

then P.T. O (lots)

Real story behind the Kennedy curse

By DAVID GUARDINO



What mysterious curse is behind the Kennedy's long line of tragedy? John (left) and Robert (centre) were murdered by assassin's bullets. Even the youngest son, Edward (right) was not spared. After surviving an air crash, the Chappaquiddick tragedy ruined his career.

THE curse of the Kennedy clan has struck again — 25-year-old David, Bobby's son, has followed up his 1979 brush with police in a Harlem "drug" hotel with a California arrest for drunken driving!

The Kennedys are haunted by a terrible voodoo curse which has already claimed the lives of three of Joseph P. Kennedy's sons — and it continues to stalk the family.

The tragic curse can be traced to a bitter enemy of the late Joe Sr., says David Guardino, one of America's leading psychics.

Joe Sr. was a ruthless businessman. In order to make his fortune, he bankrupted and ruined anyone in his path. One of these men hired a famous Haitian voodoo priestess to lay a curse on the Kennedy family, says Guardino.

"Joe Sr. stepped on a lot of toes building a multi-million dollar fortune in the 1920s, and finally one of his victims plotted to get revenge," Guardino said.

DESCENDANTS

"The only way this man could hurt Joseph P. Kennedy was to lay a curse on him which would destroy his children and descendants," Guardino says.

According to Guardino, the Haitian woman, Henrietta Le Corbeau, placed a negative field around each of the Kennedy children which attracts ever-increasing amounts of evil as the children grow older.

Kathleen, the first Kennedy child, died in a plane crash in Europe, and her sister, Rosemary, was born mentally retarded.

Then the eldest Kennedy brother, Joseph Jr., was killed in a World War II aircraft crash.

Twenty years later, President John F. Kennedy was struck by an assassin's bullet in Dallas.

And in 1968, Robert Kennedy was shot to death.

The relentless curse continued and Ted Kennedy, the youngest son, barely escaped death in a plane crash which left him with a bad back.

Still, that was not enough. The Chappaquiddick tragedy smashed Ted's promising political career and



Young Edward Jr. seen here with his parents, lost a leg to cancer in 1973.

left him with nightmarish memories that time will not erase.

"The curse is designed to strike down the Kennedy children in their prime, when they are at their peak," Guardino says.

"Most of the Kennedy family know deep down in their hearts that they have been cursed. But they are Roman Catholics and their religion prevents them from doing anything about it."

Who will the terrible Kennedy curse strike next? Nobody knows. But the curse will continue, Guardino says. Only an expert in voodoo can remove the curse.

Day Billy Joel found the strength to resist suicide

WHEN pop superstar Billy Joel sings *Only the Good Die Young*, he could easily be singing about himself.

Ten years ago, the 31-year-old idol of millions endured a living hell in a mental institution after he came within a whisker of committing suicide. He pulled himself up out of the gutter and put the pieces of his shattered life back together, but the frightening experiences of his youth still haunt him.

To keep himself from putting a bullet in his head, he checked himself into the Meadowbrook Hospital in East Meadow, New York. But the horrible things he saw there almost drove him off the deep end.

"It was exactly like *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*," he recalls. "It was horrible. There were bars on the windows and absolutely nothing to do. There were all these crazy people — junkies, alcoholics, homicidal maniacs and guys who think they're Napoleon — and I was locked in with them, absolutely helpless."



Billy Joel . . . entered a "nut house" to avoid suicide.

his tortured soul can find no peace, as he sings of shattered dreams and hopeless love: "What will it take you to believe in me/The way that I believe in you?"

"There is no such thing as 100 per cent perfect love," says Joel. "There's always some kind of pain in there somewhere. There's always a stab in the guts."

The violence and despair he saw in the "nuthouse," as he calls it, still weighs heavily on his mind. Songs like *Stiletto* and *Angry Young Man* illustrate this clearly.

"*Stiletto* is a song about sadists and masochists," he says. "It's usually the guy who's 'so good with his stiletto,' but in this song, it's the girl. It's a dark song, a menacing song." Joel admits his lyrics aren't the romantic "moon in June" type.

