

LANTERN SPRING 1974

BORDERLINE SCIENCE INVESTIGATION GROUP

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INTRODUCTION



Welcome to LANTERN 5. The first task of this introduction is to correct an unfortunate error that managed to creep into the last issue. It concerned the article on the Lowestoft Witches. In the pen-ultimate paragraph of the article it was stated that the career of Mathew Hopkins was reached in the two years following the convictions of the Lowestoft witches. This is incorrect, in fact he was on the scene some 20 years PRIOR to the Lowestoft trial, during the years 1645 and 46. Apologies are offered for this over-sight.

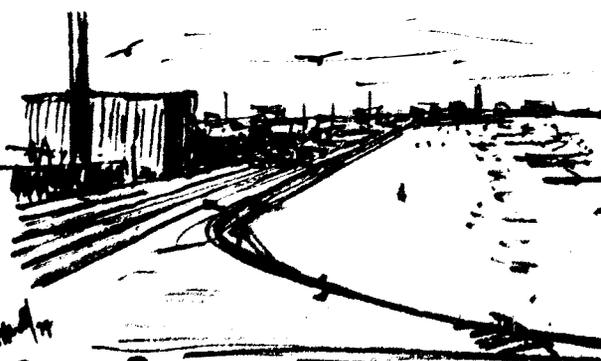
Having thus dealt with what has gone, we now come up to date with this issue. You will no doubt notice that this issue has again reverted to the original number of pages as in LANTERN 3, ie. 10 as opposed to 12 in No.4. This is due to the fact that in the final reckoning, LANTERN 4 proved to be rather expensive for us to print owing to the extra page. With a 10 page magazine we do incur a slight loss which is easily off-set from our funds. However, with a 12 page magazine, the loss incurred causes too much of a strain on those very limited funds, which could only be re-couped by increasing the price of the magazine. This we do not consider to be the right move, therefore we have reduced the pages. Future issues will contain 10 until such time as our sales increase enough to warrant the inclusion of more.

Enough of economics! This issue expands on the theme announced in this column in No.4., of articles based on 'personal experiences.' We have three to offer. The first being an account of an experience had by one of our members involving a UFO. The second being an article written around the fascinating account of a recent sighting of 'Old Shuck' at Gt. Yarmouth. The editors would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Grant, of the Gorleston Coastguard, for finding the time, despite his very exacting and necessary job, for furnishing us with all the material needed in making this article possible. The third personal experience concerns the haunting of a local family. Also included in the way of new features is a book review. Different people will, in each issue, review a book of their own choice which they found most interesting and readable. All the usual features are also here and as usual we extend the invitation for anyone who has any comment to make on LANTERN AND ITS CONTENTS, OR KNOW OF ANYTHING THAT they feel might interest us to write to us at the following address: 3 Dunwich Way, Oulton Broad, Lowestoft, Suffolk.

Finally we would like to apologise for the slight delay in the publication of this issue. This was because our trusty old type-writer, on which the previous magazines were written, finally gave up the ghost during the preparation of this edition. Had it not been for a member kindly loaning us his electric type-writer, we might still have been waiting for publication!

EDITORS: D. Fletcher and I. Bunn. GRAPHICS: L. Bunn.





'OLD SHUCK'

at G.T. YARMOUTH

SOUTH BEACH - G.T. YARMOUTH.

That enigmatic, legendary creature, in the form of a large black dog, crops up over and over again in the annals of East Anglian Folk-lore. From Sheringham on the North Norfolk coast, down through the region, through Broadland and the heart of Norfolk, through to the Waveney Valley and on further still down the Suffolk coast into Essex, this creature has, from time immemorial, struck fear and terror into the hearts of our fore-bears. In every corner of the region, although his name varies, be it 'Old Shuck', 'Black Shuck', 'Owd Snarley-how', 'Hateful - thing', 'Galley-trot', 'Shug-monkey', this infamous creature is known through-out East Anglia.

Almost everything about 'Old Shuck', as he is most commonly known, is a mystery. Even the derivation of his name, according to some the word 'shuck' is derived from the old Anglo-Saxon word 'Scucca', meaning Satan or Devil, while to the less imaginative it comes from the local word 'shucky' meaning shaggy, no doubt referring to the creature's long, un-kempt coat. Likewise, his origins are now veiled by the cloak of time. Here again opinions differ, some say that he is Odin's ddg of war, brought over by the Vikings, while other, more practical minded people say that his origins go back to the days of smuggling, when tales of him were put about to keep people indoors after dark, to keep them out of the way while the smugglers went about their clandestine activities. Even descriptions of 'Old Shucks' appearance do not remain consistent. Here he is a large black nebulous creature, silently padding along the hedgerows, while over there he is a huge, one-eyed creature, with a mournful howl and rattling chains.

