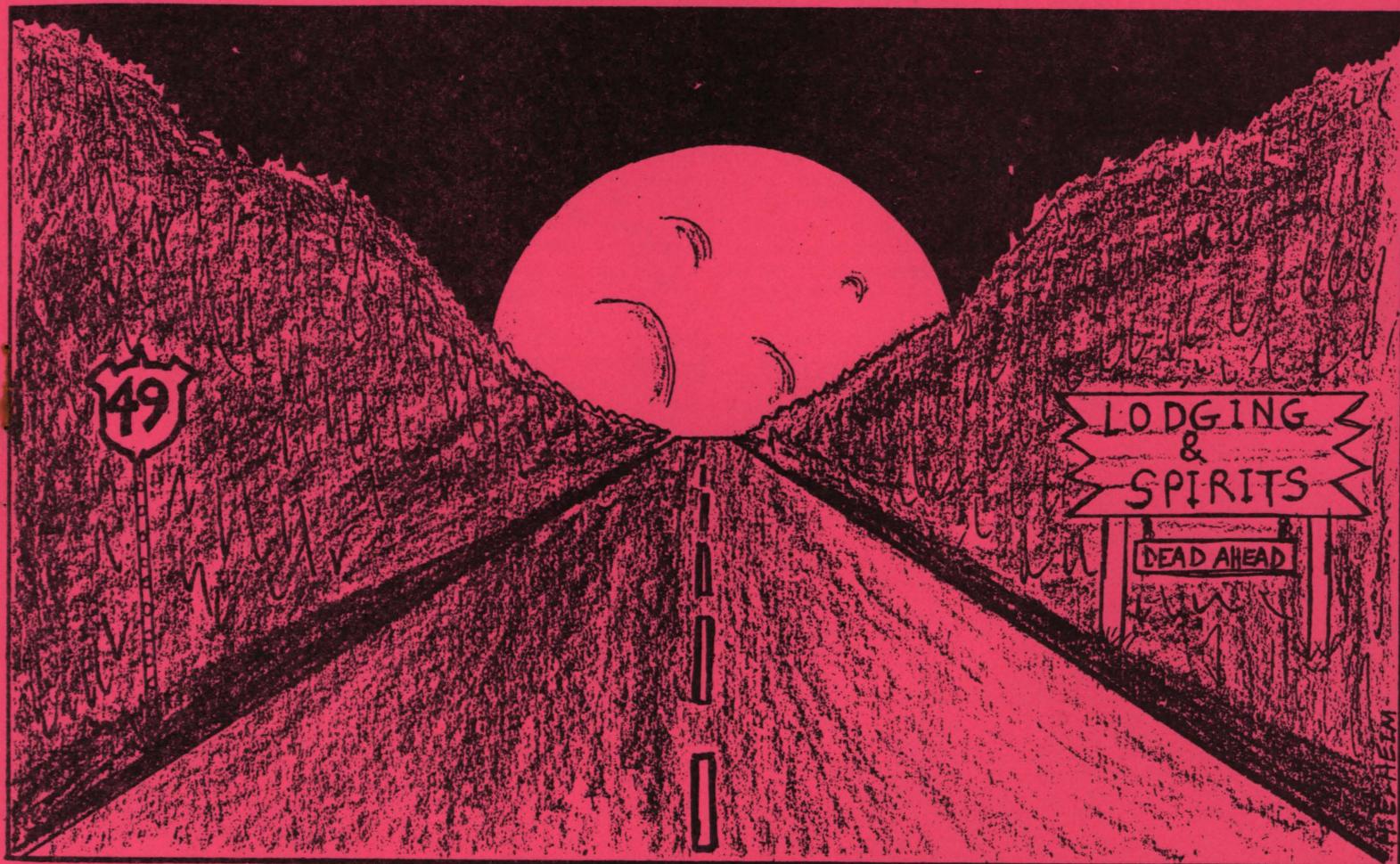


Ghost Trackers Newsletter

The Official Paranormal Publication of the Ghost Research Society



Volume 11

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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, my favorite season of the year is right around the corner, Summer! I love the warm weather. It allows me to conduct research out-of-doors and, of course, there's all the summertime activities that go along with warm weather.

I would like to thank the following people for their contributions to the GRS: Wanda Bloomfield, Tom Perrott, Andy Jarett, Robert Swindell, Howard Heim and Michele Fehr for the clippings they sent along. Also Mari Huff for the interesting photograph taken during our recent Bachelor's Grove Cemetery investigation, Tom Perrott for the books and the wonderful tie, Andy Jarett for all the well appreciated computer software, Mike Shannon for his book review, Maurice Schwalm for his strange slide which appears in this issue and Jeanne Youngson for all the books on vampires.

Recently myself and Howard Heim were honored by a visit from Rosemary Ellen Guiley who is a regular contributor to the newsletter and well-known author and Jeanne Youngson who is the director of the Count Dracula Fan Club. They were featured speakers at a Vampire Fan Forum sponsored by Martin V. Riccardo, founder of the GRS. We showed them the sites, both haunted and otherwise. Thanks for being so nice!

There are still some people sending their renewal checks made out incorrectly. All checks and money orders must be made payable to Dale Kaczmarek and not the GRS, Ghost Research Society or Ghost Trackers Newsletter or even in care of. Checks and money orders that arrive without Dale Kaczmarek on it must be cashed at a currency exchange where it costs me up to a dollar, depending on the amount. This is lost revenue! Starting immediately no checks for renewal can be accepted unless they're made out to Dale Kaczmarek. I hope you can understand this.

Since the last edition we have added 24 new members and have received renewals from 17 members. We are growing steadily at a very good pace and we are picking up quite a number of Sustaining and Contributing Memberships. Thanks to all who have joined or renewed!

The newsletter of the quarter is The Wild Places published by Kevin McClure. Subscriptions for four issues is \$18.00 and should be mailed to: The Wild Places, 42, Victoria Road, Mount Charles, St. Austell, Cornwall PL25 4QD, United Kingdom. Make postal money orders payable to Kevin McClure.

Ghost Research Society

I would like to congratulate William Hauck of Sacramento, California for becoming the California State Coordinator of the GRS! He is well qualified to be that state's official representative of the GRS. (See his first of many articles in this issue) He appeared with William Shatner in a documentary entitled, "Mysteries Of The Gods".

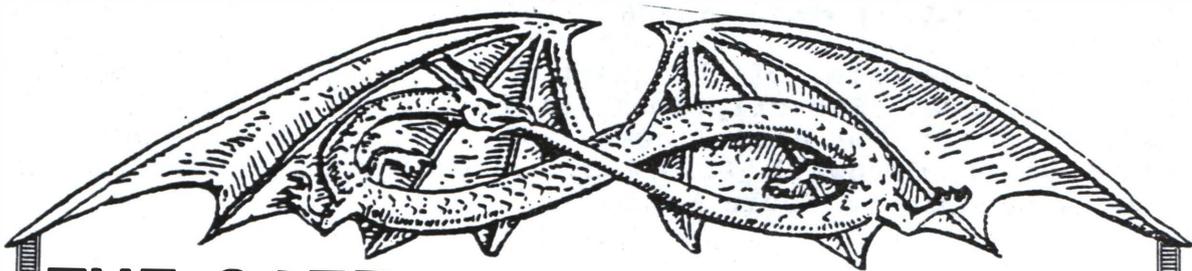
Robert L. Swindell is the Area Research Director for California. He will be Mr. Hauck's right-hand man and will assist in conducting Field Excursions in his general area.

Dave Miller of Morraine, Ohio has been appointed to the position of Field Investigator for his respective state.

