



**THE
LEY
HUNTER**

THE LEY HUNTER

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STAMPING ON THE POSTLEAD-IN

The Periodical Publishers Association (representing Britain's magazine owners) has entered an ugly new phase in its relationship with the Post Office. A recent pressrelease charges the P.O. with "savagely discriminating" against the publishing industry in a way that "threatens seriously to undermine its future viability."

Maybe this sounds ultra-dramatic, but the forthcoming P.O. increases will hit every magazine - including this one - in the country, and some will not survive.

Don't believe me? One fact is that the P.O.'s largest identifiable customer is the Press. Now, publishers claim that a new distribution set-up can be operated to cause the P.O. a loss of £10m. to £20m. Hurrah, though how it will operate I do not know.

However, if we are to have FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, a civilized practice allowing for freedom of speech together with cultural and communications services, we should have free postage for magazines. Lord knows the Establishment doesn't like any form of underground or alternative (would you rather buy "Antiquity") magazines, as witness the recent problems over "Oz", "Nasty Tales", "Styng", etc, etc.,

The P.O. strike, during which copies of "The Ley Hunter" at least reached two shops in London and one in Cambridge, via British Rail and a little help from a friend, showed something of the problem of distribution where a virtual monopoly exists.

Letters arrive for me, some apparently opened in transit (is "ley" a mis-spelling of the sex act), or late, or not at all. "Operation Trojan Horse" arrived covered, inexplicably, in milk. Magazine or books are damaged by clumsy forcefulness through my small letterbox. The P.O. failed to deliver a parcel at times stated when I know the recipient was there to receive it. Mailing of magazines has been hindered by a narrow postbox near my home. Costs of postage are a disgrace; the second-class post has made the service we receive a scandal. The P.O. is required by the Govt. to make a 2 per cent profit on expenditure and will not offer lower rates for periodicals. The only redress therefore is to muck the P.O. around by buying only 2p stamps and placing them in odd corners of letters and finding others methods of annoying them.

 The following is a reproduction of a paper written by the late Douglas J. Wintle in September, 1946.

He was a member of The Old Straight Track Club and lived in Hampstead. He died at the grand age of 97 years.

THE "OLD STRAIGHT TRACK" CLUB

A Member's remarks on the Problem set by its Founder (the late Mr. Alfred Watkins, of Hereford). To be solved by the Members of the Club he founded for the purpose.

The writer believes he is one of the original members of Mr. Watkins's Club. He was born in the little town of Newnham, in these modern days, now known by the General Post Office as Newnham-on-Severn, in Gloucestershire, the town lying about 16 miles from Hereford, Mr. Watkins's dwelling place. The very modern addition to the name, Newnham of the words "on Severn" was probably to make the name a contra distinction to some twenty or more other Newnhams in England, the meaning of the name being "the land most lately taken in" or enclosed - nieweholme, although in many cases he has come across, no statement that this so-called enclosure was evidenced locally.

At any rate, the little town bore the name of Nuneham, variously spelt, when Strongbow, under the direction of King Henry II in the year 1176 is recorded to have embarked an army at Newnham, for the suppression of an outbreak in Ireland.

In other words, at this date (1176) the main roads of Gloucestershire, when needed for the shipment of troops for Ireland, were clearly not found adequate for the purpose, South or West of this point, but there was here, a mile of River bank (a low red marl cliff), suitable for river barges to lie against, for the embarkation of troops, notwithstanding the rise and fall of the Severn tide at this point, which varies as much as 20-25 feet, or more, every 24 hours!

It is also on Record that King Canute (1014-1055) made a Royal Grant of "Two Oaks, out of his Royal forest of Dean (quite near Newnham) "To the woman who held a Royal Grant of the Public Ferry, across the Severn at Newnham, to enable her to build a new Ferry boat."

The Royal Ferry is still working under Royal Licence - the Romans, with elephants, crossed the Severn, over a rocky ford at this point, and erected a Temple (or was it a bonfire?) to celebrate their Victory. The name 'Temple' remains, within sight of Newnham, at an elevation of 350ft. above the town and river, but no trace of the temple has ever been found.

It is believed there was a Norman castle, just outside the town, with a small shipping dock, on the river bank, but the exact site of the castle is not known. The river dock is now known as 'Collo Pill, or Pwll, a river creel.'

There is, however, a very distinct 'Hundred Moot,' in good condition, for many years known as "The Town Green," and held by the Lord of the Manor.

Passing this preamble (mainly, by way of introduction of the way in which, bit by bit, he has come across the several facts, which have come to light, during his search) the writer will next

3.

endeavour to detail some of the research work he has done, in attempting to unravel Mr. Alfred Watkins's suggestions, that there was a 'Straight Track System' throughout the whole of England, provided that we (of the present day) could but 'come to understand' the principles, upon which it was laid out. Mr. Watkins ~~unconsidered~~ they were 'Straight Tracks' - the writer however considers they were Circles, cut up by two equilateral triangles into sextants, agreeably with modern survey practice.

Hence, years ago, the writer, after studying the text of Mr. Watkins's Book on 'Old Straight Track' very closely, attended the Club's earlier 3-day meetings, namely at Hereford, Exeter, and Salisbury, at which Mr. Watkins was President and, with some 20 members of the Club, was driven, in cars, over 3-day Programmes, which the Chairman had prepared.

The writer took careful notes, of all the 'Mark Stones' normally quite small, (smaller than average milestones) and, in only one instance (not far from Hereford city), was he shewn a Mark Stone, as large as, what is known as, a Sarsen Stone.

All these 'Mark Stones' Mr. Watkins had hunted up, at their meetings, pointed out to the Club, in support of his theory of a 'Straight Track' system. But, in practically every case, where Mr. Watkins pointed out three stones (or three Churches) as lying in a straight line, some a considerable distance apart, the writer frequently seemed to find that the three points were not exactly in line, although very nearly so, and, in a Lecture Mr. Watkins gave the Club, himself said, that the 'straight line' apparently reaching two Churches, sometimes passed a Church on the Right, sometimes on the Left. This, the writer will refer to later, and give the reason (in his opinion) of Mr. Watkins's difficulty, which caused such a divergence from Right to Left, in this, and similar cases.

