



LANTERN

Number 31

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INTRODUCTION

For the first time since its conception over nine years ago, I was asked the other day, "What is the objective of LANTERN - what are its aims?" After some deliberation I realised that, in all the years I have been Editor, I have never really asked myself the same question, and was somewhat lost for an answer. After all LANTERN is...well...its...LANTERN!

Perhaps now is as good a time as any to give a potted 'history' of the magazine and its 'parent' The Borderline Science Investigation Group, known affectionately by all involved in it as BSIG (pronounced ber-cig). The Group was formed in 1971 with the following aims:

1. To discover as much unusual and unexplained phenomena as possible in the region of East Anglia.
2. To investigate in as scientific and unbiased a manner as possible all phenomena.
3. To document any findings and report them to the necessary bodies in an unbiased and scientific manner.

These three main aims still apply to the Group - although within the last few years the emphasis has moved from the 'scientific investigation' aspect to the research, recording and documentation of unexplained phenomena.

LANTERN came along about 12 months after the formation of the BSIG and its main purpose then was to be an internal 'Journal' in which would be contained reports of the Groups many and varied investigations, plus details of research carried out by individuals both within and without the Group. Over a period of time, it became apparent that there were more people outside the BSIG (and outside East Anglia) than in it who were interested in reading LANTERN; and so, in the Autumn of 1973, under the joint editorship of Denis Fletcher and myself, LANTERN was launched on a more 'commercial' basis. Although not an overwhelming success, the magazine did just about managed to pay for itself and also reached a wider readership. Since that time, LANTERN has moved with the ever-changing ideas of the BSIG - and now tries to reflect all the different aspects of the 'unexplained' in East Anglia. Sometimes dealing with them in the form of 'researched' articles, other times simply reporting that such and such a phenomena has or did happen at such and such a date; in the hopes that others will pick up all the loose threads and weave their own theories and ideas with them. Basically, LANTERN exists to inform and to be enjoyed - I hope it does just this...
Ivan Bunn, Editor.

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LOCAL LEY LINES

NO.3: ST. JAMES SOUTH ELMHAM TO SHIPMEADOW, SUFFOLK.

NOTE: Bearing of alignments and orientation of churches are all expressed in degrees and minutes east of magnetic north. Grid references refer to the centre of the site described, except in the case of large features such as camps etc., where the reference given is to the point at which the alignment strikes or cuts the site.

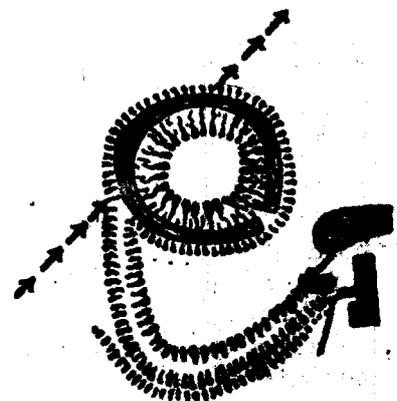
This alignment is situated immediately south and south-east of Bungay, being approximately 6.25 miles in length and consisting of five points, plus confirmatory sites. It runs south-east to north-west, at a bearing of $41^{\circ} 18'$.

1) - ST. JAMES CHURCH, SOUTH ELMHAM (TM323813): orientation 98° . This basically Norman church with its square tower stands upon one of the highest points of land in eastern Suffolk. An old tale relates how, many years ago, a group of local harvester cornered the Devil with their pitchforks in either the porch, or the base of the squat tower, and held him there until the parson arrived. When he came, amid the pealing of bells and the chanting of prayers, the Devil let out a shriek and escaped by tearing a hole in the wall. The sooty marks on the flint-work, once pointed out, are no longer visible. Also St. James where men were alleged to have attempted to "pen the cuckoo!" Upon a corbel to the right of the tower archway inside the church can be seen a gilded metal cuckoo, and once there were a series of carved wooden panels depicting the village craftsmen trying to build a hedge round a cuckoo sitting on top of a bush. The alignment that begins here originates in the angle between chancel and porch, and heads across the road to 'Cuckoo Farm!' After heading across fields the line then lies for about 550 yards along a green path, from just before crossing with the track called 'Uncle's Lane!' Aligned upon the path can be seen the next point, which is:-

