

Extraordinary Surrey and Its Borders - Areas of High Strangeness: An Alternative Travel Guide

By Ken Parsons

Chapter 1: Who is this book for? Identifying the Audience

Chapter 2: Reading the Landscape: Navigating the terrain; exploring the Bat's Hogsty, Long Valley, Aldershot, Hampshire, (and a dozen miles away) the enigma of the Bat's Hogstye in Chobham, Surrey; unravelling the puzzling name connection. Delving into the region's mystique, sacred sites, and the intriguing nexus of UFOs and Ley Lines.

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Chapter 1-Who is this book for? (And why?)



It is said that a new generation rarely learns from the past; then I guess this book is for the more mature mind; those who prefer to take a route now less travelled; individuals who wish to envisage times past and blot out the hive mind mentality, 'woke' ideology/crippled history promoted today.

Think outside *the box of convention*, and instead, contemplate what might lay forgotten on either side of that road; especially our opener, the busy A31.

Amidst the mundania, there are sites and places of great mystique to be found.

Amongst a maze of footpaths, hedges, tracks, field boundary fences, can be found a treasure trove of mystical places and hotspots, where paranormal beliefs and lore add an air of mystique.

So, venture forth and explore the olden ways, where dragon-slaying metaphors and tales of the inexplicable existed side by side; and while there, keep a keen eye out for the whimsical sight of a flying witch on her trusty broomstick.

On a more serious note, some words of caution; believe it or not, as you read this, up to a thousand wild boar are said to be freely roaming more remote parts of the Surrey Hills woodlands here, adding an element of untamed wonder for the more adventurous soul.

The journey promises a blend of magic, history, and the unexpected, all waiting to be unveiled.

The thoroughfare running along the **Hog's Back** is ancient, and in earlier times its raised position offered travellers a vantage point, plus also kept them above the thick primeval woodland of the valleys on either side.



Suffice to say for now, that much of the area was once a hotspot for *occult practices – and *the church* seems to have carried out a systematic attempt to eliminate such *evil forces* in the Surrey Hills and Hampshire Borders area by surrounding these places with certain, specifically-dedicated, holy building constructions. *The word ‘occult’ simply means *hidden knowledge*

Chapter 2 - Intro - Reading the Landscape



What you are about to read isn't an idea that has just been pulled out of the air, or a concept that is only in the mind; this is a proposal based on some pretty good research and historical confirmation.

Really, I have decided to tackle a controversial matter which may not appeal to everyone. Some, possibly, will not be able to get their heads around it at all, and many may choose to dismiss anything so seemingly bizarre.

Doubtless, one or two people will simply not read this discourse thoroughly either; rather, they will skip, flick, and 'eye scan' pages; which is a pity, because in doing so they will miss many important pieces of evidence which help to form the bigger picture.

Regardless, here I go.

Part of the road running from London to Winchester is the A31 dual carriageway; but the highway differs from most others in the UK in at least one respect; this road isn't just a number - it has an identifying name also and is listed as **the Hog's Back**.

People might ask, why is the A31 called the Hog's Back? Because basically, it is a narrow, elongated ridge.

It's not contemporary either, archaeologists have unearthed evidence of a road running along here since Roman times.

The Popular Dictionary of English Place Names has it being first given this title in 1823, yet Wikipedia states that Jane Austen, in a letter to her sister Cassandra, dated Thursday 20 May 1813 from her brother's house in Sloane Street, wrote of her journey to London in a curricule via "the Hog's-back". "Upon the whole it was an excellent journey & very thoroughly enjoyed by me; the weather was delightful the greatest part of the day... I never saw the country from the Hogsback so advantageously."

That shows it was known as the 'Hog's Back' by Jane Austen's time; however, I know for a fact that it has been acknowledged as the Hog's Back much earlier than normally claimed, because I have seen it detailed as such on a map from the 1700's, examined by me at the **Surrey History Centre**, Woking!

Someone's either telling 'porkies' or they haven't done their homework!

I have established this name to at least the 1700's; and it is on the cards, the date for this Hogs Back title could even predate that by a century or two!

It is no uncommon thing to find the early history of a place neatly packed into its name; unpack the name, and you have the opening chapters of some real history... not the faux stuff they are teaching these days.

The internet tells us, the Hog's Back gives its name to the geomorphological landform known as a Hogback, which is a long, slim ridge or series of hills with a narrow crest and steep slopes of nearly equal inclination on both flanks.

Be that as it may, let me tell you, I am not terribly happy with the 'official' single explanation as to why the A31 is so named; in fact, **I feel strongly there is actually more than one explanation.**

As it turned out, the Hog territory discussed in this work, contains plenty of monuments, mainly megalithic in date, although lots of later pagan sites are also evident; I am not alone in the opinion that the A31 road owes its unusual designation to more than just an indistinct spine appearance.

As a person interested in mysteries, I had sometimes mused over this unconventional title of Hog's Back, but never really got around to looking into the matter in any great depth.

Invariably, the problem was a lack of time, with work commitments always having to take precedence; but following a couple of major visual UFO Encounters that both myself, my partner Hilary, our daughter Sally along with a friend, experienced whilst overlooking this area in 2007...

<http://www.beamsinvestigations.org/Hogs%20Back%202007%20UFO%20Sighting1.html>

and 2015,

<http://www.beamsinvestigations.org/Strange%20Craft%20Recorded%20Over%20Farnborough,%20Hants,%20UK%2027The%20Magic%20Kingdom%27%20-%202007%2009%2015.htm>

... things changed forever!

I already knew of some incredible sightings made by others in these parts; not only of UFOs, but all kinds of weird and wonderful happenings; and that combination of occurrences really fired me up.

Just what was it about this region? I had to find out more.

My new priority was to embark upon a major research project.

Just skimming the surface to begin with... the more I delved - the more I found.

And what I learned from it all absolutely blew me away!

A note for all new explorers; do not visit the hog with aesthetically high expectations, as one will be hit by plenty of disappointment; built-over spots, monotonous brick housing estates and that type of thing... boring, boring, boring; but don't be put-off by such modern constructions – if you know where to look... how to look, (and with practice, one can develop a 'feeling' for the past, a sixth sense) there are still plenty of clues to be found; every so often, some nice surprises await!

While conducting various initial archival explorations, it soon became apparent that entries about the Hog's Back in popular Place Name Dictionaries were not at all reliable; it might be said that most were more in the way of conjecture and guesswork, as in reality, very little in the way of historical record existed concerning its origins.

For example, the most common reason given in reference works usually read something like this; *its name came about due to the shape of the road, and how it is constructed on "a narrow, elongated ridge", 'just like the spine of a hog', and that is how its title 'probably' came about sometime in the 19th century.*

Note how the records are specific here. Why say that it looks like the back of a hog? Well, at a distance, from one or two angles, this road does bear a slight resemblance to the spine of a creature; but why a Hog? it could be another large animal type... such as a cow or a bull; and the answer, as you will learn shortly, is that much of the area was once concerned with pig-keeping and boar hunting!

Archaeological remains are a good indication.

Wikipedia, (the free online encyclopaedia, although not always to be trusted) warns that “although the origin of many place names is now forgotten, it is often possible to establish likely meanings through consideration of early forms of the name.”

Slightly off-putting was *A Revision of the Ancient Woodland Inventory for Surrey Project* (carried out by Robert Davies, Victoria Benstead-Hume and Matthew Grose January 2009 to June 2011), in which it can be read *unfortunately place-name scholars often disagree as to the precise meaning of a name, with some assigning quite different topographic associations to the same term.* However, I soon learned that **some academic works, (earlier the better) can, with caution, be used as a guide to help reconstruct the landscape.**

For example, ‘leah’ or ‘ley’ refers to a woodland glade or clearing, ‘den’ (or even Celtic ‘Don’. ... Den(n): Pig pasture) to a woodland swine pasture and ‘hyrst’ or ‘hurst’ to a wood or a grove especially one on a hill.

The disadvantage is, many topographic place names probably relate to features which were atypical, and therefore distinctive, rather than describing the general situation.

Locality names, (names within neighbourhoods) and those *changed* in form to create new meanings, can provide more in the way of answers.

In its blurb, the Hog’s Back brewery says they take their name “from **the nearby Hog’s Back, a ridge of hills that looks just like a hog lying down**”.



Photo: Profile shot of the Hogs Back road.

Yes, I can just about see where they are coming from with the ‘Hog’ vibe.



Detail showing part of the Hog's Back c 1603

In medieval times the Hog's Back was a trading and pilgrim route between Farnham and Guildford, but now it is less glamorously known as the A31."

My inquisitive mind was left a tad unsatisfied.

Standing on part of the North Downs in Surrey, the Hog's Back is raised 154 m. at its maximum prominence and looks out over a region of magnificent natural beauty, where stunning views extend right out to The Devil's Punchbowl; it is the 24th highest hill in Surrey.

When the idea of the Pilgrim's Way to Canterbury was popularised in the nineteenth century, a route over the southern slopes of the Hog's Back, parallel with the ridgeway and running through Seale and Puttenham, was incorporated in its course. In order to avoid the A31 however, the Pilgrims' Way does not run along the top of the Hog's Back.

The AA Road Map Puzzle Book, says of the A31 title, "at some point in history it must have reminded someone of the back of a pig, though I don't know when the current name came into being."

Toponymy and Etymology

Toponymy is the study of place titles, their origins, meanings, and use - and **Etymology** is the history of words.

Using these two branches of research, I began a comprehensive study of local designation roots, and how their form and meanings may have changed over time.

Regarding the rather oddball/metaphysically related things that I tend to search for, reference books on English place names proved to be about as much help as the proverbial chocolate teapot; they usually 'suggested' possibilities of what names meant; “possibly” this, and “possibly” that, “probably” this and “probably” that.

Here is Part 1 of a peculiarity that raised my suspicions... about the ‘fake’ history we are often presented with.

Located in remote woodlands in Aldershot, Long Valley, Hampshire on our area in focus, is the curiously titled 'Bats Hogsty'... an ancient earthwork system which consists of several lines of strange banks and ditches covering half an acre of land.



Narrow ditch in southern part of Bat's Hogsty, Long Valley, Aldershot

Incidentally, this site is much more difficult to access these days due to the military having erected a road barrier to stop people going through this area, (the woods to the right-hand side of what is known as the ‘Aldershot Arena’) which was, previously, an extremely good sky watching spot for UFOlogists.



Another view of The Bats Hogsty (note the spelling) – Long Valley, Aldershot

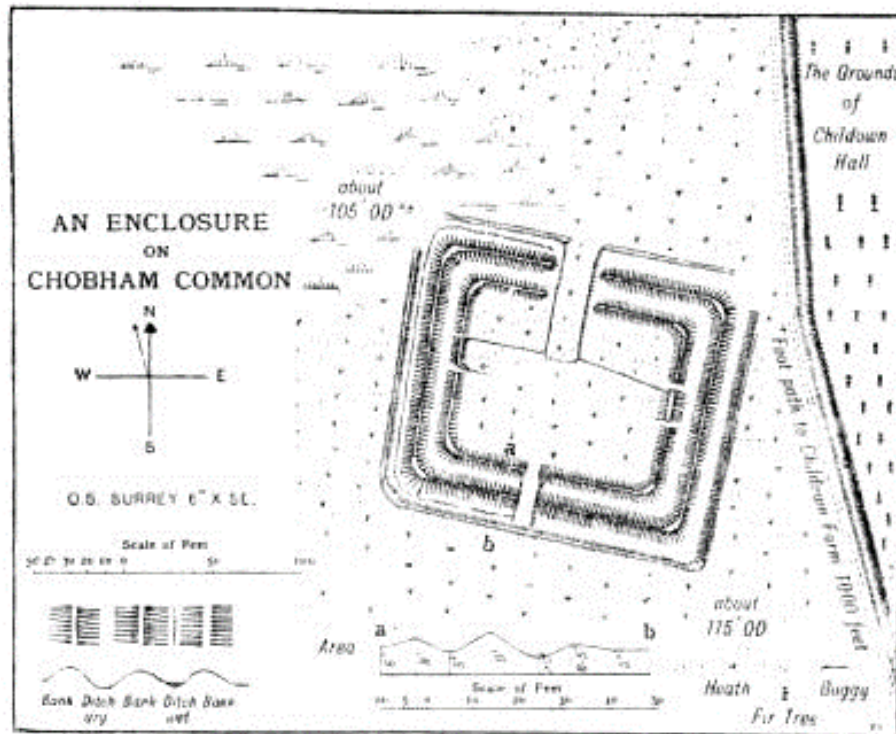
Located in remote woodlands, the curiously named 'Bats Hogsty' is an ancient earthwork system, which consists of several lines of odd banks and ditches covering half an acre of land. It is likely that this set-up was used for herding swine as the acquired Hogs Sty, (Pig Pen) title indicates; and the latest suggestion by scholars as to how this name ever came about, is that 'Bat' was likely enough 'an important local person, and the construction was dedicated to him. [More: https://www.megalithic.co.uk/article.php?sid=30691](https://www.megalithic.co.uk/article.php?sid=30691)

Until recently, archaeologists were somewhat puzzled as to what this site could have originally been constructed for.

Is it, as the acquired Hogs Sty title indicates, – merely an early Pig Pen?

One would have thought so; and the latest suggestion by scholars as to how the first part of this name ever came about, is that 'Bat' may have been an important local person, and the construction was dedicated to him.

Part 2: Now get this: 'Bat' sure must have been a popular name in times long ago, because, (almost unbelievably) **there is another similarly named earthwork called the Bats Hogstye to be found just 12 miles or so away at Chobham, Surrey!** *And not to be confused with another comparable place name, that of Cobham, also in Surrey!*



Above, is an archaeological diagram of the Bats Hogstye – Sow Moor, Chobham

Part 3 (Final part here): **According to Eric Gardner, M.B. (CANTAB.), F.S.A, the Chobham Bat's Hogstye is nowhere near as old as it's Aldershot counterpart, and so for me, this significant age difference between the two sites suggests that 'Bat' was NOT a person's name after all, and far more likely to have been a remembrance of an *ancient deity!**

*Further research has failed to reveal any widely recognized ancient deity specifically named “Bat.” It's possible that **there might be local or lesser-known deities associated with “Bat” in certain cultural or mythological contexts, or the concept may have gained recognition after that time.**

Please excuse me if I come across as not believing some of the mystification that historians and their like are regurgitating parrot-fashion – but I don't, simple-as; do they think that people are stupid and were born yesterday?

Why can't these “experts” be honest and make it plain? that over time, the original and obvious meanings of some words have been lost.

And the vague listings continued... *‘possibly land owned by a man called’ [so and so], ‘probably a woodland clearing of a man called’ [such and such], ‘or that of his followers’.*

Chapter 3: Place names cannot always be trusted

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I soon came to appreciate that those titles backed up by documentations in the Domesday Book (DB), Britain's earliest public record, can be important as far as derivation was concerned.

For this, ruler of the time King William “*sent his men all over England into every shire.*”

They "...made a survey of all England; of the lands in each of the counties; of the possessions of each of the magnates, their lands, their habitations, their men, both bond and free, living in huts or with their own houses or land; of ploughs, horses and other animals; of the services and payments due from each and every estate.

Also, he had a record made of how much land his Archbishops had, and his Bishops and his Abbots and his Earls, and ... what or how much everybody had who was occupying land in England, in land or cattle, and how much money it was worth.

...there was no single hide nor a yard of land, nor indeed one ox nor one cow nor one pig which was there left out: and all these records were brought to him afterwards."

To be fair, lots of other place name entries are straightforward enough; many self-explanatory, and no one would disagree with the authors' assessments; patently though, scholars who wrote about the more obscure place name origins were fumbling in the dark, and it is doubted that records even exist of these 'probable' men, because, if any of this was known for sure, and these authors had obtained proof, (say again from the Domesday Book) then they wouldn't keep using terminology that means *by the merest chance, perhaps or maybe.*

If they didn't know the answer for sure, then why not just leave these entries blank? but then again, what else would they have left to fill the void of the undiscovered?

It must be assumed that they had to *pad* their books out somehow.

Quite frankly though, *guestimations* like these were not acceptable to me as they stood.

Next, I personally consulted a couple of university academics about the matter and learned more; and straight from the *horses' mouth* I had my suspicions confirmed.

I was told in no uncertain terms that, apart from explanations about common generic forms in place titles like *'Ham' = 'farm', 'house' or 'homestead', and that sort of thing, quite a few entries in Place Name Dictionaries are unreliable and can't be entirely trusted.

Often, the 'iffy' ones, are merely a matter of speculation and assumption.

***For your own research you must double check whatever is stated, because 'ham' for example, does not always mean 'farmstead' etc.: and here is another real 'doozy', (as they say in the States) 'stoke' doesn't always mean 'house', 'farm' or 'hamlet'. It is derived from the common Anglo-Saxon word 'stoc', sometimes implying a holy place... therefore, there are various possibilities - something that I am likely to repeat again further on, just as a reminder.**

It became clear, many positions are not recorded in any surviving documents.

Fact is, lots of place names came into being before official records began, that is why there is so much uncertainty amongst today's students of the subject; in the absence of written evidence, and/or if something does not fit the *official* narrative, second-guessing and downright fabrication can rear their ugly heads.

Remember, this is about asking questions and not simply accepting what we are told, (or *sold*).

According to local dialect, heaps of place names have been spelled in various ways at different times and disparate contexts.

Enough have also become corrupted and altered over the centuries.

During 1476, William Caxton introduced the printing press, and ultimately changed the standard dialect throughout England; but before then, and to some extent even in following eras, folk tended to spell phonetically, as back then, people wrote words how they were pronounced.

***Likewise, we should consider improper OE, speech variation such as altered syntax and colloquial or regional word choices.**

***At best, it must be considered that mainstream 'English' of the early time periods, (the lack of education meaning worse pronunciation of names thereof) geographic isolation, and many 'sub-dialect/languages', would mean that certain indigenous names of unowned public locations and spaces have, in all likelihood, been lost, subsequently 'misunderstood' or are being overlooked altogether; and perhaps deliberately so.**

Large numbers of place titles have been compounded, thus, in essence, they are corruptions of words and names that appear to have become obsolete some time ago. The trouble I find, it is the latter century titles, habitually *fabricated for land privatization by nobility, (added simply to suit the wealthy landlords of that era) which were/are mostly employed by Etymologists in their examinations. ***Extract taken from Ley Lines & Earth Energies - The Rediscovery of a Lost Wisdom. A number of location titles can be found like this, Old English words formed phonetically, and which were so named as a recognition of the previous usage, owners, dwellers etc.**

Even natural landscape features, (which were once held in high esteem by those of pagan communities) sometimes played a part in the naming of land areas... a factor often overlooked by many of today's historical researchers.

At this time, it is almost as if, certain uncomfortable connections are being glossed over by many compilers of English Place Name books; feasibly as it doesn't fit in with the task assigned to them, or they are unaware of doing so.

In effect, certain contributors may have been, (and still are) subtly changing community history – erasing important sections of the past, with our distant social history being portrayed, (at least partially) as a Disneyfication of what it essentially was, at its roots.

It is an inescapable fact also, mankind's 'history', (HIS-STORY) itself is, to some extent, just a 'story', dictated by whichever victor was in power at any given time, set out according to their desires.

Besides, in the 16th and 17th centuries, individuals with Wiccan inclinations held straightforward beliefs. Their convictions were rooted in a profound trust of mystical and supernatural forces. These spiritually attuned groups naturally gravitated towards principles centred on magic. The foundational tools of natural magic during this era were the elements of earth, fire, air, and water, later complemented by aether. To practitioners of this and earlier ages, stones were viewed as 'living rocks,' water from streams was considered 'alive,' and anything born of *the living earth* was believed to possess an inherent power. The magical qualities of these elements awaited only the intentional focus of the believer to come to life.

Staunch Christians back then spoke and wrote about witchcraft in an abusively disparaging manner; it was vilified until wiccan became a misjudged religion.

Nevertheless, ‘wise’ folk continued with their customs, but more out-of-the-way; free from the likelihood of vile accusations being heaped on innocent women's heads; free of having to face *The Inquisition*; free from charges that had no relevance to the traditional practice of witchcraft... as any modern-day student of world religion could verify.

Warring, such as the Norman Conquest, resulted in some re-naming of our monasteries, castles, estates etc.; this, combined with poverty, pestilence and social upheaval have each caused a further transmogrification of distant folk memories.

So (and despite being largely glossed-over by some academics, misrepresented in fantasies, and then copy pasted by the media) my research shows, that is the way things once were – especially in rural settings.

Ordinarily, society’s attitude was far different than the over-rationalised mind-set of today.

How many readers realise for example, that in those times, bridges, (built to span a physical obstacle, such as a body of water) were sometimes endowed with consecrated chapels?

People of old, believed in powers bigger than them; with the superstition of prayer as their only hope of exercising at least a little control.

Now, with that out in the open, the reader can envisage what a battle it has been in tracking down the type of uncommon, verboten information, I am writing about.

Secretly though, this knowledge still lived/lives on, as it was/is passed down to protection groups over the years. For instance, look closely and you will see how many revered concerns, invariably used/use what is called earth or sacred geometry in their building arrangements.

Pagan communities harboured great regard for planet earth; yes, it was a hard life, further blighted by fear and shrouded in superstition, but from everything learned, they had the kind of respect that many in this present age of cynicism and self-destruction, might do well to learn from.

Many held a faith in **simulacra**, from *Latin: *simulacrum* which means “similarity”- a phenomenon first recorded in the English language during the late 16th century; this was used to describe for example, something like a natural rock formation or piece of wood that seemed to have the outline of a face or observed patterns that vaguely represented familiar objects or figures. ***Latin is the purest language; English is full of deception.**

Some modern literature cites specific examples of geographical simulacra, anything with a vague semblance of something familiar: and it is known how many indigenous peoples, (natives of any country) who were basically animistic, highly revered and treasured such features in their topography, so kindly provided by mother nature.

I suspect it is the activities that once went on here, regarding an early belief in the sacredness of the earth and its energies, which is evident, that former relationship between mind and matter, between substance and attribute, and between potentiality and actuality.

If I am way off the mark here, then why does this area enclose far more ancient, secret, mystical, (and that includes both sites, and human detections of paranormal phenomena) and sacred positions per square mile, than might be expected to be found ordinarily at random?

Chapter 4: Partaking of the waters and UFOs + The Occam's Razor fallacy

Chapter 4: *Partaking of the waters* and UFOs + The Occam's Razor fallacy



As a researcher of many decades, I know it's most rare to find such a wealth of surprises in one limited expanse of land; and statistically, way too much to be 'accidental', 'coincidental', call it what one may.

'Miracle' Wells and Springs in these parts are abundant – the result of Earth's natural water cycle.

Such a high concentration of hallowed places could be the result of a combination of factors; *providence, kismet and what might be termed subconscious siting. *This can be where the correct place at which to dowse for a water source, construct a temple or whatever, is decided upon using instinct/and or dowsing methods to locate prime land which enjoyed flows of positive earth energy.

As a dowser myself, it must be pointed out that these 'flows' are a normal, but little understood/little discussed part of nature.

This vigour, which the Chinese refer to as “Chi” and go by many different names throughout the world, is termed “Ley Line energy” in Britain. The lines of sensitivity are simply called “Leys,” and many pagan shrines and temples were clearly laid out along them. Post-medieval site continuity was achieved in many grounds by raising subsequent religious buildings above earlier ones.

Archaeological digs and some historical records also seem to confirm that sacred site continuity was intentional; whether this may have been with intention of site conversion from pagan to Christian, subconscious siting, both, or even mere convenience, remains a thorny issue.

Whatever critics choose to say, these places of wonder do tend to radiate some kind of 'kick', an often- demonstrable current.

Away from our area briefly just to illustrate my point; and even on the Smithsonian TV Channel, (screened early in 2020) television and radio presenter/comedy-writer Clive Anderson, successfully detected such energies when trying his hand at dowsing at the Rollright standing stones on the borders of Oxfordshire and Warwickshire.

I watched this programme, and Clive was clearly dumfounded by the reactions of his dowsing rods as he approached the ancient stone circle; for it was plain to

see, the old cynic himself didn't think that for one moment dowsing was going to work... yet it did!

No wonder these and other such places have fired people's imaginations for thousands of years, because for some, (as the Smithsonian admitted) they "mark the spot of an unseen natural energy source."

It might seem quite absurd to most in today's high-tech age, this concept of primeval burial mounds, standing stones and churches having been constructed, (often thousands of years apart) with some kind of mystical connecting ritual in mind... lines spanning in all points of the compass across the world; yet such an idea is precisely what dozens of very influential pioneers have suggested.

'Ley' is a subtle energy, often barely detectable on scientific gadgets, but far better located using Dowsing Rods, and can travel over or through the ground, and understood to be geologically generated in nature.

Forbidden details were conveyed between people, and even recorded during those dangerous ages; but sadly, the *meat* of such beliefs and practises, often coded, became crammed between the *bread* of flowery writing, folklore, and superstition.

Taking the proposal, a stage further, it must be assumed that any *sacred land* where unusual, miraculous happenings occurred (and that applies to above so below) would be sustained through the careful positioning on its boundaries of temples, trackways, fences, ditches, and small constructions, often incorporating tree markers, mounds, wells etc.

Following two major UFO experiences that both my partner and I enjoyed whilst watching over this area, both of us became curious... wondering just why it was, that the UFOs chose this particular location to make an appearance and put on such a spectacular show for us.



30 09 2016 - Approx. 2.00 pm
Captured on the Hog's Back, Surrey, UK (Simple enlargement of object)

Contrary to what some may think, UFOs certainly exist, as evidenced by our own report site <http://www.beamsinvestigations.org/ufo-reports.html> where 100's of thought-provoking pictures & videos are submitted to us and displayed there every year. Largely taken by amateur photographers, these contain phenomena that are 'alien' to our understanding; but that simply means they can't be identified or explained by our current, (outdated) aeronautical and scientific knowledge.

The UFO phenomenon has been documented throughout human history, and ufology - the study of unexplained flying objects by individuals who think they may be of extraordinary origin, is a fascinating field to pursue. The only annoyance I have is that some people insist on watching these captures on their phones, even though we think that to properly study recorded evidence, one should always view this type of material on a decent-sized screen - such as a tablet, laptop, monitor, etc., wherever possible; by relying purely on small phone screens, people are missing so much.

