



# THE LEY HUNTER



THE LEY HUNTER

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THE LAMBTON WORM

"Wish I'd taken off my dark glasses today"

LEAD-IN

The sanctity of many prehistoric sites is being needlessly and often criminally attacked by either the ignorant or the wilfully evil. I wish to draw attention here to the desecration of Oxforshire's Rollright Stones. The stone circle is the property of Pauline Flick, who is so disturbed by goings on at the site that she spends each weekend mounting guard over the stones from her nearby cottage, and I understand that a special watch was being kept on Midsummer Night. In fact a notice on the gate now forbids entry to the circle after sunset and before sunrise.

Not only has this sad state of affairs been commented upon in the Daily Telegraph and The Wiccan, but I've received two letters drawing my attention to this particular scene of despoliation. Reports state that not only do visitors hack off fragments from the limestone megaliths, but that black magic rites have taken place -- including the sacrifice of a puppy.

Of course, this idiocy here is by no means isolated, but the stones' legendary importance and nearness to a main road make them particularly vulnerable to every form of vandalism. Those willing to help protect the stones in any way may contact Miss Flick at 1 Sparkes Cottages, Graham Terrace, London SW1.

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## THE DRAGONS OF NORWICH

by DOREEN VALIENTE

In Norwich Castle Museum are two splendid effigies of dragons, which used to be carried about the city in festival processions.

In earliest times, the presence of the dragon, known as "Snap", was officially accompanied by the Mayor and Corporation, as recorded in The Book of Days, by Robert Chambers (1869). In 1835, an Act of Parliament which abolished various old usages, put an end to this.

However, the popularity of the dragon on festival days continued in Norwich up until at least the 1890s. An old photograph shows "Snap" on such an occasion, accompanied by a mock "Mayor and Corporation".

"Snap" used to perform all sorts of humorous tricks, such as taking off the hats of unwary spectators in his jaws. The owner of the hat then had to redeem it for a penny, or such sum as they cared to give; and the money went to local charities.

According to the account in The Book of Days, referred to above, when the official procession arrived at Norwich Cathedral, "Snap" used to wait outside, seating himself on a stone called "the dragon's stone", until the service was concluded and the procession moved off again. Could this have been an old mark stone?

The two dragon effigies in Norwich Castle Museum today are not the only ones. Another is being restored by the Museum experts; and there is believed to be a fourth, though its present whereabouts are unknown. So a member of the Museum staff told me, on a recent visit.

The effigies are so constructed that they can be worked by a man walking inside them. One is painted red, and the other green, both being embellished by gold-tipped scales, long tails, and a fearsome head with snapping jaws. They are as handsome a pair of dragons as anyone could wish to see, in this day and age.

Why the persistence and popularity of the dragon in Norwich? Is it connected with the "dragon-power" that flows along the leys?

Alfred Watkins remarks in The Old Straight Track on one ley which runs from Norwich via Fishley Church, three other churches and a castle, to Caistor-next-Yarmouth, its nearest fishing port.

Norwich has a famous collection of civic regalia and plate, now housed in the City Hall. Among these things is a beautiful jewelled mace, dating from the 16th Century; and this is ornamented by four dragons upholding a crown.

As Norwich occupies a central position in Norfolk, with roads leading to it from all directions, it is tempting to see in these four dragons a symbolic representation of the four quarters; north, south, east and west.

Norwich Castle, now the centre of the city, stands on a large, partly artificial mound. George Borrow described it thus in Lavengro (1851): "Its mighty mound, which, if tradition speaks true, was raised by human hands to serve as the grave heap of an old heathen king, who sits deep within it, with his sword in his hand, and his gold and silver treasures about him."

This mound could be justly described as the centre of Norfolk. Is this why it was associated with the symbol of the dragon?

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The Book of Days describes dragons like those at Norwich being frequently featured in old-time festival processions. However, I do not know of any others being preserved until the present day. Perhaps some other readers do?

A very lively modern dragon is the one which accompanies the Chanctonbury Ring Morris Men, when they perform their dances in Sussex. He is not so elaborately constructed as old "Snap", but he makes a brave show all the same.

