

THE  
LEY  
HUNTER

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THE LEY HUNTER

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LEAD--IN

When I recently wrote to Jimmy Goddard, the past secretary of The Ley Hunter, for a copy of the magazine I was not aware that it had ceased publication. Jimmy suggested I might revive the magazine, so in order to learn more about leys I took over the job of producing and editing the magazine.

I'm sure many past readers will welcome the reappearance of The Ley Hunter, and that it will attract many new readers. Leys and orthoteny are just one aspect of the UFO phenomenon, and of course not all ley hunters will accept any link between leys and UFOs. For all followers of these subjects the magazine will act as a forum for speculation on theories, give space for announcements of discoveries, and help to increase our knowledge of leys and orthoteny.

I believe leys and orthoteny are connected, and hope through the magazine and a pooling of readers' ideas that this link can not only be proven beyond doubt, but discover how and why.

Though retaining the original features of The Ley Hunter, I intend broadening the format by including not only thoroughly documented factual articles on leys, but ones of pure conjecture. Also I hope to include many letters on leys, orthoteny, UFO phenomena, and comments on the magazine. A departure from previous policy will be the inclusion of a science fiction section with stories, poems, pieces on writers, and book reviews.

The magazine will be produced monthly and after three months its viability will be reviewed. I expect to receive an appreciable response, but unless a reasonable number of persons are buying it then it will cease publication. However, with a great deal of optimism I'm setting the price at 1s.4d. (including postage) per copy, and if the readership grows then the number of pages will increase correspondingly.

Contributions, whether articles, letters, or science fiction stories, are needed, and I would be particularly grateful for articles on leys as I obviously wish to give these prominence. Unfortunately as an amateur publication I regret that no payment can be made for material included, but a free issue will be sent to writers of full-length articles.

For those who are interested to know, your editor is 23 years old and works as a sub-editor on the Northern Daily Mail, Hartlepool.

Lastly I must stress that the magazine will continue so long as it has your support.

Paul F. Screeton

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### PRACTICAL HINTS ON LEY HUNTING

I apologise to those who have previously read this article in Jimmy Goddard's "Handbook of Leys and Orthoteny", and to those who find it somewhat elementary. Nevertheless, I believe it will form the best introduction to the subject for the new enthusiast.

The only essential requirements for ley hunting are an Ordnance Survey one-inch to the mile map, a straight-edge (3ft. long if possible) and a sharp-pointed pencil with a fairly hard lead. Smaller scales of map are not advised because they do not give enough detail, and larger scales do not cover enough area to be practical, though it is useful also to have a small-scale map covering the whole of Britain, if orthoteny or major leys have to be extended.

Leys can be found on any O.S. map except those covering heavily built-up or very mountainous areas, so the first thing a prospective ley hunter will probably wish to do is to buy the map covering his own area. This has the added advantage that sites can be easily reached for fieldwork. The alignments are very numerous, and it becomes clear as soon as work is started that one person could never hope to plot all the leys even on one O.S. sheet. Do not be discouraged by this; the really important point of ley research is the discovery of new facts about leys, not the quantity of leys found.

The way it is usually done is to take several of the more prominent sites on the map and to join any two. If the total of sites which lie in the alignment adds up to five or more, the ley is acceptable. It is often worthwhile to take a particular site separately and to circle the straight-edge around it slowly, seeking alignments in different directions. In this way centres are found, though they very often form themselves, sometimes in an unmarked spot. If on going to the spot you find (as I have often done) that there is a clump, or a mark-stone there, you have made a discovery and it is good evidence for the validity of leys. It is also encouraging, in that it shows you are not wasting your time.

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Acceptable sites include: Prehistoric mounds, camps and anything dating back to Prehistoric times; ancient churches, castles; cross-roads; hilltops (initial points) and triangulation pillars; mark stones; hilltop clumps. When aligning them do not cheat! Be very strict about rejecting a ley if it does not have five good sites in alignment, and do not accept any point if the ley does not pass directly through it, or (in the case of camps, etc.) touches its side.

Fieldwork is essential, and I have had to reject a number of leys because on looking at the sites themselves I have found them to be invalid. It is especially important to check the ages of churches; anything after the 15th. Century with no record of earlier churches on the site is very unlikely to have any ~~ley~~ significance. Also it is important to check on the origin of place-names, whether or not they sound significant. A significant-sounding name could be very modern; on the other hand, something which does not sound significant may be very interesting if its real meaning is found.