2) - ST. MICHELS CHURCH, SOUTH ELMHAM (TM342839): orientation 96° . Again essentially Norman, the alignment here passes through the square tower. Through a gateway in the churchyard the third point is visible:-

3) - ST. MARGARETS CHURCH, Ilketshall (TM350853); orientation 80° . Just before the church is reached though, the OS maps disagree with observation in the field. The maps show a wide track, a public footpath, about 300 yards of which is aligned upon the ley, but no trace of this track now remains. The ley passes over a tiny footbridge at the edge of the graveyard, to pass through the chancel of the church, which is Saxon with later additions. The round tower too is Saxon, at least to the belfry stage. If it were not for the intervening trees and buildings, the next point would also be visible, being:-

4) - THE MOUNT, ILKETSHALL ST. JOHN (TM368880): This is in the grounds of the now-derelict Manor Farm. In form it seems to be a pre-conquest motte, surrounded by a circular moat, and with a defensive ditch swinging southwards and round to the farm buildings. The conical mound was once 20-25 feet high, and the moat 8-12 feet deep, but both are much eroded now, and almost totally obscured by trees and scrub. The name of the parish 'Ilketshall!', applies also to several others hereabouts, and almost certainly derives from the Scandinavian earl of the early 11th century, Ulfcytel (or Ulfkell Snillingr). In the north, the whole of East Anglia was once known as 'Ulfkell's Land!', and The Mount has been suggested as one of his bases. Ethel Mann in the 1930s thought



Ley thru 'The Mount'

is not an ancient burial mound, but a local legend says that under it lies hidden a ship and a Danish king, with all his weapons and treasures round him.

No.68: PROPHECY: "...All that is in print is not necessarily genuine, eg. I much misdoubt me of -

'When (the)Dragon drinks,
Heigham sinks'.

- said to be the warning given by a stone dragon's mouth, forming the keystone of the arch of a Norwich Bridge." So says Walter Rye in His Songs, Stories & Sayings of Norfolk (1897. p.17), but true or not, does anyone know which Norwich Bridge, and whether the 'stone dragon' still exists?

No.69: FORTEANA: In his Waveney Valley (1975), David Butcher, speaking of the now-dilapidated moated hall at Broome near Bungay, says: "Mr.Fowle, the owner, was taking a stroll on the lawn with a friend, Charles Davy, when the water in the moat surged up and flowed over its retaining wall. In a letter to his son, Davy,.....theorises that the whole thing was the result of a minor earth tremor, a precursor perhaps of the great seismic wave that shook Lisbon on the following day (1st Nov. 1755).

No.70: GHOST: A ghost known as 'White Hannah' is said to sit at night in a pit called the 'Spintow' at Friston in Suffolk, a spot where Roman remains were once found. She sits there crooning mournful songs and spinning 'tow', the broken part of flax or hemp. (East Anglian Magazine; Feb.1956. pp236/7.)

No.71: LOCAL ODDITY: "During the work of repairing the dilapidated and dangerous tower of St.Benedict's church, Norwich, it has been found necessary to remove the tree which grew from the interior and appeared on the outside of the building, near the summit. An object of much curiosity and interest, which has been illustrated in a London publication, and described in various journals, has thus disappeared, but its retention would, it was feared, have still further endangered the stability of the structure." (Norfolk & Norwich Notes & Queries, Aug. 8th, 1896)

No.72: PROPHECY: "Turning south over Heggatt Heath - a notorious highwayman's resort - I soon reached the great tree in the centre of the common (just south of Horstead, Norfolk), where tradition relates that a miller with three thumbs shall hold three kings' horses during the progress of a great battle- in the course of this fight nearly every man in the county will be killed, but no date is given." (People & Places in Marshland by C.Marlowe, 1927, p.237)

No.73: SUICIDE BURIAL: "My father, who was a freeman of the City of Norwich, by apprenticeship, remembered, when living in St.Laurences', seeing a suicide carried past his house at twelve at night, to be buried at the cross roads at Hangman's lane. An immense crowd followed, to see the stake driven through the body." (R.M.L. in Norfolk and Norwich Notes & Queries, Aug.15th, 1896) Does anyone know the whereabouts in Norwich of 'Hangman's Lane'?