Of course, the question is where do these objects, (the real UFOs) come from? well, it is suggested that some may involve visitations from other “realities” or “dimensions” that coexist separately alongside our own.

This is not necessarily an alternative to the extra-terrestrial hypothesis, (ETH) both could be true simultaneously.

French secret services, former director says: UFOs come from parallel worlds!

For the first time, the former head of the French Directorate-General for Foreign Security, (DGSE) an intelligence agency, has addressed the UFO problem as something out of this world and dimension.

Alain Juillet, a former agent, and director of French intelligence, in a recent interview has said rather controversial things about the UFO phenomenon. It is the first time that an ex-intelligence agent, (then a senior government official), openly addresses the issue of unidentified flying objects, recognizing their existence and external nature on this planet.

Which shows that I am far from alone in my concept of interdimensional alien visitation.

Perhaps this first example is one such case.

2008 Hogs Back Disc UFO: By a witness who wishes to remain anonymous.

“I was due to attend a tap-dancing class at St John's Hall, Cove, and I had just watched something strange fly over the village, which seemed to come from the Fernhill Road area; I saw this quite clearly.

I came in the door of the hall after observing it, (and knowing how an unidentified, triangular craft had been seen over the area, on-and-off for a few years now, by various people) I felt it safe to mentioned to my friends what I had just seen.

Overhearing this, my dance teacher said, “what, another one!”

That's interesting she exclaimed, and then she told me about a mother and daughter who attended one of her other classes, who revealed to her all about an unnerving experience which they just had where they live along the Hog's Back.

They said, they were about to leave their house for the dance class, when suddenly, a sizeable, disc-shaped object appeared over their home.

Both mum and her daughter were freaked out by the sight but observed what they could of this UFO hanging low in the sky.

The pair could only make out parts of its underside, which seemed dull with no features; and try as they might to get a better look, they were only able to see 'the craft' from certain angles through their windows.

They were far too frightened to even step outside and had to wait for this thing to go, which it eventually did, after what 'seemed like a lifetime'; then they dashed out to the car and made their journey, still very shaken.

The witnesses are not sure how the object departed, whether it flew away or simply vanished; all they knew is one moment it was there, next it had gone... much to their relief.

They arrived at the class late and very shaken, but the daughter eventually got on with her dancing, though still obviously disturbed by what had taken place.”
[End]

In my opinion, there is no hard-core evidence for the assumption that all reliable witness observations of ‘alien’ objects, beings or creatures can be attributed to extra-terrestrial visitation.

A far greater and more logical point of derivation would be INNER SPACE.

Thus, perhaps, we should be thinking more in terms of Trans-Dimensional visitations involving energies, figures and creatures appearing from other dimensions, parallel worlds and universes, whose doorways, (also known as windows) co-exist with our own material plane and space time, (though on a different frequency or level of molecular and atomic vibration) only to be seen when certain circumstances permit.

Back to our investigation again... and as a researcher who had long been interested in ancient grounds and earth mysteries, I began to ponder, **was there something unusual about the very Hog’s Back area itself?** Learning to read maps is useful, but one could say it was more about **learning to read the landscape!**

Trigonometry points have always helped man in marking out the landscape and map creation, with this long-forgotten vintage example discovered, (would you believe it of all places?) covered by brambles in a hedgerow along the Hog's Back A31 road!



**Note this trig point's symbol on the right, located between the 'O' and the 'S' which is supposed to represent an arrow pointing up. For many though it resembles two lines going to a horizon point!
Images courtesy of trigpointing.uk**

I will forever be at odds with many academics, but as the bends and curves in certain country routes still testify, early in the 20th century, back roads/lanes, (now termed second class and minor) in particular, were sympathetically developed around the lesser-known archaeological sites, landscape markers and other features wherever possible.

With a sense of duty, rather than sacrificing and tarmacking over, (as tends to be the case with the Highways Agency of today) road planners would ensure that our records of bygone times be built close to, rather than over, leaving certain unclassified features from previous epochs untouched by modern road-building machinery.

There are numerous contemporary examples where hedges, destroyed when roads have been widened for the first time in their life of perhaps more than a thousand years, have been replanted, but repositioned further back.

This letter from the Highways Agency concerning the proposed route for the Newbury Bypass in 1996, shows the dilemma faced by planners when trying to protect our history...

"Any route for the bypass would be likely to encounter a variety of archaeological remains, including some of national importance... there would be little purpose in arguing for the established line to be changed in order to avoid one set of archaeological sites, only then to have to respond to a different set of sites..."

During these constructions, countless varieties of wildlife and flora are also eliminated for the convenience of tarmac surfacing.

Travelling towards Leatherhead, we have Headley. I find it more than a bit curious how this name Manor of *Hallega* (the literal meaning of which is ‘a clearing with heather’) is so close to the Old English word *Halig* which meant ‘holy’. Halig from Proto-Germanic *hailagaz (“holy, bringing health”), from Proto-Germanic *hailaz (“healthy”), equivalent to hāl (“whole”) + -ig. This suggests to me that the free land of Hallega, (Headley) was so-named long before the manor was built there.

Surrey Archaeological Society’s Bulletin 476 states... in 2019 a test-pit was dug by archaeologists in the grounds of an old house in Rowhurst, Leatherhead, revealing that “the brick structure was built over a very substantial flint and rubble square basement of unknown date: some have suggested a 16th century date, others medieval or much earlier. Attached to one side is the timber-frame part which includes the timber dated to 1346. Finds from within the house include a Bellarmino witch-bottle.” ... a further indicator of occult practices once having been prevalent throughout the region; more on this later.

Ockham, and its former megalithic stone marks/marked the Fetcham springs.

Tales of Old Surrey by Matthew Alexander, (curator of Guildford Museum) speaks of a ‘tunnel’ which was said to run from Ockham; a product of myth makers for the dim-witted? or a message concerning something else, passed down the centuries, which has become inexact over time?

Ockham, a name that has several meanings...

Is Ockham...

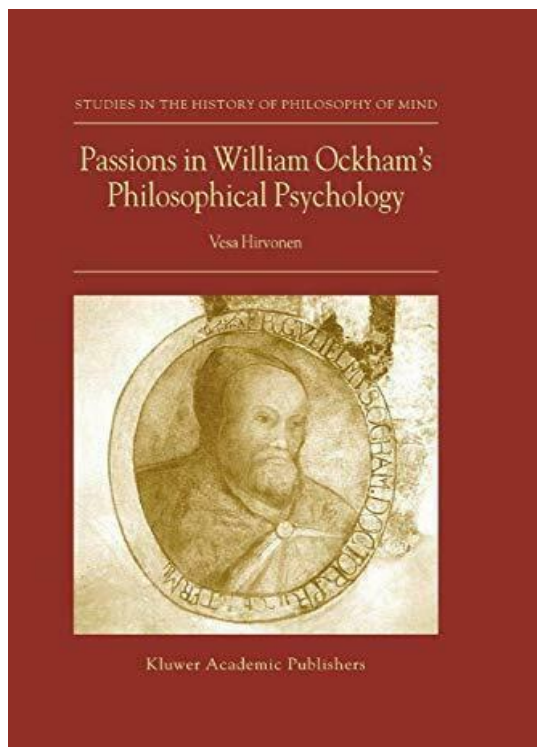
1. ‘Possibly a homestead or enclosure of a man called Occa’?
2. So-named after *William Ockham (c. 1287–1347), English friar, philosopher, and theologian? Origin of the ‘Occam’s Razor’- the principle that states the simplest explanation is usually the best one.

I think that this old name fallacy should be put to bed once and for all, right here, right now.

In reality, very little in the way of biographical information about William survives; his surname is unknown...

...his Christian name was ‘William’ right enough, but his surname was NOT ‘Ockham’, ‘Occam’ or anything like it.

Right enough, he was thought to be born in Ockham, yet is often referred to as ‘William Ockham’ - when it should always be ‘William of Ockham’; and due to that reason, the ‘William Ockham’ invention is repeated copycat fashion by innumerable authors. My point is, Ockham the place was there long before William was even born, thus his supposed surname is the title of a hamlet; he wasn’t called Ockham back then – only now!



I think that the answer is obvious.

Now, what is the authority for believing that this mediæval philosopher was a native of the picturesque Surrey parish of Ockham?—village I cannot call it, because, however the case may have been in the thirteenth century, there is clearly no village now. He “was possibly,” says Mr. R. L. Poole, in the “~~Dictionary of National Biography~~,” ~~“a native of the village in Surrey from which he bore his name.”~~ That Ockham, or Occam, as he is sometimes called, derived his name from the Surrey parish is probably correct. I cannot find that there is any other place of the same name in England mentioned in Lewis’ “Topographical Dictionary.” Probably another thirteenth century Franciscan—Nicholas Occam—hailed from the same quiet spot. Brayley, anxious to complete the trio of “eminent divines,” adds yet a third, John de Ockham, who flourished under Edward III. This latter seems at any rate to have been a much less distinguished person than either of his two predecessors.

Excerpts from the Surrey Magazine May 1900: Above - Re ‘William’: Below Re ‘Name’ origins

ments in the Weald. The guesses at the meaning of place names of ancient philologists are generally more humorous than correct—one only stays to smile at that “old Mr. Knight, an eminent schoolmaster of Kent,” who has been immortalised by Aubrey for his brilliant conjecture that Guildford ought properly to be known as “Gold ford,” because of some gold having once been dropped there in the ford! The method is the method of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly of the great Shakespearean Cryptogram. All we have to do is to adopt beforehand some more or less plausible theory, and then twist and distort our facts and our spelling into conformity with our preconceived notion. The thing is simplicity itself. But in the case of Ockham, probably enough, the sturdy old guessers were right. Aubrey leaves the question severely untouched; but Fuller boldly plunges in and styles the place “a village so called of the *oakes*.” Very likely; though I do not, alas! remember at the moment whether the oak is now-a-days a conspicuous ornament in the pleasant Ockham lanes. Anyhow, it may have been the blackberry in the days of Wamba and Gurth.

And our English place name dictionary... what does that list for Ockham?

Well, that says, (as might be expected) “possibly homestead or enclosure of a man called Occa” ‘Oak homestead/village’ is more the mark.



Ockham Pond

Chapter 5: The Pilgrim's Way

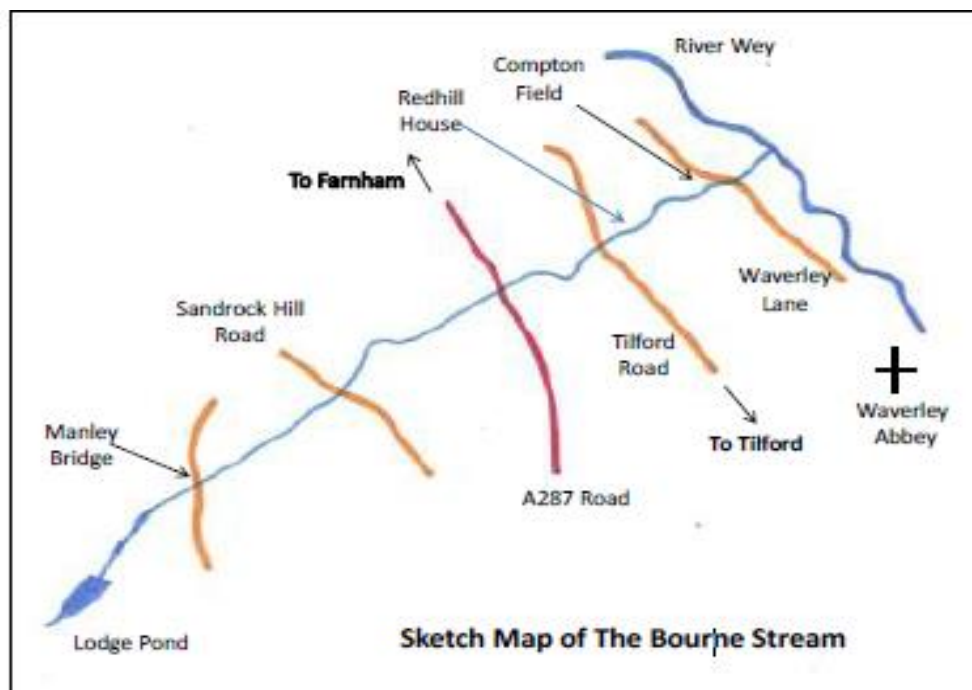
Chapter 5: The Pilgrim's Way



On the Pilgrim's Way between Winchester and Canterbury and located between the manors of Chilworth and Tyting, (both of which are mentioned in the Domesday Book) St Martha-on-the-Hill, Halfpenny Lane, Guildford is a wonderful old church, logical of close examination by any truth-seeker.

*A cave has been discovered here which is approximately dated from the 14th century – possibly a medieval shrine or hermitage, alleged to have links with the close-by sanctuary of St. Catherine. It may even have earlier origins as a site of cult activity, due to its pre-14th century name of '**Hill of the Dragon**'.

* The Bourne, (once considered sacred) is a small seasonal watercourse located between the River Wey North Branch and the River Wey South Branch in Farnham.

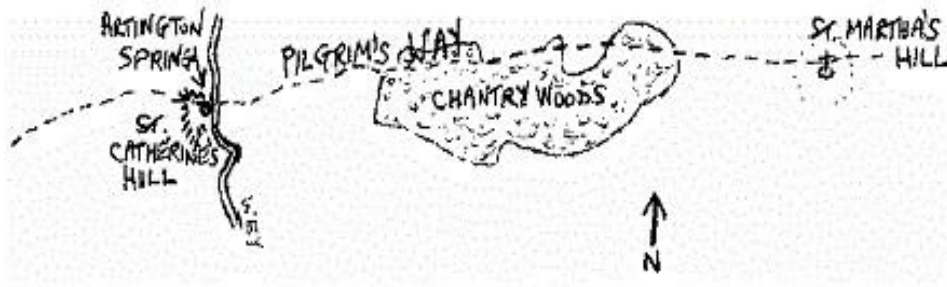


Records over several generations talk of St. Catherine's Hill as sacred.

St. Martha's Chapel has been a site of pilgrimage over the years. Pilgrims visit for spiritual reflection and to enjoy the scenic beauty of the area. It is accessible only on foot. A 12th-century church existed here before falling into ruin by the 18th century.

Catherine and Martha –

some observations by *M J Harper and H L Vered - The Megalithic Empire*



St. Catherine's and St. Martha's Hills

St. Catherine's Hill was formerly called Drakehull, Draco or Drake Hill, Draco meaning Dragon, and according to legend, a dragon guarded the springs there.

In ancient English mythology, dragons were said to guard or protect important sites.

The top of St. Catherine's Hill was an ancient beech grove, and was the site of shamanistic chants and drumming. There is also a local legend which says that the hill was the eye of a pagan dragon.



A 'Catherine hill' is always of interest especially here, where it is twinned with a St Martha's Hill and both with 'chapels of ease' on their summits.

Chapels-on-a-hill are built over former standing stones, in this case acting as *way markers for megalithic travellers coming up from the Channel coast.

[*comment here by the author; surely, wooden signposts would have been just as good for this purpose, why go through all the effort of dragging huge stones to these, (often hard to access) high points like St Catherine's Hill?]

Despite their Christian names, Catherine and Martha have gone down in legend as giantesses who allegedly built the two chapels by tossing a hammer to and fro across the valley, a recognisably Megalithic motif.

Sites that are imposing and supposed to be unimaginably old are often ascribed to mythic giants, just as huge dykes are believed to have been built by the Devil.

The legend suggests the two hills are to some extent man-made. At any rate, these hills, as with so many holy springs and wells, have been unconvincingly incorporated into Christianity.

The Artington Spring

St Catherine's Hill overlooks the Artington spring, whose waters were believed to have healing properties, particularly for eye complaints, a common attribute of 'holy wells'.

The *art* in Artington is probably a reference to artemisia or 'magic art' since the drug is a powerful hallucinogenic. The alternative explanation offered, that it is connected to hart as in harts/deer/stags, etc., is actually further evidence since these are thoroughly Megalithic animals. The springs may have already existed or been specially provided at this designated crossing point, presumably for a fee in either case. [End]

St Martha and the Dragon

Permission is granted to tell and retell this story.
Story-Teller Janet Dowling

Outside of Guildford, there is a hill, and on the top of it is a church called St Martha's. If you go in there you will see a standard with a picture of St Martha and a DRAGON at her feet! This is their story.

A long time ago, in France, in a place called Nerluc, near Avignon, the people were very scared. Animals were disappearing – and no one knew why.

First it was just a lamb. Then a sheep, and then a cow. All the people were worried what would be next? They began to lock their animals up at night, but then they found scratches on the doors, and sometimes the doors broken open, and more animals taken.

“What is happening? What kind of monster is doing this? Who will find out?”

Ten brave men agreed to stay awake all through the night and see what they could see. Outside the town they tethered a few goats as bait. And they waited. And waited. It was a long night and as the sun came up, they began to think the monster had left, when all of a sudden, they turned and there it was. Just in the shadows in front of them. The monster roared at them, bared its teeth, and lunged its claws at the nearest man, who just got away in time.

They had all seen the monster in the shadows. The trouble was they had all seen something different. One man said it was like a bear. Another man said it looked like a big ox with a huge turtle shell on it.

“No, No,” said a third, “It had a lions’ head.” Two people whispered that it had a scaly tail, just like a scorpion’s. They didn’t know what to think. All they knew that there was something big and strange in their forests, and it was threatening themselves and their families.

“What if it kills a man, a woman or a child?” The mayor of Nerluc put out a reward, and many people came to try and kill the beast. But I have to tell you, they all failed and many of them died when they were attacked by the monster.

The people of Nerluc were in despair. They didn’t dare come out of their houses their animals were all locked up. People were too scared to leave their homes to even look after the crops and harvest.

They would starve. What were they to do? Into the town came a young woman called Martha. She had travelled a great distance. She had come from the Holy Land in a boat without a sail, or oars or a rudder and with her faith and a good wind, and she was brought to shore to Marseilles in the south of France.

There she had travelled preaching the message of peace and tolerance of Christ.

When the townspeople told her about the beast, she knew she had heard about it before. It was the Tarasque, a dragon from Turkey. And she knew what must be done.

All by herself, she walked into a clearing in the woods, singing songs. The dragon heard her and came rushing into the clearing. Its teeth were bared, and he was ready to plunge his claws into her. Exactly the same as he had done with all the other people who had come to trap him.

Martha kept calm, and steady. Singing her song. The claws of the dragon came towards her. But her song was so gentle and sweet that it touched the dragon and calmed him down. He stopped, looked at her, and then knelt before her.

When she took off her belt, he allowed her to put it around his neck, and as she *sang softly to him, the tamed dragon followed her out of the woods into the town.

The townspeople were amazed to see that this young woman had done what many knights had failed to do. And they were frightened to see the dragon coming towards their town. That fear took hold of them so strongly that they picked up their picks, and shovels, and spears and anything that they could get their hands on. And they did a dreadful thing.

While the dragon stood there peaceful and calm those terrified townspeople attacked the dragon and killed it. They were so scared of it.

When it was all over, the people began to realise what they had done. And some people began to feel very sorry and wanted to make up for it. To remember what they had done, they changed the name of the town to Tarascon, and they decided to celebrate the taming of the dragon by St Martha. And that is how St Martha is remembered until today that you can overcome your fears and worries by facing up to them and taming them. [End] Source: Tales of the Surrey Hills

*Other accounts say that Martha threw Holy water over the dragon to calm it.



Picture: Saint Martha Taming the Tarasque, from Hours of Henry VIII - circa 1500.
Coincidence? A cave has been discovered at St Catherine's Hill which is approximately dated from the 14th century – possibly a medieval shrine or hermitage, rumoured to have links with the nearby sanctuary. St. Catherine's Hill was formerly called Drake Hill, i.e. Dragon Hill, and according to legend a dragon guarded the springs there.



St Martha's (known as 'The Beacon on the Hill'), Guildford c. 1700's
One commentator has written of "huge boulders" in neighbouring Weston Wood which point to the presence of a dolmen or stone circle.

Pausing for a moment, it must be asked in this context, just what is a dragon actually a metaphor for? Is it man's sins of greed, jealousy and wrath made flesh and scale and fire? or, is it as I tend to think, the practice and belief in earth magic and similar wiccan-type practices?

It is pretty certain that there are also links between this and another dragon legend for West Clandon, about 5 miles or so distant.

**Folklore*, vol. 64, (June 1953), p. 350 records how the ability to cure was attributed to a number of Surrey springs and wells. One of these was at the base of St. Catherine's Hill, close to where the old trackway known as the Pilgrim's Way ran. Around 1894 companies of school children used to take bottles to fill them from the spring, and drink.

Of course, little today is as it once was; everything, names, places, recall of social usage etc. is either stifled, or exists as a meagre, frail reminiscence.

As already explained, works on Toponymy and Etymology were examined, as well as the comprehensive and extremely rare "Primeval Pagan Mnemosyne" Vol 1 and 11 by S.E.F. Sheppard, (of which only 4 sets are known to exist) that contain page after page of meticulous surveys/site research notes and must have taken years to compile, which provided many answers to my questions.

Woking and Reading Universities helped enormously in this respect also, by allowing me to peruse their archives.

Although 'mistakes' are inevitable with the volunteer-run online encyclopedia Wikipedia, (who are sometimes accused of 'history revisionism') they do have their uses, such as pointing out how quite a bit of the land around here used to be employed by farmers in olden times for livestock, biodynamic agriculture, using esoteric concepts like astrological sowing.

Odd to think also, that animals were once considered as currency of sorts, and many of the woodlands and other ground regions, commemorate this fact with names such as *Bat's Hogsty, nr. Aldershot, and the Bats Hogstye at Chobham, and presently, the main Hog's Back. *Hog being derived from Old English *halig* for holy.

The hog was a highly prized article of trade, not only in this region, but many other parts of Britain and around the world too. In classical times, the Romans considered pork the finest of meats, enjoying sausages, and depicting pigs in their art.

Churches - A Chapter of English History (by Rev H R Ware & P G Palmer, undated, but believed to be from circa 1910) has a chapter on St Martha's including the following tantalising references.

"To the east of the hill, on the rising ground of Weston Wood, **towards Sherborne Springs, lie huge boulders, foreign to this part of England, relics of a cromlech. Similar remains once existed near Albury Rectory**, and a mass of rock in Colyer's Hanger, on the hillside, probably marks the site of a third."

This might mean zilch to the uninitiated, but Albury rector William Oughtred c. 1573-1660 is buried in the ruined chapel; yet he was no ordinary man-of-the-cloth; according to his contemporaries, Oughtred held an interest in **the Occult**; not only this, but he was the mathematician Tutor to **Christopher Wren**, (who himself drew on **occult traditions**, especially those of the Cabala), renowned as being one of the most highly acclaimed English architects in history, as well as being an anatomist, [astronomer](#), [geometer](#), and mathematician-[physicist](#).

Next, move along, nothing to see here, some might still cry, until one learns that this church and nearby Albury Park estate was remodelled by the famous Gothic revivalist architect, designer, and artist **A.W. Pugin**. c. 1846-52; **that, to my way of thinking, is quite some occult connection for such an isolated little house of worship.**

Badshot Lea once held a *Neolithic long barrow, now destroyed by quarrying. This monument lay on the route of a prehistoric trackway known as the Harrow Way or Harroway, which passes through Farnham Park, and a sarsen stone still stands close by. ***It is generally accepted by those knowledgeable in such matters, that ancient man preferred to be buried in places where Earth's energies were strongest.**

The parallel 'Pilgrim's Way', a historical route taken by pilgrims to the shrine of Thomas Becket at Canterbury in Kent, could be older than is generally touted, and rather like the Harrow Way, may date back to the time when Britain was physically joined to continental Europe.

Chapter 6: The Mysteries of Bagshot and Surrounding Areas

Chapter 6: The Mysteries of Bagshot and Surrounding Areas



Bagshot: Bagshot was a settlement in the Domesday Book (No value of estate given in Hogs). Evidence of Neolithic activity has been found in Bagshot, Lightwater and Frimley, whilst there are Bronze Age burial-mounds in West End.

Painted dragons found in Bagshot



Find... tracing of

A newly discovered 16th century Tavern in Bagshot High Street retains extensive areas of wall paintings and had replaced a 14th century aisled hall of which little remains. The paintings were first uncovered during refurbishment of the building early in December. The owner, architect Peter Heath, called in

Geoffrey Cole of the Surrey Heath Archaeological and Heritage Trust who undertook a preliminary examination and realised the Importance of the discovery.

Peter Gray has very kindly prepared a short note for the Bulletin based on his examination, and Nigel Barker supplied a photograph which was traced for the frontispiece.

It should not be regarded as being completely accurate, however, since some areas were obscured by shadow. It does provide a little of the flavour of the painted schemes, however.

Curiously, this panel is shown here upside down from its disposition within the building.

The paintings were found on two walls (the rear wall and the end wall of the 14th century building) of a two-bay room on the ground floor. (The other two walls had either been rebuilt or only studwork remained.) Apart from traces of an overall colouring there is evidence of more than one mural scheme.

The overlying scheme of black on white is of a foliate decoration with dragon head grotesques.

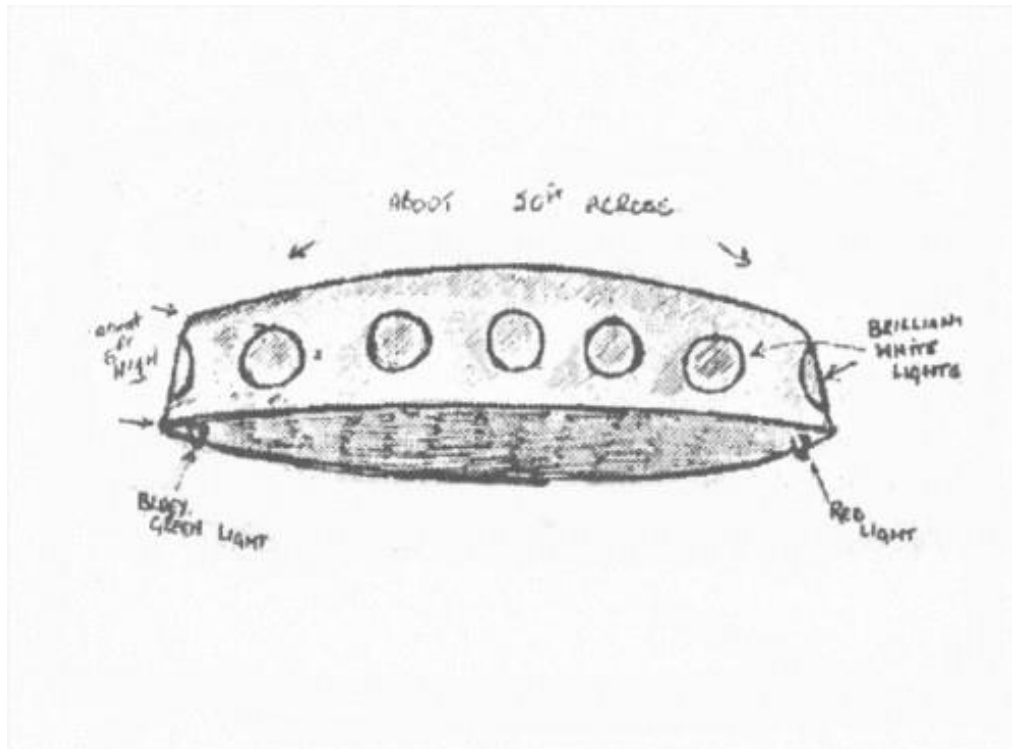
The various decorative schemes seem to relate to different stages of the building's 16th and 17th century development, but exactly what, has yet to be determined. It does seem though that one scheme relates to the open hall rather than the later building.

