkshire areas, I'll let you know. Hope to see you there!

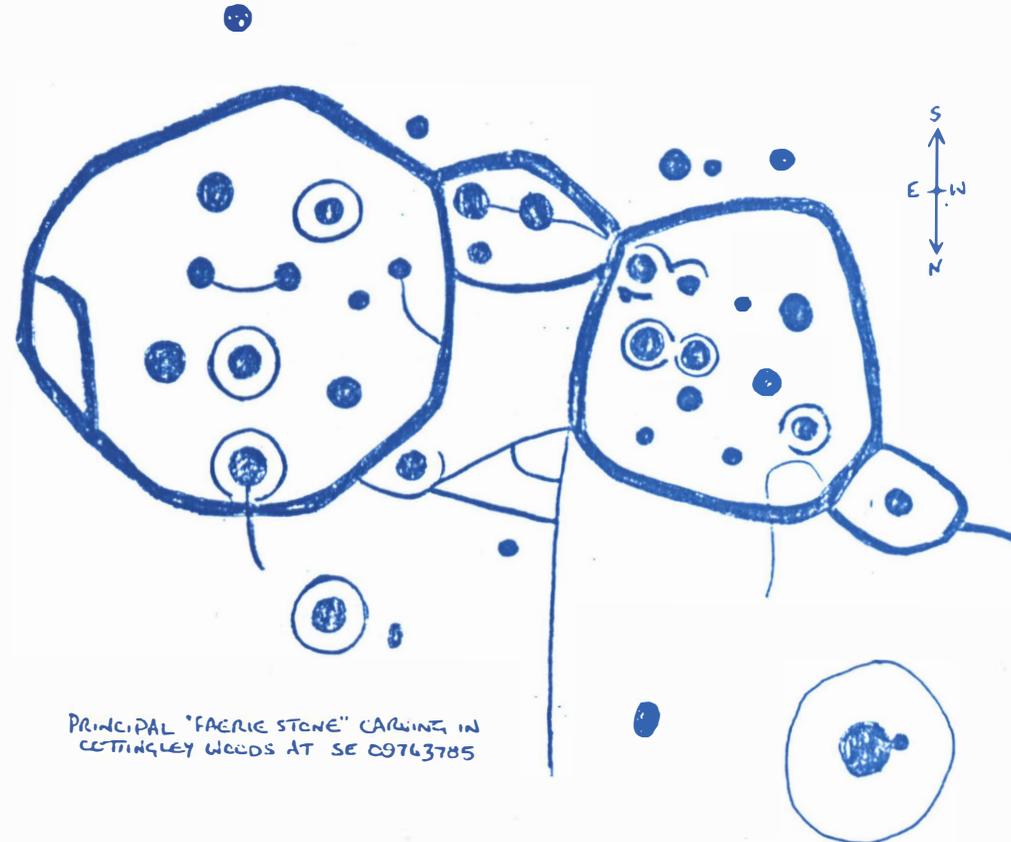
The Undiscovered Old Stone Carvings of Cottingley Woods, Bingley

More on these cup and ring carvings from West Yorkshire. I'm sorry if some of you are sick of reading about these weird archaeoremnants, but they of great importance to the geomantic make-up of this area. The Ancients certainly thought so! Anyhow...

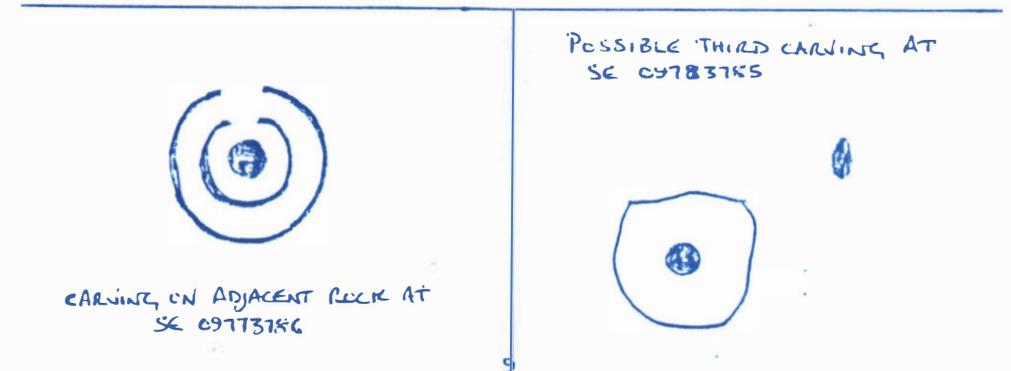
Cottingley is famed for its faeries. The photos may well have been faked (although Elsie says that they still saw the little folk), but people still turn their eyes and cameras to this little village, hoping their imaginations manifest something. In the expansive woodlands to the west, on the south side of the Aire Valley, Earth Mysteries rampler, Susan Stead and her friend, came across a quite amazing rock carving, the likes of which are rarely equalled even on the hundreds of carved rocks on Ilkley Moor immediately to the north. On a rock, measuring ten feet by seven feet, and slightly raised some twelve inches on its south side, sloping back into level earth, they came across one of the best-preserved examples of cup and ring stones in Britain...and it had never previously been recorded.

When Susan first showed me the carving, its clarity impressed me almost as much as the first time I saw the Swastika Stone (to any locals who haven't seen this stone, I urge you to visit it). As an art form, the design is highly evocative. God only knows why this is so! The design itself is seemingly untouched by the elements - unlike many of the old stone designs on Ilkley and its heathlands. Anyhow, across the page here you can see what it looks like. A few metres south of it on another flat, but small rock

is the cup-and-two-ring design, illustrated at the bottom left of the page. The inner cup of this carving is 13.6cm across, with a gap of 4cm before the first ring is touched. This ring is about 2cm across. Then there's the second gap of 4.5-5cm, with the outer ring measuring between 1.5-2cm across. I have not attempted to transpose these measurements onto Thom's Megalithic Inch. The third carving on the bottom right appears to have been added to. The two cups may have been originals, but the ring seems somewhat recent. Anyhow, make of these what thou wilt! No dowsing or pendulum readings have yet been attempted over the principal carving. I would appreciate any help that could be given on these lines...



PRINCIPAL "FAERIE STONE" CARVING IN  
COTTINGLEY WOODS AT SE 09763785



CARVING ON ADJACENT ROCK AT  
SE 09773786

## FORTEAN SNIPPETS

From the response a lot of you gave us from the last EARTH (all those years ago!), it appears that you liked the short collection of short tales we offered. And so, if the strange and silly tales continue to crop up, we'll run the Snippets in regular issues. Hope that you like some of these...

**WOMAN RAPED BY A FISH** - Yes, you've guessed it - an excerpt from the Sunday Sport newspaper! According to the report the poor woman is now expecting to give birth - to an 8lb trout! Doctors have apparently said that the developing foetus has got gills at the back of its ears, two hearts and a pouting mouth! The woman alleged that she was abducted and raped by extraterrestrials a few months before-hand. UFO "experts" (ha ha ha!) are now anticipating its birth. More on this I hope! Sunday Sport, 10.4.88.

**WHAT A SHOWER!** - Twas July 11, 1988. The rain was pouring out of the sky in Sheffield. And so were hoards of tadpoles! Sheffield pensioner, Mrs Alice Dexter, found dozens of peculiar tadpole-like thingies swimming around in a rainwater barrel. "They just dropped out of the sky in the rain." Aberdeen Press & Journal, 12.7.88.

**DIET FOR A PAGAN!** - Police in Libreville, Gabon, recently announced that they'd arrested thirty-five year old witchdoctor, Ntem Mba, for over-eating. Mba confessed that he'd eaten six people - two of them were his own children! Greedy sod! Presumably he is now on a diet! Telegraph & Argus, 27.4.88.

**VOODOO TRIAL AT NORTHERN EARTH MYSTERIES?** - A certain David Clarke (co-editor of the Northern Earth Mysteries mag), who is allegedly a defrocked clergyman (most of these vicars enjoy ripping frocks off - usually childrens!) and former aide to Liberian President Samuel Doe, sobbed in court recently, after admitting killing two children in a voodoo ritual. The retired christian pervert said, "I am sorry, I am feeling too bad for the incident." Oh dear, oh dear, the poor chap. He was tried for murder. Telegraph & Argus, 8.4.88.

**ANTIQUÉ BABY BORN!** - A child was born in Alexandria, Egypt earlier this year, with a three-thousand year old necklace made from solid silver, around her ankle! People are revering this as proof of reincarnation. The child, Aisha Sabry, is now being looked at by stunned scientists. Sunday Sport, n.d.

**CANED FOR MURDERING A CANGUIDAL** - A Zambian villager used his spear to kill a man who had murdered his mother before eating her intestines! He must have been bloody hungry! Anyhow, a judge sentenced the man, Rodgers Kaluba, to ten strokes of the cane after pleading guilty to avenging his mother's death. The sentence "drew large applause" in the crowded courtroom. Telegraph & Argus 20.4.88.

**FRUITY CONCEPTION** - Jack Northeast of Frome, Somerset, cooked his wife a bowl of his home-made rhubarb pie. Wendy, aged 42, soon after began to get tummy upsets and just a few hours later gave birth to a five-puond baby she didn't know she was carrying! Telegraph & Argus, 4.5.88.