Another interesting thing to try is to see whether one ley point is visible from the next along its ley, or if there are points that can be seen but are not marked on the map. Check the orientation of churches; sometimes you will find they are not aligned facing due east - and one can make interesting discoveries, as I did at Othery Church, in Somerset, when I found that it was inclined a little to true east - just enough to make it in precise line with one of the most important leys to be found, and which has shown almost conclusively its connection with UFOs.

By far the most exciting part about ley hunting is, of course, its connection with orthoteny and with UFOs. It is here that the small-scale maps come in useful. UFO sightings on an orthoteny are often too far apart to make it practicable to use the O.S. maps, so they have to be drawn on the smaller-scale ones, then sections of them transferred to the O.S. sheets. Remember that for an orthoteny to be valid the sightings must occur on one day, but (strangely enough) the direction they were travelling in does not matter. Not all orthoteny lines are UFO-trajectories, though of course some are and these are very interesting. Go through UFO magazines and if you can find a number of sightings for one day, mark them on your small-scale map and see if they align. If they do, transfer them to the O.S. sheets and see if they coincide with a ley. All previous orthoteny lines over Britain have done so.

With orthoteny, four-point lines can usually be accepted, as UFO sightings are rarer than prehistoric sites. But make sure that the UFO seen was either directly overhead or flying very low. Other sightings have no value as far as orthoteny lines are concerned, for the height, size and distance of an object in the sky cannot be judged without instruments - it could be 50 miles away, or one mile.

Transferring leys from small-scale to larger-scale maps is more difficult than it would seem; be sure that angles, distances and locations remain precisely the same. It is also difficult to extend leys from one O.S. map to another with accuracy. It is for this reason that it is not wise to be dogmatic about what sites etc. an orthoteny passes through - you can only say that this is so within the limits of your accuracy. It is best to do as little transferring as possible.

It is, of course, not only leys in themselves that are interesting to study. The researcher should always experiment with new ideas if they come to him. It was this way that many very strange things have been found - such as Doug Chaundy's White Horse Triangles and his vast "star map" that he found from the positions of long barrows on Salisbury Plain. These seem to be no end to the mystery and fascination to be found from the countryside around us.

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### THE PATTERN PUZZLE

by

Paul Screeton

"It seems amazing that man was so philosophically advanced in such ancient times. The mere fact that any culture in those days could deduce the correct explanation for the whiteness of the Milky Way is astonishing. There seems to be more mystery about early man than any anthropologist has guessed."

- Joseph F. Goodavage 1967.

Why did Bronze Age man in North-East Yorkshire arrange burial mounds in the pattern of stars? Was it simply a form of star worship?

Probably the first person to draw attention to this positioning was Robert Knox in an 1855 work, in which he shrewdly noted the pattern of conspicuous howes near Ughthorpe which form Charles's Wain.

Frank Elgee, in "Early Man in North-East Yorkshire" (1936), suggests the arrangements were intentional, though he notes that his studies to find more have often shown likely arrangements, but crowding of small barrows could make designs accidental. However, a few groups of larger barrows show it distinctly.

Frank Elgee gives further examples and notes that in some places the figures never seem to have been completed. On the top of Carlton Bank (Carlton-in-Cleveland), there are six barrows so arranged that if another were added we would have the figure of The Plough. Six barrows on the ridge between Mansdale and Farndale also suggest The Plough.

J.F. Mortimer in "Forty Years' Researches" (1905) had showed that the Bronze Age people of the Yorkshire Wolds arranged some of their larger barrows in the form of constellations, notably The Plough or Charles's Wain, and more rarely The Chair in Cassiopeia. He quoted an example on Huggate Wold where not only are the seven brightest stars of the Wain represented by a barrow each, but also two neighbouring stars and the adjacent solitary star Cor Caroli.

From this he concluded that star worship was therefore practised, and not only by Bronze Age people of the Yorkshire Wolds, but by those of neighbouring Blackamore district also. Elgee notes that unlike the Yorkshire Wolds, there is no evidence of such arrangements in the Cotswolds.

These arrangements of barrows therefore pose the questions:

- a) Are the patterns coincidental?
- b) Do they denote a form of star worship - possibly whereby the spirit on death was believed to go to one of those constellations.
- c) Could they signify constellations from which space travellers journeyed to Bronze Age Britain? The patterns to indicate from where these people came as a message to later generations, or as a "cargo cult" to attract back visitors from outer space.

It is easy to become fanciful when speculating on prehistory, or UFOs, but those who regard leys and orthotenes as being connected cannot fail to find the barrows patterns puzzling.

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### ISTINA O LETECIN TANJURIMA ?