Emergency consolidation of the painting is underway, and it is proposed to protect them behind glazed partitioning. Source: Surrey Archaeological Society Bulletin 317

Bagshot, is also where two large saucer-shaped aerial objects, were encountered by a family in 1985!

Date: September 15, 1985

Location: Bagshot Heath, Surrey, United Kingdom



Witness David McMurray's drawing of one of the two objects that the family saw.



Above: The McMurray family

Source: Bill Davey, Sunday Mirror (London, UK), Sept. 29, 1985

On a day out, a family had an unusual near encounter with two UFOs.

When the first flying saucer hovered in front of butcher David McMurray's automobile, it sent him and his wife Susan into a tailspin.

A second "spacecraft" soared into view minutes later, and the bizarre sightings are now being investigated by experts.

David and Susan were driving their two children, Paul, 5, and Katie, 18 months, from Bagshot Heath in Surrey to Farnborough in Hampshire.

David, 35, said: "I saw something hovering above the road in front of us. I could not believe my eyes.

"It was a huge saucer-like craft about 50ft. long with brilliant lights coming from portholes around the centre. Then it suddenly took off." When a second craft began to follow the family's car David stopped, got out and went to Investigate. But it too, took off.

David said: "The whole family were weak and trembling for days afterwards."

Susan, 25, a hairdresser, said: "When David tried to start his car the battery was drained." She added: "I saw the two things with my own eyes. It was an incredible experience."

One UFO was also spotted five miles away by salesgirl Lyn Brookes, 24. of Wokingham, Berkshire.

She said: "It hovered in one spot for about five minutes.

"I was really frightened. It was as if it was watching me."

Now David has sketched the strange craft and is sending his drawing to the Ministry of Defence who are to investigate. UFO expert Omar Fowler, 54. has also seen the drawing and said: "I have no doubt this report is genuine."

Heathrow Airport say none of the strange craft could have been planes.

UFO-watchers believe that the area is a target for flying saucers.

Woking, Surrey – A Silver Disc-Shaped UFO

Posted: February 29, 2008: This is the third sighting of UFOs in my town since 1978 that I have personally seen. The first was a silver traditional type disc; I saw this when I and my friends were lining in a queue for lunch, so full daylight; and it wasn't a plane as it moved far too fast and in an odd manner, up, down, and hovering.

The second was 1985, (I think) when the sky changed and what looked like the underside of a craft was visible.

This was evening, in a full, bright clear star-filled sky, and as I said, an enormous underside of what I can only describe as a spacecraft, became visible, then the heavens switched back to normal. I don't think I am delusional, and I wasn't the only one to see this happen. Thank you to the witness for filing their sighting report. (The Vike Factor)

Bisley, Surrey, a name which, (officially) comes from Busseleghe 933, and meaning a “woodland clearing of a man called Byssa” OE pers. + leah.”; but as the reader will have guessed by now, there is much more to this place than that.

St John the Baptist was invested as a proper church in the village by Abbey monks in the 15th century, who built its mixed brick and timber chancel, since replaced. The church features a medieval bell and a 15th-century porch which is said to have been built from a single oak tree. A local spring was once known as the ‘Holy Well of St John the Baptist’ and was said to have **medicinal powers**.

Its waters were used for local baptisms until the early 20th century.



Bisley Holy Well (June 2020)

Waters so rich in iron, that the spring basin, trough/surrounding bed are stained a rusty brown!



Reputedly, this well has never run dry nor froze up.

It has provided a dependable source of fresh water for centuries and was mentioned more than 300 years ago by John Aubrey, (a Surrey antiquarian 1626-1697) who wrote: “near the church is a spring called St. John the Baptist Well.

The dedication made me curious to try it with gall, (oak apples) which turn it to a purple colour.

It is colder in summer than other water and warmer in winter!”

Earlier still, there is evidence from the Pyrford Charter Bounds, (956 A.D.) suggesting that a church had been constructed adjacent to the well when Christianity became the official religion of the Roman Empire.

The isolated position of the present parish church, from that developed part of the village, suggests that it may be constructed on the site of the original pre-Saxon building.

The spring water from this holy well was once respected as **blood of the earth**, as it contains a significant amount of dissolved iron and was once said to benefit sufferers of eye problems and various other complaints; but its reputed healing powers have probably not been tested in recent times and it is certainly recommended not to do so these days. (I have been informed that it's bitter tasting!)

Mothers used to visit the spring with bottles to get water to wash their baby's in at private baptisms, and it is still sometimes drawn for this purpose.

The stonework is formed mainly from heathstone, a sarsen stone found locally and used in the construction of parts of many churches in this area, including Bisley and also in the walls of Windsor Castle.

Unravelling legend in the locality, I can say with some confidence that Bisley church owes its very establishment to the presence of this spring.

Though I personally found the church itself a bit bland and stuffy, walk further on and out onto the meadow at its rear, home of the holy spring, and it is like discovering another world... what a difference!

I can say without any fear of contradiction, visiting this area is truly like stepping back in time...

There is also a myth that a tunnel existed here, which went from Clews Farm, Bisley, underground to the church; of course, no one has ever found this; and they won't either, because chances are that no such tunnel ever existed.

I've come across quite a few similar myths relating to the presence of supposed tunnels at all types of special sites around Great Britain; and the reason for this I think, is that these legends are an inherited memory of earth energy flows.

You see, it's rather like Chinese whispers, the game in which a message becomes distorted by being passed around so many times; people find it very difficult to repeat an original message word-for-word.

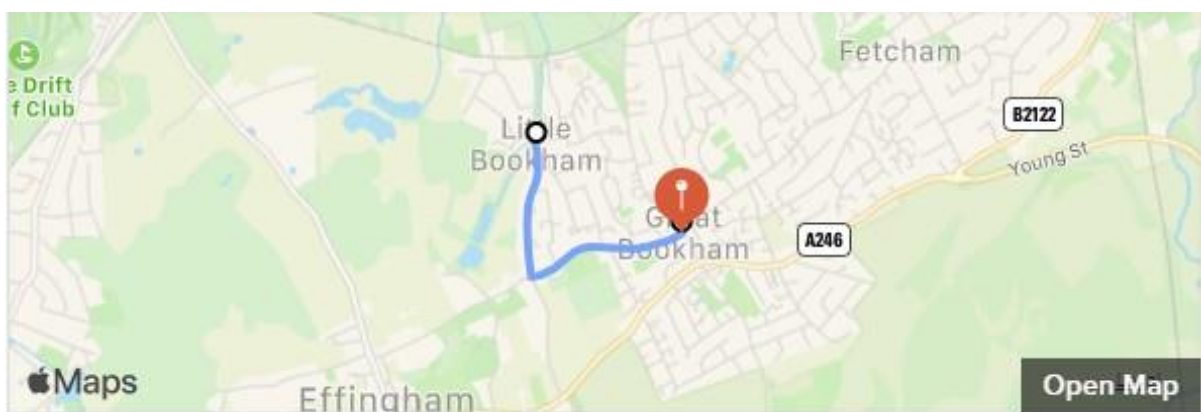
And imagine attempting to describe what a ley line actually is to others! So, invariably ley lines eventually come to be termed as 'tunnels' when information stories like these are repeatedly told and retold over the decades.



Trackway leading to and from the Bisley Holy Well: Truly like stepping back in time!

Little Bookham is a small, historic village in Surrey, England and appears in the Domesday Book as *Bocheham* ... hides; 2 ploughs, 4 acres (16,000 m²) of meadow, herbage and pannage **worth 11 hogs**.

Great Bookham is 3 minutes away...

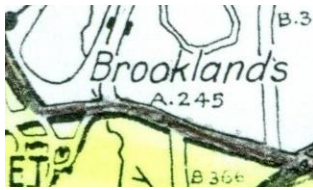


...whose church, (according to a 1908 publication by Philip Mainwaring Johnston F.R.I.B.A.) has (or had) bays that are divided by panelled buttresses with tracery of double cusping under a pointed arch, set within a square head,

having spandrels filled with foliage of diverse patterns, and, in two of the bays are [stylized] carvings of falcons and dragons.

Polesden Lacey, nr. Bookham, is said to be haunted by an unknown apparition whose presence pre-dates the Edwardian mansion by centuries. The monk-like figure wears a brown cloak with the hood pulled up, covering its head. So, you had better keep your eyes peeled if you're out for a walk in the idyllic grounds.

Hard by is **Boar Hill**, where, according to tradition, there were formerly wild boars.



Byfleet is a village in Surrey, England. It is located in the far east of the borough of Woking. The former **Brooklands** motor racing circuit, (which is said to be haunted) is located just to the north, while to the east, Byfleet appears in the Domesday Book as Byeflete.

The curator of Guildford Museum, Matthew Alexander, author of *Tales of Old Surrey*, mentions a 'tunnel' that purportedly led from the now-vanished, original Byfleet Manor. Used as a location in ITV's *Downton Abbey*, this is on the site of buildings dating from the 11th Century.

Burpham is recorded in the Domesday Book as **Borham**, its Domesday assets were: 3 hides; one mill worth 15s, 6½ ploughs, 25 acres (10 ha) of meadow, woodland **worth 83 hogs**. It rendered £8.

This name, like Burpham (PN Sx 166) and Burham (K), *Burhham* BCS 1322, is a compound of **burh** and **ham(m)**. There is no earthwork here now, but there may once have been.

The Green Man at Burpham (48m) was a former coaching inn on the original A3 route from Guildford to London; a public house had been on the site for more than 400 years but was demolished in 2008.

Use of the Green Man here is particularly interesting to me.

I first spotted this name on a reproduction 18th century map of the Burpham area and visited it prior to its sad demise.

It could well be a case of subconscious siting because, make no mistake, the icons of Green Man and the nature goddess are archetypal and were once as globally popular as the Christian cross is today.

Really, his image has never truly died away; the Green Man motif even enjoyed a revitalisation in the 19th century, becoming a popular face carved on furniture and even artistry on tavern/public house signage during a trend known as Gothic Revival.



They say that the Green Man is a metaphor – meaning something else, something far deeper in our psyche; it is a genetically inherited, subconscious remembrance of a former belief system... further suggestion that there is something extra special about this region; and it is wondered, how many similar inns and taverns around these parts have been erased without trace?

Camberley (Top end): Pre 19th century, the area now occupied by Camberley was referred to as Bagshot or Frimley Heath. Along the B3015 there rests a huge ancient stone which weighs many tons. It is known as the Maultway sarsen stone. During road building works, it was moved by a crane to its current resting place from just 20 yards away, after having been planted in that location for 10,000 years or more!



Camberley UFO experience 1971?

Witness Description:

“Camberley, Surrey, I cannot remember the exact date as it was so long ago. I think it was in 1971 sometime, maybe summer as the weather was good, clear and no rain. At the time I was living near Camberley in Surrey.

I was just going to bed when I noticed a luminous object about 3 miles away streak up almost vertically at very high speed, perhaps about 2000mph. After it had ascended to about 3/4 of a mile it suddenly turned almost at right angles.

It became much brighter as it turned and was clearly in the shape of a classic flying saucer.

The UFO then travelled horizontally, nearly in my direction, but losing speed.

This thing passed within about 1/2 mile of my line of sight, was about 750yds high when it passed over a house about 500yds to my side. By then it was travelling at about 600mph. It was oval-shaped, about the size of an aircraft carrier. I did not see any structural aspect and no dome on top, but it may have been moving at an obscure angle to me.

The object was luminous... looked metallic and silver in colour. It was opaque with clearly defined edges, not fuzzy, but it made no sound and left no trail.

It continued in the same direction, which was northerly, perhaps magnetic north.

I was looking out of a window, so I lost sight as it passed my house. If it maintained the same direction, it would have gone over **Bracknell**, a large town, a few miles away, so maybe others may have seen this UFO.

The object did seem to be under intelligent control, but I wonder if it could have been an *earthlight*? (a luminous aerial phenomenon that reportedly appears in the sky, at or close to, areas of tectonic stress); however, the fact that it was of a silver metallic colour with sharply defined edges does not seem to be consistent.

I was living in the Camberley area for about 12 years and was not aware of any seismic activity.

There were two other sightings of strange objects I had before and after from the same address but not as dramatic; many years later though I realised that they all travelled in a similar direction which was, or close to, magnetic north. Apart from these, I have not seen anything else.” [End]

Chobham is listed in the Domesday Book as *Cebeham*. Its assets were: 10 hides; 1 church, 1 chapel, 16 ploughs, 10 acres (4.0 ha) of meadow, woodland worth 130 hogs. It rendered £15 10s 0d per year.

Burrowhill is the neighbourhood north of the village, whose title research suggests = *Ct Past Sacre* (v. **burg**'burrow, lair, den', (knowledge/secrets Dragon guardian of?)) to be derived from **burh**, MED s.v. *burgh*, and **hyll**); no vestiges left visible there now, unless it is the hill itself that was once deemed as another sacred site.

Chapter 7: On The Trail of the Dragon (A Symbol for Victory Over Paganism?)

Chapter 7: On The Trail of the Dragon (A Symbol for Victory Over Paganism?)



West Clandon: West Clandon is a village in Surrey, England within 1 mile of the A3. It is situated one mile north ... Its Domesday assets were 2½ hides; 1 church (replaced approximately one century later), 1 mill worth 3s, 2½ ploughs, woodland worth 5 hogs.

West Clandon is described in one guide as a village ‘with a fascinating history on the North Downs Way east of Guildford. Combining chalk downland and ancient woodland’ it is ‘the haunt of wild boar’.

In the 13th Century, the **Knights Templar**, an order of military monks, established an administrative headquarters on the site of the present Temple Court, West Clandon, now home of the Onslow family.

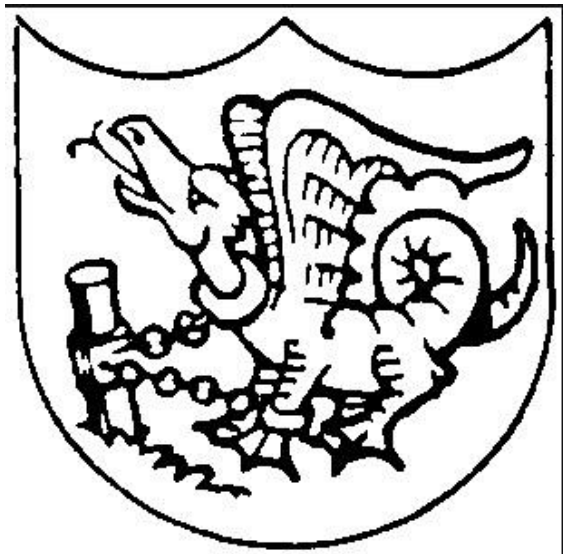
Some traces have been found of Iron Age occupation and signs of Roman habitation, but the early settlements owed their existence to their situation at the foot of the North Downs, where water was available on the spring line as chalk meets clay.

West Clandon has its own Dragon legend. National Grid Ref TQ 042 509

Why this find excited me, is because from my experience, I know that in the Middle Ages, dragon and snake iconography were said to have been commonly employed by the church to represent Evil; and whenever a pocket of cultural earth worship tradition could be diluted, and its cult members converted to Christianity through fear... then that is how these fireside stories were doubtless born.

Apart from other symbolic attributes, *wyrms*, (including serpents/dragons) were held by Wiccans to represent the shapely flows of Gaia’s aquiferous arterial system... both underground and over, via its sacred rivers, streams, brooks and so on; water worship, part of the Pagan belief mind set.

It may come as no surprise then to many, when I say that the Church's goal of that time was to stamp these old practices out; just imagine, trying to eradicate earth worship must have been one heck of a task!



Christian taming of the dragon symbol

The dragon is a message-carrying vehicle that refers to one thing by mentioning another.

Now the fable - indited in conjunction with the curators of the West Clandon Dragon.

Legend has it that a fire-breathing dragon, (some say a serpent) once infested a back lane in Clandon.

The villagers were much disturbed and refused to pass that way, when a soldier who had been condemned for deserting the army, entered the village with his dog and was offered clemency and sanctuary if he would rid the village of its dragon.

In a fierce battle he duly did and settled in the village.

Many writers state that the age of the story is unknown, but they usually make it clear that it was first reported in *The Gentleman's Magazine* 1796; while other records say that West Clandon was plagued by a dragon in the 17th century, (1600's).

Yet, the battle is depicted in a 13th century woodcarving displayed in West Clandon's late 12th century church of *St Peter and Paul. And what an attention-grabbing dedication we have for this church, because St Paul is the very holy man said to have ousted all manner of beasties, (counting serpents) and even thunderstorms, from various locations including England!

*The Book of Acts (28:1-6) gives us some information about St. Paul, and how he became shipwrecked on an island he later learned to be Malta. While gathering firewood, he was bitten by a poisonous viper. The people there expected him to swell up and die rather quickly. When he was unaffected by the bite, the population assumed he was a god.



St. Peter and Paul, W. Clandon.

[Had a chat with the vicar there and was told that this circular site church has no crypt]

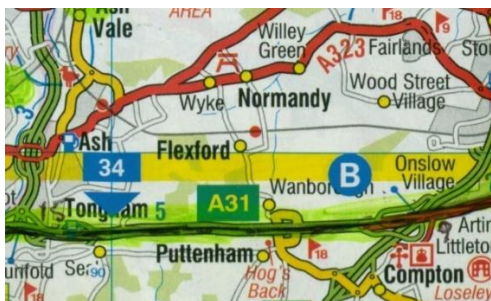
The Book of Acts does not say that St. Paul drove out poisonous snakes from Malta. The tradition sprang up that after being bitten by one, St. Paul either drove them all out or that through his preaching all poisons were cleansed from the wildlife.

In other words, Saint Paul rid the area of pagan practices and converted people to Christianity; and that, the reader should keep in mind.

Hitting the trail track again, **Addlestone** (12.5 miles away) there is also a **St Paul's**... as well as an example at **Camberley**, which also has a **St Michael's** at 286 London Rd, Royal Military Academy, Camberley.

St. Paul at Church Hill was built in 1902 by W. D. Caroe and is in a Scandinavian style. The remains of a brick tower known as The Obelisk stand on top of The Knoll. It was built in the 1750's by John Norris of Blackwater.

The Crouch Oak in the town is one of Britain's oldest trees, believed to date back to the 11th century.



Tongham, on the north side of the Hog's Back, (which is particularly close to the Pilgrims' Way) also has a Church of **St Paul**!

Still on track, the nearby village of **Ash** has a chapel where one of the small windows there depicts **St Michael** with a freshly slain dragon!

Hunts Hill Farm, (pig farm) Common Lane, Normandy, Guildford, and the site of Pile's Farm, Addlestone, should likewise capture the attention of anyone now tuned-in to my account. There is evidence on the parishes eastern border of Romano-British occupation in the form of temple remains... and, an **Oval UFO was seen over Normandy, Surrey, UK in 1977**

<http://www.beamsinvestigations.org/Oval%20UFO%20Seen%20Over%20Normandy,%20Nr.%20Guildford,%20Surrey,%20UK%20-%201977.htm>

While I'm here... regarding Addlestone, and that place isn't without its UFO visitations either; MoD docs reveal how in November 1993, a woman phoned police in Addlestone with a report of "one large white saucer-shaped object with bright lights all around the sides" just 400 yards above her. The witness reported the UFO as being "larger than an aircraft and definitely not an airship".

Something else to consider, is the possibility that the area under discussion might also be closely surrounded, penned in, enclosed by these important dragon/associated holy places; and although I discovered one at **Ashstead**, (as you will see later) I am going to leave the rest of that periphery exercise to the reader as I do not wish to stray outside of its boundaries more than necessary.

So, back to the Clandon carving - and no prizes for working something out; because this originates from the 13th century, then the West Clandon legend can't possibly date from only the 1700's, as many writers imply - or even the 1600's as others say; **historical evidence tells us that it was first publicized 300 years earlier than usually stated, through this High Middle Ages wooden artefact!**



Close-up of 13th century carving feature in the West Clandon church

The West Clandon Dragon legend is even commemorated on an embankment on the A426 at West Clandon crossroads.

It can only be seen from the road, (westbound to Guildford) or the central reservation, the dragon faces north.

This is 19m by 8m and in reasonable condition, made from very fine compacted chalk; the edges are well defined and there is some wooden edging.

The beastie is breathing fire and has an elaborate tail, and claws are defined on its feet.

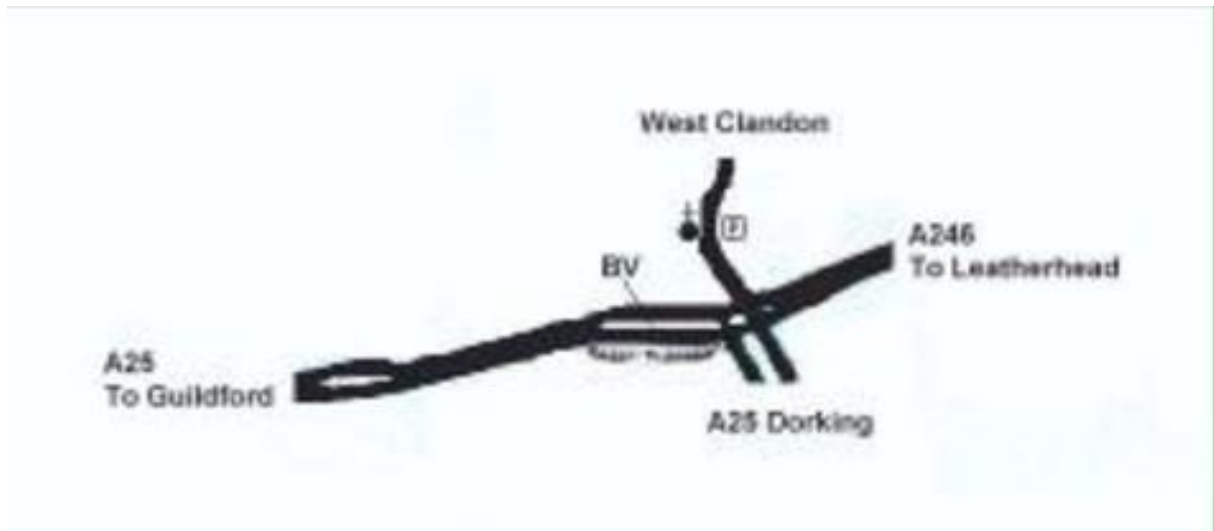


Looking excellent: The Clandon Dragon re-emerged after years of slumber!



Find out more about the Clandon Dragon at the project Facebook page.

https://www.facebook.com/clandondragon/?hc_ref=ARQPtRFIIaUjc4Lta0HItFsE3HUejag4aw_VzSBusMjh8iyprCVTefHtVsueVVs7KsA&fref=nf



The dragon was originally carved in 1977 to commemorate the Queens Silver Jubilee; it was cut by Francis Robinson and Donald Papworth, the design was from David Papworth, Donald's brother. Work started on the 24th of May 1977 with the pegging out of the dragon and was completed on 3rd June and a party celebrated the event.

The dragon was looked after until 1989 and by late 1990 it was grassed over.



The 'first' Dragon

In May of 1991 Gillian Woodford set about restoring the dragon although its appearance has changed somewhat. The work took three weeks, and some help was enlisted from the inmates at Send prison.

The bank is a former spoil heap from a chalk quarry and the chalk is just below the surface but is loose and the surface is not particularly firm and plants root easily.

Elsewhere, following the story, we learn there is a woodcarving in the local church. There is a bit more to the tale about the dog.

“A dragon which was giving the locals a hard time was killed by an ex-soldier and his dog - the dog leapt onto the creature's face, while the man decapitated the wyrm.” End.



West Clandon village sign

Regarding legends like this, author Janet Dowling says in her book *Surrey Folk Tales*, “in fact, some of them are rooted in history,” she insists. “The Dragon of West Clandon is a true story – you can find the original report of a serpent, a big snake, in the 18th century. But as the story has been told and retold, it’s turned into a dragon.”

Oral tradition of handing down stories through generations, remains a vital part of the fabric of the British Isles, and together with more formal chronicles creates the real story of this land.

“Some historians will say that it’s absolute tosh – and, yes, it’s not history, but it doesn’t matter!” says Dowling, who founded the Surrey Storytellers Guild in Ewell in 2000. “Historians like to record stories as collected, but I’m afraid storytellers take the tale and go with the spirit of it, so there might be a few embellishments or differences.

“It’s the spirit of the story that is important. Stories are the way in which we share our culture, our values, and our beliefs, so they change over time, in their retelling. The bones of the story are the same, but the way in which we tell them reflects the society in which it is told.” End quote

Clandon House Clandon Park, is an early 18th-century Grade 1 listed Palladian mansion in West Clandon, long being a seat of the Onslow family.

The National Trust has owned it since 1956. The house was substantially damaged by fire in April 2015, which left it “essentially a shell”.

In January 2016, they announced that some of the principal rooms on the ground floor would be fully restored to the original 18th century designs.

The apparition of a distressed woman wearing a “long cream dress and brandishing a large hunting knife” has been sighted on the lawns of the house.

A particularly clear sighting occurred in 1896.

She has also been reported inside the house.