No.74: CURES: "Acts of gross superstition and barbarity were practised in Norwich as recently as April, 1840. Children who were sickly were taken to a woman living in St. Margaret's, for the purpose of having their ears cut, for a supposed disease called the 'spinnage'. The operation took place on a Monday Morning, when, for threepence, the woman, with a pair of scissors, cut through the lobe of the right ear, and then made a cross with the blood upon the forehead and breast of the child. On the following monday the left ear was subjected to the same treatment. On the succeeding Monday the right ear underwent the like operation, and, in some cases, it was deemed necessary to perform the ridiculous ceremony nine times." (J.A.S. in Norfolk & Norwich Notes & Queries, Sept. 12th, 1896.)

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THE EDITOR ALWAYS WELCOMES CONTRIBUTIONS TO LANTERN IN THE FORM OR ARTICLES?
PRESS CUTTINGS, REVIEWS ETC. PLEASE SEND TO THE EDITOR AT 3 DUNWICH WAY,
OULTON BROAD, LOWESTOFT, SUFFOLK. NR32 4PX - MANY THANKS.....

DIARY OF A HAUNTING

~conclusion~

SUNDAY OCTOBER 10TH:

... Flies everywhere in the front room. Never seen so many. At around 3.30pm house was chilled. I was the only one to feel it badly. At about 8.15pm, David and I both heard music and noises of movements. At 8.45 Gerald, David, Craig and my

self all heard footsteps and noises of movements but not very clear. On going to bed early, while Craig and I were waiting for Gerald to come up, I again heard the clicking noises that I imagined I heard when I thought I saw the bird, didn't look his time though, Craig at the same time saw a white light. Presence of something was felt very strongly during the night. Gerald spoke to it but it still continued with movements and footsteps. Conversing was also heard once during the night. Gerald spent a very bad night, but I was able to sleep in between. Boys were also disturbed as they were both in one bed this morning.

MONDAY OCTOBER 11TH:

More convinced of Roy's theory now. House has a clammy feeling today, don't know whether it's the weather or not yet; Gerald and I now both regret making this move. (Editor's Note: The family had moved to Norfolk from Willesdon, London, four months earlier). We feel that it is something that is going to be very hard to get rid of.

Lit fires but house still has a feeling causing me uneasiness. (I am) sitting in dining room at time of writing, thinking past events over I am still convinced that what has occurred is either some happening being re-lived or a prediction of something to come and the something just doesn't want this family in the house.

9.45am: Alone with Baby while writing this, noise of movements coming from up³ stairs, not frightened enough yet to have to leave the house. Sounds as if doors being shut, Mrs. B also heard them while visiting. First time this has happened. At 6.30pm while in bed, smell of mustiness came up and it was there for about 10 minutes. At 8.30pm footsteps were heard by us all with conversing. Sound of something being dragged - noises seemed to come from the front room but it could have been the storeroom. Again a rotten smell came up, but cleared just a few minutes later. David, on arriving at 9.30pm, heard noises, but (he) stopped in the dining room till it stopped at 10.30. Thought it was door knob on our bedroom door.

During morning Mrs. B. came into front room with me to investigate noise, still a large number of flies for some reason. After the early evenings activities we made ourselves go to sleep early - had a good nights sleep though.

TUESDAY OCTOBER 12TH:

Noise didn't seem too bad today. Reporter called from the EDP (Eastern Daily Press) took him into front room, a number of flies still present. Room very cold.

At 8.30pm, while all in dining room, 4 different lots of noise from hall, sounded like door handle being turned. 5 minutes later noise sounded from corner of dining room as if from kitchen cellar or upstairs, of several bangs. Cold Draught of air felt, this time by Gerald and kids who were sitting in a row in front of fire. I was by the side of the fireplace. At 9.40pm there was noises as if someone was coughing or burping, either (from) front room or kitchen I don't think it was (from) hall. Sweet smell like faint perfume but not a pleasant smell. Went to bed at 10.30, freezing cold upstairs, although temperature was 70. Music, voices and hammering were heard several times till 11.30 when phone rang and Brian was on line. While sitting on stairs with Gerald, a noise as if something was dropped (together) with noise of movement as well from front room. During afternoon had a very strong urge to go upstairs which got stronger, so I went into garden as I knew I was afraid.