Not only in the "free world" are UFOs arousing increasing interest, but they are being discussed behind the Iron Curtain too. While in Yugoslavia on honeymoon a few weeks ago, I bought a newspaper whose front page was almost completely taken over by a photograph of UFOs in flight. An article inside even included diagrams of the discs. Unfortunately, being unable to read Yugoslav, I cannot pass on any further information from the newspaper.

"Today we face the same predicament as that which destroyed civilisation some 4,000 years ago...The answer can be found, but not in any system old or new. Perhaps some of those that find it..... can survive the approaching cosmic terror." - John Michell 1967.

In the 1920s Alfred Watkins published his findings on leys; in 1954 Aime Michel discovered orthotemies; followed by Tony Wedd's revelation that an orthotemy often occurs above the line of a ley. With "The Flying Saucer Vision" John Michell introduced the theory that not only were all those places in Britain connected with dragon legends almost certainly the scenes of a UFO landing, but if many of these places were joined they would form a huge triangle - with lines akin to leys.

Michell has argued his theory well, both in his first book and several articles in the underground press. He is also a part of the underground, a hippies' fellow traveller in his mid-30s, also ex-Etonian, ex-Cambridge University, and wholly dedicated to UFOs and leys. Incidentally it wasn't until after writing his first book that he saw his first UFO.

#### THE GEOMANCERS

Michell argues that 4,000 years ago professional geomancers located what they regarded as the lines and centres of the dragon pulse, the beneficial magnetic current which flows along various paths above the earth; its course being indicated for future generations by tombs, artificial hills and various other structures placed where the influences were most favourable. This astrological interpretation lasted long enough for most early Christian churches to be correctly placed. The knowledge of these currents inspiring all forms of the Arts.

#### CATHERINE'S WHEEL

Early man and mediaeval man's frames of reference were too limited to understand that the lights speeding across the heavens were not dragons, but UFOs. Many places are traditionally associated with the killing of dragons, and here are often churches dedicated to St Michael or less commonly St George, St Margaret or St Catherine - the first three being traditionally dragon killers and St Catherine being associated with the fiery wheel.

Michell concludes that hills associated with UFOs are natural conductors of a manifestation of a force stretching across the countryside. Such places were used for the initiation into knowledge of a current of time which annihilated space and time.

However, Michell suggests that leys mark a route for the UFOs, but surely, if a race is sufficiently far advanced as to be able to fly by UFOs, it would not require so primitive a series of signposts.

Today, Michell claims, we are approaching a time when this mystery will be revealed again. To quote: "For many people the objects in the sky are linked with the features of the ground below. UFOs are pointing towards a clue which in the past has been ignored by all but the most extreme visionaries - the revelation concealed within the landscape itself."

Michell also believes that in the past there was one universal civilisation and leys are a record/message of its knowledge. He also suggests that 4,000 years ago men understood and practised time travel!

#### WATKINS WRONG

Of leys Michell wrote that Watkins's supposition that they were long disused tracks was "impractical."

#### DAUGHTER OF ALBION

What the scientist would regard as chance phenomena and discard as unproveable, Michell studies. He is aware that today's investigators are too narrow minded as to insist on immediate explanations. Only by taking a wide view of phenomena and their possible implications can the worldwide *significance* of an approaching revelation of their meaning be understood.

Archaeologists are taken to task for working inwards towards the microcosm, and so missing the pattern set by an overall view of the structures left behind across the face of the earth. England can be seen as a giantess/goddess awaiting awakening - an awakening in our minds - a sleeping daughter of Albion having ripened to maturity.

#### LIKE GHOSTS

Michell has stated that UFOs "may have an entirely physical existence like ours, although using forces of which we are not yet aware. But this seems unlikely in view of their enigmatic behaviour. More probably they belong, like ghosts, to another order of matter." And he asks if their coming could be a "small part of some approaching vision with which we shall soon be confronted."

Much of what Michell writes seems fanciful and highly speculative, but he knows his folklore, astrology, astronomy, geography, and prehistory, and draws upon these to form conclusions built from coinciding aspects of each.

powerful and his arguments impress. <sup>Michell's belief in the significance of ley is</sup>

JOHN F. MICHELL : A CHECKLIST

Centres and Lines of the Latent Power in Britain  
("International Times" No. 19 - Oct. 1967)

"The Flying Saucer Vision"  
(Sidgwick & Jackson 1967)

1850 B.C.  
("International Times" No. 23 - Jan. 1968)

Lung Mei and The Dragon Paths of England  
("Image" June 1968)

UFOs and the message from the Past  
("Albion" No. 1 - May 1969)

Flying Saucers  
("The Listener" No. 2043 June 27, 1968)\*

\*"Midsummer Night's Dream" by Karl Miller discusses Michell in the same issue. Also there was an article on Michell in a "Sunday Times" colour supplement about spring 1968 entitled - Pauline Peters on people: Take Me to Your Saucer.

