



**THE
LEY
HUNTER**

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THE LEY HUNTER

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UFOs GALORE

FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE, Donald E. Keyhoe. There is much familiar ground such as the notorious case of Capt. Mantell's plane disintegrating on contact with something in the air -- be it physical or energy mass -- and the bland official assumption that "there's no other possible answer - Captain Mantell was chasing the planet Venus", by a USAF spokesman. Pilots Boggs and Gorman chased a meteor and balloon respectively.

The ridicule we may aim at such glib and stupid statements, which strain the credibility of the speakers' sanity, need not, however, necessarily lead us to assume there is a gigantic cover-up to hide a reality of an extraterrestrial superrace which might swot us from the universe as we might stamp on a spider. Any irregularity is likely to embarrass the military, make it seem vulnerable, and as a species, the armed forces' stratification and enforced incestuousness against Civvy Street alienates it from the duty to answer the public's questions, especially when the phenomenon is so beyond its narrow capabilities. This being, I believe, because the UFOs are ultraterrestrial and the domain of psychic research and not military meddling.

There is an appendix and index, but the book's style owes more to a pulp thriller, however, than serious research and scholarship. "Al paused and looked at me solemnly. 'But one thing's absolutely certain. We're being watched by beings from outer space'." Something's happening Mr Keyhoe, but not quite what you imagine. (Tandem, 35p).

THE WARMINSTER MYSTERY, Arthur Shuttlewood. The author has written an impressive book which I enjoyed years ago in hardback. His two subsequent books have led into the metaphysical region, which I prefer, but nevertheless as a practising journalist I admire his approach here and documentation of evidence presented. The book stands along with Eileen Buckle's "The Scoriton Mystery" as a rare and excellent BRITISH UFO book -- a rarity in itself.

I would not advocate a belief in all the author's opinions by any means. In fact it's a rather baffling book. Unlike most UFO books it actually smacks of sincerity.

My main criticism is personal. Unlike Tandem's recent Trench paperback, which was updated and gave "The Ley Hunter" its present address, this book implies that Jimmy Goddard is its editor. In fact the previous editors were Philip Heselton and Ken Rogers. (Tandem, 35p).

QUEST No. 15 now out.

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HOOD DAYBy JOHN RADFORD

At Haxey in Lincolnshire, every 6th of January (or maybe the 5th if the 6th falls on a Sunday, for we are all constrained by our queer licensing laws), the Hood game is played. I have often heard of it, and this year I was able to see it. Such things tend to vary a little from year to year, and to depart from what the books say. So I shall try to tell what I saw.

In the tiny bar of the King's Armas, going on for midday, a few customers slowly gathered. The talk was of farming, and of the outlandish prices cattle are fetching. Jokes from a stout man in painter's overalls. Twice I caught a reference that told me the day was the right one: "Who's chief boggan this year?" "I'll get the hood this afternoon." But no-one seemed very interested.

A diversion followed. In came a rather with-it young lady, obviously a gin-&-tonic, not a pint of bitter. Had she come to the right place? Oh yes, yes. When did it start? What happens exactly? Oh, it will start soon enough. Another hour, you won't be able to get in here. But what is it all about, I really don't know. It turned out she was writing a book, there was a photographer coming, the pair of them all the way from London. Wouldn't one of them tell her the story? One was induced to do so. Now the story the books tell you is about Lady Mowbray, who back in the 13th Century lost her hood, which was scrambled for and at last returned by the local peasantry. This was the story the young lady got, and seemed well pleased with. But when she went out, one looked at another: Bloody liar....there'll be some bloody rubbish in that beuk.