Despite all these ambiguities, not every aspect of him is quite diverse. On one point most of the numerous legends agree; he bodes death or mis-fortune to those that are unfortunate enough to see him and secondly, no matter what his now forgotten origins were, belief in him was, and still is, deeply rooted in the mind of East Anglians.

In this so-called enlightened and technological age it is easy to sit back and scoff at such stories as superstitious nonsense, or the imaginings of backward and ignorant minds. But what happens when, in the midst of our marvellous technology someone, who is by no means superstitious or ignorant but in fact an educated and trained observer, claims to have seen 'Old Shuck'? Add to this the fact that he had never previously heard of the stories, being recently moved to these parts, and we come up with a mystery as curious and enigmatic as 'Old Shuck' himself!

This in fact happened in 1972, when Mr. Graham Grant then aged 34, an officer with HM Coastguard, was keeping lone vigil one rough windy night at the lookout station on the South Pier at Gorleston. Mr. Grant describes what happened:

"..while on duty at the Coastguard Headquarters on Gorleston South Pier on April 19th, 1972, dawn had just broken so I started to scan the coastline to the south of my station, then to the north. Both coastlines were clear, but I did observe a black dog a quarter of a mile to the north of me on Yarmouth beach and at the time thought nothing of it. A scan out to sea confirmed that my area was clear for the time being, so I turned my eyes once again to the dog. It was running up and down the beach as if looking for someone, it was some 50 yards from the sea. The nearest description of the dog I can give is as follows; It was a large black hound-type animal, standing about 3 feet from head to feet. I did not notice it's eyes at the time but I feel sure that it had two. Old Shuck has been reported with one eye, like a cyclops, I feel sure that if it had only one eye it would have stuck in my mind without a doubt. Its' mouth was open like any dog that has been running and I noticed nothing outstanding about its teeth. I observed the animal for some two minutes or more, never taking my eyes off it. Then it just faded away as if a veil of silk had been drawn over it. At first I thought that it had dropped into a hole, but on looking at the beach with our big 30 x 80 glasses this was out of the question for bulldozers had been on the beach the day before to move the sand away from the sea wall and the beach was as flat as a pancake, plus the wind had levelled it off so it looked like a tennis court, no question of a hole. Also the coastguard look-out is 26 feet

above sea-level so at all times I am looking down on the beach. 0448 was my last sighting of the animal, but I remained observing the area until 0555 with negative results. My feelings at the time were a little mixed for I am a trained observer and have excellent vision and I told myself that things like this do not happen. I was also very curious..."

That then is how Mr. Grant describes what happened on that stormy April morning. Remember, as stated earlier, he was unaware of the Shuck legends at the time as he had transferred to Gorleston from the Isle of Sheppey that previous summer. However, this is by no means the end of the story, for Mr. Grant happened to mention his experience to another member of the coastguard staff, Mr. Harold Cox, who came from Cromer and who knew of the shuck legends, what happened next is described by Mr. Grant:

"...after telling Mr. Cox the story, he asked me if I was worried about the foreboding story that goes with the sighting of Old Shuck and explained that if anyone sees Old Shuck, some bad luck of misfortune will come to his family or friends the following year. I told him that this did not worry me too much (I wanted to know the story) and so he told me all about Old Shuck..."

At that time Mr. Grant was completely un-concerned with tales of ill-luck and misfortune, but soon after something happened to make him change his mind, once again Mr. Grant takes up the story:

"...Old Shuck was sighted by myself on the 19th April, 1972. Mr. Cox who told me the story of Old Shuck, died of heart failure during the last week of June that same year. He collapsed in the same chair from which he told me the story, he was in his mid 50's. In February 1973, my father died at home in Yorkshire, four weeks after I told him the story. Heart failure..."

