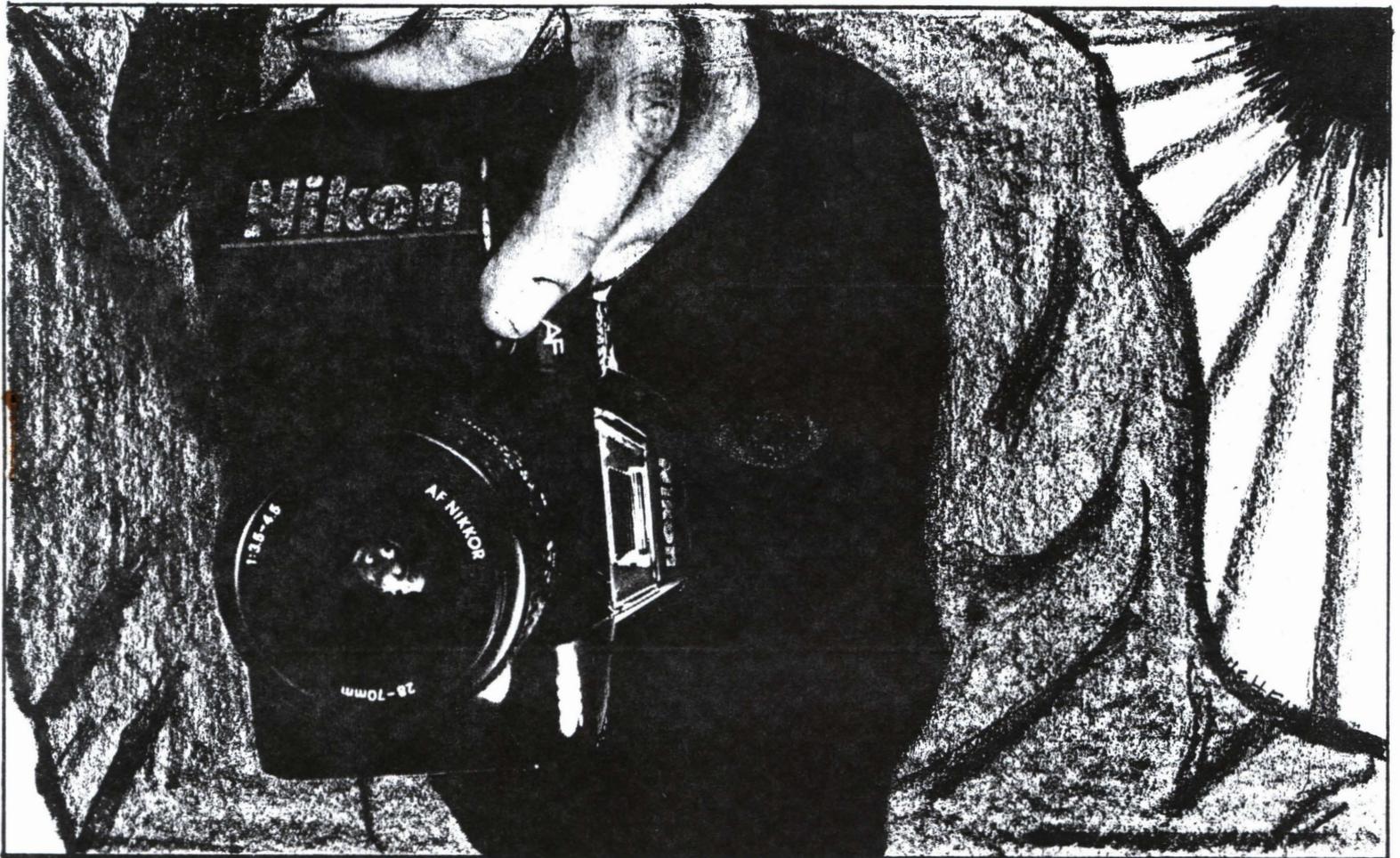


Ghost Trackers Newsletter

The Official Paranormal Publication of the Ghost Research Society



Volume 11

Number 1

February 1992

Ghost Trackers Newsletter

The Ghost Trackers Newsletter is the official paranormal publication of the Ghost Research Society. The GRS was founded in 1980 by Martin V. Riccardo and this publication soon followed in September of 1982. It is published and edited by Dale D. Kaczmarek, President and is put out in February, June and October.

The **Ghost Research Society** is a membership organization devoted to collecting, analyzing and researching all forms of the paranormal with an emphasis on ghosts, hauntings, poltergeists and life after death. Different memberships are available for those wishing to become more actively involved. We are also looking for officers, State Coordinators, Field Investigators and Area Research Directors for various states and countries.

Regular memberships are \$12.00 per year and include three issues of the Ghost Trackers Newsletter, GRS button, membership card, discounts to GRS sponsored events and tours, FREE photo analysis service and discounts on new and used books with FREE finder service available. Send wants! **Sustaining Memberships** are \$17.00 and include the above and the opportunity of helping with ghost research and attending field excursions (Midwest members only) at least twice a year. **Contributing Memberships** are \$22.00 and besides the above receive a free newspaper clipping service for your particular state (or country) sent on an irregular basis with your subscription. Multi-year, Patron and Lifetime Memberships are also available. If interested in those, please request further information.

Back issues of most newsletters are available for \$4.00 per issue or any three for \$10.00 for members only. Cost for non-members is \$5.00 per issue or any three for \$13.00. Non-members must also include postal charges as follows: \$1.00 for the first issue ordered and \$.75 for each additional issue. All back issues are shipped via first-class mail. Write for FREE back issue list!

The GRS is always on the lookout for photographs, newspaper clippings, articles, personal encounters or simply interesting anecdotes for publication. You will always receive full credit for anything published and that issue free of charge. All articles and stories become the property of the GRS and cannot be reprinted without written permission from the editor and author of the article. Those wishing to have articles, photographs, etc. returned must include a SASE with proper postage. All articles published are copyrighted!