**OLD GIMPS MAKE A RECORD** - Jesus Carranza Vega, aged 114, claims that he and his girlfriend are the world's oldest living couple. Together they live in a tiny hut, without either electricity or water, in northern water. Between them, they have a combined age of 247! Jesus Vega's girlfriend, Paula Martinez de Carranza, is allegedly 133! Telegraph & Argus, 21.4.88.

**SUPERMITES** - Termite mounds are renowned for being remarkable structures, standing several feet above the ground and housing thousands of insects. But what is thought to be the world's highest termite structure yet found has been discovered in the Australian outback. It stands 21 feet tall and is still growing! T&A, 3.5.88.

**AND FINALLY...** - On Friday, April 22, this year, a Dartmoor farmer shot dead a large cat he watched stalking his ducks. When reported to the local vet, Neville Harrison, he identified it as a rare Asian leopard which had never been seen in this country and certainly shouldn't have been over here (it didn't have a passport!). Animal experts are still puzzling over the incident. It was reported to the Ministry of Agriculture because of the fear of rabies, but this was later discounted. This could have been the weird feline beast that biologist Nigel Brierley was seeking, wandering around with his willy hanging out! (see Earth 10, p.15). Telegraph & Argus, 22.4.88.

## ...Just What was the Freak of Grafton Street?

Twas November, 1837. London's night was to be awakened in one particular spot by the oddest of things. Wearing a theatrical-looking black cloak, looking decidedly weird and, in consequent appearances, springing quite high in the air, clearing high walls and other impassable structures, obviously some madcap entity was on the loose! And then, in 1873, this time in Sheffield, another odd creature appeared. This time clad in a white cloak, bouncing over walls fourteen feet and more, appearing and disappearing with annoying regularity, and "skimming over the ground with supernatural swiftness," a similar manifestation pestered the locals. (1) Only a few years later, in 1877, Aldershot, Hampshire, became host to a not dissimilar sprite. This one flew over two sentries who fired at him. Threw out jets of fire and again, vanished! Moving into the twentieth century, in 1904 (Crowleians take note), yet another cloak-clad creature was leaping, bounding and vanishing its way around Everton, Liverpool. And in all of these instances, nobody was ever found responsible for the spectral pranks - as some people liked to think they were.

Springheeled Jack's his name. Today, for many, such a figure ranks only in the land of imaginative folklore. Others tend to relate the manifestations to a mischievous elemental who skipped in and out of space-time - for various strange reasons. But quite obviously such entities were indeed seen. The people who reported these highly remarkable entities weren't making their stories up (there were no cash prizes in those days for letting the press know you'd seen a demon or a spaceman - only loony bins!). And so, following the tradition of British history, it isn't really too surprising that such a phenomenon raised its head in the old suburbs of Bradford in early September, 1926...

In the early hours of Sunday, September 5, 1926, at approximately 2am, something which the press described as a 'ghost' perturbed locals around the Manchester Road area of this smelly old Bradford town. The first press report of the events were as follows: "A ghost scare has just been brought to light in Bradford. The ghost who has reported to have been lately haunting...the city is apparently no astral being however, but a fugitive person who stands over six feet...and who possesses remarkable sprinting power." (2) Both of these points are characteristic of all the previously-mentioned entities. The account continues, "A great effort to lay the ghost was made in the early hours of yesterday morning without success. A posse of police and a band of young men who endeavoured to capture the

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masked man who's filling the ghostly role..." Since its first appearance that Sunday morn, it continued to show itself every night without fail for a full week following. "All state that (it's) completely dressed from head to foot in a loose white garment. This completely envelopes the head and no part of the face is visible. There's two slits for eyes in the white mask. This make-up gives (it) the appearance of a Ku Klux Klansman... The witnesses are unanimous in declaring that the man wanted is at least 6'2"... He makes practically no noise when running and it's thought he wears black dancing pumps. Walter Wheatley, a young man who lives at 12 Fitzgerald Street, stated to a press rep that the first appearance of the masked man in Grafton Street was about midnight on Sunday when he was seen by some young men. Then early on Tuesday morning he was seen in Grafton Street by a young man named James O'Brien. That was at 2.30am. Fully two hours later a woman who was going to work met the white figure. When it approached her she ran screaming down the street and eventually fainted. Fortunately her cries awoke some persons... Windows were raised and quite a number saw what seemed to be a 'ghost' standing near the fallen woman... In the darkness of Wednesday morning another woman, while crossing St. James Street, saw the man and got a terrible fright. She ran as if for her life and got back home in safety. Having heard all these stories young Wheatley decided to stay out of bed yesterday just to see whether he could lay his hands on the ghost." (3)

Wheatley and a friend, William Jordan, spent the night looking for the figure, and on its regular 2am slot, the figure was seen. It appeared at the end of Fitzgerald Street and walked straight up the middle of the road. Upon seeing the figure, Jordan sped down to the local police station and returned with a number of men. The figure was still in sight very close by, but when they began chasing the figure it ran off at an exceptional speed.

Bradford's Daily Telegraph, the same day, gave similar reports, and also mentioned that the entity had been seen jumping about on house rooftops and local ash-tips. (4)

After the first few days, tens - and on one occasion, hundreds - of locals joined together to search and capture the strange figure, but with no success.

But people were still seeing the ghostly thing. "A woman who resides in Earl Street says she was returning from the theatre to her house, when at the...end of Henry Street a tall white figure appeared and seemed to "sway backwards and forwards with arms outstretched and then vanished into nothing." A few seconds later, according to this eyewitness, the tall figure of a man wearing a cap walked hurriedly from the garden of a house. Two men who were in the street at the same time both vouched for this account, while a girl stated that the tall mysterious man collided with her as he hurried round the corner of the street."

Strangely however, whilst all of this was going on, another peculiarity raised its head. In both previous articles on the Grafton Street Freak, (5,6) nothing was known or mentioned about it.

Sometime around 9.45pm on Monday, 6 September, just a night after the entity had first been seen, many folk around West and North Yorkshire saw and heard most peculiar celestial phenomena. "The reports of vivid illuminations of the sky have been seen over a wide area...(and) formed one of the main subjects of discussion in the trains this morning. One gentleman who lives at Baildon was heard to say that at the time mentioned he chanced to be standing at his door when his attention was attracted by a series of vivid lights which appeared low down in the eastern sky. Five times in rapid succession the lights flared up." (7) The account later continues, "Two ladies also claimed to have been startled by a vivid flash of light about 9.45pm. They were seated in a house high up in one of the suburbs. The room was lit by a powerful electric globe, but the curtain windows (sic) weren't fully drawn. They thought that the light was a flash of lightning and waited to hear the noise of thunder, which never came."

In some instances the magnitude of the light was such that it actually woke children from their sleep. Varying tales come from all quarters. One, "when a resident at Bolton Villas (Bradford) was garaging his car at 9.45, he saw a double flash of light green light. It was like lightning, but of a colour he had never seen before." (8) A Mr George Bell of Whitkirk, Leeds, described seeing a faint blue flashing that lasted some three seconds. A Mr Wilkinson of Tadcaster saw the same blue flash and heard a long bang afterwards. In Bramham, the same thing occurred, but windows were shaken in numerous homes. In Castleford a blue sphere was seen by a number of people, coming from the south, and it lit the sky so bright that it was like day-time. A copper in Leeds also reported the thing. (9) Further press reports tell us the following: "Vivid illuminations of the sky over an extensive area in East Yorkshire last night caused a great deal of alarm. At Hull, windows of houses were rattled. Bridlington, York, Pocklington and North Cave reported a similar experience. Darlington witnessed the flash which lasted several seconds. At Beverley there was a noise like an explosion...and windows were rattled. The whole town was lighted by a flash which appeared to come from the direction of Hornsea." (10)

Other reports soon followed. "The phenomenon (was) variously described as a dazzling greenish glare, a brilliant white light, a dull red glare, a blue light changing to yellow and then to blue again, etc. Near Sheffield, a cyclist, surprised by the sudden brilliant illumination of the countryside looked up to see, "a long tail of brilliant electric sparks with a ball at its head" which moved swiftly across the sky and disappear." (11)

But obviously there was most probably a simple explanation following this celestial visitor. Anyhow, one came forth from the Greenwich Observatory and other presiding astronomical authorities, elucidating the phenomenon as a fireball-meteor of some type (12, 13) - which it most probably was! One person however, perhaps the first member of the Yorkshire UFO Society, had another, much better idea. Writing to the Observatory column in the local press, he told that the fireball was in fact two German scientists who'd set off to the Moon in a giant torpedo-like projectile they'd built, and had been propelled by a giant cannon and lots and lots of explosives! Grand idea! (14)

A relationship between this probable natural extraterrestrial visitor and the Grafton Street Freak seems unlikely on the surface, although in the past there have been too many seemingly coincidental esoteric manifestations following such sights. In 1980, when an almost identical giant meteor skimmed across our country, UFO manifestations quickly followed in certain areas. The relationship between our natural 'earthquake light' flashes coming it would seem from the ground, and following UFO flaps, is now

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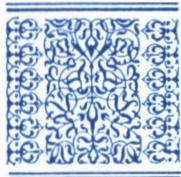
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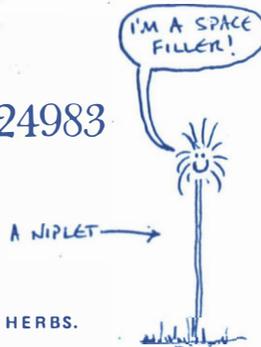


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really an indisputable one. But perhaps the fireball of 1926 and the following weird entity sightings were just a coincidence...perhaps... To some, I know, this point may be of relevant interest.