All of these members are highly qualified and will make excellent representatives of the Ghost Research Society! To all those in California who have been putting off their decision to become actively involved either as a Sustaining or Contributing Status, now would be the ideal time to upgrade your status or renew under a higher status. Either one of these individuals will be able to undertake Field Excursions at least twice a year.

Our new Contributing members include: Dave Miller, Chris Woodyard, Bryan Buckel, Jessica Albieri and JoAnne Lee. The new Sustaining members are: Roberta Vacker, Donna Hilmers, David Goodwin, Lisa Pizano and Robert Fairman.

The long-awaited book has finally arrived in the bookstores. "Dead Zones" edited by Sharon Jarvis and printed by Warner Books is now available (by the time you read this) for shipping. I personally wrote four stories including, the Orland Hills Poltergeist, The Ozark Spooklight, and two stories on haunted battlefields in Tennessee, namely Chickamauga and Stones River. Cost of the book (autographed only if you specify) is \$4.50 and \$2.50 first-class shipping and handling. Make checks or money orders payable to Dale Kaczmarek.



THE GATE

is your entrance into the world of the paranormal. Each issue contains intriguing factual articles and an assortment of scientific and occult related newsclippings from the United States and around the world. A sample copy of THE GATE can be obtained by sending \$2.00 to P.O. Box 43516, Richmond Heights, Ohio 44143. Please make your check payable to Beth Robbins.

A Ghost-line Phone-in at The Sun

By

Tom Perrott

For the last two years it has been my privilege to be invited to participate in a "Ghost-line Phone-in", organized by one of our most popular National newspapers, The Sun. Articles featuring the psychic activities of one of our leading Ghost Hunters, Graham Wyley, has resulted in the newspaper asking him to spend a day at their London office, accompanied by two assistants, of whom I have been one, to answer calls from readers, who claim to have had ghostly experiences in the past, or who believe that they are beset by psychic problems in the present. We are usually manning the telephones from ten in the morning until seven in the evening, during which time calls from all parts of the United Kingdom and sometimes from Europe, are virtually non-stop. It is obvious that in sessions such as these, some calls are purely frivolous, or are self-advertising revelations from what one may call the 'lunatic fringe', but at the same time one should ask oneself, "What is Sanity?", because sometimes these mental conditions would appear to be virtually interchangeable, and one does not know which is which.

Space will not permit me to give details of all the calls that we received, but I have selected some of the more interesting. Some could well have been figments of the callers fertile imaginations, but others appear to have been genuine *cris-du-coeur* from very distressed souls. Unfortunately time did not allow us to give all our callers all the time and attention that their experiences really merited, but I hope that in some instances at least, we were able to reassure them and give many of them some peace of mind. We feel that this was achieved because while it was impossible to follow-up each case individually, callers were at least asked to write to us with any additional queries if they wished, but as yet we have had very little additional feedback, or further attempts to make contact with us.

Some calls came from persons who simply wanted to share some of their past experiences with us, and others emanated from disturbed persons who seemed to be experiencing strange happenings at the moment of speaking. The calls we received seemed to be evenly divided between men and women.

One call came from a man in Exmouth, a small seaside resort in the County of Devon. He was now employed as a bar man in a night club, and had formerly performed similar duties in an old inn on the same site, but now demolished. The barman said that the sounds of what appeared to be footsteps, were often heard above the night club, in the area that had once been a self-contained flat, and lights in his present establishment were often switched on by

apparently unseen hands.

A housewife called from the city of Chichester in Sussex, stating that for the last twelve months, the house in which she had been living with her family, seemed to have been subjected to a great deal of poltergeist activity. Some of the phenomena witnessed by different members of the family included, exploding ashtrays, strange whistling heard in the bathroom, and a fire alarm going off when there were no fires in evidence. A bottle of milk and a fishing rod were on one occasion levitated across a room. Other manifestations in the family consisted of the son claiming to have received several visitations from a tall man with a black beard called 'Andy'. The step-daughter of the woman had become inexplicably violent in her behavior and from fright, had returned to the home of her own mother. A priest had been invited to the house to pronounce a blessing, but this had proved fruitless. As a result of all these occurrences, the woman had moved temporarily to the home of her Mother-in-law. So far no concrete reason has yet been found for these disturbances.

Another victim called to say that some months previously he had visited a psychometrist, who has psychometrised his wrist watch, a watch that he had been accustomed to wearing, when involved in sexual activity. Since this visit he claimed that his sexual powers had been drastically impaired, and wondered whether a 'curse' had been laid upon him. It was suggested that he should first visit his Doctor for medical advice, before jumping to supernatural conclusions about his disability.

These few random examples of cases, though not in themselves spectacular, confirm the fact that many people suffer from disturbances, psychic or physical, which in either case are often a great source of genuine trouble to them, and it brought these matters forcibly home to us, when we realized that they were being related to use at firsthand.

Whatever may be the cause, it is obvious that for some considerable time to come, the psychologists and parapsychologists of this world will be working overtime to establish the true nature of the human psyche. However strange they may seem at the time, they should endeavor to find a rational reason for these happenings, because if in many ways Science appears to be unintelligible today, it could well be more truths will be revealed tomorrow.

Submitted by: Tom Perrott, 93 The Avenue, Muswell Hill, London N10 2QG, United Kingdom

The Haunted Hotels of Highway 49

By

William Hauck

The two-lane blacktop meanders back and forth through the Sierra Foothills, following old gold mining roads all the way from Grass Valley to Yosemite. Along the way, at roadside markers and historical sites, tribute is paid to those intrepid 49'ers who worked the hills and streams, hoping to strike it rich. What the signs do not tell is that some of those old-timers might still be hangin' on, still walking the halls of the wooden buildings in which they lived. There is even a chance you might meet one, if you are willing to stay overnight at one of the rustic, old hotels along Highway 49.

One likely candidate for such an encounter is Vineyard House (Hwy. 49 & Coldstream Rd., Coloma, CA. 95613. Phone: 916-622-2217). Dozens of people have reported ghostly manifestations in this huge mansion built in 1878. The original owner, Robert Chalmers, went mad in this house. His wife Louise, whose first husband committed suicide in an outhouse, decided to keep her second spouse chained in the cellar for his own protection. For years, his insane screaming echoed through the foothills, until finally he succeeded in starving himself to death.

In order to make a living, Louise was forced to take on boarders and even rented out the cellar as a jail. Two prisoners, who spent the night in her cellar before being hung in the front yard, are sometimes seen still roaming the grounds. One was a robber who performed a dance on the scaffold - just before the noose was put around his neck. The other was a school teacher who murdered one of his students and ended up reciting poetry to those who came to watch his execution. Louise died in 1913 and was buried with her husband Robert, in a small public cemetery across the street from their home.

Subsequent residents of Vineyard House reported seeing shimmering apparitions walking in the halls or hearing the rattling of chains at all hours of the night. Eventually, no one wanted to live in the house and it fell into disrepair. In 1956 the house was renovated and turned into a hotel. The cellar jail became a cheerful bar, but that did not stop the hauntings. Occasionally the rattling of chains could still be heard and one evening, two wine glasses were pushed across the bar by unseen hands. In one of the rooms, a maid saw a freshly made bed become undone, leaving the impression of body in the sheets; and witness Dave Vanbuskirk saw a doorknob turn with no one on the other side of the door. Later, a San Francisco couple reported seeing three men dressed in Victorian clothes disappear as they ascended a stairway.

In 1974 the hotel was purchased by Frank and Darlene Herrera, who are trying to dispel the rumors of ghosts. However three years ago, a Sacramento couple ran from the hotel in the middle of the night, saying they heard someone being murdered in the next room. Investigators from the County Sheriff's Department could find nothing out of the ordinary.