Also said to haunt the grounds is a bearded man, who is sometimes accompanied by a woman in black.

We are told by National Trust, that removal of panelling in the Speakers’ Parlour and modern display cases in a basement room, has revealed a number of marks scratched into beams and plaster walls called apotropaic marks, or witch marks. Carpenters or occupants made these simple marks to protect the building, or themselves, from malign forces and evil spirits attempting to gain entry.



Interlocking letters V and M, found on a hidden beam in the Speakers' Parlour, refer to the Virgin Mary

People have been extremely sensitive to the threat of forces beyond their comprehension from the beginning of time, but it reached a fever pitch in the 17th century. This patriotic zeal was heightened by the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, a failed assassination attempt on the Protestant King James I by Catholic plotters, which sparked charges of demonic forces at work in society. Older

women, particularly widows who were not shielded by male family members, were frequently targeted, often with horrible outcomes.



The 5 pointed star that was drawn into the wet plaster when the house was built in the 1730s

People back then couldn't understand the world the way we do now, since they didn't have access to contemporary science and medicine.

Without the expertise to resist or prepare for unforeseen events such as illness, bad weather, or poor harvests, it was critical for people to believe they had a way of protecting themselves. These symbols were part of a web of superstitions that gave individuals a sense of control and safety.

To understand this Clandon Park has much to offer.

<https://www.nationaltrust.org.uk/clandon-park/features/witch-marks-discovered-at-clandon-park>

The sites of **Temple Court** and **Summer Farm, West Clandon** should be noted.

Jessep's Well, Cobham, Surrey: According to 'The Casket' periodical, (1828) this well carries/carried 'a strong saline water, slightly chalybeate'.

Painshill, Cobham is a beautiful 18th century landscape garden in Surrey. The 158-acre wonderland has **dragon statues**, mystical follies including a Crystal Grotto, Gothic **Temple of Bacchus**, (Green Man) and a Ruined Abbey to name just a few; universal mind/subconscious siting in evidence a-plenty here.

There were few Saxon finds from the county but some interesting medieval finds including a unique 12th century harness pendant with a **mounted dragon from Cobham**. Source: Surrey Archaeological Society Bulletin 438.

Another oddity: **Haunting at Cobham's St Andrew's Church**

Type: Haunting Manifestation of a Blue Donkey

Date / Time: Twentieth century?

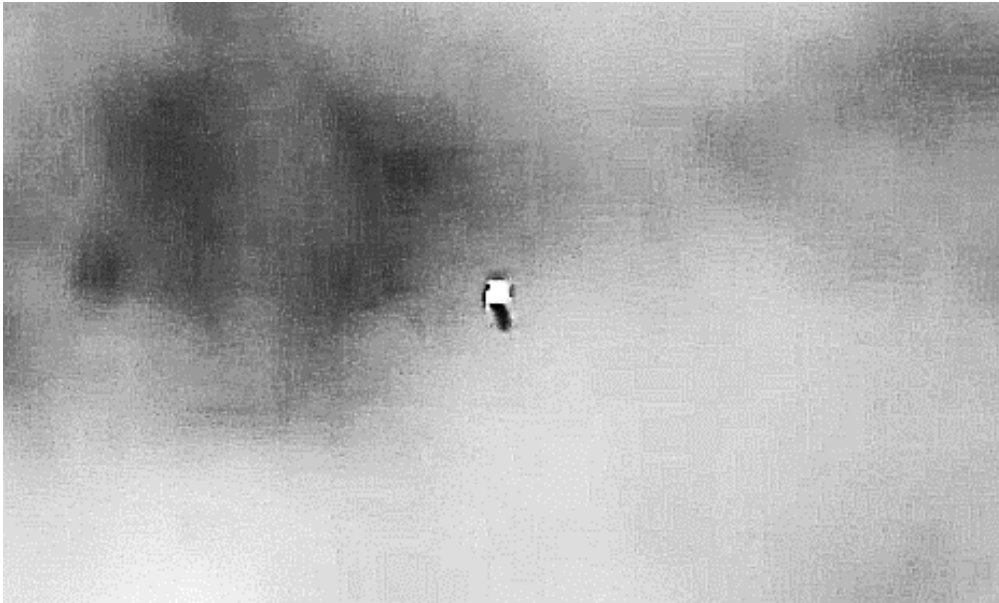
Further Comments: This strangely discoloured creature is reputed to haunt the churchyard.

Morphing UFO Seen Over Cobham, Surrey 22/05/2019

I contacted the witness and here is his reply *There was no sound in the air; it was too far away to be clear, but I saw that it was made of metal and you could see the reflecting sun rays streaming off its surface. The object was constantly changing shape.*

Frimley, Surrey: Unexpectedly, as I was preparing this book, on June 30th, 2020 someone wrote saying... "Hello I saw your recent video on YouTube and thought I would forward on my photos.

This object shot over Frimley Surrey at five past midnight. I first thought this to be a balloon of some type, but I noticed it was moving against the wind and then just sat over my house in Station Road. What is odd, is that moments before I was talking to a friend and author Paul Sinclair in East Yorkshire who is a paranormal researcher. Hope this is of interest to you - thanks for your time."



Shot 1 of the (morphing?) Frimley UFO - taken 30/06/2020 12.05 AM



Shot 2: Frimley UFO

I've heard quite a few UFO reports from Frimley over the years, but they've all been anecdotal, with no images taken; however, these photos I received are quite interesting, and, in my opinion, clearly depict a structured flying object of unknown origin.

One has to wonder, if our distant predecessors witnessed the same type of phenomenon, would those witnesses have seen the UFOs as Spirits or Gods' - and possibly built their hallowed temples, etc., in correspondence to where such marvels in the sky occurred; as above, so below?

Just a thought.

Guildford is 27 miles (43 km) southwest of London on the A3 trunk... Guildford appears in the Domesday Book of 1086 as **Geldeford** and **Gildeford** and has numerous historic sites worthy of investigation.



Chertsey appears in the Domesday Book as *Certesi*. It was held partly by Chertsey Abbey and partly by Richard Sturmid from the abbey.

St Ann's hill is named after St Ann's chapel built here in about 1334 by the monks of Chertsey Abbey. There is a Holy Well on the northwest flank of the hill which may have prompted the building of the Chapel. The Nun's Well, St Ann's Hill Chertsey. In their *A Topographical History of Surrey* by Brayley and Mantell (1850) wrote:

*“Another Spring, once **highly** reputed for its medicinal virtues, rises on the north-east side of the hill, in the wood or coppice called Monk’s Grove, which gives name to the seat inhabited by the Right Hon. Lady Montfort. This spring, according to Aubrey, had been long covered up and lost; but was again found and re-opened two or three years before he wrote. The water is now received into a bason about twelve feet square, lined with tiles. “*

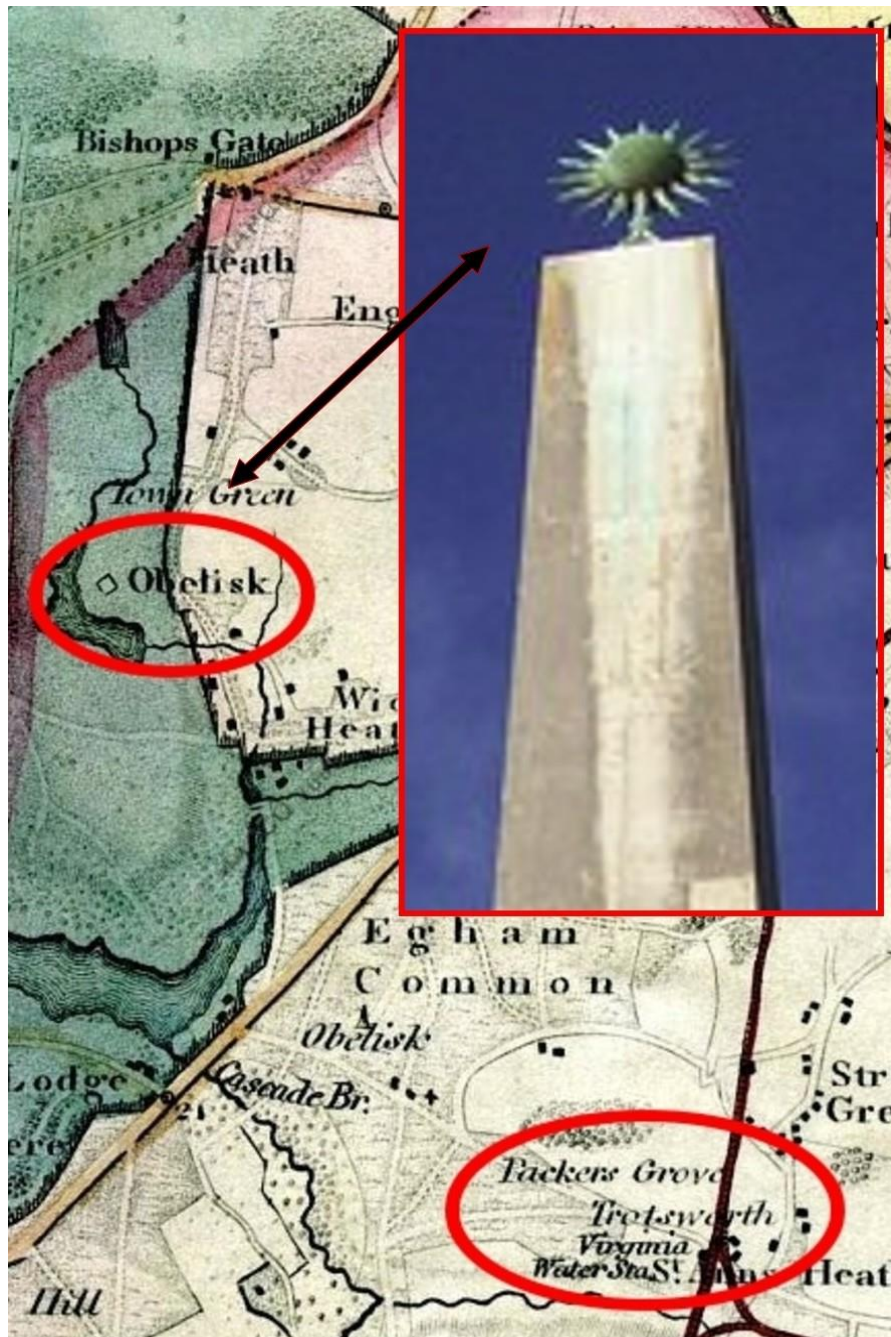
The combination of a healing spring, an ancient stone and as the name of the hill might suggest a sacred tree is something of considerable interest to those interesting in sacred landscapes and suggests a possible old cult hereabouts. The existence of a ghostly nun may also be significant.

Special occasions are marked by Morris dancing and a beacon fire on this hill.

An interesting connection: When Chertsey Abbey was dissolved in 1536 by Henry VIII, the majority of estates and property of the Abbey was transferred to a re-founded Benedictine abbey at Bisham, Berkshire. Bisham had originally been a Templar foundation dating from 1260. The Templars had Bisham as their property in 1308.

Addlestone

A History of Addlestone states: *Trotsworth in the east was a manor, the only manor in Virginia Water. In the 12th and 13th century the name “de Trotsworth” was used although the family name was probably Russell. A chapel at Trotsworth is known to have existed. By the 16th century Trotsworth was owned by the abbey of Abingdon; its records, sadly, do not survive.*



This unusual monolith near the now lost Trotsworth, (photo inset) erected by King George II in memory of his son, (mid 1700's), which still stands and is very masonic looking.

Chapter 8: The Colossus and more



Lightwater – Ancient Viewing Platform and ‘The Colossus’ on High Curley Hill

Lightwater Country Park is an important fragment of the once vast Bagshot Heath, stretching to Bracknell and Windsor.

This location has a recorded history going back to Saxon times. The main road linking Chertsey Abbey and Frimley Priory skirted the base of High Curley Hill. The area was called “whit heke mere”, (white, clear water, surrounded by grass) probably a reference to Hammond's Pond, hence the name of the neighboring village of Lightwater.

Most of Lightwater only dates from the twentieth century including the parish church of All Saints, but **High Curley Hill appears as a landmark on the earliest local maps.**

The stones on Curley Hill are sarsen stones Sarsen stones, hard quartzite blocks.

There are other big stones nearby, comparable in many ways, such the one by the intersection of Red Road and the Maultway.

Many of these are claimed to have been placed in their current positions after being forced there by retreating glaciers during the last ice age; numerous instances were purposefully moved hundreds of years ago by human activity.

Remarkably, the Curley Hill examples are located 129 metres above sea level; an inconceivable height, (one would have thought) for ice age glaciers to have lifted them to.

These don't appear to be the result of the relatively modern and ghastly trend for *ornamental* sarsens; such *fake-oliths*, (as I jokingly call them) which are red herrings and have no place in an investigation such as this.

It's easy to be fooled, as some of those efforts can use weathered-looking boulders from any number of quarries or other; but make no mistake, real, aged standing stones do not just lay on the surface, they are deep-rooted, some say on earth's energy hotspots, also known as earth's acupuncture points.

The real deal is *planted*, with as much below as on the surface; the analogy I would use is ‘like the roots of a tooth’.

After climbing to the summit of High Curley Hill, one can see that apart from the stones, this could well have been used as a triangulation point by our ancestors.

As a plaque there shows, this steep hill once offered some good views; before mature tree cover that is.

Just up until a decade or so ago, one could even see Guildford from here; currently, on a clear day, Woking, Bagshot Park and the London skyline are among the few places left that are still visible.



One must imagine what this high point was like originally.

**Most of the trees immediate to the main stone would not have existed, along with the log fencing
- affording our ancestors a clear, unobstructed viewing platform.**



Partial view now from Curley Hill



Megaliths in line on High Curley Hill, Lightwater; like all of these, the stone in the foreground has as much, (if not more) below ground as above.



Sunken stone #1 on High Curley Hill



Two carefully positioned marker sarsens either side of a well-trodden covering of heather and scrub; this looks like a ceremonial entrance leading out to the largest stone in the north-west



As much below ground as above - showing just how long these stones have been here



Second in-line; a sunken giant leading up to a flat plateau containing the Colossus



2nd in line; close-up, showing how much more of this is buried!



**The Colossus stone –
and as the next shot suggests, there is a lot more of this below ground!**



The Colossus – a different angle... a megalithic monster mystery!



And what are these cylindrical cavities on the Colossus? Natural holes or the handiwork of man? the partial concave mark on the right suggests that an attempt has been made by someone to drill into the rock; but who, when, how and why are questions that no person could ever hope to answer.

One only has to think back about the vintage trig station found overgrown along the A31, (as cited earlier) to see the connection about how these high points may have been employed in the maintenance of our proposed landscape figure.

The level area up there would have been fundamental, both to antediluvian peoples and those of more recent periods, offering as it does, views to points miles away.

Just a few hundred years ago, it is known how some church towers and even tall ‘follies’ were employed for surveying the *lay of the land*.

Depending on their situation, all high elevation points were utilized, and of course, this would have included hilltops.

For me, the crucial positioning of the ‘measurement’ stone is just too much for this to be anything other than the work of intelligent planning.

Another possibility is that this locus was once used for, (or may have doubled as) an astronomical, sky-watching station; I say, if not – why not? It makes good sense, being an avid watcher of the skies myself; and there is no reason why ancient man would have been any less fascinated with the heavens than we are - probably even more so!

Now for a change in direction...

Lightwater – The Running Man Incident by Hilary Porter

My account is revealed here for the first time.

The Red Road, Lightwater, Surrey is infamous for having had a number of incidents happen along there throughout the years; this includes some truly baffling traffic accidents.

Approaching midnight on an early summer evening in 1980, one such occurrence took place; something so unusual and mysterious that I will never forget what I was told.

My uncle Freddy Stringer was then Assistant Director of the Defence Evaluation Research Agency, (DERA) based in Farnborough, and both he and his wife, my Aunt Renee, were travelling up the Red Road in their Sunbeam Alpine sports car, after having attended a music appreciation evening held in Woking, Surrey.

Suddenly, there was what my Aunt described to me as ‘a Zombie-type humanoid’, that rushed out of the bushes from the passenger side of the road.

This 'being' then dashed around to the driver’s side of the car, (my Uncle’s) and even though they were now moving at 30 mph, it ran alongside effortlessly.



The ‘zombie’ was wearing a tight, drab, all-in-one suit; ‘he’, (if this was indeed a man) had long light hair, flowing backwards.

‘His’ face was grey, extremely weird looking, almost ghostly and had a melancholy expression on it.

My Uncle, being one of the UK’s best air pilots in the country at that time, kept his cool, and calmly said to my aunt 'is your car door locked darling', yes, she nervously replied... and they just travelled-on.

With Freddy’s foot pressing down on the accelerator, they were now gaining more speed... up to 40 mph, yet incredibly, this Zombie being was still running alongside the car!

The situation was starting to get dangerous for obvious reasons, but particularly as this road has some nasty bends, and back then it was far narrower than it is today.

Without warning, the ‘man’ or whatever it was, dropped back slightly behind their car, then in less than a minute, raced forward again, this time to the near-side, and endeavored to open the locked door, by grabbing at the exterior handle, repeatedly pressing the button on it; as anyone would, my Aunt screamed hysterically.

Despite such a frantic situation, my Uncle maintained his composure and tried to tell her she was safe with him.

They were now going nearly 50 mph in this nightmare state of affairs, when the super-athlete abruptly gave up, scurried into the undergrowth and vanished.

Our phone was ringing at 9 am the next morning, with my aunt at the other end still very upset.

She needed to speak to someone who would understand what her and my Uncle had just gone through; and as I was ‘family’, I promised I would keep this information to myself as they were people who mixed in high social circles.

Happily, after a good chat, I managed to calm her down and my Aunt was then able to get on with the rest of her day.

As time wore on, neither my Aunt or Uncle would ever mention this incident again and took their secret to the grave.

Only now, since their deaths, do I feel at liberty to disclose the matter.

[An aside - according to the Guinness Book of records, the fastest man on earth was Usain Bolt at 27.8mph in a 100-meter sprint!]

28/10/2021, today I conducted an interview with someone who used to live at 142 Ambleside Road, Lightwater.

While living at home with his parents in a chalet-type residence, (since demolished), the witness, (who was a young lad at the time) recalled how some highly curious things happened there.

He was just 7 years old when these things occurred, yet remembers distinctly, regular *dreams* of being able to levitate down the stairs and even flying unaided, (which was weird enough in itself) but he then went on to recall something far, far stranger.

His report began by detailing a long mirror, which reflected another mirror on the landing; while fully awake, the boy suddenly heard a male voice from nowhere which said “look in the mirror”; and as he peered into it deeply, he saw what he describes as a *shadow being* gliding down the wall, which proceeded to move-off and hide behind the stove.

Apparently, ‘the figure’ didn’t have any discernible facial features, he saw just the head, body, arms, and legs; it was jet-black, and as it moved, it made a kind of shuffling sound.

“It was as tall as me, around 4ft...

...as for that discarnate voice, well, I have heard it again since, only one other time, as a warning of an impending accident about five years ago.

But have had no further sightings of the black figure.”

“The only thing I used to suffer with during that period, and still do to some extent, are severe migraines. The migraines back then were so bad I used to drive my head into the corner of a room.”



Ockham appears in the Domesday Book of 1086 as Bocheham. Held by Richard Fitz Gilbert, its assets were: 1½ hides, 1 church, 2 fisheries worth 10d, 3 ploughs, 2 acres (0.81 ha) of meadow, woodland **worth 60 hogs**.

The tiny Downside chapel, dedicated to St Michael, (slayer of all things ‘evil’ – including the poor old dragon, logically) only dates from the Victorian/Pre-WWI period, but is still quite a curious place.

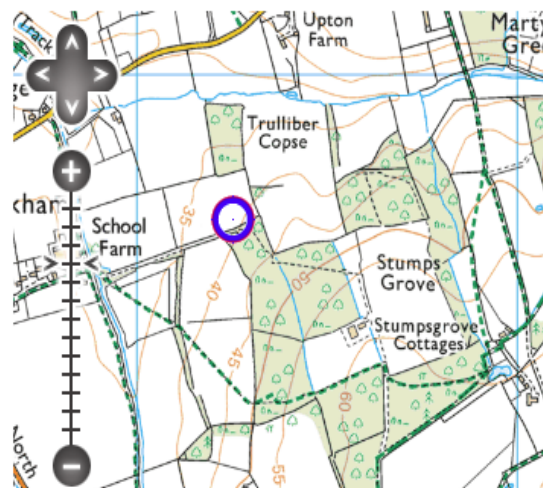
This small village used to contain a large megalithic stone, (*which was recumbent in a farm field at Stumps Grove) and nearby Wisely Common - Cockcrow Hill have their own ancient mound and large bell barrow tumulus.

***Based on a memory from many years ago when I visited and studied this lonely megalith; recently it was discovered that, *on the sly*, it has been removed by someone, (farmer?) without any consideration for our cultural heritage... an artefact older than the Egyptian Pyramids!**



TQ 08679 56130

E: 508679 N: 156130



Stumps Grove, Ockham, Surrey - where the sarsen stone once lay

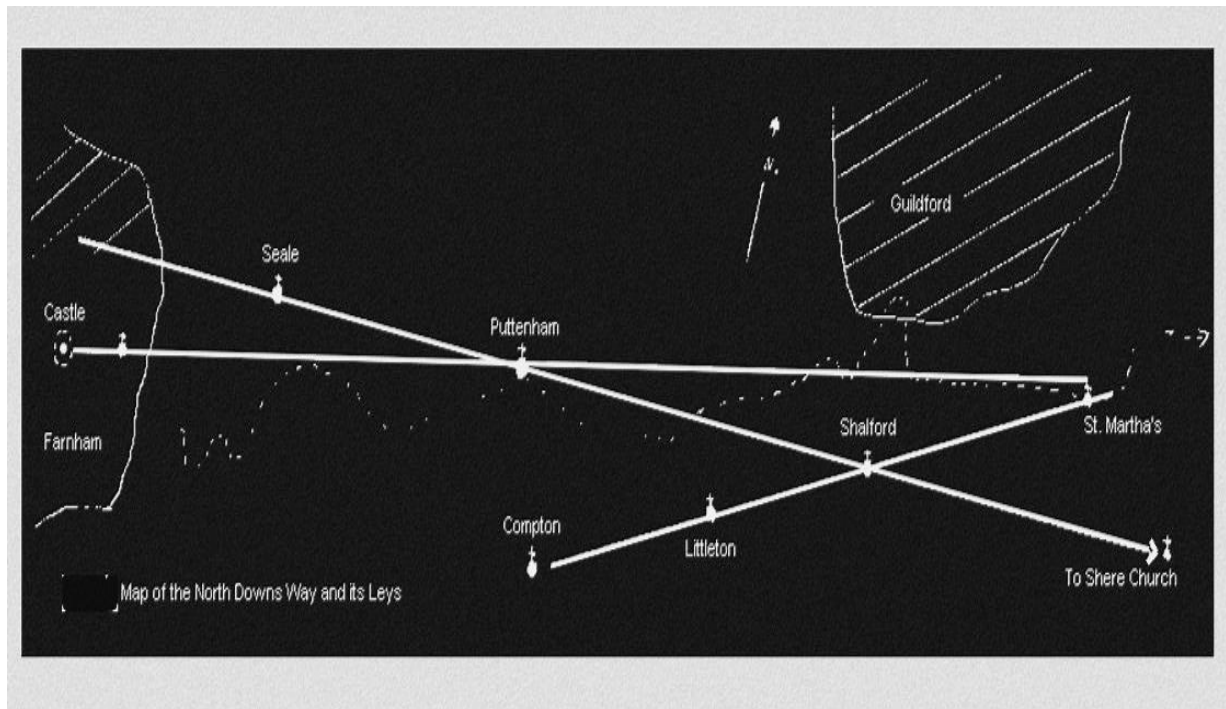


Then we there is the Semaphore Tower which rises from high Ockham and Wisley Commons at Chatley Heath... a tall, narrow Octagonal, inhabitable tower that dates to the early 19th century. Obviously, as its title tells us, it originally had a military function; but from a Ley Line point of view, (thinking in terms of dual usage) wow, what about this as an ideal surveillance/surveyors point?

The village of **Puttenham** contains a **St John the Baptist church**, which is towards the eastern end of the village. Readers will find out later why this is so significant to our investigation. The church was built in stages. The oldest part is late Saxon; in 1160, Norman pillars were built. In the 13th century, the Lady Chapel was added and in the 15th century the tower was added. In the 18th century it was destroyed by fire but was restored in the 20th century. Puttenham Common is situated at the foot of the southern slope of the Hog's Back ridge, roughly midway between Guildford and Farnham. It contains Frowbury Mound, an ancient bowl barrow, plus Field System Earthworks.

St Laurence, Seale, Surrey... an interesting old church founded in 1080, and meaningful to this investigation. (including energies that are possibly Aquiferous in origin... from subterranean water flows.). I have felt a power around here sometimes, trickling through and even beneath my feet. This has been known to cause a sense of disorientation in some people.

As you can see, the Seale church, (Altitude 89 m.) stands on a possible **Ley** alignment.



These days it is important not to expect all of these lines to be highly energetic anymore; a phenomenon known as 'crustal shift' must be considered.

This is where divisions of earth's lithosphere, or exterior surface, (otherwise termed as the 'crust') is imperceptibly slipping all the while; we might only be discussing fractions of an inch per year, but over long periods of time, the accumulative effects are considerable; and whilst these vast rafts of land are gradually moving in this manner, earth's core obviously stays put.

What this means is, after all these centuries there has been so much lithospheric movement, that many arrangements of markers will be severely out of station with the earth's magnetic flows and thus not working correctly as once they undoubtedly did; a mere shadow of their former glory.

Still, a 'shadow' is better than nothing, and I can vouch for the fact that **miniscule trickles of energy are continuing to get through in places, detectable** by dowsing... and felt through the body sometimes; not so much as a high-power shock, more the mild tingle one would get if you were to put your tongue on the terminals of a small, run down 9v battery.

Marshalling all the evidence together, makes clear the potential magnitude of what I am considering here... a living circuit of Bioenergetic Current or 'Yunni' as the Celts used to call it... now damaged by both nature itself and mankind's handiwork. Taken from '*Ley Lines & Earth Energies - The Rediscovery of a Lost Wisdom*'. ***Saint Lawrence** or Laurence was one of the seven deacons of the city of Rome, Italy, under Pope Sixtus II who were martyred in the persecution of the Christians; and despite dragons not being strongly associated with the saint, he is depicted in certain medieval paintings with such a mythical winged creature very near, albeit usually one of a more-timid appearance.