In the second and final part of this article in the next issue of EARTH, we examine the other reports of this freaky creature and its movements further afield up the Aire Valley in West Yorkshire. And perhaps the most interesting is the first-hand account of the 'ghost' from a witness, still alive, who saw the figure all those years ago along the cobbled backs of Fitzgerald Street...

#### Notes

1. Clarke, David & Wilson, Rob. "Strange Sheffield," pp.45-50, 1987.
2. "Ghost Hunt in Bradford: Hooded Man in White," Yorkshire Observer, Saturday 11.9.1926., p.7.
3. Ibid.
4. "Bradford Ghost Hunt Thrills," Bradford Daily Telegraph, 11.9.26., p.8.
5. Bennett, Paul. "Who was the Freak of Grafton Street...Springheel Jack?" UFO Brigantia, No.5, March 1985.
6. Roberts, Andy. "The Entity in White," UFO Brigantia, No.21, July 1986.
7. Bradford Daily Telegraph, 7.9.26., p.6.
8. "Strange Light in the Sky - Experience of Bradford Motorist," Bradford Daily Telegraph, 7.9.26., p.11.
9. Ibid.
10. "Sky Illumination," Yorkshire Observer, 7.9.26., p.12.
11. "Cause of Great Light in Sky," Yorkshire Observer, 8.9.26., p.9.
12. "Big Fireball over England," Bradford Daily Telegraph, 7.9.26., p.12.
13. "Fireball over England," Yorkshire Observer, 8.9.26., p.8.
14. "A Phenomenon Explained," Yorkshire Observer, 9.9.26., p.8.

#### John Tilleard: 1964-1988.

On May 23, this year, my closest friend and companion died, leaving much sorrow and reflection to a great number of us - his parents and close family more so than any. In the light of his transcendence to worlds new, I am here, in this short space, going to try and give reference and great tribute to a wonderful man.

It's very difficult to write about someone when you felt as deeply as I felt (and still feel) about someone so close. All I can do is talk about him. And there's so much to tell. He was a philosopher, a poet, a musician and such a lover of this green and pleasant Earth. In our many travels to the mountains and moorlands of our country, between us and the elements around such resonance did sing within and without. John, like I, and many of us today, understood the way of the sacred with the Earth. His spirit will be greatly missed.

I remember vividly, as children, we used to 'escape' from our homes long after night-fall, and wander onto Idle Hill and the small, adjacent moorland, looking for UFOs and other strange things. And sometimes we'd find them. Sometimes, on reflection, they'd be our minds playing a collective trick on each other - but, there were times...there were times...

As he got older, one thing within him that never eroded was his very placid nature towards most other people. John was very quiet, yet he had such a wonderful mind under his almost 'hidden' expression. Amidst this too was a quite ludicrous sense of humour - gems of which would spark from God-knows-where inside him. Everyone who knew him would echo these sentiments unreservedly. But with him now gone, those who knew and loved him are just left with memories of him. Certainly, almost everywhere I go there are images of him, or events that occurred, or touching feelings of sanctity - none of which can ever be lost.

His unison now however, with the breath of the Universe, and the Word and worlds of Jonathon Livingston Seagull (a good friend of John's as well), have passed him into another form. His consciousness has moved in/onto another Life, as individual and precious as was his own. I can only give him my utter respect and Love in his new venture into Being and hope that, like Jonathon Livingston, "He learns to fly..." ...into freedom... And that I'll see him one day...

My heartfelt condolence goes to John's parents; his brother Ian; and sister, Jacki.

#### Labyrinth Structure on Ilkley Moor - by Matthew Atha

On Midsummer's Day, 1986, I was retrieving my bike from behind a wall on Ilkley Moor, where it had been abandoned the previous night while trying to find the Twelve Apostles stone circle. While walking across rough moorland I stumbled across the weird arrangement of stones illustrated here. I took a photograph, realising that this might well be a labyrinth of the type one sees carved on the many ring-marked stones on the moor.

This year I decided to do this a little more systematically. The diagram does not pretend to be accurate in all details, but the main features are all there. As I had no tape measure, the dimensions I recorded at roughly nineteen by eighteen paces (MY?). A person standing is just visible from the Twelve Apostles three hundred yards to the east. The grid reference is SE 123451, and it is most easily found by starting from the large cairn just northwest of the Twelve Apostles and then following the track for two hundred yards to the south-west.

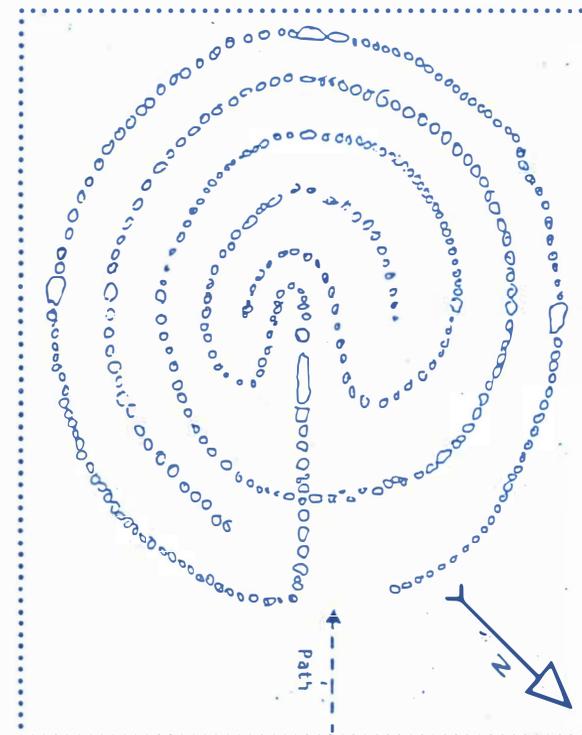
It is indeed a labyrinth, possibly contemporary to the adjacent Twelve Apostles, and almost certainly to the carved stones. The site is well overgrown with heather and grasses, which suggests that if it is a hoax it is not a modern one. Even if the labyrinth is more recent than the circle, it was surely constructed and used by Pagans celebrating the spiral dance. If anybody else knows of this site, or any relevant history of the area, can they please get in touch with me.

I was appalled at the damage caused to the Twelve Apostles. Several of the stones had been broken and reset with cement. This damage appeared to be deliberate, but was it drunken vandals or fundamentalist fanatics? Another stone has been re-erected, presumably by people who meant well, though the site is now ruined for the archaeologists ("Oh! What a pity!" I hear you chorus!). More seriously, careless re-arrangement can destroy the resonances in a circle. The stones were originally set very accurately for numerological and astronomical purposes. The atmosphere of the site is dead and it needs careful nurturing and healing for it to have a chance of recovery. We are

all the keepers of the circles, because if we don't care for our temples then either they are destroyed or, worst still, English Heritage will get their capitalist claws into them!

Incidentally - why the Twelve Apostles when there are thirteen stones? Perhaps the "Coven Circle" might be more appropriate. Stop letting the Xtians set the agenda!

Ed's Note - A number of people have remarked upon the existence of the "labyrinth" on Ilkley Moor over the last few years, but little is known of it. At the moment an archaeological report is being compiled on the ancient sites on the moor and it is hoped that that will throw new light on the structure. Re the 13 stones at the Twelve Apostles - the thirteenth stone was added quite recently after one of the many vandal attacks on the old stone site. In the last decade the stones have been uprooted more than a dozen times by people, as yet, unknown. It was first disturbed in the early 1900s.



Ghostly Battlefields

Throughout the history of warfare we find various paranormal happenings that at first defy all rational explanation. Such is the phenomenon of the 'haunted battlefields'. The most recurrent of these bizarre happenings is in England, at the strange area known as Sedgemoor.

In the fateful year of 1685, the Duke of Monmouth, illegitimate son of Charles II, raised a peasant army to oust his uncle, James II. His army consisted of the hardy men of the West Country who, although poorly armed by the standards of the day, took on what was then one of the most highly trained armies in Europe. They clashed on the eve of July 5 that year, in an all-night battle in which the rebels armed with pitch-forks, staves, pikes and outmoded firearms, and very few cannon and cavalry support, surged against the Royalist lines. In the pitch black darkness both armies struggled in bloody conflict. But as dawn rose over the debris of the night's slaughter, it found Monmouth in flight of his six thousand supporters - most of whom had died in battle. Any rebels who escaped were hunted down by the infamous Judge Jeffreys, who executed two-hundred prisoners and had eight-hundred others transported...

The ghosts of those rebels hanged at a place called Heddon Oak near Crowcombe, have reportedly been seen by late-night travellers - this being the most persistent of the eerie happenings that have continually appeared since the battle. People have reportedly heard the sound of clanking chains and the gasps of dying men at Heddon Oak as well. Sedgemoor itself is still haunted by the fallen ghostly men mounted on white horses who have been seen. Engaging ragged cannon-fire has been heard and the battle cry, "come over and fight." The ghost of Judge Jeffreys has also been seen at Lydford and at Lyme Regis. Monmouth himself was captured and executed at either Horton in Dorset, or Ringwood in the New Forest, but so far his ghost has yet to be seen anywhere.

