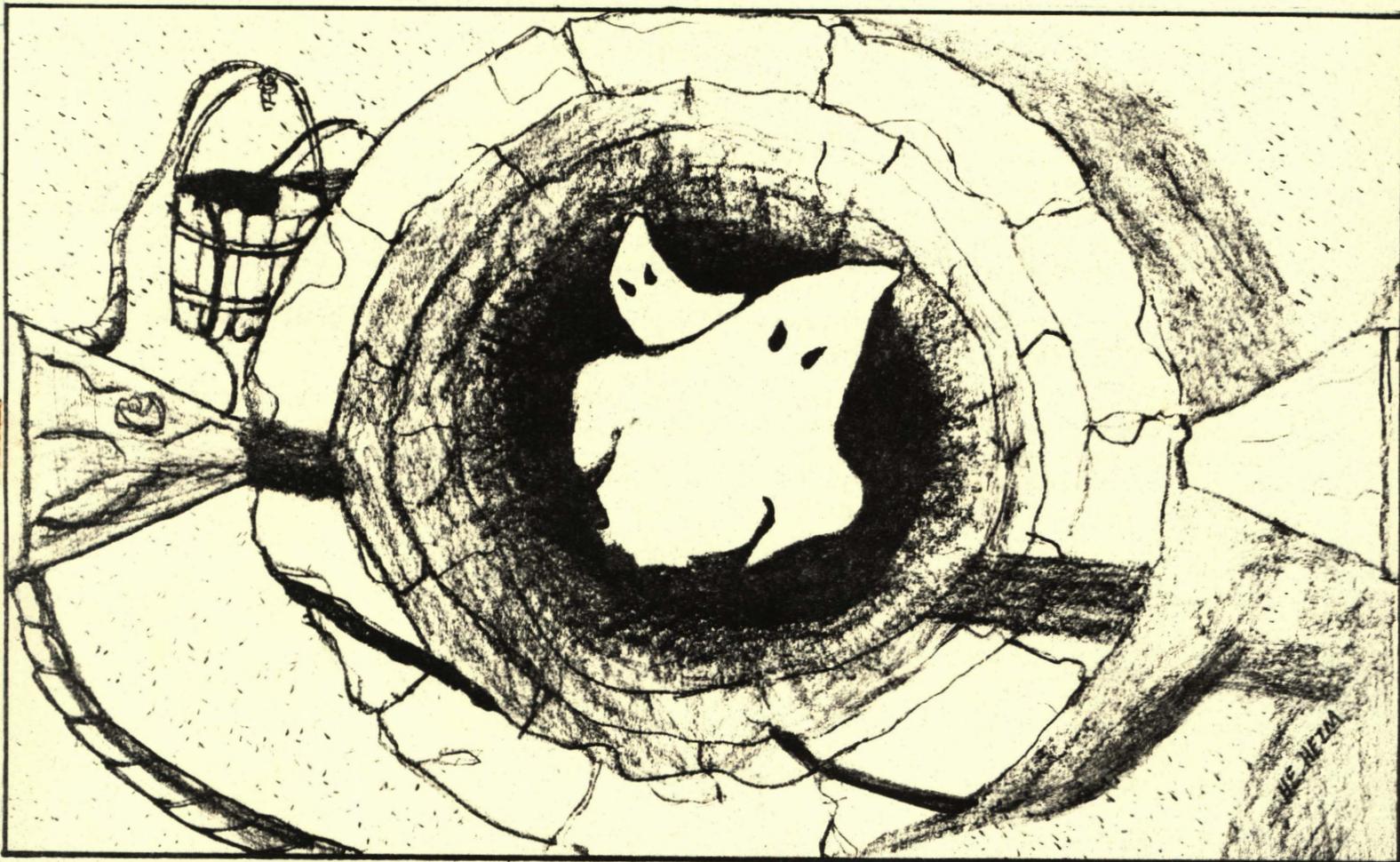


# Ghost Trackers Newsletter

The Official Paranormal Publication of the Ghost Research Society



**Volume 10**

**Number 2**

**June 1991**



## **Editors Page:**

**Thanks to all those who donated their time or material to the GRS since the last issue. Sincere thanks to: Richard Locke for his clippings & poems, Rochelle Zaszczurynski for her photographs and clippings, Howard Heim for the beautifully done GRS posters, clippings, copies he ran off for free and all his timely help, Wanda Bloomfield for her clippings and Bill Fuller for his recent submittal of a psychic photograph.**



**On a sadder note, we were recently informed on the passing of one of our members, Chestina Stewart from Rantoul, Illinois. She was 71 years old and a Sustaining Member since joining the GRS. She will be greatly missed!**

**Since our last issue we have added 10 new members and have received renewals from 13 members. Thanks to the old and welcome to the new.**

**New bi-monthly meeting dates for the second half of the year are tentatively set for July 20, September 21 and November 16 of 1991. Please call to confirm these dates as changes do sometimes occur.**

**Starting in 1992 we will be forced to increase the regular membership fee to \$12 per year, \$17 for Sustaining Members and \$22 for Contributing Members. Multi-year subscriptions will also be increased accordingly. We have held the line on increases since we began the newsletter back in November 1982. Increases in postage fees, printing costs and the purchase of new computer hardware and software has forced this increase. I'm sure you'll agree that the newsletter has been looking sharper and sharper recently.**

**Our newest Contributing Member is Craig Dembner and we welcome him to the ranks! For those out-of-state Contributing and Sustaining members, we are attempting to put together core groups in your area. If you know of anyone interested in joining the GRS, please have them submit their fees so I can begin to plan some field investigations for your group. We still need to have someone in charge such as a State Coordinator before we can begin core groups in your respective states. If interested in applying for that position, please send request to me personally.**



## **Ghost Research Society**

**We recently stayed overnight at That Steak Joynt, a haunted restaurant on Chicago's north-side with 10 other Sustaining Members (or above) in an attempt to document and perhaps capture something with our equipment. We were allowed the total freedom of the facility courtesy of Billy Siegel, current owner.**

**The equipment included different kinds of cameras loaded with color film and black and white infrared and Tri-X, camcorders, tape recorders, flashlights, compasses and FM headsets which we used to stay in contact with one another. Writing material, maps and other material was provided by the GRS.**