Stoke D'Abernon (is a village and former civil parish in the borough of Elmbridge in Surrey, ... Stoke D'Abernon appears in Domesday Book of 1086 as the manor of Stocche, **(derived from the common Anglo-Saxon word stoc, implying a holy place)**).

There is here an extensive common, Stoke Common, much overgrown with wood, and on it a medicinal spring called Jessopp's Well, which is said to be very powerful.

This is a mineral spa converted to a very small spa house that was built in the mid-18th century; the water was sold for a period at 6d per bottle.

Adding to my research... in a book dated 1908 by Philip Mainwaring Johnston F.R.I.B.A., I chanced upon another curiosity regarding Stoke D'Abernon, I ask the reader, when was the last time you've seen a pagan, half naked angel in a church? Well, I have found one, (or at least, it once existed, not sure about now, as I have been unable to enter this place of worship due to Covid restrictions) on the pulpit sounding board of St Mary's Church Stoke D'Abernon.

Verging on a Sheela-na-gig, such an architectural grotesque might look most out of place to the average Jo, but for those who know their onions (and considering how many traces such as this have 'disappeared' over the years), this is a pleasing discovery.



This photo shows the ceiling of the sounding-board before it was "repaired". [A sounding board, also known as a tester and abat-voix is a structure placed above and sometimes also behind a pulpit or other speaking platform that helps to project the sound of the speaker.]

Its 1908 description reads: *In the central panel is a very quaint and very ugly dancing angel, carved in low relief. It is evidently intended for a female figure,*

and is shown nude to the waist, below which its voluminous skirts are gathered and secured by an elaborate bow. So far as any symbolic meaning is concerned, this curiously pagan “angel” is about as appropriate to its position as are the hideous gorgon figures that bear up the body of the pulpit.

A further importance is that Stoke D’Abernon was from the beginning an “ecclesia propria”, a church built on private land by a feudal lord.

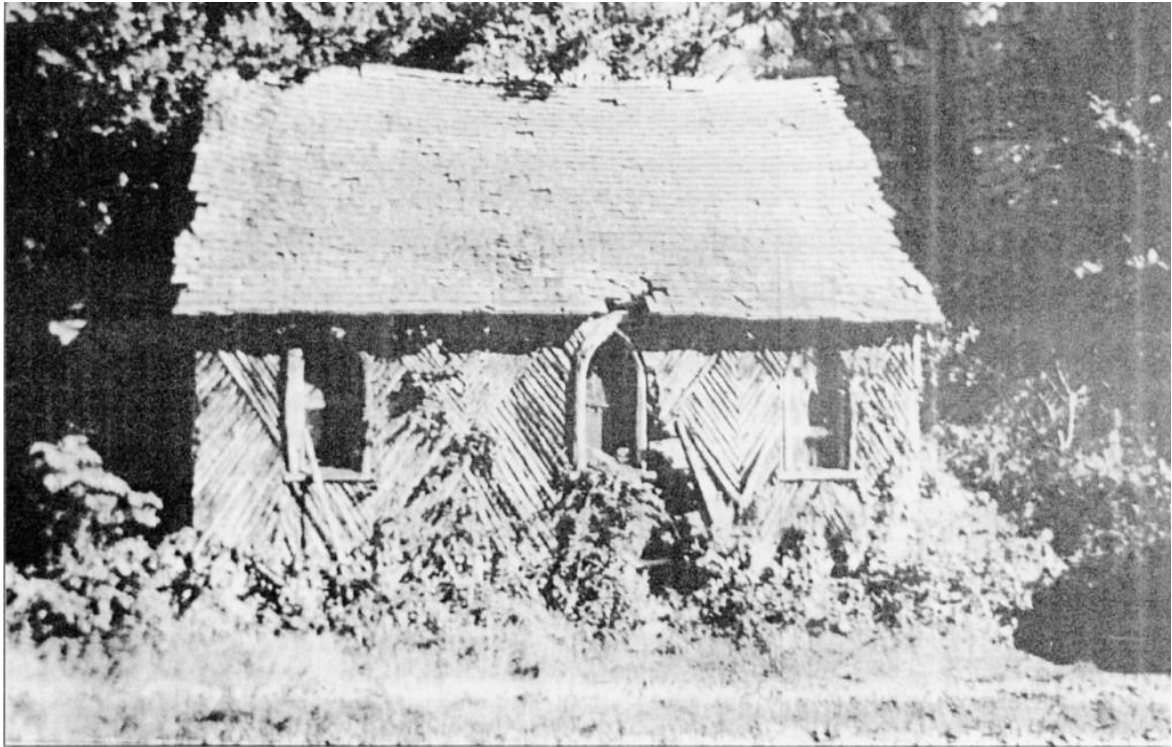
St. Mary’s, a partially 7th century church, whose external holy water stoup is a 15th century addition, is of great interest to my enquiry, together with the site of a timeworn well house further over towards **Wisely**.

In these parts, there are simply too many farms and *groves, (*with some rumoured of having had wiccan usage in early times) to list here.

By way of addition, religious revivals of the 19th century saw wooden, corrugated, (and even a few willow-woven) ‘roadside’ tabernacles/chapels pop up nationwide, like the one shown below.

Originally, this particular building was to be found located in Eashing, Surrey; but today, it has since been enthusiastically restored, and relocated to a point that is now positioned in conjunction with our hog, at the Rural Life Living Museum, Tilford, Farnham.

Intuitive siting at play again? One, can only imagine what else has been lost in the way of attestation, long-gone in the name of *progress*.



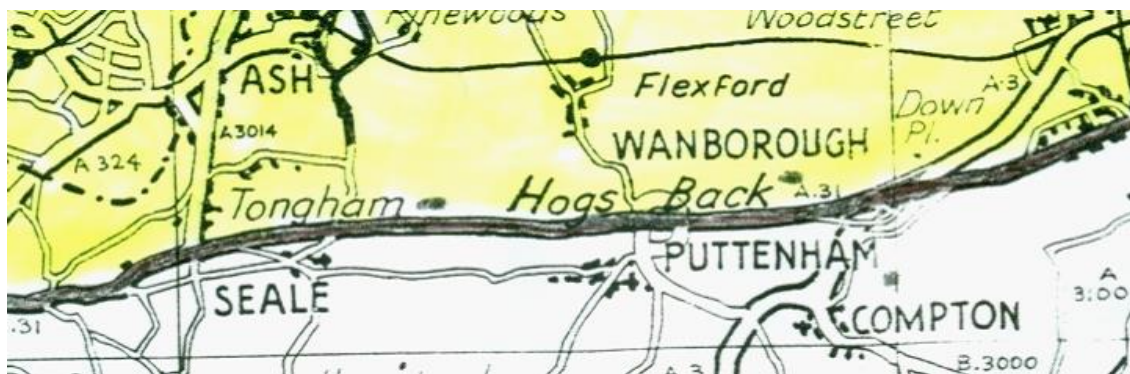
THE CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL IN EASHING. This shows the chapel in its original setting before removal and restoration. It was built by the Petwress family, the Congregational owners of Eashing paper mills.



Sunninghill/Sunningdale is marked by a major bronze-age barrow; this, lays just inside the Chobham parish border south of the clubhouse of Sunningdale Golf Course. The C of E parish church of Saint Michael and All Angels at Sunninghill was originally established about AD 890. The present Church is the third on the site, and the misleading inscription by the west door describes the second one as the 'original church'!

David Nash Ford writes about this region in his 'Royal Berkshire History'... *Sunninghill began to expand as a village down the west side of Sunninghill Road on Saltershill during the early 19th century. The school was founded in 1818 next to the smithy and things expanded from there. This was due partly to the popularity of nearby Ascot Races, but largely because of the **chalybeate spa** at the old Wells Inn (now a restaurant).*

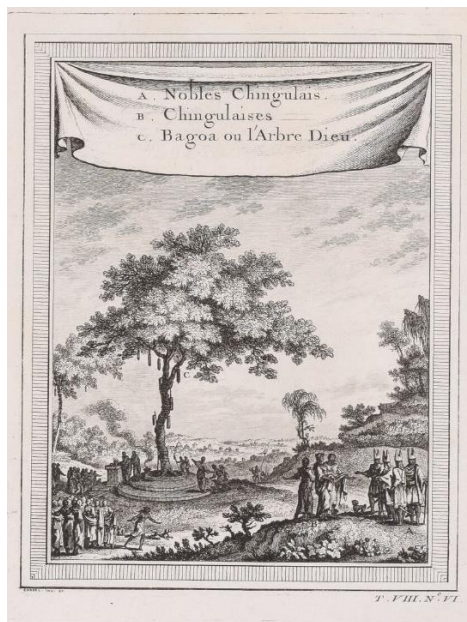
*Since the discovery of the **health-giving spring** there the previous century, it was one of the prime places to be seen for Windsor's high society. In its heyday, it was as popular as Bath or Tunbridge Wells, but its clientele was much more exclusive, and it was even frequented by Royalty.*



Wanborough... this appears in the Domesday Book of 1086 as *Weneberge* held by Goisfrid (Geoffrey) de Mandville. Flint and bronze implements have been found in the fields. The name **Wanborough** is from Wenberge, the Anglo-Saxon name for the White Barrow, a burial **mound** on the Hog's Back. 'Wenna's burial-mound/hill' or perhaps, 'wen-shaped burial-mound/hill'. The topography here may suggest a hill in the shape of a wen, or tumour.

Wanborough grew around, and to service, Wanborough Manor which is on the site of ancient springs.

The Wanborough Oak: Sacred Grove Ancient Circular Temple



Ancient Surrey temple shows Celts were tree-worshippers

Ancient Britons really were a bunch of tree-huggers, according to new archaeological evidence in Surrey.

Confirming claims by the Romans that our ancestors worshipped trees, a dig at a 2,000-year-old Celtic religious complex in Wanborough, near Guildford, suggests that in the late Iron Age, the main focus of religious veneration for local tribespeople was a large tree - probably an oak.

It is likely that the tree formed the central feature of some sort of sacred grove.

Other evidence from the British Isles and Europe has indicated that the Celts particularly venerated the oak, the yew and the ash.

Priests' head-dresses found in a previous excavation, bear emblems of the Celtic sky god Taranis, the Celtic version of Jupiter - a deity closely linked with oak trees.

The Ancient Britons venerated trees for many reasons - their longevity, their apparent annual death and rebirth, and their seeming ability to inhabit both the underworld, through their roots, and the sky, through their height.

The Wanborough oak was probably positioned at the heart of a sacred grove or enclosure and may well have been the place where tribal chiefs were inaugurated, where fertility rituals were carried out and where animal sacrifices were performed.

Following the Roman Conquest, continental architecture and other cultural ideas were introduced into Britain, and the open-air religious complex centred on the sacred tree was replaced by a circular temple in a Gallo-Roman style with flint and clay walls, a tiled roof and a wooden floor.

The sacred tree was removed but its site remained important, with the entrance passage of the temple deliberately aligned towards its position.

Votive offerings to the gods, including the largest hoard of Celtic coins ever discovered in Britain - 10,000 coins found in the mid-1980s - were interred nearby.

This is only the second early Romano-British circular temple to be found.

The excavations, directed by archaeologist David Williams and funded by Surrey Archaeological Society, have shown that the building itself was 11.5 metres in diameter and was probably more than 10 metres high.

Digs at the site, including the Gallo-Roman round temple, have just been completed. “We were thrilled to discover this building because it is only the second temple of its type ever found in Britain,” said Mr Williams. Source: The Independent 11th September 1999.

Wisley appears in the Domesday Book of 1086 as *Wiselei*. It was held by Osuuold (Oswold) [of Wotton], whose main seat was Wotton.

Wisley Church is intriguing; the dedication is unknown, but this Norman place of worship was once known as ‘**The church in the farmyard**’. The farmyard has long gone.

There is a **maintained medieval track** running from Byfleet through Wisley to St Nicholas' Church, Pyrford.

Woking, official Notts University research name meaning: 'Wocc(a)'s people'. The site of the hundred meeting place was 'Harmes Hatch' near the boundary of Cobham and Ockham parishes on the NE edge of the hundred. The second element of this name is OE haecc, 'hatch/gate', but the forms are too late to determine the first.

“Wocca tribe” – wicca people? *Woccingas* OE defined: ‘wizards, magicians, soothsayers, astrologers’.

Famous fiction author H. G. Wells married Catherine Robbins, his second wife, in 1895 and they moved to the Surrey town of Woking. He would spend his afternoons writing and his mornings wandering or riding across the local countryside.

The original idea for his famed novel *The War of the Worlds* came from his brother during one of these walks, pondering on what it might be like if alien beings were suddenly to descend on the scene and start attacking its inhabitants.

Much of *The War of the Worlds* takes place around Woking and the surrounding area. The initial landing site of the Martian invasion force, Horsell Common, was an open area close to Wells' s home.

But that was just an invented story by Well's... although maybe not completely; how funny then, that actual UFO's ARE reported sporadically in this area - such as this sighting.

Woking - August 09, 2009 - Real UFO Sighting

Sighting Specifics:

Distance	101-500 Feet, 501 Feet - 1 Mile
Altitude	Treetop, Over 500 Feet - under Cloud cover
Duration	00:02:00
Features	Unknown
Flight Path	Stationary
Shape	Disc

Witness Description:

August 2, 2009, I was in bed, then decided to look outside of the window for no reason at all and saw what appeared to be a disc that was above the tree line in the back yard; the object was completely stationary.

I did not witness where it went since I was young and scared, so I left the room.

The lights on this UFO were a mix of green, blue, red, yellow and gold, even white in some places. [End]

All Saints Church, Woodham, stands in a circular prehistoric bank-and-ditch site, and merits a nose-around. 'The Traditional Church in the woods', (as it's known) is to be found near 6 Crossroads Roundabout Woodham.

I contend that the genuine meaning of place names also changes over the ages.

My hometown, Farnborough, Hampshire, is a prime example.

Fearnbiorginga, which originally meant “a village among the ferns on the hill” or “mounds among the ferns,” according to certain gazetteers, has long since been forgotten. Today, the location is entirely associated with the military and aeroplanes!

If today, you mention about this being a place of “mounds” and “ferns” to anyone in this area, they will definitely give you a strange look!

Without a doubt, word meanings and values change over time in the same way that beliefs, fashions, and practises do.



In the middle of Ewell is Bourne Park; Bourne House is a modern replacement for the original and houses a museum. The lake in front of the house is centred on the main spring, although the fountain is ornamental!

There is a sacred spring in **Ewell, Surrey**, part Ewell the springs which form the **Hogsmill River**.

These springs are all connected by a subterranean aquiferous, arterial system.

They attracted prehistoric people to the area and numerous remains have been found, mostly in Ewell.

During the reign of Elizabeth I, about *30 'witches' were tried at the Surrey Assizes. These included Eden Worsley, a spinster of **Ewell**, who was charged that on 4 July 1564 she murdered by witchcraft Elizabeth, the daughter of Robert Bybye. She was the only one sentenced to hang; the majority were found not guilty.

*The witch trials were a phenomenon that occurred across Europe during the late medieval and early modern periods, with a peak in the 16th and 17th centuries. While witch trials were not as widespread in England as in some other European countries, they did occur, and individuals were accused of practicing witchcraft.

Eden Worsley was accused of murdering Elizabeth Bybye through witchcraft. The fact that she was the only one sentenced to hang while the majority were found not guilty is not uncommon in the context of witch trials. The outcomes of such trials were often influenced by various factors, including the strength of the evidence, the skills of the accused's defense, and the prevailing attitudes of the community and legal authorities.

The fear of witchcraft during this period led to a number of false accusations, and many innocent people suffered as a result. The legal processes used in witch trials were often flawed, and individuals accused of witchcraft faced prejudice and superstition.

It's worth noting that Elizabeth I herself was not particularly known for promoting or encouraging witch hunts, but the phenomenon occurred within the broader social and cultural context of the time. The legal system and societal beliefs of the period contributed to the occurrence of witch trials.

Chapter 9: More Partaking of the Waters



Thorncroft Holy Spring, Leatherhead, Surrey - hauntings

and more.

An old holy spring that was utilised for therapeutic purposes and once had a particular reputation for curing eye problems.

To get there: After passing the River Mole, take the B2450 and turn onto Thorncroft Drive. There may be parking for a few cars at Thorncroft Drive's turning or start, depending on luck. Take the trail immediately to the left, and descend the steps to the spring.

Its abundant flow can be reached by taking a few steps down beside the main public road, where the waters emerge from a bankside culvert and flow towards the River Mole.

51.290083, -0.327541

Additional Information:

<http://www.moleseyhistory.co.uk/books/surrey/holywells/index.html>

<https://www.megalithic.co.uk/article.php?sid=13858>

The crystal-clear stream here may look unremarkable enough, but the Thorncroft Spring was once widely recognized as having curative properties.

According to Rowland G.M. Baker's "Holy Wells and Magical Waters of Surrey," it was once recognised for its ability to treat a variety of illnesses, including eye pain. Even King George 111 is said to have followed the tradition and would partake of 'the elixir of life' from this very source, whenever he came to stay at Windsor Castle.



In the early 17th century, one physician idealistically described such healing springs in verse:

"These waters youth in age renew

Strength to the weak and sickly add

Give the pale cheek a rosy hue

And cheerful spirits to the sad.”

Warning: Untreated water sources are not always as pure as they once were though, as a result of Britain's industrialization. Early accounts of this Spring's effectiveness, along with reports of purported “cures” at several other Holy Springs/Wells scattered throughout my collection, indicate that people's faith in these locations was robust.

Poppycock! many would say today; but, if these waters didn't work, then how come they were used for hundreds of years? Just wondering.

Answer: Spring waters are frequently heavy in mineral salts after filtering through different rock layers; this may have contributed to many early claims; when paired with the power of belief, this appears to have had innumerable positive effects and were used for medicinal purposes... moreover successfully it would seem.

Along the same lines we have...



Guildford – A Collection of Mysterious Spaces



Although, Spring-heeled Jack was an entity most known in Victorian England, Jack has, astonishingly, also been documented much more recently!

Imagine that you are on a motorway with your loved ones.

Abruptly, a dim silhouette emerges in the distance on the side of the road. As you get closer, it jumps out and darts in front of your car before making a strong leap over a fifteen-foot wall and disappears from sight.

According to the Surrey press, this is precisely what happened to a local family in 2012 as they were making their way home after an evening out.

This abnormal bounding figure has been reported to have been seen in a number of different locations around these regions.

The first record of Spring-heeled Jack dates back to 1837, and recordings of the character have been made throughout Great Britain, especially in Surrey and Hampshire.

According to the Surrey and Hants News & Guildford Times on December 14, 1878, soldiers at Aldershot Barracks had even seen “Jack.” According to this account, a guard at the North Camp noticed something weird “moving towards him” as he gazed into the shadows. Elliott O'Donnell, *Haunted Britain* - Consul

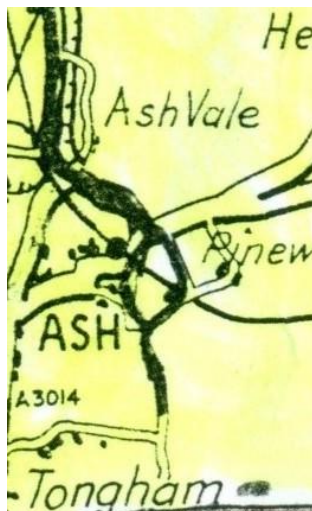
Books (1963), p. 89, states that after the soldier's challenge was ignored, the figure approached him and gave him multiple slaps on the face.

A guard shot at him, with no visible effect; some sources claim that the soldier may have fired blanks at him, others that he missed or fired warning shots. The strange figure then disappeared into the surrounding darkness “with astonishing bounds.”

Numerous theories exist regarding the origins and identity of Spring-heeled Jack, and because of the stories surrounding his uncanny appearance and remarkable physical abilities, he was featured in a number of urban fiction publications.

People who claimed to have seen Spring-heeled Jack described him as having a terrifying and terrible look; diabolical traits, such as a “Devil-like” aspect with “clawed hands” and eyes that “resembled red balls of fire.”

Ash Vale in the borough of Guildford, Surrey



UFO Sighting in Ash Vale, UK on November 24, 2017

Witness Description: “As I was strolling down the street, I became side tracked by the unexpected arrival of a cigar-shaped vehicle in the air.

“It was unlike anything I had ever seen before and it just materialised out of nowhere.

The craft was hovering when it abruptly took off at a very high speed.

Though I thought it was a dream, it was undoubtedly real, and I am proud to have been present when it happened.

I have not provided my telephone number as I don't really want to talk about it again with anyone else, with anyone else in person, but this outlet has provided me with the opportunity to reveal my experience publicly."

Sighting Specifics:

Distance	21-100 Feet
Altitude	Treetop
Duration	00:01:00
Features	Patterned surface
Flight Path	Path with directional change

Chapter 10: For Followers of the Way



Standing right on Stag Hill, Guildford Cathedral, (which, at its base, is 57 m. in altitude) was used as a scene backdrop for the creepy 1976 movie *The Omen*; yet, even away from such works of fiction, this location is no stranger to genuine mysteries.

Building work began in 1936, but delayed by WW11; so, it has no great age, nevertheless, before this impressive structure, which, according to dowzers, is situated directly on a ley system, (incidentally, ley lines are also known as dragon lines) and also, there might have been an earlier sacred endeavour here.



The cathedral was designed by architect Edward Maufe, and this is his dragon ‘foundation’ stone set into one of the walls there.

Two photographs taken in April 2012, that appeared to show a spooky shape on this mount in Guildford, have caused a stir among investigators.



Trick of the light or something more?

Amateur photographer, Mark Baker, 37, took the pictures when trying out a new camera timer, and when he downloaded them to his PC, they appeared to show a ghostly white form.

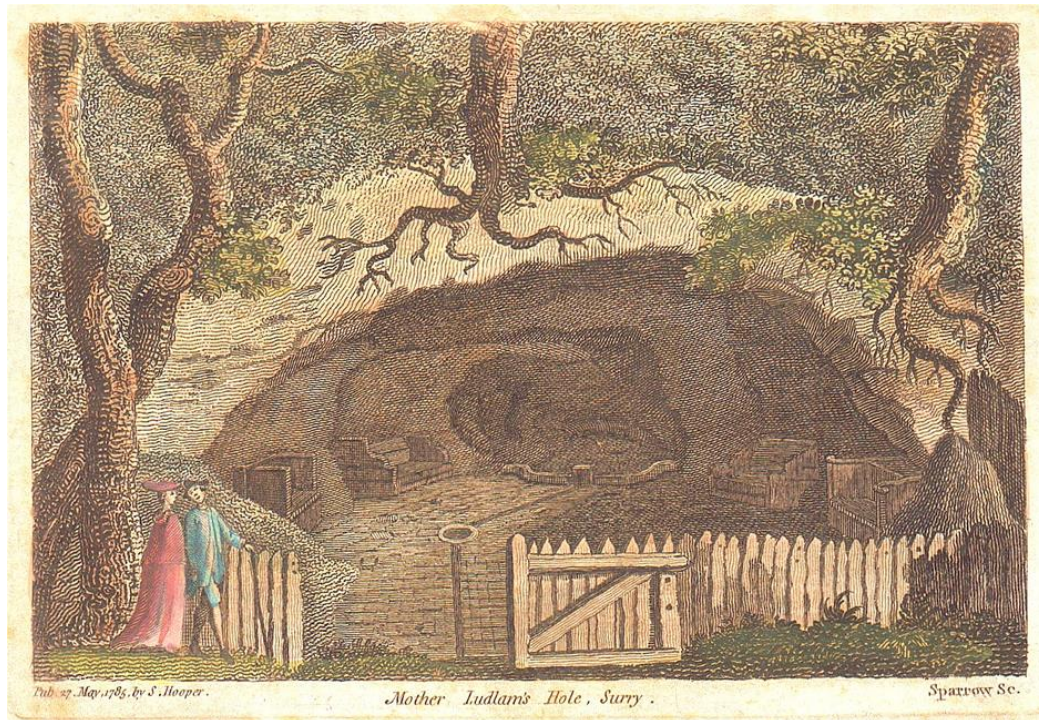


‘It was not until I got home and was downloading, I noticed it,’ he said; and Mark went on to stress that he had not digitally altered the images in any way.

Mother Ludlum's 'Other Hole' is in Guildford

Records show that there is a small, narrow opening in Guildford, (a 'hole' if you like) leading to a natural subterranean rock passage.

Although barely big enough for an adult to squeeze through, this eventually leads to another cavity, popularly known as Mother Ludlum's 'Hole', an artificially widened outflow cave with a spring stream running through and from it.



The main entrance of the cave is in a sandstone cliff at Moor Park near Farnham, Surrey, but is now closed-off to the public due to safety concerns following a partial collapse of its roof.

Folklore submits that in the 13th century the 'Ludewell', (other spellings through history include 'Ludwell' and 'Luddwell') was once home to a White Witch known as 'Mother' who supplied the monks of nearby *Waverley Abbey with fresh water and cooking utensils in return for food.

***A few supporting points/clues; I have heard that there is a connection between the now ruined Waverley Abbey and Rosslyn Chapel, a 15th-century chapel located in the village of Roslin, Midlothian, Scotland, involving the Holy Grail. Also, "*this hallowed shrine*", (as the abbey was once referred to by Francis Cardinal Bourne) used to provide shelter for weary pilgrim travellers. And, thanks to *Tales of Old Surrey* by Matthew Alexander, we learned that an *underground passage* supposedly ran for over two miles to the Waverley Abbey; plausibly, such legends were often early, but distorted, commemorations of ley lines. *Curiosity: The Surrey Puma was one or more phantom big cats reported in south western and an adjoining part of Hampshire from 1959 to the present year. It was seen even earlier at Waverley Abbey, Farnham by**

William Cobbett, (a resident of Normandy, Surrey) who recalled an incident which must have occurred around 1770. There was a hollow elm tree near Waverley Abbey, *‘into which I, when a little boy, once saw a cat go, that was as big as a middle-sized spaniel dog, for which relating I got a great scolding, for standing to which I, at last, got a beating, but stand to it I did. I have since many times repeated it and would take my oath on it to this day.’* The Surrey Puma is a newspaper term coined in August 1964 when a large cat was reported in the Farnham and *Odiham, (*tail of our Hog) area on the Surrey-Hampshire border.