In the New World we have an abundance of haunted battlegrounds from the campaigns of the Spanish, through the War of Independence, the War of 1812, the wars against Mexico, the Civil War and the most atrocious actions against the Amerindian nations. Most civil war battlefields are now tourist attractions and national monuments in which artillery pieces still stand now silent. One of the best-known for eerie goings-on is in the state of Tennessee, at a place on the Tennessee River called Shilo - named after the little wooden church that stood there, and known to southerners as Pittsburg Landing.

In April, 1861, the war was just a year old. Federal forces threatened Corinth, an important Confederate rail centre. Strong yankee forces were camped around Shilo. And although skirmishing had gone on for several days, the Federals did not expect an attack. On Sunday, April 6, just before dawn at about 5am, a massive full-scale infantry and cavalry assault struck the Federals. It was the Confederate Army of the Mississippi. Forty thousand strong under A.S. Johnston (no relation - I hope!). This started off a two-day battle in which over a hundred thousand men were involved. By its end, twenty-three thousand men had been killed - including General Johnston. Both sides claimed victory. Today, the field at Shiloh exhibits a strange and similar atmosphere as Sedgemoor. Phantom cannonades and musketry are heard; the sounds of horses and men in mortal agony; the clash of bayonet and saber; and the wild rebel yell, that descendant of the Celtic war cry. Spectres of soldiers in blue, grey and butternut have been glimpsed advancing through the trees. Are they the earthbound spirits of the dead doomed to enact these violent actions throughout eternity - or is there a more mundane solution...?

World War II also has its share of spectres. On June 6, 1944, the allied armies struck at Hillers Fortress, Europe. In the largest combined operation to that date, they launched themselves across the Channel at the supposed impenetrable iron coast. Today, one can still stand on the cliffs and hear the sounds of guns.

One peculiar story from World War II was relayed to me by an RAF corporal who had served in Singapore in the 1950s. It concerned the sinister Japanese prison camp at Changi. After the fall of Malaya in 1942, allied prisoners were kept in what was known as 'the Cage' at Changi on Singapore island. Japanese guards had beaten an Australian soldier so badly that he died in great pain. But before he died he crawled into a cell, painting a cross in his own blood on the wall, cursing his tormentors

before he died. Despite efforts to remove the bloody cross, it is apparently still there to this day. Air force dogs wouldn't enter the cell and would turn back howling, proving that even prison camps can have their ghosts. Such uneasy atmospheres have been mentioned by visitors to the Nazi death-camps like Buchenwald, Treblinka, Belsen and Auschwitz. Also in Katyn Wood - scene of the famous massacre, in which Polish officers were shot by the Russian MKVD.

I think that it's safe to say that such events may leave such an aura about the place that may affect sensitive people to an extent that it leaves an everlasting impression on them - similar to the feeling one gets in some buildings. Pain and fear are very strong emotions and a horde of people may broadcast en masse - particularly in a war-time situation - a kind of strong psychic field which become part of the paranormal landscape of a place that can persist down through the ages. (This field of thought is currently accepted as being the most likely working idea as to the nature of ghosts and similar phenomena. The notion is most effectively propounded in the voluminous works of the late great Thomas Lethbridge which, I must say, are utter necessities in everybody's reading lists. Ed)

The Haunters of the Heights

The skies during wartime have more than their fair share of strange happenings. Ghostly fliers and other such anomalies are on record and this has created a small, but new mythology - the folklore of flight. Among the strangest of these is the spectral case of the World War I pilot who, after his death, took part in World War II!

It was in the war-torn days of 1941, with the Battle of Britain over, that he made his first spectral appearance. A spitfire pilot on a lone patrol over the desolate Scottish coast spotted an unidentified bi-plane flying in the distance. As both sides still had two winged aircraft in service, and as such aircraft were used as landing agents, he put on extra speed and chased after the unknown machine. To his astonishment the old plane kept far ahead of him. The top speed of aircraft in World War II, in its early years, was about 350mph. At this speed the spitfire pilot was still unable to gain on his quarry.

Later in the mess when he recounted his strange experience, instead of the expected raised eyebrows, he found that his adventure was not unusual. The ghost plane had been encountered by most fliers in his squadron and by other squadrons operating in the area. The bi-plane had on several occasions warned of many enemy attacks, ambushes and air-raids - and had, by its appearance, saved many RAF and civilian lives. The mystery might never have been solved had not another patrolling pilot seen what appeared to be a snow-covered aircraft in a wild, lonely, little-frequented valley. The air officer commanding of the area, suspecting a downed enemy machine, sent out a heavily-armed and well-equipped search party. It took the party several days trek in the depths of winter to reach the spot on foot (wheeled vehicles could in no way be used in such terrain and helicopters hadn't been invented yet!). Reaching the ring of hills that surrounded the snowbound valley, the flight sergeant in charge of the group scanned the distant object through his binoculars and gouted in surprise. The object was indeed a bi-plane - a World War I Sopwith Camel fighter!

As they drew closer, they could see the craft was in an amazing state of preservation. Its identity numerals were still discernible. It was a Royal Navy Air Service machine and the pilot was still in the craft. Sitting at the controls was the whitened skeleton, wearing the shreds of a naval uniform. Frosted goggles still covered empty eye sockets, and an old-type leather flying helmet sat atop a bony skull. Investigation of the ghost machine proved that it was indeed a lost RNAS machine, which had indeed vanished on patrol in 1917! The bi-plane had landed through a fuel blockage which could have been repaired by the pilot himself. Unfortunately however, he had injured himself on landing, breaking both legs, leaving him helpless in the cockpit. On touch-down the wheels had caught in a hidden rift, causing the accident. Having no radio he couldn't call for help and thus he eventually died through starvation.

Soon after, a funeral service commenced and the spectral flights ceased. His extra twenty-four years of service for the RAF was over.

Another ghost pilot of which I have had personal experience, was of World War II origin. In the summer of 1962 I was stationed at RAF Middleton-St.-George, near

Darlington, in the picturesque village of Dinsdale. The air field had been an RAF bomber base in the second world war. On arrival I met an Ayrshire man with whom I'd done basic training, called Barclay Orr. It was he who first mentioned the ghost.

When the aerial offensive had been at its height and after one particularly bad raid when machines came limping back, a badly shot-up bomber - most of whose crew had bailed out - made a crash-landing on the airfield. The pilot however, believing that his navigator was still on the burning plane, went back in to try and find him and subsequently died in the flames. Since then his apparition has walked the base at night, still clad in flying gear and addressing various people, saying, "Have you seen my navigator?" Poltergeist phenomena have also become manifest, such as doors opening of their own accord, objects being moved around by invisible something-or-others, etc. One of the more interesting aspects is the empty packets of Gold Flake cigarettes (a common brand in the 1940s) being left around, with some of the cigarettes themselves being stubbed out in ashtrays.

An RAF regiment tender driver was very badly shaken while driving a tender across the deserted airfield late at night, when a formless, gigantic black shape rose up in front of his vehicle. My own sighting of the ghost was on a winter's evening when I was alone on duty in the airmen's mess. I heard the door at the rear of the building open and shut. Thinking it was the duty guard, I ignored it. Then I heard what appeared to be heavy dragging footsteps and raucous coughing. I went to the window, looked out, and observed a lanky figure, walking in a crouch. The lights of a car from a nearby road suddenly lit up the figure. I am sure I then saw a figure in a leather flying suit with old-style oxygen mask hanging loose in front, and heavy flying boots, walking in an erratic dazed fashion. I glimpsed officer's bars on his shoulders and opening the window, called out, "Are you alright sir?" The head on the figure then turned, but I saw no face. I did see a leather helmet and goggles, and heard a voice with a distinct Canadian accent (the pilot who died was a Canadian) say wearily, "Have you seen my navigator, Jock?" The figure then went round the side of the nearby NAAFI building and was lost from sight.

First of all I suspected a hoax, but as I never mentioned it and nobody ever asked me if I had seen anything I realised, disturbingly, that I had encountered the station's resident ghost. The airfield is now a civilian one. One wonders if the ghost still walks there, on his endless quest for his navigator. Most of the now deserted World War II airfields appear to be haunted by some curious spectre. One has only to walk round such a place to get a feeling that one has stepped through time and can feel ghostly presences...