The Writer, at a later date, studied his ordnance map (Bartlo: $\frac{1}{2}$ inch) of this area, and found that Mr. Watkins's three points, were, apparently, aligned upon a high distant point, St. Michael Kirrid Fawr, 1586ft., 20 miles distant from a hamlet named Tazor, 8 miles N.W. of Hereford; an alignment of 20 miles, was so long, that it seemed impossible without telescopic aid, which did not exist in prehistoric times, to make sure of its linear accuracy.

Consequently, from that moment, the writer decided that, in his opinion, Mr. Watkins's idea of an individual 'Straight Track', i.e. a straight line between points, or 'Mark Stones', was ill-founded. The originators of these ancient mark stones enclosed a large area in a Circle. Later this circle could be used geometrically; the large Circle could be divided into two Equilateral Triangles, based on six tangential points, on the edge of the circumference...at once facilitating exact measurement between any two points, within the Circle, and in all directions. This was then his opinion, and it has proved itself, fully.

Note, that these Circles appeared to be some 60 miles round. At this point, it will be well, if the writer introduces some most useful research, contributed by our fellow-member in the Club, Mr. Lawton, of Trowbridge, who, in October 1939, wrote the Club, that he considered the Club's Search for the

principle of Mr. Alfred Watkins's 'Old Straight Track' might be found in a careful consideration of what he (Mr. Lawton) considered may have been the Unit of Measure employed by these unknown surveyors, of an early date, whose 'Mark Stones' require our understanding.

Mr. Lawton's figures, submitted for the Club's consideration, were as follows:

- A Unit - 1900 yards or 5700 feet equals 1 mile and 140 yards.
- 3 Units - 5,700 yards or 17,100 feet equals 3 miles and 420 yards.
- 9 Units - 17,100 yards or 51,300 feet equals 9 miles and 1,260 yards (viz. 9 miles and 11/16ths.)
- 18 Units - 34,200 yards or 102,600 feet equals 19 miles and 760 yards.

The above (9 units scale) viz. 9 miles 11/16ths can be usefully tested on ordnance maps (either on $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, or one inch scale) and, on this nine units scale, the writer has (since 1939) been working on both the O.S. maps, since he learned Mr. Lawton's ideas on the subject.

Who then, were the surveyors of old times; who can have made such a Survey of England of which the writer can find evidence from the South Coast into Scotland?

Were they the folk who left the strange pieces of road across Norfolk, known as "The Peddars Way"? Long stretches of very straight, rather wide, stretches of roadway, tracks, rather than roads (and, apparently, in many parts, barely metalled as roads) but boldly planned and carried out...of which we seem to have no history?

After the Roman Invasion on the South Coast, a Roman Port was opened on the extreme northern end of the principal "Peddars Way."

Of this, apparently, there are records. Consequently the question is, Did the Romans, when they landed, find these "Peddars Ways" in course of completion, or laid out, and then make use of them?

In trying to arrive at this position, the writer, with the Scale measure in his hand, "hunted up" the following startling coincidences (which appear well worth careful consideration).

Firstly, on the extreme N. West of the Norfolk map, lies Brancaster, the Roman Station Branodunum, lying to the east of Brancaster. Vessels, coming into the port of Branodunum, reached it through 'Mow' creek, and it is a coincidence that the seaward end of this Creek is found by the writer to be exactly 5,700 yards or 3 miles and 420 yards from the Coast, viz: 3 units, the second of the scale units of distance contributed by Mr. Lawton.

The extreme Northern End (of the "Peddars Way") lies at Holme-next the Sea" (where there is no sea approach at present day).

The Ordnance Survey (at this point) defines the most Northerly Section of a "Peddars Way" (elevation above mean sea level 100-131 ft.) for a length of 9/16ths of a mile, which it should be observed is half Mr. Lawton's No. 1 unit of one mile 140 yards.

There then occurs 'a break' in the 'Peddars Way', a piece of roadway missing, for nearly 4 miles, namely to a point 6/16ths of a miles (just North of the hamlet of Fring, where 'Peddars Way' is again depicted in the O.S. as being in the same straight line) as from "Holme next the Sea."

From the above point, near "Fring", "Peddars Way" is shewn as an absolutely straight road, for 14 miles, to "Castle Acre"...and, another coincidence appears here.

The Scale Rule shews that the distance scaled, along "Peddars Way" (From Holme next the Sea) including the 4 mile 'break' in the road (omitted as above) scales exactly on the one inch O.S. 19 miles and $\frac{3}{8}$, or practically, the exact equivalent of Mr. Lawton's 18 units (19 miles 760 yards) another coincidence!

The writer (in his cycling days) visited 'Castle Acre', a most interesting ruined castle, of uncommon type, in that the Castle, of square type, with high walls, has no surrounding moat, or ditch, but lies in a deep sort of basin (deeper than the castle walls) the surrounding edge of which basin, is higher than the walls of the Castle, but, although the parapets were thus commanded by this lofty edge above them, it would seem to have been immaterial, in those 'bow and arrow' days.

Further tests with Mr. Lawton's Scale unit, disclosed to the writer, that - From 'Castle Acre' westerly, the scale distance from Castle Acre, reached Narborough in 4 miles $\frac{4}{16}$ ths; Mr. Lawton's 3rd unit of 4 miles 810 yards, another coincidence.

Eastwards from 'Castle Acre', the Scale disclosed a distance of the same length 4 miles 810 yards (Mr. Lawton's $4\frac{1}{2}$ units) to Kemstone - another coincidence.

Having thus, apparently exhausted an analysis of unit distances from the Roman Port, Brancaster (Branodunum) towards Castle Acre (to the South) revealing several coincidences the writer tried the Scale towards the East.

His search disclosed that, Eastward from Hunstanton on the N. West Coast (some 2 miles West of 'Holme next the Sea', described above as the most northerly point of the Peddars Way) the Scale reached a point near 'Cockthorpe', named 'Halfway House.' The distance from Hunstanton to 'Halfway House' was found to be Mr. Lawton's 9 unit distance viz. 9 miles 1260 yards, $9\frac{11}{16}$ th, and the same West-East line, carried further Eastward from 'Halfway House' scaled yet another 9 units 1260 yards, to a "Beacon Hill" on the East Coast, near "Trimingham".