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Editors Page:

Well, another year has come and gone. It seems that time really flies when you're having fun. I hope everyone had a wonderful and safe Christmas and a most Happy New Year! I had a great time New Years and the weather was great. In fact it has been very mild in Chicago so far. Temperatures in the upper 30's or lower 40's.

I would like to thank: Wanda Bloomfield, Tom Perrott, Martin Riccardo, David Noppe and Charles Carlson for the clippings they sent in. Also much thanks to Andy Jarett for the fine computer programs he sent me, Tom Perrott for the book on crop circles, Shawn Lape for the Ghost Newsletter and Ken Massey for the unusual photograph. Thank you's also go out to Tom Perrott, Andy Jarett, Martin Riccardo, Shawn Lape, Ray Manners (INFO), Mike Shannon and Julie Greenholdt for their Christmas cards and F.S. Miller for his Halloween card.

As you might have noticed, we are currently employing Word Perfect to publish this newsletter as we did for the previous issue. We have had some serious software problems in our desktop publishing programs. We used Gem Desktop Publisher for a couple of issues and then it refused to print out more than a couple of pages before freezing up the computer. Next we purchased Express Publisher and we are still trying to work the bugs out of it. Hopefully we will have it up and running in time for the June newsletter. For those who have submitted articles for publication with pictures and/or illustrations, we have been holding them back until we get the desktop publisher working as we would like to use those pictures with the article you submitted. Please be patient and it will eventually appear in a future edition.

The newsletter of the quarter is Ghost Newsletter published by Rosalee Bailey Tipton. It's a standard size format and the two issues I received were rather good. Subscription rates are \$15.00 per year and should be mailed to: Ghost Newsletter, PO Box 899, Irvine, KY. 40336.

We have a new lifetime member: Richard Holifield, Jr. Welcome aboard! Greetings to the new Contributing members: John Dean, Katie Block, Karen Hughes, M.J. Richardson, Lynnda Kratovil, Charles B. Young, and Debbie Wojciechowski. New sustaining members include: Roy Smith, Patricia Boyce, Tom Hayes, Alan Stradtler, Margaret Pucci, Claudette Johnson, Paul McMurray, Kathleen Tully and Mary Smesseart.

Our new Patron Member is David Noppe from Canada.

Ghost Research Society

Since our last newsletter we have added 20 new members and have received renewals from 9. We are growing at a very rapid rate since the past couple of years and I'm extremely happy to see that. I am also very glad to see a marked increase in the number of Contributing and Sustaining members that we are seeing. It seems that most people would rather become more actively involved nowadays than simply receive and read a newsletter three times a year.

Our next three meeting dates at the Oaklawn Public Library for members and non-members alike are: January 18th, March 21st and May 16th. All meetings are at 1pm until 3:30pm and are in the downstairs meeting rooms of the Oaklawn Library located at 95th and Cook in the heart of Oaklawn. Cook is the second stoplight west of Cicero Avenue or the second stoplight east of Central Avenue. All members are urged to attend and participate and it's extremely important for Sustaining and Contributing members since some meetings are mandatory just prior to a field excursion. Since we sometimes plan the excursion at the meeting before, and tell participating members what to bring, it's mandatory to attend those. I believe that all the meetings are pretty much mandatory as a lot of useful information is exchanged and it's a chance for members to meet and become acquainted with other new and old members alike.

It is also very important and mandatory for all Sustaining and Contributing Members who wish to attend field excursions to fill out the application for active research that came along with your initial membership package and newsletter. Fill it out as complete as possible and please include a recent photograph of yourself for our records only.

Those who joined as Sustaining or Contributing status and wish their spouses to join them on field excursions must have them join on the "add-a-spouse" plan. Instead of charging another complete membership fee, adding a spouse only costs \$10.00. They will receive their own membership card and GRS button.

Our ghost tours this year were very successful and focused on strictly northside and northern suburbs. This year's tours will be southwest and western suburbs and promises to include much brand new material and surprises. Don't miss them!

Bill and Rochelle Zaszczurynski, Mike Shannon and Julie Greenholdt have recently been promoted to the level of Field Investigators. This is due to their dedication to the society, the field in general, their undying interest and their attendance to various functions including meetings, field excursions and special investigations. They are now considered a step above a Sustaining Membership and will serve as personal helpers not only to myself but to new Sustaining and Contributing Members. Congratulations to all!!

I have recently acquired a mobile car phone which will help in field excursions and out-of-state investigations.

A Very Personal Ghost

By

Beverly C. Jaegers

From the earliest days of civilization, primitive man realized that spirits existed. Almost all of the world religions are based on the fact that man is more than just a material being, and the fact that the visible, material body is merely an expression for the spirit or soul.

Scientific research continues to insist that if it cannot be measured, it does not exist. Ghosts and the spirit, therefore, are confined to the backwaters of laboratory science, where no reputable man of science dares to tread.

Psychical research, on the other hand, must neither admit nor deny the existence of the ghostly apparition, feeling that these things should be studied, not ignored.

As Co-Chairman of the Research Committee of the St. Louis Society for Psychical Research (ghost-hunters) the investigation of hauntings and apparitions has become part of my job.

Not all ghost hunts end in finding something unusual, or which cannot be explained. All are checked before the investigative team makes an appointment to come in, just in case of hoaxes or an overactive imagination on someone's part.

Over the years, however, there have been some very interesting field trips, resulting in something none of us could explain.

With the addition of several developed psychics to the field research team, ghost hunting has gained another dimension. Rather than encouraging the trance state, in which a 'presence' can speak through the body of a medium, we have found that psychics who can gain impressions through telepathy, psychometric analysis and clairvoyance are better able to conduct a ghost hunt.