There is one further point worthy of note, which ties in with this story. Southtown Road, which runs parallel to the river almost opposite where Mr. Grant had his experience, has long been associated with a Shuck Legend. This roadway was originally an ancient trackway linking Gorleston and Gt. Yarmouth. The Shuck that, according to the legend, haunts this road is a rather more spectacular creature than that seen by Mr. Grant. One account describes it as a huge black, shaggy animal, with large yellow eyes that glow like hot coals, around its neck hangs a chain. The account goes on to describe how, if a straw is laid across its path, the animal rattles its chains and howls in a loud and terrifying manner! Although this account is far removed from Mr. Grant's, it is still interesting to speculate on whether or not there might possibly be some connection between these two creatures.

Those then are the fact. It is left up to you, the reader, to draw your own conclusions. Is there something in these legends after all? Something that we are all too quick to turn a blind eye to, or to scoff at. Or can we put it all down to imagination and coincidence and the believing of what we want to believe? I honestly don't know....

Finally, perhaps the last word on Old Shuck should come from Mr. Grant himself, whose experience has left a deep impression on him;

"Now, when the wind blows from the north and is blowing a gale, I do not look on the sands of Yarmouth beach for very long..."



LOCAL HAUNTS

One of the now lesser known East Anglian ghosts is that of one Martha Aldren. She was hanged at Norwich Castle on July 31st 1807, for murdering her husband. It was said that her ghost appeared outside the castle on the anniversary of her execution. Around the turn of the century the story of her appearance seems to have come to its peak and hundreds of people would gather around the castle every year hoping to catch a glimpse of the apparition. Whether or not it was seen is unfortunately unrecorded....



IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!! WE STILL HAVE BACK NUMBER OF LANTERN 3 and 4, SO, IF YOU WERE UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH TO MISS THEM, ALL IS NOT LOST! THEY ARE OBTAINABLE FROM: LANTERN(BACK NUMBERS), 3 DUNWICH WAY, LOWESTOFT.....



LOCAL CURIOSITIES

The remains of a Pagan Fertility Rite, which had been grafted onto the Christian faith, were recorded as still taking place as recently as the 18th century, at Bury St. Edmunds. The 'Gentleman's Magazine' of 1783 records that; "Whenever a married woman wished to be pregnant, this white bull, who enjoyed full ease and plenty in the fields of Habyrdon, never meanly yoked to the plough, nor ever cruelly baited at the stake, was led in procession through the principal streets of the town; viz: Church Street, Guildhall Street and Cook Row, of which the last led to the principal gate of the monastery, attended by all the monks singing, and a shouting crowd, the woman walking by him and stroking his milk-white side and dewlaps. The bull then being dismissed, the woman entered the church, and paid her vows at the altar of St. Edmunds, kissing the stone and entreating with tears the blessings of a child.

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In the angle between the tower and the wall of Pakefield church, now within the modern heating chamber, is a large sarsen stone. Almost certainly the remains of a heathen temple which stood there long before Christianity came to these shores. When the heating chamber was being built, human bones were discovered at the base of the stone, quite possibly the remains of human sacrifices. When Christianity was introduced, the church was almost certainly built on the site of the old temple and the heathern altar left in place, the Christian altar being placed in such a manner that all people coming into the church would, when turning to face the new altar, turn their backs on the old one, both physically and symbolically.....

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There is a bridge near Hoxne, Suffolk, over which, until well into the 19th century, bridal couples would not cross. The reason being that, according to legend, King Edmund of East Anglia hid under it after his defeat by the Danes in 870ad. A newly married couple who were crossing the bridge saw the glint of his gold spurs reflected in the water, and they betrayed him to the Danes. As he was dragged away, Edmund shouted out an angry curse on all bridal couples who should ever cross the bridge. It is still said that the gleam of his spurs can be seen from the bridge on moonlit nights....

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BRUSH with a UFO?