Early on May Day morning, every year, the Morris Men dance through the streets of shoreham, Sussex. They were there at 6-30 a.m. this year, as usual, carrying green branches in their hands; and of course the Shoreham Herald, reporting the proceedings, commented on the fact that they always seemed to get fine weather for the celebration, and remarked that "there might be something in the old fertility rites after all!"

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### ALL AROUND STONEHENGE

by MOILLIE CAREY

Though the monument of Stonehenge is famous all over the world, very few people seem to know about the other sites that went to make up the Stonehenge complex. How many are aware that only two miles away was a huge henge monument with an area larger than Avebury? Imagine Avebury without its stones around the edges, a ditch 40ft. wide and 20ft. deep and a bank that must have been very similar, and you will have a picture of what the henge known as Durrington Walls looked like. But Durrington had about 300 more feet diameter than Avebury.

It was while I was on a visit to Woodhenge, about two miles from Stonehenge, that I experienced a compelling urge to walk up the road towards Durrington. I had to sit down on the grass verge, and I had the strange feeling that people were all around me, going about the normal tasks of living. Once again I seemed to hear bagpipes playing like the ripple of little bells as I had heard at Stonehenge. I could almost hear their voices, and I looked round as if they would appear before me, but only the skylarks were singing, and the modern chariots whizzed by me.

I walked the 300 or so yards back to Woodhenge, and I sat down on one of the concrete posts there and looked at the map and saw that I had indeed been sitting down in the middle of a gigantic earthwork, and I could imagine what it must have looked like. Now I had felt that Woodhenge had been some sort of two-storey observatory, although I couldn't get a visual picture of it. There had been an enclosure in the field nearby, a now vanished long barrow and round barrows alongside the road. These can be seen on air pictures of Woodhenge.

In 1966-67, as the road which runs through Durrington Walls was going to be altered to remove a dangerous bend, excavations were carried out along the strip that was going to be the new section of road, and it involved about 150 people and large machinery. The ditch proved to be so vast that it dwarfed the mechanical excavators removing the upper silts, and the bank was 100 feet wide. Two smaller henges were found within the limits of the excavation, and about 1cwt of pottery sherds circa 2,000 B.C. This is remarkable

in such a small area, and there must have been domestic occupation on this site. There was also signs of Neolithic occupation before the site was built. I feel drawn to this place like a magnet, and I think that this site should be fully excavated before it is too late.

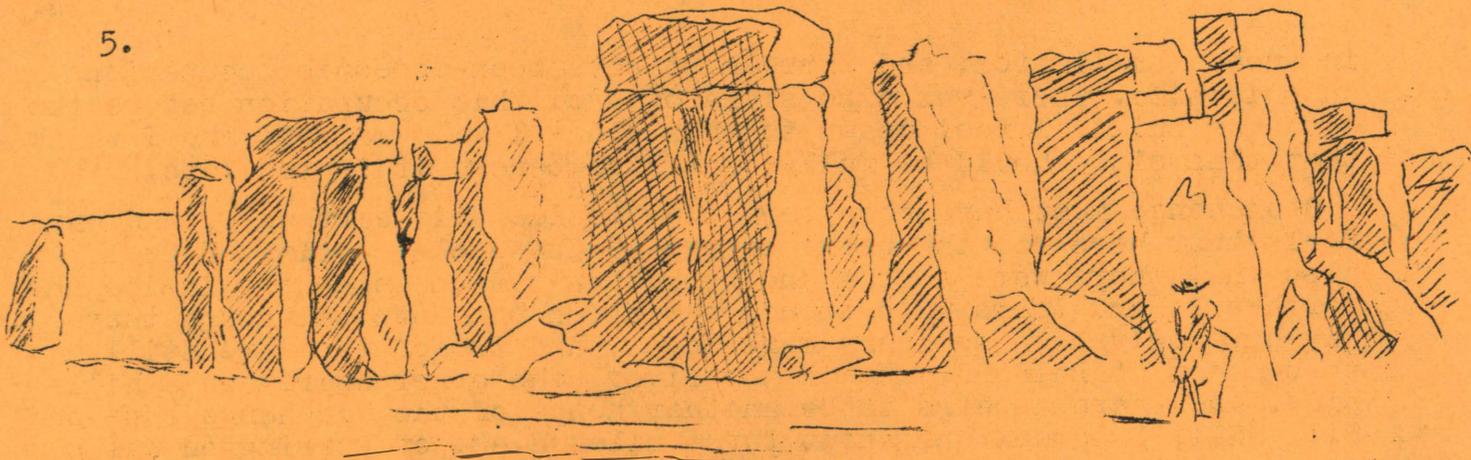
Stonehenge must have been very puny beside this earthwork, and one feels that here was the nerve centre of the whole complex. I feel also that there were some standing stones set up somewhere inside the earthwork, and there were stones set up on the downs although they may have only been solitary markstones, and two of them are still to be seen at Bulford; one in the river, the other nearly on a hillside. And there appears to be another henge of the Woodhenge type on Silk Hill, Brigmerston, about three miles N.-E. of Durrington Walls on the other side of the Avon. There are many burial mounds in the area. About half a mile north of Stonehenge are two curious earthworks known as cursus, and there many of these in Britain connected with henge-type monuments. The larger cursus is about 3,030 yards long and over 100 feet wide; the smaller about 400 yards by 50 feet. The larger seems to be aligned toward Woodhenge and Durrington Walls. These earthworks are a puzzle, and theories about them range from processional ways, games areas, to landing strips for flying craft.