It is our belief that, in the future, parapsychologists will attempt to use this method of investigation on all of their field trips, rather than confining the research team to scientists.

A sensitive, or psychic, can feel instantly if there is some disturbance in the ordinary atmosphere of a house, or a single room. This has been demonstrated time and time again, and proven to be quite accurate. More especially, the type of psychic activity surrounding a poltergeist (noisy ghost) would affect the psi centers of an investigator who was also a psychic.

I feel certain that this type of research investigation will add much to what is known about ghosts, apparitions and hauntings of all varieties.

WHAT WAS IT?

One ghost hunt in particular, conducted several years ago,

ended in a wealth of occurrences and peculiarities which could not be explained.

The investigation team collected at a large old residence in the mid-City area, early in the afternoon. The Society had been called in by the owner, who occupied several rooms of one floor of the three-story building.

When I arrived, most of the team was already present, and I was greeted by complete silence as I entered the front door. This was not unusual, however, since a professionally conducted ghost investigation is conducted in complete silence during the first stages. Impressions of any kind are entered in the investigators' notebooks, for later correlation.

The entire house was toured, in almost complete silence, and the possible 'focus' areas were mapped, individually.

The living room on the ground floor, and in my opinion, a bedroom in the servant's quarters on the top floor were the focus areas. In that bedroom, later in the afternoon, I was to experience something so strange that I am still unable to explain it, nor to deny that it occurred.

The living room contained only three pieces of furniture, and was lit by two large windows. All members of the investigating team had recorded two strange facts about this room; on one wall, at a position where no angle of light could explain it, was a misty, irregularly outlined shadow. This shadow was proved to be somehow a part of the wall, since no arrangement of the furniture nor blocking of the windows affected its appearance. Male members of the group estimated its dimensions at seven feet in height, three feet in width. No explanation was ever found for the appearance of this shadowy outline.

Secondly, there was a chair situated about two feet away, further out into the room. It was an old chair, a platform rocker, torn and dirty. Each member of the group sat down in it, one at a time, and began furiously scribbling in his notebook. When the major part of the investigation was completed, all notes were correlated, and it was found that we had all experienced the same thing. Sitting in the chair produced the feelings and sensations of a heart attack, or some similar disturbance in the chest, followed by rippling sensations of heat, then cold. All of those who sat in the chair also had the distinct feeling that someone was watching them from behind the chair, although there was absolutely nothing between the chair and the wall!

The feelings connected with that rocker were later explained by the house owner, who told us that it had been the favorite chair, some years previously, of an elderly man who died of a heart attack, while sitting in that chair! She, herself, had never felt anything unusual in that particular area, and had never sat in the old rocker.

There were many 'cold spots' in the old house, and the temperature in general seemed to be much too chilly for a sunshiny, early summer afternoon.

Another room, the ground floor bathroom, had an unusual atmosphere to most of the investigating group, but nothing definite

was discovered in that room.

THE THIRD FLOOR ROOM

Shortly after the main part of the investigation had been completed, I returned to the upstairs room, alone, in order to find if the odd impressions I had received from it were still the same. The rest of the group was in a tiny trunk room, also somewhere on the top floor.

Near a window on the wall overlooking the enclosed garden, I stopped to see if there might be a carriage house attached to the old residence.

While looking out of this window, with my back to the room, I got the unmistakable sensation that I was being watched! There was no one in the room but myself, but I could see something very strange in the opposite corner. There, near a half-open closet door, was a shimmering blob of mist! The mist was brownish in color, and was about five feet in height. My impressions were that it was an apparition, visible in broad daylight, and that the rest of the team should be called in before it disappeared.

There was no answer to my call, and it was several minutes before one of the others opened the bedroom door and entered. At that exact moment, the mist dissolved and was no longer visible. I later discovered that no one had heard my calls, although all members of the group were in the very next room at the time!

I have since discovered from others involved in researching haunting reports and poltergeist activity, that this unusual inability of sound waves to be heard outside the room which is the center of disturbance is quite frequent, although unexplainable. It was the first case of this type which I have encountered, and nothing of that type has occurred on any subsequent investigation.

My written impressions of the apparition, although scribbled in a very shaky handwriting, were that the ghost was male, perhaps middle aged, and had been a gardener or servant in that house. If I had had more time before its disappearance, it might have been possible to get more distinct impressions. Unfortunately, most appearances of this type cover a very short span of time, from a few seconds to several minutes in length, and impressions are often fragmentary or scrambled.

CORROBORATION FROM AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE

A few weeks after this investigation was conducted, I was in conversation with an acquaintance, and happened to mention the interesting old house.

To my complete surprise, she was familiar with the house and its history, since her fiance was a patrolman at the local Police station. He, himself had been called to the house on several occasions to investigate reports of strange noises and lights on the unused third floor. Nothing was ever found, although the house had a twenty-year history of such disturbances, and the neighborhood police knew the address from memory!

Her information was added to the record, which is standard procedure in this type of case.

The Psychological Research team had intended to return to this house for a more complete investigation last year, but found that it, like several others in the neighborhood, is scheduled for demolition and has been condemned.

Although we were unable to solve the unusual riddles present in the house on Pine Street, there have been a goodly number of other houses to investigate, and even some comparatively modern apartments have been the subject of a field investigation. The team is now much smaller, and includes some very highly developed psychics.

Several recent investigations are still in the process of being checked, and information collected on the history and frequency of known disturbances therein is being compiled.

The St. Louis Committee for Research hopes that what we have discovered will be a valuable addition to the files and records of researchers in all areas of psychic exploration.

Submitted by:

Beverly C. Jaegers, PO Box 29396, St. Louis, MO. 63126

The Phantom Photographer

By

Maurice Schwalm

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Sometimes there are sane families with crazy ghosts and crazy families with sane ghosts. This is report on neither of the above and both of the above. Specifically, a bizarre family with one sane and one crazy ghost.