The point "Halfway House" seemed to indicate some distance that was halved, so the writer tried the scale unit towards the S.S.E., and found that the $9\frac{11}{16}$ miles distance became a radius centre distance. To a point named 'Mattishall' (or Jacob's Island) which point he then made the centre of a circle of a $9\frac{11}{16}$ radius, to cover the greater part of the County of Norfolk, and he then noted the names found on the edge of this large circle.

---EDITOR'S Comment: The above article, despite its archaic and pedestrian style, is of interest for several reasons. It should be considered with reference to Lawton's "Mysteries of Ancient Man" and Major F. C. Tyler's "The Geometrical Arrangement of Ancient Sites". Interest in circles of the kind discussed by Wintle is at a low ebb and has never been fully integrated with the ley theory, especially the more speculative and psychic interpretations put upon prehistoric alignments. Discussion through the magazine's letters column might prove fruitful.

Do all or most leys in Gloucestershire lead to one place, or is there one particular ley centre in the county, a reader asks?.....Would anyone knowing a Richard Maynard contact the editor please.....

YARNBURY CASTLE HILLFORT

-by-

MOLLIE CAREY

It was on a sunny Sunday afternoon in November when we visited the downs near Yarnbury Castle hillfort. We were searching for some puzzling earthworks, but by the time we had located them we found that some of the mounds had been ploughed out, and as we had only about an hour's daylight left we decided that we would go on over the road and take a look at the hillfort.

When visiting an area it is always wise to find out all the information one can, as this makes the sites more interesting. I possess a volume of "Archaeology of Wiltshire" by Lesley Grinsell and also "Guide to Prehistoric England" by Nicholas Thomas, and I find these books invaluable in my research. I also borrow the magazines of the Wiltshire Archaeological Society from the library, as these give reports of excavations. Also museums often have reports on excavations for sale for a few pence. It is always worthwhile to pay a visit to any local museums to look at the pottery, etc., as this helps to give one an idea of the people who lived at the sites.

So I knew that Yarnbury Castle was probably built by the Belgae, a tribe of Celts, and I had read books on the Celts, their religion and their art.

I don't know what other people feel about this, but to me there is always a "special time" for certain sites to take on an atmosphere, when the people who lived there seem only on the other side of a door. There are written records of people visiting old prehistoric forts and having strange experiences there.

Many people associate Stonehenge with the dawn. I have had strange experiences there at dusk, and to me Avebury takes on a certain atmosphere around noon. Stanton Drew stone circle in Somerset has an atmosphere around the hour before noon. Some places have been frightening to some people at certain times of the day.

Well, I am convinced that Yarnbury Castle has a mysterious atmosphere around sunset, from the time the shadows grow long until the sun has set. When I walked around the ramparts of this old fort, the people who had defended it seemed to be very close. There was a sort of brooding air over the place, and it seemed almost to come alive for me. I would picture the sentries pacing around the ramparts behind a wooden palisade, with their horns hanging from their waist, ready to sound the alarm at the first sign of danger.

Many battles have been fought around these walls during the centuries it was in use, and there were victories with festivals and feasts to celebrate. Bards visited the place and sang. Music rang out over the plain, and dancing and games were held here. But the end came probably with the Romans.

I was thinking about all this as I walked around the old walls and as the sun went down I seemed to be picking up the last stand of the Belgae here.

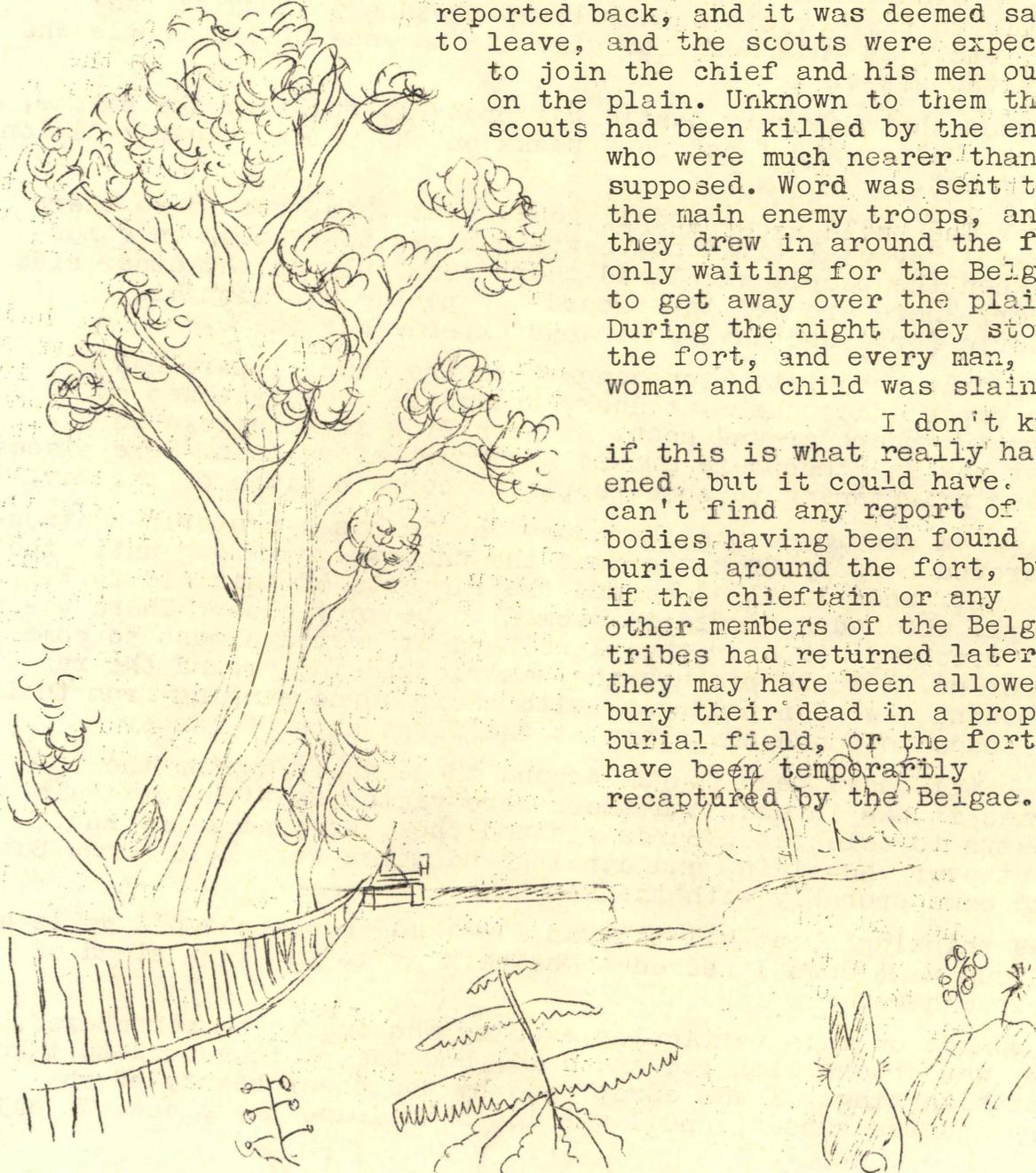
The sunset on this particular evening was one to be remembered, the sky was ablaze with red and gold, and the plain seemed to take on a pinkish tinge. I was enraptured by the sheer beauty of the scenery and the sunset, and I was loath to leave the place. We all