**We had several encounters there including a strange circular ball of orange light reported by Sustaining Members, Mike Shannon and Julie Greenholdt in the lower dining room, FM interference on headsets reported by Bill Zaszczurynski, magnetic deviation on compass by Howard Heim and many psychic observations by a psychic who was with us throughout the evening and who is also a member of the GRS.**

**This was a Special Investigation and not part of the two regular Field Excursions we plan every year. There may be additional Special Investigations planned from time to time but are not guaranteed because they take a lot of planning and time and are limited to those who have been to past Field Excursions and bimonthly meetings at the Oaklawn Public Library.**

**Because of this investigation Billy Siegel and myself were featured on "A Closer Look" hosted by Joan Esposito and aired on April 22, 1991.**

**We are very close to producing the long awaited video tapes of haunted areas and a newsletter with psychic photographs. We have begun work on the first of many to be released video tapes. The first will be on Haunted Kentucky and then feature other states. The newsletter with psychic photographs might be a bit longer as we need to receive permission to reprint certain photographs before publishing. Watch future newsletters for details.**



## Letters to the Editor

"I like the improvements you've made to Ghost Trackers Newsletter. It's so much easier to read now. The latest issue (Vol. 10, No. 1) was probably the best of the seven issues of your newsletter I've seen. One thing I like is the inclusion of addresses with articles. I hope to add this feature to mine someday."

Mark R. Gardner (Temporal Anomaly Research Association)

"I'd like to say that the newsletter looks better all the time. The cover graphics was pretty good. Too bad artists cost money. Perhaps there is someone within the organization who would be gracious enough to donate some time, if even just for a cover graphic?"

Bob Barraco, Salem, Ma.

(Editor's note: Howard Heim, Research Director, is now in charge of cover graphics. He will be doing all the covers but I do welcome input from anyone within the GRS for future designs anytime!)

**"I enjoyed this issue as much as anything I have ever read. I hated to put it down, and did so, only when I ran out of material. You should be complimented on a job well done."**

Charles Carlson, Kansas City, Mo.



**"Your February 1991 issue just received looks great! Laser printing certainly an improvement. I look forward to your use of photographs in future issues. Don't forget you have one of me to use when that time comes."**

Maurice Schwalm, Kansas City, Mo.

# **A Strange Adventure on the Island of Iona**

By

*Tom Perrott*



My constant contact with the Media enables me to be brought into touch with many members of the public, who have either had psychic experiences, or are in the midst of psychic problems, for which they require advice and assistance. As a result of this, I never know what strange stories might be contained in my daily mail delivery, or what interesting revelations of a paranormal nature I am likely to hear at the other end of my telephone when I lift my receiver in response to a call.

A typical incident of this nature was brought to my notice recently in a letter received from a Scottish lady, now living in the County of Fife. The experience took place about eighteen years ago on the Island of Iona, situated off the West coast of Scotland, which because of its association with the formation of the early Christian Church in that country, has for long been regarded as a religious sanctuary and a place of pilgrimage for the faithful.

For obvious reasons I must shroud the true identity of the lady in anonymity, but this does not in anyway detract from the veracity of her statement, and I feel that I cannot do better than to let her relate her extraordinary story in her own words.

"For nearly eighteen years I have kept 'mum' about an experience I had while a student. However after an unexpected source had added supportive evidence, I decided that I should investigate the matter further.

As a student I went on a field study week to the Island of Iona. I had not then heard of any of the ghost stories associated with it. It seemed a great holiday and promised to be good fun, and indeed for the first couple of days it proved to be so. We were all young and carefree and enjoyed the life-style in the community. Our sleeping arrangements consisted of very plain rooms above the cloisters, where we had two or three students sharing. I shared a room with my friend Edith. She slept in the bottom bunk and I had the top. The room had no curtains and a bright electric light was just outside it.

On the night in question we went to bed after a normal evening's activities and fell asleep very quickly. I woke during the night and turned on to my right side so that I was facing the wall. I was now wide awake and suddenly felt both cold and unusually anxious. Shrugging it off I then turned on to my left hand side and found myself looking into the face of some 'person(?)' at a distance of approximately twelve inches. I am not ashamed to say I froze completely and

cannot say for how long we gazed at one another.

When I could move, still with the figure held steadily in my sight, I pulled back against the wall, which was extremely cold on my back and yelled for my friend. She was a fairly light sleeper and probably realizing that I was in some kind of distress, leapt out of bed and slammed into the now open door. I screamed at her to put on the light and after we had recovered a bit, sat and played cards for the rest of the night. We made each other promise we wouldn't tell anyone, as we did not want to invite ridicule. We were never, during our stay, able to open the door as wide as it was that night, as there was a hump in the linoleum with which we had struggled to shut the door. We tried walking in bare feet and slippers along the corridors to see if we could hear footsteps, and we always could. When we went into breakfast that morning we tried to act normally, but were aware of another girl looking at us curiously. Three times she leaned over the table and asked if we had seen something the previous night. We denied it strongly, but she said that she knew we had, as she had seen it too. We arranged to meet outside to discuss it. She asked us not to say anything until she had told her story.

Apparently she had been kept awake by her room-mate on the upper bunk, who had a horrible cough. She insisted she had heard no sound but out of the corner of her eye, she had seen 'something' moving across the room before gradually disappearing, as the light seemed to grow much brighter before dwindling back to normal. She had also put the light on, and had done crossword puzzles until the morning.

She told us the time it happened and it was about twenty minutes before the time noted by us, when we had calmed down enough to look at a clock. This was very hard for us as we tried hard to find a logical explanation. We all decided we would sit up in the Common Room at night, rather than try to sleep in our rooms. By 12:30, one of our lecturers (who had been to Iona many times before and was an ordained minister) came to chase us up to bed. When she realized we were not moving, she began to cross-examine us and eventually my friend blurted out the truth. To our amazement the lecturer laughed and said that we shouldn't worry, as she had seen 'him' many times, and he meant no one any harm. I'm afraid that for the next three days we took turns in sleeping and when I returned home, I continued to sleep with the light on all night.

I have told very few people this story, but as I am now older, I find that I am still intrigued and would like to find out more."

This amazing story would appear to have been related by a very level-headed young woman, who is meticulous in her descriptions. It is all the more strange because she was not the only percipient of the 'apparition'. I have already placed copies of this letter in the archives of both the Scottish and the English Societies for Psychical Research, in case a similar happening on this historic Island is ever brought to their notice.

In the meantime I would welcome suggestions from any of the members of the Ghost Research Society, who might be able to offer any constructive suggestions as to the true nature of this most bizarre occurrence.