Origins of the name ‘Ludwell’ or ‘Luddwell. A modern ethnographer would identify ‘Lud’ as a Celtic god: A temple dedicated to Llud once stood at the site of St. Paul's Cathedral in London near Ludgate, which was named after him.

He replaced the Goddess Tamesis as God of the River Thames.

Llud was also notorious as the Celtic god of healing.

Of course, that quaint little story of ‘Mother’s’ arrangement with the monks may be just folklore; and looking at the legend another way, (from a Pagan, living earth belief angle) the 'Mother' reference might just as easily be considered as alluding to the 'Earth Mother', (rock womb of) and the 'Hole', a symbolic reference to the opening where the water emerges from 'her' cavernous vagina... now there's a thought!

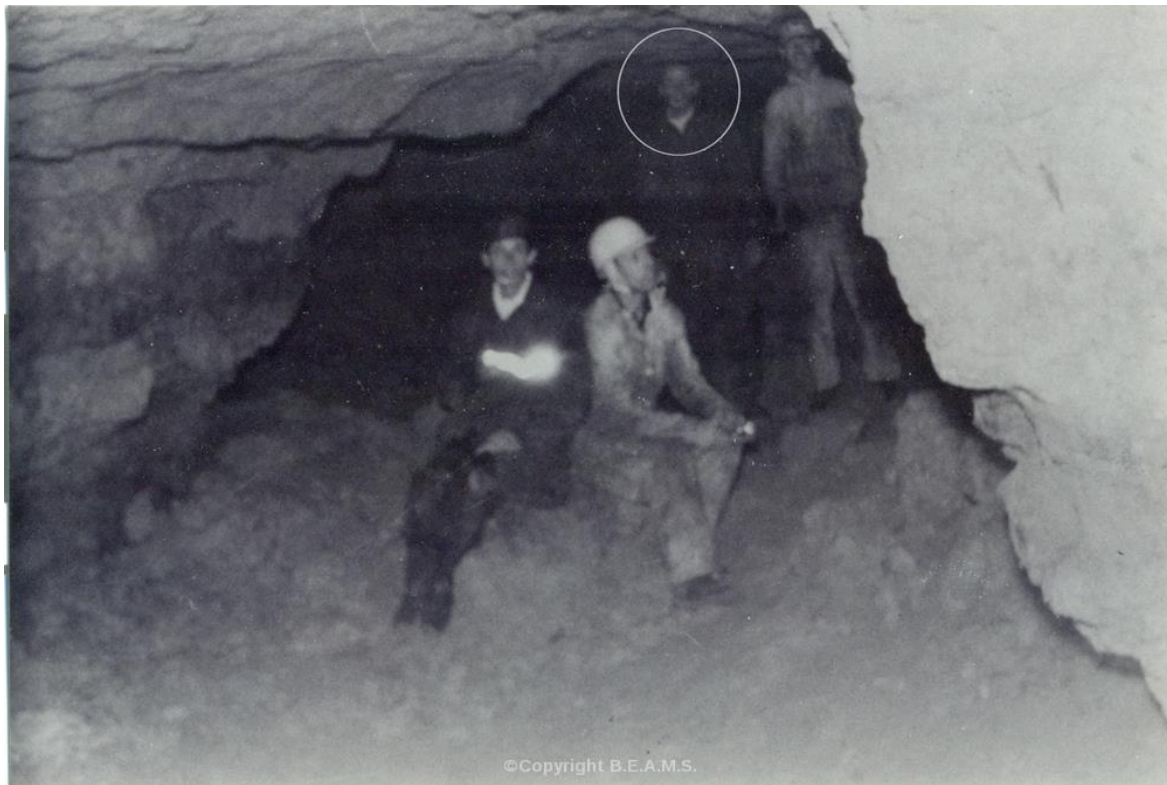


Inside-out from Mother Ludlum’s showing water flow; photo by Ken Parsons

Curiously, on the bank above Mother Ludlum's Cave there once existed another, much smaller cave.

This was allegedly the shelter of a man named 'Foote', who is supposed to have excavated the hollow; locals referred to it as 'Father Foote's Cave'. The cave may have been the source of the original Ludewell, though it is now totally dry.

Here is yet another connection to the high-strangeness of this place.



Above is a genuine picture of the 'spirit' extra of a 'caver' or possibly a miner - taken in the 1960's, during an exploration of Mother Ludlum's Hole, near Farnham, Surrey, UK

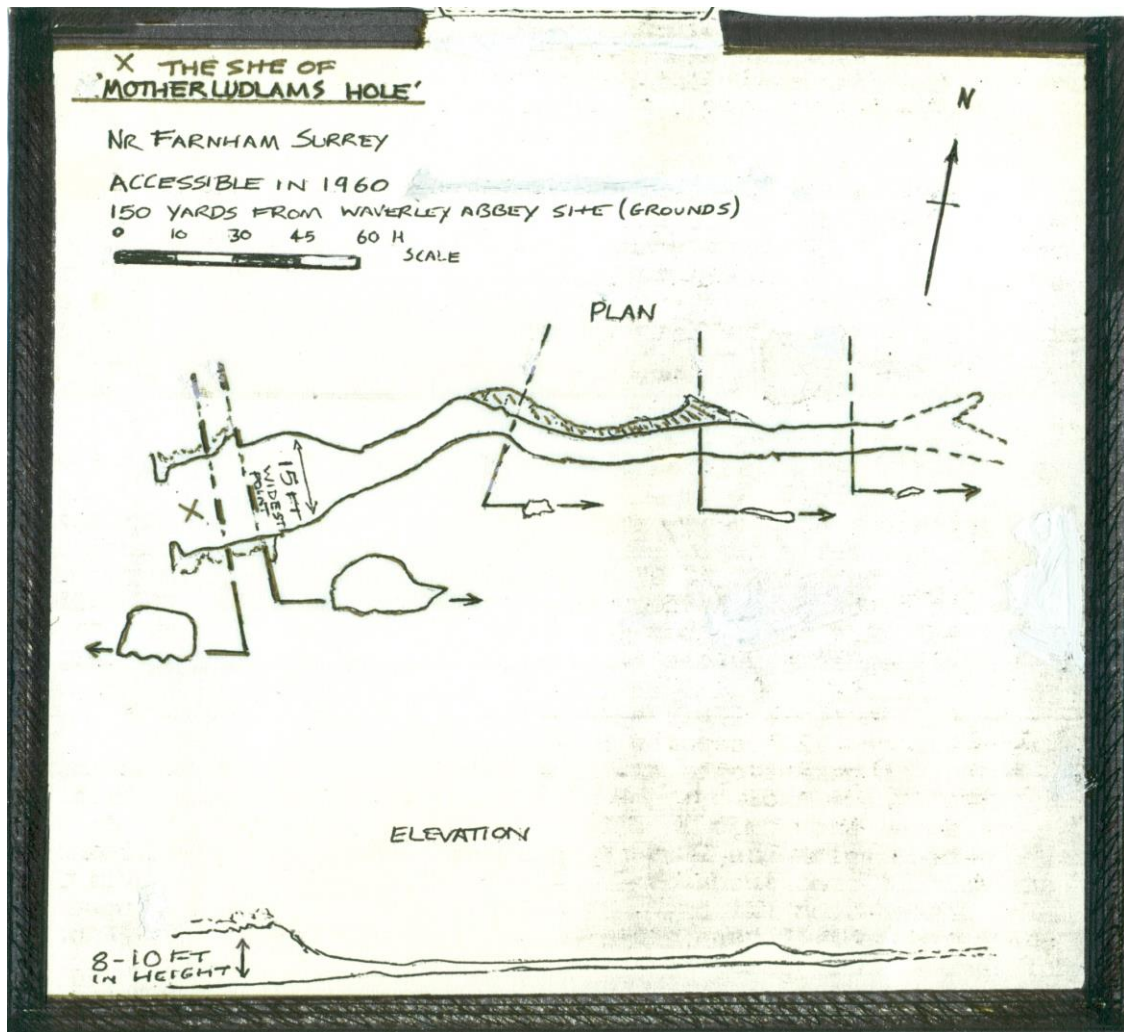
The idea was for the men to crawl through a tight passage at the back of this cave and come out at the Guildford opening.

George, the man seated front-right, was a friend of mine. One day, as he was telling me about his potholing exploits, he gave me this unique old photo to treasure. George told me that only four people were on his caving expedition, three of them are pictured here, and one is taking the picture, and he had no idea how the fifth man, (highlighted by a circle back-left), got into the picture because there was no one else in the area at the time.

George said that when he picked his photographs up after processing - he had 'quite a shock' to see this mystery figure 'posing for the camera as bold as brass'; and apparently 'he' was in none of the other shots taken in the cave entrance either.

Note also how the mystery person is not wearing a protective hat; cavers always wear a hard hat with chin strap to protect the head from jagged rocks and possible falling debris.

In my opinion it is unfeasible for this to be a double exposure, as the enigmatic individual is so tightly positioned next to one of the cavers; like George said, it's as if he's 'posing for the camera - and no one else saw him'.



A map that George drew for me to explain how he crawled through from the cave near Farnham to Guildford

Of course, we tend to automatically label these photographic apparitions as 'ghosts' or 'spirits', but it is sensible to consider, that some so-called 'ghosts' might be the result of another kind of little understood phenomena... residual human memories.

These can somehow become imprinted, (recorded) into the area space of our environment; like a loop of film that is replayed when certain, (psychic?) criteria are fulfilled, as with this grouping of like minds? Yet, such a hypothesis

surely only works when a 'ghost' is seen in real time, by the naked eye - or captured on video.

If what I am discussing here is simply some kind of dumb 'ether recording', (for want of a better term) how could this figure have presented itself on a still photograph at all? and so carefully positioned as well; implying that the figure had sentience?

I have carefully kept this photo that George presented to me about 20 years ago, on file, along with his account, but hadn't given it much thought since to be honest; but I find it quite a neat piece of synchronicity how his unexpected picture only now fully comes into its own, tallying perfectly with the recent research that I have conducted for this book.

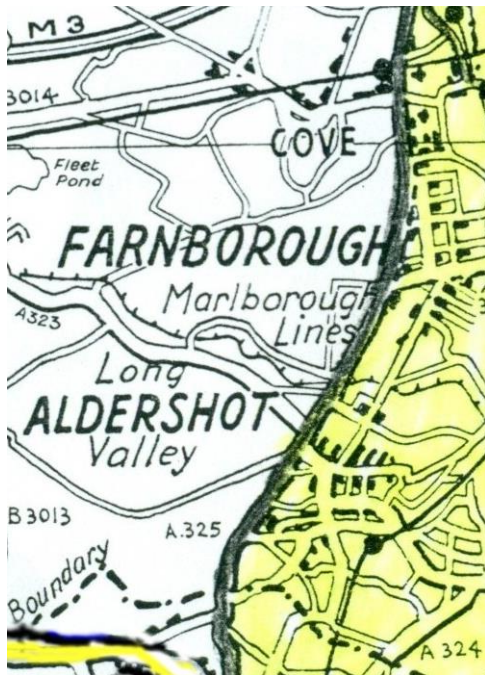
Bits and pieces of evidence turn up in the most unlikely ways sometimes!

Local legend mentioned that geese and ducks were lost in the Ludlum cave and appeared several days later rather worn out and featherless at Guildford, some eight miles away! The earliest reference to this story being 1787 and was published in Frances Grose's fifth volume of *The Antiquities of England and Wales*.

Take not the crooked path.

Chapter 11: Surprises at Farnborough/Aldershot, Hants

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Farnborough to Aldershot, Hampshire, UK: Neolithic Mini Stonehenge & More!

The BBC inform us of a new theory concerning standing stones.

Two of Britain's leading archaeologists, both world-renowned experts on Stonehenge, may have finally solved the riddle of standing stones.

Professor Timothy Darvill and Professor Geoff Wainwright think that the megaliths may have been used for healing.

The whole purpose of the great stones is that they were a prehistoric Lourdes says Wainwright. "People came here to be made well."

This is revolutionary stuff, and it comes from a reinterpretation of human bones discovered buried near to Britain's largest site at Stonehenge, Wiltshire.

Darvill and Wainwright believe the reason was the magical, healing powers imbued in the stones by their proximity to traditional healing springs.

But though Darvill and Wainwright think the idea of the megaliths as a prehistoric Lourdes is the most convincing yet, it's fair to say that the archaeological community is not totally persuaded. When the idea was first suggested at a lecture in 2006, it was met with much encouragement, but also quite a few incredulous looks. And that's hardly surprising.

Now I am going to expose Farnborough's *best kept secret*, what may have been a virtual Mini Stonehenge, somewhere not normally visible to the general public; a site which can be traced as part of a straight alignment, (give or take the odd outthrust) of special historical features stretching from Windmill Hill Farnborough, (whose altitude is at least 97 m.) all the way to Aldershot, (Altitude: 104 m.).

Historical records say that a 'windmill' once stood here. The windmill itself dated to the Medieval period and was marked on a map of 1675, but was no longer in use by 1840. It was located at Windmill Hill, north of Farnborough.

The windmill mound survives as an earthwork. In an illustrated talk, Jo Gosney of the Farnborough Society in 2016, specified that “a small house called Windmill Hill” occupied this spot, which was later rebuilt by H.E. Kendall jnr for Sir Thomas Longman, the publisher in 1863, and ultimately purchased by the *Empress Eugenie, widow of the exiled Emperor Napoleon III of France.”

***Empress Eugenie and the Occult:**

Bertrand Russell once observed that spiritualism was the suburban form of witchcraft, but it was considered neither suburban nor witchcraft during the Second Empire. Even the great Dominican Lacordaire, the most brilliant preacher of the day and a member of the Académie Française, thought there might be something in it. In 1854 Princesse Mathilde and Pietri, the Prefect of Police, both tried table-turning. Napoleon and Eugénie experimented soon after, without much enthusiasm.

Three years later, an unusually gifted medium named David Dunlop Hume arrived in Paris, a young Scot who had discovered his powers while living in the United States. Twenty-two, haggard and skeletal, with nice manners, he not only communicated with the dead but foretold the future. Converted to Catholicism by a celebrated Jesuit, Fr Ravignan, he confessed that he was tormented by spirits but promised to give them up. They returned, however – at least, he said they did – and he began to talk to them.

On 13 March 1857 Horace de Viel Castel wrote, ‘All Paris is talking about the American sorcerer.’ Hume had been taken up by Prince and Princesse de Beauvau-Craon, holding seances at their house where, when he went into trances, claps of thunder sounded, bells pealed, tables and chairs danced round the room, pianos and accordions played, while handkerchiefs came out of the guests’ pockets and tied themselves in knots.

Fascinated, Eugénie invited Mr Hume to hold seances at the Tuileries, the first taking place in a seldom-used room. A heavy armchair suddenly lumbered across the room towards him and then the chair on which he was sitting rose slowly into the air – he also floated out of the window. Later the spirits of Napoleon I and Queen Hortense spoke to him, together with those of Pascal, Rousseau and St Louis. So, too, did Don Cipriano, who held the empress’s hand – ‘It’s my father’s hand!’ she cried. The emperor grasped it too, exclaiming, ‘My God, it’s cold!’ The Duc de Mortemart actually saw the spectral fingers. from Page 20 *Eugénie: The Empress and Her Empire* by Desmond Seward

Really important archaeological notes about this site include: “A well-marked windmill mound with a trig point and a clump of trees. It is surrounded by a

circular ditch, about 40m in diameter. This seems enormous to be the ditch for the tail of a post mill. The mill is marked on Ogilby's map of 1675, but not on Beighton's map of 1725. It had definitely disappeared by the time of the Tithe Awards in 1841." Source:

https://www.ourwarwickshire.org.uk/content/catalogue_her/windmill-mound-at-windmill-hill-farnborough

In yards, that is 43.66667 across! Apart from the "enormous" diameter of its circular ditch, for seasoned ley line enthusiasts, the sheer mention alone of a "trig point" and "clump of trees" for this "windmill" should ring many bells.

One historian asked in her book *The Story of a House – A History of Farnborough Hill* by D. Mostyn, "was this, one wonders, the mill marked in the Domesday Book as worth ten pence?"

Yet, according to what I have established, this part of Farnborough was much more important than just for milling grain; rather, it seems, likely to have once been a site of pagan reverence.

The same author reveals an extra treat, in the potential of there being some relation between Farnborough Hill house, and the mysterious Eversley's St Mary's church

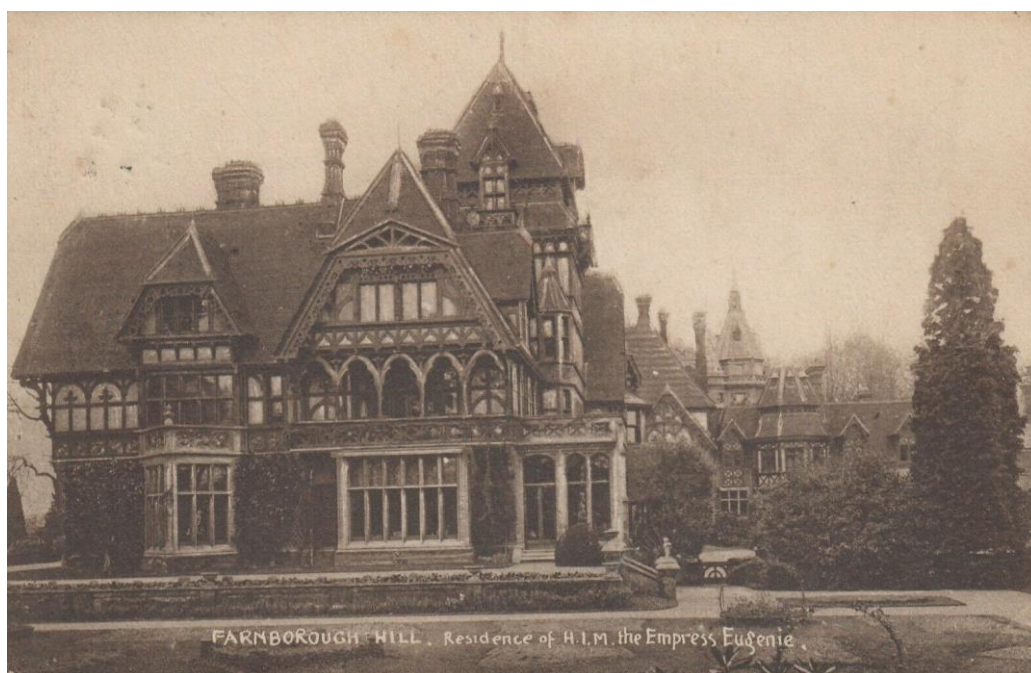
<http://www.beamsinvestigations.org/The%20St%20Mary%27s%20Church%20Eversley,%20Hampshire,%20Pagan%20Stone%20Mystery.html> a whopping 9 miles distant, but which contains a sarsen stone secreted beneath its altar floor!

It transpires, the Longmans were great pals with Charles Kingsley, (famed author of the *Water Babies*, written as part satire in support of Charles Darwin's *The Origin of Species*) who just so happened to be the clergyman of Eversley church, and came to stay at their home on many-an-occasion.

It is said of Kingsley, that his preaching "*was becoming a great power*".

Where this gets really interesting....

Tucked away in a secluded corner, (located near 'the nun's graveyard') at the base of what is now Farnborough Convent Hill School, rest some notable Megalithic Stones.

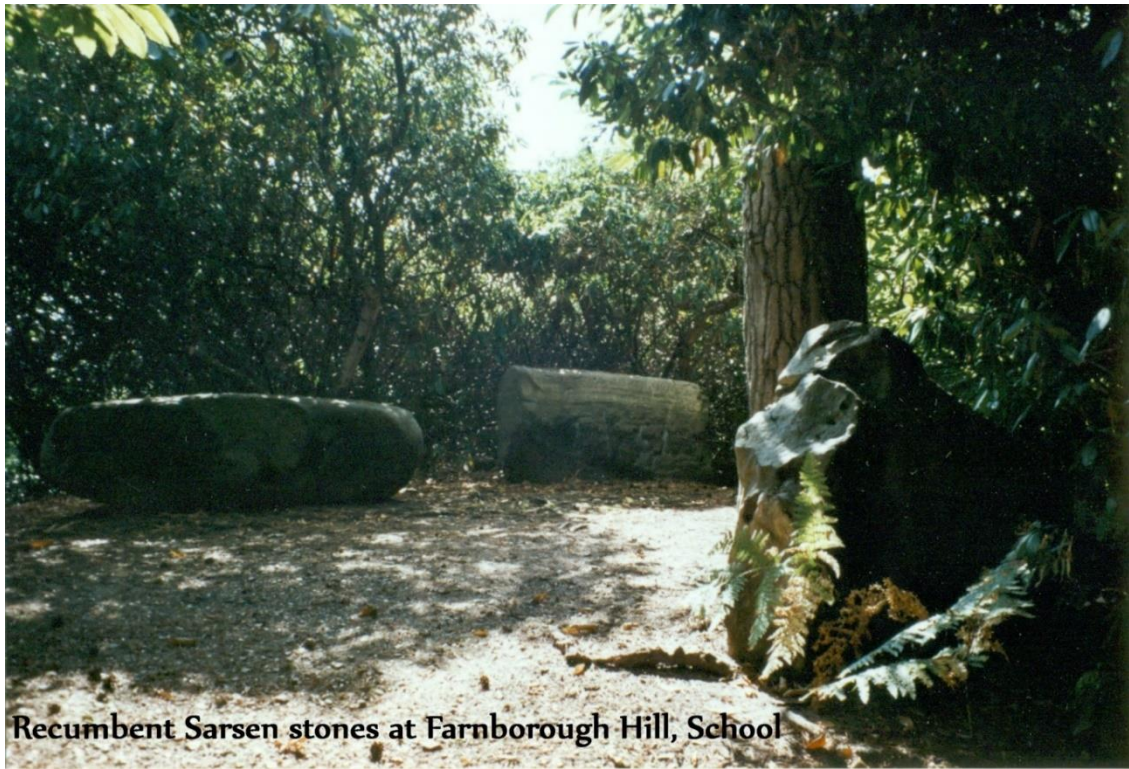


The Longman/Eugenie house - now Farnborough Convent School

Forgotten by all but a few, each massive boulder measures in excess of 3 feet across and weighs many tons.

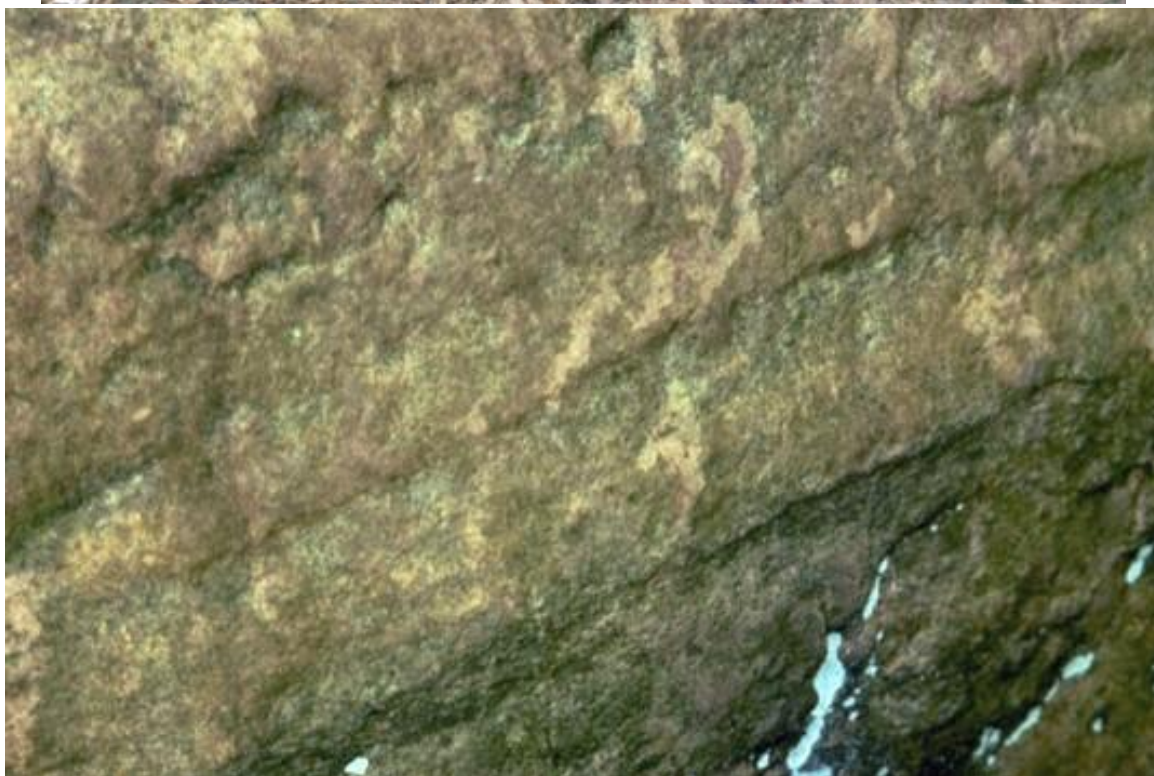
In 'Sarsen The Old Grey Stones of Hampshire', inspiringly written by local historian Arthur E. Lunn, (who tended to be quite cautious in his views) the author acknowledges their great antiquity, and speculates how these impressive blocks may have been transported here as part of a landscape project in the early 20th century.

However, as you will soon learn, this site is marked on a single map that I have examined, as being of special importance; and, as the next photos clearly illustrate, far from these stones being introduced neatly for aesthetic purposes, where they now rest looks more like a dumping ground; the impression that I got, (and as one legend suggests) is of the stones having been hauled, (dragged?) to a spot that was out of sight.



Recumbent Sarsen stones at Farnborough Hill, School





Above: 'Grooved' marks on 'major' stone; are these natural, or the result of cutting?

Nearby, there are also examples of 'lesser', flat sarsens, sunken into the ground over time and now almost covered over.



Lesser?

Aside from the enormous, intact specimens, there are a few small rock fragments that have been strategically positioned around the hill and used as decoration throughout the garden. But, even these smaller fragments could easily be the remnants of a much larger megalith that had been broken apart.