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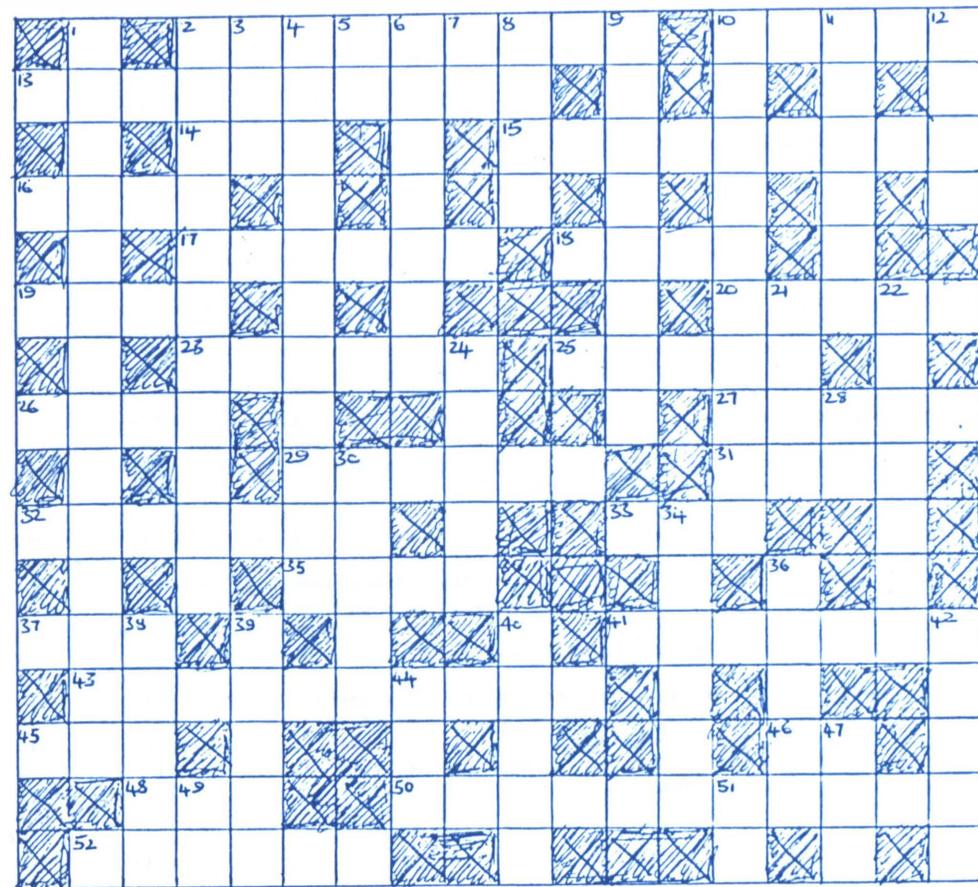
ANSWERS ACROSS - 3. Banshee. 9. Gardner. 10. Olsen. 11. Nirvana. 12. Astarte. 13. Urisk. 14. Osiris. 15. Mind. 17. Triton. 19. ESP. 21. Az. 22. Nut. 24. Waitoreke. 25. Itzhak. 27. Liban. 28. Ether. 31. Occult. 32. Seth. 33. MIB. 36. Om. 38. Astrology. 40. Rati. 42. Ain. 43. Ra. 44. Sheldrake 45. Mathers.

ANSWERS DOWN - 1. Yamski. 2. Edwards. 3. Bentov. 4. Aries. 5. Savory. 6. Ernest Eitel. 7. Ultraterrestrial. 8. Zeus. 15. Manipogo. 16. Netzach. 18. Nike. 20. Phallus. 21. Al. 23. UT. 24. Wandil. 26. Kit. 29. Re. 30. Theia. 33. Moss. 34. Bowen. 35. Wyrd. 37. Maya. 38. Ankh. 39. Thor. 41. Tree.

Hope you did OK with it...now good luck in filling this new one in...

BOOKWANTS - Although I no longer sell books on a large basis as before, if there are any readers who are after particular works on any of the numerous esoteric subjects, lemme know as I'm starting a "booksearch" for those works you might have been after for years...and it's already been quite successful. Send me just the authors & titles. And...while I'm at it...your editor wants John Woodrooffe's "The Serpent Power", and any back-issues of The Ley Hunter magazine, pre-No.73. Help! Plus, John Kew's 'Jo'zoc' - WANTED!

NUCLEAR MYSTERY TEMPLE DRONES - Remarkable and beautiful higher Eno consciousness music from the mind and instruments of Daevid Allen (ex-Gong member). Utterly brilliant stuff. For more info, write, Rob Ayling, 15 Malvern Rd, Dewsbury WF12 7JX, W. Yorks.



CLUES ACROSS - 2. practitioner of alchemy. 10. 29 Across, near the Moray Firth. 13. famous hill figure. 14. Glastonbury's got one. 15. one of Targ & Puthoff's remote viewers. 16. Indian Goddess of time and destruction. 17. famous chambered tomb in Meath, Ireland. 18. Babylonian Sun God. 19. Mary Baker who?... christian scientist. 20. Title of Artemis, as Goddess of the Fir tree. 23. Etruscan Mother Goddess. 25. respected modern occultist of Australian origin. 26. Egyptian good luck symbol. 27. Ancient mound of the Creek Indians, Georgia. 29. Megalithic stone piles. 31. Crowley's materful excerpts from the 'Equinox'. 32. Pays. 33. Magog's partner. 35. Hindu Goddess of sexual passion. 37. Hofmann's magical substance. 41. a disciple of Tibetan gurus. 43. fire elemental. 45. Irish Goddess of war. 46. Argenteum Astrum. 48. the Way of the universe. 50. speaking in tongues. 52. the Great Pyramid.

CLUES DOWN - 1. Papus. 2. famous computer-clock of 65BC. 3. astrological sign. 4. Tarot reader. 5. Hardback Book (initials). 6. Hitler's astrologer. 7. Lydian fertility Goddess. 8. the "I" in the formula IAO. 9. "Perhaps the most horrible of all recorded magical spells." 10. prominent British megalithic site. 11. the all-pervading occult/spiritual ether. 12. Gaelic elemental Goddess. 21. heavenly constellation. 22. authority on the subtle body. 24. English water elementals. 28. Earth Mysteries. 30. Yoga posture. 34. modern 'hip' occultist. 36. Hindu Goddess of dawn. 38. "the home of Choronzon", says Crowley. 39. Keel's "Mysteries of the Orient". 40. the legendary British hunter. 42. the magician's work table. 44. Greek Goddess of night. 47. the Meliae were nymphs of this tree. 49. Theosophist George Russell. 51. Mantra.

## Leaves from a Wiccan's Garden

Last time round, looking at L of all things - the medicinal and peculiar properties of grasses, reeds and sedges, I commented briefly that there are very few folk tales and legends relating to such flora. Of course I was completely wrong! Very soon after the work had gone to press, pages of applicable tales and lore relating to them came out of olde tomes.

The remarkable thing about our Living Planet is the mass of historical and romantic lore which covers it. Everything - indeed down to the mosses and lichens that cover our trees, stones, animals and man-made structures, appears to have specific supernatural qualities about it. But the fascination which is now being generated at a time when eco-based subtleties are being realised by the masses as an absolute priority to the well-being of us all, of course makes excellent grounding for the recreation of the higher religious and Pagan-based ideals. All of this is happening. The increasing numbers of people inquiring and entering into alternatherapies for mind and body (in Britain alone) is probably pressing the ten million mark. Christianity is worried of course - but then it only has itself to blame. Or, er...sorry...could it all be the er...wossisname...the Devil's fault? It could be I suppose - whoever he might be!

But...I'm waffling! Onto more pertinent matters. Previously we've looked over some of our autumn trees; the multiple herbal properties of the much-maligned dandelion; and the peculiar side to our common, yet overlooked grasses. This month's "leaf" from an old, but beautiful garden, will let the breath of the wind rustle up the stories of our lovely and respected tree, *Betula verrucosa*, or *B. pendula*, the Silver Birch. There is much to be written...

The word itself, Birch, is a very ancient one, probably being derived from the Sanscrit "bhurga", meaning "a tree whose bark is used for writing upon." It was the paper of the books used by Numa Pompilius, written several centuries before the birth of Christ...and, no doubt, by many others since! The sybilline leaves bought by Tarquin were also of its bark.

But its folklore is quite extensive. Birch was one of the principal woods that witches made their broomsticks from to fly around the skies. Obviously this isn't literally true, but probably derives from the fact that our old fungi, *Amanita muscaria*, or the Fly Agaric, is principally found on the ground immediately adjacent to silver birches. And, from this sacred fungus, many extraordinary events are attributed. Flying (or astral travelling) being one such major quality. The birch was also, in many areas, one of the numerous other plants that was said to "avert the evil eye," although christians put that tag along with hundreds of things (as poor old Count Drac himself has found!). So whilst on the one hand being a tree of importance for wiccans, it was, say others, a counter to the influences that such folks could exert. In particular, on the eve of the Midsummer Solstice it was thought lucky to hang birch boughs over the doors of houses and, in Scotland, over signposts.

Heather Blamires of the Clan Dalriada, Arran, tells that it is the tree of the beginning and that its day is Sunday. It is of course, sacred to Pagan Celts as well as numerous other Earth religions, who believe it to hold powers of renewal and purification. Their twigs are used to drive out the spirit of the old year; the old term, "birching" being famous for the expulsion of evil forms of many guises. In Wales, the Maypole was more likely to be a birch than any other tree, and here it was also a great symbol, image and proprietor of Love. Heather also wrote that the first Ogham inscription was written on a piece of birch.

As a tree of Venus, one peculiarity of the birch is in a "wedding" custom. For a couple to jump over a besom, or broomstick made from the wood held against the doorway of their house was, not too long ago, considered tantamount to being legally married. Obviously the church didn't think it such however! In areas left untouched by christian influences, primarily the Celtic lands, if the besom was laid across the doorway of the newly-wed's home and an unmarried girl inadvertently walked over it, or

even some birch branches, twouldst be a sure thing that she'd be a mother before being wed.

Sometimes branches were hung over doorways as a protection against witches on their travels and deeds. On other occasions they would simply be used as maypoles. Indeed, as late as 1934, a family in Herefordshire put a birch maypole ahead of their door to guard themselves against wiccan influences.