My initial report was of a house where a teenage boy had been raiding the refrigerator for 10 years - and disappearing thru the wall when challenged. Even worse, the woman claimed to be occasionally pushed down the stairs by unseen hands. She would sort of float down and maybe bruise herself at the bottom for lack of body control. She found this somewhat disorienting. I find it a doubtful report.

Research in the history of the area was interesting as it had been a large and historic farm that was undivided until a decade ago. The history of the family that had owned it was imposing but no tragedy, including a teenage boy had occurred since the time of the Civil War. No house had ever stood remotely near the trim suburban tri-level in question.

But the family had a daughter. She was a teenager when she had first moved to the house and had been unhappy. She had had "Romeo and Juliet" dreams involving a very describable blond youth which coincidentally, looked a lot like the boy her mother encountered after the daughter had married and moved out. No connection had ever been made. Strange things had happened to her in both houses which she seemed to enjoy.

This was not the entity we encountered. We all saw a dark haired youth who had been in an auto accident. There were indications he was involved in electrical work, photography and Indian lore. Photos taken all seemed to relate to him. A profile was demonstrated and an interest in chocolate cake with chocolate icing evidenced.

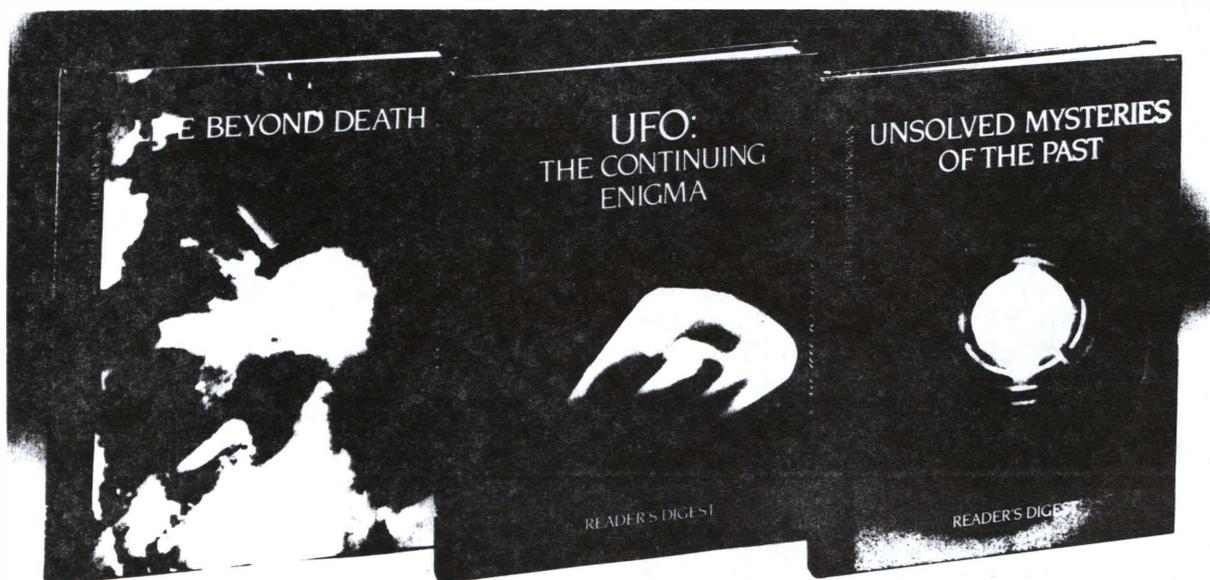
It was then that it was realized that two youths known to the family had died in a horrendous crash about the time the family had moved into the house. Physical descriptions and habit patterns matched. It appeared the blond youth had exploited the girls unhappiness to engage her in an astral plane romance about which she felt guilty. Hence dreams of tragic love. The dark haired boy was trying to shield her from this influence. At a subsequent session, we viewed an 8mm film made by the boys the day before their death. A stop motion shot was made of the dark haired boy's

profile to compare with a photographic profile already obtained: it matched.

But the youth was a photographer himself and was not to be outdone. I took a series of flash photos on the second visit with my camera and flash preset for 15 feet. Afterwards, I found my camera reset for 4.5 feet and had a spectacular ectoplasmic profile which had been formed on top a lamp within that focal range. The blond youth? He appeared only as a series of blue strokes across a silhouette-sized area. An ectoplasmic touch up brush had deleted his ectoplasmic presence.

Submitted by:

Maurice Schwalm, PO Box 3522, Kansas City, KS. 66103-0522



"Quest for the Unknown," a new 18-volume book series published by Reader's Digest (November 1991, \$16.98 per volume), offers detailed, balanced information incorporating the latest findings on the vast range of the unknown, from poltergeists to prophetic dreams and Stonehenge to shamans.

The Silent Shipmate

By

Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley

You never know where you're going to hear an interesting ghost story! Some time ago I was talking to my co-workers about my recent articles in Ghost Trackers. Most of them were having a good laugh, saying all that stuff is foolishness. But awhile later one of the busboys came back and said he believed me, because when his father was a young man his life had been saved by a ghost! It took some coaxing, but I finally got the story out of him.

When his father was a young man they had lived in a rather busy harbor, and he had the good fortune to obtain a job on a good sized fishing vessel. He was the junior member in a crew of six.

They had gone out on his very first voyage, and hit some really rough weather. When it had calmed down, the rest of the crew went to have a big meal. But my co-worker's father was badly seasick, so he went to his bunk for some much needed sleep.

He was awakened many hours later by the moans and groans of his shipmates. To his horror he found them all deathly ill! It would be later learned some of their food had been tainted and they were all suffering from acute food poisoning! My co-worker's father managed to get the ship's Captain down from the wheel house and into his bunk, but then was totally bewildered as to what to do. He barely knew how to steer the ship, let alone navigate!