In the military zone to the north of Stonehenge, is a Neolithic earthwork known as Robin Hood's Ball, and it is near Rolleston Camp. The name of this earthwork is very interesting, as I keep bumping into Robin Hood as the name of ancient earthworks and burial mounds all over the place and far from Nottingham. There is an ancient earthwork in Longleat near Cley Hill at Warminster known as Robin Hood's Bower, and I suspect this name is derived from a far older one, and it may have been Robin How or something like that, and only became Robin Hood after the Sherwood outlaw became known in tales much later. However, that is just another trail to follow. Also the "Ball" is intriguing, as surely this refers to the sun, unless there is a local reason for the name.

Then there are the numerous burial mounds strung out across the plain around Stonehenge, and some of them form cemeteries, and I have spent many happy hours wandering among these mounds. A strange thing is the variety of round barrows, and one cannot help feeling there was a reason for these different types -- and it was a scientific reason. When the crowds make work at Stonehenge difficult and the atmosphere is destroyed, I usually steal away to one of the barrow cemeteries, and I have found a place where one can watch the dawn coming up over Stonehenge with the atmosphere charged as it used to be, for it is in a little hollow on an ancient track used by the people of Stonehenge as they visited the cemetery, and Stonehenge shows on the horizon.

Last summer I was invited to see the dawn at Stonehenge with some people who were making a film about our ancient places and the possible tie-up with UFOs. They had permission to enter the circle, and I jumped at the chance to see the dawn once more from there as it had been a long time since I had done this. It proved to be a lovely dawn, and people were walking around outside trying to get in, and wondering how we had managed it. There was a faint mist and a good atmosphere, and I thought it well worth getting up for not long after we had gone to bed.

Before the era of burglar alarms, we used to go often to spend hours of darkness there, and would pop out on a moonlit night when the tourists were all gone and the place became something more like an ancient place of mystery. We had a few strange experiences there, and one night a round light appeared on one of the trilithons, and



kept going on and off at regular intervals, and we could find nothing to account for it. It was an eerie light, but not one of us felt frightened, as we always felt that there was nothing evil in this place. There was the time as twilight fell when we heard footsteps going around outside the circle yet we could see no one. Another time when I flashed a torch on one of the trilithons from inside the circle, the head and shoulders of a man appeared on it, moved about, and seemed to be struggling to speak to us. One of our party complained of a headache. He was leaning against one of the uprights; someone pulled him away and the headache vanished. It was then that we felt the only evil that we ever experienced there, for the place went cold as death -- and I couldn't move. There was no one there but us, and someone said: "I think we are being told to go." Everyone noticed a strange clicking noise coming from the stones. It wasn't the noise they make as they cool after a hot day. We had been often enough to be used to the noises that were natural, but this was very different. We started running, and as we left the circle a strange whirring noise shot heavenwards as if a giant catharine wheel had gone spinning upwards. We were over the fence and into the car and away -- the last one getting in as the car was moving. We all had a strong drink when we got home. As we sat in my kitchen recovering a figure of a woman materialized by the door, dressed in yellow, having long plaited hair, wearing a headress similar to an ancient Egyptian. She was very tall and was smiling at us. I had the impression that there had been some sort of struggle between good and evil that night. After she had vanished I felt a reassuring touch on my shoulders. As a result of this we had to escort one of the younger girls home, and she never came to Stonehenge with us again!

