

THE

LEY

HUNTER

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WARMINSTER VISITS

by PAUL BAINES

I'm afraid that my recent visit to Warminster was rather uneventful. The whole area seemed to have gone psychically "dead". My first visit to Warminster was on Friday, August 17, and the atmosphere was entirely different, like it was alive and charged. There was a feeling of expectancy in the air and anything could have happened. That evening I booked into the Bath Arms Hotel with a friend. We had tried the Old Bell Hotel first, but the vibes were so unpleasant that we soon moved out into the Bath Arms over the road. We spent the whole of Saturday around Cradle Hill and spent the time with a map plotting possible leys. I worked out on which passes both through Cley Hill and Cradke Hill and through the exact mid-point between Stonehenge and Avebury. Before reaching that point it passes through a number of tumuli and high points. I also drew a line between Stonehenge and Avebury and found that this intersected my first line just outside the village of Charlton, Wilts. I am curious to know if it was this Charlton where a spacecraft is believed to have landed ten years ago? However, as darkness fell, more and more skywatchers arrived at Cradle Hill until the lane was full of cars and tents and telescopes were being set up. About midnight, John (my colleague) and I took a walk up to the copse on top of Cradle Hill and on the way back observed three lights in the sky towards Battlesbury. The motion of the lights together with their colour changes from silver to red and back to silver suggested that they could be UFOs. Strange to say, we were the only people in the whole gathering who saw these lights. Everyone had been looking elsewhere or not looking at all. In fact nobody seemed at all interested to the point of not believing us. Back at home the following Friday I became aware in the quiet of the night of a fairly distinct continuous whistle. On blocking my ears, the whistle was blocked out which seemed to prove that it was not a head noise and came from outside of myself. This sound stayed with me until late Sunday night when it stopped abruptly. Incidentally, it was not a local sound as I could still hear it when I was several miles away. I am not as a rule given to drawing fanciful conclusions, but during this time I had the strong impression that something was monitoring my mind and senses to the point where I became careful of my thoughts and actions. I did not want to make a bad impression on my watchers, if indeed they existed. Strange to say, John was aware of a similar sound following him around and I did not know about this until days later. Compared with these events, my last trip to Warminster was a dead loss. We had arranged to meet Arthur Shuttlewood who asked us to phone him when we arrived in town. It was Thursday, Sept. 13, and we discovered he had had the phone removed and left the Warminster Journal and his wife informed me that he had given up the UFO scene and he was not seeing anybody. All rather curious, I thought

(Continued in Page 10)

ARTHUR SHUTTLEWOOD -- GENTLEMAN OF WARMINSTER

by WILLIAM PORTER

Time, they say, makes a man mellow. I do not believe it. Time makes a man afraid, and fear makes him conciliatory, and being conciliatory he endeavours to appear to others what they will think mellow. And with fear comes the need of affection, of some human warmth to keep away the chill of the cold Universe. When I speak of fear, I do not mean merely or mainly personal fear: the fear of death or decrepitude or penury or any such merely mundane misfortune. I am thinking of a more metaphysical fear. I am thinking of the fear that enters the soul through the experience of the major evils to which life is subject; the treachery of friends, the death of those whom we love, the discovery of the cruelty that lurks in average human nature *(1).

Arthur Shuttlewood, (journalist, author, and ufologist extraordinary) his family and co-workers -- Bob Strong and Sybil Champion -- suffered for many years the cruelty that lurks in average human nature. The culmination of the taunting and treachery provoked Shuttlewood to announce his retirement from UFO research in 1970 -- "Unfair criticism and cheap cynicism I can stand. But when my family starts to suffer also, that is sufficient for me. I am pulling out to become, for a change, an armchair critic."

Initially, however, he took the typical stance of a journalist and described his Warminster colleagues as being a hard-boiled cynical clan, a breed of their own, thick-skinned, suspicious and not easy to convince. From December 1964 the etheric moved in on the small Wiltshire town, (located between the sacred centres of Glastonbury and Stonehenge and containing the intersection of 14 leys) - visual manifestations were not long in arriving to dissolve the materially-conditioned cynicism, and it was to be on the 28th September 1965 when Shuttlewood witnessed his first "cigar-shaped craft" over Warminster. Many quite incredible events followed, which Shuttlewood, then as editor of the Warminster Journal and Wilts County Advertiser, was not hesitant in reporting. The sequence of direct experience and obligated revelation began, which in practical terms turned a normal working week into an 85-hour endurance course. By September 1965 Shuttlewood wrote of his exhaustion in a national newspaper: *(2) "Frankly I am a tired editor at present after eight of the most hectic months imaginable in a country town."