enjoyed the visit, and we shall return again.

When I returned home I resolved to try to write a few verses about the sunset, and the first line was already in my mind as the car swept homewards. To my surprise, try as I would, I couldn't stop myself writing down about the people of the fort, and my pen seemed to be writing almost by itself. So I just let it go. The lines came into my mind and I just put it down as it came to me. Some of the atmosphere of the fort had come home with me, and it was days before it went completely. I felt that I almost knew those people. It all seemed so real.

Perhaps what I wrote down really happened - I don't know. The story that came to my mind was this: The chieftain of the fort had arranged to meet other tribes out on the plain somewhere, where they intended to fight the enemy and try to hold them back until other tribes joined them. Scouts were sent out to see where the enemy was and to report back if they were closer than was so far reported. They were told to watch the enemy movements and make sure it was safe to leave the fort defended by only young boys, old men and a few soldiers. It was important that the enemy should not know the warriors were gone, so they moved out at sunset as the scouts had not reported back, and it was deemed safe to leave, and the scouts were expected to join the chief and his men out on the plain. Unknown to them the scouts had been killed by the enemy, who were much nearer than was supposed. Word was sent to the main enemy troops, and they drew in around the fort, only waiting for the Belgae to get away over the plain. During the night they stormed the fort, and every man, woman and child was slain.

I don't know if this is what really happened, but it could have. I can't find any report of bodies having been found buried around the fort, but if the chieftain or any other members of the Belgic tribes had returned later they may have been allowed to bury their dead in a proper burial field, or the fort may have been temporarily recaptured by the Belgae.

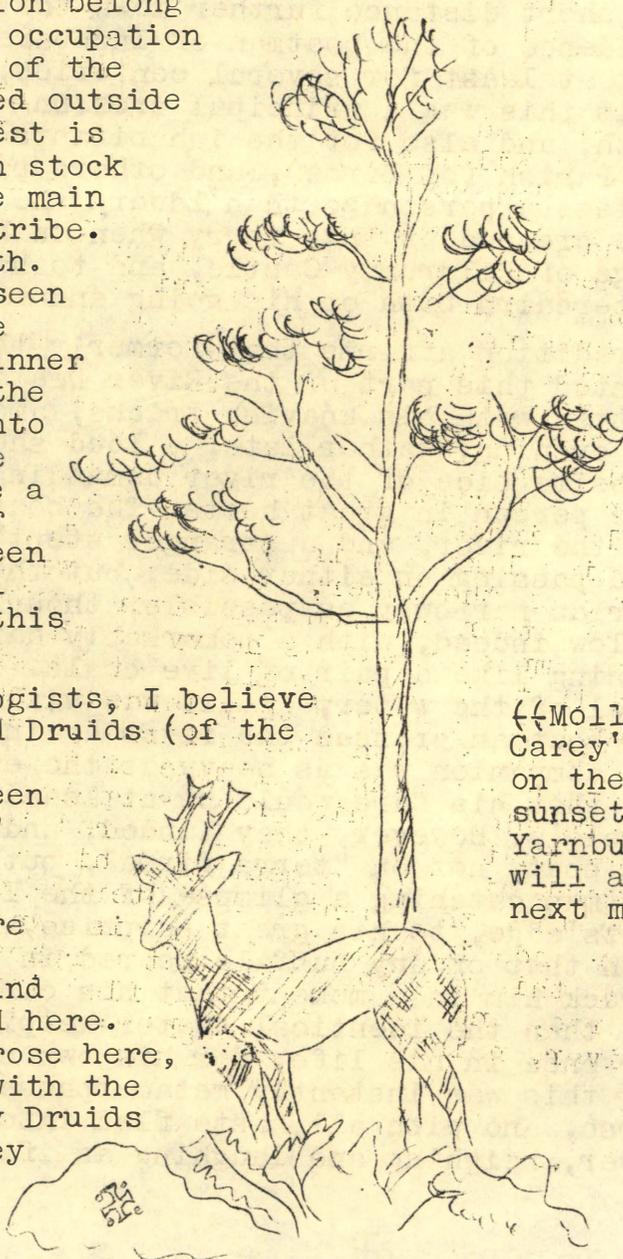


Anyway I have written all this down so that those reading it will at least get a picture of the kind of people who manned these forts.

It is reckoned that these forts were only used when danger threatened, when all the people would gather in the fort with what cattle etc they could take with them. But I should imagine it possible that some food might have been stored there, chariots would be run around in training here, and warriors instructed. The walls would have to be maintained, and there must have been some sort of readiness as danger could have come suddenly. Also religious festivals, feasts and games would probably all take place here, and the people pay homage and dues to their chief here. Some people must have lived here all the time, or around the outside at least.