While he was pondering, he heard footsteps. The bridge door opened and an elderly man he did not recognize entered. The man did not speak, but pointed to the wheel and the throttle, and indicated they should get underway. My co-worker's father followed his hand gestures and for many hours they plowed through a sea that was again getting quite heavy. My co-worker's father was hungry but he dared not eat, suspecting the source of his shipmate's illness.

With the coming of dawn the weather began to clear and to the weary seaman's delight several small dots appeared on the horizon. As they grew closer, the weary man recognized them as the fishing boats from his own harbor!

As he gave a joyous cry and turned back to his silent companion, who had stood by him through the night, the man was gone! But even without his assistance he was able to overtake the other vessels and summon aid for his stricken shipmates; all of whom survived, save one. When he was released from the hospital, the grateful Captain invited the young man to his home. While they were discussing the adventure the young man's eyes fell on a faded portrait on the dining room wall.

"Why, that's him!" he cried, "That's the man who stayed with

me through the night! We would never have made it without him! But who is he? I never saw him before or after on the boat."

The old Captain came over. "I suspected as much," he answered, "when you told me that the man who saved us never spoke but resembled me. That is my father who died twenty years ago, but he promised he would always look after our family. He had a stroke two years before he died, and though he was perfectly alert and understood everything you said, he never spoke a word again until his death.

On more than one occasion he has appeared and saved the life of a family member. We believe he was such a good man in life God has made him guardian over us!"

My young co-worker swears this story to be true. His father had told it many times at family gatherings, and being accustomed to the ways of spirits as I am, I have little doubt of its authenticity, for I have heard stranger tales.

Submitted by:

Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley, Spiritist Publications, PO Box 533065, Orlando, FL. 32853.

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Grandpapa

By

B.M. Perry

The cottage, as those monstrous Jersey shore summer homes were called, was high and imposing. It was built in 1910 by my husbands grandfather, when Bayhead was mostly sand dunes.

Grandpapa was a tall, gaunt man with dark hair, piercing almost frightening blue eyes, a hawk-like aquiline nose topping a goatee and mustache.

He returned from Paris with his wife and three sons, deciding to build his dream house. Unsuccessful as an artist, he worked feverishly on the cottage, hoping to make a gathering place for artists, writers and musicians from New York.

Grandpapa left Maria, his ailing wife, and three sons to take a trip with a writer friend and two women on the Erie Canal. Upon his return, late one night, he discovered Maria was not home.

Servants informed him that Maria was staying with a friend, Mrs. Nimitz, in a frighteningly Gothic house on the ocean. But he arrived at the Nimitz house too late. Maria died of uterine cancer between 12 am and 2 am.

From that moment on, Grandpapa locked himself in the cottage, summer and winter, seeing only family and close friends. Seeking solace, he would play his flute, cello, paint watercolors of the sand dunes or sail his boat on the bay.

One year later, Grandpapa died in the same time frame as Maria.... between 12 am and 2 am.

In the late fifties, my husband and I with our infant daughter Alison decided to open the house which had been closed for over ten years of neglect and Collier type collecting. It was a big mess, eight bedrooms, servants quarters - everything damp, dingy and dirty.

Beulah an Indian/Black mixture helped me in this formidable job. Breaking for tea in the afternoon, she'd tell me there was a ghost and when returning home she'd perform certain rituals to rid her of any evil. I dismissed her ghost stories as nonsense.

Sherman, the plumber, who kept the pipes from freezing, said to me (after I caught him sipping my father-in-laws gin), "I gotta stay tanked to do my work. Sometimes that spook comes down from the attic when I'm working in the master bedroom. I seen him when I was cold sober! So now on, I take a little nip or two to steady my nerves. The pay's good and work's easy."

My first experience with Grandpapa was on a Tuesday night, after moving into the house all by myself. Alison slept in an adjoining room. Our bedroom was the northwest corner and stuffy. Between our bedroom and the master bedroom was a connecting closet,

which I had opened to allow the seabreeze. Tired, sleep came easily. I was suddenly awakened by a freezing chill, as though covered by a blanket of Arctic wind. A sudden fear grasped me. I turned my head in the direction of the icy breeze, for I was aware someone was looking at me, that I was not alone. Standing in the closet doorway was the vague form of a man. I was frozen with fear, unable to speak or move. My eyes looked into frigid blue eyes emerging from a cloud-like form. Suddenly, the form came toward me, a pair of mens hands stretched out. I thought I'd be choked to death. I turned on the night stand light, grabbed my flashlight to fight off the intruder, but there was no one there. After checking Alison, the entire four stories, I called my husband.

Four years later, we would spend an occasional weekend in Bayhead, but there were no more ghostly appearances. I had left a portfolio of Japanese prints in the storage room by the chimney. As we were packing from our Upstate New York home, I wanted to pick up the portfolio and other items left in Bayhead, but my husband suggested the move to Florida with two children, Laurel had been born, it would be best to wind things up the following summer.

Upon our return, my husband and I searched from cellar to attic for my portfolio and antique doll. We had hired a maintenance man, Mr. Spencer, to check the house and make any needed repairs. One day, shortly before our return to Florida I questioned him about the portfolio and antique doll.

He replied, "I never go in the attic, it's too spooky."

With time running short, I continued to be upset at the loss of my Japanese prints which I collected before we were married. And I was mad. About 1 am, filled with apprehension tiptoeing past my sleeping husband and children, Gigi, our dog. She raised her head and was content with a pat.

I prided myself on being fearless, but something inside was a little shaky. I climbed the broad stairs to the attic, unlocked the storeroom and swung the flashlight on the exposed fireplace bricks.