In 1967 the first of Shuttlewood's four UFO books appeared -- "THE WARMINSTER MYSTERY" *(3) which in addition to the records of sightings contained a very interesting section on leys by Jimmy Goddard. The book was followed one year later by "WARNINGS FROM FLYING FRIENDS" *(4), and about the time of Shuttlewood's disillusionment (with human nature, not with the subject) he published "UFOs -- KEY TO THE NEW AGE" *(5). In his final UFO article *(6) he wrote sadly of the reasons for his retirement: "We now officially retire from the scene, for Truth finally must be arrived at by personal and individual experience, and one cannot get that by sitting comfortably in an armchair. With onset of illness my fellow researcher Bob Strong, has lost almost four stones in weight in less than a year. That he is on the mend now, recuperating slowly is because he has given up a long and physically exhausting task, sick and tired (as I am) of the carping criticisms of the minority, who bedevil and belittle the enormous importance of the sacred subject". This is not an experience that will be unknown to any ley researcher who speaks too openly about certain outré aspects of his sacred subject. A lifelong friend of Alfred Watkins reflected recently that the discoverer of leys himself took great care not to speculate too openly on occult interpretations.

Now, three years after Shuttlewood's retirement from ufology comes the news of his retirement from journalism. He had a long and active career for over thirty years, twenty of which were spent in full-time reporting. It is illness from the aggravation of a World War II eye injury that is curtailing a career that led him to being the Warminster district correspondent for all national daily and Sunday

newspapers, a contributor to many West Country newspapers (Bristol Evening Post, Southend Evening Echo, Wiltshire Times, Western Gazette), and the editor of the Warminster Journal, with special reports for Radio Bristol and BBC TV to his credit. Originally from Essex, it was while he was at the County School (which he was later to captain), that he showed writing to be his forte, by winning a silver medal on Empire Day, for the best essay.

Later he was to serve almost seven years in the Grenadier Guards, and was an unenviable witness to the horrors of the Dunkirk evacuation in 1940. Subsequent to the war, Shuttlewood took up a position for three years with the Air Ministry Constabulary. He eventually became a member, for two years, of Warminster Urban District Council. It was a local girl, Phillipa Curtis, whom he married 31 years ago, and who has witnessed much of the mindless ridicule that so pressured them both at the height of Arthur's UFO activities.

After having described his retirements, I am pleased to relate that he is to assume a new post, after a well deserved holiday and recuperative break. It is with the return to the world of books that Arthur Shuttlewood commences his new job this month, as manager of the Chapter One Bookshop in Warminster.

His fourth and final book -- "STAIRWAY TO THE STARS" *(7) has just been completed and will shortly be published. Of the area of study that concerns us most, he said in a recent letter: "There is doubtless still an ancient radiating network of power deep underground - and especially in the type of prehistoric locality our town lies upon; with honeycombed tunnels and culverts, water-courses, etc., beneath Warminster. When low-flying UFOs 'tap in' to this ancient grid, which they are reconstructing, and reactivating the crystal aerials on the seabeds etc., the effect is to release a catalyst of power at these sites (so-called burial mounds, tumuli, areas with rings of ancient stones and monoliths, etc.) which, in turn, provides amorphous pockets of energy that surround, permeate and visibly affect some of the watchers on hills who suddenly swear they see giant figures, smell fragrant perfume, experience bands of heat around them, as their dormant psychic abilities swim to the surface like released inhibitions and their perceptibility is enhanced by an ages-old wisdom force known and recognised, used in fact, by earth dwellers and those from afar who "seeded" us (the giants the Bible refers to!) in the beginning of our planetary history."

About the significance of his latest book, and the rewards involved, Arthur Shuttlewood said: "If such work simply persuades people to think for themselves, on universal structures and life-forms, both visible and invisible to our physically restricted senses, it is worthwhile, although material gain is small from such pioneering. Still, it is better to worship God than Mammon."