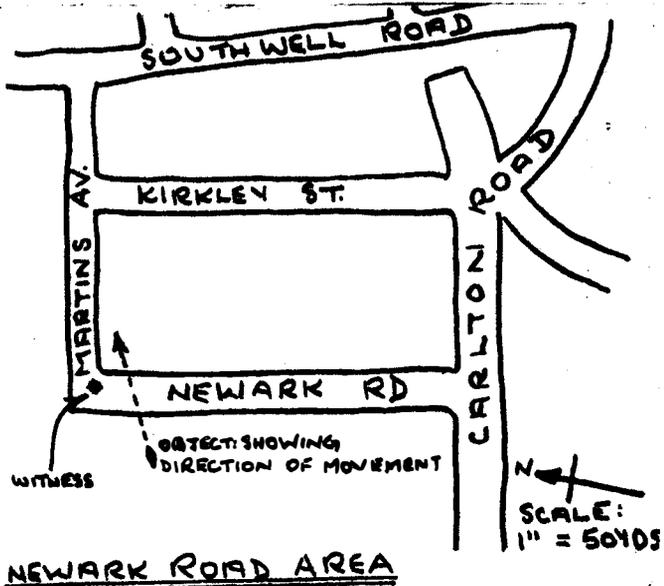
A PERSONAL ACCOUNT

It was not long after I first became interested in UFO's that I had this experience. I have never seen anything remotely like it since then, but I do not claim that it is proof of extra terrestrial visitation, simply that I saw what can only be described as an Unidentified Flying Object.

It was winter time, late 1967 when I was a young school-boy. I was on my way home in Lowestoft on my old push-bike. The time was about 5.15pm GMT, and it was dark, starless evening. I turned from the road by Fen Park into what is now Martins Ave-

nue and approached the sharp left-hand corner where it met Newark Road. At that time there were less houses on the right-hand side of the road, only an area of virtually empty wasteland with a row of semi-detached dwellings starting fifty yards further on. There were, however, houses already on the left.

As I turned the corner, cycling very slowly, I noticed a bright light high up in the sky to my right and in front of me. I suppose that it immediately struck me as being odd, because I dismounted from my 'bike and stood watching the light. At first I thought that it was an extremely brilliant star shining through a break in the heavy clouds. But only a few seconds later, it seemed to become somehow more sharply defined and a distinct outline became apparent. (continued on next page)



Whatever it was swooped towards me with no other sound than a rush of air and disappeared somewhere to my left. There was in fact a fifty feet wide gap between two blocks of houses and the object went straight out of sight between them. In the moment that it was closest to me (about 45 feet away and some 8 feet up) I was able to tell what it looked like. It was more or less the shape of a rugby ball, although thinner and more pointed and it shone like some kind of silvery steel. The length would have been about 20 feet and the width, at the widest part, the middle, about 7 feet. A completely uneducated guess at it's speed would be somewhere in the region of 40 to 50 mph, but I have a poor eye for speeds and that figure could be a long way out.

I really can't remember very much of what happened after that, except that I hopped back onto my 'bike and pedalled furiously away from the scene! My parents tell me that when I came indoors I slumped back against the door, with my face whiter than a sheet! Despite this they thought that I had imagined it all and I for one can't prove it one way or the other.

The object certainly SEEMED solid enough at the time, but then the imagination is a powerful force to reckon with. Even now, six years later, I still don't know if it was fact or fantasy, and I probably never will.....



NEWARK ROAD.
LOWESTOFT.

KEY: A. Point where the object was first seen. B. Lowest point reached by object and its comparative size. C. Approximate point where the object was last seen.

a ghost named "George"

It is unusual, at least in East Anglia, to come across a case of haunting where the witness is apparently unafraid of the apparition. Indeed, in the case of which I am about to write, the ghost never seemed malevolent in any way and was in fact given the name 'George' by the family involved.

This family consisted of the mother now aged 46 and whom, for various reasons we will call Mrs.E.C.O., her daughter now aged 16 and her sons now aged 19 and 21. They moved into their flat in Bevan Street, Lowestoft, in March 1971 and at first all seemed to be quite normal. Then their miniature Dachshund began to act strangely, its hair was often seen to bristle along its back for no apparent reason. They suspected, not unreasonably, that the next-door cat was in the vicinity, but later found that this was not so. After that time the dog could never be made to go into the kitchen; and it was from there that about six months later Mrs.E.C.O. heard the footsteps of someone walking about upstairs. She called, thinking that it was one of her children, but received no reply. Then she decided to have a look. Although by that time it was just beginning to get dark, she could see at the far end of the hall a dim figure about six feet tall, seemingly wearing a long black cloak. No face was visible and it apparently had no contact with the ground because where it's feet should have been, Mrs.O could only see the bottom of the door behind it! As remarkable as it may seem she was little disturbed by the figures presence and when she looked back again ten minutes later, it had gone.

After that, it was seen again at least twice and It's presence 'felt' several times by other members of the family. Mrs.O. was, and still is, of the opinion that the apparition was not evil in any way. They came to accept its occasional appearances, though still perhaps a little perturbed at its presence, they

in fact deemed it to be a masculine spirit and dubbed it 'George.'