By special arrangement, former scientific worker at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough 1939-1941, and then senior keeper of this school, Mary Rose Murphy, a well-educated lady of great respectability, (now sadly passed away) kindly showed myself and my partner around the area.



Right to left: Mary Rose Murphy, my partner Hilary and her daughter Sally

I suspect that something else once occupied this high spot before the house was built; these grand old Sarsens may have graced the hill as part of a stone complex. The current building that stands here, a Roman Catholic Boarding School, was originally constructed in 1860 for the publisher Thomas Longman and later became the home of Empress Eugenie.

Following her guided tour, Mary (seen on the right side of the above photograph) told us about an ancient folktale connected to these now-fallen giants.

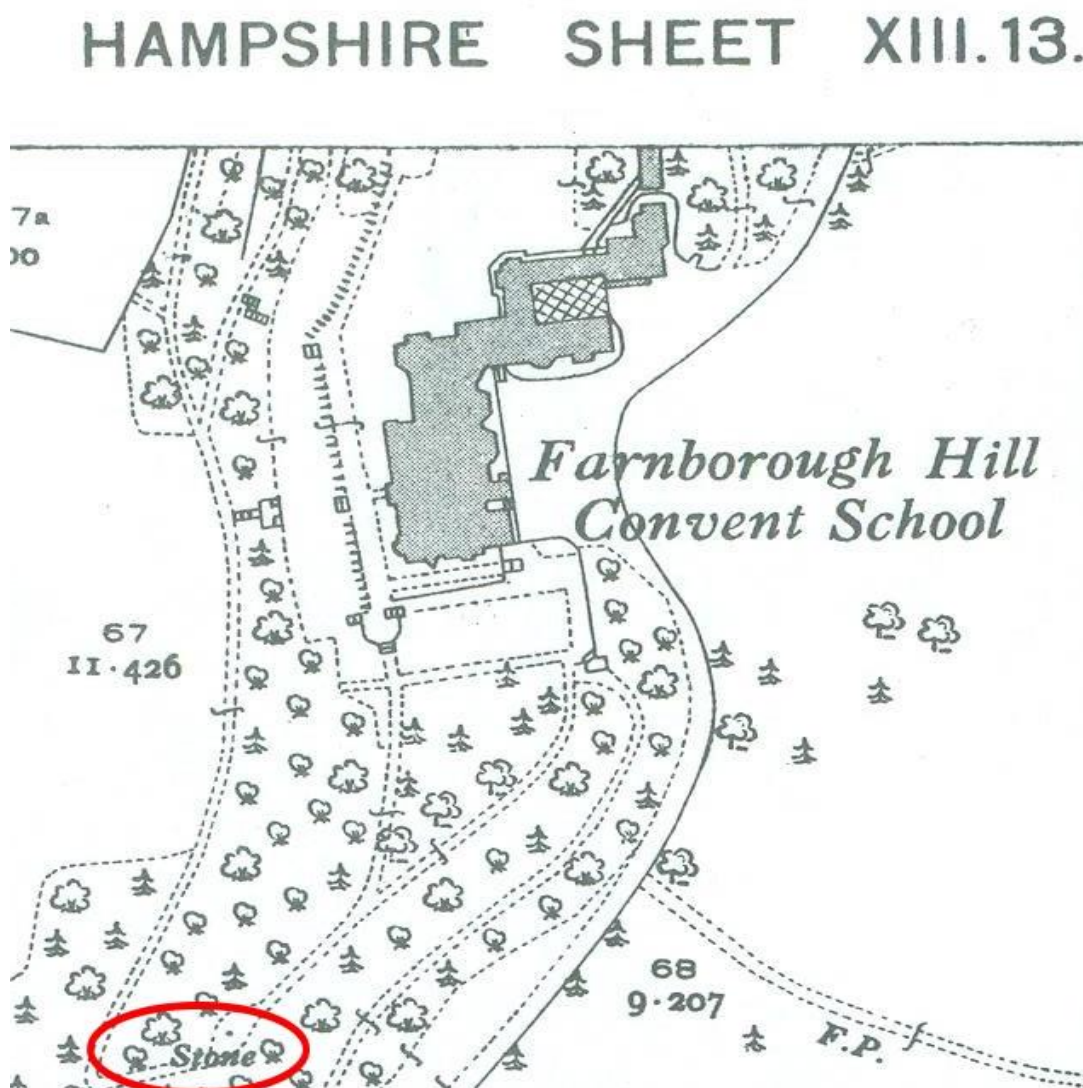
The legend goes that one evening, (many decades ago) the megaliths mysteriously uprooted themselves and moved down the hill on their own.

They were discovered unceremoniously scattered at the bottom next morning; blocks which I may add, that would have proved immensely difficult to shift without the aid of modern, powered machinery! My interpretation of that old wives' yarn is as follows; the megaliths were excavated and moved away from the hill by workmen in preparation for the building of the Longman house, and

disposed of where they are now; then, their wanton act was given a supernatural excuse... a fairy-tale for how such a terrible thing could have happened to this historical treasure.

Sadly, at that time, there was *no proper law to protect prehistoric sites, such as the Ancient Monuments Act which wasn't passed by parliament until 1882, a whopping 22 years after the publishers' home was built!

I am convinced that either a megalithic circle arrangement, or a single, tall monolith, a phallic-like stone, (broken in pieces for removal?) may have stood on the hill, predating, first the windmill and then the Longman/Eugenie house... by hundreds, if not a thousand years - or more!



The stones, (or 'stone' as indicated here) are marked on a 1930 OS sheet –
the only map to do so that I have found.

The very fact that this is recorded as ‘stone’, (in the singular) on a 1930 Ordnance Survey map of Farnborough, (titled ‘Hampshire 13. 13’ – ‘Old Ordnance Survey Maps Farnborough 1930’ – ‘The Godfrey Edition’) a solitary sheet specifying the location as of historical importance, is intriguing, and raises a few long-shot possibilities; that what remains today in these grounds might be the smashed-up pieces of a massive single ‘stone’.

Unless of course, it means a ‘stone site’; or... it is merely a careless print error on the map, and should be ‘stones’ plural, which is most unlikely. No matter what, this site represents something that is way too big for any boundary stone/stones, (which it most certainly is not in my opinion) or ornamental rocks; most of these artifacts are of monumental proportions!

A point of note about the map on which this discovery was made. Most of the maps from the *Godfrey Edition* range are reprints of old Ordnance Survey sheets, taken from the 1/2500 plans and reprinted at about 14 inches to the mile.

They cover towns explicitly, showing individual houses, railway tracks, factories, churches, mills, canals, tramways and even minutiae such as dockside cranes, fountains, signal posts, pathways, sheds, wells, etc.

*And, as asked in **Ley Lines & Earth Energies - The Rediscovery of a Lost Wisdom**, “just how many other towns and villages across Britain once possessed their own stone circles and Pagan shrines etc., only for them to be mindlessly vandalized... smashed and removed as society was steadily re-engineered by our religious and political leaders?”

I have dowsed these grounds and located several strong earth energy tracks which pass through here; in fact, Mary Rose Murphy herself was a practiced dowser and she conducted a similar confirmatory dowsing survey of the site.

Following the death of her husband Napoleon 111, Empress Eugenie founded Saint Michael's Abbey in 1881; this was designed as a mausoleum for both him and their son the Prince Imperial, both of whom rest in the crypt there, along with Eugenie herself, all in sombre granite sarcophagi. The Empress was close friends with Queen Victoria and later become godmother to Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg, daughter of Princess Beatrice. The Empress died age 94, in 1920.



Once described as a 'powerhouse of prayer', St. Michael's, complete with Gothic features, is located less than half a mile away and quite visible from the convent; parenthetically, an old name for this area was 'The Coombs'. The 'Coombs' probably belongs to a class of *topographic* surnames, which were given to people who resided near physical features such as hills, streams, churches, or types of trees.

Moving further up towards Aldershot, the traveller reaches a couple of listed ancient monuments: Albert Road, a side street of South Farnborough, which holds an interesting Bronze Age burial mound.



Albert Road Barrow: Image courtesy of Alan S

...and, progressing onward along the Farnborough Road, a prehistoric Bowl Barrow is located on the Queen's Roundabout in North Camp: An older name for this is the Cockadobby Hill, sometimes called "Cockadobbin", "Cock-a-

Dobbie Hill"... with 'Dobby' being an Old English word for 'Elf' or 'Goblin'.



Cockadobby Hill, Queen's Roundabout, North Camp, Farnborough

Just think, this tiny hillock on the road intersection, is practically all that remains of what was once a vast swathe of open heathland! National grid
Reference: SU86835343

To one side, explorers can find St. Peter's Church,
<http://www.beamsinvestigations.org/sept26.html> (please enter this link as it leads to a page exposing an incredible, absolutely real, shocking, paranormal photographic capture at this church).

St Peter's is the earliest remaining building in Farnborough, dating back to the 12th century and featuring its own Christianized, Sarsen stones.

Traveling further still, we now arrive at Rowhill Copse on the southern edge of Aldershot town: This is the location of 'The Bourne', an original, natural spring, which issues from the ground, that is the source of the River Blackwater; this small wood has now been classified as a Nature Reserve.

As one watches it's waters bubbling up from the soil, it is to be remembered that pagan man most likely venerated such springs, along with trees, caves and large stones; these crystal waters were probably considered as particularly magical because they were being issued directly from the 'Earth's Womb', as they are

likely to have considered it.



Above: 'The Bourne':

This is a mere puddle to start with, but it's trickles steadily accumulate to form the beginning of the River Blackwater.

To conclude this particular segment, regarding the Bourne, and any other 'ways' that cross through it, I think a mention should be given to several more locations of interest:

There is The 'Aldershot Stone' - yet another ancient sarsen marker.

Admittedly, a bit further over from our main alignment of sites, this small, listed monument has rightly been left in situ by the council as part of a pathway border next to Windmill Close.



The 'Aldershot Stone'

Before we leave this spot, how can anyone not be *taken* by Cathedral of St Michael and St George? (yes, two dragon-slayers in one church!) in Aldershot:

It's only Victorian in age, yet significant to note. The imposing construction has a tall tower topped by a red-brick spire, making the church a prominent local landmark. Above the main door is a relief of Saint George standing over the slain dragon.

Looking at all of this, it's hard to escape the idea of deliberate building sequences.

As artist, Luke Piper describes it... *the idea of a pilgrimage suggests a route to follow...*

I have always wondered about ley lines, feng shui and telluric energy. Could these phenomena be physical forces such as magnetism and gravity, affect what makes places special or different to others and therefore linked along waves, on seams or flows currents? If physical they shouldn't be affected by human interaction despite our best efforts - mining, farming and generally using the land but presumably would also ebb and flow with the sun, stars and planetary movements of the cosmos.

“... Were we collectively attracted to these places because of a concentration of existing natural forces and then our homage to them actually augmented or strengthened the phenomena creating some form of memory in the landscape? By making tracks and roads, temples, avenues, churches and

shrines we focused and manipulated this flow as well as marked it in time in stones and bones...”

Bourley/Long Valley are situated close to Upper Hale and are the location of a biological site of special scientific interest.

Beacon Hill, this lays principally between two main roads to the north-west of Hindhead - the A287 Haslemere to Farnham Road and Tilford Road): ‘The Bourne’ Aldershot.

According to Paul Cheetham, a senior lecturer in archaeology at the U.K.’s Bournemouth University, Iron Age inhabitants here used pits to store vital food supplies, such as grain, in a pre-refrigeration age.

They seem to have used each pit for just a year or two at most before digging a new one. Before abandoning the old pit, however, they buried an animal skeleton in it - and not just any animal, but a hybridized animal skeleton formed from the body parts of various animals, including horses, cows, sheep and pigs.

Some of the skeletons found in storage pits were particularly well articulated, or connected, indicating that the hybridized animal remains were buried with flesh still attached. It’s not known whether the hybrids were stitched together, as organic material such as string would not have survived in the ground over 2,000 years.



Skeleton found in burial pits

As these animals were valuable as a food source, leaving them in the abandoned pits must have had great meaning - most likely as a religious sacrifice. Miles Russell, Cheetham’s co-director and a senior lecturer of prehistoric and Roman

archaeology at Bournemouth, told LiveScience that the ancient Britons who left the animals were “creating combinations of prized animals as an offering to particular deities.”

“The flesh of the animal was often mixed with the seed corn or buried in the fields, probably to promote fertility”

The altars occur in Britain, of which the animal is sometimes portrayed as the emblem.

Here is another point... it's probable there are up to a thousand boar roaming the Surrey countryside - right-now, as you read this.

It is thought that the wild pigs started breeding after escaping from farms that are licensed to keep them.

However, the likelihood of you seeing one is slim, as they are remarkably intelligent, shy, retiring animals.

Yes, wild boar are still living in our Surrey woodlands and actually have been for quite a while!

The boar is an ancestor to our domestic pigs and feral populations are now firmly resident in the South of England, where it was hunted to extinction in medieval times.

It inhabits broad-leaved woodland and is omnivorous, choosing to snuffle in leaf litter for roots, nuts, fungi, small animals and carrion.

But their fearsome reputation is largely unfounded, according to Dr Martin Goulding, who wrote the first book on wild boar in Britain.

“They're very shy, retiring animals and they don't like disturbance. They'll run away from human contact and they know we're in the woods before we know they're about.” BBC Surrey.

Basingstoke Canal (Aldershot) - The Strange Case of Alfred Burtoo

By Hilary Porter

Allen Hynek Classification: CE3

Shape of Object: Disc

Number of Witnesses: Single

Special Characteristics: Humanoid/Occupant, Landing, Witness Sketch, Animal Reaction, Contact, Communication, Witness Photo

Having been a researcher of all things relating to UFOs and the paranormal, (together with experiencing my own interaction with aliens and a whole rash of encounters being reported throughout the late 70s into the 80's, covering the areas of Northeast Hampshire and West Surrey), it was with great interest that I came across a particular newspaper article during mid-August 1983.

The Aldershot News carried a story that was submitted by a local UFO investigator, Mr Omar Fowler. The piece concerned an elderly gentleman who lived in the area, by the name of Alfred Burtoo.

It was a warm summer's night; this chap loved fishing in the early hours and decided to go to his favourite spot along the Basingstoke Canal near North Town, Aldershot. At Government Road he encountered a Ministry of Defence policeman on his beat; they briefly chatted, then once over Gasworks Bridge Alfred went down the embankment turning left and settled down for a night's fishing.

He had his dog "Tiny" with him for company and tethered the dog by taking the bottom joint of his fishing umbrella, sticking it into the ground and securing the dog to it; and then he cast out the fishing line into the canal waters, putting his fishing rod on a rest.

Through the night air he could hear the gong striking 1 o'clock at Buller Barracks; about 15 minutes later Mr. Burtoo decided to have a cup of tea from his thermos flask.

Suddenly, a vivid light came over North Town.

Alfred watched in amazement as the illumination went into falling leaf motion over the nearby Aldershot to London main railway line, where the display blacked-out for a few seconds, before turning itself on again and seeming to land on the embankment on the other side of the Gasworks Bridge. He began hearing a strange whining noise, a bit like an electric generator.

“Then, as he looked on, the main lighting went out but he could still see some light through boughs of the trees in that area.”

He thought to himself, well, that can't be an airplane because of the strange sound and the way this thing had moved; so, he lit up a cigarette, still keeping a watchful eye on the landing area, when the dog started growling furiously.

Even though it was a dark night, the fisherman could just make out a couple of diminutive figures coming towards him along the towpath. Trying to stay calm and collected, he told the dog to shut up and stop growling, and being obedient, the dog obeyed his master.

As the figures neared, all became clear. No more than five feet in front of Alfred, now stood two small humanoid figures each about 4ft high.

He reported that incredibly, “they just stopped and looked at me and I did the same”. He observed that from head to foot they were wearing light green coveralls which looked to be made of a material “like plastic”, (no buttons or other fasteners were noted) and they had helmets of the same colour with black visors so he couldn't see the faces.

The witness said that one of the beings beckoned to him with his right forearm, then turned, still waving his arm; so, Mr. Burtoo followed behind him and the other “being” next, with the three forming a line.

“We walked along the towpath till we reached the railings by the canal bridge”.

The being in front simply went through the railings like a ghost; while our witness climbed over the top, then all three of them crossed Government Road then back down onto the canal footpath.

Going around a left-hand turn in the pathway, he saw a large object, about 40 to 45ft across, standing partly on the towpath, with between 10 to 15ft of it jutting out over the embankment. Alfred thought, “Christ, what the hell is that?”

As they drew closer, he could see that this craft had steps going up to it. The steps were off-line to the towpath and they had to walk onto the grass to go up them; around the hull there seemed to be portholes and the vehicle rested on two ski-type runners.

Following the leader, Alfred climbed into the craft. Once inside he was taken aback by the futuristic interior all around him. He could see no sharp corners... everything was smooth and rounded-off; next he was taken into an octagonal room.

The little figure in front of him crossed over the room, and then the sound of a sliding door could be heard opening and closing. He stood in the room to the right of the door, and the entity that had been behind him was now standing between him and the door; Alfred couldn't make out if this was to stop him leaving the UFO or not!

For more than 10 minutes he stood taking in everything that he could see. The walls, the floor and the ceiling were all black, and looked to him like unfinished metal, whereas the outside looked like burnished aluminium; there was no sign of nuts and bolts anywhere, everything had a seamless, moulded look to it.

What interested him most of all was a shaft that rose from the floor to the ceiling; it was about 4ft in circumference, and on the right-hand side of it was a z-shaped handle; on the other side of that stood two more humanoids, similar to those that walked along the towpath with him.

Abruptly, a voice emanated from somewhere in the room and said to him, "come and stand under the amber light"; but the poor man couldn't see any amber light until he took a step to his right, then he could see it... up on the wall just under the ceiling. He stood there for about five minutes, then a voice said, "what is your age", to which he replied that he would be 78 next birthday.

After some time, the abductee was asked to turn around, which he did, facing the wall; about five minutes later the voice said to him, "you can go, you are too old and infirm for our purpose." "As Alfred walked down the steps of the craft using its handrail, he observed that it was made out of interlocking sections... in other words, telescopic."

Stopping halfway between the object and the canal bridge, he looked back and noticed that the dome of the craft resembled an oversized chimney cowl, and that it was now revolving anticlockwise.

Then going back to the spot where he had left his faithful dog guarding his fishing tackle, the first thing he did when he got there was to pick up his cold cup of tea and drink it!

Suddenly he heard the noise that he had heard earlier, just like an electric generator... which was now starting to carry through the dark night air.

Then another major spectacle, he saw the strange craft lift-off and the bright lights around it came on again; in fact, this time it was so bright that he could see his fishing float in the water 6 feet away from the opposite bank of the canal; he could even make out the thin iron bars on the canal bridge.

The craft took off at a very high velocity out over the military cemetery in the west, then a little later the witness saw the same light going over the Hog's Back area and out of sight; it was now around 2.00am.

Alfred settled down to wait for dawn, which came at 3.30am and then, got back to doing some fishing, and as incredible as though it may seem, he did not feel inclined to report his experience to anyone immediately. He sat there fishing until 10 o'clock in the morning, at which time two Ministry of Defence mounted policemen rode up to him.

"Any luck mate?" one of them asked.

He replied yes "I've had three roach, five rudd and a tench of two and a half pounds and lost a big carp which took me into the weeds".

Then Alfred started telling the two policemen about the UFO that he had seen, and one of them said, "yes I dare say you did see a UFO. I expect they were checking on our military installations."

Was this a tongue-in-cheek comment to placate the witness?

As they chatted, a man from the lock yard came along and told the MoD policemen that horses were not allowed on the towpath, so the conversation was cut short. The witness continued fishing until 12.30pm, and then returned home at 1.00pm.

His wife Marjorie and a friend noticed straight away that he was somehow different; then Alfred Burtoo went on to tell them that he had seen a UFO but didn't dare to say that he had been taken on board the craft!

Returning to the landing site two days later, Alfred noticed straight away the foliage where the UFO has stood was flattened and in disarray, yet unfortunately, no photos or soil samples were taken as he feared ridicule and incredulity whatever evidence he produced.

I have learned that just on the other side of the Basingstoke Canal there are some Mechanical Engineers workshops; surely, they must have seen or heard something; but apparently no, checks by local investigator Mr Omar Fowler drew a complete blank; nor could he trace the two mounted policemen, and the occupants of a bungalow near the canal lock, right beside Gasworks Bridge, were away at the time.

One very important fact is that this experiencer suffered none of the effects often reported by Close Encounter witnesses, such as temporary paralysis, nausea, diarrhoea or time lapse, but as his wife and friend verified, his manner

was different. Another thing his wife noticed was that he wasn't eating much, resulting in weight loss for a time.

Despite the lack of hard data, I think that this is one of the most convincing and important reports of a UFO encounter of the third and fourth kind, not to be dismissed lightly. One of the key points which leads me to such a conclusion is that this witness was generally considered by all those who knew him to be a genuine, honest and responsible person who had fought in two World Wars... so why on earth would anybody like this make up such a story?

“It certainly wasn't for financial gain, as he didn't even seek publicity, although one or two publications did eventually get hold of the story.”

Authors Note: I have been periodically monitoring this spot, walking the canal path and exploring nearby, and have found that the surrounding area is becoming increasingly restricted, (and this all began long before '9/11' or '7/7').

Basically, there is special soldier presence in many locations around here, which could be expected to a degree given its military status, but these soldiers include SAS dressed in black, and all fully armed, which strikes me as a bit OTT: I wonder, could there be something else near this canal that they don't want anyone to accidentally stumble upon?



In early December of 2006, I randomly took lots of digital photos at the alleged landing site - and on one of the images I noticed a very peculiar anomaly.

A weird object has appeared in one frame of a sequence. Nothing untoward was visible in the picture shot directly before this or the one after.

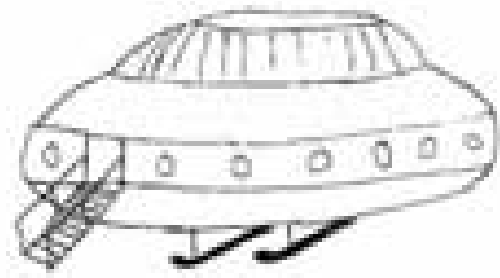


Taken in exactly the same spot as the ‘landing’, (an area which was obviously less overgrown in 1983 than it is today) a mystery object, (looking like what I have called “an ectoplasmic-looking thing”) can be clearly seen... something that certainly wasn’t there to the naked eye when I took the picture; nor was it there when I rushed back to check the location again just minutes later.

Upon magnification it looks as if something is manifesting or shape-shifting, about to expand in size, perhaps existing on an interpenetrating dimensional level, making such manifestations detectable only by the eye of the camera or other equipment... under certain circumstances.

Despite Mr. Burtoo having passed away on August 31st, 1986, with almost religious regularity the local newspapers write an abbreviated story about this encounter each year to coincide with the anniversary of this now famous case, and always, they trivialise the incident, running him down and generally making this witness a laughing-stock.

To my mind they seem very keen to do this... and again, one must question ‘why?’ in this area of military D-Notices, (whereby nothing of defence significance can be printed in any of our papers around here) do they go to such lengths to make it crystal-clear to people that UFO’s don’t exist, and anyone who claims they did see one will be treated in such a detestable manner... period!



An interesting aside/update: In April 2013 I located a friend of Alfred's, who used to go fishing with him.

He confirmed to me in conversation that; 'Alfred was a really nice man, and certainly not given to making stories up'. [End]

Chapter 12: Fairyland and Even More Areas of High Strangeness



Aldershot – Healing Spring; this is where we find Caesar's Camp, a very large earthwork on a high promontory near to a beacon hill; the location was *once served by a pagan spring which emerged from between two primordial boulders called the Jock and Jenny Stones. (*past tense used, as only the smallest of trickles and a damp patch, remain to tell the tale of where its allegedly healing spring waters once flowed.)

Legend of The Basing and The Wishmoor Stones

On the A30, near the Jolly Farmer roundabout, there's a new stone with a plaque on it saying recounting what was here before. It's on the Bagshot to Camberley A3 road, just before you get to the Maultway turning.

The inscription reads “site of Basing Stone”.



The original stone ‘disappeared’ while some road works were being done in the 1950's - hence this is "the site of ...". The stone is near where the parish boundary crosses the A30 (an old coaching road). My guess is that this had been repurposed as a boundary stone; but there is no telling what its original function was.

***Recommended reading; a booklet: *Medieval Surrey Heath. 1996 PJ Stevens.*
Published by Surrey Heath Local History Club/Phil Stevens.
ISBN 0 9524299 1 8.**

Whether the original Basing Stone was a boundary marker or not is up for debate; but more positive regarding its definite prehistorical age and mystical associations is the Wishmoor Stone, recumbent and located about a mile or so from here on the Surrey-Berkshire border.

Merrow, Surrey (for which *English Place Names Dictionary* by A. D. Mills has the entry ‘**Merrow, Surrey = *Marewe* 1185. Possibly OE *mearg* *‘Marrow’ in a figurative sense such as ‘fertile ground’**), and after the marrow, so on, and so forth. Merrow also has/had a cave and grotto system at Merrow Grange.

The 1936 Oxford Dictionary of English Place Names by Eilert Ekwall says of Merrow, that its name “may be OE *maere weoh* meaning famous temple.”



St John The Evangelist, a mid-12th century church in Merrow, Surrey.

Merrow Grange was built in 1868 for the Pengilly family in a mock-Tudor style. It was enlarged in various phases between 1895 and 1927 by Francis Baring Gould. The house and gardens were put up for sale in 1928, when the property included c 45 acres (18ha) of land. By the mid C20 the property was owned by a Catholic convent (Order of the Daughters of Mary and Joseph, also known as the Ladies of Mary) and was used until 1971.

In 2005 a **Big Cat* was seen at **Merrow; Whitmoor Common, nr Guildford**, (chased up tree by dogs, firefighters failed to capture it; at least 24 reported sightings in the area, mostly sandy coloured, though some reported bobtail and spots, and others long tail and no spots). **Pumalike big cat*. Length, 3–6 feet. Shoulder height, 2 feet 6 inches–3 feet. Gold, beige, reddish, or black in color. Large paws. Tail, 2 feet 6 inches long. Sometimes thought to be paranormal in nature.