Although the UFO trail has led him to the realisation of the fundamental evils to which life is subject, the awareness of potential human treachery and the discovery of the rampant cruelty that lurks in average human nature, let us hope that his New Age philosophy, based as it is on direct experience, will continue to permeate mass-consciousness and that he continues to lecture semi-privately to the empathic and trustworthy few, for without the example of Arthur Shuttlewood's expansive insights, the intrinsic significance of the outré realities will forever be reduced to a position subordinate to the patronising ego of out-moded materialist philosophy.

NOTES:

- *(1) From Bertrand Russell. *(2) DAILY MIRROR article, September 10, 1965.
- *(3) THE WARMINSTER MYSTERY, 1967 (Neville Spearman Ltd.). New paperback edition (Tandem 35p). Reviewed by Paul Screeton in THE LEY HUNTER No. 46.
- *(4) WARNINGS FROM FLYING FRIENDS, 1968 (Portway Press). *(5) UFOs - KEY TO THE NEW AGE (Regency Press). *(6) GREAT TRUTHS FORMING IN THE VOID (Article COS-MOS Journal, No. 10, July 1970). *(7) STAIRWAY TO THE STARS (This will probably be published in paperback by Tandem in the near future). * THE

Carn Brea, Vision	0)	Jesus Well on Cliff, Vision	
St Margosil	0)	St George on Isle	0)
Helston	x	St Keyne	0)
Roseworthy	0)	St Martin	0)
Penwern Falmouth	x	Polperro	0)
Truro St Dominic	x0)	Newlyn East St Gorran	0)
St Holy Stone	0)	Liskeard	0)
St Agnes in Cliff	0)	Camelford	x ruin
St Michael Penkurl	xx	Tintagel	6
Perranporth	x	St Breward	0
St Austell	x		
Minacuddle	0)		
Llanivet	0)		
Eye	0)		
Padstow Lady Well	6		

The owner of the manuscript volunteered to supply me with a photostat copy, but this he afterwards found impracticable. In consequence I had to take a hurried note of the names. If any mis-spellings are found, the fault may be mine. In many cases the location is inexactly indicated. But it still remains a very useful list for verification by map or on-the-spot. The long list is also additional evidence for John Michell's claim in his new book that Cornwall is rich in ley points.

JOHN MICHAEL, of 21
Bath Buildings,
Montpelier, Bristol 6,
is researching the
Ffarmers/Pumpsaint
Zodiac in Wales and
seeks correspondence
with persons inter-
ested in this.

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AND DID THOSE FEET IN ANCIENT TIMES?
WALK OVER ENGLAND'S PASTURES GREEN?

by MOLLIE CAREY

I have long hesitated to publish the account of what happened on a lovely summer day some years ago. For one thing it touched on a very important subject, and among other things I didn't quite know what to make of it. But now, after so many things have happened which proved to be true, I believe that this experience must be shared with all those who can believe.

At the time, I knew nothing of "straight tracks", and Stonehenge meant nothing to me, but I was very keen on studying wild plants, and as I lived in a botanist's paradise, I spent many happy hours on the downs around our farm, both alone and with my children.

I helped my husband with the farm, and I always fetched in the cows for milking, and I was happy with my lot, and all was well with the world. I often paused, as the cows made their way from a certain field, and leaned over a gate and gazed at the lovely downland scenery, and it was then that I felt a longing within me to make my way to a certain part of the downs. I could actually feel a pulling at the region of my heart, and one day the impression came into my mind that I was being "Called like Christ into the Wilderness."

I hadn't recognised the "psychic pull" then; the only "psychic" happenings that I knew of was the fact that I seemed to know where to go to find certain rare plants and others which I hadn't seen before.

After my husband died I spent more time on the downs, and I responded to the "pull" to go to that part of the downs which had called me, and I called the area "Serenity" and sometimes "Paradise", so peaceful and serene was this place.

So it was that one lovely summer afternoon at haymaking time I was in this area looking for wild plants. My heart was at peace with the world, and my feet were light as I made my way along an ancient track (now unfortunately ploughed up) and my heart was singing with the birds.

Then I realized that I was humming "All Things Bright and Beautiful" and it seemed that other unseen voices were singing with me. The world around me could never be lovelier than it was on that afternoon, the birds were really singing their hearts out, and the sky was blue, with white scudding clouds.