The area around the hall and kitchen seemed to be one of George's favourite 'haunts', since there was often a feeling of intense cold there as well as the sensation of someone being behind one's shoulder.

Sometime after the first sighting by Mrs.O., one of her sons saw a dark figure looking down at him from the top of the stairs, but as he reached half-way up the form disappeared. Then, as he continued climbing, a presenee seemed to be following him although not visible. He thought that perhaps some member of his family were playing a trick on him, but he later found that this was not the case. Although Mrs.O's other son never actually saw or heard anything he, like the other members of the family, were always aware of 'George'. At one time her daughter also saw something shadowy at the foot of the stairs. The description was always that of a dark shape, as if wearing a long black cloak, but never with any visible features and certainly never with any hostile intent.

The phenomenon called 'George' was never experienced in the lounge or in any of the bedrooms and in July 1971, a number of alterations were done in the flat, including the removal of the staircase and the re-positioning of some of the doors. If this was to blame for 'George's' subsequent demise, it took a few months to take effect, because it was not until the October of that year that his appearances finally ceased.

About 40 or 50 years ago there was an incident very close to the srea of the flat, in which a man comitted suicide after murdering another. His body fell in Junction passage and the spot was marked until recent times by a cross in the pavement. There may be some connection here with the haunting and then again there may not.

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FOOTNOTE:

We would be very interestad in hearing from anyone in connection with the reputed haunting of a Mann Egerton repair shop, in the late 1940's, particularly with regards to the exact location of the shop in Bevan Street.



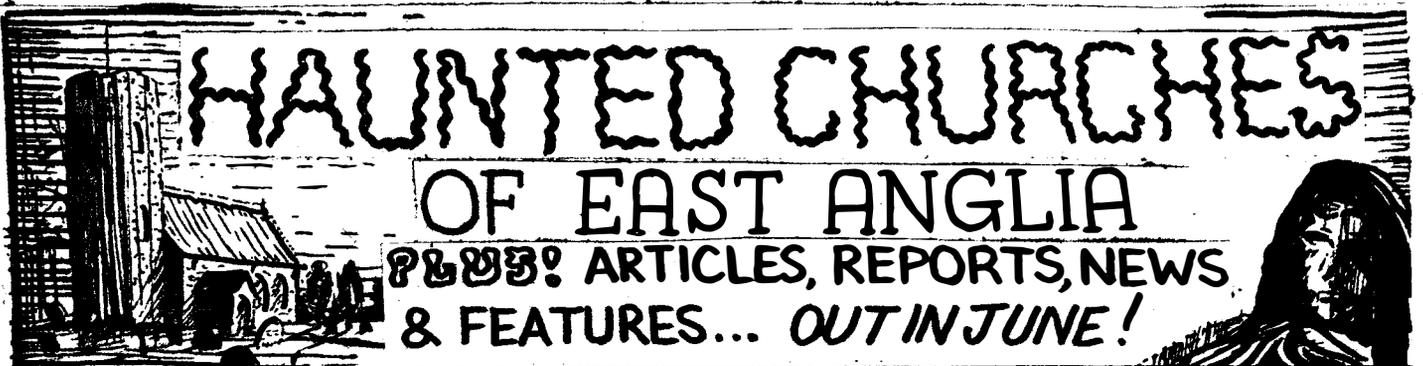
INTERESTED IN
B.S.I.G.
 AND ITS ACTIVITIES
 THEN WRITE TO...
 MR. I. BUNN
 3 DUNWICH WAY
 LOWESTOFT
 for further details

In the near future B.S.I.G. hopes to publish the first in a series of booklets, dealing with various aspects of the unexplained in East Anglia.

The first of these will be about the Ghost of Lowestoft and should be available shortly. Although at the moment we have plenty of stories for it, most of these have been taken from other written sources. What we would like to do is to get hold of ghost-stories from Lowestoft which are original and have never before been written down. So, if you feel that you are able to help, be it with a story which you recall your grandmother telling, or with a personal experience, the editors would be pleased to hear from you.

IN OUR SUMMER ISSUE.....

HAUNTED CHURCHES
OF EAST ANGLIA
 ?&?&? ARTICLES, REPORTS, NEWS
 & FEATURES... OUT IN JUNE!