**Submitted by:**

**Tom Perrott, 93 The Avenue, Muswell Hill**

**London N10 2QG United Kingdom**

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In 1991 The National UFO Museum will open its doors in Reno, Nevada. Exhibits will be but a small part of the museum's "mission". It will be an archive and a repository of UFO data. It will be a bookstore and mail order outlet. It will be a data clearing house and resource center. It will publish its own original books, a regular newsletter for members of the "Friends of the Museum" association, and a annual calender of UFO history and coming events. Send \$2 (to cover the costs of postage and handling) to be placed on the museum's mailing and receive exciting updates on UFOs and UFOlogists around the world. **National UFO Museum, P. O. Box 20593, Sun Valley, NV 89433.**

# **Influences From The Past**

By

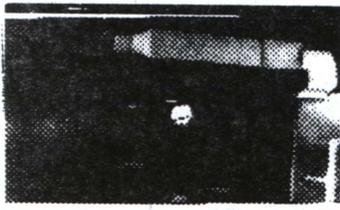
*Bevy Jaegers*

In our group's experience of some twenty years of ghost-hunting, we've encountered a phenomenon a dozen times or more that deserves consideration by any ghost investigator. This phenomenon is that of ghostly apparition belonging not to the place where it is found, but to an earlier structure or place.

The first time this occurred was during a ghost hunt in Belleville, Illinois. The inhabitants were complaining of noises, doors being pushed against from the other side, and locking or unlocking themselves. The worst observed phenomena was that a chair in the basement would be heard to scrape across the concrete and although placed in the southwest corner of the unfinished basement area, would be found invariably in the northwestern corner after the scraping sounds stopped and someone had the nerve to venture down the stairs.

Although our group observed no movement on the part of the chair while in the house, it was true that the basement area seemed to be the focus of the odd currents of energy in the house, as well as the traditional 'cold spot' so dear to the hearts of Hollywood (although it is definitely a part of any haunting which involves apparitions!)

A series of black and white photos were shot of the basement as well as the exterior of the house while the group of seven investigators were conducting the 'hunt'. Upon developing the photos, a very clear and definite outline of a skeleton was seen to be visible on a portion of the floor, which was the typical cement basement floor. No such outline had been visible while the investigation was going on.



This photograph was mind-boggling to us all, and completely unexplainable, as was a second photograph of the outside of the house, which exhibited cloudiness and what seemed to be a set of finger-like smudges. These were also visible on the negatives, eliminating any problem during development, and the integrity of the photographer was unquestionable, as he was not only an old friend very interested in ghosts, but also an exceptionally honest individual who was sincerely surprised to see anything of this nature showing up on a photograph! He was later responsible for the only sequence of photos using ultraviolet film which were able to capture observable unexplained energy forms ever taken.

The photograph was shown to a physician, who verified that it was indeed a human skeleton, and suggested that we take it to an archaeologist. We did take it to one at Lewis & Clark College, who carefully examined it and pronounced it to be a typical moundbuilder Indian burial, from the attitude of the limbs, and torso.

Further investigation of the location of the house brought to light the fact that it was situated on ground known to be a former Indian burial area, although more than three hundred years previously. Naturally, this was not suspected by our group at the time of investigation, as the house was then part of a street of brickhouses built in the 1923-1930 era.

We had to accept, then, that the influence 'haunting' or disturbing the house did not belong to that structure at all, but was sort of 'reflection' from something that had existed in that place and time much earlier than the present.

Following our investigation and removal of the influence disturbing the house, there were no further problem for the inhabitants.

At a later time, a house in downtown St. Louis's south side became a problem for the inhabitant, and again the influences were in the lowest portion of the basement. An investigation of the area revealed that the house had been built over a cavern later discovered to be part of a mine just north of the known Carondelet mine area, and that the mine had suffered a series of typical mine disasters involving death from asphyxiation.

A thirty-year old brick bungalow in Baden, with severe haunting phenomena in only one bedroom of the structure, was discovered to have been built on the site of an earlier farmhouse, circa 1830. Although nothing was discovered about the earlier structure or the persons who lived in it, it is entirely possible that some civil war activity occurred in or around the house, as the neighborhood at that time was known to have been a staging area for Union troops. This Civil War influence was more clearly defined during an investigation of a house near Hannibal, Missouri.

The house in question was constantly disturbed by apparitions of a Union-uniformed soldier, other men in and out of uniform, a small boy in cowboy garb, and mysterious sources of music. There was an added problem in that a certain lamp which had hung in the entryway of the original house (kerosene-chimney type) would burst into flames when it was re-hung in the modern entryway. It was therefore stored in the attic of the home.

During the investigation, which consisted of a dozen team members and reporters and photographers from a large St. Louis daily newspaper, the music was clearly heard when standing in a closet placed in one room, and was not audible anywhere else. The inhabitants of the house were clearly visible at the time and there were no radios nor other source of music possible. The music was brass-band type music played as a march.

Subsequent investigation of the house revealed that it had previously been confined to the rear section of the present structure, and that the nearby rock bridge over which a railroad track ran was a hotly contested spot during the Civil War between the Union and Confederate troops. A large battle had been held there, not fifteen yards from the house. Apparently the part of the

house then existing had been used as a field hospital. When standing under the bridge itself, it was possible to hear the voices of shouting men, and the rattling of horse-drawn vehicles quite clearly. There was an extensive cold spot in the cornfield twenty yards in front of the house, and it was theorized that this was the area where the dead were placed after the battle itself. Missouri Civil War history gives dates and events surrounding the battle itself. It is interesting that the apparitions and hauntings occurred only in a portion of the house as it is presently built, and that portion was the only fraction of it remaining from this earlier time. It was impossible to remove all of the influences existing in and around the house and the inhabitants have learned to live with it.

The cowboy-clad child was found to have been the grandson of a former resident who was struck by lightning upon the bridge itself. The house had been that of his grandparents, and he frequently wore the cowboy suit there during play. This event had occurred in the 1940's, so was of a more recent vintage. This child-ghost was clearly visible to the inhabitants, and had been seen on an earlier unplanned visit, by my own young son, who until that time had exhibited no psychic abilities, and was a completely normal tenyear old boy. He assumed the child to be real until he realized that he could see walls and furniture behind and through the figure. As we were there on a visit, he was hesitant to mention what he had seen until the lady of the house herself mentioned that the house was haunted. And it surely was.