Then I saw two figures making their way out of the wood over to my left, and to my astonishment I noted they were dressed in the clothes of another age. Another thing which was strange was that the fence which had edged the field was gone; the cornfields had vanished, and all around were scrubby bushes and long grass and wild flowers.

The trees of the wood had vanished, leaving only a few here and there, and I saw high walls of an earthwork up on the ridge, but the path remained, although not so wide. (I found remains of the earthwork later).

The figures came along the path out towards me, and I saw that one of them was a middle-aged man with a beard and stout staff, and the other was that of a young boy of about 17 years. The elder man sat down, and the young boy who was naked to the waist, and wearing a sort of skirt which was fastened at the side, walked over and picked some flowers which looked to me like wild margarems. He said something to the elder man and they laughed together. I realized that voices were singing all around me and the tune was now "And did those feet..."

I was standing gazing in absolute astonishment, and the sun caught the boy's hair, and it shone red, gold and hung nearly over his shoulders -- and then the boy seemed to look in my direction, and although he didn't see me or say anything to me it was as if he had said "Why don't you be what you could be?" There was something vibrating from him and I felt somehow "filthy" and I wanted to cringe -- but then I felt LOVE surging right through my body and it came from the boy.

I took a step towards them and the whole thing vanished! The wood was there, the fence and growing corn, but I still felt a glow. Who were they?

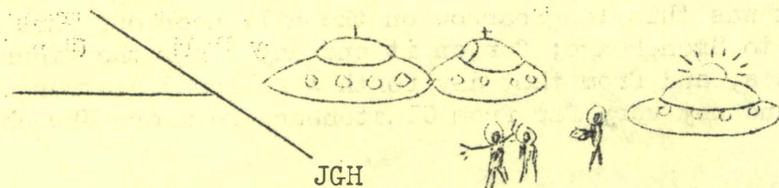
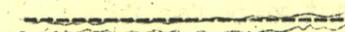
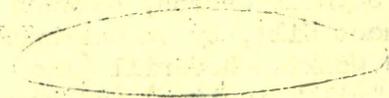
As I made my way homewards across the downs the birds seemed to be singing and chirping "Joseph of Arimathea, Joseph of Arimathea."

I must confess that at this time I hardly knew of Glastonbury and its legends. To me Joseph belonged in the Bible and to the land of the ancient Jews. Not here on the downs! I was puzzled and I asked our Vicar if it would be silly to say that I had seen Joseph There. He shook me when he said that indeed it was not an impossible place to see Joseph, as the Roman road to Old Sarum from the Mendip lead mines ran along through the wood. I didn't say anything about the boy to him. I don't know why! Then he told me that I should go to Glastonbury and had I heard the legends connecting it with Joseph? I found these things out later by getting books from the library and other sources.

But it is only recently that I discovered that a track not far away, connected with the ancient way to Glastonbury and across the opposite direction it linked with Canterbury.

THE LEY ABOUTS

"Don't be silly. Whoever
heard of a circular ley?"



"I was just coming out of
this side-ley, officer..."

The Bedford UFO Society (now known as Interstellar Research) had a caravan near Lords Hill, and I often visited it, and sometimes I would take my dog for a walk along this track, and I had strong impressions of holy men, and people with horses and donkeys, and sometimes while I sat in the living caravan while the boys worked at the instruments in the other caravan I would get very strong impressions of holy men. One day a solitary walker called at the caravan door and asked for a drink of water. I invited him in for tea as he looked tired and dusty. He stayed with us and we took him to Cley hill because he had asked about it as "for the past three days as I walked the green road from Glastonbury that hill dominated me". He told us he was walking along the green roads from Glastonbury to Canterbury!

The place where I saw Joseph and the Boy could be seen from the caravan and Lords Hill! Why hadn't I realized the implication in this name? Another thing, and I hadn't connected this with what I had seen, I had had strong impressions all over the area that people had gathered here; was it all connected? Oh, yes, it all fits -- and I offer it to the world. I now strongly believe that the Boy I saw was the Boy Christ with Joseph of Arimathea. His feet had indeed walked over England's pastures green! I was called out into the Wilderness to find the proof of Christ's visit.