U.F.O. REPORT



Over the last two months there has been a marked increase in the number of UFO reports which have been received from the Beccles area. At the beginning of January we heard rumours to the effect that people had been seeing strange objects in the sky over Beccles, but we had nothing definite to go on. So a letter was published in the 'Beccles and Bungay Journal' asking for information. The subsequent response was not as over-whelming as we had hoped it would be, in fact we received only one reply. The writer was a lady living in Beccles who told us that, on Thursday January 3rd, her two sons aged 10 and 12 had been playing on Beccles common with their friends when a cigar-shaped object passed overhead. It made a 'noise' which gave the boys a headache. At the time of writing we are still waiting the full details of this sighting.

On January 18th the 'Lowestoft Journal' carried details of two couples who claimed to have seen Kohoutek's comet on Sunday, January 13th. The first couple saw it from Southwold at 3.40pm. They described a brilliant golden 'star', much bigger and brighter than Venus, in the SW. As they watched, the object suddenly disappeared only to re-appear again a few minutes later, this time with a 'tail' pointing upwards. It remained visible for a minute or so and the 'went out'. That same afternoon, between 4pm and 4.30pm, another couple saw an almost identical object from Somerleyton Marshes, this object which they also beleived to be the comet, was described as a beautiful bright star, brighter than Venus. It too was golden in colour but had two tails! At first we were inclined to beleive the theory that they had seen the comet under some freak atmospheric conditions, especially as an amateur astronomer also reported seeing the comet that same evening. However, since then another report has come to us which has made us seriously re-think this theory.



On Sunday, January 6th, a local family were visiting Ashby church. It was a bright, crisp, sunny, winter's day, with little cloud about. At approximately 3.15pm the fathers attention was caught by an object in the sky to the SW. It was metallic gold coloured, oddly-shaped object, hanging silent and motionless in the sky. (Fig.1.). He immediately drew the rest of the familys' attention to the object and for a minute or so all of them gazed sky-wards at it, when, to their astonishment it suddenly disappeared in a clear blue sky!

Ten minutes later their attention was once again drawn to the sky when a larger, cigar-shaped object came into view above a bank of cloud in the SW. The object was moving swiftly and silently on a south-easterly course and appeared to be much closer to them than the first object. It was dark grey in colour but was bright at the ends (Fig.2.). Once more the family stood and watched as the object sped silently across the sky for some 2½ minutes, when suddenly it too disappeared in the clear sky. Again some ten minutes elapsed



and then, to their amazement the same object (or an identical one) appeared at the same height, but this time in the SE, speeding silently back towards the cloud above which it had first appeared. Once more they watched spell-bound as the large craft sped across the sky and disappeared into the cloud. At the point where it entered, the cloud broke up into small pieces. Despite watching for another 45 minutes or so, the objects failed to re-appear

The witnesses were all most impressed by the size of the objects, especially with that of the second one. The first object was, in comparison, the same length as a 5 inch long stick held at arms length, whilst the second could be compared to a 12 inch ruler at arms length!! One witness estimated it to be at least 5 or 6 times longer than a large jet airliner.

At the time of writing this report had only just come into our hands, so we have been unable to check local air-craft movements etc., but this we shall be doing in the near future. If any readers can help with other reports from this area we would be very pleased to hear from them

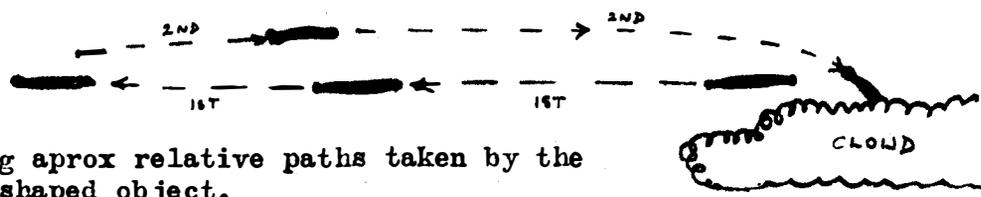
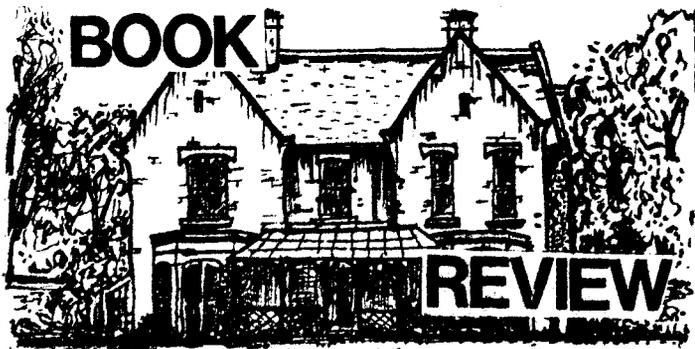


FIG.3: Showing aprox relative paths taken by the cigar-shaped object.