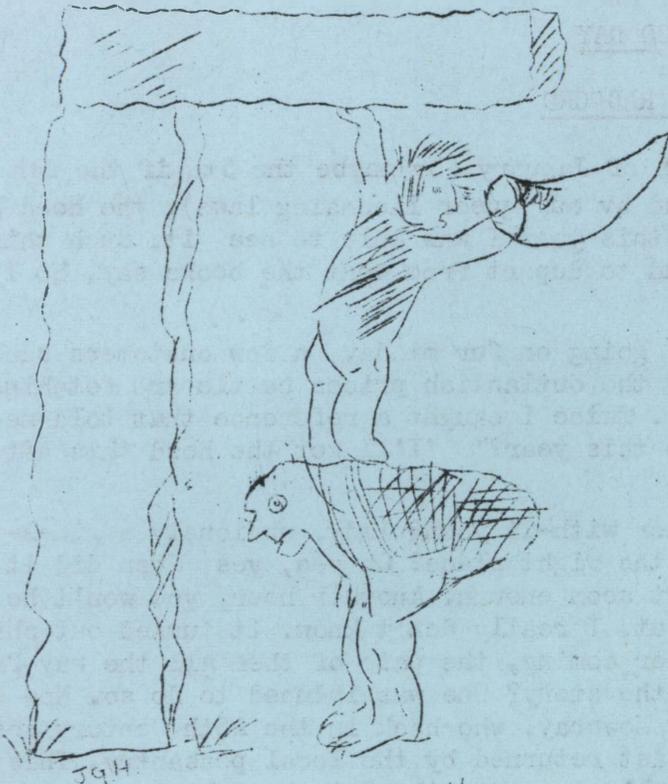
By now it was pretty crowded. A few obvious visitors besides myself, who was trying to be as inconspicuous as possible, apart from struggling to the bar for another pint. Then at last through the hubbub two strange figures made their way: elderly men in red hunting coats and top hats decked all over with flowers and feathers. One carried a staff of willow wands, and one the hood. It is a cylinder of leather three or four feet long and about three inches in diameter, straight and hard. I don't know how long it has been like this, but you don't have to be a Freudian to distinguish a phallic symbol from a hood. They made their way to the fireplace and one called for quiet. Nevertheless he called out: Now then lads, you all know this one, join in the chorus. It turned out to be The Farmer's Boy -- "The sun had set behind yon hill, when o'er the dreary plain..." -- sung to a rather erratic version of the usual tune. A few people mumbled the chorus, and one muttered "A farmer's boy be I", with a grin. (This is of course the start of a related song, a good deal more direct than the sentimental Victorian ballad being sung).

After the one song, out went the boggans. But a little bit later back they came, and we had The White Cockade. The Fool appeared: a young man in a red jersey and green beret. He stood near the fireplace to be painted. Red and black greasepaint on his face, in a pattern which may or may not be traditional, but which was hard to distinguish from the marks on the face of a neolithic inhabitant of New Guinea. Yet it was, after all, England 1973. And the third and final song was sung, and we all vowed to do our worst to the German and the Frenchman e'er they should come to drink old England dry my boys. This is the only song that is, as far as I know, unique to the occasion.

And so we all moved on to the Duke William (I think it is; but by now my memory processes were suffering a little interference). I've seen some bars tightly packed, but this beat all. You don't notice the knocks after this, a young man told me. The songs were done again, pretty heartily now.

The next thing happens outside. Nearby is the church, and a large round block of stone, all that remains of the village cross. On this the Fool stands to make his speech. And as he draws to a close, a pile of straw behind is lit, so that smoke, and flames too, mount up all around the Fool. So much for Lady Mowbray.

And now everyone knew where to go, without direction. It was a foggy day, and bitterly cold. Off we tramped up the lane, out into the fields. The village boasts some fine playing fields, but it is Haxey Hill that is used -- someone said, because it is common



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"I wouldn't mind betting
this'll be a famous drink
some day!" *

had some way to go and I left. What I understand to follow is a good deal more beer, and a dance in the village hall. I'm sorry not to have taken part in all of it. What I saw, I count as amazing. All of us in the middle of a field of cabbages, in the middle of a fog, seemingly miles, centuries, from the present-day world. All centred on the fantastic, primitive figures of the boggans and the disguised Fool, and the hurling of the hood into the air.