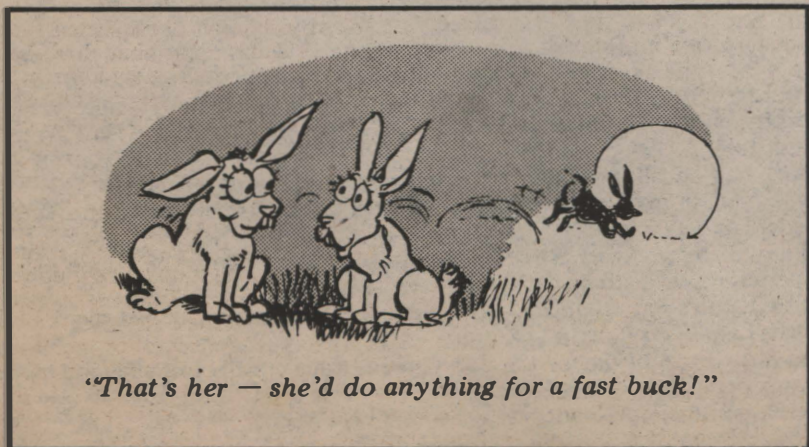
WOUNDS

Joel's near-tragic experiences may have left wounds that will never heal.

The evidence of the profound effects they had on him surface again and again in the lyrics of many of his chart-topping hit songs, like *My Life*, *Angry Young Man*, *Movin' Out* and *New York State of Mind*.

Joel's biggest smash, *Just the Way You Are*, was written three years ago, as a birthday present for his wife Elizabeth.

Even in this simple love song,



"That's her — she'd do anything for a fast buck!"

Psychic woman brings child murderers to justice *

By MIKE JAMES

WHY is 55-year-old Dorothy Allison different from all the other housewives in her home town of Nutley, New Jersey?

Allison is an exceptionally gifted psychic whose talents have taken her into a bizarre specialty — she hunts down vicious child murderers and brings them to justice!

It's exhausting and sometimes frightening work — the grisly side of a murder investigation is something that would make most people sick to their stomach. But Allison says she's driven to do it — she won't rest until every child-killer in America is rotting in jail.

"When I see what these so-called human beings — these snakes — are doing to these little babies I want to get revenge on them," she said. "That's why I've been a vendetta psychic for the last few years.

Allison started her psychic sleuthing in 1967 after a horrifying nightmare. She saw a little boy drowning inside a drain pipe. The child wore a green snowsuit and had his shoes on the wrong feet. The pipe was near a large grey building with gold lettering on the front.

ABILITIES

Allison went to local police and told them her story but didn't get much sympathy until after the boy had been found — exactly where she said he would be and wearing the clothes she had seen. "The police then asked me to do some work for them and started me on a few simple cases to test my abilities. They were cases where they already knew who was guilty," says Allison. "When I passed those tests they started me on the real murder cases — I was amazed — I couldn't believe what one human being could do to another, especially to a little child.

"I find I have a tremendous success rate in finding children."

Allison describes her use of psychic power as being like a television set — she simply turns it on and "watches". Sometimes the picture is in colour and sometimes it's black and white.

"The police don't have to give me much information," she says. "I just need the date and approximate time of the incident.

"I give the police so much about the background of the killer that they can trace him down. If there's a scar on his big toe I can find it. I



Dorothy Allison tells of shocking murders she's uncovered.

can also tell police when and where he's going to commit his next crime.

Here are some of Allison's famous accomplishments:

- She recently caught a vicious arsonist who had been setting New Jersey homes on fire at night. He had already killed one elderly lady in a fire. Allison told police where he would strike next. They were waiting for him!

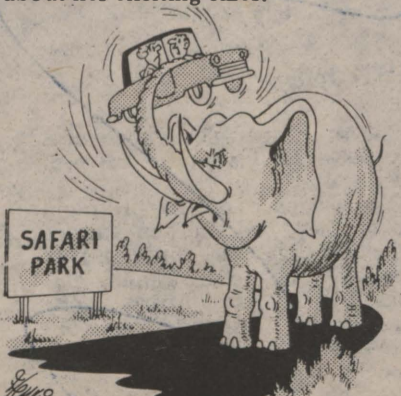
- Allison successfully located the body of a missing 14-year-old girl whose battered body had been placed in an oil drum and buried 55 feet down in an abandoned shaft at a shipyard. She saw the body near a burned-out car and two bridges — and sure enough, there it was.