Fairyland, Merrow. Merrow Downs used to be known as ‘Fairyland’; did that have something to do with the fact that ‘Merrow’, (according to Irish folk legend) associates with ‘fairy lore’? I’m not certain, as despite copious surveys, exhaustion has been reached regarding our research for Merrow; but anyhow, today the diversion here is certainly not fairies, but golf!



Merrow Downs, Fairyland 1904 – romantic naming perhaps, yet it certainly conjures up times now long gone; sadly, much of ‘Fairyland’ has since been altered into a golf course!



Merrow Down - an extract from *Just So Stories* by the writer Rudyard Kipling

*There runs a road by Merrow Down--
A grassy track to-day it is--
An hour out Guildford town,
Above the river Wey it is.*

*Here, when they heard the horse-bells ring,
The ancient Britons dressed and rode
To which the dark Phoenicians bring
Their goods along the Western Road.*

*Yes, here, or hereabouts, they met
To hold their racial talks and such--
To barter beads for Whitby jet,
And tin for gay shell torques and such. [End]*

Farnborough – The Valley Road

Mum and Son in X-Files Horror Over Alien in Car

December 22, 1996

“A frightened mum made a late-night call to a vicar after an X-Files encounter as she drove along a busy main road with her five-year-old son.

Jennifer Parlane is convinced that an ET, (extra-terrestrial being) joined them in their car.

The temperature dropped suddenly even though the heater was full on and the windows were closed, said 42 year-old Mrs. Parlane.

My son Lawrence who was in the back, began shivering. Then we heard a low moaning sound that gradually grew louder. It was definitely human, it sounded like a cry for help.

Lawrence went absolutely hysterical. He was in a real state.

There was a presence there, I could feel it.

I turned the light on but could see nothing.

Lawrence was as white as a sheet. He was just shaking with fear.

I put my foot down to get to the end of the road as quick as I could, then everything returned to normal.

The incident happened on the newly opened Blackwater Valley relief road near Aldershot, Hants.

She was terribly upset by what had happened and little Lawrence was extremely frightened and couldn't sleep said the Rev. Stanley Zeal, the parish priest she called.

Mrs. Parlane added, it has completely changed Lawrence's personality.

He was a fun-loving normal child. Now he's so edgy". *The People*

UFO Sighting Aldershot, Hampshire-late summer 1980

Location of Sighting: Aldershot, Hampshire

Date of Sighting: late summer 1980

Time: late afternoon

Witness Name: Withheld

Witness Statement: I observed a small flat black disc, possibly 12"-14" inches in diameter. It took my notice at the top of some bonfire smoke, I originally thought it was debris from the fire, but it was moving strangely.

It almost seemed that it was 'basking' in the smoke, turning over and over. The disc then moved away to some trees and after a while returned to the smoke of the fire. It then skimmed just above the trees and moved further away. Nobody else seemed to notice, I followed in my car to the top of the hill, where it continued to skim around the trees and buildings in an almost 'childlike' manner, as if exploring.

After around twenty minutes or so, I saw the disc rise into the sky and fled off skyward at an incredible speed. I knew in my heart that this was not of earthly origin.

I do not know why I never told anybody about this, but a few years after the event, I read a newspaper article stating that around that time there were several sightings very similar to that which I have described.

It would, after all this time, be nice if I knew that other folk had seen the same thing as I had.

Large, Black Disc Seen!

Fleet, Near Farnborough, Hampshire, UK: Location of Sighting: Fleet (nr Farnborough), Hampshire: Date of Sighting: 1992 - 1994: Time: 12-12:30 (Lunchtime).

Witness Statement: I've lived in Farnborough since 1971, I've witnessed a few strange things at night, (including humming noises and lights) but this one event stands out and it's always bothered me, it's a great mystery.

It happened way back in the early 1990's I think between 1992 and 1994. It was a sunny day with clear blue skies, so I guess it was somewhere between Spring and Autumn.

It was my lunch-hour between 12 and 12:30, I was driving towards the multi-storey, (Albert Road?) in Fleet to do some shopping, the car park was further up, on my left and the road was pointed towards Farnborough, (and the RAE – Royal Aircraft Establishment) which was about 2 miles away.

The first thing I noticed were the cars in front of me slowing and stopping, some people even getting out and pointing excitedly and anxiously up the road towards the horizon.

I looked, and saw a large, dark, disk shape, (possibly very large, it was hard to tell the distance). It was moving very, very slowly and silently from left to right with its 'nose' pointed up at about 45 degrees. This was a very strange altitude for an aircraft, and this looked nothing like any aircraft I'd ever seen. Was it an Airship (or Dirigible)? A likely explanation given Farnborough's history. But no, I've seen enough of them in my time, this thing looked nothing like an Airship, it seemed solid metallic even, had no signs of outboard motors powering it, and was a perfect saucer shape. I'm convinced it was no Airship. I saw dozens of people staring in utter disbelief, mouths open, some looked scared, others excited and jumping up and down. One man walking along the pavement stopped suddenly with a start and dropped both his shopping bags, it was almost like something out of a movie.

I didn't just get a fleeting glimpse of this UFO, I watched it for about 1 minute, (possibly shorter, but certainly at least 30 seconds) along with everyone else. I'd stopped in traffic to observe, mouth wide open in disbelief, I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

As if this wasn't enough, with a sudden roar, 2 black military helicopters, (I think they were Gazelles) thundered in straight up the road from behind me heading directly for it as if on an intercept course. Then it seemed I'd lose sight

of it over the horizon, and I had to see what would happen when the helicopters reached it; so, I quickly drove up the car-parks circular ramp, made my way to the top (open air) floor (only 1 storey up) so I'd get a good look at it.

I lost sight of this action for all of about 1 minute.

I flew out my car and rushed to the side of the car park for a good view, I was excited but also anxious and kind of a little scared. But I saw nothing. The UFO had disappeared, and there was no sign of the helicopters. From where I was, I should have got a perfect view but there was absolutely nothing to be seen.

Everything felt very weird and wrong, the cars that had stopped and all the excited people had already moved on - it was as if it never happened. It's plagued me for years; did I dream it?

No. I told a UFO enthusiast at work about it the moment I got back from lunch and it's something they regularly brought up in conversation for several years.

Whatever I saw I saw that lunchtime in my car, I wasn't asleep at the wheel! All the people that I witnessed looking at it, and nothing appeared in the local press.

Things to take away: I'm a professional engineer and a totally "normal" rational person, I got a good look at this not just a glimpse, my eyes were not playing tricks, lots of other people saw it and were similarly gobsmacked by what they were seeing. I've always lived in Farnborough, I've seen many strange aircraft, I'm an experienced observer, what I saw was NOT normal or easily explained; and the helicopters? black, maybe unmarked, military helicopters racing towards it at full speed. What was it all about?

And why am I the only one, (possibly) who seems to remember it? [End]

Flying Woman/Witch/Hag Over Beta Road Farnborough, Hants

Late 70's/Early 80's

Witness statement:

I felt compelled to write you to; apologise for popping up out of the blue and to respond to the mail, if I didn't before.

I also have an experience that you might find interesting.

Something I saw when I was about 12-15, (that would have been late 70's early 80's) stays with me and I can't figure a logical explanation.

I've since been fascinated by sightings and any occurrences linking to witches.

It was on the playing fields, near the dirt path that leads to Dryden Road, (back of/runs parallel to Gifford Drive). And on the opposite side where the sewage works were, just in front of some land what was to be St Bernadette school. I've heard the trees and hedgerow that are a natural barrier from the gardens of Beta road and the field, are ancient.

The bit I was at was near the driveway of a house on Beta Road, (I think then the only section where one could access Beta Road as a through pass.)

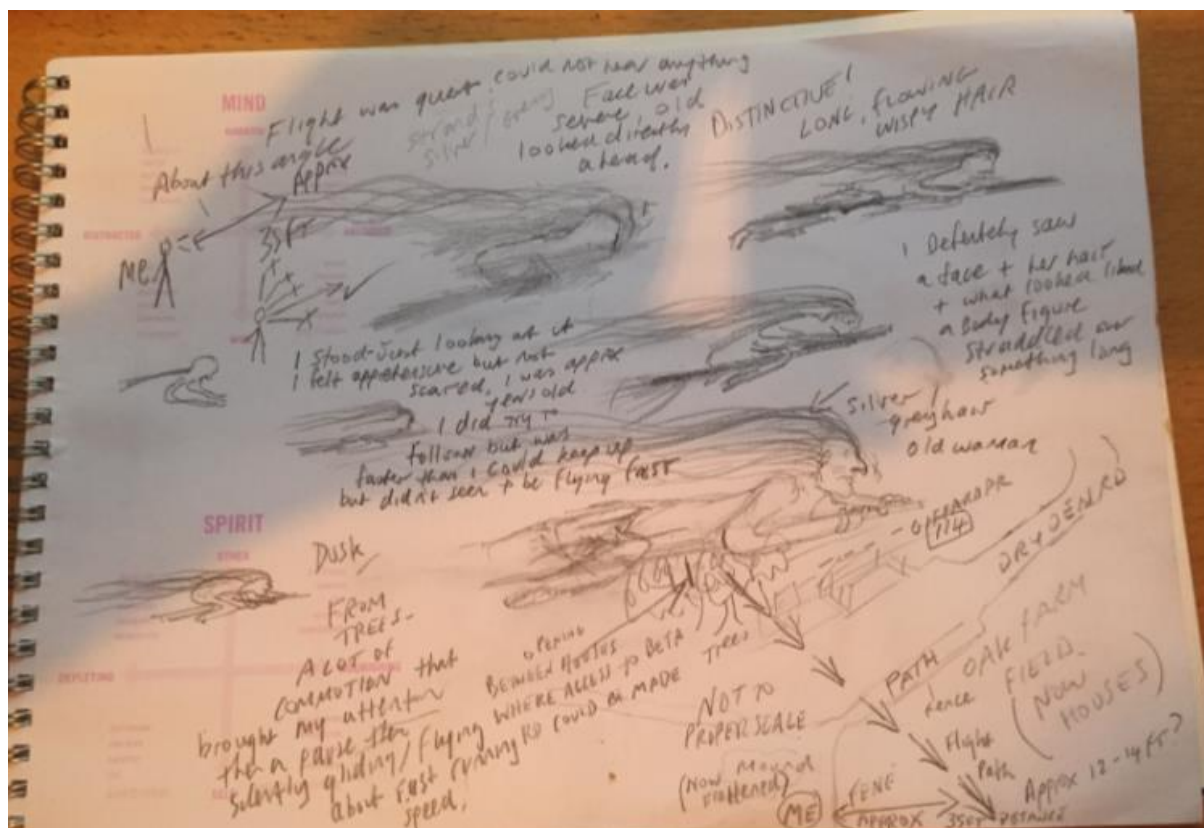


There was a goal posts and I recall playing football with a friend who went home, I don't remember much but I hung around and played with the ball. As I

Out of the quietness I heard a sudden noise, what I thought was an almighty crash/commotion amongst bushes/trees; I think this came from one of the trees because as the noise quietened, I saw a figure leaning over what looked like a long stick flying through the air, towards the direction of the Oak Farm school/ perhaps more angled directed to the right of the school.

I remember the spot where I stood and the figure flying above/past me with just a hint of noise, the type I can't properly describe, a gentle quiet woosh perhaps.

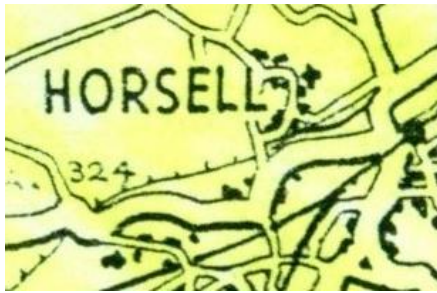
I have some drawings/sketches that I've made and will share.



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Chapter 13: Lineage

Lineage



Horsell

An online University of Nottingham place name guide says that Horsell means 'Dirty shelter'. However, forms show confusion of the second element with OE hyll, 'hill' and wella, 'spring/stream'.

St Mary the Virgin's Church, Church Hill, Horsell has a series of vague, round ground markings at its rear, which, (along with the numerous scattering of broken sarsen remains to be found not far from here) lead me to suspect that this may have once been the site of a megalithic stone ring.

About this church, experienced dowser Jimmy Goddard concurs with our view and writes... *“the first church on this hilltop site was probably in the twelfth century, and parts of the wall may remain. Many additions, alterations and restorations were done in the 14th, 15th, 18th, 19th and 20th centuries, even though the area at the top of the hill is very limited, the churchyard falling steeply away at the back.*

The site is striking, and the church seems powerful, with strong head-hum experienced.

At the field trip on July 21st, 2001, the strange mixture of stones comprising the south wall was noticed, and it was theorised that some could have been standing stones on an earlier site here. Faint circular indications in the ground behind the church were also noticed and there were feelings that this could have been a hilltop stone circle.” [End]

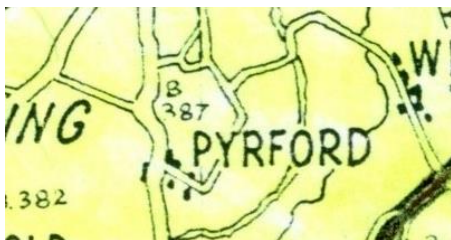
On Horsell Common there are three ancient bell barrow burial mounds that are around 3–4,000 years old. A possible explanation to these burial mounds, (as Bell Barrow Mounds are not common in Surrey) is that they were built to ‘commemorate leaders who had migrated from Wessex to colonise new lands’.



Bell-barrow Woking 1, on Horsell Common. (Air photograph by G W G Allen, 10 March 1934; Ashmolean Museum, University of Oxford) copyright

Please note sympathetic positioning of the road in relation to this ancient earthwork.

There is a reference to these burial mounds in the antiquarian John Aubrey's 1718 book 'A History of Surrey'.



Pyrford: The Pyrford Stone, first recorded in 1548 LRMB.

This is an apparently Christianised, (cross-incised) standing stone by the roadside, set up as a boundary marker but its original status was likely that of a standing stone.

A sarsen stone that can be found on top of Pyrford Hill, (now a grade II listed monument whose origin is impenetrable) is said to date before the Norman conquest.

Mark Coxhead has been looking into its history. He says since present-day Pyrford began early in the 1950s, when most of its woods were felled to make way for new roads and houses, many landmarks have vanished, but others remain, like the mysterious Pyrford Stone.



The Pyrford Stone pictured in the early 1900s

He has found that the stone does not appear on any ancient maps, while the absence of any information in the historical records has not prevented the advancement of numerous theories as to the stone's origins and purpose.

The Pyrford Stone has various aspects of folk law associated, and one legend is that either when it 'hears' the cockcrow at dawn or every night, when the clock of St Nicholas' church strikes twelve, then the stone will turn.

This is most odd since St Nicholas' church has never had a clock!



The Pyrford Stone today

The stone now stands at the entrance of Pyrford Court, but originally stood at the three-way junction of Upshot Lane, Pyrford Common Road and Church Hill. Moved in 1965 to Sandy Lane and 10 years later moved to the entrance of Pyrford Court as a result of a campaign led by the late Sylvia Lewin and Merlyn Blatch. The current plaque was added in December 1976.

It is a sandstone block, that measures around 33in high and 38in at the base; on its northern face, near the top, there has been carved a Latin cross 9in wide and 6in horizontal.

A sign beneath it notes:

“This boundary stone dates from before the Norman Conquest and is possibly a prehistoric standing stone. Situated on this corner since time immemorial, it was moved to its present position during road widening. This plaque was donated by local residents in 1976”.

I wonder, what happens now when the cock crows and dawn breaks?



One foggy morning looking out from the Hog's Back

Another neighbouring site of note is Newark Priory, a ruined, (and now allegedly haunted) Augustinian priory, (established between 1189-1199) on an island surrounded by the River Wey and its former leat, (the Abbey Stream) near the boundary of the village, (parish lands) of Ripley and Pyrford, Surrey.

There is no point in over-rationalising things all the time, as most professional doubters do, or wearing rose-coloured spectacles either, or even sitting on the fence for fear of ridicule.

I started out as objective researcher, but confess, I ended up being influenced, nay overwhelmed, by the plethora of unusual sites, and the high number of extraordinary affairs per square inch of my selected area; far too many for all of this to be written-off as pure chance.

The whole region was, (and still is to an extent) enriched, (though some may say 'troubled') by a host of magic, marvels, and miracles.

As might be envisaged, the church fought and eventually won, in their battle to stamp such beliefs out... although the prodigies continued to present themselves in these parts, and still do on occasion.

It is said that wanting something to be true - doesn't make it true; but apart from just expectation, I have based my findings on real, (tangible) evidence... hard evidence; unavoidable facts about this area that keep cropping up.

The truth cannot be told it has to be **realised**. It is a matter of OVERstanding what I have been attempting to get across concerning specifics, rather than merely UNDERstanding them.

The distinction between Overstanding and Understanding is a matter of context and awareness. To overstand is to fully comprehend a thing itself AND to have knowledge of why it is the way it is, and of its place or role in the grand scheme of things.

The few who can overstand, will now see that the radical discoveries and possibilities presented here, have offered up some rare insights into the special belief systems and abilities that once existed amongst certain parts of society; special orders, small sects, or even large secretive groups who thought innovatively, without obstruction; they who considered different solutions and methods for reaching their desired outcome.

There is no doubt that our ancestors possessed some great secrets; for them, nothing was impossible; only the 'settled' science, (more like *science fiction) teachings of today tell us otherwise. *The woke pandering has to stop.

Unearthing certain aspects within this book proved to be a formidable challenge, requiring extensive and thorough exploration. Specific, impactful information was not readily accessible, indicating intentional hindrances. It became quite evident to me, that valuable content was being deliberately obstructed, withheld, or concealed; but as you can see, after much digging, I finally found what I was after.

Science fundamentalists are bad enough, the sort that can't bear unexplainable phenomena... anything which cannot be reasoned-away, (excused-away) by orthodox methods; the ones for whom, everything must be clear-cut, demonstrable, classified, and pigeon-holed; the type who would move heaven and earth if they could to avoid any awkward confirmations.

Furthermore, it is a cast iron certainty, individuals are now clandestinely employed, whose job is to 'tidy up' uncomfortable data found on the net/in the media, any way possible; that which offends the sensibilities of some folk; shall I say, those in the *corridors of power*.

Usually, this is achieved through trolling and harassing forums with moderators and agitators, relegating, debunking, belittling, and character assassination; or, if none of those techniques work, then as a last resort, by blocking or total removal of material, with internet gatekeepers using the *data protection law*, (or even ‘fake news’) as an argument for their deeds.

Indeed, I have had confirmation of such activities from a variety of sources.

It’s safe to speak about this now, but years ago I was visited by one such specialist, so depressed and unhappy with his task, who poured his heart out to both my partner and I.

At the time, he was mainly involved with ‘discrediting’ prime UFO material posted on YouTube, for which he operated a multitude of bogus accounts under different guises.

And that is just one arena; however, this chap told me that my other examinations regarding earth mysteries, **were “on the right lines”**.

More support for my assertions came via a television network contributor; he worked as a freelancer, creating ideas and scripts for programming, and imparted a great deal of proof to me that he was who he claimed to be.

The gist of what he said is this; certain TV channels are very shady and biased; their controllers select only **what they want us to see**; and programmes today are basically just vehicles for propaganda and advertising purposes.

Thus, they tend to favour **productions that are designed to be entertaining rather than informative**.

Making this public has been a first for me, and it is the absolute, sincere truth.

Pour a shot of whiskey into a pint of water, and no matter how diluted, one will still detect the underlying taste of alcohol; viz. and that’s how it is on the internet with some things. As I said - ‘watered down’. In today’s nanosecond world, where everyone hits Google or Wikipedia, it seems to be quite common to find out later you’ve had wrong information on most subjects.

Our leaders work on the assumption, there are some things the general public are not supposed to accept or believe in.

Yet, it’s a badly guarded secret, because, if one wants to find the truth seriously enough, it IS there to be discovered; hidden more or less, right under our very

nose; as our governors continue to take comfort in the old adage of *the obvious always being the LEAST obvious*.

I am confident that there is a broad conspiracy of silence about a number of paranormal issues, and people are being kept in the dark.

A soundbite from the late, great musician Bob Marley '*if you don't know where you've been, you'll never know where you're going*', just about sums things up; in other words, knowing our true past is the signpost to our future... or at least, it should be.

And here I go again... I just can't help myself.

Around these parts are a mind-blowing 13 Abbey's/Priories/ Outliers and Castles!

Far more than could be found elsewhere in one area, randomly!

But for a number of reasons, not all are detailed in the main pages of my book; so, here is a brief inventory of some additional data I found... this time relying solely on Wikipedia.

Wanborough Outlier, Wanborough, Surrey

Those Waverley Cistercians were busy, for Wanborough was an outlier of theirs.

It was founded in 1130 and was dissolved with the abbey.

The Cistercians were noted for farming and 'granges' were created when the land was far enough away to justify a smaller, 'junior' monastery.

Wanborough is all about its Great Barn, which was restored in 1997 and looks resplendent. The barn is just under seven miles from the abbey, located on the other side of today's A31.

Chertsey Abbey, Surrey

This is where it started, with an abbey founded in 666 AD. Ravaged by the Vikings around 872, it was re-founded by Benedictines in 964, then dissolved in 1537.

Regarded as Surrey's 'senior' abbey, the first established in the county, it was also the major landowner among our abbeys. As the original burial place of King Henry VI, Chertsey Abbey also drew an honourable mention in Shakespeare's 'Richard III' (Act 1, Scene 2).

The abbey ruins lie at the back of Abbeyfields Recreation Ground, but sadly there is little to see. The best-known features are the fish ponds, although only three of seven have been traced. Part of the moat around the Abbey Precinct survives, but

again, some sections have been lost. Dissolution was often followed by pillaging of stone.

Brookwood Shrine, Surrey

The Shrine (Saint Edward Orthodox) Church was founded for the sacred relics of Anglo-Saxon king St Edward the Martyr, slain at Corfe, Dorset, in 979 AD.

Leatherhead Priory, Leatherhead, Surrey?

Cistercian monks alleged monastery, founded 1263; incorporated into house called 'The Priory'; evidence lacking.

Newark, Priory, Surrey

Newark Priory's ruins sit on private land between Guildford and Byfleet.

To get the best views, you need to park in the car park on Newark Lane, cross the bridge, and take the pleasant towpath walk by the canal.

Although there has been the usual despoiling, there are still substantial remains to be glimpsed through the trees, with the south transept and east end of the church prominent.



Like many ancient structures, Newark Priory has acquired a reputation for being haunted. There have been claims of paranormal activity, including sightings of ghostly figures and unexplained sounds.

Woking Monastery, Woking, Surrey

Saxon monastery purported dependency of Peterborough
founded c.690 (in the time of Abbot Cuthbert) granted to Peterborough by
Brordar, and ealdorman, with the consent of Offa; thought to have been
destroyed in raids by the Danes 871.

Farnham Castle, Farnham, Surrey

Farnham Castle was originally constructed between 1129 and 1171 by Henry of
Blois, the Bishop of Winchester.

Guildford Blackfriars, Guildford, Surrey

Dominican Friars (under the Visitation of London)
founded 1275 by Queen Eleanor of Provence, widow of Henry III.

Guildford Castle, Guildford, Surrey

The remains of the castle comprise a Norman arch which sits below Castle Hill,
in Quarry Street. Why have I included a castle some may wonder? The keep was
most likely used as a private apartment for the King. On the first floor there was
a relatively small chapel and altar... a Christian place of prayer and worship!

I conclude that there is something most superior about these parts of Surrey and
Hampshire; I have thoroughly enjoyed the journey in uncovering the presented
clues.

It has been rather like a form of time travel, which may sound daft but if one
knows **how** to look, (being ‘tuned-in’, using visualization, conceptualization,
one’s *mind’s eye*, intuition, developing the ability to picture an area mentally
through inspiration), others who may follow in my footsteps should be also be
able to share that same experience of wonder and discovery.

Nestling near some of the more predictable farming books in a Surrey Museum collection, I came across a very interesting old journal; in one section of this it written *how those who sought to 'purify' society of its heathenish ways, completely outlawed all forms of Druid and Wiccan land ceremony.* [End]

Steadily, those who wouldn't come around to the prescribed church ideology, were forced into conducting their affairs away from prying eyes.

Groups had to be careful to avoid the attention of those in office; they who had the power to not only arrange arrest, but also grant or deny payments to poorer rural communities from parish funds.

All of this will seem an eternity from the McDonald's disposable culture we are living in presently, but back then, at a time of distress and limited life expectancy, faith in the earth and her associates, great care and fertilization of the terrain, (with land husband's being practically wedded to the earth) was the norm; this acted as a kind of insurance policy... with mock sacrifices and votive offerings presented to the deities in return for healthy crops/livestock, and the protection of loved ones."

The power of total conviction has no bounds, and some prodigious, often baffling, tenets of yesteryear have been laid bare as a testimony to that.

As hinted earlier, it's an odd feeling one gets at the outset, viewing these sites while exploring from a flat plane viewpoint, after having been so heavily involved with maps and the overhead perspective; but after a while, I became accustomed to juggling between both methodologies; and so too, with a bit of practise, can other dedicated individuals.

Although disappearing at quite an alarming rate with the onslaught of progress, building developments etc., fortunately, tangible substantiation is still there to be found; while other clues survive in books, often hard to acquire reports and archive material.

It is a matter of back-engineering what I have exposed here; very probably, our distant ancestors erected their holy edifices on the ground according to where they experienced otherworldly wonders; be that natural or supernatural - who would have known the difference? in those days anything beyond common understanding would have been considered miraculous.

Let us stop and reflect how early man must have considered unidentified flying object phenomena - or come to that, any unusual celestial happening; without conventional air traffic cluttering their skies, no light pollution obstructing their observations, and no scientific rationale to handicap their minds; witnessing a UFO, hundreds of years back, would have been a life-changing experience to most, if not all.

‘As above, so below’ is a popular modern paraphrase of a compact and cryptic Hermetic verse; yet - what better way of marking the general position from where any such aerial, (or heavenly) events were beheld, than to build hallowed places in commemoration? And in later times, maybe even disguised for public consumption as a remembrance of something else?

Logic dictates though, as the centuries passed, traditions changed and memories dimmed, more fashionable constructions would have been built over the old, often occupying the same foundations; in one way, a literal cover-up!

Buried and lost for good... or so some may hope.

If any anyone has relevant information or questions to ask about this book, then please feel free to email me on...

beamsinvestigations@sky.com