Does the name of Lords Hill, so near to where I had my experience, commemorate the passing through of Christ and Joseph? I wondered about the name before but never connected it until I realized that the track went to Glastonbury. Of course the hill may be named after someone called Lord, but it's something of a strange coincidence, and then we have Cradle Hill, and Star Hill at Warminster. Also Jacob's Ladder and even Heaven's Gate at Longleat. It is said that Handel composed his "Messiah" after a visit to Longleat. Did he "feel" Christ around? Did he sense something that inspired him? There are many paths in the area where I live, and one cannot walk along them without feeling the pull of the past. This is just one of the many puzzles I have "sensed". It is indeed "a tangled ball of fury".

I had misinterpreted the impression I had about being called into the Wilderness like Christ. I was to see Him! There were other strange things which happened as I walked the ancient paths, and I can see a glimmer of light now as to the beginnings of religions. If another Servant of God came among us, He would walk in humility, accepting only food and drink and shelter, and as long as he had clothing for His body He would ask for nothing else for Himself or those who might be with Him. But he would set people helping each other. Beware of those who take money and goods for True Servants of God scorn such things and travel on foot or buses.

One point I'd like to make about this experience of mine, I didn't see a vision, I have had enough experiences now to know that my mind "picks up" things which have happened, and then it is either superimposed as a picture through my eyes, or told to the brain. Joseph didn't come to me -- what I saw was pictures of what had happened. That's what I believe anyway. Either that or I am indeed quite mad'.

POSTSCRIPT: "Since I wrote about what happened at Lords Hill I have found a Gods Hill, at Wincanton in Somerset. Strangely enough there is a Godminster Farm just north of this hill, and this used to be the manor house, so the name is probably quite old. Stranger still, there appears to be a ley running from Gods Hill (taking in the road alongside the hill which goes near the church - Yarlinton - and SW to Podimore Church by West Camel). This ley runs to Bratton Seymour Church, between the church and inn at Stourton, past the fort on White Sheet Hill, by an earthwork on Rodmead Hill, along a bit of road between Kingston and Monkton Deverill (the five Deverill villages are named after a stream as the "rill" implies) and over by Lords Hill, crossing the track where the caravans were, not very far from the spot on the track where they were, over Fytherington Hill and touching or going near Corton Long Barrow. It was this long barrow on the hill near our farm which started me off on the road to Stonehenge; for on it one day I saw the figure of a man dressed in strange clothes, and from that day forth I followed a strange path. Gods Hill is near Cadbury and not very far from Glastonbury Podimore Church

is St Peter, Yarlington Church to the west of Gods Hill is St Mary, and Bratton Seymour to the north east is Holy Trinity. Cley Hill, not far from Lords Hill, is a dragon hill, and I believe Cadbury Castle not far from Gods Hill is another. The farm at Lords Hill is called Lords Hill Farm, not Lord's Farm, so it is named after the hill.

The mystery deepend.

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LANDSCAPE CONCEPTUALISM

by WILLIAM PORTER

An ethnomusicologist friend, Madeau Stewart, with B.B.C. 3 and 4, recently sent a large poster of the Marie Yates Field Workings art exhibition at the Arnolfini Gallery, Bristol, which will be of some interest to ley hunters. The poster shows a panoramic view of the landscape and megaliths of Nine Maidens Stone Circle at Ding Dong in Cornwall, the location being flat plateau land on top of the moors near the sea. For this piece of Landscape Conceptualism, Marie Yates played a flute from the centre of the stone circle, the wind carried the music away -- then silence. The works are basically a series of journeys, that are documented with text, photo, film and recorded tape. Each journey that was documented resulted in some form of dialogue with the landscape, and it is the nature of the dialogues possible which is communicated. These are: the externalisation of orientation techniques, structures, and procedures, models of internal processes, actual experiences faithfully recorded, therefore -- symbolic acts. Marie Yates says they constitute a multilinear survey of the perception of place and some landscapes are so receptive of anything one might do as to be quite inhibiting, until one learns to converse with any skill. The Field Workings exhibition is one of the first to blend ancient landscape art/science to the avant garde advances of conceptualism, and for it Marie Yates was given a grant by the Arts Council. She has spent the past three years working on the project in isolation and describes it as having a many-faceted nature, a complex presentation, but containing a simple core, which demonstrates an attitude of receptivity to the spaces around us, assumed and demonstrated. Of Marie Yates and her work, Roger Vlitos said, "Her work's main capacity is to claim as much attention for the 'container' as for the 'contained', her subject being whatever can be discerned or discovered through in or even near the piece. Her idea is to work for Nature rather than against it; to allow for orientation of something for which a primary recognition could be vastness."