- The body of a slain and sodomized seven-year-old boy was found in Patterson, New Jersey. Allison told police that the killer's name was Robert and that he had a brother named Charles. Using that information, they caught the murderer.

- Allison pointed a finger at a father who had killed his infant daughter by repeatedly bashing her head against a tabletop because she had been crying "too much".

"Sometimes they confess when they hear that I'm on trial," Allison says.

Allison has recently published a book 'A Psychic's Story' telling about her exciting cases.



"I told you not to overtake him on the inside!"

* UFOs are

68 victims who came back now tell what they actually saw

UFOs are abducting Americans to examine them aboard their flying saucers and then releasing them, claim 68 people who have had encounters with 'UFOLK' — or extraterrestrials.

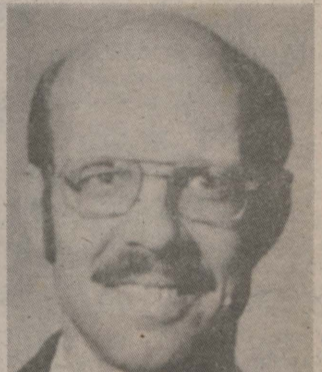
This amazing revelation was recently disclosed by Leo Sprinkle, a ufologist who has been studying the phenomenon of UFOs since 1961. He has interviewed over 200 people who claim to have had UFO contact or sightings. Under hypnosis, 68 of them remember being abducted.

Sprinkle, who works as director of counselling and testing at the University of Wyoming at Laramie, Wyoming, says he does not believe or disbelieve the experiences related to him by the 68 people who claim they were abducted.

"I have worked with 68 persons who, during hypnosis, described a feeling or memory of having been abducted and taken aboard an alien spacecraft where they were examined by UFOLK," Sprinkle said.

"The details were often different, especially as to how tall the humanoids were, but there seems to be a definite pattern — not only in the description these people gave of the aliens, but in the pattern of the experience itself.

"The people often describe the abductors as being small with large eyes, almost no nose, a small mouth and no hair. This is a common description, although sometimes the ab-



Dr. Leo Sprinkle has investigated 68 UFO abductions. yaaaaah!

ductees describe the aliens as being tall or even robot-like."

Sprinkle says that the abductions follow a general pattern. The abductee claims he or she was out alone in a lonely area at night. Suddenly, they saw a light. The light then descended and looked large. Then they saw the light going away. At this point, most of them did not have any conscious recollection of what happened to them during the hour or two of "missing time" or time that they had no memory of.

"During hypnosis, the story comes out that somehow they were taken aboard the craft and examined.

GHOSTS OF DEAD PETS VISIT THEIR MASTERS *

BRITAIN is being haunted by mysterious apparitions of deceased cats and dogs, says a British psychic newspaper.

Faithful even after death, beloved pets return to comfort their lonely masters.

Noted author Barbara Cartland says she has had visits recently from her cherished companion of days past. He was a black and white cocker spaniel.

Hundreds of ordinary Britons are reporting strange encounters with their pets.

Dogs and cats are jumping on their masters' beds at night, appearing on the floor near their feet and even leaving nose smears on the house windows. "My border collie, Bob, still leaves his nose marking on the window even though he passed on some time ago," says Richard Joyce of Glen Parva, Leicestershire.

And June Kendall, of London, credits her cat with bringing good luck. While lying ill in bed, Kendall saw her black cat, Ginny, sitting on the window ledge.