YET MORE MICHELL

Just published is a book of John Michell's latest investigations - "The View over Atlantis." John Michell has also written an article in "Glastonbury: A Study in Patterns." I hope to review these two books in the next issue.

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"A Sweet ~~Sweet~~ Summer," by Jane Gaskell, makes use of a tried S.F. theme - UFOs hovering disquietingly over Britain, and having blockaded our islands by an invisible force field fostered a state of near anarchy. The Aliens are a shadowy presence, and basically this novel is only marginally S.F., just as her previous "The Shiny Narrow Grin" was only marginally Gothic horror. Both books were set in contemporary London and chronicled the fashions and attitudes of their day, but "Sweet Summer" also owes something to her superior Atlan trilogy.

Her fictional Atlantis of "The Serpent", "Atlan", and "The City" was similarly cut off by an impenetrable dome. Another echo lies in the name of the contemporary heroine Frijja compared with the prehistoric heroine Cija (pronounced Key-a).

Probably the average S.F. enthusiast would be disappointed by the naivete of the S.F. part of the plot and lack of "ideas," but Miss Gaskell is a craftsmanlike writer who entertains by creating a wealth of fascinating characters (Holden Caulfield-type pimp, enigmatic ex-Dockland gang girl leader, Fascist gang members etc.,) each of whom is both hardened by the situation yet is grudgingly kind at times. Sex, violence, family and group loyalties are explored in this amoral, strongest-survives atmosphere.

Jane Gaskell's intention is obviously to entertain, and to intellectualise would be both fruitless and defeat the book's purpose. She portrays a mood either by wit ("Heroin the Wake") or poetic insight ("Here we go round the raspberry bush - all in the golden stinking summer with the flowers and flies springing everywhere").

The tale is chronicled by Pel, who runs his ageing father's home, and uses part as an occasional brothel. His cousin Frijja arrives after having a spike rammed into her head while leading a dockland gang. Frijja has a disquieting influence, being an introspective, distant and thin girl, compared with the amoral buxom girl already entrenched in the household. A gang of ruthless Fascists, on the lines of American Hell's Angels, take over the house and Pel hero-worships the second-in-command Connor, who is ex-Merchant Navy, ex-Congo mercenary (Connor - subliminal name choice from Connor Cruise O'Brien perhaps?), whose ambition it is to sleep with the seemingly frigid Frijja. Frijja is secretly working against the Aliens, who communicate with the Britons by sending globules which give brief orders and expire. These globules' instructions seem like pricks of conscience.

As in previous books such as "Attic Summer" and "The Fabulous Heroine" this novel is a social document, setting out the behaviour patterns of contemporary youth, and here it is set against the curious situation created by extraterrestrials.

Whether the S.F. angle is purposely played down as a decidedly minor point or through a lack of knowledge of the genre I hesitate to surmise. But I feel it could have been developed more fully and interestingly.

If a reviewer believes faults exist in a book he is duty bound to report these, but let not a few quibbles detract from the excellence of such a fascinating novel. I have read all but one of Jane Gaskell's novels and this one is up to her usual high standard. She is one of Britain's best and yet most underrated writers, and I hopefully await a sequel to her three previous Atlantean Sage novels.

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#### ADVERTISEMENTS

MONOLITH - the information 'zine. Issue 2, now ready, contains a complete checklist of SF and weird serials from the magazines, plus a thorough review section of current SF and fantasy, with a checklist of Samuel Delany. Price 1/9 from Mike Ashley, 8 Shurland Avenue, Sittingbourne, Kent. From the same address IN RETROSPECT: 1968 - a complete review of the SF field in 1968 with a breakdown on authors, magazines and an obituary to the field's losses. Price 1/-.

Fanzines are the life-blood of fandom and to tap this vital flow you need an efficient coverage of recent issues: CHECKPOINT reviews fanzines in detail and the tenta issue will consider magazines from Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Britain, Canada, Germany, Spain, Sweden and the United States. 1/- per issue (six issues for 5/-) from Peter Roberts, 87 West Town Lane, Bristol, BS4 5BZ., or 15¢ (\$/4) from Ed Reed, 668 Westover Road, Stamford, Conn. 06902, United States.

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#### DRAGONS AND CAVEMEN SUPERMEN

-by-

Neil Stterby

The maiden devoured the dragon.