Archaeological information - Yarnbury Castle is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Winterbourne Stoke (on the A303) and not far from Stonehenge, and perhaps the most impressive earthwork in Wiltshire, with massive outer earthworks of two banks and ditches with a slighter third bank and ditch. It encloses an almost circular area of $28\frac{1}{2}$ acres. The traces of an earlier fort can be seen inside this. It was comprised of a single wall and V-shaped ditch, and covered about 9 acres. There is an entrance to this on the west side. Excavation has revealed remains of a wooden gate here and shown that the ditch was 8 - 9 feet deep. This inner fort was built early in the third century BC (300BC). The outer fortification belong to the first century BC, with occupation running through to the coming of the Romans. A small enclosure added outside to the main ramparts on the west is probably a late Romano-British stock enclosure. The builders of the main fort were probably a Belgic tribe. Remains of the pends of an 18th. Century AD sheep fair can be seen overlying the S.E. part of the first Iron Age fort, and the inner face of the inner rampart of the later hillfort has been dug into along the S.E. to provide more pens. Also there appears to be a prehistoric stone up on one of the ramparts. This may have been removed from elsewhere. I will have to study and photograph this stone before I can be sure.

Undetected by the archaeologists, I believe there was a "sacred" area, and Druids (of the ancient Pure High Order) knew this place, and it may have been by their "sacred measurements" that this site was chosen for the fort. There is a strong "element of psychic power" here and it must have also been a "centre of healing". I must find out how the springs lie around here. I somehow associate the wild rose here, and this had something to do with the Druids and their rites. If any Druids of today read this perhaps they may know the significance of the wild rose here.



{Mollie
Carey's poem
on the
sunset at
Yarnbury
will appear
next month}

THE BOATMAN AND THE WATER-KELPIEby R. DINNIE(From "A History of Birse", 1864)

This small circle lately demolished on Inchbare was locally called the "Worship Stones." They stood about six feet in height above the ground in a vertical position, and nearly at equal distances from each other, and their venerable and dusky appearance had a sort of charm which could not fail to interest the passing spectator. They had, no doubt, witnessed many a strange scene on the spot where they stood, and their removal is much to be regretted. In my opinion a man who could wilfully destroy these aged memorials of the past for the sake of a paltry advantage, is worshipping a god little superior to that worshipped by the Druids. They were esteemed by our forefathers, and their destruction would have been regarded by them as sacrilegious.

"But, alas, for the men of those selfish days,
They are dead to the pride of the past."

A short distance further down the river side was the old residence of the boatman of Inchbare, where a ferryboat was kept at least for several centuries; and before the bridge was built this was a principal crossing on the river from south to north, and also for the inhabitants of the upper district of the Parish (of Birse), and others passing to and from Aberdeen. No less a personage than Edward the First of England is said to have crossed at this ferry when on his way to and from the siege of Kildrummy Castle, and to have lodged at the castle of Fettercairn both on his going and returning.

Tradition affirms that formerly the "Water-Kelpie" frequently haunted this part of the River Dee at Inchbare, and annoyed the boatman with his knavish tricks, among which are the following. One evening, rather late, a loud shout was heard from the opposite side of the river demanding the boat, apparently for some person in great haste. The boatman lost no time in crossing the river, and a stranger stepped into the boat without a word passing on either side, but the boatman eyeing his customer as narrowly as possible, thought he was a very grim fellow indeed, with a remarkably dark countenance, and eyes shining like a pair of live coals. The boat sunk almost to the level of the water, and it was with the greatest exertion that the boatman crossed the river again, swearing all the way that his companion was as heavy as the enemy of mankind himself, and that his fare would be at least equal to a score of other people's. However, they landed, and the stranger stepped out of the boat, not on "terra firma", but into the river, and the boatman catching a glimpse of the last foot passing over the boat's edge, to his great surprise, beheld a cloven hoof larger than that of any buffalo reared in the wilds of America. It struck him in a moment that his companion was no less a personage than the identical "water-kelpie", and he prayed earnestly, for once in his life, for his own safety. The "kelpie" on hearing this was instantly metamorphosed into the form of a large horse, and with all haste fled into and up the middle of the river, neighing and laughing as if in derision of the boatman's

astonishment, and making the water fly around him like a wounded whale. At last he disappeared in the rapids above the bridge like a flash of lightning. Thereafter the boatman seldom ventured out after night without the family Bible laid open in the corner of the boat, which was supposed to have the desired effect of keeping at a distance such customers as the "water-kelpie."

REASONABLE DISCOVERIES

BEDHWYVAR

IF you cannot have a novel published, people do not appreciate your plays or cannot understand your poems, you become a politician. Politicians wish to be dictators.

IF you have all novels published, plays produced and poetry chanted, you are happy and not a politician.

BESIDES printing presses more galleries are needed for artists and a few Colleges for the Higher Play in which to confine Scientists.

The world will then be perfectly safe and people can destroy themselves in other ways.

*

FROM time to time flying saucers spin off the corners of trees. Looking into the sky one says: Can that be, was it, a flying saucer?

It is always a flying saucer whatever the answer. For they do not belong to either earth or heaven. They are therefore in that region of the moon which is the book of shadows.

When flying saucers drop off the branches of my trees I say: look, there is a well; please fall into it. And they do so immediately.

HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVES IN ANCIENT AMERICA

(An excerpt from a work in progress)

by ANTHONY ROBERTS

Flowing between the years that drank the memory of the giants of Atlantis and their superb works of creation and spiritual magic, there ran a continuous current of psychic energy that functioned directly through the collective unconscious of the human race. The communal and archetypal imagery of certain visions, symbols, art forms and religious philosophy, all point towards this common linkage, that derived from the spiritual residues and energies of the tragically collapsed world civilization. The working through the minds of the later empire builders in South America of this vital psychic spark, is made manifest by the resurgence throughout all their cultures, from the Chavin to the Inca, of the very similar forms of architecture, art and religion, that can be traced back directly to an origin in the island of Atlantis.

For instance, following in the wake of the Chavin renaissance (5,000 B.C.) came the Mochè and Nazca societies. They also built in cyclopean stone, tracing great geometrical shapes across the ground and they were both highly civilised, retaining many of the Atlantean traditions, while reflecting a number of pronounced similarities in their art and architecture. Around about 500 A.D. they were replaced by a new culture, when the twice-ruined site of Tiahuanaco was reoccupied by the remote and mysterious priesthood whose rituals and art styles were very close indeed to the old alchemical science of Atlantis. Some of their remaining carvings and paintings show Giant Gods, carrying strange weapons, including the ancient 'vril-sticks' or wands of power, and these Gods are portrayed as watchers and guides over all the ranges of human society.