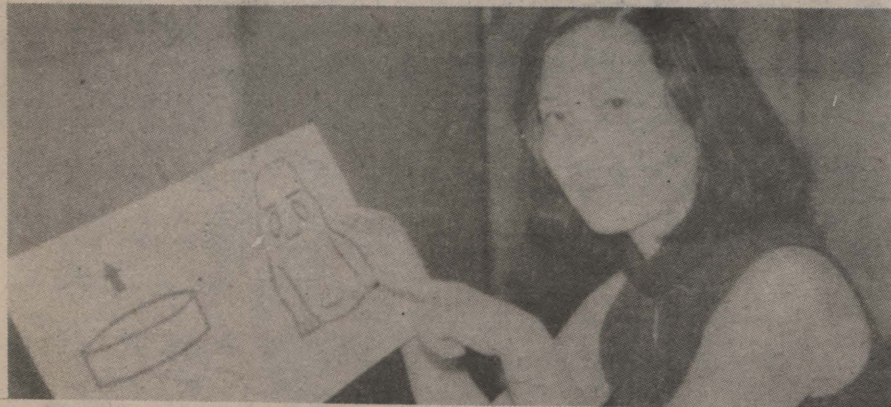
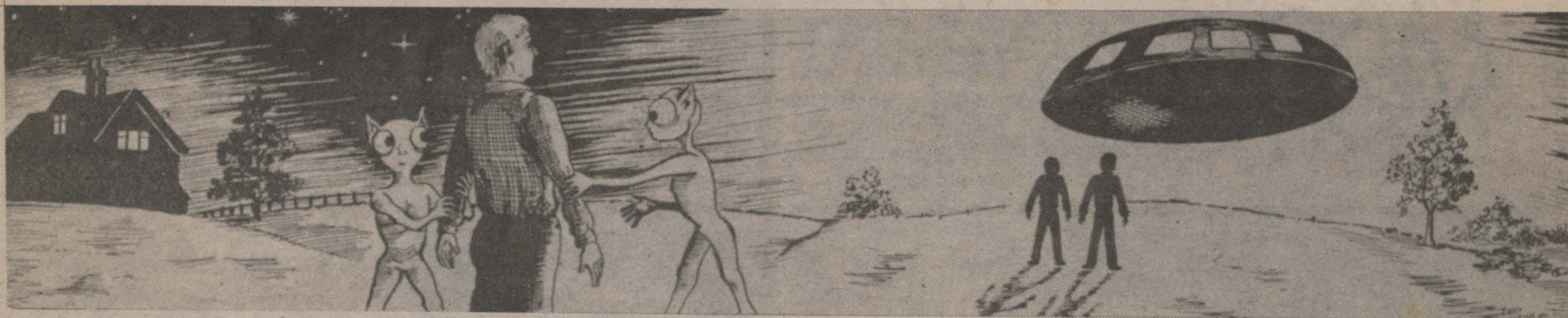
"Ginny died two years ago. But he brought me luck when he visited me. I was better in two or three days," she says.

Maisie Wood's mischievous poodle, Suzy, bounces on her bed at night, in her Leeds home. Suzy died a year ago.

And Mrs. Susan Wedge of London says her cat visits her from beyond the grave.

"I have goose pimples, but feel at peace," says Wedge.

kidnapping humans



Melinda Chow, with her sketch of the alien who abducted her.

Then they were told that they would not remember what had happened to them before they were released," Sprinkle says.

"The pattern is a complex one and we really have no way of proving or disproving the cases. But my own interest is to document these cases and also try to help the people who have had them.

IMPRESSION

"Often, they find themselves at a loss to explain not only their own experience but the changes that occur in their lives afterwards. These are often described as an increased psychic impression, poltergeist activity, dreams, visions, nightmares and out-of-body experiences."

Sprinkle says it is his speculation that these abductions are actually happening, but as yet we don't know at what level of reality they are happening.

"I want to obtain as many of these experiences of abductions as possible for the scientific and educational aspect," Sprinkle says. "I'm trying to help the people who have had these experiences come to grips with their fears and their doubts, and to come together and share the information in the hope that we can learn more about these experiences.

"Hard-nosed scientists tell me these claims are nonsense. I tell them that maybe they are, but we'll know in a few years."

Sprinkle says that at first he was a scoffer as far as UFOs go, but after his first sighting in 1956, he

started to read about them. He then became a skeptic and, finally, a serious investigator of the phenomenon.

The following cases are taken from a paper that Sprinkle presented to the Mutual UFO Network, MUFON, UFO Symposium in Houston, Texas, on June 7, 1980.