"Look, Grandpapa," I said angrily, "I don't believe in ghosts, but if you are one, I speak to you as a fellow artist. If you've taken my portfolio with Japanese prints, you'd better return them or your soul will NEVER rest! The doll isn't that important." With that, I turned, locked the door, slipping down stairs to bed.

The following afternoon, while the girls and Gigi were taking naps, I returned to the locked storeroom. My portfolio of prints was behind a painting, but the doll was never found.

That evening, working on a drawing for the newspaper in the downstairs study, my back to a small fireplace that tied into the same living room chimney, halfway through I felt a cold chill on my back. I had goosebumps. Without turning around I said, "Thank you, Grandpapa."

The Bayhead house remained closed for two years. But it was time to see my husband's parents, so we decided to open the house for the summer.

One hot, sultry afternoon, before my in-laws arrived, the

green window shades had been pulled for the children's afternoon rest. My husband was out and I decided to read in the front bedroom. Gigi's basket was in the hall, facing the attic stairs. Suddenly, she began a low, warning growl, which was unusual for this gentle, friendly black and white pointer. She rose from her bed, frozen in pointer stance, her hair standing ominously straight up along her back.

"Mommy, Mommy," Alison shouted as she rushed towards me, "There's a man on the stairs!"

And there he was again! I gathered Laurel and Alison in my arms, waiting, just waiting to see what would happen. Gigi moved slowly forward, in the same manner used in flushing out an animal. She became more agitated, her lip curling, growling, facing that apparition descending from the triangular landing close to the bottom stairs.

Laurel cried out, "Mommy, I'm so cold!"

"So am I," Alison added.

Gigi inched closer, as Grandpapa took another step. Now we all saw a tall, whitish, vapor-like form with menacing pale blue eyes. On the third step from the bottom, two hands appeared from the nebulous form. The girls screamed in terror, clinging to me. That was all Gigi needed - she attacked, racing up the stairs, barking furiously. Grandpapa vaporized.

Laurel and Alison began crying. I took them to their bedroom, hugging them, trying to calm their fears. But I, too, had a shaky feeling, wondering if my children had been threatened.

Gigi joined us on Alison's bed. We all patted, hugged and praised her. She still seemed slightly upset, but confident she had protected her little family.

Another two years passed before we returned to Bayhead. Since that afternoon the girls saw Grandpapa, and we had discussed the situation, no mention of ghosts arose. But this experience made me wonder about other dimensions of reality.

Why did Grandpapa single me out? Was it because in opening the house I disturbed his solitude of 10 years? Was it because I, too, was an artist? Did I resemble his red-headed mistress? Was he reaching out not to hurt me or the children but to find help to release him from earth? I didn't, and still don't have any answers.

My father-in-law died, and it was decided to sell the house. My husband elected to remain in Washington that summer leaving me to supervise workmen to ready the house for the market. It was a mess from re-plastering and painting. A large confused production with all that work, two active children and a dog, I prevailed upon my Mother to keep me company and help with the children for the summer, before returning to Florida.

I slept in the master bedroom facing the ocean, the girls in our bedroom on the other side of the connecting closet, Gigi at the foot of my bed and Mother in another oceanfront bedroom connected by bathroom to the master bedroom.

All were asleep except me, I was finishing a Taylor Caldwell novel.

Around 12:30 am, book finished, I went to the bathroom to clean my teeth. As I brushed, I felt this familiar cold chill. I was afraid to look in the doorway connecting to Mother's room. But I did. Grandpapa was barely three feet away. I could see his face clearly now, goatee, mustache, long nose and those frightening, penetrating eyes. Long fingered hands reached out, I felt something icy encircling my throat - then I fainted. My head hit the foot of the old cast iron bathtub and I was unconscious when Mother discovered me around dawn. She gathered the children and Gigi, helped me into the car and drove me to the Princeton Hospital, where I remained with a concussion. I swore I'd never stay in that house again.

Six years later, we stopped on our way to Long Island to see Charlie Wreaks, a personal friend who sold the house. The new occupants were an Italian family consisting of parents and seven children. One of the boys, age 16, was an artist.

My husband had a drink with the owners, while I was told that I could see what changes had been made in the house. I wandered through the rooms thinking that there might be something in the exposed chimney. Perhaps Grandpapa wanted it found, or, he might be protecting personal property - perhaps a secret document. I decided to venture into the east attic storeroom.

The westside storeroom had a light on. A young man sat bent over a drawing board, doing a watercolor. He was startled and nearly jumped from his chair when I spoke.

"I see you are an artist, too." I said.

"Yes Mam," the boy was calm, finished his wash, then asked, "Are you?"

"Yes. My husband's family owned this house before your parents bought it."

"Wow! That's neat - another artist!"

"That makes three artists who have lived here," I replied.

"My husband's Grandfather was an artist. He designed and built this house."

"Jesus!" the boy dropped his jaw amazed.

"Something wrong?" I knew what he was going to say.

Lowering his voice the boy said in a near whisper, "Well Mam ...there's a ghost in this house, I've seen him."

"You have? What does he look like?"

"Don't tell my parents or anyone ... you promise?"

"I promise. Artists stick together."

"Well, whenever I come up here late at night," the boy began, "there's a big, tall misty thing that stands in the doorway. He just stays there - all I can see are his eyes. Then he disappears. When I continue my watercolors, everything goes great, like someone was guiding my hand. Jesus, it's real weird, but I'm not afraid."

We continued our discussion until it was time to leave.

One year later the couple got a divorce and the house was sold. I understand it has changed hands a few times.

Ghosts Of The Tribes

By

Rev. Maria D'Andrea

All our modern day activities and hectic running around, still leave our sensitivities open to the past and to the spirit world.

This is as it should be. When you are psychic, intuitive or sensitive, it is as though you are walking on a tightrope between the two realities. One side is the astral plane - spirit and the other is the physical plane - man. We are meant to deal with both equally.