Oh, yes, they told the lady from London, the Vicar, he's traced it back over 600 years (The landlord could swear to 1300). Well, I reckon 600 is a bit of an underestimate. As with other seasonal rituals I have seen, one is left subjectively convinced that here is a vestige of some society quite other than our own, far antedating -- and remarkably surviving -- a dozen centuries of Christianity. We have here a living archaeological fragment, somehow outlasting all the forces of change. The universal dominance of the mediaeval church; the intensive campaign against pagan practices at the time of the Commonwealth; modern society with ultra-rapid transport, telly in every home, scorn of everything traditional: yet still people carry on some (a very few, it is true) of the ancient ways. We cannot be sure how much has changed, been lost or disturbed. I have attempted no research, but given merely my impressions. They are of having experienced a vestige of something vital and mysterious; one more bit of evidence which, interpreted, will fit into our outstanding of the past and thus, eventually, of ourselves.

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JOHN WILCOCK, an Englishman who has done a great deal to create the transatlantic underground press proliferation, and also travel book writer and co-editor of THE WITCHES' ALMANAC, is currently preparing a book on magical sites throughout the world. He wishes to give credit to all serious researchers and their theories and hopes investigators will inform him of their discoveries and ideas at BCM-OSCENES, London WC1V 6XX.

John Radford

* In case you missed the point, it's Worthington
E - Editor

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FOUND IN A FACTORY

by CIRCUMLIBRA

We all know that leys are to be found by consulting a map and exploring the countryside. What few realise is that ley energies spread out and are everywhere to be found in the most unlikely places. To search for them in a factory, however, may seem to be taking things to extreme. Nevertheless I will tell something of how I discovered the rhythmic pulsations of the leys and how they are linked to everyday mundane matters. Had I been just an engineer with no knowledge of the unseen side of life or not sought out my own particular affinity to the forces operating on other levels I would not have been able to tie up the several strands which go to form the whole.

All of us are in contact with occult forces whether we know it or not, whether we like it or not. In other words we are all mediums in one way or another. Often we deny this because we are afraid when this mediumship presents itself to our conscious mind or too egotistical to acknowledge our indebtedness to things outside our own ken. Those amongst us who take all the credit for all their achievements are the most likely to be under the control of unseen entities and to have little say in their own actions.

Looking back on the many years of factory experiences I find an overall pattern into which I and many others have been fitted by some overriding influence. This part of my story began about 25 years ago when a small nucleus of workers moved into old premises to become a separate entity. The factory was built about 100 years ago at a time when it was not unusual for the owner to live on the premises and when the workers were so close as to be almost part of his own family. In a sense he was a patriarch.

Into this building and influence I took my small band of workers which had to be increased rather rapidly. The building had been used for an entirely different kind of manufacturing, ours being rather specialised in another direction. Many conflicting influences had to be brought under control and formed into a single-minded unit. This can never be fully accomplished but at the same time a sufficiently strong body of influence can be achieved to keep within bounds the many conflicting urges.

During this rather long consolidating period, I was able to observe some of the wheels within wheels or different rhythms which had a bearing on the many problems which arise relating to the complications of manufacturing, personnel and other things. Sometimes it looks as though the very machines themselves have souls of their own. This, of course, does not make sense so we look to other factors which may be at work. There are times when static magnetism causes trouble only to dissipate for no apparent reason whatever. Even this can be traced back to a rhythm on the ley.

Far more subtle than that when a machine or process shows defects which are really operator defects and which clear up at a given time. By noting the various times and changes of rhythm I discovered the "Tides of the Day" which later I found confirmation of these tides may be noted wherever we are particularly if we observe the behaviour of things which grow and live.

In addition to the Tides I was able to take of the rhythms of the Zodiac and celestial bodies. All these may be traced back to the leys and ancient sites on your maps. If you plot them correctly you will find the pattern of the etheric or energy centres and be able to discover leys at leisure.