BORLEY * REVISITED

A valuable book on the most celebrated of all East Anglian ghost stories has just appeared. It is 'THE GHOSTS OF BORLEY' by Paul Tabori and Peter Underwood. (David and Charles, £3.50). The Borley hauntings became celebrated not only on account of the number of witnesses who testified to them, but for their variety. Almost all types of psychical phenomena were observed. Apparitions, poltergeist activities, noises, apports and the displacement of objects. A ghost coach figured largely and an unusual feature was scribblings on the wall appealing for help of a religious nature. These were said to have been made by the spirit of Mary Larre, a young French woman who was murdered by a member of the prominent Waldegrave family. She is said to have been a nun, but her existence has never satisfactorily been proved. It is significant, however, that apparitions of a woman in a religious habit were frequently seen.

In 1929 the attention of the eminent psychical investigator, the late Harry Price, was drawn to the phenomena and after some visits to the house, he took it for a year, from May 1937 to May 1938, during which time it was continuously under observation by teams of voluntary observers. As a result of the data so collected, Price wrote two books; 'The Most Haunted House in England' (1940) and 'The End of Borley Rectory' (1946). These soon became known all over the world, but in 1956, after Price's death, the Society for Psychical Research issued a lengthy report, 'The Haunting of Borley Rectory'. The thesis of this was simple; the whole thing was a fraud, engineered by Price, with possibly some help from the wife of the former rector. Price himself has pointed out that this lady, Mrs. Marianne Foyster, could have manufactured some of the happenings, but the present book investigates these allegations. As far as can be ascertained she could have carried out some trickery, but there is no evidence that she did.

In 1948 a journalist, Mr. Charles Sutton, claimed that when with Price at Borley, found Price's pockets to be full of bricks and pebbles. (He does not explain how Price managed to carry bricks without it being obvious. Sutton rushed to the nearest telephone and related his story, but it was killed by his news editor because he had no witnesses and Price had, his secretary. The book asserts however, that he prevailed upon Price to drive him to the Bull Hotel at Long Melford, where they sat for some time having drinks and chatting. During all this time he made no attempt to use the telephone and it is strange, to say the least that he should be on such friendly terms with a man he had just denounced.

A second charge against Price is that he had a quite ordinary falling brick photographed while the house was being demolished and reproduced the photograph in his second book, with the comment that it represented a genuine paranormal phenomena "Then we have the photograph of a poltergeist missile in flight." It was said that there was a man working behind the wall nearby and that the brick fell as a result of his efforts. Although men were admittedly working on the ruins, there is nothing to show that any of them were as near as that. The whole matter remains controversial, but there is no proof what ever that Price faked anything, or that he distorted a purely natural happening to suit his own ends.

The book contains a very convincing chapter of happenings which occurred after Price's time and had not before been published. They include footsteps, other noises, the nun several times, the coach again, and two new ghost, spectral cats, one of which was an enormous black creature and the other lean, sickly and scraggy. There is a useful appendix of short biographies of the people who figured in the Borley drama, some of whom led remarkable lives. The whole book does much to rehabilitate one's faith in the wonders narrated by Price and to re-establish his reputation. It is a 'must' for all serious students of psychic matters.

W.J.C.

WANTED:

YOUR OWN PERSONAL STRANGE EXPERIENCES...

HAVE YOU EVER HAD A STRANGE EXPERIENCE FOR WHICH YOU HAVE NO EXPLANATION? IF SO, WE THE BORDERLINE SCIENCE INVESTIGATION GROUP, WOULD LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT IT. PLEASE WRITE TO:-



THE EDITORS (LANTERN).
c/o 3 DUNWICH WAY, LOWESTOFT.





The day the devil came...

On August 4th, 1577, a tremendous storm hit this part of East Anglia. During the storm both Bungay and Blythburgh churches were struck by lightning and people were killed. However, according to legend, it was the Devil himself that visited the churches and was responsible for the deaths. He appeared in the form of a large black dog. To this day on the inside of the North door of Blythburgh church are scorch marks said to have been made by his red-hot talons! To commemorate this event, a poem was written, part of which is reproduced here.