There were other experiences but there is no room for them here.

Now try to picture Stonehenge itself as it used to be. First let us look at the avenue that led up to it from the river. The banks were probably about 5 to 6 feet high, and the ground was slightly raised, and the ditch being on the outside would make the banks look higher from outside. The first stone at the end of the avenue would be the heelstone with its little ditch and bank around it. This was probably to show that this stone was not to be touched, and an area was marked off by the ditch to keep people on the other side. A serpent head was carved on this stone and it looked along the ditch of the circle. There were other pictures and symbols on this stone, and it was itself a symbol. There were probably at least two other stones between this one and the entrance to the circle. I get an impression that people touched and maybe danced around these two stones. There were wooden posts just past these, and I can't say what these were, but they were carved with symbols.

Then there was the high earthen wall, about 5 or 6 feet high, a ditch and a little wall about 2ft. high on the outer side of it. I think that flowers grew along this wall, or they were put there in pots. This was around the entrance area. There was a gate, and just inside the entrance the stone known as the slaughter stone would have been standing up on the left, and it would be interesting to know what pictures were on it. Strange as it may seem, I feel that there was a small tree that had been specially trained to a certain shape growing on the right side of the entrance opposite the slaughter stone. I was puzzled by this impression, and almost disregarded it, until I realized that all the ancient religions were connected with trees and sacred groves, and there are carvings of trees that have been trained in many ancient temples. There may well have been other small trees growing inside the area enclosed by the wall. The stones would have sparkled and glistened in the sunshine, and the pictures were all in colour, and the lintels may have had some form of picture writing on them. As one walked towards the circle, the pictures would change in a mysterious fashion, and one would see pictures of the "Sky Gods" on the inner trilithons.

People wonder if there had been any stones down the avenue, but I doubt it, as there are no banks along the avenue at Avebury or any of the other avenues that I know. I think that the earth walls were instead of stones; it would have been a long way to fetch so many stones all the way from the Marlborough Downs, although I have no doubt that if stones had been essential then they would have been brought, but there would have been at least one or two remaining along the avenue. Perhaps the builders felt that it would do to pile up earth which was handy than get stones.

Some people with psychic powers have added extra circles around that of Stonehenge, and one of them added a wooden circle around outside the outer stones, but there is no archaeological evidence for this. If any posts had been there then there would have been traces of the post holes. I know that archaeologists are very thorough and they do not miss anything when they excavate. If anyone doubts this I would advise them to be present at a dig, and then they would see that this has now been brought to a fine art. I have learnt a lot from watching them at work, asking questions and using my own powers of observation. But anyway, as the pictures depended on the sun to make them work there would be nothing in front of them.

Now let me say a word about the general layout of the complex of earthworks that make up the whole. Durrington Walls compares with Mount Pleasant at Dorchester (Dorset), Stonehenge with Maumbury Ring and all the stone circles around Dorchester, Robin Hood's Ball with the Neolithic enclosure on Maiden Castle and Windmill Hill near Avebury, for all three earthworks show evidence of the same usage; not permanent occupation, but occasional gathering places for rounding up cattle, or for pilgrimages at certain times for ceremonies at the stone circles, or even sporting events, perhaps a little of each.

I will write about other cursus sites in another article. Now I realize that Stonehenge is connected with Cley Hill, the complex at Dorchester with Eggardon Hill which shows much evidence of being a Dragon Hill, but I don't know which hill connects with Avebury. Perhaps Silbury Hill might come into this, but it isn't a Dragon Hill in the sense that the others are. Perhaps the Dragon Line starts here.