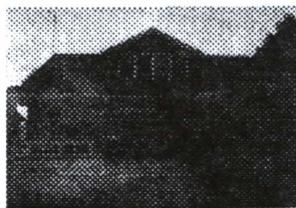
There are many such cases in our files when the influence of earlier events and times have impinged upon the reality of today, yet do not belong to the building or structure existing there today. At this time, we are investigating a house who disturbances seem to emanate from a private family graveyard of the early 1800's as well as an orphanage whose foundations overlap the present brick ranch home.

In ghost investigations, we have found that it is always wise to check the background and history of the area before deciding just what it is that we are investigating, as these imprints of the past can show clearly in the present!

Submitted by:

Bevy Jaegers, The Special Phenomena Squad

PO Box 29396, St. Louis, MO. 63126



# The Fake Quake: A Psychic View

(New Madrid, Missouri, December 3, 1990)

By



*Maurice Schwalm*

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Few professional psychics can claim to have made as many verifiable, and indeed actually verified predictions, as Dr. Iben Browning. The question seems to be how did he actually make the correct predictions and what "went wrong" in the case of his 50/50 prediction of a 7.0+ quake on 12-3-90 at the New Madrid fault. In the case of a prediction that caused regional, if not national hysteria, it is not enough to simply say that the 50% against controlled.

It is well to keep in mind the basic statistics of the New Madrid fault as presented in the current brochure of the Center for Earthquake Studies at Southeast Missouri State University: "A damaging earthquake in this area, 6.0 or greater in magnitude, recurs about every 80 years (the last one in 1895). There is a 50% chance of such a quake by the year 2000 and a 90% chance by the year 2040, a virtual certainty within the lifetimes of our children." Dr. Browning was concerned only with the timing mechanism of the inevitable.

His efforts at finding timing mechanisms in the past have proved most interesting as the following partial listing of his earth movement predictions should indicate:

1. He predicted the San Fernando quake of 2-9-71 on 2-8-71 as an event that would occur within hours. The prediction was privately stated to Mr. Don Isenberg, president of Microbics Corp. at a dinner party

2. He predicted the Mount St. Helens eruption of 5-18-80 on 5-15-80 in a speech in which he stated that the event was impending within a week.

3. He predicted both the Mexico City quake of 9-19-85 and the Novado del Ruiz, Columbia quake of 11-13-85 according to the Center for Earthquake Studies quoted above.

4. He first predicted the San Francisco quake of 10-17-89 in his newsletter in 1985 and predicted the time of it within six hours. A geologist quoted by the San Francisco Chronicle claims that odds of such a correct prediction would be at 100,000 to 1.

Since his predictions are presumably not of a psychic nature, the next question is: How are these correct predictions formulated? His own answer is, "All I do is crunch numbers." The numbers in question all relate to sunspot cycles and the closeness of the earth to the sun (perihelion) as well as the closeness of the moon to the earth (perigee). He makes a vector sum analysis (horizontal) of the resulting tidal forces. It should be noted that his critics seem to work with a vertical analysis and are then surprised when his predictions do not track with their understanding of tidal forces.

He had a very specific scenario in mind for New Madrid: The tidal forces that he says can trigger quakes were at a high on 12-3-90 as the earth was perihelion as well as the moon at perigee—all about as close together as possible. Dr. Browning said in advance of the date that if the brittle crust of the earth did not shake then, "that seismic pressures here, in Missouri and Japan haven't yet built to the point where earthquakes are triggered; that doesn't mean we're out of the woods. January 18, 1992, will bring one of the highest highs in more than 1,600 years."

But there may be a date that Dr. Browning failed to crunch: 9-1490, the date that the Kansas City, Missouri area was the center of a mass formation of circles in the fields of a complexity worthy of the pictogram-like formations that have been appearing in southern England in increasing quantities for at least the last ten years. The circle phenomena is accompanied by obvious psychic phenomena as well as UFO manifestations. Lights flash in the fields and unaccountable sounds are heard and recorded, in addition to the unfolding mystery of how and why grain stalks could be gently flattened to form circular braided patterns that would literally take a battalion of soldiers to even approximate.

Such a massive psychic phenomena could well be accompanied by what June Bletzer's Encyclopedia Psychic Dictionary calls "spontaneous physical manifestations". This would consist of "the visible action of matter in the vicinity of a medium not consciously willed by the medium". That is to say, the mere presence of a world-class psychic phenomenon occurring in the state a few months before the date in question may have served to temporarily and

inadvertently reduce the seismic pressures that would otherwise have triggered the New Madrid fault as predicted!

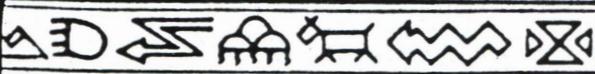
Next time, Dr. Browning should compute a consensus of responsible psychic opinion as well. This could be in the form of consulting professional psychic groups, such as the Mobius Society (archaeological consultants) or the Delphos Group (business consultants). But the psychic community in general, both locally and nationally, did not react to Dr. Browning's prediction—other than to watch their pets and beasts of the field to see if they were impressed!

Submitted by:

Maurice Schwalm

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# Are They Outer Beings or Garden Sprites?

By

*Mariana B. Prieto*

Throughout the world there are legends of woodland or garden sprites. Many people believe that they do exist. I do because I feel that the idea has been proven to me. But it is necessary to be an investigator or believer to see them.

Before my husband died he always said that he would never leave me. Today, when I have a difficult problem to solve I call on my deceased husband.

"Help me," I beg and somehow the problem is solved, a solution is found. When I was in the mountains and woods of North Carolina last summer, if I remained very still and quiet, I could hear the leaves overhead rustle and suddenly a wisp of a shadow would fleet before my eyes. There are folktales up there about 'Oogles', who are good and mysterious spirits. They are supposed to be little elf-like people who roam the green hills and valleys of the Appalachian mountains bringing peace and happiness to believers.

At home I sit in my garden to find inner peace sometimes the area will reflect luminous colors, beautiful as a rainbow. One wonders if the luminosity is the reflection of an entity.

Recently, I took a photo of a corner of my garden. The place was empty. No one stood in that nook. I was alone. I snapped the enclosed photo. When I got it developed, the photo showed, plainly visible a tall slender figure. The arrow and line outline the figure. Was it an ethereal being, too tall to be an elf. My husband was six feet tall and slender. Observe this spirit photo.