About six years ago a new purpose-built factory was erected on another site. Surprisingly many of the old problems which prevailed in the old premises no longer trouble us here. We are now a solid entity, if entities can be regarded as so, with a tradition. Working conditions are certainly better and there is nothing in our surroundings which can have the same influences as did the old factory walls. Yes, the old place did have its residents even though it is many years since they passed on. In another article I'll speak of some of the folks who worked there and a little of the unseen side of things.

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(Part III Village, Chieftain's Grave and Spirit Walk)

The further quests from the Holy Stone proceeded. I went up Chapel Lane to find the site of the former church. The heavy bases of a triple entry formed a field entrance and this was the Holy Field, almost due north of the new church. This seemed to have little meaning, but what did become evident was that Chapel Lane originally ran NNW up to one of Cruic-na-horn's low ridge. Moreover I learnt that an American preceding me at Strand House had along that ridge discovered definite relics of a fortress Stone Age village amongst all those stones. The cult village of the Salmon? Not knowing his knowledgeability this means little; but trying it out, it might explain a place of cult so far off what is now the population centre.

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Under the evening sky colours I went up a northward path into a field. Straight north was Cruic-na-horn, a quite normal outline and quite near. Nothing evil about this hill. Probably less evil than in some periods the dwellers lower down, with their Spanish preoccupation, its hint of loot and wrecking. Up here these were simple people with a simple creed.

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Cruic-na-Horn or Horan means the hill of the stone heap or burial mound, which sounds promising. From Chapel Lane I veered NE diagonally up the hill, which is deceptive and has two mounts. Almost immediately came some evidence of some settlement, but in a highly decayed and conjectural state. There were small flat places, little piles of stones, thin stones cocked at an angle as fireplaces, but no rings of stones. There continued to be flattened places even where only sheep had apparently ever been. One extensive platform did look more humanoid. Where possibly human trackways met and ascended, I took a S by W direction on Dingle church. After striking a semimetalled cart track I crossed to where silhouettes indicated purposive stones at the summit. Here there was no doubt of a settlement; a definite sort of grave or cult place, hut bases (clochans), fireplaces and so on. The site overlooked a valley to the SE, between Cruic-na-Horn and the Sugarloaf. At a guess there might be 50 hut bases. A whole line of them were to the SE. I hunted for flint daggers but none appeared.

The chieftain's grave cult place, as one would assume it was, had had an earth circle. Its axis lay ENE-WSW, perhaps 8' long, depressed along the middle; but on its SE side was a kind of little trilithon doorway built in. In line with this were at least two definitely squared stones at rather wide intervals -- markers for a line of stepping stones. It ran from the grave S by E, that is, it went from the death direction N by W towards the mother-goddess direction, both rather modified. Was it a soul track? And was this the grave cult place that named the "Horn", or was that a stone heap elsewhere?

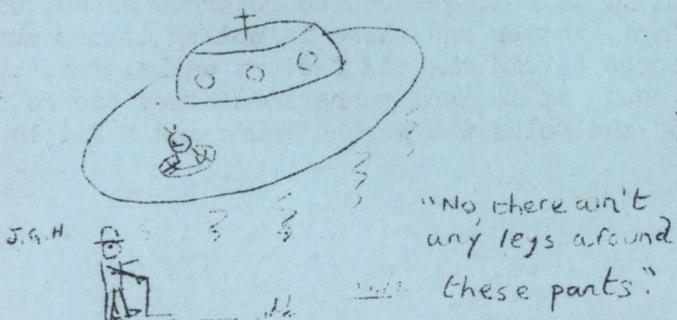
Obviously a dig around here would be rewarded. The site is more or less due north of Dingle, some 500' in height. There may be more remains towards the SW end of the hill that I did not go to.

* * *

Thus, starting with the Bullaun's cup-holed stone we have to the SE the church site -- probably a mother-goddess site -- the Holy ground and then possibly the Bull's Head. The goat came down at a different angle also to the Holy ground --

probably. Crossing at right angles this ley is the NE line coming up from the victory place of Finn MacCumhall to the Gates of Glory, up the peat track into the neolithic settlement with its chieftain's grave and spirit track.