The late carvings at Tiahuanaco graphically illustrate what the orthodox archaeologists have come to call 'ritual objects'; but to the initiated eye they are highly stylised and conventionalised representations of complex machines, weapons and airships. The Giant Gods represented at Tiahuanaco are very similar in portrayal to images of the Space Giants discovered in prehistoric artwork throughout the world. They are squarely and massively built, wearing curiously shaped helmets and garments, from which extend and protrude a multitude of antennae, knobs, discs, and strapping that any astronaut today would immediately recognise. The Giants are shown standing on or near the strange machines, and ordinary men are always drawn to at least half their height and at a respectful distance from what must have been ships and generators, brought to the earth from huge 'mother-ships' in the outer atmosphere.

This very 'modern' interpretation of certain ancient carvings and paintings is becoming increasingly accepted by more and more people. The ageless psychic patterns constantly reassert themselves and the archetypal images of the old Gods once more flow into the upper levels of human consciousness, following the preordained paths. The late Tiahuanaco culture must have had access to long-buried records and drawings, preserved in some forgotten stone fortress for millenia, to have so accurately drawn and worshipped the mighty beings of the past. There is also a strong possibility that they may have had first hand experience of the space people, for when Tiahuanaco was reoccupied it may have attracted the attentions of the 'Watchers', those groups of aliens who have allegedly been keeping human civilization under close scrutiny ever since the downfall of Atlantis.

Following Tiahuanaco III in the long chronologies of the Americas, there arose the Chimu peoples, who flourished along the northern coasts of Peru in about 900 A.D. Again this culture showed a pronounced similarity to its predecessors, which is highly evident when studying its many artistic and architectural remains. The capital city of Chan Chan was ten square miles in area, with a complex maze of streets, temples, reservoirs, pyramids, and a population of thousands of people. They built their pyramids with fine geometrical accuracy, and studied the distant patterns of the stars from stone observatories that were sited on mathematically perfect points, essential for exact astronomical calculation and accurate astrological prediction. The strong similarities with Egypt are again perfectly obvious.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE)

THE VIEW OVER ALBION



a column by The Long
Man of Wilmington.

AN ARTICLE "Along Some Twisted Tracks" appears in the Winter 1972 issue of "Rucksack", the magazine of the Ramblers' Association. Michael Holroyd writes condescendingly of "The Old Straight Track" and disparagingly of "The View Over Atlantis". He is hostile to leys in general, though he recalls earlier days: "When I first read 'The Old Straight Track' many years ago I tried out the author's prescription on the Buxton and Matlock one-inch map. I found nine plausible leys, and I was at the time at least half convinced of their authenticity by the fact that three of them met at one of Derbyshire's few stone circles, the Bull Ring near Dove Holes, and another two met at Minninglow, supposed to be the biggest tumulus in the county." The magazine is available from 1/4 Crawford Mews, London W1H 1PT (5p + post)

ALIENS AND YOGA....."I would like to interest you in my hobbies of yoga, stamp collecting and finding out about the unknown. Yoga is used for all sorts of things including making you have a better life. I use it to keep me healthy and flexible, also because I like doing it. My friends and I are double-jointed and that is why we do it because it is mostly for double-jointed people. One night as I was looking at the sky I thought I saw a UFO, so I got my binoculars and found it was one, and it was not a bit like the UFOs on television. I hate it where the men kill the aliens on television because I like the aliens." - so wrote Denise Ann Clark of Sunderland, whose letter appeared in the Echo, Sunderland, on January 22, 1972.

PIGEON ENGLISH....In Richard Neville's book "Playpower" (paladin, 50p), he suggests that anyone hard-up could always grab, strangle and eventually consume a Trafalgar Square pigeon - free. Doesn't he know that a pigeon should be cooked in a wine sauce, with creamed or Duchess potatoes to offset the richness. Incidentally it is physically impossible to eat more than four. Be warned.

REALMS OF FANTASY.... Which prominent ley hunter had a dream about the Queen being younger and fancying him? A researcher put an advert in New Society, wishing to contact those who have "recurrent dreams about H.M. The Queen or other members of the Royal Family."

KING THROWN....An old track leading to Avebury stone circle has been illegally ploughed up and diverted. Mr. D. E. Grant King has fought Wiltshire County Council in the courts and lost. He has a legal bill and anyone who cares for the protection of public paths can send even the smallest sum to him at Old Laundry Cottages, Little Cheverell, Devizes, Wiltshire.

CANTERBURY TALE....R.G. Hooper claims to be the "tribal leader of the Celtic tribes in the ecclesiastical province of Canterbury, and the tribal leader of the half tribe of Judah." He finds interest in this "now at zero." He also runs the Society for the Ultrafuture. He thinks that there may "at first be a limited appeal" because the ultrafuture is "that part of the future after the human race has become extinct." Any robots or others wanting details should write to The Old Rectory, Whitchurch, Shropshire.

CITY OF REVELATIONBY JOHN MICHELL.

This book is to be published by Garnstone Press on March 27. Price to be £2.90.

A signed limited edition of 150 copies will be available at £10.

John Michell writes - "Despite the popular, modern belief that human civilization has evolved from primeval savagery, the fact is that the earliest societies are everywhere found to have been better ordered and more advanced in cosmology and natural science than those which came later. The ancient dynasties were also the most stable and enduring, and the reason for this, according to Plato, is that every race formerly possessed a canon or code of law, imparted by the gods to the first human rulers. In Plato's time, as he records, the sacred canon of the Egyptians which had preserved their civilization unchanged over 10,000 years, was kept in the temples, and musicians and artists were forbidden to compose other than by reference to the canonical harmonies.

The essence of the canon was a numerical formula, illustrating the hierarchy of creative forces by analogy with music and geometry. Through reference to the canon, the various elements in any situation could be discerned and brought into equilibrium. It was therefore the perfect instrument of government, as of every other science, for it was a dynamic formula, allowing the influence of change to become agents of fertility rather than of disruption.