If you are traveling down Highway 49 and decide to stop for a bite to eat at Nonno's Italian Restaurant in the Hotel Leger (8304 Main St., Mokelumne Hill, CA. 95245. Phone: 209-286-1404), be sure to take a good look at the old portrait on the north wall of the dining room. It is a picture of the founder of the century-old hotel, George Leger. George was a aristocratic French immigrant who lived out most of his life in Room 7 of the hotel. Some say he never left his hotel; several people have reported his specter silently gliding through the halls. Others have complained of rowdy laughter and ladies giggling behind the door of Room 7, only to find the room empty. The management has even hung pictures of Victorian pin-up girls in George's room, in deference to his reputation for womanizing.

Manager Ronald Miller says the hotel personnel accept George's presence as a normal part of their jobs.

Just a few miles north on Highway 49 lies the Sutter Creek Inn (75 Main St., Sutter Creek, CA. 95685. Phone: 209-267-5605). When Jane Way bought the Inn in 1966, it was already over one-hundred years old, although she had no idea it came with its own ghost. Two weeks after moving in, an apparition appeared in her doorway and said softly: "I will protect your Inn". Later she identified the spirit as State Senator Edward Voorhies, who took possession of the house in 1880 and lived there with his wife and family for many years.

The Inn continues to be the scene of unusual events, such as the unseen force that picked up a cat from a chair and threw it across the room. Or the appearance in broad daylight of a ghost, who entered the front office and promptly dropped his pants. By all accounts, this well-endowed spectral flasher took it all with him.

Submitted by: William Hauck, PO Box 22201, Sacramento, CA. 95822, 916-424-4355.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

William Hauck has been active in Fortean studies for nearly twenty years. From 1973 to 1978, he was Chief Editor of the Phenomena Group for Countrywide Publications in New York. While editing six monthly newsstand magazines (ESP, OFFICIAL UFO, ANCIENT ASTRONAUTS, PHENOMENA, UFOLOGY, SEA MONSTERS), he wrote a syndicated column on paranormal events. He was a contributor to the UFO ENCYCLOPEDIA (G.P. Putnam, 1980), many national magazines and tabloids, as well as several scholarly journals (eg, Journal of Occult Studies - Univ. of RI, Journal of UFOlogy - IUFOR).

William has lectured extensively about the unexplored fringes

of scientific knowledge and was a featured speaker at many noteworthy conferences: Int'l UFO Conference (Acapulco, 1976), Fate Int'l Conference (Chicago, 1977), Int'l Conference On Parapsychology (Milan, 1978), plus dozens of smaller meetings. He wrote script and appeared in William Shatner's "Mysteries of the Gods" (Hemisphere Pictures, 1976), and consulted for "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (Columbia Pictures, 1977) and "Journey Into The Beyond" (Burbank Int'l Pictures, 1977).

William Hauck was educated at Indiana University and attended graduate school at the University of Vienna in Austria. He serves as Mathematical Consultant to MUFON Inc. and GSW Inc. (two UFO study groups), and is the California State Coordinator of the Ghost Research Society (Oak Lawn, Illinois), the Academy of Religion and Psychical Research (Bloomfield, Conn.), and the Institute for Transpersonal Psychology (Los Angeles, Ca.). He is a member of the Author's Guild and works as a full-time, freelance author. He is currently translating several medieval German alchemical manuscripts for Holmes Publishing (Edmond, Washington) and working on his first novel. William is also a respected technical writer and consultant in the field of computer automation and is listed in current editions of Who's Who In California and the Directory of International Biography.

ENIGMAS

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The Shopkeeping Ghost

By

Maurice Schwalm

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(UMKC Area of K.C., MO)

The management of commercial property is not thought of as an enterprise that involves ghostly presences, let alone ghostly management. We might think of a church as having a guardian angel, but not a restaurant property as having a "guardian angel"--whether in quotes or not.

Nevertheless, this investigator has such a report in his files. And indeed, by the standards of civil law, guardian angel would indeed have to be in quotes. The report came from an associate of Schwalm's that had owned a business property near the University of Missouri at Kansas City (UMKC). "Roger" (name on file) reported that he had inherited the property from his father in 1966. It was a restaurant property with an attached parking lot in an area that had increasing walk-by attraction to university-related persons as well as drive-by potential measured in tens of thousands per day. So far so good. But it was leased to an ethnic restaurant chain that had a lease-option to buy the property for a mere \$40,000 when the current market value far exceeded that figure. Roger's father had signed the lease after he was already retired and no longer willing to engage in prolonged lease negotiations. The rent was good and there was promise of a long-term rental and the \$40,000 to be converted to CDs which were the mainstay of his retirement income. Fine for Roger's father, "Richard" (name on file), but not so fine for Roger. To add insult to injury, the tenants insisted on paying the rent on time each and every month and their checks never bounced!

Finally, Roger consulted his father, Richard. He would simply talk to his father out loud and silently. He would say, "Dad, how are you going to get these people off of our property? If they go to the bank and present me with a check for \$40,000, all I can do is accept it with a smile. But these guys are slobs. All they have to do is make one mistake and I can use all of the general provisions of the lease against them." Sometimes, he imagined that Richard replied, "Don't worry that mistake is just around the corner and I can sure give it a boost when it happens."

In about 1970, it finally happened. Roger found that the manager accidentally set fire to the building. It was a total loss. The interesting thing was that it was originally a very small fire that the manager caused by careless handling of a candle

he was placing on the table of a booth. Some decorative materials caught fire and he was somehow unable to extinguish the initially small fire. The fire penetrated the ceiling and from there ignited the second story of the building. The entire building was gone in an hour. The manager had a lot to say about how this just could not happen.

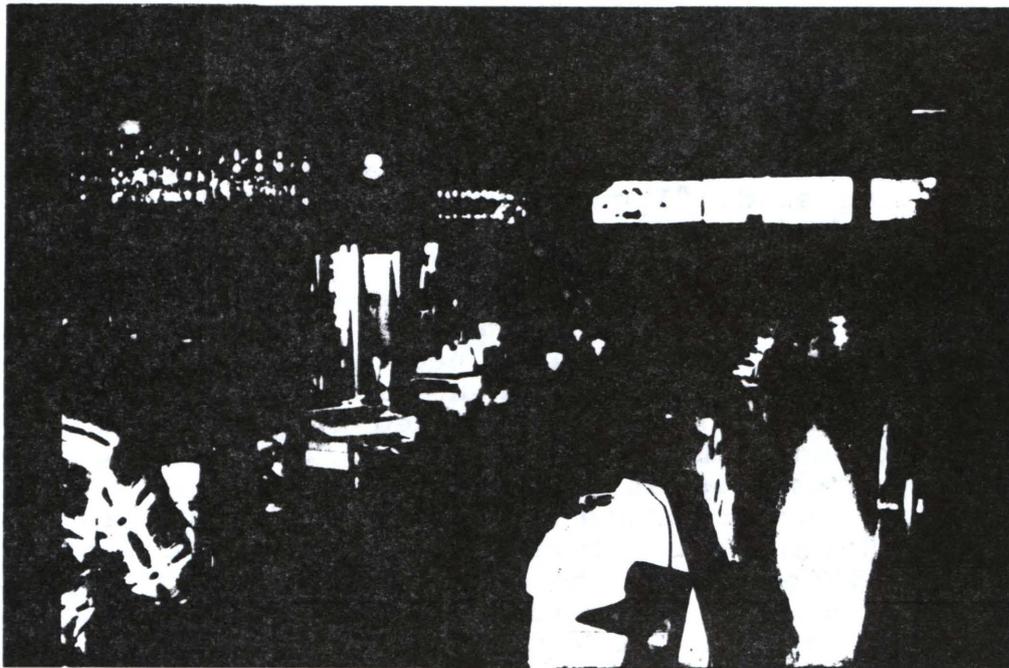
Roger rapidly obtained construction estimates from qualified contractors and established that the building was a total loss. He then sent the chain a registered letter informing them that the building was a constructive total loss, and hence, no longer habitable which would terminate the lease pursuant to the general provisions of the lease. They then asked for a meeting with Roger. He met them in the parking lot of the building. While he was waiting for them, he heard his father's voice saying to him, "Was this what you had in mind, Son? All they are going to do when they get here is hand you the keys. They don't have the money anymore to fight this or buy the building." And indeed they did hand Roger the keys. A few months later, the chain took bankruptcy. The former manager told him that he had planned to buy the building thru the chain for his own personal operation until: "That damned runaway fire ruined everything." Roger was very sympathetic to the manager and said, "I guess that just wasn't your day." He even managed to look solemn as he said those words. Then he rebuilt as a one-story building.