These leys show significance further on: The first to the NE



points along Brandon Bay from height to height along a track, was it Finn's Path, which would which would be the way of Salmon wisdom?

The other ley NW after passing over the Five Forts with the Four Raven Mounds nearly touches two other holy heights and ends at Dunacepple, a monks' retreat in earlier days near St David's Head, a very holy headland.

These directional findings which can be verified by anyone from maps are remarkable even for Eire. The effort of first seeing, then verifying the apparent purposes of these leys, gives an extraordinary shock to the workaday intelligence. One thinks of the old Druidic saying: "The Ancients wrote it in the earth."

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POWER & LIGHT IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

by Peter S. Hannah

I feel it is more than mere coincidence that the resurgence of interest in ley power should take place at the time it did. At a time when all knowledge of its existence was totally obliterated from man's conscious memory; at a time when the need for aesthetically-pleasing architecture became "inconvenient". When man's "soul" became a secondary consideration to technology; when even art become sick and mechanical. Surely, this "Atlantis" was still falling, becoming lower and lower -- more material throughout all of the Piscean Age, and when the final glimmer of Light was concreted over, a Man had a vision, and slowly began to piece things together. Other people had visions and dreams. This world had hit rock bottom -- we could not sink any further, just as we could not live along with mother earth, and grow crops and food without paying some respect to her laws; without allowing her natural forces to flow evenly over her domain. We have to change now or perish. It is no mere coincidence but a vastly important necessity! Atlantis is trying to rise! We must accept that all different bodies throughout the world are being influenced by one means or another to accept new teaching. We all use different words but we are all in this work for this one same reason, the basic urge for survival!

This having been said, I would like roughly, to outline an experiment that is taking place in Nottingham.

We operate by means of "inspiration" that is. We do not make a move until one or other of us inspired to do so. We began our group by choosing a room in a house (conveniently situated on a hill in the centre of Nottingham). This room we keep solely for the purpose of meditation, prayer and the channelling of positive power. Since finding this room last year the atmosphere is terrific. A definite "energy" has been building up there and seems to increase at various times. One sometimes has the sensation of walking into another dimension on entering the room.

I had the vision of the room being held in a cone of white light, as if it had a very great potential for transferring energy -- and also transmuting it. I meditated with the group on this aspect and saw a hill near to a place called the Hemlockstone. It seemed to be overrun by elemental creatures, and I had an impression that this hill was a place of great power, but that it had attracted both negative and positive aspects to it, like moths around a flame. I felt the tremendous power of this place was being misused, and meditated on it being used for the betterment of mankind, and to be a beacon of light in the surrounding darkness. The first time we tried to mount the summit, fear drove us back. But the second time -- armed with spiritual strength -- we braved the walk up the hill. I cannot describe the feeling being up there, but it was as if my friend and I were in a pocket of light, and rather unpleasant things were pressing on this "shield". It was amazing how with God's help we were able to overcome the evil lurking in every shadow.

We went back to the room and meditated on pouring light on to the hill top and

The connection linking the Arthurian legends to the UFO enigma is the acceptance of the fact that the deeds of the knights, apart from being historically true, in part, are symbolic of the subconscious, conscious and superconscious minds within man. There are channels of energy issuing from the inner depths of the Mother Earth corresponding to the manner in which man goes inwards in order to find his higher self. The planet also releases the life forces from the depth of its subconscious in order to bring about the transmuting of her being, along with her earthlings. This process naturally attracts higher vibrations and draws to it things of a higher order, namely the higher intelligences in the form of UFOs, thereby establishing the at-one-ment -- ATONEMENT -- the interpenetration of spirit and matter, the coming of the Holy Grail.