Birch is greatly associated with Beltane. Frazer reported in his encyclopaedic, although tedious work, that on the sacred eve in some regions of Sweden, lads collect birch twigs wholly or partly in leaf and, with the village fiddler at the front dance around the community with May songs, praying for fine weather, good harvests and spiritual blessings from the Earth. In the Soviet Union, Russian villagers would wander into the woodland to dress a small birch in women's clothes the first Thursday before every Whitsunday. After that comes a feast followed by carrying the small tree home to their village where they would dance and sing and honour it as a guest until the Whitsunday. Then they would take it, still clothed, to the streams and fling her in as a symbol of replenishment, hope for the rains and, no doubt, as a gesture of thanks to the Earth.

Faerie folk obviously has connections with the beautiful and elegant tree; although christian mythology gives it little grandeur since it was the rods that Christ was beaten with and, since then, has been covered with shame. But the Russians still believe the tree a symbol of health, because its "wine" or sap, is a "cure" for consumption; its oil a lubricant; its bark a torch, and it is also a cleanser.

Twis in the top branches of the birch that a vision of the Virgin (or a manifestation of the Earth Goddess, dependant upon your cultural acceptance) showed Herself to the faithful of Buian, which, according to Skinner, was "a disclosure that folklore associates with that of the Wild Woman of the Wood, who showed herself to a German shepherdess, asking her to stop her spinning, and dance. The shepherdess, dazzled by the shining white of the stranger's raiment, and admiring the beauty which is heightened by a crown of wild flowers, complies, and the twain dance together gleefully for three days, the Wild Woman stepping so lightly that she does not bend the grass. Then she fills the girl's pockets with birch leaves that turn to gold as soon as she has reached home." A tale which, if echoed under the climate of the late twentieth century, would undoubtedly manifest itself to the media and the students of the subject, as a UFO-entity case. How things change...

Coleridge, the writer and poet, speaks similarly of the silver birch, but calling her the "Lady of the Woods". In Russia however, the genius of the forest is considered to be masculine in nature and is invoked. This is done by cutting down the young branches of the birch, placing them in a circle pointing to the middle, then standing in the inclosure and calling the divinity into being. Upon manifesting, he is respectfully asked to sit upon a tree stump facing eastwards. His hand is then kissed and he is implored to grant numerous wishes, which he willingly does if the practitioner returns him with his soul.

There are many other tales of this lovely shining tree of our northern lands, but it is briefly onto her medicinal properties that we now tread. Again, as with the flora of all Nature, Her body is of benefit to us. Young birch leaves have long been used to treat problems of the urinary system, as well as rheumatism, although they are bitter to the tongue. The beneficial actions derive from the constituents of saponins, tannins, traces of an essential oil, resin, Vitamin C, silica, mineral salts, bitter compounds and betulorentic acid (...phew!). These all give them mild diuretic and disinfectant properties. The leaves are usually made into a tea and combine well with Lime flowers (obtainable from any good herbalist, if you can't find them yourself). This is particularly good for rheumatism, gout and dropsy. The herb on its own is also good at inducing perspiration and hence good for colds and flu. In particular however, birch leaves have been regarded as a specific for their use against kidney stones. Used with the bark of the same tree, birch is good at counteracting eruptions of the skin, such as eczema, etc. It's all good stuff! It's

that good, that Roger Phillips, wild food and natural history freak extraordinaire, actually recommends going to the length of collecting the sap of the tree (by implanting a tube a couple of feet up; planting it just an inch or so into the bark, and letting it collect overnight in a collecting bottle) to make wine from it! I haven't tried it, although I'd like to do - just to taste what the sap on its own is like.

So get out there and make good use of these old silver-grey fellows. They have many good uses and have many strange and enlightened tales to tell...just listen to them and hear their whisperings...

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 Kresanek, Dr. Jaroslav, Plants That Heal, Galley Press, n.d.  
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 Whitlock, Ralph. In Search of Lost Gods, Phaidon Press 1979.

BOOKS FOR SALE

Brigantia: A Mysteriography - by Guy Ragland Phillips. Hardback. 224 pages. Bibliography. Index. The classic work detailing the stone circles, legends, leys and Earth Mysteries of Yorkshire and district. Wiccan, Pagan and magical chronicles from our northern counties, previously called Brigantia. Copies of this work are available from the editor for only £4.25, inclusive of postage. Get em now!

Ley Lines in Question - by Tom Williamson & Liz Bellamy. 232 pages. Bibliography. Index. Photos & diagrams. This is the main literary critique of ley lines and the Earth Mysteries movement - and in its exploration, makes some very valid and clear cut points. Although a little over-objective and not too well-informed in some departments, this is a work that everyone involved in the EM movement cannot really be without - unless some of you are frightened of seeing your own mistakes! Copies of this are available from your editor for £6.95, postage inclusive.

Dr Atomic's Marijuana Multiplier - by Larry S. Todd. Booklet. This heftily cartooned manual for pot-heads basically shows thee how to get much more out of your gear, or as Doc Atomic puts it, "Isomerise your marijuana and hasheesh to increase its potency up to 5 or 6 times!" And if you've the patience to make home brews, you'll certainly have it to increase them there THC molecules. Only £2 from your...er...yeah...your er...editor (I think)...pass us the spliff Gary....!

A Modern Herbal - by Mrs M. Grieve. Large Hardback. 932 pages. General & Botanical Indexes. The supreme work on herbalism - almost the Bible of the subject. It describes, in alphabetical order, more than 1000 of them, giving details of their cultivation, their chemical and medicinal properties, appearance and folklore. Accompanied with 96 plates, this Herbal Magus is the medicinal biography of Nature's flora. Normally £25 new, you can get copies from your editor for £20, postage inclusive.

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**ODDVERTS**

# northern earth mysteries

# Eighth Annual MOOT

10.30 AM TO 9 PM  
SATURDAY 29th OCTOBER 1988

THE LECTURE THEATRE  
CHESTERFIELD LIBRARY  
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CHESTERFIELD  
DERBYSHIRE

- NORMAN FAHY** Dowsing Peakland Prehistoric Sites
- PHILIP HESELTON** Philip Rodgers of Grindleford - Space Voices and Earth Energies
- DAVID CLARKE** Celtic Survivals in the Peak District
- CHRIS FLETCHER** Derbyshire's Geomantic Pioneers, featuring the discoveries of John Simpson (a Straight Track Club member) and T. Arthur Matthews (from the pre-Watkins era)
- JONATHAN MULLARD** Megalithic Malta - the structure, function and folklore of the megalithic remains of the Maltese islands of Malta and Gozo.

PLUS - Five or ten minute presentations on matters of Earth Mysteries interest. Please let us know if you are prepared to participate - we have the use of a video machine. There will also be an informal guide to places of geomantic interest for those able to stay on to the Sunday.

The cost of the Moot will be £5 (£2.50 unwaged) if booked in advance (£6 and £3 on the door). Please send this with the completed form below (cheques made payable to Northern Earth Mysteries) together with an SAE to Rob Wilson, 103 Derbyshire Lane, Norton Lees, Sheffield S8 9EN. Programmes and tickets for the Moot will be sent out about the first week in October, with full details of how to get there. If you would also like a list of local accomodation, please indicate on the form and send another SAE.

I/We hereby apply for ..... Programme/Ticket(s) for the 1988 Northern Earth Mysteries Moot and enclose cash/cheque/PO for £..... and a stamped addressed envelope.

Name(s) .....

Address .....

Night will soon fall  
And Nature's secrets  
Shall be revealed in dreams;  
Enshrined in rock, river,  
Tree and stream.  
The hidden shall flower,  
As rain pours down its truth.

- Written from the Woodland  
by Stephen Hart.

### Tales of Yorkshire Faeries, Part 3.

Very recently, aside the Leeds-Liverpool Canal, just as it moves towards Kirkstall on the outskirts of Leeds itself, a most peculiar elemental form reputedly manifested itself. A weird, red-clad, chubby little form, whose name was Aiken Drum (that's what it said to the woman who saw it - honestly), sat down in the wooded stretch of the region doing very little until it was espied by the witness. Sounds loopy you've gotta admit. Certainly does to me! There's more on this strange encounter in a forthcoming 'Earth'. But back to more normal, believable tales from the past...

From times past in East Yorkshire, Mrs Gutch, author of "County Folklore Concerning the East Riding..." tells us, "There is another wicked sprite, who comes in most usefully as a protector of fruit. His name is 'Awd Goggie', and he specially haunts woods and orchards." The origin of the name, or initial encounter with the elemental isn't told thereof, although it is thought the nasty bogie was invented to keep children from pinching fruit and other such things.

A similar entity with the name of 'Churnmilk Peg', who lived in West Yorkshire, looked after unripe nut thickets. She was apparently seen smoking a rather large pipe by those who saw her.

Much more common in days gone by were tales of Hobs, mischievous forms who are to be found scattered all across the north. William Henderson in his classic treatise, "Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties," tells us of a Hob that lived in a natural cave in Runswick Bay near Whitby. This old nature spirit became well-known for curing ailments, particularly whooping cough. Parents used to take their children into the cave and whisper an old rhyme to the Hob. This usually did the trick.

There was another Hob who was attached to Sturfit Hall, near Reeth in North Yorkshire. His chores usually consisted of making fires, churning milk and other such labours. The elemental always worked naked, and one day the mistress of the Hall took pity on him and offered clothes to the Hob. At this however, the spirit took offence and disappeared forever. A similar tale is known of dissatisfaction of the clothes provided to a Hob, who worked on a farm in Danby. In Mrs Gutch's, "County Folklore of North Riding of Yorkshire..." she reproduces numerous other tales of this helpful littlefolk. Those of you who may find particular interest in these elementals should refer to her works.