It was at Stonehenge that I had the impression of people in blue and gold robes, a blue sun god, and the conviction that the people here had a beautiful blue colour dye which was peculiar to the people of Britain at that time.

Then I found the blue sky god of Cley Hill and that this hill links with Glastonbury Tor, and that Glas is Celtic for blue, and had nothing to do with woad as the archaeologists think of it in the name of Glastonbury. This springs from the strong impression I had at Stonehenge -- "Follow the clues, one thing will lead to another to show that you are on the right track."

Well, if blue links with our ancient gods, did the expression "blue blooded" referring to people with a pure pedigree show an ancient tradition that our nobility sprang from the gods? Some Egyptian gods are shown as having bluish green skin. Was this just symbolic as a link with the gods who wore blue and gave the secret of the blue dye to them? Perhaps the colour was blue and has gone greenish with the passing of time!

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### GATES OF GLORY, CUPHOLES AND LEYS NEAR DINGLE

(Part I)

by ROSS NICHOLS

An Dungean (Dingle) is a rambling little place with a ringed-round harbour and a long stone jetty with plenty of little ships. The low houses, not particularly interesting in themselves, group picturesquely against the headlands and hills of the Slieve Mish. One remembers that County Kerry is the farther west, out into the great sea, under which is the underwater land Tir-fa-tóun. But the film "Ryan's Daughter" has made it horribly popular from a couple of years ago in summer. Its eating facilities are limited, it has laid on a funfair and allowed a radio company to destroy its calm with loudspeaker music all day. It depends entirely upon motorists, for buses are minimal. I can get to where I want - Sleah Head and the Blaskets - only twice a week.

I look upon the hill with a tall stone that points to the harbour whose jetty I also see. I have the telefish if I want it and warmth. But in the sun the sea and shore sparkle, and it is all that an Irish village can be. Horses and carts go by and people are riding now and then. The family includes a brother who is something of a student of things Gaelic and his son in his last year training for the priesthood can discuss Boethius and Duns Scotus. He disapproves of the Pope's social pronouncements and thinks Aquinas is old hat - Scotus is far more existentialist and therefore modern. That is what we heretics think too of our Celtic-Scot philosopher.

#### Holy Stone and Possible Ley

Hence I tramped up the N-W hill out of the village on the road called Goat Street and was brought up short by an unmistakable very large Neolithic great stone with six cup-circles in a pattern, at one side of the road but certainly in the way of traffic. It has a design of cup-holes; five in a diamond, then a hump of stone, then a single much larger hole. I reckoned it as orientated SE and NW, but I had no compass with me. So I hailed a local elder. "Has this stone been moved here from somewhere?" I asked. "Well it's never been moved in my time or some time before," he said. "Was there a church near here?" "Yes, up the hill, but it's gone now." "Isn't the stone in the way of the pavement?" "It surely is. The council wanted to move it, but the local folk they was up in arms. It is a holy stone, they said, and the council did not move it."