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Miscellany

The Rev. Nagaboshi (formerly Terry Dukes) has founded a Chinese Zen meditation centre at Kongoryu-Ji, Shudy Camps, Cambridge, Cambs., and they chose the sight guided by a ley map he drew up. In order to further their knowledge of this ancient area he would be interested to know if readers having drawn leys in the district would allow them to see the maps. Many readers will, of course, be aware that Alfred Watkins himself wrote a book on the area.....The London musical, "Lonesome Stone" has been dogged by spook incidents(not to mention a hostile Press and public apathy), including floods in the aisles, cast members hit by errant props, and the stage director speaking of "inexplicable dark forces" while the casts blames The Devil.....As for the other side of the coin, J.J. Thorson has been attempting to make a film about Jesus, though he doesn't believe in Him. Apparently it will be blasphemous, pornographic, sadistic and poetic. The Danish Government has put up £43,000 to depict Him in his own day, today as a bank robber and in AD3000. No wonder the French and Italians haven't reacted gleefully.....

...on an equally disenchanting note Andrew Weiner writes in New Musical Express for Aug. 18: "No, it's not surprising that stars take drugs, retire, suicide, die. We know all about the dead. What no one can estimate is the size of the ranks of the walking dead: the stars burnt out inside, the stars who fake commitment and bluff creativity, the stars who find the meaning of life in flying saucer watching or Divine Light or whatever else they can seize upon to try and justify and explain their own existence. Yeah, it's tough being a star. It's lonely at the top.....

....and now to an interview in Rolling Stone for June 7 with Carl Sagan of the Mars Mariner Project. Sagan: "Well, the enormous amount of radio energy that we're pouring out today is due to three sources. One is the high frequency end of the AM broadcast band, another is just ordinary domestic television, the third is the radar defense networks in the United States and the Soviet Union. Those are the only signs of intelligent life detectable on earth from a distance. It's pretty sobering. It's often asked, if there is extraterrestrial intelligence how come they don't come here? Now we know. Just listen to what we're sending out! Interviewer: "There's a lot of soul music up that end of the AM band, though.".....

Sagan: "But the usual sort of legends about beings that lived in the sky and were not human beings -- there are just too many other ways of understanding that for me to think they are serious clues to extraterrestrial intelligence".....

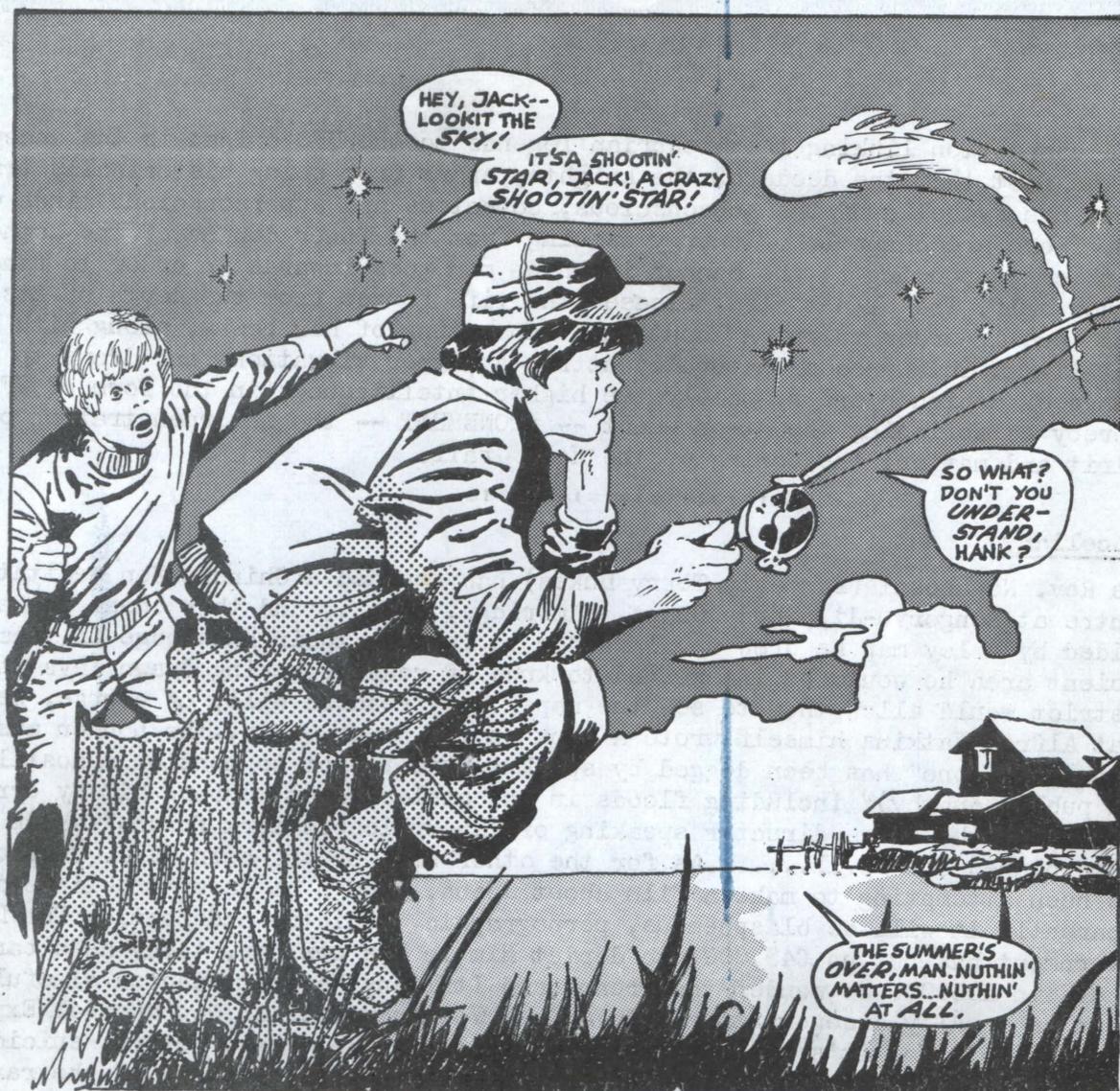
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Magazines