From there on, he had a sideline of finding tenants for himself--or almost just for himself. There were frequent spirit interpolations in his various negotiations. But the path of true business does not lie smooth anymore than the path of true love. There were tenants whom he locked out and even one tenant who simply locked himself in and lived there without bothering to operate a business at all! Interestingly enough, a tenant who refused to pay or vacate found that he had to leave anyway. The air conditioning unit burned out. He either, by terms of the lease, had to repair the air conditioner or try to operate a restaurant with no air conditioning. The next tenant, about whom his father literally made positive noises, agreed to pay half the cost of an entirely new air conditioning system. Roger felt that Richard's "positive noises" (specifics of the noises not reported) were quite justified.

Before the tenant who replaced the tenant with "air conditioning problems", a considerable amount of clean up time was needed. Roger heard a lot a "negative" noises then. The former tenant's letters dropped off the building one by one with sound effects on the scale of small avalanches. Moving lights were seen in the building. Clunking sounds were heard when interviewing prospective tenants who proved to be unqualified. Maybe it was just the lack of clunks that Roger regarded as approbation of the next tenant. Even that one proved to be mortal. Roger had the feeling one day he should go over to collect the rent in person. He found his tenant packing up. He made an interim arrangement with the tenant and took photographs to document the contents and condition of the building. One of the photos (Polaroid) showed a

man-sized blue flame with tongues extending to the ceiling. Roger than asked his tenant if he happened to know of anyone who might want to buy the building and leave him as a tenant. The tenant said that a man from UMKC would. Blue sparks! He saw, he sold, he profited.

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



Echoes From The Past At Leamington

By

Michael Shannon

Living on the coast of South Carolina, as I did from 1977 to 1983, proved to be the place where my interest in the paranormal was ignited. I lived on Hilton Head Island, now a very popular resort area, but much less populated and visited during my six years. In fact, huge tracts of land were completely untouched, leaving vast pine forests and around three miles of undisturbed barren beach.

One of the largest of these undeveloped areas was the remaining portion of what had once been known as Leamington Plantation dating back to the pre-Civil War days. It was a cotton plantation until the 1870s. The property changed hands several times until 1881 when it was sold to the government, which built a lighthouse on the beach to guide boats away from sandbars and onto the Savannah River. This first lighthouse fell into disrepair due to erosion and two structures were built around 1920 to replace it. Both were constructed of steel and wood. One of the structures was located on the beach; the second was set farther inland and served as a beacon light that could be matched up with its sister light on the beach. The inland lighthouse (which our story centers around) stands 136 feet tall. The land around the lighthouses was used during World War I and II as a military training facility and a small barracks sprung up by the interior lighthouse. A makeshift air force training facility and airstrip, called Camp McDougall, also occupied Leamington for about two years at the beginning of World War II. Around 1945 the area quieted down considerably, and only one lightkeeper was required to keep the lights operational. Two houses were built: one to house a lightkeeper and his family, the other for additional family members or hired help. The residents of the second house were usually hired help for the beacons.

1948 is the first year anything odd occurred at Leamington. After a terrible hurricane late in that year, the lighthouse keeper began to hear many bizarre noises during the evening hours: footsteps on the stairs, rappings and doors slamming. The family and keeper never actually saw anything but were quite happy to leave when a new lighthouse was built on nearby Tybee Island, making the Leamington Lighthouse obsolete. Leamington was completely abandoned by 1950, remaining lonely and secluded until 1956, when a swing bridge was constructed connecting the Island to the mainland to open up the beaches to tourists. This is when the

stories of strange phenomena truly took off. Teenagers on nighttime excursions would visit the old lighthouse keeper's homes. One group allegedly saw through a window on the porch of one of the homes a woman in a blue dress dragging something up the stairs. A boy within this group tried to confront this figure, but it vanished before his eyes. A girl visiting the house one evening with friends came tumbling down from the top of the stairs. She claimed a woman in blue had pushed her down.

Stories continued all the way up until I lived on the Island about mysterious, unexplained goings on. One theory on the lady in blue is that she was the daughter of a lighthouse keeper there in the 1890s. In 1898 a horrible hurricane hit the Island without warning. Her father, in trying to secure the lighthouse, died of a heart attack at the base of the spiraling staircase. The young girl then spent the rest of the night dragging her father's corpse up the stairs of their house to keep above the raging water, which devastated not only Hilton Head but all barrier islands from Hilton Head to Charleston to the north and to Jekyll Island, Georgia to the south. The girl was found about three days later exhausted and filled with terror. Some tales give her death in the year 1948. Indeed this might be. In a book I once read, South Carolina Ghost Tales, by Nell S. Graydon, Mrs. Graydon speaks of a friend she had who knew the real "Lady in Blue", who was taking care of this friend's children who were sick with influenza in 1930. This woman, to quote page 44 of the book, "had been very capable but odd in some ways. She always had a bit of blue on her uniform; a scarf, a belt, or sometimes a blue flower pinned on her collar." She also mentions this woman's dislike of wind. If this woman did indeed die in 1948, she may well have "returned" to Leamington.

Many people thought that with the moving of the two houses from Leamington to a new location (they were renovated and became stores for a new marina in the area) that all the strange occurrences at the original site would be forgotten. Nothing strange has been reported about the houses since their relocation. I, however, know that not to be true as I had an encounter with what just might have been the "Lady in Blue", or "Blue Lady", in the late summer of 1982.

I was always fascinated by the Civil War ruins on Hilton Head, as well as the other historic vestiges of that era on Hilton Head. For instance, the remains of an old Civil War installation; Fort Walker, which was used in the largest sea battle of the war; and many great old graveyards with rebel and Yankee soldiers; as well as a few antebellum homes. So, a natural was the old lighthouse, which is what I always called it.

Friends and I would often go to the lighthouse during daylight hours. We reached it via a hidden, dilapidated road. The winding road would lead you first past a small building with a plaque above the two heavy steel doors inscribed "Power Plant". The roof had caved in. I imagine this building housed generators for the lights and possibly the old barracks. Continuing down the craggy road, you would pass the two foundations of the homes and a third foundation where the barracks once stood. Finally, breaking

through an opening on the narrow path of pine and heavy oak would be the hulking interior lighthouse. (By the time of my visits to Leamington, the beach lighthouse had been reclaimed by the ocean, leaving nothing but six small concrete foundations from its supporting structure.) It had supporting beams of steel and the main structure was steel as well. Rust bled heavily down the sides giving way only sporadically to remaining blotches of red paint. The top was oak and had two levels, one with a main observation deck and the second, where the light once was, with a smaller circular deck. Next to the lighthouse was a small standing structure which was probably a storage building and what appeared to be some old underground water tank. Anyway, after planning an overnight visit for a great while, the day finally came. A friend of mine, Bill Vayda, joined me. He supplied the tent we would use, which was a standard two-person type tent. We also brought along other basic supplies: food, drink, flashlights, kerosene lamp, a radio and--admittedly--a couple of baseball bats and a pellet gun. After all, we would be in the middle of nowhere for a night and we were both only 15 at the time. On later evaluations of the evening, I realized our meager weapons would not have sufficed anyway.

