

Ghost Trackers Newsletter

The Official Paranormal Publication of the Ghost Research Society



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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 1978 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 and subject to interview) 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:

Welcome to another packed issue of Ghost Trackers Newsletter! As I approach the 13th anniversary of the start of this publication, I still find it a challenge to produce a top quality all ghost-related newsletter with top-notch articles and writers from around the world. As long as I receive articles from you and others, this newsletter will continue as it nearly writes itself! Hopefully in the very near future, I will purchase a flat-bed scanner and the upgraded version of Word Perfect 6.1. I will then be able to finally use photographs, illustrations and artwork to compliment the articles.

I may be losing Cycle Printers who has been printing the newsletter for the past almost 13 years. If this happens, I will have no alternative but to increase the subscription of the newsletter because of the increased printing costs coupled with the increase in postal rates. There has only been one cost increase in the history of this newsletter and the current price is still the lowest around for this kind of product.

Thanks to the following people who sent me paranormal photographs to look at or analyze: Donna Boonstra, Jay Feeley, Marianne Buckner, Tim Sheads and Sharon Suggitt. Also thanks to Rev. Speaker Gerald Polley, Maurice Schwalm, Tom Perrott and Phyllis Olsa for sending the clippings. My heart felt thanks as always go out to Tom Perrott for all the wonderful items he has sent my way including: "World's Greatest Ghost & Poltergeist Stories", SPR Journals, "Up All Night" tape, "World's Famous True Ghost Stories", PSI Researcher and The Skeptic magazines, "Gaelic Ghosts", "Ghosts, Witches and Things Like That", plus the ghost puzzle, vampire doll and my brand new Ghost Club tie. They are all appreciated!

The amount of calls I've been receiving from shows like *The Other Side* and the like have been increasing as they wish to have my help with various show topics they are working on. And I've gotten quite a number of increasing calls from people whom have found out about myself and the GRS through these shows. I haven't been able to personally help all of these people however but have handed a few of these cases to some of my State Coordinators which will then be getting back to me with a case history and results.

New Sustaining Members are Frances Kermeen, Howard Hight and Gail Stambor; new Contributing Members are John Thompson and Gene England and Matt Muller recently joined as a Patron Member.

We have added 10 new members and have received renewals from 6 veteran members since our last issue. Welcome and thanks!

The newsletter of the quarter is Promises & Disappointments which is the successor to *The Wild Places* and *Alien Scripture*. It's a small booklet-sized publication devoted to strange and unusual topics. Subscriptions are \$18 for 4 issues or \$5 per issue from: Kevin McClure, 42, Victoria Road, Mount Charles, St. Austell, Cornwall, PL25 4QD, England. Please mention Ghost Trackers Newsletter when inquiring or subscribing.

Ghost Research Society

The Ghost Research Society now has a new on-line connection to a BBS (Bulletin Board Service) called Caer Tuatha which is run by new member Jim Breece. Current members have full access to the board for a nominal yearly fee and GRS forum which is only available to GRS members and no one else! However whether you are a member or not, you are invited to try this unique board by calling in and getting a free trial membership to look around before joining. The board is devoted to strange and unusual phenomena of a Fortean nature and has Internet access with almost 200-300 new messages received every day. Why not call up today and join and mention this newsletter when calling. 708-393-7750 and look for the ad in this and every newsletter! My handle on the board is **Ghosts**.

Photo ID cards will soon become available to all Active Members only. Regular or non-active Contributing Members will still be issued blue ID cards. Please be sure to fill out the Application For Active Research and submit it with a recent photograph of yourself to be used in the ID card.

The GRS will soon be purchasing additional equipment to assist in investigations including digital thermometers, LUX readers, Thermal-vision cameras, decibel meters, frequency counters and other devices to measure electromagnetic anomalies. These devices will be used during Field Excursions or Special and Haunted House Investigations that are coming up. Remember to be eligible for Special and Haunted House investigations your attendance to bi-monthly meetings and other GRS-sponsored events must be upon par and you must have all the necessary forms filled out and pictures submitted.

The next meeting dates at the Oak Lawn Public Library are not set and will not be until after June 15th as per library rules. However usually meetings are the third Saturday of every other month beginning in January at 1pm. If you are ever unsure of the meeting dates, please call the GRS number and listen to the recorded message. The new meeting date will always be on the machine just as soon as it is available and set.

The cover design for this issue is from Rev. Speaker Linda Polley and goes along with the article in this issue. Thanks!



Periodic Ghosts Seek Revenge On California Town

By

William Hauck

Jamestown is an old goldrush town located in Tuolumne County, off State Highway 49 in the Sierra Foothills of northern California. In 1862, 23 miners died in the collapse of a mineshaft located just off the main street of town. That same year, a hotel was built over the deserted mine at the corner of Willow and Main streets.

The Willow Hotel soon became the pride of the town. When a devastating fire struck Jamestown in 1896, residents used dynamite to blow up surrounding buildings in order to save the hotel. Unfortunately, there were still people in those buildings and several were blown to pieces or burnt to death in collapsed rafters.

The hotel was also the scene of other tragedies. A woman named Elualah Sims was reportedly murdered by her husband in the hotel bar in the 1890s. In the early 1900s, a bartender, who had worked at the hotel for many years, was fired and then committed suicide. In 1925, Francis Davis was arrested for stealing a gold watch at the hotel and sentenced to 1-14 years at San Quentin, where he died months later. In 1928, owner Gus Ratto calmly asked his wife to help him search for an old handgun. When she found it, he cleaned the gun and told everyone he was going to sell it. Then, one afternoon, he called his wife upstairs and shot her point blank in the face. Immediately afterwards, he turned to look in a mirror and shot himself in the head.

On July 21, 1955, a mysterious fire destroyed a commercial building directly across the street from the hotel. It is now a parking lot used by the Willow's patrons. On July 21, 1975, another mysterious fire started inside the hotel itself. At that time, witnesses reported seeing nine apparitions hovering around the blaze. The fire destroyed part of the building and the name of the hotel was changed to the "Willow Annex". In October 1978, another strange fire broke out in the building, but it was contained before it could do much damage. Finally, on July 21, 1985, another fire destroyed the hotel and spread to several neighboring structures. The Willow restaurant and bar were rebuilt, but the hotel never reopened.

The history of the hotel has been traced back to 1848. Minor catastrophes seem to occur near October in every decade ending in an eight. For instance, a truck smashed through the front dining room on November 4, 1988. The driver could not explain what happened. He had to go 30 feet off the road to hit the building.