The canon was the complete cosmology, the model of all reality and thus an image of the human mind. No one ever supposed it could have been a human invention; indeed, every source of tradition and sacred history declares it to have been first introduced through revelation. The origin of human intelligence is still totally mysterious, but it becomes evident from a study of the canon, whose earliest form is always the most perfect, that there is no question here of evolution or gradual development.

At the dawn of history the revelation is complete; all that follows is the record of its decline through the imperfection of human nature. Parallel to the advance of science runs an equal process of oblivion. Yet the true cosmic canon, though almost forgotten, is imperishable, being inherent in the nature of things. As nothing can be learnt other than through personal experience, so it may have been necessary for the revealed knowledge to die in order that the consequences of its neglect might become generally apparent.

The numerical constitution and other aspects of the cosmic canon are here examined from the evidence provided in sacred writings and the architecture of temples."

The book will measure 9" x 6", have 45 diagrams and drawings, have 176 pages and there will be an index.

"EXTRATERRESTRIAL LANDINGS" by EGERTON SYKES.

Mr. Sykes has revised this work, which looks at the U.F.O. problem from the view of there being piloted craft from beyond our planet. He postulates a few landings in prehistoric times, but is obviously not a believer in the Banbury and Warminster visitations.

He examines some well-known and some less known cases of where it may be inferred that our forefathers had contact with aliens. There is the Passili frescoes, Baalbeck, Ezekiel, the Bayan Kara Ula discs and more. The Star of Bethlehem and Jesus Christ's Elevation are discussed and an old painting is cited of Our Lord plus UFOs, which recalls the marvellous painting in a Cambridge gallery of Christ's baptism overshadowed by a huge UFO.

Nevertheless the author deals with this religious aspect in a factual way, as opposed to the currentky popular spiritual way. Was God an astronaut, folks?

In spirit (no pun intended) this work is on the lines of Kolosimo or von Daniken, and will prove popular with those interested in reading about prehistoric mysteries in the context of flying saucers. (From Markham House Press Ltd., 58 West Street, Brighton, BN1 2RA. Price 35p).

"WARMINSTER NEWSLETTER".

Want to keep in touch with the latest happenings in Warminster and its strange history? From January 31 it was proposed to publish a monthly newsletter (subscription £1.20). This sounds like a fine venture. Address is The Warminster Newsletter, 4 Preston House, East Street, Warminster, Wilts. Editor is Ken Rogers, ex-editor of The Ley Hunter. There was a picture of him in "The Sun" on February 2, 1972.

"MANTRA", No. 2.

A new format for "Mantra" and a most professional looking production. Layout, typography and illustrations almost take this magazine out of the amateur field, but nevertheless it is a venture by sincere seekers and not run with a profit motive. The main article is "Parallels in Occult and Spiritual Sciences" by Karl Francis, which is a commonsense introduction to the subjects. Tony Neate writes about The Atlanteans, Terry Dukes advises on correct breathing, Paul Francis talks to Arthur Chisnall of Eel Pie Island, and there are book reviews and more on Eastern mysticism. Single copies 120p (inc. postage) from Mantra, P.O. Box 725, London W5 4BN.

"PENDRAGON", Vol 5 No.3.

The Pendragons are more than simply interested in the Arthurian legends. This issue reports, perhaps belatedly(!), on Glastonbury Fair, also mystic Bristol, Cadbury and Fulcanelli. A miscellany with much of interest. Probably 10p would bring a copy - from the editor, Garden Flat, 22 Alma Road, Clifton, Bristol BS8 2BY.

"PALANTIR", No.1.

A newsletter from Holland to report on experiments by individuals and groups working towards an organic way of life - consciousness and survival. Partly in Dutch, partly in English. A commendable publication, but of doubtful real value to British readers. Cost unknown. Post address is Palantir, Postbus 3945, Amsterdam.

Editor - When ordering books or magazines quoted in "The Ley Hunter" please mention that you saw them publicised in this publication. Thankyou.}}

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"POSITIVELY MAIN STREET" by Toby Thompson.

The cover proclaims that this is an unorthodox view of Bob Dylan - and that is no lie. I picked up this paperback in Leeds and it has given me more pleasure than most books I've ever read, both as a Dylan buff and a connoisseur of good journalism - my stock in trade. Among mortals there are a few greats, maybe not avatars, but let's say that the conjunctions of the stars were just out, and Bob is one. Hell, I've listened to his music for years and years, read all the interviews, and until in the same month reading this book and learning of an official biography had planned to write the definitive study of Dylan - on completion of my almost-finished book on leys and allied matter - but now it seems irrelevant. My scrapbooks are still there; reams of pages, millions of words, but how can I in wildest County Durham meet Bob's ma in Hibbing, Minnesota, his uncles, his teachers, his pals, and Echo - "the GIRL FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY". NOT BOB!! But I saw him once in Newcastle. I've drank with Eric Burdon, a longlongago girlfriend sat on Peter Noone's knee while I took a snap, I've joke with Bill Haley, met Paul McCartney, sat on steps with Mick Jagger, been a one with Marianne Faithfull, had an altercation with Cilla Black...but Dylan, he's unreachable. Toby never met him, Toby was never meant to. What would he have said? Read the book, even if you don't dig Dylan, for it's honest journalism, which is rare. (New English Library, 30p)

"ATLANTEAN TRADITIONS IN ANCIENT BRITAIN. PART 2: ATLANTEAN IRELAND." by Anthony Roberts.

Tony, in this work, envisions a sword and sorcery prehistoric Ireland of conflicts between warring Atlantean descendants, carrying out feuds and atrocities much as is happening in our enlightened 1970s A.D. The legendary Formorians, Fir Bolgs and Tuatha de Danaan (the British Israleites' old friends the Tribe of Dan) stalk the pages, revived from such noble tomes as the "Book of Leinster" and "Book of Invasions". Part One sold well and this is a worthy successor, detailing a hypothetical pre-history of Ireland from the time of fabled Atlantis's demise and destruction. Neither Atlantis nor tales of centuries-old battles in the air find much favour with me. However, there are references to leys and the geometrically precise lines of power in the Emerald Isle.