Did it evolve this way to help me to know that there are garden sprites or beings? That quite often they are deceased loved ones who have crossed the border into a world beyond? Only those observant and attuned can give an answer.



Submitted by:

Mariana B. Prieto

2499 SW 34 Ave.

Miami, FL. 33145

# **The Ghost From The Well**

By

*Bob Barraco*

When Dick and Jean York were nearing completion of their new house in a small town north of Boston, the absolute last thing they ever expected was to be confronted with a ghost. But that is just what happened.

The Yorks first started building their house in August of 1983 and very soon took occupancy in October of that same year. As soon as the Yorks moved in with their two young daughters, strange things had begun to happen in and around the house. At first strange noises started occurring. They heard knocking and taps on the back door. One could also hear the sound of objects moving about. For the first couple of years the family ignored the disturbances, blaming them on the settling of the new house. After that they became increasingly aware that what they were experiencing was very paranormal.

At first the young girls experienced something. As they were getting ready for bed they were suddenly confronted with a persons face peering through their bedroom window. This frightened them to no end, and also the family dog was acting peculiar and afraid to go into that room at that particular time. It was soon after that that at times the dog would be remarkably scared and defensive. He is a large hunting type dog not usually one to scare easily. He was usually kept on a long 'runner' line at the side of the house. At these certain times he could be seen at the very end of his line and staring fixated at a certain point. If a person were to come over to him he would then cower behind them still snarling and whining.

What the dog was looking at was the only structure (of sorts) that was first on the property, before it's development. This was a well for water. Through research it is known that the property was part of what was once pasture land to a local farm. Apparently this was one of two wells dug on the land for watering the livestock.

This activity continued along for a time, but so far the only person not to notice the activities is Dick. Dick is a conventional man who owns a contracting business. Dick didn't believe in ghosts or anything paranormal, until one day.

Dick was home alone working on a project in the front of the house, when he noticed the front door was open. At this point Dick was a bit confused because he knew he was alone. And nobody uses that door as there wasn't even a front step in place. So he went around the side entrance to go and shut the door. He noticed that the dead bolt used to secure the door was

still extended as it would be in a locked position. He then shut the door locking it with the dead bolt as it was before. He went back outside to continue his work. By the time he got back out the door was to be found wide open again, still with the dead bolt out. This happened three or four more times repeatedly. Dick soon became content to leave the door open. The activity became more frequent starting in 1988. The next event was seen by several people in the dining room of the house. Everyone was sitting around the table having coffee when suddenly everyone noticed on one of the walls was what was described as a "tube of blue-grey smoke" that travelled across the wall and suddenly disappearing as it reached a hanging family portrait.

On several occasions Jean has gotten up late at night to hear dishes rattling in the kitchen and can hear footsteps from the dining room to the kitchen, back and forth. A quick bed check ruled out anyone in the family of being up. Jean dashed back to bed for fear of what she might find and hoped it would soon go away. In the morning the kitchen is always found intact with no obvious signs of disturbance.

On another event, Dick found himself the target. Once again he was alone working in his shop in the basement. Jean and the kids had gone out. On the hard wood floors above his head he could hear the heavy footsteps of someone going from kitchen to dining room. He thought that Jean and the kids had come home from shopping. He made his way up stairs only to find the house empty of anybody. "Thought I heard something," he said to himself and went back down to his project. A few minutes later he heard the footsteps again. The strange thing about it this time was that the house was carpeted, but the walking is on the wood floor underneath the carpeting. Ordinarily you could not even hear anyone walking above on that part of the floor. Dick was then strongly convinced there are such things as ghosts.

On another day Jean was working in her office area making Xerox copies when suddenly the tray that holds the paper on the copier pulled away from the machine. She quickly popped it back into place, made a few more copies and the tray popped out again. This happened a couple more times then Jean became very frustrated and said aloud to whomever could hear: "Please stop it, I'm in a hurry!". With that the tray came flying out, hovered in mid-air and dropped to the floor. After that Jean had no more trouble with the copy machine.

An apparition was finally visualized in 1989. It occurred at a birthday party for one of the girls. The house was full of people. There were several young girls sitting in the living room. A few of them turned to be faced with the transparent image of a young girl about seven or eight years old, standing in a corner of the room looking up at a clock. The image was dressed in period clothing. Within a few seconds the apparition has dissipated.

It was just a day or two after the apparition sighting that Jean had another fright. She was working in the kitchen baking a cake. Jean had just put the cake in the oven then turned to face the work table to see the mixing bowl tip over to it's side and watched with raised hair to see the spoon in the bowl, scraping the batter from the sides by unseen hands.

By 1991 the ghost had gotten to the point of touching people. A few times Jean would be standing at her work space and would feel the back of her shirt or work apron sharply tugged at. She would turn to find nobody in sight. On another occasion one of the girls was sitting in a chair swinging her legs back and forth when suddenly a pair of unseen hands grabbed her by

the ankles to stop their course.

Research has been done to see if the ghost could be identified. However, this has been fruitless. Given all this evidence we can only assume that the ghost of the little girl had emanated from the well. Quite possibly the girl had fallen in and either drowned or was trapped. The sight of a home with a family must have looked very inviting to her and so had made herself at home. There has been no evidence of any violence from the ghost, only playful at times and scary to some because of sudden unexpected events.

Submitted by:

Bob Barraco

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Northwest's Holistic Newsletter



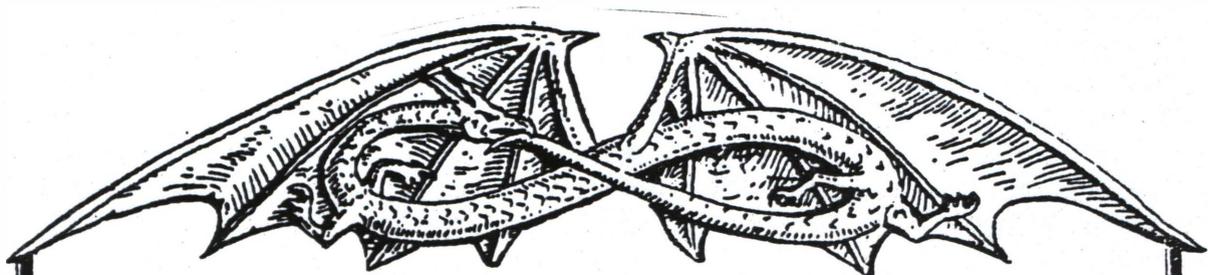
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# John Cobb

By

*Rev. Speaker Gerald Polley*

My memory is a strange and perplexing thing! I never forget anything I've ever seen or heard, it's just that I can never recall anything when I want it. Everything comes out in its own time, and I'd better get it written down then, because it might be years before it surfaces again!