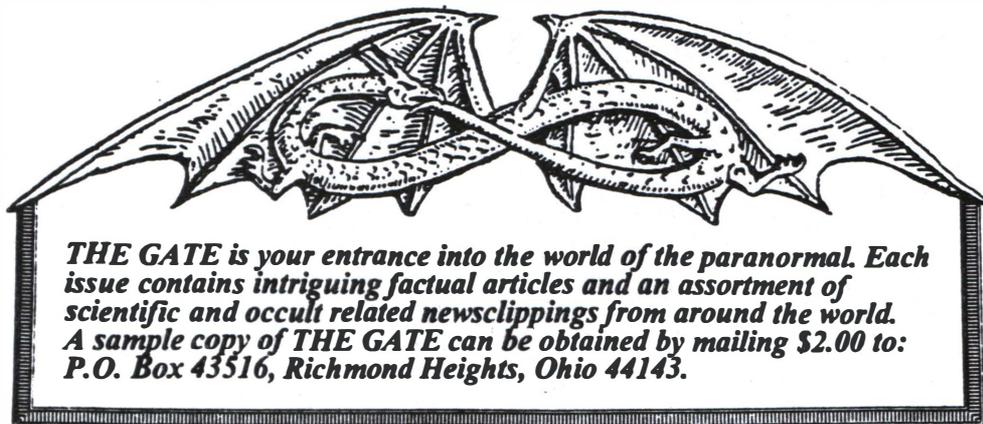
More pronounced, however, are the occurrences on July 21 of every decade ending in a five. These incidents are always more serious, and the owners are dreading the approach of July 21, 1995.

Customers and employees have reported encountering a red-headed female phantom roaming the halls and a ghostly gambler in a black suit in the bar. The apparition of a short man has been seen at a particular booth in the back dining room. That room is where the opening to the old mineshaft is situated, and some have speculated that it acts like a doorway to the Other Side.

An investigation carried out in October 1992 yielded some evidence of ghostly activity. To facilitate the investigation, all electricity was shut off to the building for twenty minutes. During that time, a lightbulb above the booth in the back dining room remained lit for no apparent reason. When the electricity was restored, the light went out. Several participants detected an electrifyingly "warm" presence that *blocked* a swinging door in the same room, and one person saw the ghost of the short man sitting in the haunted booth. One of three photographs taken at the time shows the faded figure of a little man in a denim outfit.

Efforts to trace the hotel's history have been hampered by many strange coincidences. Uncovering old records has proved especially difficult and frustrating. Once located, relevant articles in old newspapers are found to be mysteriously burned or cut out. Current plans are for an electromagnetic survey of the premises and possibly a visit by a psychic.

Submitted by: William Hauck, California State Coordinator for the GRS, PO Box 22201, Sacramento, CA. 95822, (916)424-4355.



The Haunting Of Hunt House

By

Mark Sceurman

On a recent Weird New Jersey road trip, we came upon an odd colonial structure along Route 519 in Sussex County. Not knowing what it was, we contacted Glenn of the local historical society and was told it was a "lime kiln" which was last used about 200 years ago by the local farmers to help fertilize their fields. During the conversation, our Weird New Jersey travels came up, and Glenn told us he and his wife Jackie live in a haunted house. We were invited over, and this is their story.

Glenn: This is the Thomas P. Hunt house and it was built in 1835 along Bear Creek which adjoins the property. Along the creek are ruins of mills: saw mills, distilleries and other buildings that date back to 1780. Our driveway was once called the "Old Colonial Road."

The house had a series of owners and was once an inn, a stagecoach stop and home to multiple families. This was once the industrial center of Green Township and went by a variety of names such as Huntsburg, and Hunt's Mills.

We moved here in 1961 with three children. As soon as we arrived we knew there was something strange about the place. On the third floor we would hear footsteps going from the back of the house to the front of the house, then a big *thump*. I think I must have run upstairs a hundred times with a flashlight to see who or what was there, but never found anything. On many occasions, too numerous to elaborate about we would hear footsteps coming down from the third floor and stopping in front of my daughters room. Footsteps coming right down the wall, scaring my daughter half to death! Many times when we would be out, and we would come home only to find our children at the neighbor's house or out in the screen house waiting for us. They wouldn't go back into the house. I had some dogs who didn't like the third floor one bit.

We would continue to hear these noises, sounds like radios and a baby crying. My father and mother were alive then and living with us, and they heard the noises also. In one instance, we were upstairs and we thought we heard the kids coming home from school because we heard the noises and the door opening and closing. But when we went downstairs we saw the school bus pulling up the driveway, dropping the kids off. One time our daughter was on the second floor and she heard her brother (whose room occupied the third floor) coming down the stairs. As she was descending the stairs to the first floor she heard the footsteps following right

behind her. When she got to the first floor, she saw all of us outside and took off out of the house like a rocket! Whatever it was was right behind her!

Then we started having odd instances of the poltergeist type. One night Jackie and I were watching tv, sitting on the floor with some pillows and a bottle of wine. We had a nice evening and the next morning when we walked into the room, there on the floor was a hurricane lamp, and an oil painting, stacked upside down, perfectly balanced on the floor where we had been sitting.

Jackie: It was odd because a hurricane lamp has two sections, and if it had just fallen, it wouldn't have landed like that.

Glenn: Another time I had misplaced my bankbook and we searched all over the house for it. About a week later I had come home and there it was, sitting right there in the bedroom. I said to Jackie, 'Where did you find it?' and she said she hadn't even been upstairs.

Jackie: Those were prank things, even kind of funny. Nothing harmful.

Mark: So there was never anything that really scared you?

Glenn: Oh yes, this gets better! We would go through this constantly. The kid's friends would be over and they would hear the noises and we would laugh about it. The lamps would start swinging back and forth. Then one night my youngest daughter wakes up screaming, and at the foot of the bed was a ball of light, just hanging there, in the air. So I got up and walked towards it, and it floated around the bed and stopped. I walked over to it and it went right across the hall and past the bathroom. I walked towards it again and it went right in to my son's bedroom. I was worried because I didn't know what it was. Whether it was ball lightning, or St. Elmo's Fire...or a ghost.

Mark: Was it a bright light?

Glenn: No. It was a very dull white, about the size of a basketball. Then it vanished. Let me go back a bit. We went down to Drew University to hear a lecture by the Warrens who are ghost chasers...ghost busters...all of that. We told them about our place, and they knew all these things we were experiencing, they even told us things! They asked if we had children. We said yes, and they asked us if we had any girls reaching puberty. We said yes again and they said that can contribute to these encounters. When someone dies there is this energy force that is left which can manifest itself in the conscience or the sub-conscience. It can't tell you what horse to bet on. It's just a reflection of the past, a sort of wavelength that's stuck on the wall. Young children and especially girls going into puberty exude an energy that seems to bring these things out. They also said there are two kinds of energy, a good force and a bad force. And these bad forces are what started happening to Jackie and my son.

Jackie: I actually only saw the ghost once. Except for that ball of light. The Warrens told us that if we had left the ball of light alone, it would have manifested itself into a form. We even tried to analyze what had been happening to us and what was causing these things to occur. The main road is far away from our house,

so it couldn't have been headlights. Then we thought maybe it was a burglar shining a light into the window. What we forgot to say is that most of these things would occur during the change of the seasons, Spring and Fall. Glenn went out and tried to shine a flashlight into the window, but we knew that wasn't the case.

Glenn: Whatever it is, is in the house.

Mark: You're holding the October Historical Society meeting here?

Jackie: Yes. We decided to do that because they wanted to see the house and I figured it would be nice for the historical society. I don't open the house to the public though.

Mark: What was the most recent happening in the house?