We were dropped off just prior to dusk and after setting up our tent in a location between the lighthouse and the foundation of one of the houses on a small cross path covered with low-hung branches and Spanish moss (which gave it an eerie tunnel look) we ventured on to the lighthouse to enjoy the surrounding view from the top.

Having never been to the lighthouse during the evening, coming upon it was strange. The huge oak tree in front of it and the brooding stance of the lighthouse made me a bit uneasy. To make matters worse, a steady rainfall had begun and it was a moonless night. However, Bill and I made our way up the long spiraling staircase and came out onto the main observation deck. The view was minimal as the rain increased and we stood just inside the doorway. We tried to keep up a lighthearted, not-afraid-of-anything attitude, and I sat down and put the flashlight under my chin giving my face that shadowed look.

Just as Bill laughed, two crystal clear bangs, as if someone were hitting the side of the lighthouse with a sledgehammer, ripped through the sound of the rain. We remained motionless before finally looking over the side to see--nothing. Upon quietly and nervously descending the stairs, we noticed no foot marks were evident in the wet mud around the base. By this time, complete darkness had fallen. When I say dark, I mean inky, impenetrable blackness. There were no lights anywhere nearby, and on this night even the moon and stars were absent.

On returning to our tent, the entire area had taken on a new alien dimension. Night had reshaped our perspective. In daylight we may have joked about the "Blue Lady"; now we held the land we stood on with an unspoken reverence. I guess it is one of the things you do when you feel helpless. Another thing you do is try to get your mind off being afraid. We did this by blasting the

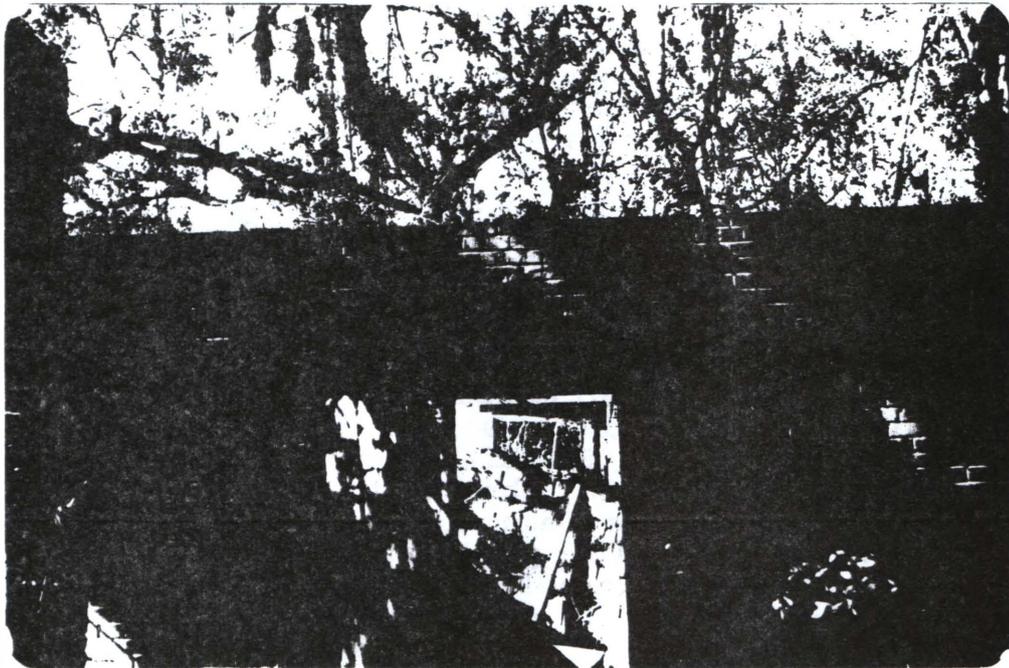
radio, eating, and telling jokes. As a matter of fact, this worked brilliantly for over two hours. When it was what must have been 11:30 pm, I turned the radio off. Bill was on his sleeping bag reading. The rain had slowed and seemed to have a repeating rhythm. I thought it an opportune moment to take a peak out of the tent. Slowly, I unzipped the entry flaps and peered out. What I saw caught me off guard. I could see clearly over our small path and over the old foundation and deeper into the woods on the other side. This was strange enough. What was more haunting was the thick low layer of "fog" which weaved its way around all the trees I could see without actually touching them. When I say this fog layer was low, I mean VERY low--about one foot off the ground. Above that nothing--clear as day. That's when I remembered there was no moon, so how could I see so clearly. The light--if you could call it that--seemed to be coming from everywhere; also, probably more importantly, it had a bluish hue to it. The color actually was quite distinct. At the time, I never attached the color of the mist to the "Blue Lady". It just struck me as bizarre. I even looked directly down at the ground around the tent and starred in amazement at the odd fog. It came within a foot of our tent and weaved around it. Seeing through it was impossible. The fog appeared to be a very, very thick liquid. Bill peered out as well and I must admit we both had second thoughts about our adventure.

For the rest of the night we were uneasy and had difficulty occupying the time, much less sleeping. However, by around 4:30 am Bill was sleeping and I continued to notice the odd regular pattern of drops of rain on the tent. I could count the drops: one--pause, two, three, four--pause, five. I still remember the pattern as it continued endlessly. It almost seemed, and being in the middle of a thick forest in a supposedly haunted area on a rainy night added to my thought, that someone or something was pouring a cup of water on the tent in a purposeful manner. The pattern almost became maddening, but there was no way I was going to leave the tent to investigate. Finally, by around 5:00 am, when I was on the brink of sleep, it happened. The most horrifying scream I've ever had the misfortune to hear cut through the night and me like a dagger. I bolted upright, as did Bill on the other side of the tent. He woke up from a dead sleep. The scream can only be described as something like a mix between a bird, a baby and a pig or boar, amplified six-fold. The shrill outburst lasted nearly five seconds until giving way to utter and complete silence. I mean nothing--no rain, absolutely *NOTHING*. Bill and I exchanged glances, stuffed our backpacks, dismantled our tent, and as quickly as possible made our way back up the abandoned road. We had a long walk back to one of our houses, but as soon as we hit the main road we were just happy as Hell to be out of there. The scream could have been many things. Maybe it was the "Lady in Blue". Maybe it was another forgotten resident of the lighthouse. I have even considered it being an old Rebel soldier. It has been said that the war whoop of a Rebel soldier was unmistakable and unimitatable--and, indeed, a few land battles had taken place on the Island during the Civil

War. Whatever it was--Blue Lady, old lighthouse keeper, Rebel soldier on one last raid, or another former occupant of the area--it sure wasn't human. Of that, I'm sure.

That night and all its strange occurrences--the knocks, odd unnatural light, strange fog, maddening water on the tent, and especially that scream--occurred almost ten years ago, but they are never far from my thoughts and even my dreams. "Lady in Blue" or not, something happened in Leamington--something that can't be explained.

Submitted by: Michael Shannon, 124 S. York St., Elmhurst, IL. 60126.



The Clean Ghost Of Soho

By

Rosmary Ellen Guiley

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On a trip to England last March, I spent a night in a quaint and small hotel, Hazlitt's, located in the heart of Soho, London. While there, I had an experience involving an apparent asport, perhaps by a haunting ghost.