Ghosts are found in varied environments and much more frequently than supposed.

You need only to leave yourself open and pay attention, not from your intellect, but from your sensitivity levels.

A few years ago, I was in a car on the highway on vacation. It was dusk and we sped along looking at the scenery. I noticed further in the front of us, native Americans walking back and forth crossing the highway.

First, I thought it was strange that the cars kept missing them and couldn't understand why they picked that area to cross. As we moved closer, I realized they were not solid, but slightly translucent. It was difficult not to cringe as we drove through a female figure.

We stopped and contacted a spirit. If you ask questions, there are frequent times that they are answered.

Apparently the highway ran through old Indian tribal ground. It was very peaceful and serene. As much as the tribal everyday occurrences went on in life, now they continued on another plane. The cars and modern day activity went by unnoticed.

The native Americans although on the next plane of existence, still felt the connection between themselves and nature. Blending with the forces of the universe and the laws of nature, utilizing them and accepting the forces as being one with them.

There is much to be gained by contacting these spirits and asking questions to put perspective to our way of life living with Mother Earth and all of the elements. We have them at our disposal to be used as a positive power. We need only to tune into a source we can communicate with.

We in the physical body have all the controls. We have free will which governs the spirits on the other side. They are bound by Divine Providence to answer our questions or leave. However, you must always remember to use a form of psychic protection prior to contact to be safe such as a prayer.

Use your sensitivities to be more aware of your surroundings to tune into both reality levels. Look around, feel, sense and

listen. Trust your own intuitive input. You may be surprised at what you tune into and gain as information.

Try going to areas known for being old native American sites, as they are very psychically synchronized with us. Just stay quiet, open and let all of your senses be open.

Take a notebook with you and write down everything. This will give you a reference point at a later date. Remember to use psychic protection and have fun.

Submitted by:

Rev. Maria D'Andrea, 52 Libby Ave., Hicksville, NY. 11801



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Old Ironsides

As I opened the North Gym door
I heard a ball bounce on the floor,
I wondered how could this be so,
That floor was destroyed years ago.

I switched on the light, gazed at the scene,
A gaping void where the floor had been,
Furniture stacked up to each wall,
No room for more, no space at all.

The basement below for all to see,
Where the locker-room used to be.
The water heater, sinks and showers,
The winding stairways to the towers.

No bouncing ball, the sound had gone,
No floor for it to pound upon.
No window panes, no sunbeams shine,
Since that Fourth of June in Sixty-Nine.

I recalled how it was before,
Gym classes going through the door,
To exercise, to run and play,
A welcome break to take each day.

Bright lights on high, casting a glow,
Reflecting on the court below,
Window views on every wall,
A pleasant place for basketball.

Leaving, I turned off the light,
The gym went dark, black as night.
I stepped outside, locked the door,
And heard a ball bounce on the floor.

Submitted by: W. Humphries

Book Reviews

True Ghost Stories Of Our Own Time, Compiled and Edited by Vivienne Rae-Ellis (Published in U.S.A. by: Faber and Faber, Inc., 50 Cross St., Winchester, MA. 01890. Published in Canada by: Penguin Books Canada Limited, 1220 Nicholson Rd., Newmarket, Ontario L3Y 7V1. 1990, 265 pages, \$12.95 (Canada) (Lower in U.S.)

It is one thing to debate endlessly on an abstract level whether the paranormal exists, and quite another to actually experience it yourself. Then there is no doubt. Such is the case for the Tasmanian author of this book. She readily admits that the confrontation with a knife-wielding apparition in a small hotel on the south-west coast of England completely changed her attitude to ghosts. She later found out that a woman had been murdered on that floor in the 19th century and the owners of the establishment had suppressed that fact. This naturally piqued her interest and curiosity, so she placed advertisements in a wide number of British newspapers for anyone who had any ghostly experiences and the end result was this book. Although the cover illustration suggests fictional thrills, each and every case is related by real people from all walks of life - businessmen, housewives, artists, telecommunications engineers, teachers and so forth.

Brian Inglis, himself an author and expert on the paranormal contributes an introduction wherein he derides public opinion for regarding ghosts as hallucinations or mythical tales for the simple-minded (he doesn't even like the word ghost, but admits we are probably stuck with it, as nothing appropriate has gained popular recognition.)

There are four major sections: "Varieties of Ghost", "Ghosts Hear Smelled, Felt and Perceived", "Hauntings" and "Poltergeists" followed by a bibliography, index and the author's home address if the reader has any unusual experiences of his or her own to report.

A scan of the sub-divisions under "Hauntings" reveals what a wide range of places are haunted - historic houses, churches and colleges, theaters, hospitals, flats, pubs, airfields, highways and commercial premises to name a few. There is even a chapter on timewarps, a subject that I am personally quite fascinated with after coming across an example in an old memoir about frontier days in Alberta. Mrs. S.M. Woodyatt from Devon tells of an occasion that shocked her friends who ran a hotel overlooking Dumpton Hill near Honiton in Devon during World War II. One foggy November morning, an American colonel who had booked into the hotel for a rest, decided he would stroll up the hill before breakfast. As he neared the top, a whole regiment of men suddenly burst out of the trees, all wearing chain armor with crosses on their breasts. The colonel was absolutely terrified, took to his heels and had to have a good stiff drink when he got back to the hotel.