The people in these cases are typical Americans, most of whom never thought about UFOs or alien beings until they had their personal close encounter.

- Herbert L. Shirmer, a policeman, recalls an encounter with UFOLK during a 20-minute loss of time experience near Ashland, Nebraska, in 1968.

ENCOUNTER

- Carl Hidgdon, Jr., an oil driller, recalls a strange encounter with UFOLK during a two-hour loss of time experience while hunting elk south of Rawlins, Wyoming, in 1974.

- Sandra Larson, her daughter Jacki and Jacki's boyfriend experienced an hour-long loss of time while driving on a North Dakota highway in 1975. Their memories were of an abduction and an examination by UFOLK.

- Gayle P. Bever recalls impressions of an abduction and examination by alien beings in 1977. A small circular scar can be observed on her shoulder.

- Mary C. Sewall, a Utah woman, describes memories of abduction by UFOLKS and flight in a space-

craft while she was living in California in 1977.

- Thomas Jamkowski, a Wyoming welder, recalls memories of a strange face looking through the windshield of his truck during a snowstorm. During a hypnotic regression session in 1978, he recalls memories of being aboard a space craft and sitting at the control panel.

- Pat L. McGuire, a Wyoming rancher who had two cattle mutilations on his ranch, recalls a loss of time while hunting in the Teton mountains. His experiences include a "mission" to dig a well; encounters with UFOLK and vivid but strange impressions of the Israeli-Egyptian war of October, 1973.

- Barbara Freund, a University of Wyoming student, recalls impressions or memories of an abduction and examination by UFOLK aboard a spacecraft while she was meditating in her Laramie apartment.

- Millie Lindsey, a coach of a university women's softball team, remembers an earlier UFO sighting and a UFO encounter when she was driving on a California highway.

- Kimberle Lenz describes memories of an auto journey on a Colorado road with her brother and her impressions of their abduction by a UFO.

- One person remembers the shocking trauma of her abduction by terrifying alien creatures. Melinda Chow, 26, drew a sketch of this humanoid creature, while she was in Virginia in September, 1975.

Man who died and woke up in the body of a woman

IN a bizarre tale of reincarnation, a Las Vegas waitress says she died as a man and woke up in the body of a woman!

"I was a famous guitarist living in New York," the woman, who now calls herself Janus, said. "Then in 1978 I had a bad car accident that left my legs and one arm badly mangled.

"I remember wandering in and out of consciousness for a few days in hospital, but finally I died.

"There was a sudden blinding light and a dark corridor that pulled me toward it, but the next thing I knew, I was in hospital again. Then I realised I was in a woman's body!"

Janus says the reincarnation actually took over a year to happen — even though it seemed like seconds to her. When she came back to life, the date was January 16, 1979.

"I found out my body belonged to a married woman named Judy. When my spirit took over, she said she didn't want to share her body, so she left.

"Her husband realised instantly that I wasn't his wife, even if I had her face and body — it was something he just couldn't deal with at all."

MEMORIES

Incredibly, Janus claims her mind still holds all the memories from her previous life.

"It's like I'm two people now," she says. "I remember my childhood in the Bronx, starting up a rock group and getting married. I still am that person, but I've got a

totally different body. My eyes used to be brown — now they're blue."

Janus' worst shock came one day while watching a TV talk show. She saw the famous guitarist she knew beyond a shadow of a doubt was herself — the person she was before she died!

"I believe that I am dead in that other world — but here the man who has my face and career didn't die. He's alive, playing guitar for the same band I was with, and he's married to the same woman I was married to."

According to Janus, our world is almost identical to the one, she left two years ago in a New York hospital, but she says there are some differences.

"My marriage was going downhill before I died, but here it's not. I'm also convinced that if I had lived in that other world, I would have lost both legs and one arm. Here I did not die and I'm perfectly whole."

The sudden change from man to woman was hard enough to handle at first, says Janus, but the most galling thing about her reincarnation is the fact that she now must watch her own life from another body.

Janus says she has not contacted her "real self" in New York since she came back to life over a year ago.