Jackie: Well, the last thing that happened was about a week ago. I was working on the third floor cleaning up and the door to my son's room just SLAMMED shut, and it was already closed! When the room gets cold, you know they're around. Then as I was going down the stairs, the heating units started to shake. I ran down the stairs and shut the door. Of course you can't keep them away anyhow, but in your mind you like to. I can see they're starting to act up with the change of the season. One time when we were asleep in the bedroom, it got very cold. It gets ice cold when these things occur. I woke about five in the morning and you could just start to see the things in the room. There, standing in front of Glenn's dresser was a lady with extremely long hair who had a flowing sort of nightgown on. I was looking at her, not trying to move because I didn't want to scare whatever it was away. I remember just barely opening my eyelids just the littlest bit, trying to see a face in the mirror, the one mirror we have in the room. I thought if I could see the face, maybe I could figure out who this ghost was. We have some old photographs of the family's that lived here before. Absolutely nothing was reflecting in the mirror.

Mark: Was she transparent?

Jackie: No, she was totally three-dimensional and just gray and white. She had small features. She was just standing there looking into the mirror. Maybe it was her bedroom at one time.

Glenn: The Warrens had also asked us if anyone had died here. It seems strange because everyone that has lived here loved the place. It's and it was common for people to die in their home.

Jackie: It wasn't like we had a murder here, or anything like that. We just figured these people just weren't ready to go yet. The Warrens told us not to bring a medium or psychic in to stir things up because that usually makes things worse.

Glenn: I know something is happening in this house. I've said I don't believe in ghosts, but something is happening here. The Warrens said if they really start to bother us, to give them a call and they would help us out. At that time our children had grown and started to leave and things slowed down. It used to be three or four times a week things would happen, now it's about twice a month.

Mark: Have you talked to any of the previous owners about this?

Glenn: No, but none of our neighbors have ever heard of anything happening. Our son, who used to have the third floor, used to go

crazy with all this, he even had our minister come in and bless the house, but it didn't work.

Jackie: We would never tell the kids anything that happened because we didn't want to frighten them. They were frightened enough. One time Glenn was away on travel, and I was asleep. The house got bitter cold. You can't help but wake up. I felt like there was a heavy pressure in the room holding me down in the bed, and I could not get out of the bed. I remember I was screaming to try and get out of that bed but couldn't. I asked the kids the next day if they could hear any noise but they said no. My screams were muffled, I guess. I woke up around 5 a.m. I believe I woke from a faint, because sometimes I don't even hear the alarm go off, and my ankles had red marks on them from where I was held down! *Something had actually held me down in the bed and forced me to get these bruises on my legs!*

Glenn: We had three or four more incidents like that happen after that. Our son said one time (when his room was on the third floor) a whirlwind of cold air came into the room, pinned him to the bed and he couldn't move. He said all sorts of wild things came into his mind. With his last bit of strength he threw himself out of bed, grabbed a pair of jeans and tore out of the house into his car and spent the night at his friend's house.

Jackie: You never know when or what is going to happen. The change of seasons are the only thing we relate to. The other time when I thought they were really getting to me was the time I thought we'd move out of the house. Usually you walk through the house and you hear noises and you say, 'Hi!' or 'Hi Uncle Harry!' You always feel something is around. This time though, when I went to bed (it was again one time when Glenn was away) I had awakened with something lying alongside of me, behind me. I could feel the heartbeat behind me, leaning up against me. *This thing was breathing behind me, leaning up against me!* I remember reaching back, to touch it, and it felt like coarse hair, like an animal or a dog's hair. Then it started talking through me, *through my mouth.* It was a guttural voice way in the back of my throat. That scared the hell out of me!!! I got up and ran out of the room and stayed up all night until it was time to go to work. When that happened, I thought, 'It's finally reached me, it's using my body to try to talk,' and I didn't want any part of that. That really scared me the most. The other time (and this was the same week) our daughter was in college and I was sleeping in her bedroom because I didn't want to sleep in my bed, and I was awakened again with this ice cold air, and no sooner as I opened my eyes I felt this WHACK and I was flipped over in the bed. I remember getting up out of the bed and I heard the words 'Found you!' It was real slow, like 'Found yooooouu.' In other words, I changed bedrooms, but it made no difference. *They found me!* This hit was so hard that two days later this yellow bruise appeared on the side of me. I mean, I was hit, just pushed right over in the bed. That's the second time I was hurt. Another force was in the house and that's what was bothering me, that these negative forces were in the house and it was scary. After that happened, I just tried to find a warm

spot in the house, where they aren't. I mean at least they aren't there at the time. Then I thought to myself, 'This is foolish, I have to go to sleep.' So I called up our daughter and I asked her if she'd mind if I came over. She said, 'What's the matter? Is there somebody trying to break in?' I said, 'No, it's just the house.' So she said come on over because she knows something's occurring in the house. They put me in the guest room and their cat came into the room and jumped on the bed and I let out a SCREAM! After going through all that at the house, the cat jumps on me!

Glenn and Jackie gave us a tour of the house and where the happenings occurred. They are currently trying to get a historic grant or declaration to designate the area a historic district. The area is rich with Indian lore and the early American Industrial Revolution. Glenn is an archaeologist and historian and has been studying Indian artifacts since he was five years old. Jackie currently works with the local historical society. Both are retired and two of the nicest people we've ever met. We thanked them for graciously letting us into their home. Did we mention the photos of the ghosts that showed up on a roll of film taken during a holiday party?

Submitted and reprinted with permission from: Mark Scurman, Weird New Jersey, PO Box 1346, Bloomfield, NJ. 07003. (\$5 per year)



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Bodie: California's Haunted Ghost Town

By

Richard Senate

Today the weathered frame buildings that make up the ghost town of Bodie, in central California, are sagging and tilting. They are all that is left of what was once a thriving gold town. But, if the stories are true, the buildings are not truly deserted, they are inhabited by scores of wandering phantoms!

Bodie is today a State Historic Park held in "arrested decay." It stands as a preserved example of an authentic "ghost town." In the last century the community boasted a population of over 10,000. It was a wild, almost lawless place where violence was commonplace and a murder a day was standard. A well-known phrase was, "Goodbye God, I'm going to Bodie!"

Over the years a number of the buildings in the deserted town have collected stories of strange happenings. Former State Park rangers whisper of encountering ghostly forms and hearing bizarre sounds. One ranger reported to a newspaper in 1987 that a phantom woman once appeared in a rocking chair in the parlor of the old Gregory House. She was wearing a dress of the last century and seemed to be working on an afghan when she suddenly vanished away.

Other employees at the Bodie State Park tell of hearing phantom footsteps echoing through the historic Mendocini House, slow, measured steps of hard soled shoes. The shrill sounds of children playing have been heard in the street in front of the Mendocini House -- when there isn't anyone present at the park. Visitors report seeing the image of a woman in an old fashioned long dress at the doorway of the Seller House. A family living in the old J.C. Cain House told of seeing a Chinese woman walking the bedroom on the second floor. The image frightened two children when she appeared and vanished.

Over the years teams of psychics and psychic researchers have visited the ghost town and most of them have come away with evidence that the town is indeed haunted by something. I was lucky enough to visit the town two years ago in the company of a well known psychic. It was a trip I will never forget. Bodie is accessible only by a long dirt road that, though it is well maintained, can be a challenge to many cars. During the drive to the town we saw what appeared to be a large black dog running alongside of the road, keeping up with us. As we came within sight of the town the animal vanished away! It was only the first of many strange things that happened that day.