The other day I got thinking about John Cobb and I thought I'd better write his story down. I never met John myself, wish I had, but if you were ever around Owl's Head, Maine, you'd be sure to hear of him sooner or later.

John was a crotchety old Maine fisherman with a heart of gold. He'd been married once, but his wife died in childbirth, and he said he'd never put a woman through that again and gave his son to his brother, Everett, to raise, because a child needed a woman in the house.

John did keep company now and again with several local widows, helping them out financially, when he could, but he spent most of his time in his shore shack or on his boat, *The Pride Of The Harbor*, which was well known in Penobscot Bay.

One sunny afternoon in 1935 John put to sea and never returned home again. There was some heavy weather that evening and it was feared the old fisherman met the fate he had often prophesied. As he had often told everyone, "The sea will be my grave, and my boat my coffin. There'll be no doubt of that!" But after John's disappearance, strange tales began to reach Owl's Head of people in trouble on the bay being found by a crotchety old fisherman who rescued them from whatever predicament they'd happen to be in. Whenever the grateful people asked from where he hailed, the old fisherman would simply answer, "Why, I'm from Owl's Head," and putt off into the mist. But to most people's satisfaction the mystery of who the strange boatman was was not solved until 1945, when a local man returned from the war and took up fishing again. He'd gone out and the weather had gotten really rough, and he fought desperately to get his boat back to the safety of the harbor. As he fought the raging sea, another boat came out of the mist riding the swells in almost perfect unison with him. The old seaman at its wheel cried over to him, "Turn off, son! Follow me! The bell bouy's off station. You're headed for the rocks off the point!"

The young fisherman did not hesitate to obey his senior, and both boats battled their way off the rocks that had claimed many a fishing boat. Finally the calmer waters of the bay welcomed them.

"God be with you, sir!" the young fisherman shouted to his companion. "Anything I can do for you, let me know."

"He is always with me, young fella!" his companion replied. "There's nothing you can do for me. But tell your father you met John, and he still owes him fifty dollars, and his sister is in need of it. So he'd appreciate him giving it to her."

With that the old fisherman turned his wheel and disappeared into the mist. "I will!" the young man shouted, "I will!" As the stern of the boat came around, he saw her name printed on her, and remembered it. That night at the supper table he related the tale of his rescue to his parents.

"I know several Johns," said his father, "with sisters. But I don't recollect one I owe fifty dollars. What was the name of the boat?"

"Oh," the young man exclaimed, "Pride Of The Harbor."

His mother, standing at the stove, turned around, whispered "John Cobb!" and fainted, dead away!

The following afternoon as the young man's father paid John's sister the fifty dollars, and related the tale, it was soon known harbor wide.

There were many other sightings of John as the years went by, but the last reported one was about 1956. Late that year a troller dragged up some wreckage off the rocks. Among the planks were some stern boards that said "The Pride", but the boat painter assured everyone that it was the remains of John's boat. He liked a peculiar style of lettering that few others enjoyed. It was unmistakable.

On a crisp Sunday morning a procession of boats left the harbor and laid a wreath off the rocks where the troller had hauled up the wreckage and a full funeral service was done for John. After that no more was ever seen of him, at least not along THIS shore.

Submitted by:

Rev. Speaker Gerald Polley

Spiritist Publications

PO Box 533065

Orlando, FL. 32853

# **The Haunted Bookstore**

By

*W. Ritchie Benedict*

## **BABY GHOSTS PACIFIED - TAIPEI, Taiwan (Reuter) Calgary Herald - July 12, 1990**

Tsai Sung-hui, pastor of one of Taipei's most popular Buddhist temples, offers to take charge of hundreds of troublesome infant ghosts.

His Mercy Temple provides help for the growing number of Taiwan women who have taken the painful decision to abort a pregnancy. For a fee, the temple will care for the souls of the aborted babies and ensure they do not return to haunt their mothers.

The temple says its "baby spirit" program helps handle a spiritual problem created by Taiwan's headlong rush to "modernity" as more women shrug off traditional ideas about sex, the abortion rate has skyrocketed.

Nuns and scholars in Taiwan's normally serene Buddhist community accuse Tsai and his temple of using religion to take unfair advantage of distraught women.

"He tries to terrorize women," said Chao Hui, a Buddhist nun who has led the drive against the Mercy Temple. "He uses their feelings of sorrow and guilt to make money."

The argument over baby spirits is typical of modern Taiwan, where age-old folk beliefs exist side by side with the latest technology.

Businessmen take care to position their computers in such a way as not to offend the gods, and secretaries who work in air-conditioned office buildings scurry to temples on their lunch break to burn incense.

Baby spirits are not new to Taiwan's believers, but reports of hauntings have become more common as the abortion rate rises in Taiwan, which legalized the procedure in 1985.

The Taipei Family Planning Center says 110,000 abortions were registered last year on the island of 20 million people.

Vincent Kang, secretary of the center, said the number of abortions was probably higher because many private clinics and doctors did not report abortions to health authorities.

But he added: "People still have problems with it. Otherwise, why would there be all this fuss about baby spirits?"

The Mercy Temple says the spirits of aborted babies harass the living in a number of ways, from disturbing sleep with spectral cries to ruining business deals, souring love affairs and prompting suicides.

"Because they are not properly cared for, infant spirits cannot be reincarnated and (therefore) turn hateful," the temple said in one of its advertisements. "They often cause troubles in the material world."

Many women hope that contributions to the Mercy Temple will placate the ghosts and solve their problems.

For the equivalent of \$130 Canadian, the temple will name the unborn child, light incense for its soul twice a day and hold special religious services four times a year.

#### **PSYCHICS PLAN MYSTIC JOURNEY - July 17, 1990**

VERNON, B.C. (CP) - OK everybody, back into your bodies. Let's move it along.

A Vernon psychic plans to lead two dozen hand-picked adventurers on a mystical journey to the land of the pyramids.

Psychic Ana Fassmann and her astrologer husband Rolf now are taking bookings for a November tour of Egypt. She says the tour group's energy must be full - as well-rounded as her crystal ball.