"He'd never believe me," she explains. "It's all so unreal — like a nightmare."

↑ STRANGE TALE — EGNARTS!

YOU WRITE, WE PAY

Magic Moments

SOME time or another you might have had your magic moment — an encounter of the most marvellous kind. It could be a person, a human experience or a travel experience. Write to us in 1,000 words or so and if we think it's worth sharing with our readers we'll pay \$20 for the piece. All manuscripts should be typewritten with double spacing. Rejected manuscripts are non-returnable unless accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelopes.



BY EWE PAIK LEONG

THE RECLUSE

AS far as the eye could see, there was no other habitation in that area besides ours. And we liked it that way. Our ramshackle home was called "The Hermitage".

It had once belonged to a prosperous man, the rich land around it being inhabited by villagers. The story runs that one stormy night, the river broke its banks, flooded the entire area and laid waste the village, destroying the lives of men, women and children.

In due course the flood waters receded, but the survivors did not return because word had got around that the land had been cursed by the

gods, and that evil spirits roamed the area. What remained of "The Hermitage", thus became a traditional haunted house.

Blackie and myself, during the course of our wanderings, chanced to come upon this site and finding the house and the area uninhabited, thought it a marvellous site for a home. We were right, for during our five years' stay there no human being disturbed us with his presence.

The superstitious villagers were too afraid of the region to wander about and as the roads leading to "The Hermitage" had been destroyed by the flood and overgrown by weeds, no tourist paid us a visit, either. We continued to live in happy isolation.

Blackie, my sole companion, was

a mongrel of alsatian, spaniel and terrier ancestry. He wholeheartedly shared my dislike of mankind. My living in seclusion at "The Hermitage" in company with my queer looking dog had won for me the reputation of "The Devil" among the people of the distant village where I did my monthly shopping. I could read fear in their eyes and knew that they thought me demented, but I cared little for their judgement.

I would have continued to live the life I had chosen, shunning human relationships, had not that fateful day of August shattered my solitude.

The day started like all other days. I got up at six o'clock, went for a run with Blackie and spent the rest of the day writing my book. It is not the everyday events of

the day, however, that I have taken upon myself to narrate here, but the stranger occurrences of the night, which changed the whole thread of my existence.

Blackie and I had had our dinner and were thinking of blowing out the candle and going to bed when suddenly we heard a peculiar noise, which was quite out of keeping in our surroundings. Blackie, I am sure, had never heard that noise in his life; but I had some faint recollection of having heard it before. But could that noise be heard here? As far as I could remember there were no roads near "The Hermitage" and yet I could hear it distinctly. Yes, it was the noise of a car.

The noise seemed to be coming closer and closer, till suddenly it stopped. The car and its occupants must have been in trouble if they had stopped their car in the vicinity of "The Hermitage", but I certainly was not going to find out who they were or what their trouble was.

I did not want people clamouring all over my house. It was my house, and what right had people to come and encroach on my privacy. I lived here far from any form of civilisation because human beings did not appeal to me; and now they came searching me out in my retreat.

DARKNESS

I fervently prayed that they would not be able to find the ivy-covered "Hermitage" and would lose themselves in the intense darkness. I turned to Blackie, who was watching me with a puzzled expression in his eyes and motioned him to come to bed. He came leaping behind me.

About fifteen minutes later Blackie cocked up his ears. I knew then that my hideout had been discovered. Footsteps, were now distinctly audible. Blackie, my faithful companion, gave me away at this stage by barking furiously. The situation and noise were new to him and he was distinctly puzzled. The strangers, hearing a dog's bark, must no doubt have felt elated, for in these deserted surroundings a dog would most likely be accompanied by human beings.

The still black night was suddenly broken by "Hello, is anybody there?" I refrained from answering "Nothing doing", hoping that they would go away on their own.

One of the outsiders had managed to find my dilapidated door and started rapping it furiously. There was nothing for me to do but to go and open the door, which otherwise would have broken down under the force of his knocking. It further antagonised me towards his kind. I lighted a candle and then walked down to open the door to Fate, who had come to visit me in the guise of a man and woman.

TURN TO PAGE 37