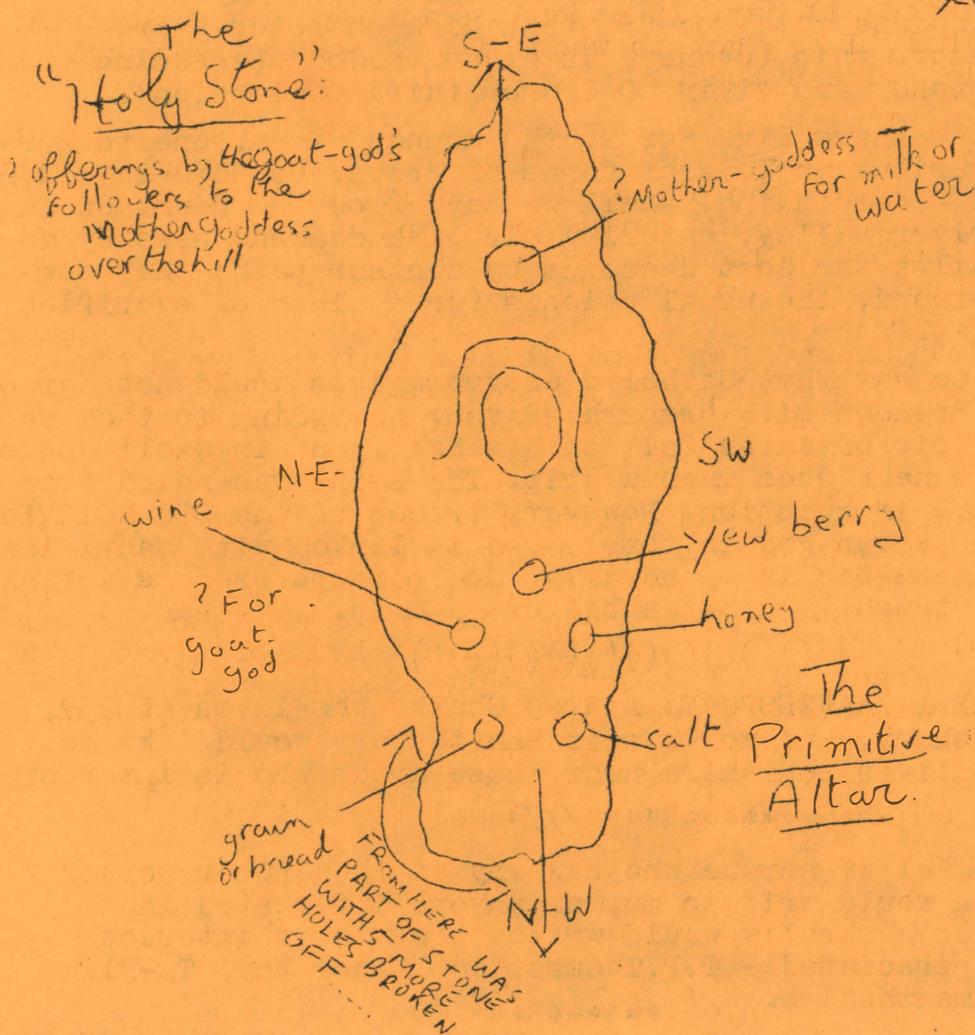
I completed my walk amongst fuschia-hedges, looking out upon rolling hills, going by a sort of river bridge and returning to

Dingle. I fetched a compass and went up Goat Street again. The stone was exactly orientated as I thought, the SE down the hill and pointed upon the new church; the NW I thought might go to the hill above, but a map was needed. I talked with another elder. In his opinion also it had never been moved. He agreed that it pointed at the new St Mary's; it was the site of a much earlier church. (The stone is depicted as diagram A below).

A very rough working of the axis NW only skirts the end of the local hill, Cnuic-na-horan, I found, passing through the village of the same name, crosses the Milltown River, touches a spot height of 515', passes just NE of a spot height 753', goes through Arnamore village and lands at Dunacapple Island. Running SE the line seems to touch in particular, unless its run is really faulty, as I have it, and it does touch Bull's Head, which sounds appropriate: just as the other way it might touch St David's Head, also I think linked with the bull. Without a larger-scale map this line cannot be possibly worked out exactly.

If the local hill - strewn with stones - or the 615' height were either of them given to the cult of the goat - or bull - deity, and one confirms that the site of the new main church was an ancient early cult-place, then meanings can be suggested. After all this is Goat Street.

Now the NW is the place of sacrifice and death; the goat-god stands for nature, for Pan, later made the devil. The SE is the opposite, the place of new sun-birth in midwinter, the Goddess as Mother of the new sun. Now does the hump in the Holy Stone mean anything? Is the whole stone a sort of Ordnance Survey model? If so, it might mean: The NW side of Goat Hill is the death god, to whom you



you make four offerings - as they did in Brittany - the four Foods of the Dead; the other SE side is the One Goddess who calls for a single, but greater offering. If the Goat calls for bread (or barley), and salt, wine and honey, one knows into which holes they would be put. The fifth and upper hole is for the tree of eternal life, the evergreen yew, with its two kinds of berries. We are in the religion of Aversion from the pranks of the Heavenly Boat, and propitiae angry ghosts.

If the Sun's Mother calls for one offering it must be milk - or water.