The belief that the ancient peoples of Ireland came from lands no longer in existence is a popular one. From Atlantis? I doubt a physical Atlantis. But there again, if not, where from? Really, as a friend of Tony's and something of an Atlantis sceptic I am not the best person to review this work. However, I try not to be prejudiced and suggest that you read his book for yourself. From A. Roberts, 7 Hugon Road, Fulham, London SW6. Price 33p, inc, postage.

OBITUARYCHARLES MAYO

Few of those who belonged to The Old Straight Track Club are alive today, and the death of Mr. C. R. Mayo on January 15 is a sad reminder that the days of early ley research are so far behind us. Mr. Charles Mayo, who lived in Monmouthshire, was 95 years old. Sympathy is extended to his widow.

READERS' FORUM

A.E. Rayner, of Goodworth Clatford, Hampshire, writes:-

The article by yourself in issue 24 prompted me to pick up a map and ruler. A quick reward came from O.S. 164 and the $\frac{1}{2}$ " map of N. Devon. There would appear to be a line from Ley Hill (SS 886448) near Porlock, Som (sorry it's Somerset again!) to a cromlech situated slightly inland from Barrancane beach near Woolacombe, Devon. It passes through a stone circle (SS 845447) and a trig point (SS 808446) on Exmoor with the sight line neatly skirting the intervening Black Barrow. On the $\frac{1}{2}$ " map the relevant points are Holwell Castle, Parracombe, a place called Little Ley near Kentisbury church at the $\frac{1}{2}$ 399/33343 junction and possibly other marks such as benchmarks. The orientation is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ degs. south of west.

After the initial discovery of this line, I thought little of it until I came across Marian Green's article in issue 26 concerning Lundy, when I realised that the island (which I have visited several times) is almost directly west of the beach at Wollacombe. I had not previously thought of ley lines extending across the sea and, unfortunately, I have not got a sufficiently large scale map shewing Lundy and the Devon coast all on the same grid (Lundy tends to be inset) to be able to indicate where (if at all) the line cuts across Lundy.

Having extended the line westwards, and now crossing the sea again (Bristol Channel) I looked at the eastwards continuation and arrived at a trig. point on the other side of Blue Anchor Bay (ST 188454) before leaving O.S. 164. An unauthenticated extension leads through Huntspill to Wells and Warminster and to my surprise passes through a village called Holwell just S.E. of Frome some 80 or so miles from the Holwell castle near Parracombe. Perhaps some of your East Somerset readers have information on this end of the line. A continuation from Warminster would not seem unsupportable from the maps at my disposal. So it would seem that one of Marian's leys is from Warminster to Lundy. If the hypothesised eastward extension is correct it could tie up with the article on Cley Hill, Warminster, in issue 26 or one of the 13 Warminster leys mentioned therein.

{ Can any readers add to Mr. Rayner's researches and ideas? }

John Michell writes:-

I was in Ireland recently and saw a paper by Prof. Burn on sacred island of Britain. He mentions Lundy, quoting a classical author (Pliny, perhaps) who describes a trip to Lundy which he found inhabited by a race of holy people who practised second sight. The paper was in the journal of Glasgow Archaeological Society 1930. Marion Green could look it up if she is interested. It verifies the impression she received there.

SO SORRY

Human frailty is the only defence the editor can offer for the lateness of copies of "The Ley Hunter" so far this year, the poor printing of the last issue, and tardiness in replying to recent correspondence. Efforts are in hand to rectify these matters.

Also readers of the last issue will have noted that no credit to the writer was given on page 12. The poem was, in fact, written by Mollie Carey. Owing to space and time problems a number of letters and reviews have been with-held until next month.

----- THE ATLANTEAN -----

"The Atlantean" is a bi-monthly magazine which believes in the essential unity of the seemingly diverse aspects of existence. Its contributors deal with subjects ranging from prehistory to metaphysics; from the esoteric sciences to the pros and cons of vegetarianism. It is not a specialised publication. Every issue contains interesting and unusual articles for all readers. One might describe "The Atlantean" as the occult magazine that is different, using the world occult in the widest possible sense.

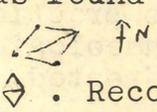
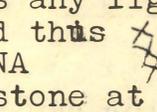
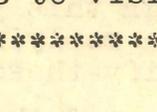
Send for a sample copy price 15p. post free. U.S.A. and Canada 60 cents. Annual sub. £1 (U.S.A. and Canada 3 dollars). To:- The Atlantean Magazine, 21 Rodney Road, Cheltenham.

----- QUEST -----

A subscription at 75p for four issues will save you at least 2p per issue, and you will receive copies as they are published. From Marian Green, 38 Woodfield Avenue, London W.5.

--- TORC ---

This is a friendly little publication from Somerset appearing bi-monthly. This issue looks at Glastonbury from a mystical viewpoint, Colin Bord reviews John Michell's "The View Over Atlantis", Rollo writes about "Azoth" magazine, there are poems and letters, a recipe for parsnip chips and a gardening column. The February issue is very good and costs only 8p (inc. postage).

MISCELLANY ...Too much, Dark they Were & Golden-eyed now at 10 Berwick Street, London W1.....Anthony Lovell, a lecturer in contemporary studies, has a large number of students interested in leys. He wonders if readers would care to send maps to him which could be matched together and analysed. His address is Winchester School of Art, Park Avenue, Winchester.a February 19 afternoon programme on starlings showed them at Stonehenge.....Colin Rowley of 33 Abbey Road, Great Malvern, Worcs., asks if anyone can give him information on Worcester-shire leys.....Has anyone any information on, or copy of, a book by someone called Lysaght, entitled "Poems: Comprising Poems of the unknown way and horizons and landmarks." It was published in 1928....Has anyone any information on St. George's Church, Wilton, near Taunton, or St. Piran's oratory near Perranporth, Cornwall... ..A reader has found sites forming the following pattern on the South Downs:  She writes: "This resembles the symbol which I have seen called by some occultists 'the Dragon's Eye:'. Recollecting the association of 'dragons' with the subtle forces carried by the 'dragon-paths', I wonder if anyone else has any light to throw on this symbol? What can it mean." Extended thus  it is, I believe, a symbol of etheric energy (like DNA  pattern, etc.) and I have found it on the recumbent stone at Midmar. Any other suggestions.....Pendragon Society members to visit Pumpsaint/Ffarmers Zodiac at Whit.....