"Nine Maidens" posters may still be available from -- Marie Yates Field Workings Exhibition, W Shed, Canons Road, Bristol 1, Somerset.

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BOOK REVIEWS

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"THE BOOK OF THE DAMNED" -- Charles Fort (Abacus, 60p).

For decades THE BOOK OF THE DAMNED was virtually unobtainable to the English reader. There were, of course, his four books in one volume, or more recently an American import through the modern miracle of headshops. No one except a few enthusiasts had ever heard of it; or Charles Fort. Now because of the availability of this Abacus paperback, I am sure it won't be long before a new generation acknowledges its rightful place (with LO!, NEW LANDS and WILD TALENTS) as one of the key source books of this century. Written as it was before 1919, Fort was the progenitor of much of modern feelings about "science" and the Unknown. The immense range of his subjects, from UFOs (he was the first ever to catalogue and identify the "flap" phenomenon); to sea monsters and survivors from previous ages; to falls of fishes, red rains and huge blocks of ice from the sky; to psychic horrors like the spontaneous combustion of living beings; he

was the first to realise the relationship of poltergeist activity to pubescent children; he coined the word teleportation; and pointed out ancient and anomalous artifacts that suggested history was not quite as we were taught; and so many more. If these seem commonplace ideas, familiar now, like life on other worlds and planes, then this is almost certainly because Fort, single-handedly, laid the foundations for the von Danikens, Drakes, and Keels, the Pauwels & Bergiers, and the Steigers and Edwards, whose books we now read.

Fort (1874-1932) gave 26 years to the collection of over 40,000 items gleaned from newspapers, journals and periodicals. He delighted both in unorthodox sources and in the accounts of "impossible" events in normally staid magazines -- because his criteria for acceptance was not respectability, but simply that the damned thing kept turning kept turning up time and again. 40,000 "hell hounds jibing", which show how in this relative universe one thing can easily merge away into something else -- and the fallacies of artificial divisions, the definitions, theories and categories that man imposes.

We are sure that Fort knew little of orthodox philosophy, and less of oriental ones -- and yet his scientific nihilism more nearly approximates to the fundamental concepts of early Taoism and Buddhist Madhyamika. Quite independently he has matched their profundity, simplicity and humour. Above all, a humour which can only stem from true humility and an inner balance. In his introduction, Thayer says: "He laughed as he wrote, as he read, as he thought: he roared at his subject, guffawed at the pretensions of its serious practitioners, chortled at their errors, howled at their inconsistencies, chuckled at his readers, snickered at his correspondents, (and) smiled at his own folly for engaging in such a business...."

You may remember the Ace paper edition, which, on its splendid and fittingly lurid cover, proclaimed "To read Charles Fort is to ride the tail of a comet". It is true. The book has a way of drawing to it those who will benefit most. The comet's tail, like the alchemists's fire will transmute you -- or do nothing to you. There is a time for comet riding. The rest is a love affair, with a man, and a book of his thoughts; deeply personal and of lasting substance. Fortean concepts have passed into common circulation -- now you can listen to the old iconoclast himself. He wrote for us. "If now affairs upon this earth be fluttering upon the edge of a new era, and I give expression to coming thoughts of that era, thousands of other minds are changing, and all of us will take on new thoughts concordantly, and see as important evidence, (the) piffle of the past." Read Thayer's introduction first, then plunge right in. Join the procession of the damned; the stamp of their feet; the measure of his poetry and vision....you'll march along....keep on passing....and you won't come back. -- Bob Rickard.