Walking the deserted streets in an unnerving experience. It

was early and non one was present as we strolled the ghost town. Even now I can remember how quiet the place seemed. The air was chilled and still and no bird song echoed over the sagging buildings. We entered into a building that we later learned had once been a casino and saloon when the town was in its heyday.

The psychic I was with turned pale as the air turned very cold. She felt it was the wandering spirit of a man who had been murdered in the building long ago. It was strangely cold in that one part of the structure. It is hard to describe the kind of cold that lurked in the building. It was unlike the chill of a cool night -- it seemed to go right into the bones -- chilling from the inside out. We didn't stay long but continued to search the community. The psychic stopped in front of the ornate Dolan House. She "saw" the image of a stocky woman on the step.

The remains of what was once the "House of Joy" held another haunting presence, perhaps the victim of some forgotten tragedy still lingering at the site of its untimely passing. The team was drawn almost magnetically to the nearby "Boot Hill" where the dead were laid to an uneasy rest so long ago. Here the wind, a cold one that chilled the air, started to make its presence known.

The psychic pointed to a simple tombstone inscribed with the words "Elizabeth My Wife." We were moved to tears when the psychic described how the woman's loving husband carried flowers to the grave for many years, before toll and illness took him as well. She said that the ghost, not realizing that he had passed over into the land of spirits, still wandered mournfully to the grave to continue his rituals all these years. The graves held sad memories and we didn't stay long. I came away convinced that the ghosts of the past do indeed dwell at Bodie.

Submitted by: Richard Senate, 3127 Trinity Dr., Ventura, CA. 93003.



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ENIGMAS

ENIGMAS is published five times a year by Strange Phenomena Investigations (SPI). This magazine regularly features articles on all aspects of the paranormal including UFOs, poltergeists, hauntings, spiritualism, life after death, etc., etc.

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ENIGMAS

Ghost Watcher

By

Rev. Speaker Linda J. Polley

The house didn't look like what you'd picture a haunted house deep in the Maine countryside. As a matter of fact, it seemed rather out of place surrounded by the overgrown grass and pine trees. It should have been built on the city streets or nearby Bangor rather than in Hermon. Located on a dead end dirt road, passed a quaint cemetery, the three-story well-painted building however, was the home of an elusive ghost.

It was in the late 1960s I learned about the place from my best friend. She had tried to frighten me with many tales of when growing up in the house she and her two brothers had been terrified by the ghost of their grandfather, a former railroad man who had passed away in the house from natural causes when they were small.

Though in our late teens my friend and I were fascinated by the metaphysical. My interest had begun while watching the very first episode of the gothic soap opera *Dark Shadows*, and my mother before that, treated me with ghost stories that I loved. SO, with experience in Tarot card readings, the I Ching, and a few somewhat successful seances under our belts we decided to become full-fledged ghost hunters!

In the warm, sunny August of summer vacation we acquired permission from my friend's mother and, her grandmother, who still owned the house but lived in the city for convenience, to spend the last free weekend there. I'm not sure if they were told why we wanted to, exactly...perhaps just for a camping trip. No phone, no electricity, and a nearby public beach sounded great. And if we found the ghost...well, who knew what would happen from there?

My friend's slightly younger sister joined us, drawn in by the excitement, mystery and adventure. We had a carload of stuff and were driven to our destination by my friend's father, whose last warning made shivers run up and down my spine. "Don't forget, if you run into any trouble, Christine lives right down at the corner in the trailer."

We unceremoniously dumped our belongings in the front yard on the walkway, and started lugging them into the house, my particular attention being on the records I'd brought to use on the battery powered portable record player. Also important, the kerosene lantern. It was getting dusk. I paused to take a deep breath in the yard and a look around. Silence and a slight breeze. I began to get eerie vibrations. This was sure to prove an interesting night.

I got a quick tour. The usual living room, kitchen, dining room and three bedrooms with bath upstairs, too. The attic and

cellar we left alone. I was shown the telephone still attached to the wall. We joked about it being disconnected but maybe you could still speak with spirits on it. I didn't appreciate the jokes. I was getting scared.

Darkness had set in. We had the kerosene lamp going in the kitchen and had to open cans of spaghetti, and hold the pan containing the delicious stuff over the heat of the lamp to cook it, leaving room for the smoke to escape. It worked pretty darned good. Next night we'd cook outside on a campfire.

About nine o'clock we decided to get some sleep after playing some records and trying to work off tension by dancing around the empty living room individually. It was fun!

My friend again told the story of how one time, when she had walked past a window in her late grandfather's bedroom the curtains blew straight out for several minutes with the window closed tight, and there was a cold spot in the room which usually existed in haunted houses. Another time in the room when she walked by grandfather's rocking chair, she was terrified as a cold "arm" gripped her tightly, malevolently around the waist, invisible to her eyes. She couldn't move for several minutes then screamed and the sensation vanished. She ran to tell her mother what had happened. Nothing had ever occurred to the adults in the house.

As we got to the top of the stairs my friend commented how several times she and the other children dreaded walking by the stairway we had just ascended, from the front hall, because they could sense their grandfather's presence on the landing glaring at them.

When we reached the landing I was asked which room I wanted to sleep in, then warned the one to my left was the ghost's bedroom. No one dared use it, and I got bad vibrations looking in the door. So the three of us decided to stay in the room at the top of the stairs. I had a roll away bed placed right in front of the door with my head at the door. My friend and her sister had big beds to my left. A wall was to my right. I was almost blocking the exit. There was no glow from street lights through the windows, and it was too quiet. My friend said, "If you see a ghost, let us know, will you?"

"Yeah, I'll scream!" I laughed nervously.

With just a flashlight instead of a night-light, I finally managed to doze off, my ears bombarded by unfamiliar country night sounds.

I'm not sure what time it was, possibly three a.m. I awoke with a start! I thought one of my friends had gotten up to use the bathroom, but the moonlight from the hall window revealed their sleeping forms in the room. I still had the sensation someone was watching me, so I pushed my head back into my pillow and looked behind me as far as I could without turning my head. I caught my breath! There was a figure of a man on the landing right outside the bedroom door! I made out a plaid flannel workshirt, dark pants, and heavy high work boots. I'm not sure if I saw a face. I KNEW it was the ghost! I wasn't really terrified, but not knowing what the ghost had in mind I promptly pulled the covers

over my head and soon went back to sleep. I didn't dare ask the ghost why he was there, or, say a word to my friends.

The next day everything was back to normal in the house. I mentioned to my friends what had happened at lunch time. We had been busy visiting Christine down the road and planned to go for a swim that afternoon.

At first my friends thought I'd been dreaming or imagining things. but when I described the shirt and boots the ghost was wearing that was another story! My friend confirmed it had been her grandfather's ghost I'd seen.

"He always wore those clothes for his railroad work," she explained, "and the heavy boots were good for walking on or repairing the railroad tracks. It was my grandfather, all right! Wow, our weekend has really paid off. Wonder what will happen tonight?"