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 13th:

House at 60 degrees temperature but not feeling cold

at all. David and I went into front room to see if anything had been moved or fallen, nothing was disturbed. House has the feeling of un-rest and several movements have been heard but so far we are putting it down to imagination. Heard today that the Vicar was making fun at hall today of ghost. Unrest continued. Out when David came home from school and took (a) friend into the cellar - while there 2 bangs (were heard) from opening in cellar. At 8.30pm again sounds were heard from hall and then noises from front room. At 9.30pm house freezing cold - temperature 62 degrees. Felt sure it was here to stay. Reporters came round at 10 o'clock and at 10.10pm sounds and bangs started practically straightway. Reporters used bedroom for photos, but said he smoothed the bed - bed looked as if laid upon at about 12.30. We had a very peaceful night ourselves as we felt relaxed. Reporters continued to hear noises and bangs throughout the night - not clear on what they actually heard though - (reporters left at 7am. At about 7.15am a movement was heard upstairs accompanied by footsteps. While in toilet at 7.30am something moved across landing. House very cold this morning - 62 degrees.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14TH:

House temperature has dropped to 60 degrees but not feeling so cold. House atmosphere seems uneasy. Still hearing noises from upstairs at 9.25am. Keep looking as I feel someone is with me towards door of dining room. I know this isn't my imagination - after this, quiet. At 7.20pm knocks were heard and about 8.30 to 9pm a hammering was heard and then more bangs. Movements in hall at 11.15pm. We went to bed and had a good nights sleep.

Heard from a spiritualist today twice. A family of non-believers came to sit in this evening from Old Hunstanton. They all heard.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15TH:

House felt very eerie but not too bad. Noises about 9.30am. At 4pm noises like movements, contacted medium who came to house and exorcised the house. Good night - no noises or movement. Quietness uncanny.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 16th:

About 11 (o'clock) in morning went to spare room - bed looked as if a struggle had taken place.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17th:

Had a good night again, unbelievable - but bed in spare room looked as if laid upon. Had Mrs S's relatives to see us this afternoon, at about 2.15 to 4.40pm. While discussing this visit at about 5.30pm in dining room (an) ornamental pan on left hand (side) of fireplace lifted about four inches off wall and went down with a bang. Had a good night again.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 18TH:

Last night at 10 minutes to 11 David and I, while sitting in dining room, heard what seemed to be the shovel thrown or dropped. Good night though.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19TH:

At 4.30pm Craig said he had switched kettle off but turned round to find it switched on again. About 4.15pm heard from storeroom four faint raps or hammering. At 5 minutes to 7 S.P. aged 14, turned kitchen light off and it came on immediately by itself. David was with him. At about 5 o'clock went to spare room and carpet at foot of bed had wet foot prints.

SUNDAY OCTOBER 24th:

About midday, Julie, while talking to Dorothy and myself on second landing, thought Baby was in spare room and had gone in while we was talking, but room was empty when we looked.

EDITOR'S NOTE: the following incidents were also noted at the end of the diary but no specific date is given.

While Dorothy and David were here during the first week of (our) possession of house, Dorothy thought she saw a woman on first landing. As they both heard talking - someone asked "Who are they" from spare room.

U.F.O. NEWS...

"It is late. The night is dark and still. Kim Sergeant is driving his girl friend, Carole Grunday, home after a happy evening spent with friends. Suddenly, they are not as alone as they would wish. Low in the sky a glowing red ball is hovering above the skyline as it tracks their fast-moving car. Silently, it follows the vehicle's every turn. It has come from out of the blue - but 21-year-old Kim soon realises it is not about to leave.

After minutes that seem like hours, Kim reaches a village and swings wildly left into a side road. The couple are by now frantic about their uninvited observer. Panic-stricken, they cannot switch their gaze as it reaches the end of the road just in front of them. Smoothly, agonisingly slowly, it descends to roof level. It is going to land.

Instinctively, Kim stops the car - and to his horror, the ball stops too. It hovers, motionless, and then - as if an intelligent being has come to a decision - it begins to float silently towards them.

Galvanised with fear, Kim starts the car and drives like a man possessed to Carole's house. To his inexpressible relief the apparition vanishes behind a clump of trees as mysteriously as it arrived.

A scene from a science fiction film? A children's comic? Perhaps the script of a late night TV series? No: the incident above happened at Blofield (Norfolk), just over a week ago.

Whether you are a believer or a sceptic, there is no doubt - something very eerie happened to terrify the young couple.

Later, a very subdued Kim recalled: "My first reaction was to ignore it - it was just something silly. But it was a glowing red object which you could not help but notice."