But the hump might be meaningless; in which case the whole thing points SE rather than NW, and all six offerings go to the ancient Mother Night who produces Day. She feeds the dead, always hungry, and especially always thirsty - maybe beer was laid on for them as in Etruscan coffins: one notes that two of the four foods are more or less liquid, and so is milk - and mistleberry: the ghosts come and lap up the water, then they can speak, by classical ideas. Maybe indeed the largest hole was for water. On Dartmoor water plus cakes and honey seem the essentials to put out for Samhuinn spirits.

A newish book tells me that the Bullaun or Holy Stone lost a corner and used to have 11 cupholes. Which corner was knocked? The Holy Garden up Chapel Lane just there did hold the old village church, as the ancient said, but it was disused from 1812.

That it is an ancient stone is implied by the tradition that you are not truly in Dingle until you have seated yourself upon it - as upon a crowning stone.

Towards Miltown are two stones called the Gates of Glory. Kilfountain Old churchyard has ogham stones, one with EQODDI in ogham script - perhaps initials. One guesses something in bad Latin: Ex quo O'Connore (or-i) Deodata integro:-"BY this high character - or, honest man - O'Connor, this (stone?) is given to God" (assuming a femininenoun for stone and giving O'Connor third declension).

Another mile out we have Five Forts, the mounds given, one to Barley, the reat to various unpleasant forms of crows, so here is old Bran the Raven-god - descending, shall we say, from the Mount of Saint Brandon into the river valley, entering his dark demesne here by the Gates of Glory, whilst the Goat descends by another path; they combine at the Holy Ground, the usual meiosis for a place of sacrifice to the dark old goddess.

It is only fair to say that Catholic entymologists would not agree about the link of Brandon with Bran the Raven. According to them when he was baptised a drip of water fell on his head, and in Gaelic something very like his name does mean a drip. The saint was named from it and no ravens are in question. However, traces of the Old Religion are everywhere this Raven-god in some shape is linked with sacrifice, warfare, and the death-feeling generally. One perhaps prefers making Brandon a bit of a tough type but a bit of a drip.

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SALISBURY & SHAFTESBURY: Andrew Chalke who lives at 232, Devizes Road, Salisbury, and works near Shaftesbury would like to contact anyone who lives somewhere near these areas who is interested in studying leys.

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I should be grateful if anyone who saw any of the UFOs reported in the Low Row area would writ to me, or anyone interested in UFOs in that area or generally would write to me their interest would be greatly appreciated - T.F.Thomas, 186 Manor Way, Ty-Sign Estate, Risca, Monmouthshire.

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BOOK REVIEWSMEGALITHS IN HISTORY

(THAMES &amp; HUDSON, £2-25)

by GLYN DANIEL

Though less intriguing than the purpose of their construction in prehistoric times, man's fascination for and reverence towards rude stone monuments in historical time is not without interest, for through the continuing influence of the megaliths we may deduce something of their original purpose and importance.

Dr Glyn Daniel, an expert on the history of archaeological thought, delivered a lecture on this subject as the Walter Neurath Memorial Lecture in 1972, and it is now available in a smartly-produced slim volume with a fine selection of photographs, prints and diagrams. Though ley hunters may feel hostility - even animosity - towards the writer's cautious (if not wilfully blinkered) approach towards current revelations on the quality of prehistoric society, this book is most informative and hardly disagreeable in its viewpoints.

Dr Daniel gives a detailed and reasoned argument on the resolution of paganism into Christianity with the the addition of crosses to menhirs, and churches built within prehistoric stone circles and earthworks. He is aware of the delibearateness with which such sites were chosen and deduces that the megalith builders' faith survived into the Middle Ages, though does not give any notion that this was as most ley hunters agree, due to the sanctity of the sites as power centres. He makes no reference in th book to "straight trackers", (does he now accept us?) but takes a swipe at Prof. Lyle (erroneously rferred to as Leo!) Borst "who, admittedly, has eccentric views about megaliths and no sure knowledge of them nevertheless...Borst thinks he finds traces of henge monuments under every cathedral he visits."

In addition to considering the incorporation of megalith into Christianity he shows delightful pictures of dolmens which have subsequently become a barn, cowshed, garage and cafe!