One highly readable case concerns the site of the legendary Borley Rectory back in 1964. Victor Neville-Statham was working in London in the Ministry of Technology, when, after a discussion

about ghosts, he and three of his colleagues decided to spend the night there. Interestingly, a nearby church still stands, and it too is reputed to be haunted. After spending an uncomfortable night on bench seats on the church porch, all of them were somewhat disappointed that they had not experienced anything out of the ordinary. One man went down the lane to see the sunrise. Suddenly, his friend exclaimed that the stroller had returned and was standing by a tree sporting a big, black beard, a pipe in his mouth and wearing a long, black coat buttoned at the neck. The other witness couldn't see a thing and the two friends were in the midst of a heated debate when the missing man returned through a gate at the opposite end of the churchyard. Near the tree was an old gravestone erected to the memory of Reverend Bull, a former vicar of Borley. Later, a book with a photo of the deceased reverend was located showing him with a black beard, a pipe in his mouth and wearing a long black coat.

There are a number of quite recent events in this book too - on Monday April 11th, 1988, the Bath Evening Chronicle reported on a poltergeist inhabiting a Marshfield pub. Chopping boards, loaves of bread and tins of tomatoes were observed to fly across the kitchen of the Lord Nelson pub and Carriage restaurant. Mrs. Lane says: "If you are in the kitchen you think someone has come in through the cellar, but when you turn around there's no one there. If you decide not to turn around then something will be thrown." After a darkroom was installed above the kitchen, the poltergeist decided to depart.

A concluding chapter goes into the controversial subject of violence and injuries being inflicted upon people by supernatural means. On the other side of the coin, one Sarah Winthrop experienced a phantom with real class. She encountered a young cavalier standing at the window ledge of her bedroom. She was highly indignant at the intrusion and told him to "Leave this instant and never come back". Whereupon he smiled apologetically, bowed and slowly faded away, leaving Ms. Wintrop to regret her hasty remarks.

No one will be able to ignore the signs that some mighty strange things co-exist with us after reading this book. Ms. Rae-Ellis has assembled a comprehensive volume that will amaze the skeptic. It is a book every ghost hunter will want to own. Very well done.

Reviewed by: W. Ritchie Benedict, #12 - 401 Grier Ave. N.E., Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2K 5S7.

ESP, Hauntings and Poltergeists by Loyd Auerbach (Warner Books, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, NY. 10103, paperback, 463 pages, \$4.50, 1986, ISBN: 0-446-34013-8)

A complete parapsychologist's handbook to everything you wanted to know about parapsychology and more. Written by a graduate of JFK University in California, the only college in the

United States with accredited courses and graduate degrees in parapsychology. Mr. Auerbach also writes a monthly column for Fate Magazine.

I found the book extremely helpful, especially all the appendixes in the back of the book. There are sections on: Initial Questions (to help determine whether an investigation is warranted), Who/What/When/Where/How (to help narrow down the general patterning of the disturbances/experiences), The Phenomena (these will help get a good picture of the actual goings-on), Interactions and Symbols, Informative Organizations, Counseling Organizations, suggestive further reading, Journals and Annual Publications and actual questionnaires for you to ask and fill out while investigating various types of phenomena.

The book has four chapters: "The Science of Ghostbusting", "The Fantasy Vs. The Reality", "A Casebook", and "How To Be An Investigator" plus there's that marvelous section of Appendixes that I already mentioned above.

For those just starting out in the field of parapsychology, ghostbusting or simple research and investigation, this is one of the first books that you should read especially if you haven't made up your mind as to whether this is really for you.

Rated 7 in a scale of 1-10.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Vampires Among Us by Rosemary Ellen Guiley (Pocket Books, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY. 10020, paperback, 270 pages, \$4.95, 1991, ISBN: 0-671-72361-8)

A nicely written book by one of our regular columnists, Rosemary Ellen Guiley who will be lecturing in late February in the Chicagoland area. (Contact: Martin Riccardo at 708-749-7697 or at PO Box 151, Berwyn, IL. 60402 for further details)

When I first saw this book, I thought, "Oh, just another fictional vampire book!", but it's far from that. Ms. Guiley has painstakingly researched the evolution, history and current trend of vampires more carefully than any other book that I've come across yet. An incredible amount of interview material, research time and tracking down various individuals apparently went into the writing of this book.

She delves into areas such as psychic vampires; the possibility of nighttime visitations in astral form that can drain of person of energy and not necessarily blood like the classic vampire or Bela Lugosi character. I even tend to agree with this explanation as I've researched into this area myself.

Another interesting area is dream vampires. Visitations through the dream state which as psychologists will tell you, are extremely hard to dispel or prove as the mind is such a strange organ. So little is known to modern science nowadays.

There is a real nice section at the back including organizations and publications relating to vampires and a

When The Past Is Present

Have you ever felt you might be sharing your home with a former occupant...someone from a past generation? Vestiges of the past often brush against the present. Just as the stately Federal homes of Brooklyn Heights are framed by the skyscrapers of Wall Street, modern lives are frequently invaded by people long gone. You can feel it on the quiet streets of Flatbush, the gentle rustling in a Fort Greene brownstone, a fleeting glimpse of something in the corner of your eye.

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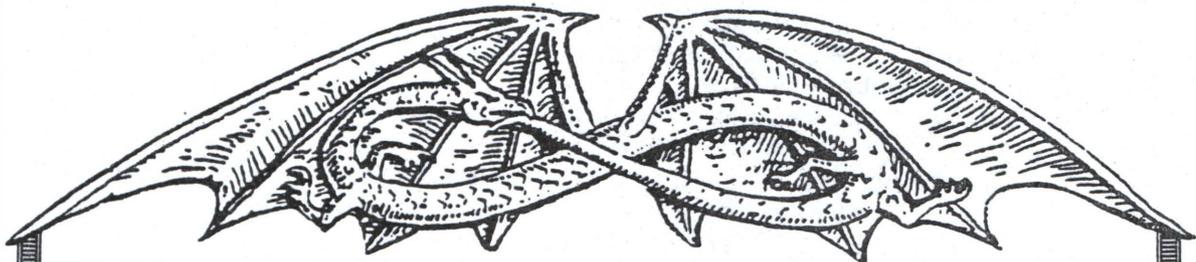
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