"TIMELESS EARTH" -- Peter Kolosimo (Garnstone Press, £2-95)

With astonishment I noted from a Sunday Times review recently that even J. Hawkes now acknowledges that sporadic sea trips to America were made from Europe before C. Columbus voyaged into the unknown. Peter Kolosimo's vast network of transoceanic cruising may, however, strain even the most hardened diffusionist: Canaanites in Brazil; Greeks in Haiti; Vikings in Minnesota. Not that I disbelieve it all.... Mr K. takes the reader through evolution, giants, Atlantis, prehistoric spaceships, Piri Reis Map, Easter Island, Lemuria, Churchward, Gt. Pyramid, Nazca -- Sounds familiar territory don't it?? To those who've ploughed through von Daniken, Charroux, Berlitz and Uncles Pauwels, Bergier & Son it's repetitive and unoriginal. If lost civilizations are new ground then it's a fair introduction. Where it scores best is on illustrations, but as a whole it totally lacks vision and is very much third rate.

"ANCIENT STONE CROSSES OF ENGLAND" -- Alfred Rimmer (Garnstone Press, £2-50)

Before Liverpool produced the Beatles, the city bore Alfred Rimmer. Mr Rimmer had a distinguished career and published 11 books and died in 1893. In 1875 the book which concerns us was published. It has character and is a period piece.

Having researched a book on Northumbrian dragon legends (the book has, incidentally, been accepted), I sifted through many such 19th. Century tomes and found them a great pleasure. This particular book will give the reader joy, and is a major record of the ancient stone crosses of England, with many illustrations.

Much of the book's charm is in its style, which is rustic and dignified, but not without humour (A Cistercian abbot being found to have "one more wife than would be allowed even to a layman, and two more than an ecclesiastic ought to have, as the chronicler relates"). Another charming yet disarming, yet quirky characteristic is his veering off at tangents, as when discussing Shepton Mallet Cross he notes that a dissenting minister there once had the "curious idea that he had no rational soul, but was merely an unconscious atom..."

The form is a series of essays covering weeping, memorial, boundary, and market forces, etc.

It is a worthy reprint by Garnstone Press which deserves a place on all ley hunters' shelves.

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(Continued from Page 1)

That night I spent several hours alone on Cley Hill and John stayed alone on Cradle Hill. Although it was a fine night with a full moon the magical atmosphere of the last visit was gone. I have a theory that the power from the leys must flow in pulses and that we arrived the other week "between pulses" so to speak. This could possibly account for the marked change in atmosphere, from being charged and alive at one time to an apparent deadness at another.

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LETTER

LETTER

From JIMMY GODDARD, Addlestone.

I feel I must write regarding your comment in the last paragraph of your review of Arthur Shuttlewood's book. Your implication seems to be that I in some way induced the author and people in general to believe that I was editor of The Ley Hunter in order to take away credit from Philip Heselton and Ken Rogers. The truth is that the matter is the other way around. I have never claimed editorship of the magazine to anyone at any time, and even the issue that I did produce single-handed between the two editorships carried my name as Acting editor. This in spite of the fact that both editors had to be almost bullied by me into taking the matter on, and when they did they merely typed the stencils (i.e. arranging the material etc.) leaving to me the work of duplicating, distributing, answering of correspondence, receiving articles in many cases and correcting spelling mistakes etc. Had it been left to them, there never would have been The Ley Hunter then, and even if you had started one now you would not have had the legacy of a ready-made subscription list (albeit small) and immediate contact with authors of ley articles. The last sentence in the paragraph is completely unnecessary, as the question of the previous editors has no relevance to the present day or to Arthur Shuttlewood's book. There was no need to mention me at all in fact, all that was necessary being to say that the magazine's address as given was out of date. I would be grateful if you would print this letter in the next issue, as I would like to clear myself of your implied allegations, which must be obvious to anyone reading the review.

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MISCELLANY.....: ESSEX -- P.R. Finbow, of 32 Hythe Hill, Colchester, Essex, would like to contact others interested in leys and megaliths in his area....STONE AGE ART -- Paul Devereux and Richard Caston have an exhibition, "Prehistoric Cosmology: an English revelation", scheduled for Düsseldorf from Nov. 7 to 23.....OMEN -- Several correspondents report uneasiness and awe at coming of comet Kohoutek.....  
..FANGS FOR THE MEMORY -- Vampire bats bit a man to death in a cave near Mexico City while he searched an ancient Indian site for archaeological treasures...BEACKER FOLK -- In The Times of Oct. 6 a reader complained that at the Chinese Exhibition his usual cup and saucer had been replaced by a paper beaker.....

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