He notes hpw the rich re-ereceted megaliths on their land and even constructed totally artificiaial follies to resemble prehistoric monuments. I get the impreasion he has a sneaking admiration for today's Druids, and admits the "Druids of protohistory may quite well be the priesthood of the earlier megalithic reigion. It would be an amusing turn round of our thinking if, having scoffed in a superior way at Aubrey, Stukeley, and Rowlands for restoring the megaliths to the Druids, we are now restoring the Druids of history to the megaliths of prehistory. This may be too blunt a way of putting it, but I find it difficult to envisage why there should be a Christian occupation of some megalithic sites, unless a real tradition of their impittance asxspecial and sacred places was carried through the period of the Bronze Age and Early Iron and barbarian Europe and into historic times."

If only Dr Daniel would consider why such sites are sspecial and sacred.

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CAN YOU SPEAK VENUSTAN?by Patrick Moore (David & Charles, £2-75)

Patrick Moore begins bh explaining that his book is about "independent thinkers" and not "cranks"

The scope is overa l cosmology. The aim appaers to be the achievement of objectivity, noting that throughout history short shrift has been given to independent thinkers, many of whom are now hailed for their breakthrough.



Because I am not a hardliner on any aspect of UFOs I can recommend this updated book as a primer. Apart from producing a comprehensive account of the background to the flying saucers and those who see and research them; he comes out in favour of spaceships from other worlds visiting Earth. I am currently a sceptic upon extraterrestrial visitation.

Yet he refers to leys, Glastonbury Zodiac, Nazca, orthoteny and the amazing properties of quartz. As he says on p.102 - "The Ley Hunters are doing a remarkably good job of work but they need many more members to enable them to carry out their vast programme. Who's for ley hunting?" Who indeed? The present interest in leys was spawned by ufology via Messrs. Wedd, Goddard, Heselton, Trench and Michell, and somewhat extraordinarily the two subjects have become wholly divided in the minds of researchers into either subject. Most likely the answer lies in the occult.

I may have done the author an injustice in my review of "The Eternal Subject" in implying that he gradually came to promote the occult side of ufology. Books published by him in 1960, 1962 and 1964 dealt very much with the occult.

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THE DRAGON & THE DISC

-- by F. W. HOLIDAY

(S<sup>+</sup>idgwick & Jackson,  
£3-25).

"There ARE dragons; there ARE discs. In the fullness of time we may reach a state in which the truth about these things becomes plain." So says Mr Holiday, but if dragon and UFO research was left solely to the likes of him we would never get very far. "When all the wrong conclusions have been drawn, someone will draw the right one...Finding out about dragons was inevitable. They are no myth; they really do exist. But what they are and why they were called evil can only be resolved by studying the parallel mystery of the Flying Disc for this is the way the riddle seems to be constructed." All this sounds familiar to those who read John Michell's 1967 book, "The Flying Saucer Vision" which it seems Holiday has not read (even though the same publisher produced it!). John's book was a great stimulus to ley research and allied phenomena, including dragons and UFOs, but now reads as a rather dated work, though John - to paraphrase him - said about two years ago to me: "It was the right book for its time." So why, Mr Holiday, do little more in 1973 than repeat the theme and viewpoint?

As for leys he makes the astounding claim that: "The nature of the Bronze Age straight line mystery has hardly been scratched, let alone explored." Come off it. Leys are mentioned often enough by the media nowadays; the bibliography on them is staggering and number of researchers relatively large. And if the author had any regard for accuracy he could be accorded some respect, but we have, for instance, the Pollard instead of Lambton Worm coming out of the Wear, and that of Spindlestone Heugh was not washed up by the sea despite his fanciful tale. As with physical UFOs, I find the notion of organic dragons hard to swallow, though in passages he appears to be convinced of their solidity in others he is sceptical. Holiday is bemused and his nondogmatism leads to a most unsatisfactory conclusion to the book. Having researched a book on Northumbrian dragons I can assure him there are a multitude of likely explanations for the dragon. His accounts of expeditions to Scottish and Irish lakes are about the only worthwhile parts in the book. This MUST be the damp squib of the year.

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