"I'll be able to feel people's energy," she says. "If I felt you weren't suitable for the trip I would encourage you not to come."

Skeptics generate negative energy.

"The ones I would like to have on the trip are the ones who want to have a wonderful time and who would want to have a mystical experience."

Though anxious to book the tour, she has already turned away one applicant.

"This is meant as a group experience," she explains, "not for the individual. It's a group journey."

Rolf, who had been outside repairing the lawnmower, settled into the love-seat beside his wife. He's not a psychic like Ana, but he's studied astrology for 20 years.

"I'm a mystic," he says. "Egypt has been the grandest mystery in history. Who built the pyramids? How and when? There is no answer. Scientists, scholars and mathematicians all have their own answers, and they all seem to conflict."

Working through travel agents in Vernon and Cairo, Ana has engaged an English-speaking Egyptologist to accompany the group on tours.

She and travel agents have laid out an itinerary that includes a six-night cruise of the Nile on the M.S. Aladin. The small cruise ship, with 13 cabins, will accommodate the 25-member Fassmann group exclusively and dock at such ancient sites as the Valley of the Kings and Queens, Luxor, and Abydos, the site of the Temple of Seti I.

They will explore islands and temples along the Nile at their leisure. The Aladin may even drift over the spot where Cleopatra put the asp to her throat.

Lazy evenings will offer discussions on time travel, astral projection, and mystical theories of Egypt.

Aside from the couple's 13-year-old son, Steven, the entourage will consist entirely of adults. The tour will cost just under \$5,000. A \$500 non-refundable deposit will be required to ensure group rates.

The Fassmanns say transportation, lodging, meals and every activity on the tour is covered in the fee and travellers need only bring spending money.

Submitted by:

**W. Ritchie Benedict, 12-401 Grier Ave. NE, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2K 5S7**

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## BOOK REVIEWS

***Vampires, Burial, and Death: Folklore and Reality by Paul Barber (Yale University Press, New Haven, CT., 1988, 236 pages, index, large paperback, ISBN: 0-300-04859-8)***

This is definitely one of the finest non-fiction books to ever come out on the subject of vampires. Its primary thrust is to explain how legends of vampires and other revenants arose from the misinterpretation of the outward appearance of corpses. Prior to relatively modern times, when deadly contagious diseases were rampant, wasting diseases like tuberculosis would ravage entire families. Since primitive superstition often held that the first to die would come back to bring death to others in the family, an exhumation might be called for. This, in turn, could reveal a cadaver in a state that even today would surprise those who do not understand the "physiology" of death.

The body might be found in an unexpected state of preservation due to cold, dry, and/or antiseptic conditions. Even more likely, the body might be bloated (from internal gases, primarily methane), with a ruddy color, and blood dripping from the mouth, all natural results of decomposition explained in the book. With the body looking either alive or gorged with blood while the living were wasting away and dying, the false conclusion was that the dead were feeding off the living.

Barber's book examines many other misinterpretations of the physical changes of death and how these changes were mistakenly seen as a second "life" which various cultures sought to prevent or extinguish. Of greater interest is the wide range of vampire lore and beliefs from European sources which are not found in any other works in English. For instance, in one region of Romania, the local people would attempt to fool evil spirits from learning that the body being taken across a bridge was dead—"...two men who are especially strong will take ahold of the deceased and dance with him."

Good arguments are presented against some of the other theories that have been used to explain the vampire legend (such as premature burial and the disease porphyria). Barber also considers valid contributing factors for vampire beliefs such as nightmares and the Old Hag experience (hypnagogic hallucinations). This is certainly a scholarly and extensive work, sometimes gross in its details of bodily decomposition, and it may be difficult reading for some. At the same time, it is the most intelligent and comprehensive study of vampire beliefs I have ever seen. I recommend it highly to those with a serious interest in the subject.

Reviewed by: Martin V. Riccardo

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**Ghosts Of The Old West (Desert Spirits, Haunted Cabins, Lost Trails and Other Strange**

**Encounters) by Earl Murray (Contemporary Books, Inc., 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL. 60601, 165 pages, \$8.95)**

Judging from the skeptical response by most scientists to the reports of ghosts, you would think that the amount of material available is nearly as wispy as the subject. Nothing could be further from the truth, and of late, we are seeing more "theme" books on ghosts than ever before. We have books on theater ghosts, nautical ghosts, military ghosts, aerial ghosts and White House ghosts. Any day now, I expect there will be a book on technological ghosts, as I have heard of several reports from Britain about spirits haunting home computers. What could be more natural than a book about ghosts haunting the Old West? After all you know where the phrase "ghost town" originated!

The author of this book is well qualified to delve into the subject having created 17 other Western and historical novels. There are four major parts - each of which contains a number of chapters - elaborating on Old Forts and Battlefields, Old Hotels and Mansions, Old Trails and Ghost Towns and Native American Spiritualism. Perhaps this reflects the cultural difference between the Canadian West and the American West. I have heard a scant handful of stories of early Canadian ghosts and this may be due to the fact that the Mounties kept a tight rein on any crime, whereas the U.S. West was wide open and ruled by the gun.

The most famous case is undoubtedly that of the Winchester Mansion in San Jose, California. The widow of the inventor of the famous repeating rifle felt a terrible need to atone for all the victims it claimed. She built a rambling maze of a mansion with her fortune that is still quite a tourist attraction today. She believed as long as she added on to the original 8 room house, she would be free from harm. Custodians have reported organ music and the smell of chicken soup from empty rooms and no one can be certain it is not the ghost of Sarah Winchester.

In the summer of 1983, an intern named Christine Hope occupied a small apartment near the Custer Battlefield cemetery in Montana. One night a shaft of moonlight caught the face of a man sitting on a chair in her living room. Although his clothing appeared to be contemporary, his hair style and beard were not. There was an expression of absolute terror in his eyes before he vanished. Hope looked through a book of military biographies long out of print the following day and was able to identify her visitor as Second Lieutenant Benjamin Hodgson who was killed at the Battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876.

Fort Laramie, Wyoming has a Woman in Green often observed on a black horse while The Blue Light Lady walks across roadways and pastures in Kansas. All of these stories are fully documented as far as is possible with the names of the witnesses. For example, George Carmichael was staying on the third floor of the Sheridan Inn, in Sheridan, Wyoming one bright sunshiny morning in May 1970. He awoke to find a woman wearing a long, light blue dress admiring the view. He spoke several times, received no reply and was startled, as she turned towards him and abruptly disappeared. The ghost, Kate Arnold, was a housekeeper for Buffalo Bill Cody who once owned the Inn. She is reputed to hate rock music and several musicians have reported incidents such as damage to a guitar or a floating bottle smashing into the wall back of the bar.