A wonder strange and terrible,
As man did ever hear
Both singular and horrible
Occur'd in Norfolkshire
At Bungay and at Blythborough
Upon the Sabbath day
The people went as custom was
Unto the church to pray.

But in the midst of morning prayer
To everyone's surprise
Darkness did overspread the air
And quite concealed the skies.
And rain and hail came rattling down
with such a horrid roar
The oldest person in the town
Ne'er witnessed before.

The wind did blow a fearful blast
Which made the church to quake
And sheets of lightning thick and fast
The walls and doors did shake,
And long and loud the thunder rolled
Tremendous was the sound
Its fervour struck on every soul
Some fainted to the ground.

The church appear'd a mass of flame
And while the storm did rage
A black and fearful monster came
All eyes he did engage.
All down the church in midst of fire
The hellish monster flew
And passing onward to the Quire
he many people slew

Many were stricken to the ground
Whereof they strangely died
And many others there were found
Wounded on every side.
The church itself was rent and broke
The clock in pieces torn
Two men who in the bellfry sat
Were killed upon the spot.

This wonder strange and terrible
Is left upon record
To show to ages yet un-born
The terrors of the Lord.
Fearful and wondrous are his ways
Who can withstand his might?
The great Jehova let us praise
Him let us serve aright. ~



NEWS ROUND-UP



POSSIBLE INVESTIGATION INTO THE 'GREY LADY' OF NORWICH.

In the last issue of LANTERN, the recent sighting of a 'Grey Lady' in Tombland Alley, Norwich, was mentioned. Since then the Psychical Research Section of the BSIG have been making extensive enquiries into this alleged haunting

WRONG PLACE

It would appear that the apparition was not in fact seen in Tombland Alley as reported, but in offices over the East Anglian Tourist Information Centre at the Augustine Stuart House, which stands close to the alley. It has also been seen in nearby buildings.

GHOST-WATCH?

The Engineers Department of Norwich City Corporation, have been kind enough to grant us permission to set up our equipment in the building

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and it is hoped to do this in the near future as soon as all the details have been finalised.

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LONG RANGE TELEPATHY EXPERIMENT RESULTS.

On January 28th another telepathy experiment was conducted by members of BSIG. It lasted for 10 days during which time the five symbols of the Zener cards were transmitted at a rate of 10 each night, giving a total of 100 cards over the 10 day experiment. a total of 9 people took part. The person who attempted to transmit the cards was in Ewell Surrey, while the rest acting as 'receivers', were situated in the Lowestoft/Norwich area.

ANALYSIS.

The final results were analysed to see if any

participant had obtained a result over and above that given by chance. In the final reckoning, all of the participants except 2, obtained results completely within the bounds given by chance. The other two members obtained results above those given by chance, these are still being analysed.

OTHER ASPECTS.

As well as the normal analysis of the results, greater attention will be paid this time to other aspects of the experiment to see if any results, although differing from those of the transmitter, do in some way relate to each other, which might indicate that the people involved had in fact been receiving each others thoughts instead of those of the transmitter. Should anything of note come to light in this direction, this column will publish details in a future issue.

COMMENT

I wonder if the local reticence to commit pen to paper on certain subjects is confined to the borders of East Anglia? For several years now, we in the Borderline Science Investigation Group, have been trying to coax the populace of this region into telling us some of their interesting stories of the unexplained.

Usually, when we approach someone and begin conversing with them about such things as UFO'S, hauntings and legends, they draw us in closer and proceed to tell us tales of weird things that have happened to them in East Anglian lanes or churchyards (although pubs also seem to figure prominently in these stories!) This is just what we want. But when we ask them in the local newspapers or on posters or even in the pages of this magazine for folk to write their experiences and tales down on paper and send them to us, we are met with a typical East Anglian stubbornness and hardly anyone sends us anything.

I do hope that people aren't reluctant for fear of ridicule, because we welcome absolutely anything with open arms and open minds. We would like to be regarded as a 'public service', whereby anyone can tell us of their unusual experiences in the strictest confidence, and we will do our best to investigate it in a thorough and objective way.

Any member of the general public is free to use us for this purpose, and the pages of LANTERN are ever open to your comments and criticisms, your articles and your ideas. We want to know the legends of East Anglia straight from the pens of those that know them, and the observations of unexplained things from those that have seen them.

Why keep them to yourselves when there are others who will listen to your tales without laughing?