Suggest to Kim that "a drop of the hard stuff" might have influenced his imagination and he becomes very prickly. "Certainly not - I had nothing to drink."

So writes Andy Russell, in typical

journalistic fashion in the Yarmouth Mercury of Sept. 5th., 1980. This report (undated, but which probably occurred on the weekend of August 23/24 this year) was the lead-in to an article entitled 'We are Not Alone', how accurate Mr. Russell's reporting of this incident is, is somehow in doubt, as the article also referred to the B.S.I.G. (or Borderline Science Investigation Work according to the article) with its membership of 200 (actually we had 25 at the last count!).

All in all though the article was quite good, although once again the media had to include a photograph of BSIG members undertaking the doubtful occupation of 'skywatching', together with a comment that 'we are' so interested to find out what these UFOs are all about they organise skywatches and, armed only with a Thermos flask and a telescope, members boldly go to take on beings from another world..." This statement is far removed from the truth. Many years ago the BSIG decided that sitting up all night staring at the sky waiting for UFOs to appear is a pointless (and fruitless) occupation. Skywatches are still occasionally held but only to enable new members to familiarise themselves with the night sky. NOT to look for UFOs. Either the press once again got it wrong or they were mis-informed.

Not to be outdone, on Sept. 12th., the Lowestoft Journal ran a similar article with a photograph showing BSIG members "Armed with sophisticated(?) equipment...waiting for a UFO to appear." This article said that the group's membership was "about 100";

Also mentioned in the Yarmouth Mercury article, was a UFO report from Hopton, Suffolk which took place on Wednesday, August 20th, 1980. This report was given better coverage in the Eastern Evening News of August 28th., in the Yarmouth Porthole column. The witnesses were Mr. Leslie Frost, a 46 year-old engineer, his wife, Margaret and their 10 year-old son, Anthony. The sighting took place from the bottom of their garden in Sidegate Road, Hopton.

Describing what he saw, Mr. Frost told the EEN; "It was like walking walking into the garden and seeing Yarmouth Pleasure beach." That was the impression he gained from the mass of brilliant lights - but this was out in the country, above a big

Thomas Spatchet in 1665 was the Bailiff of Dunwich in Suffolk. He suffered an extreme bout of headaches and fits and duly considered himself bewitched. Perhaps the fact that as a child he had fallen down a well and had fractured his skull may have had something to do with it, but alas, things weren't quite so simple then.

A poor beggar named Abre Grinsett was duly accused of bewitching him; and her guilt was beyond doubt as Spatchet said that he had seen her 'shade' in his bedroom. So there, and what is more, he had bitten it and Abre Grinsett was subsequently seen limping. What fine conclusive evidence it was!

Her confession at trial told of the Devil appearing to her in the form of a cat, but she denied causing Spatchet any harm.

One of the magistrates, an enlightened man I am inclined to think, refused to convict Abre Grinsett, and turned her free making a comment to the effect that as long as she continued to bewitch men like Spatchet she was welcome to do so as far as he was concerned. So Abre Grinsett went home and Spatchet, still convinced that she was causing his headaches and fits, relieved himself by prayer and continued in much the same state of health until February 13th, 1667, about two months before the death of the suspect. The unfortunate woman, despite being armed with two cudgels, was unable to keep the Devil at bay, and died with all the skin of her arms and hands scratched or torn off. The exact circumstances of her death are not known, but it seems that even though the Judiciary discharged her, the law of the mob was not to be denied its victim!

Even so, Spatchet was not relieved of his fits which, although not so frequent, stayed with him until he died - which made him claim that other witches besides Abre had a share in the cause of his suffering!

As a postscript, it is worth noting that some twenty years earlier, Spatchet had had dealings with witchcraft when, in August 1645, he was appointed as one of the official 'watchers' at Dunwich by none other than that infamous witchhunter, Matthew Hopkins.

Source:

'A Faithful Narrative of the Wonderful and Extraordinary Fits which Mr. Thos. Spatchet (late of Dunwich and Cookly) was under by Witchcraft, . . . wherein are several Remarkable Instances of the Gracious Effects of Fervent Prayer.' By Samuel Petto, Minister of the Gospel at Sudbury in Suffolk, who was an eye-witness of a great part. . . London. . . 1693. R.A. HAXELL



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