Asports are objects alleged to be displaced to different locations by spirits through dematerialization or teleportation. They are the opposite of apports, which are objects brought to a person's presence from another place by spirits by the same alleged means. Apports and asports once were common phenomena of the physical mediumship that was popular during the early days of Spiritualism. Apports were the more prevalent of the two. Often, asported objects were later found in other locations, such as another room apart from the seance room. The Neapolitan medium Eusapia Palladino was known for asporting the jewelry of some of her sisters. Occasionally, the items were recovered in another room, but sometimes the precious gems were permanently gone. It is probable that all-too-human theft was involved in those particular instances.

Though physical medium declined beginning in the early part of the 20th century, and is seldom practiced today, unexplained asports still occur. Haunting agents, especially poltergeists, seem to be fond of moving objects to new locations; sometimes the missing objects are not found for days or even weeks.

In their book Poltergeists (1979), English researchers Alan Gauld and A.D. (Tony) Cornell analyzed 500 poltergeist cases around the world from 1800 to the present and found apports reported in 22 percent of them. They do not consider asports specifically, though we may assume that is apports occur, so do asports, though probably on a lesser scale.

Hazlitt's was built in the 1700s. There is no lift, and one must climb creaky and crooked stairs to the rooms. It resembles more a private hotel or a bed-and-breakfast. The night I was there, the place seemed virtually empty, save for the receptionist. There were other guests, I gathered, but I scarcely saw another person during my short stay. Except for the receptionist, hotel staff were nowhere to be seen. There was no room service, although breakfast could be ordered for delivery to rooms.

I checked in late in the afternoon, and immediately got ready to go out to dinner. One of my toiletries was a small, travel-size plastic bottle of scented hand lotion, which I used and set on a

dresser. I returned late and retired immediately.

The next morning, I looked for the bottle of hand lotion and saw that it was missing from the dresser. Thinking I'd put it somewhere else, I searched the room and my luggage, but could not find it. I was most puzzled. I doubted that anyone from the hotel staff had been in the room during my absence--I had requested nothing, the room was fully made up for my arrival, and there had been no reason for someone on the housekeeping staff to enter. In addition, it was virtually out of the question that someone had broken into my room. Nothing else was missing.

When I checked out, I asked the receptionist if the hotel was haunted. "Yes," she said. "We have a ghost who seems to like to steal soaps and toiletries."

I explained what had happened to my bottle of hand lotion. The receptionist laughed. "It must be a very clean ghost," she said.

"And sweet-smelling," I added.

Apparently, nothing more is known about this haunting presence, save for its habit of pinching toiletries. None of the missing objects ever seem to turn up, as is characteristic of some poltergeist cases mentioned earlier. The toiletries stolen from the guests at Hazlitt's apparently disappear forever. The receptionist did not know if anyone--staff or guests--had ever experienced any other haunting phenomena than asports. I myself had sensed nothing unusual in my room--there were no visual, auditory or tactile sensations during the day or night. The theft apparently had been done during my absence at dinner, and the thieving ghost made no subsequent return.

Since I was staying only one night, I had no opportunity to investigate the hotel's premises or wait to see if the hand lotion turned up in another room. I have had numerous encounters with poltergeist effects such as malfunctions of electrical equipment and breakages of objects, but this is the first time I have ever had anything "stolen" by an unknown agent.

Rosemary Ellen Guiley is the author of The Encyclopedia of Ghosts and Spirits, to be released in June by Facts On File. She is also the executive vice president of the International Society for the Study of Ghosts and Apparitions, based in New York City. Her address is PO Box 1712, New Canann, CT. 06840-1712.

Electromagnetic Disturbances And The Supernatural

By

David Goodwin

As field captain and chief investigator for a newly formed paranormal research organization based in Marquette, Michigan, I have noticed that many of the "Haunted" locations my teams have surveyed display unusual magnetic disturbances which seem to be associated with the presence of supernatural entities.

Each investigator is required to put together his or her own field kit as outlined in our investigator hand book. Compasses are a must, and no team is ever without one while conducting an on-site interview.

It is standard operating procedure for my investigators to do magnetic readings first on the outside of the residence and then on the inside. The first reading is used as a 'Mean' or average based on the direction of Magnetic North. The initial reading taken inside will adjust the 'Mean' average and produce a factor referred to as 'Zero'. All other readings taken throughout the course of the investigation are compared to this final figure.

During one particular investigation, the home owner stated that she had observed an apparition standing at the base of a flight of stairs leading to the second story of the house. When one of the teams took magnetic readings at that location, they reported findings that were almost twenty degrees away from the 'Zero' average calculated prior to the start of the interview. All other rooms in the house exhibited readings on or within five degrees of the 'Zero'.

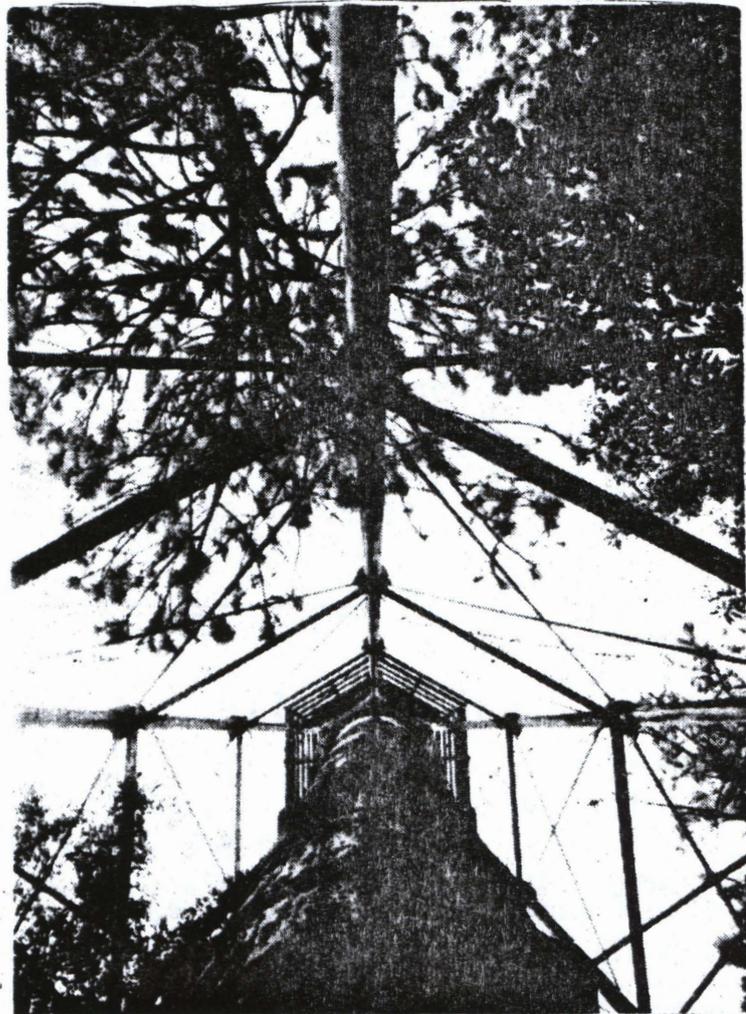
Another case also seemed to link the presence of supernatural forces with electromagnetic field variations. In this instance however, the magnetic anomaly was recorded in the same corner of the house and on all three levels of the structure.

The technique of using compasses to register electromagnetic disturbances and their association with supernatural activity is not fool proof. Old houses that have been rebuilt sometimes contain miles of old wiring and mountains of rusted piping. Some geological locations are also inundated with substantial Iron deposits. All can cause magnetic anomalies. My teams are sure to account for these 'Physical' factors during the course of any investigation by on site inspection of the structure and by doing a little homework at the local department of natural resources prior to conducting the initial interview.