At Mulgrave Woods in Biggersdale, North Yorkshire, a quite evil elemental is said to live. She was much dreaded and called Jeannie of Biggersdale. One night a local farm worker who'd had a bit too much to drink, was dared by his friends to annoy her and raise her from her haunt. He agreed. Later that night he rode up to the woods and called her to come out, taunting and insulting the malignant creature. And she came forth, responding accordingly. "I'm coming," she cried, creeping intently towards the young drunk. About now he realised the stupidity of what he was doing and so made for the stream - with Jeannie hard on his heels. Just as he reached the water, she reached out and tore the lad's horse clean in two. He flew over the horse's head and was fortunate in landing safe on the other side, the hind-side of the horse falling on the other side of the stream to Jeannie. The young farm worker never ventured there ever again...but she's still there...according to local lore...

Old north lore tells of a comical fairy creature, related they say to the Boggart, who reputedly haunted virtually every mill around Yorkshire, Northumbria and the Lakes. The sprite was described as being quite grotesque to look at, having no mouth but possessing a huge nose, up which he snuffed his food. The peculiar beast was called a Killmoulis and was said to be very much devoted to the miller and his family. Not un-

like a Banshee, the Killmoulis made screaming wails before illness or forthcoming death in the family. Folklorists place the Killmoulis synonymously alongside more famous elementals as Brownies, Urisk, Brollachans and Kaboutermannekins.

And then there's Melsh Dick, the yang counterpart of Churnmilk Peg. Melsh also lived in West Yorkshire and similarly looked after unripe nuts, making sure that children didn't take them. Melsh was specifically a wood demon and was the only male elemental known throughout the north counties who performed this duty. All the rest were female. Katherine Briggs writes, "The importance of nut thickets in earlier rural economy may be judged by the number of supernatural beliefs surrounding them, such as the appearance of the Devil to Sunday nut-gatherers, and the fertility ascribed to nuts." Hence the creation of such peculiar elemental forms, they think.

Exactly how many folk and faerie lore tales abound in just Yorkshire I honestly don't know. We all know that virtually every small town or village, especially in country regions, have probably several tales to tell us. In Scotland, from my casual journeys around its fabulous mountainous lands, I've heard numerous strange tales from local tongues. John G. and John F. Campbell wrote extensively of local lores - both of their works have now become classics in their field. Dozens of other Scottish collections were similarly made by other renowned writers. Scatterings of folklore abound everywhere - but much of it is hidden in old journals, local history works, newspapers and some just from word of mouth. But, there's substance in there somewhere. Like a thing called a "Waff." A Waff is a Yorkshire name for a wraith, double, co-walker or doppelganger. It is known to be a portent of death and is seen by the doomed man or a friend. Henderson in his 'Folklore' tells us that it can be averted if confronted and spoken to severely, giving us an example of one such case from a native of Guiseborough who, on visiting a shop in Whitby, comes across his own Waff. Addressing it sternly he said, "What's thou doin' here? What's thou doin' here? Thou's after no good, I'll go bail! Get thy ways yom with thee! Get thy ways yom!" And, responsively, the Waff dropped its head low in shame and walked off, with the chap having no further trouble from it.

Spaldington Hall lies some ten miles north of Goole in the East Riding, and nearby is Robin Round-cap's Well. This spot is a testimony to a spirit "of the true Hbbgoblin type" that lived in the Hall for many years, says Katherine Briggs. The spirit was called, obviously, Robin Round Cap and he used to help thresh the corn and do chores around the place a few hundred years ago. Occasionally however, he'd get into a silly mood and would mix the chaff with the wheat, spill the milk and put the fires out when it wasn't needed. Eventually, after many years of presumably being a naughty sprite, three clergymen said prayers at the Hall and, the poor little Round Cap lies trapped in the waters of the well...

For the time being, faerie lore from Yorkshire can now be given a rest. We've had a consistent number of articles in previous Earths and if I don't keep quiet the little people may think I'm gonna give their secrets away! God knows what they might do to me then! Next time round we have some particular cases of black dogs and their likes... one tale of which has barely been heard of. Till then...

Stonehenge. Its History, Meaning, Festival, Unlawful Management, Police Riot 85 & Future Prospects,  
by John Michell. £2.

Available from, 2 Blenheim Crescent  
London W11 1NN.

A must for all Pagans, Festival-goers and followers of the Earth Spirit.

The Giant of Penhill, by Ian Taylor  
£6.95. Available from, Northern Lights, PO Box 113, Dunnington, York YO1 5JW. (Add 70p postage)  
"Anyone studying leys & geomantic power...will find this book very well researched and exciting."

- Lamp of Thoth, 4:4



## BOOK REVIEWS

"Where There's a Will," by Maurice Barbanell. Aquarian Press, Thorson Publishing Group, Wellingborough, Northamptonshire NN8 2RQ. 160pp. ISBN 0-85030-753-8. £3.50 In this work, the author illustrates through spiritualist methods, the way of finding oneself. He demonstrates that the power of positive thought can bring the strength needed to conquer every weakness, and gives guidance for every problem. Combining the philosophies of East and West with the views of science, Barbanell explains how to abolish fear and anxiety and live a life that is a great and stimulating adventure. The book itself is primarily of value to those interested in spiritualism.

"Fire from the Gods? - New Insights on the Minster Fire," by Angus MacLean. Northern Lights Publications, PO Box 113, Dunnington, York YO1 5JW. 52pp. Illustrations. ISBN 1-869939-06-9. £2.50.

This work was written as a response to Ian Taylor's acclaimed work, "The Giant of Penhill," and, says McClean, "describes my feelings about some of (the) places" mentioned in his book. Indeed, much of the work is an expansion on just some of the issues written of by Taylor. The tales and lore of Bartle and Penhill are further expounded, with the leys and lines intertwined in the matrix of what the author has to say. But the gist of the work tells us that the renowned York Minster fire was caused more by an accumulation of earth energy, stimulated by specific astrological influences. The idea may sound a little peculiar to some of thee, but the very same influences are responsible for UFO flaps so why not fires!? Read it and judge for yourself.

"Photographing the Spirit World - Images from Beyond the Spectrum," by Cyril Permutt. Aquarian Press. 138 photos. Index. 192pp. ISBN 0-85030-762-7. £6.99. This is the reprint of the work, originally called, "Beyond the Spectrum," and is principally a large collection of photographs of ghosts, entities, ectoplasms and other psychical manifestations. But for its price and what it offers, you're given a good book here. The author has obviously made this work more appealing by the sheer number of pikies included - a number of them hardly available anywhere else. The importance to the work is the application with which Permutt believes the camera can be used in looking at paranormal goings-on. A number of the photos included here are obviously fakes, whilst others can - and have - large question marks over the image the camera has caught. Numerous tales, some well-known and others not so well-known, are looked into; as are the evidences for PK, telepathy and energy patterns (even von Reichenbach's "od" magnetism is looked at briefly). But the swindlers are unearthed aswell. Overall, this history of spirit photography is an admirable collation - and it's certainly welcome to my book collection!

"Strange Pocklington: Folklore & Earth Mysteries in East Yorkshire," by Ian Taylor. Northern Lights Publication. Photos. Drawings. Maps. Bibliography. 92pp. ISBN 1-869939-08-5. £3.50.

Yet another attractive work from the pen of Ian Taylor. This is another one of the Project Albion works instigated by ASSAP, detailing the collected peculiarities from specific local regions. Much of the material herein is of value to EM-followers, as a great deal of it uncovers a large pattern of leys (even more widely looked at in his, "All Saints Ley Hunt"). But there are tales of ghosts, wiccan rites, lost tunnels, Goddess legends, and all wrapped in an amalgamation of Pagan liltling. Lovers and devotees of the Earth Spirit send off for it.

"How to be Healthy, Wealthy & Wise," by M.H. Tester. Aquarian Press. 192pp. ISBN 0-85030-754-6. £3.50.

Here's one of the many DIY-psi books, the likes of which we all have our opinions on. This work allegedly provides a design for living which promises a full, interesting, vibrant and healthy life. The author (himself a millionaire no less!) believes that everyone is meant to enjoy good health and says that illness is a perversion, most of which is self-induced. Here however, he offers a simple formula for keeping that mind-body relationship finely tuned to become both healthy and wealthy. Using these methods though, I do find it somewhat of a difficulty to find where Tester's "wise" element comes into it all! See what you think, and if anybody finds it successful please let us know about it.

"The Language of the Gods," by Roy Norvill. Ashgrove Press, 19 Circus Place, Bath, Avon, BA1 2PW. Bibliography. 186pp. ISBN 0-906798-84-1. £6.95.