Fortunately, the ghost remained hidden for the rest of our stay, but we did experience a bit more metaphysical mysticism. We had planned to walk to the restaurant at the beach for ice cream Sunday afternoon. However when we all started off down the dirt road darkness was already upon us and a feeling of dread engulfed us that we shouldn't leave the house. We had our kerosene lamp with us, and a clammy breeze came out of nowhere, almost putting out the lamp. Terrified and not knowing exactly why, we ran back inside, all thoughts of ice cream vanished, tripping over a mysterious pitchfork we'd never noticed beside the front screen door!

Later we learned that the photos we'd taken earlier that day of the cemetery and house had been destroyed. Apparently a local motorcycle gang had broken in and strangely enough, only exposed the film, touching nothing else! We could see tire tracks in the driveway. Perhaps if we'd gone out they'd have returned to reek more havoc.

Monday night came with us safely home again in Bangor, relieved to be back in the city, readying for school tomorrow. But what an adventure we'd had! I excitedly reported to my mother all that had happened. She was glad I had a good time, and was home safely.

I was disgusted to learn in later years, the house in Hermon had burned down. Everyone suspected arson...possibly caused by the same motorcycle gang that we knew about. Another chapter to add to the mysteries of the area. But I had seen my first ghost, and knew it wouldn't be my last.

Submitted by: Rev. Speaker Linda J. Polley, Voices From Spirit Magazine, PO Box 5104, Ellsworth, ME. 04605.

**** TALES FROM THE INTERNET!

The Internet (the world's largest network of computer systems) has a myriad of special interest groups (SIGs) formed into what are known as "newsgroups". Newsgroups, like SIGs and Forums are merely areas where people can leave and read messages pertaining to a subject they are interested in. One such newsgroup we access through our board is called alt.folklore.ghost-stories. It is a Forum where people tell, and sometimes comment on...ghost stories. Interesting in that you see stories from people from throughout the U.S. and other countries.

As a regular feature in the Ghost Trackers Newsletter, we will glean a few of the hundreds of stories and present them to you here. They are not edited and appear as you would see them on your computer screen.

This issue: **Tale of the Cat: Four Tales of Cats and Hauntings from the Internet.**

=====
BBS: CAER TUATHA

Date: 03-10-95 (15:36)

Number: 24200

From: S1400160@NICKEL.LAURENTIA

Refer#: NONE

To: ** ALL **

Recvd: NO

Subj: Re: My Not so Dead Cat

Conf: (18) Ighosts

etMsg #: <1995Mar10.173627@nickel.laurentian.ca>

From: s1400160@nickel.laurentian.ca

To: ** ALL **

On several occasions I've heard about pets that stay with their masters after they die. My mom told me that when she was a kid, her family owned a cat, named Mittens, for years. When Mittens was really old, she became sick and they finally had her put to sleep. A short while later (I think it was the next day), my mom, who was in her teens by then was standing in the kitchen washing the dishes. Suddenly, she heard the distinct sound of her cat meowing behind her. She looked behind her and stared at the spot where the meow came from. There was nothing there. Then as she stared at the spot, another distinct meow came from the same place, but she couldn't see anything. She said it was weird but she didn't feel scared at the time. The way the cat was meowing gave her a comforting feeling: the cat seemed to meow in a way that said "please don't be sad -- I'm happy now."

Another story I heard involved some friends of the family. They had a white cat for years and it eventually died of old age. They were unaware of any presence of the cat after it died. But one evening, the couple had another couple over for supper. One of

the guests later mentioned that they had a very pretty cat. The hostess (Jennie) was caught off guard. She told her guest that they don't have any pets and the only cat they had had died. The guest told her she had seen, as plain as day, a white cat sleeping on the chair (this was where the cat had always slept). Ever since then, they have believed their cat was still with them.

I've also had a couple of strange experiences. When I was about 11, we had a black cat named Fluffy. One night in the summer he mysteriously disappeared and we never saw him again. A couple of years later, we got another cat, which we named Mittens (!) One night I woke up around 3 in the morning and Mittens was lying in front of me on my bed. I was lying there petting him and I happened to look into the dark, right beside my bed. I could have sworn I saw Fluffy (just his face and the outline of his front paws) standing there looking right at me! I also got the feeling he was jealous because I was petting this new cat and not him.

Also, we had a dog named Shadow for about 11 years before she died, (she fell down the basement stairs and broke her neck at the bottom and had to be put to sleep because she was paralysed). For awhile, I would hear whimpering at night (but I think that was just a clock that was always squeaking -- don't ask me how!). Then one day I was alone in the house and my friend came and rang the doorbell. Shadow used to let the big sharp bark out whenever the doorbell rang and we got used to it over the years. This time when the bell rang, I heard Shadow's bark and didn't think anything of it at first, being so used to it. Then I realized that Shadow's not around anymore and wondered what had made the sound. It hadn't seemed to come from anywhere but I know it was from inside the house. When I opened the door, my friend asked me what had barked inside the house. She had heard it too, and she said it definitely came from inside!

Also, I don't know if this is anything, but I'll write it anyway. Sometime after Shadow died, we were going through some pictures from the previous couple of years. This one picture caught our attention. It was a picture of Shadow, but there was this red haze all around her. And there were these red horizontal lines that went right over her picture. It was kind of creepy because they resembled the slat-like stairs that went into the basement (the ones she had fallen down). They were the same color too (kind of a dusty red). I wonder if this was just a screw-up in the film or some kind of OMEN!!

=====

BBS: CAER TUATHA

Date: 03-11-95 (18:23)

Number: 25335

From: THEFINGER@AOL.COM

Refer#: NONE

To: ** ALL **

Recvd: NO

Subj: Haunted Studio Apt. in Seattle

Conf: (18) Ighosts

etMsg #: <3jtidv\$c53@newsbf02.news.aol.com>

From: thefinger@aol.com (The Finger)

To: ** ALL **

When my boyfriend and I first moved to Seattle, we rented a studio cottage apartment on Seattle's south side. Wasn't a great neighborhood, but it was cheap enough. Also, it was a nice little complex of cottages, on the ground level, with flowers and grass. Planting your own garden in your front yard was allowed as well, so it wasn't so bad. The complex had once been a retirement community, and gradually it was turned into regular apartments. There was this cat that kept coming around. It loved to come inside the apartment. It had its favorite spots to lay in, as if it had been there before. About the time the cat started showing up, we started hearing what sounded like a woman moaning. It was very faint at first, and we thought that maybe it was just the neighbors. Then our neighbors moved. The moans continued, and got louder. It was kind of creepy, but the idea that the apartment might be haunted was at the same time exciting. We didn't tell anyone about the moaning, because we wanted to be sure that it wasn't just the pipes or some other mundane thing. We wanted to be sure that it was something more. It wasn't long before we got our proof.

Furniture started moving by itself. It was very slight, but there were a few times when I actually saw chairs move. We would draw in crayon, circles around the legs of the chairs in the kitchen to see if we weren't just seeing things, and a few minutes later, we'd check the chairs to find that they had moved right out of the circle.

Then one day, my boyfriend was home by himself with the cat, which had gotten into a fight and had had his foot badly hurt by another cat. He was on the couch holding the cat, trying to get a look at the injured foot. The cat obviously didn't like being held at that moment, and was trying to get his foot away, meowing loudly in the process. Then the moaning started.