I was pleased to see quite a few hauntings in Montana. As I live in Alberta, perhaps someday I will get a chance to look into these things further. Reports claim that you can hear music, singing and dancing from the streets of Garnet. The only problem is no has lived in the old town for over 50 years. The legends of little people in the Pryor mountains in south-central Montana may have a factual basis, as a photograph taken with an X-ray shows the skeleton of a tiny mummy discovered in the 1940's. It appears to be human varying only in the wrist and eye sockets. That this just isn't one of a kind is illustrated by a story that a game warden discovered a whole cave full! Unfortunately it is impossible to check out as the entire area is now underwater.

The conclusion concerns an apparition that would challenge Stephen King. A giant pit viper that attacks cattle and leaves traces behind. An Apache named Mahlan saw this thing in 1982. Certainly a ghost to be reckoned with. As are all of the ghosts in this book. If you are a fan of the western, horror films or ghost stories, or all three, you will not want to miss this one.

Reviewed by: W. Ritchie Benedict

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**Phantoms Of The Isles by Simon Marsden (Viking, 375 Hudson St., New York, NY. 10014, 128 pages, \$24.95, hardcover, 1991, ISBN: 086350-275-X)**

Simon Marsden is one of a company of outstanding characters whose talents are respected in many spheres. He is universally acclaimed as being one of our most gifted and highly individualistic photographers, a fluent writer and an investigator of psychic phenomena, who does not allow his feelings to be swayed either by extreme skepticism or excessive credulity.

Phantoms of the Isles is beautifully printed in a large format, which display its many illustrations to their best advantage. The book is, in fact, a sequel to the author's equally successful and best-selling 'The Haunted Realm'.

In the pages of Phantoms of the Isles, we are taken on a literary tour of many haunted sites, scattered throughout the British Isles. Here we meet the owners of many of the fascinating places described, or those who have been intimately connected with them. In their own words the details of many of the strange experiences alleged, are faithfully reported, and we are brought face-to-face with many bizarre and apparently inexplicable occurrences, for which it is difficult to find a satisfactory or rational explanation.

The illustrations that accompany these stories have the effect of enveloping the reader in such an atmosphere of ghostly mystery, that even when one is looking at them, possibly sitting in a comfortable armchair at home, the spectral scenes so graphically and realistically portrayed, give one a real feeling of active participation and involvement in them.

This book is certainly a 'must' for all those who wish to explore the strange realms of the paranormal in depth, and those who do not avail themselves of this unique opportunity, will only have themselves to blame for their lack of foresight and literary omission.

Reviewed by: Tom Perrott

**True Irish Ghost Stories by St. John D. Seymour and Harry L. Neligan (Fitzhouse Books, distributed by Trafalgar Square/David & Charles, North Pomfret, VT. 05053, \$29.95, 1991, 299 pages, hardcover, ISBN: 0-7134-6517-4)**

Even though this book was first published in 1914, it still tingles the spine and sparks the imagination of the reader as they leaf through the spooky pages within. Some of the stories may be dated but still continue to titillate the appetite of the true horror and ghost reader!

The first half of the book deals specifically with haunted houses in Dublin and Conn's and Mogh's Half, then goes right into poltergeists, haunted places, apparitions at or near death, banshees and other death-warnings, miscellaneous supernormal experiences, legendary and ancestral ghosts and finally mistaken identity and conclusions.

The chapter on the banshee was perhaps the scariest of them all, just trying to envision a wraith-like figure mourning sorrowfully on an Irish bog is enough to send shivers up anyone's spine, no matter how brave or courageous you think you are. The theory of the banshee signalling the death of someone in the immediate family is one that is still feared by Irish people today. Some may be superstitious but they do not mock the appearance or wail of the banshee.

The book is footnoted very nicely and would surely make a welcome addition to anyone's collection of the supernatural. Rated 7 out of 10.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

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## OPINION POLLS

Mike Shannon of Villa Park, Illinois writes, "I think it would be nice to see more photographs and maps relating to the articles. It would add a nice dimension. Also interviews with people in the field of parapsychology and related fields would be very welcome to your newsletter. The only criticism I have with the newsletter is the infrequent inclusion of a poorly written article. A recent example of this in the new issue (Vol. 10, No. 1) is "A Ghostly Encounter" by Eugene Trundy. There are so many discrepancies and unanswered questions in this story that you have to wonder if Mr. Trundy didn't just make the whole thing up and not very well. However this rarely occurs and on the whole the newsletter is very informative and entertaining."

Antonio R. Garcez of Santa Fe, New Mexico comments, "The newsletter would have a much broader appeal and a more professional, polished look if a few dollars would be spent by having the layout done by a typesetter. You would also attract advertisers and their money which in turn could be reverted back towards making the newsletter "shine". It's not difficult or expensive to have actual photographs of sites, i.e. buildings, houses, parks, etc. accompanying the articles by using "half-tones" (ask any printer). The added pictures would add much to the stories. Please eliminate the stories on UFOs, flying saucers, etc. They have nothing to do with the subject of ghosts and frankly are giving the impression that these stories are being used as "filler" by the newsletter editor.

Some suggestions for future articles: 1) interviews with anthropologists focusing on cultural folklore relating to spirits, etc., 2) interview a catholic priest(s) re: spirits, etc., and other religious communities of other faiths, 3) eliminate ghost stories from England, etc. and focus more on American stories. (Screaming Skulls, etc. have already been done over and over again).

David Weatherly of Takoma Park, Maryland says, "You have an excellent publication. More pages would always be welcome as would bi-monthly or even monthly issues! Even if this meant a higher subscription rate. All and all enjoy being a part of the society and look forward to its future."

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The Journal of the International Fortean Organization - General Index, Issues 1-50 is now available. The culmination of many months of work, this General Index makes available the wealth of Fortean material that was published in the INFO Journals from 1967 to 1986. The majority of the INFO Journals covered can still be obtained from INFO. Dealer inquiries are invited. 140 pages, softbound. List price \$12.50 plus \$2.50 postage and packing, US and foreign. Order from INFO, PO Box 367, Arlington, VA. 222100367.

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