It was her prize, for she had killed it. She shared it raw, with her brother. She smirked as she gobbled, while he sullenly sat cross and crosslegged on the opposite side of the felled beast.

"Did a lot to help didn't you," she crowed sarcastically.

"It would never have happened if you had cut your hair off," he rejoined caustically, reaching to tear at the corpse's flesh.

Both were naked, green and he was shaven completely.

"It would never have seen us but for your hair," stated Vvkaall doggedly.

"Wasn't it clever and brave of me to jump on it from behind and blind it with my fingers?"

"Very," sarcastically. "What if it had lashed you with its tail?"

"And then to wrestle it down and choke it with the stone down its throat," beamed Shir proudly.

"Stop talking and get eating. It's a wonder nothing has scented this body already."

"The dragon's body or your's?" laughed Shir.

Vvkaall playfully tossed a stone at her. Shir twisted and the missile missed and thudded into the tender long summer grass. Shir grinned widely, whitely, sunshine bolts sniping at her brother. Emerald green lips traced on aquamarine shaded soft skin framed sharp shiny tiny teeth. She twitched her nose in the hot afternoon sunbright. Red ruby eyes selected the choicest tenderest slabs of lizard meat and slim butchering fingers quarried into the carcass. Shir threw back her head, burped, patted her tummy, and her long black hair reassembled in a fringe across the back of her neck and a fringe across her eyebrows. Only the moonlessmidnight blackness of her hair, milkiness of her teeth and irises, and bloodred of her pupils spoilt her mimicry of the greenery around. Shir and Vvkaall automatically imitated landscapes. They could have blended into a perfect camouflage of a tartan kilt. Hairy vanity spoilt Shir's every surroundings pretence. Vvkaall had no such misgivings regards cutting hair, unlike sister Shir. Shir. Shir who was overconfident and reckless: always had been: always trying to prove herself superior to her twin brother. Vvkaall was her opposite. He was unassuming, quiet, a thinker, a loner.

"Look Vvkaall," exclaimed Shir excitedly with awe in her voice.

"Let's get going."

Vvkaall scrambled hastily to his feet.

"That's the biggest yet," breathed Shir.

"Come on," urged Vvkaall.

"It's.....fantastic. It's beautiful."

"It's also thirty feet long and hungry I bet."

"It's a couple of miles away."

Skin, scaly skin, blue as the sky, rippled over rockhard bone and muscle of the dinosaur. Its taloned feet crushed a path of wreckage through the gigantic ferns bordering the forest from which it had emerged. It ran towards them on broad chunky legs, while minute arms waggled and scratched against its scaly chest. The dragon croaked a series of gravelly oaths and toppled ungraciously into the long grass, twitched and rolled on to its side. Down the centre of its back a huge gash gaped ripped ripe.

"Ugh."

Shir was disenchanted. The majesty of the dinosaur had dwindled to death. She stood silhouetted against the wide valley. At seventeen Shir was tall for her age. All two feet ten inches of her. Wombmate Vvkaall was three inches taller and slightly slimmer.

Vvkaall's attention was focused on the forest. Shir's eyes blinked mischievously, she squatted down by her prey and wrenched the right hand at the wrist from the reptile's arm. Soundlessly she crept behind Vvkaall and laid the blue claw on his shoulder. He screamed shock and spun around, hands ready to defend himself. He met the two hands of Shir which darted about his neck and squeezed playfully. He angrily kicked at her and she let go and sprang safely sideways.

"Look, look, look," shrieked Shir, pointing wildly at the distant forest.

Vvkaall was not going to be tricked, he would be revenged. He lunged at Shir and caught her arm, spun her around and gasped. Higher than the tallest tree, wavered the lethal armoury of the tyrannosaur's jaws embedded in a head which housed a minute brain of infinite ferocity. The creature swayed drunkenly, saw and plodded towards the blue dragon lying slumped stockstill in its gore. Towering twenty feet tall on gnarled green legs, the monster bellowed supremacy. The tail swished, scything the grass. Nostrils reverberating to the odour of air-open fresh flesh. Hands, one on the other in a dreadful parody of prayer, flattened to the empty breast, as the Kinglizard bent to use teeth of ivorywhitesteel to shred the already mutilated vegetarian body lying inert.

Vvkaall and Shir stood spellbound; Shir gingerly putting an arm around Vvkaall's waist. He turned, reflecting anger, she creased a grin and he suddenly tugged her hair with affection and forgiveness. Shir, entranced, gazed on the powerful mouth and trembled fear and admiration. She wished she were a female tyrannosaur, fifty feet long, unafraid of anything, humble only to the male of the species.

(To be concluded)