From the back of the apartment, the voice of a lady started wailing "noooo" very loudly, and whatever was back there had picked up a large beach towel hanging in the bathroom and had thrown it into the kitchen and knocked other various items around the bathroom. Needless to say, my boyfriend let the cat go and the voice stopped.

We had a hunch that the cat had belonged to someone that had lived there before, and probably died there, too. We had been getting mail for someone named Alice for quite some time, so we figured it was her. A couple of months later, I was talking to a neighbor, and I asked her about who lived there before we did. She said that an old lady did, and the old lady had eight cats. One day, the old lady was gone, and the management just turned her cats loose, and the one that we were taking care of was her favorite and was the only one that stuck around after the lady was gone. Whether or not she had died, my neighbor wasn't sure. She was just sure that the lady was gone abruptly.

We lived there for a few months more, and the moaning continued, but it was getting fainter. We even had a few ghostly sightings. Something akin to a floating, dancing white robe. By the time we moved to a bigger apartment in the same complex, all

the activity had stopped. We think that maybe the ghost believed the cat was being taken care of to her satisfaction so she left. When we moved to our new apartment, we didn't know that within that year, a young man had passed away for no reason in that very apartment, and yes, we've had experiences, and YES, THIS IS ALL TRUE.

=====

BBS: CAER TUATHA

Date: 03-20-95 (15:09)

Number: 27424

From: KJI+@BABYLON.MT.CS.CMU.ED

Refer#: NONE

To: ** ALL **

Recvd: NO

Subj: re: phantom cats

Conf: (18) Ighosts

etMsg #: <3kkufg\$ahp@casaba.srv.cs.cmu.edu>

From: kji+@BABYLON.MT.CS.CMU.EDU (Kathi Iannamico)

To: ** ALL **

I suppose this is an elaboration of the cats on the bed thread, but maybe not...

2 experiences:

(I think I might have posted this a long time ago.)

I planned to get a cat from a local shelter the night my cat had to be put to sleep, so, upon leaving the vet, we left the carrier in the back seat until we left work that evening. I got into the car first, and as my husband was not quite ready, waited for awhile in the car alone (somewhat alone). I felt a thickness emanating from the back seat, which caused me to turn, only to see my cat in the carrier. He remained in the carrier until my husband removed it when we got to the shelter. I didn't tell my husband about it until later.

The above mentioned cat died 19 August 1993. I experienced a miscarriage exactly a year to the day from that date. I couldn't sleep very well for awhile afterwards, and a day or two later found myself awake early and feeling rather sad. My husband, who could not sleep well either, was still in bed. I knelt beside the bed and laid my head beside him. We exchanged words. In a little while I felt the strong brush of a cat against my legs, and thinking it was one of the surviving cats, dropped my hand to pet it. I felt no cat, so looked for one, as I could still feel the brush of a cat against my legs. Still, I did not see one. A few seconds later the sensation stopped, and it has never occurred since.

=====

BBS: CAER TUATHA

Date: 04-01-95 (04:52)

Number: 31219

From: APTOWER@NETCOM.COM

Refer#: NONE

To: ** ALL **

Recvd: NO

Subj: Re: cats in my bed

Conf: (18) Ighosts

etMsg #: <aptowerD6CuAu.Cs1@netcom.com>

From: aptower@netcom.com

To: ** ALL **

This is my first peek into this NG, and I am amazed! This is the second Thread about things that have happened to me.

From 1969 through 1978, I lived in an apartment in Santa Barbara, CA. Every once in a while, I or a guest would see a gray long-haired cat scooting around a corner or under a piece of furniture. (I did have a cat for awhile, but he was a black and white shorthair.) Two or three times a week, I would feel the unmistakable motions of a cat jumping onto my bed and curling up either next to my legs or my back. I could feel, also the vibration that goes with loud purring. Oddly, while I had the live cat, the "ghost cat" did not manifest. Feline jealousy?

That apartment also had at least one other ghost. I would sometimes see a man in the bedroom, leaning his buttocks against the front of a particular dresser, arms folded, looking lost in thought. He was tall, slim, dark-haired and wore a gray sweater and tan slacks. I always wondered at the clothes, in that climate, year round. What stood my hair on end until I got used to it, was the bathtub ghost.

Shortly after I moved in, I was washing my hair in the shower, when I realized that there was *three* hands working on my head. I moved first one hand, then the other. Yep, there was definitely a third hand from somewhere. I never did figure it out, but it happened quite often over the nine years plus I lived there.

One other strange thing happened in that apartment: a friend paid a visit to the bathroom while I was putting the last touches on dinner. As she came back into the kitchen, she gasped, "How did you do that?" She had just seen me, bent over, folding something on my bed, and then turned the corner, and there I was at the stove. Doppelganger? Who knows? Both presences were engaged in mundane activities, neither of which had any great significance, but only one was me, I think. I had not been even thinking about doing anything in the bedroom. Life seems to abound in the unexplainable, doesn't it?

Nina



In The Spirit

(Reprinted from Star Magazine)
October 30, 1994

Maybe you can't get into alien abductions, crop circles or even near-death experiences. You underwent past-life regression analysis and nothing turned up. Try something straightforward: ghosts.

Maurice Schwalm, a retired insurance claims supervisor with a gravelly voice and a sense of whimsy, has been investigating Kansas City's haunted buildings since 1970. He's written about the "Southmoreland ghost triangle", a locus of paranormal happenings near the Nelson Gallery. He can tell you about translucent monks with clanking chains at St. Mary's Episcopal Church. He's been published in books with titles such as *True Tales of the Unknown: Beyond Reality*. It would be easy to get a spooky story out of him.

But what you need is something closer to home. In fact, in your home. So on a quiet night, with no one around, be still and expose your psychic senses to the happenings around you. Schwalm - the title on his resume is "psychic investigator" - knows the ghostly manifestations to look and listen for:

Knocks, bumps, raps. These are among the most common percussive phenomena reported. Slamming doors, rattling doorknobs and the sounds of turning locks and sliding deadbolts are fairly typical, too, and equally as disconcerting.

Party sounds. The homeowner hears the clatter of conversation and dishes, as if someone is throwing a well-attended party in the living room. Upon investigation, no one is there.

Arguing. A heated conversation, even screaming, is overheard. Then the house returns to quiet.

Footsteps. The sound of footfalls is heard, usually above the listener on a second floor or in the attic. The steps may mimic a normal gait or may sound like a dragging foot. Less commonly, the sounds of dragging chains follow the footsteps.

Disappearing objects. Everyday items, such as keys or books, are gone from their usual places. They may be found in unused drawers or nooks. This tends to be more of an annoyance than a scare.

Electrical devices. Lights and appliances randomly turn on and off.

Cold spots. A small area of the house, usually just a few feet across, remains about 10 degrees colder than the air surrounding it. Some say this is where the ghost lives.

Feeling a presence. Homeowners report that certain rooms or areas of a house give them a feeling that another person is in the room. They don't see or hear anything.

Apparitions. This is fine for the movies, but it happens very infrequently, Schwalm says. It takes a lot of psychic power for a

ghost, which has no body, to amass a form by organizing matter such as dust and skin particles in the vicinity.