Throughout history there have been many great teachers of wisdom, but they only speak

their words every few centuries. Even then, much of what is said is misunderstood and misrepresented to others. This is of course quite true. Our best example today, of such misunderstanding is Christ...but there are others. Much of what is said, although simple in form, is wrapped in phrases of symbolism, themselves representative of the nature of Being and of Understanding. Such practises, Roy Norvill calls the "allegories", or Language of the Gods. This book attempts to seek out and indicate to the reader the reality of such words, written and spoken of by such figures as Saint-Germain, John Dee, Theopompus and the acclaimed Mary Shelley. Norvill clearly expounds Hermetic and occult concepts that truly are misunderstood, emphasising specific examples and clarifying them. There are of course relationships which the author could have alluded to, i.e. along qabalistic traditionalism, but -presumably - for the sake of brevity, sticks simply to the point without trying to enter other correspondences that may further confuse the reader. The work outlines throughout the 'Language' from an Hermetic viewpoint, eventually leading to a methodology with which others can apply themselves to realise the potential of the secret voices. Personally, such material is best sought through Crowleian and Taoist approaches I think. But the approach and work here exhorted by Norvill cannot really be argued with. He's hit the nail quite close to the head. I only hope that his work acts as a catalyst for others to actually pick up the hammer in the first place. A book well worth your attention. (I only wish I'd read his previous volume, "Hermes Unveiled")

## MAGAZINE REVIEWS

Moonshine, No.11, Summer Solstice - This is the main voice of the PaganLink Network and it's an admirable publication. Herein there's articles on shamanism and on chakras (by some weirdo by the name of Phil Hine!). A large Reader's Letters section, Reviews, Contacts, PaganLink goings-on...and...Dusty Miller's lore of dryads and the likes; an introductory length on psi/magick attack and defence; the history of Woden; the solar cycle; Rich Westwood looking back "Towards a Native British Religion"; recollections of Summer Solstice from Glastonbury (very well written Kate)...and still another half-dozen articles. What more can I say other than send off for this mag. £1 each or £7.50 for 8 issues per annum from, 498 Bristol Rd, Selly Oak, Birmingham B29 6BD. 32pp.

The Ley Hunter, No.105, Summer 88 - Yet another prize edition. Here there's an interview with Tom Graves; a most disturbing account of Disharmony at Callanish; the sacred geography and archaeology of Crete; No.5 in Devereux's articles on Radiation at Megalithic Sites (this time from the Hebridean isles of Lewis, Mull and - possessor of the wonderful Machrie complex - Arran); an article by Ian Taylor (who?) on holed monoliths as ley indicators; the Dragon Project; letters, reviews, Dod, the regular columnists, and all utterly worth reading. 32pp.

The Hookah, No.8, August 88 - The most shouldn't-be-allowed mag in the entire world diabolically manifests again. Terrible isn't it!? Anyhow, for those of you already addicted (you'll be dead next week I imagine), there are accounts of THC talks around England - some good news, some not so good. Offensive trials in America on the poor weed. News from Holland (where else!), Italy, India, W.Germany, Denmark and Jamaica...to name just 6! Legalise Cannabis Campaign crossword competition. 60s reflections. Cartoons, readers letters, etc, and plenty more - all from this utterly distasteful & perverted propogation. Don't have anything to do with this mag - ever! You'll die if you do. Honest. You ask Mrs Thatcher - she never lies! BUY THIS MAGAZINE!!! 24pp.

Fortean Times, No.50, Summer 88 - The magazine of completely unreal phenomena and other such goings-on! Yes, it's out again! Plenty of screwy stuff from Mother Earth's joke-box. So, here goes: a 6½ foot worm in England; chopped-down-tree grows back in a day; ghostly miners; killer bees; human corpse gives birth; testicle take-offs; two-headed babies; electric man; embalmed cats...and tons more short tales. But then there are such articles as, Operation Deepscan, being a report from Loch Ness; Spontaneous Human Combustion; those 'Mince Pie Martians' of Jean Hingley of the West Midlands; the strange life of one, Roger Crab; analogies with those Men in Black; and some amazing tales of what Sieveking calls, 'The Unburied Dead'. And there's tons more besides... 80pp.

The Kabbalist, 5:10, June 88 - Further expositions from the likes of 777 & more. From the Tree of Life are essays on Netzach, the Middle Pillar & the Triads. But, fruit grows elsewhere in the qabalistic representation of the soul; a simple discipline on the ritual contact with Earth's elementals; and the first part of an essay on the Ways & influences of the Hermit of Tarot and other forms (a close friend of mine). 22pp.

## Exchange Magazines

- The Ley Hunter - The Magazine of Earth Mysteries, & probably the world's No.1 on EM, EL & other Pagan matters. Excellent! Subscription is £6 for 4 issues from, Paul & Charla Devereux, PO Box 5, Brecon, Powys LD3 7LU, Wales.
- Fortean Times - The Foremost Journal of Strange Phenomena - indeed! Brilliant! £1.75 each or £7 for 4 issues from, Bob Rickard, 96 Mansfield Road, London NW3 2HX.
- Strange Magazine - quarterly American Fortean mag. Annual subscription \$18.95 from, Mark Chorvinsky, Dept. E1, PO Box 2246, Rockville, Maryland 20852, USA.
- The Lamp of Thoth - quarterly publication of the Sorcerer's Apprentice, covering all aspects of occult, magick & Pagan matters. Single copies £2.25 each or £10.60 for 6 issues from, Chris Bray, 4-8 Burley Lodge Road, Leeds LS6 1QP, West Yorkshire.
- New Dimensions - 48-page monthly mag covering all aspects of the esoteric, from ritual magick to UFOs. Single copies only 75p or £9 per annum from, Mark Saunders Publication, 1 Austin Close, Irchester, Northants NN9 7AX.
- Vision Seeker & Sharer - The Diggers of Albion Newsletter Reborn, edited by Dave Stringer & Pam Stansfield. Quarterly mag at 75p each or £3 per annum from, Rainbow Publications (cheques/POs to them), PO Box HK9, Leeds LS11 6JP, West Yorkshire.
- International UFO Reporter - mag of the J.Allen Hynek Centre for UFO Studies, & one of the world's leading UFO publications. 6 issues per annum for \$25 (USA) or \$35 from UK & elsewhere, 2457 West Peterson Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60659, USA.
- Northern Earth Mysteries - publication of the group of the same name, dealing with EM & related matters of northern Britain. Subscription is £2.50 for 3 issues of £1 each from, Rob Wilson, 103 Derbyshire Lane, Norton Lees, Sheffield S8 9EN, South Yorkshire.
- The Kabbalist - quarterly publication of the International Order of Kabbalists. £3 per annum or £1 each from, 25 Circle Gardens, Merton Park, London SW19 3JX.
- Northern UFO News - magazine of the Northern UFO Network. Single issues £1 or £6 per annum from, Jenny Randles, 37 Heathbank Rd, Cheadle Heath, Stockport SK3 0UP, Cheshire.
- Dalriada - Pagan Celtic Journal. Publication of the Clan Dalriada. Subscription is £3 for 4 issues per annum or £1 each from, Dun-na-Beatha, 2 Brathwic Place, Brodick, Arran KA27 8BN, Scotland.
- Chaos International - A lively broad-based chaos-magick mag. Articles, artwork, poetry, etc, on all aspects of chaotic occultism. £2.75 each from Dave Lee, 179 Belle Vue Rd, Leeds LS3 1HJ, West Yorkshire.
- Dark Lily - The Voice of the Left-Hand Path. Quarterly mag on Satanism, magick, etc. £1.50 each or £6 per annum from, BCM Box 3406, London WC1 3XX.
- Out from the Core - A magazine about radical healing. Single copies 85p each or £2.50 for 3 issues from, Nick Totton, 23, Knowle Road, Leeds LS4 2PJ, West Yorkshire.
- UFO Brigantia - Magazine of the Independent UFO Network. £7 for 6 copies or £1.25 each from, Martin Dagless, 19 Bellmount Gardens, Bramley, Leeds LS13 2ND, West Yorks.
- Cosmology Newslink - International Magazine of the Cosmos, as it's known. Bi-monthly UFO, ghost, parapsi mag from, 16 Newton Green, Great Dunmow, Essex CM6 1DU.
- Moonbow - Magazine of the Sheffield University Pagan Society. Only 60p each from Dave & Sharron, 241 Crookesmoor Road, Sheffield, South Yorkshire.
- UFO Newsclipping Service - large monthly Fortean/UFO mag. \$6.50 (£4.50) each or \$75 (£50) per annum from, Lucius Farish, Route 1 - Box 220, Plumerville, Arkansas 72127.
- Franz Bardon Foundation - 1388 Garrison, No.A307, Lakewood, Colorado 80215, USA.
- Magonia - UFOs, society & the individual. Quarterly publication. 95p each or £3 per annum from, John Rimmer, John Dee Cottage, Mortlake Churchyard, London SW14 8HB.
- Gnomon - Paganism, Earth Mysteries, festivals & UFOs. Quarterly publication of the Monolith Distribution Service at just 43p each or £1.50 per annum (correct me if I'm wrong John) from, John Harrison, 2 Baggrave View, Barsby, Leicestershire LE7 8RB.
- The Hookah - Publication of the Legalise Cannabis Campaign. Occasional mag based on donations. Send £1 and you'll get a Hookah. Back issues are available. For info on both the mag and the LCC write to, BM Cannabis 2455, London WC1N 3XX (tel. 01-585-1031)
- Northern PaganLink News - free monthly newsletter (although donations would be much appreciated) from Phil Hine, 52 Call Lane, Leeds LS1 6DT, West Yorkshire
- Moonshine - a lively & informative Pagan magazine and principal voice of the PaganLink system. Published 8 times a year. Single copies £1.25 each or £7.50 per annum from, Kate Westwood, 498 Bristol Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham B29 6BD.

IN CONTACTING ANY OF THE ABOVE PUBLICATIONS, PLEASE MENTION "EARTH" IN YOUR LETTERS.