Electromagnetic disturbances could be the key to unlocking the door to the 'Other Side'. Scientists and investigators alike should take note when their compass begins to spin for no apparent reason.

Submitted by:

David Goodwin, 443 Rock St., Marquette, MI. 49855.



Joseph Saunders/staff photo

Angles

Viewed from beneath, the old range marker at Palmetto Dunes near U.S. 278 offers some interesting angles. Before the light was replaced by the Savannah Light, located offshore several miles, ship captains would line it up with a smaller light, situated on the beach. That told them it was time to begin their turn into the Savannah Ship Channel. The light is not open to the public.

Incubus

I dream of fire and ice and snow
In a place I cannot comprehend;
And heat and sleet and winds that blow
propel this dream to no quick end

My visions are of fleeting veils
That vanish from my virgin stare;
I seem to float along a trail
of ghostly umbra here and there

By pools of liquid hot, yet cold
I pass but do not stoop to touch;
And apparitions faintly bold
Stretch tentacles of vapor dust

And on and on this nightmare speeds
Slow motion pictures in my head;
Among sensed vile and evil deeds
I walk in graveyards of the dead.

Submitted by:

Patricia K. Thorpe, 12118 Darnley Rd., Woodbridge, VA. 22192.

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Opinion Polls

Paula Stanek of Downers Grove, Illinois writes, "I would like to see some ghost photos. I would like to hear your views on noteworthy strange events within a reasonable time frame, like Queen of Heaven Cemetery events or others."

Charles B. Young of Southampton, Pennsylvania comments, "In general I find this publication to be a little too 'home-spun'. It makes for light reading but in some instances diverts professional credence. In one instance the use of 'college words' or lack of was cited as a benefit. In general (again) I give you a B or good for an evaluation."

Bobbie Barth of Mt. Vernon, Illinois says, "Extremely impressed with your newsletter. I plan on getting all the back issues I possibly can. Will also be coming in the summer for your bus tours. I also plan to be a Contributing Member when my subscription comes due. More than willing to help, investigate, research anything in this field. Keep up the great work. I would like to see an article on Dug Hill Road in Jonesboro. Since that is close to me and actually one I have been to. You are doing a great job on newsletter. Thank you very, very much!!"

Lynnda S. Kratovil of Lanham, Maryland comments, "I like the fact that your newsletter is not slick and overly commercial. I live far away I can not participate in the activities but I find it fun to read. A co-worker gave me a membership as she knows I am interested in ghost stories. I work in a large group home for adolescents - just by accident I started teaching a ghost course in the summer as part of our activities program. It's called Historical Ghosts of Maryland; the intent is to grab the interest of these underachieving kids and get them hooked on learning history, etc. We visit such places as the Edgar Allen Poe house & grave, Civil War battlefields, Fort McHenry and Harpers Ferry. In the Maryland area there are many sites that have historical significance along with legends of ghosts & other happenings. When we get formal tours with guides who have no interest or belief in psychic phenomenon it is amazing how they will frequently tell of 'unexplained' happenings. I congratulate you on your Ghost Trackers Newsletter, and will enjoy being a member."

Book Reviews

True Stories From the Great Ghost Hunter by Elliott O'Donnell. Edited by Harry Ludlum (Published by Foulsham-Yeovil Road, Slough, Berkshire SL14JH, paperback, 191 pages, \$9.95 in U.S., 1990, ISBN: 0-572-01613-1)

This is a well written straight forward collection containing some truly engrossing stories of people who have witnessed and experienced occurrences out of step with what most would call "normal". Interesting ghostly legends are interspersed with more recent accounts of hauntings. These include two chapters on banshees "The Wailing Banshees" and the superior "The Banshees Abroad" as well, the story of the Irish White Knight, his son Edmund, and Ed's problematical love for Elgiva who was from a rival clan and the revenge and subsequent odd occurrences around the White Knights tomb is included in the chapter "The Weeping Tomb of Kilmallock".

Some of the most interesting stories in this compilation are those the author himself encountered. Depending on where his quest for a living and adventure took him Mr. O'Donnell experienced first hand and was told of events from vastly different areas of the world. From England to Ireland to the West Coast of the United States, O'Donnell traveled and collected a wide and fascinating array of paranormal events.

A chapter of particular interest to me was "The Miller's House" which captures quite effectively the gamut of chilling experiences that occurred at the Mill House in Willington, Northumberland, England. I first read of this most haunted locale in Andrew MacKenzie's superb book "Hauntings and Apparitions" from 1982. Much to my surprise and pleasure O'Donnell includes many details not mentioned in MacKenzie's tome. This haunting was an important and varied ongoing phenomenon and this chapter should be read by anyone interested in hauntings that are well documented.

Another chapter that was thoroughly affecting was "The Trees of Fear" which deals with the paranormal happenings around, yes...trees! This is a rarely touched upon type of haunting. Odd trees like figures have appeared to some and other trees have become habitats for apparitions under certain circumstances.

Other chapters that deserve attention include "The Mummy of Amen-Ra", which deals with the bizarre incidents that have followed the sarcophagus of a woman who died in Thebes around 1600 B.C., "The Rectory Horrors" which concerns hauntings around rectories and parsonages, "More Specters From My Notebook", which details a bounty of varied phenomena, and "Houses of Terror" which compiles many diverse ghostly happenings in private residences.

In summary all the chapters are interesting, chilling and occasionally heartwarming as with "A Bargain with a Ghost". The only complaint I have about the book is the lack of any Introduction, forward, index or information about the author. I personally am not familiar with the life of Elliott O'Donnell and

the book bills him as one of the greatest ghost hunters who had a career spanning over sixty years. Although he is now deceased he sounded like a captivating character and additional information would have been welcome.

Complaints aside this is a sound book with plenty of thought provoking chills to keep you riveted. I give it a 7 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Mike Shannon

* * * * *

Ghostwatch edited by: Prof. Colin B. Gardner (Published in U.K. by Foulsham, Yeovil Road, Slough, Berkshire SL1 4JH, Published in U.S.A. by: Avery Publishing Group, 120 Old Broadway, Garden City Park, New York, 11040, 159 pages, \$18.95 (U.S.A.) (Higher in Canada), ISBN: 0-572-01549-6)

Is it possible that the mere format and typeface of a book can add to the atmosphere and veracity of it? If that is the case, this book would be a good candidate. One can imagine it on the shelves of a quaint British bookstore and the editor/author smoking a pipe and autographing copies. The subtitle is fitting as well: The Institute For Psychical Research - Hitherto unpublished accounts from their scientific files. Apparently, the Institute has been quietly looking into British cases since it was formed in 1960 in order to scientifically document the truth of events most of the public consider only fit for tabloids.

Each account is preceded by editorial comments in a small box explaining special circumstances as to how unusual it is, the reactions of observers and the problems that were encountered. There are 29 different cases presented. If there is any flaw in the presentation, it is that some of the hauntings are not specified as to date, though they are presumedly within the thirty year frame of the founding of the Institute. Where dates are mentioned, they are quite recent - 1987 being mentioned in two instances, and 1982 in a third.

The location of the various events is not confined to Britain either - there are hauntings from Los Angeles, Memphis, Tenn., Riverside, California and Arizona (four figures in Victorian dress crossing the newly relocated London Bridge in October 1971).

I was astonished to see that even Alberta is represented in the case entitled: "Early Morning Ghost Call"! Although the details are vague as to the location of the hotel (I would suspect either Medicine Hat or Lethbridge), it is understandable that the owners do not want such things publicized to deter business. Apparently, a fourteen year old diabetic schoolgirl named Sonya Fourche was staying at a small family-run hotel in southern Alberta with her parents during a cool August weekend prior to continuing on to Vancouver.