THE ATLANTEAN. The July/August issue includes "William Sitwell's Carnac Weekend" by Paul Screeton, which should be of great interest to all who are interested in prehistoric spiritual physics. This New Age spiritual magazine covers a wide range of occult interest. Annual sub. is £1 from The Atlanteans, 42 St George's Road, Cheltenham, GL50 4AF.

TORC. No. 10 has much to interest readers, including The 12 Hides of Glastonbury, The Healing Waters of Aquarius at Glaston, and articles by such T.L.H. contributors as Patrick Benham, Jim Baggins and Barbara Crump. This is issue 10p + 3½p postage from Avalon House, 7 The Batch, Ashcott, near Bridgwater, Somerset, TA7 9PH.

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APOLOGIES TO MARVEL COMICS GROUP AND JOHN BUSCEMA — FROM 'THOR' 206, 1972.

not true, jack... because here comes **The News**

At last a magazine devoted to news and clippings of the weird and the wonderful. Something for everybody: Teleporting animals, humans and objects; UFOs; mysterious fires and lights, ball lightning; falls of frogs, stones, blood and blocks of ice; evidences of ancient cultures and technology; ghosts and poltergeists; puzzling attacks, illnesses and deaths; land and sea monsters, unidentified animals and the survival of prehistoric life-forms; scientific controversies and curiosities; and much more. If it is thought impossible, and it happens - you'll read about here.

We encourage local investigation and will carry news and notices of a kind to help further amateur research into the Unknown. We also intend to build up a letter-column through which information can be asked for, offered and discussed. Then our digest of damned data will be topped by the occasional review of a relevant book or magazine - what more could a Fortean want?

Despite the normal editorial megalomania, we recognise the limits of our omniscience. If you should come across something odd in your reading, please DON'T assume we know of it already - just make a note of the PAPER and the DATE and send it to us (you'll be credited). Subscribe - then sit back (or lean forward if you're the active type), and watch the Greatest Show on Earth, the mysteries and the jokes of Nature unfold, explode, squirm or simply flop down before your very eyes.

The News

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