You don't have to live in an old house with warped floorboards to have a haunting. A ghost can come calling for a variety of reasons, Schwalm says, although they might not be easy to discern.

"Diagnosis in the psychic realm is as difficult as it is in the medical realm."

The most common form of haunting is a benign, private experience between living and dead family members. Widowed people often have a contact with a spouse, Schwalm says. It is generally a calming encounter rather than a frightening one. "It's a normal part of human intercourse," he says.

In cases of an ongoing haunting, a personality is bound for some reason to a physical location. It could be due to "unfinished business" there. Or it could be the result of a trauma so overwhelming that the entity is in a kind of psychic coma, unable to move to the next plane or to another location. Suicides, sudden accidental deaths and unjust imprisonments will do this.

Sometimes ghosts don't understand that time has passed. They misinterpret present-day events as happening in their era. "They think you're somebody they knew back then," Schwalm says.

Spirits of wealthy people have been known to stick around as a way of protecting their vast estates. They were enamored with their material things and don't like the idea that they can't take it with them.

A few hauntings are malignant - getting pricked with pins, hot breathing down the neck - and these may require professional assistance to diagnose and expel. But most are innocuous. Schwalm has known haunted house owners who regard their ghosts fondly, almost as beloved household pets.

So what do you do if you think a ghost is in your house? The best psychological method for dealing with a haunting is to ignore it. The goings-on, although spooky, are harmless. Most ghosts at their worst are merely grumpy, and many are quite pleasant. Eventually the haunting might just end.

"If there's no psychological bounce the entity may go dormant," Schwalm says. "It's no fun to play if nobody's going to play with you."

Edward M. Eveld is a staff writer.

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

Book Reviews

The Journal of a Ghosthunter by Simon Marsden (Published by Little, Brown & Co. of Boston, New York, Toronto and London, hardcover)

It is always a most satisfying experience to review a book which is outstanding both in its contents and in its format, and Simon Marsden's latest contribution to the literary scene is no exception.

The Reviewer's pleasure is also greatly enhanced when he realizes that this author is a fellow member of The Ghost Club, the prestigious organization that was founded in 1862 and like a certain famous brand of whisky is 'still going strong'.

For the very few of you who may be unfamiliar with his works, Simon combines the talents of being not only a competent author, but he is also an outstandingly gifted photographer.

Not only does he create a Gothic atmosphere of spectral mystery in his descriptions of the many haunted sites portrayed, but his cunningly produced pictures of these sites, cause them to exude from within themselves, in their mantles of moonlight and shadows, an atmosphere of an often menacing half-world, behind whose seemingly impenetrable and swirling mists, lurk a myriad of unspeakable horrors, only awaiting the opportunity to project their baleful influences upon the unsuspecting reader.

Such an industry has arisen within recent years, in which books on hauntings give one the impression of rolling off production lines, that it is very refreshing to sample in a well-documented fashion, some of the ghostly horrors that other countries have to offer, and about which there would seem to be such a paucity of information.

Simon Marsden has thrilled us all yet again, let us hope that many more secrets of this world of phantoms and strange shadows still wait to be revealed to us by this most talented writer, in the years to come.

Reviewed by: Tom Perrott, Chairman of The Ghost Club, 93 The Avenue, Muswell Hill, London, N10 2QG, United Kingdom.

Adobe Angels: The Ghosts Of Albuquerque by Antonio R. Garcez (Red Rabbit Press, PO Box 6545, Santa Fe, NM. 87502-6545, softbound, 1994, 112 pages, ISBN: 0-9634029-2-7)

This is the second ghost book by Antonio Garcez, his first being *Adobe Angels: The Ghosts of Santa Fe* which I also read, reviewed and enjoyed! Mr. Garcez who has a B.A. from California State University at Northridge and then attended graduate school at the University of Wisconsin is well suited to writing about the ghosts of the southwest as he's been a long-time resident of New Mexico and has been a collector of ghost stories for sometime.

The book is short but to the point, pointing out the various

sightings around Albuquerque that are known to be haunted. He has the blessings from both the New Mexico Secretary of State and the Mayor of Albuquerque in the writing of this book as well as much first-hand testimony and interviews which is always preferable to second-hand accounts and hearsay. The book is illustrated with many photographs of the sites and the people involved who had a brush with the supernatural.

I especially enjoyed the story of the Maria Teresa Restaurant and the encounter of Francia-Gale Seymour who is a waitress at the restaurant. One day as she was serving some patrons, one of them ran up to her and exclaimed that it was great and how did she do that? She went back to the table with the patron and he pointed into a nearby mirror hanging on the wall. The patron saw the party seated at the table but also sandwiched in between them was a woman that she had not seen before and who was not sitting at the table. In other words, she was only reflected in the mirror!

I would recommend this book to anyone interested in the ghosts of the southwest as there is so little written about that section of the country nowadays. Rated a 6 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

500 British Ghosts & Hauntings by Sarah Haggood (Foulsham, Yeovil Road, Slough, Berkshire SL1 4JH, England, 1993, softbound, 347 pages, \$18.00 approximate, ISBN: 0-572-01820-7)

An interesting guide book to ghost sites in both England, Scotland and Wales however some of the stories leave much to be desired as to their content and authenticity since some of them seem to be either local gossip, folklore or hearsay reports. A lot of the 500 sites presented here are short one or two line reports such as: *A38, Barrow Gurney, Avon - A woman in a white coat has a habit of suddenly appearing and disappearing around here, or, Denton, Lincolnshire - On 29 January 1961 a rally driver competing in a race, encountered a ghostly horseman near Denton, or, Devil's Den, Fyfield, Wiltshire - This Neolithic tomb is said to be haunted by a phantom dog with large, fiery eyes.*

The kind of stories mentioned above are complete as they are presented in the book with no other cross-reference or additional information. Did the author know more or was this the extent of her research on these and many other cases written about in the book? This kind of information is almost useless unless it's followed up and researched.

Tom Perrott does do a very nice job with the Foreword at the beginning of the book. He is a much called upon figure and expert in the field of British ghosts and lore.

Due to the total lack of photographs and the rather short stories I only give this book a rating of a 4 in a 1-10 and the majority of that rating is due to the Foreword.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

+++++

Big Sky Ghosts: Eerie True Tales of Montana, Volume Two by Debra D. Munn (Pruett Publishing Company, 2928 Pearl St., Boulder, CO. 80301, 1994, softbound, 131 pages, \$14.95, ISBN: 0-87108-839-8)

Another excellent book by Debra Munn and one I had trouble putting down because I constantly wanted to pick it back up and continue reading more. There are many, many interesting and well-researched stories in this book which is illustrated with many photographs of not only the haunted location but pictures of the people who now most likely are the ghosts causing the hauntings at present.

It would be hard for me to pick a favorite story in this book because I enjoyed so many of them. *Ghostly Garnet* which talks about the haunted ghost town of Garnet and the strange sounds and activities which are constantly heard and encountered within was an interesting and spell-binding tale.