Just when you think you have heard of everything concerning the supernatural, along comes something completely different. There are haunted houses, airfields, automobiles, computers, even elevators - but a toilet? A lavatory in Lancashire, England was

subject to all manner of ghostly antics including a voice calling out of nowhere when the shop girls in the shoe store were using the facilities. Scouring powder was spilled all over the place when no one had been using the washroom.

This case serves as a light-hearted counterpoint to some of the grimmer events that are detailed in the book. A rented home in Greater Manchester was subject to the menacing tactics of a deceased cruel governess. This ghost had a nasty habit of picking up people and hurling them bodily against doors and down steps. There was also an attempted possession of the husband. Fortunately, no one was injured and the room that was the center of the energies is now sealed.

In the Cotwalds, the ghost of a five year old girl was observed by a woman as the grieving parents of the child placed flowers upon her grave.

Then there is the Elizabethan ghost of Lady Dorothy of Samlesbury Hall who has taken of late to give drivers on the A677 highway an unpleasant shock. On the night of November 16th, 1987, a motorist named Alex Dunderdale and his wife actually collided with the ghost. They could even feel the bumps as the wheels ran over the (presumably) limp body. However, when they got out to investigate, they found there was nothing there. There are over 40 similar reports on file - one young man being so frightened that he left his car there all night unlocked and with the window open!

It is an interesting speculation to wonder what we look like from the perspective of the ghost. Certainly, some of the phantoms appear to be endowed with self-awareness, whereas others are more akin to a film that repeats itself over and over again. In the Riverside, California case, a young woman had an animated conversation with an old man and even served him tea as her baby played with the man's shoelaces. It was only after a conversation with the owner of the house that she learned the man had been dead for some time.

Most of the ghosts in this book go about their business quietly but the drama of their appearance is no less effective for all of that. A young man killed in a motorbike accident still works on his patiently restored automobile, even running the motor occasionally to the consternation of his friends. The cumulative effect of all of these tales is very convincing and you may find yourself involuntarily looking over your shoulder after you finish the book. This is a quite entertaining book and even though it is low key in nature, it does present the wide variety of paranormal happenings that occur all of the time in a detailed manner.

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

**Haunted Ohio by Chris Woodyard (Kestrel Publications, 1811
Stonewood Dr., Beavercreek, OH. 45434, softcover, 212 pages, 1991,
\$9.95, ISBN: 0-962847208)**

I first saw this book advertised in Fate Magazine and since

just recently returning from a haunted safari to Ohio, I thought it would be interesting to see what I might have missed in the Buckeye State. Well, the book disappointed me a bit since many of the locations listed and wrote about were not given exact addresses so that others could visit the areas and see and investigate for themselves.

The book is well written and has a good index and excellent references which includes where the original story may have appeared, such as newspapers, magazines or other books. This type of information is extremely useful to the active researcher as it allows him/her to backtrack the story and find possible witnesses and exact locations. The book also lacks any illustrations and pictures which I always find important to the reader.

I found the chapters entitled; The Phantoms of the Opera, Grave Matters, The Happy Haunting Grounds and the Appendix the most interesting. A good start for Mr. Woodyard but I hope that if he decides to write another book that he'll include some exact locations and/or addresses and some pictures would be nice.

Still a nice additional to my regional ghost story shelve! And I'm very glad to have Mr. Woodyard as a recently enrolled member of the GRS!

Rated 5 out of a scale of 1-10.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek.

More Haunted Houses by Joan Bingham and Dolores Riccio (Pocket Books, a division of Simon & Schuster Inc., 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY. 10020, softcover, 281 pages, 1991, \$9.00, ISBN: 0-671-69585-1)

The long-awaited second book by co-authors Bingham and Riccio which compliments Haunted Houses USA quite nicely. This is the way a book should be written. A guide book of haunted locations throughout the United States which is broken up into geographic sections and then excellently referenced with both locations, addresses, phone numbers (where applicable), people to talk to when you arrive and of course all the spooky stories that go along with each location.

The locations vary from: haunted forts, cemeteries, interstates, golf courses, Indian reservations, parks, rivers, caves, roads, ghostlights, houses and plantations, entire cities, trees, Civil War battlefields, swamps, beaches, rock formations, bridges, and mystery hills. That's quite a selection to choose from. All are nicely done and extremely well written. Yours truly even helped in a couple of chapters including: Haunted Battlefields of the Civil War and The Neosho Spook Light.

I, especially, found the book 'hard to put down'. A must for any serious researcher of the paranormal! Rated 9 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Werewolf: A True Story of Demonic Possession by Ed and Lorraine Warren with William Ramsey & Robert David Chase (St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY. 10010, hardcover, 224 pages,

of the *Haunted Coast*, this one leaves much to be desired.

First of all, the book is only printed on an 8 1/2 by 11 sheet of paper that has then been stapled together in the middle and the artwork is often repetitive and sloppily centered with signs of the edges of the art clips which apparently was simply pasted into the pages afterward.

The stories are nevertheless interesting and many have addresses which you can indeed visit while you are in the Hollywood area. However, I really expected much more for the amount I paid for the book and the amount of time I had to wait for it.

If you are interested in collecting ghost stories from Hollywood or anywhere for that matter and if the cover design, artwork and format doesn't mean anything to you, then by all means purchase this book. If however, the reverse is true then this book is certainly not for you. Rated 3 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

The Ghosts of Fredericksburg ...and nearby environs by L.B. Taylor, Jr. (Printed in U.S.A. by Progress Printing Co., Inc., copies available from author at: 248 Archers Mead, Williamsburg, VA. 23185, softcover, 167 pages, 1991, \$9.00 plus \$1.50 shipping, ISBN: 0-9628271-9-5)

Yet another in a series of books written by Mr. Taylor about the grand state of Virginia. Mr. Taylor recently became a member of the GRS and let us hope that he'll grace us with an occasional story or two from his state.

I only wish this book was out before our recent trip to Virginia at which we toured the city of Fredericksburg including such locations as Chatham and Kenmore Houses. I found those to be most fascinating as was the stories presented in the book.

Another real winner for Mr. Taylor and I would highly recommend any book produced by him. I particularly enjoyed the chapters: *Kindred Spirits of Kenmore*, *A Lover's Lonely Vigil at Chatham*, *The Happy Host of Federal Hill*, *The Headless Blue Lady Of Charlotte Street*, *The Playful Phantom at Rising Sun Tavern*. Many of these areas we saw but weren't able to gain entry because of the hour we arrived there. Perhaps next time!

Don't miss this one for sure! Rated a 7 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

=====
A Storyteller's Ghost Stories Book 2: Tales from Nebraska and Iowa by Duane Hutchinson (Foundation Books, PO Box 29229, Lincoln, NE. 68529, softcover, 86 pages, 1990, \$5.95, ISBN: 0-934988-18-8)

"There are two kinds of ghost stories," Hutchinson says, "the made-up-for-fun ghost stories and the not-so-fun events that happen to people. The first kind may have bloody claws creeping up the stairs until the teller jumps and shouts, 'Gotcha!' The second kind creeps up in a startling way and leaves the victim bewildered and searching for answers. Both kinds of stories are here."

That is how the author describes his book and, by golly, it's

true. While very few actual locations are given, it's not the kind of book you would expect that to be the case. After all, it's simply the retelling of two different kinds of ghost stories that the author has been collecting for many years. There are 18 such examples listed here.

Born in 1929 near Elgin, Nebraska he has given almost 9,000 story-telling programs, written nine books and has also published articles and short stories.

A very good and sometimes scary book. Rated a 6 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

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