Montana Ghost Lights was another story I related to as one of my hobbies is also tracking down this highly elusive ghost lights around the country. But perhaps my favorite would be the last story in the book, *The Lonely Lady and Other Ghosts of Chico Hot Springs* as the author provides us with a look at the person who made indeed be the ghostly culprit in the case!

"The two security officers stared in amazement at the sight before them. A white filmy figure hovered just above the floor near the piano, and the smokey features of a face stared back at them. Only the head and upper body were distinct; the rest of the apparition was a formless mass trailing away to nothing" This was only one description of a actual encounter of the lonely lady of Chico Hot Springs. There are many others and this may be one of the best documented and most haunted locations that I've recently heard about. Surely worth a visit if you're in the area.

A very good work indeed and rated an 8 in a 1-10 scale!

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Old Belfast Ghost Stories, Part One by Joe Baker (Glenravel Local History Project, Ashton Centre, 5 Churchill St., New Lodge, Belfast, BT 15 2BP, Northern Ireland, booklet, \$5.80 approximate)

A small booklet put together by Joe Baker detailing some of the unique hauntings in Belfast and surrounding areas. There are many interesting stories represented herein and one of the most tragic and heart-wrenching is "*Jubbie The Tram Chaser*".

This story deals with a man and his small terrier of a dog called Jubbie who would take a daily walk near Woodvale Park. The man would let Jubbie off his leash to run and chase the trams for exercise and the dog would always come back when he was exhausted. All the tram drivers knew and loved Jubbie and always kept a watchful eye out for him. One day however, a tram driver was running late and couldn't stop in time and poor Jubbie was cut in half by the tram. The heart-broken driver stopped and laid the dog off the side of the street and continued his route.

from *Graveline Tours*. They helped in putting together the book and use it quite extensively on their two-hour haunted ghost tours. The book covers haunted theaters, movie studios, hotels & motels, restaurants, Hollywood star homes and ghosts of those Hollywood Stars themselves including Ozzie Nelson, Grace Moore and Clifton Webb among others.

The pictures of the sites and exactly where the ghosts are said to appear are nice for those wishing to visit the precise spot where paranormal activity has been reported over the years. Many of the sites mentioned in the book, I had a chance to visit first-hand while in Los Angeles last December. While I didn't see any ghosts, it isn't too hard to imagine what it would be like to experience one at the locales.

Some of the photographs take you back to old Hollywood in the beginning when Hollywood and Vine was the corner to stand on to "be discovered." The area is now quite different and doesn't display the glamour it once had. I highly recommend this regional book to those who have a love of Hollywood and ghosts at the same time. Rated a 7 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

#####

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WEIRD N.J.

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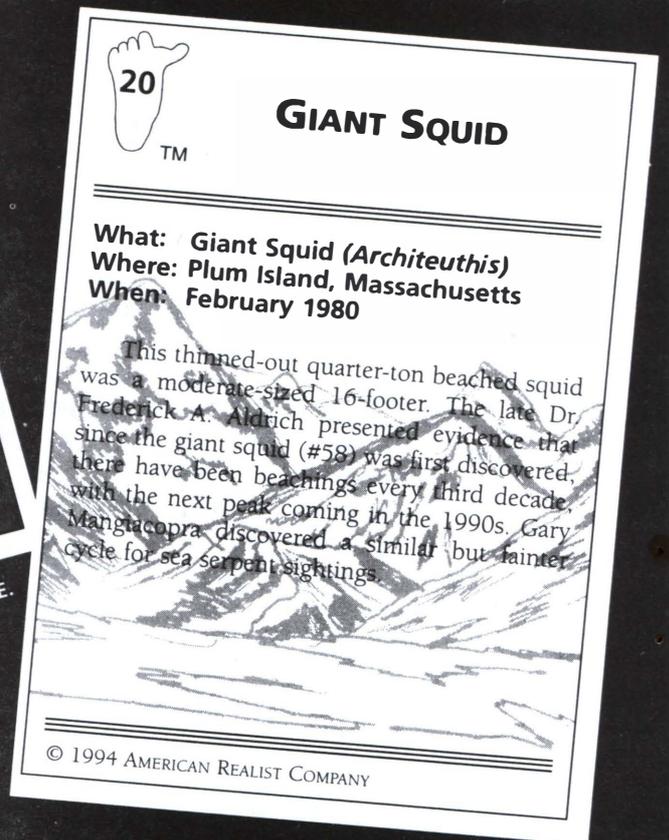
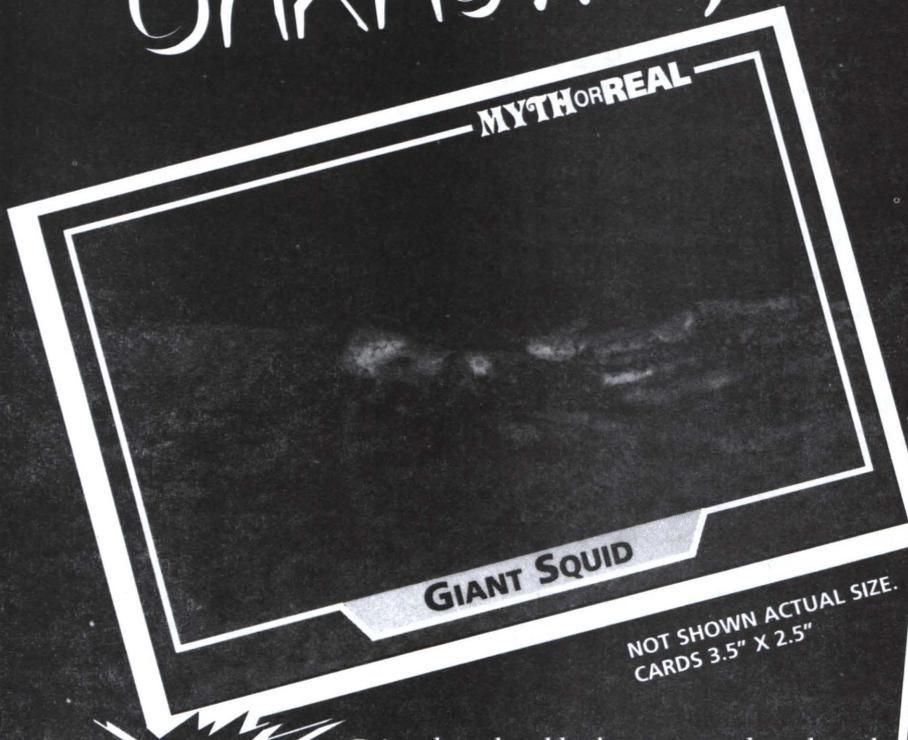
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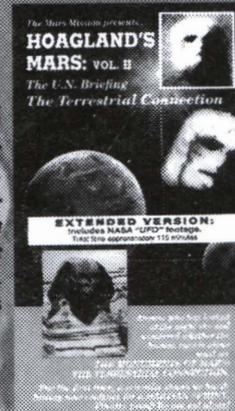


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Richard C. Hoagland, author of "The Monuments of Mars", is a former science consultant to NASA and CBS News. For the past fifteen years, he has led an independent team of scientists investigating evidence for the existence of ancient alien cultures in our Solar System. Mr. Hoagland has appeared on Larry King Live, GMA, and Sonya Live.



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