

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 \$20.00 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 \$25.00 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 \$30.00 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.

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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 yet another edition of Ghost Trackers Newsletter! For those who have not visited the official GRS website, we urge you to do so and leave any comments in the Guestbook section. There are a number of ghost photographs and local case histories and more will constantly be added from time to time.

Thanks to: Tom Perrott for the SPR Journals, Wilson Tucker for a copy of his new book "Pros and Cons of Psychic Development" as well as a strange photograph that he submitted for analysis, John Cachel for his Bachelor's Grove photograph, Michael Odahowski for the Schaumburg Cemetery photograph, Stanley Suho for the Midi files, Troy Taylor for the Hull House photograph and to any others that I might have missed!

John Cachel is hard at work putting the finishing touches on an excellent map of Bachelor's Grove Cemetery. It is the most complete and accurate rendition of the area yet produced. I have talked to him about the possibility of marketing it. Watch future editions of this newsletter for the answer to that question.

We are continuing to hold mini-meetings at my home in Oak Lawn for Active members (Sustaining or above) only. If you are a local member and wish to participate in these meetings or upgrade your membership, please notify me personally. We always have some form of audio/visual presentations as well as an open discussion.

If you are on the Internet or have an email address and haven't filled out the Email address form, please do so or send me

your email address to:

DKaczmarek@aol.com. We can correspond much quicker that way and keep postal costs down to assure that the subscription rates won't increase anytime soon.

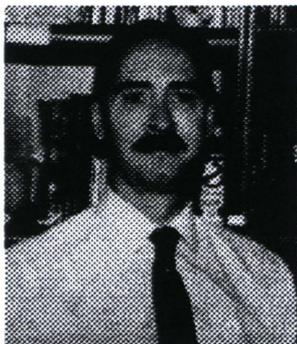
I am recovering from recent back surgery performed in April and will soon be up and around again. Thanks to all those who sent me Get Well cards or well wishes via the Internet!

One thing that seems to puzzle me are those who join as Active members (Sustaining Membership or greater) and never participate in GRS-sponsored events. You are not taking full advantage of your elevated membership and are missing out on some exciting excursions including the mini-meetings, Field Investigations and Haunted House outings. I always either email or use regular mailings to inform all Active members of upcoming events but it is a waste of time and postage if those who join actively never bother to show up. Perhaps you don't understand the full benefits. Request the By-Laws, if you either lost your copy or were never sent one. Sometimes I am to blame and forget to send new Active members the official By-Laws.

Photo identification badges are now completed and should be in your hands by now. That is, if you have submitted a recent photograph of yourself and filled out the Application For Active Research. Obviously, if I don't have a picture of you, I cannot make a photo ID. All ID's were shipped with the June 1998 issue of this magazine. Tell me what you think!

We still have quite a few books, magazines, videos and audio tapes left from our annual book sale and clearance. Send for your free list!

Ghost Research Society



I would like to welcome the following Patron Members to the GRS: Marjorie Cook, Adrian McGrath and Charles Cooper; Contributing Members Kenneth

Neu and Maggie Cooper and Sustaining Members Richard Elkin and Mrs. Bobbie Kennedy.

Since our last issue we have added 8 new members and have received renewals from 10 veteran members. Thank you!

I am currently compiling a list of Ghost Tours around the United States. If you know of ghost tours whether they be just around Halloween or year-round, please send the information to me via email or regular mail. When I have sufficient information, I will produce another directory of haunted tours which can then be purchased.

I will also be working on another cross country list of haunted locations but this directory will include cemeteries, sacred sites, parks and landmarks that are haunted. The National Register of Haunted Locations only deals with structures while the latter will be devoted to areas. Planned release of this directory will be February of 1999.

Troy Taylor of the American Ghost Society located in Decatur, Illinois will be sponsoring the 1998 American Ghost Society National Conference from August 7-9, 1998 in the haunted Lincoln Theater. (See display ad in this issue)

The conference will feature speakers

from around the country including: Dennis William Hauck, Bob Schott, Donna Quinn, Professor Alan Brown, Ursula Bielski, Troy Taylor and yours truly. Prices are \$50 per person through June 30th, \$65 after July 1st. You can find out more about this not-to-be-missed conference by telephoning Troy Taylor at 888-GHOSTLY! Or you can visit his website at: www.prairieghosts.com.

Reservations are a must and motels are beginning to book up. Call for your complete package of information today! I will be giving two lectures. One on spirit photography and another on ghost-busting techniques with demonstration of actual equipment used in investigations. Many actual ghost photographs will be shown as well.

Besides the workshops there are many other workshops and events including free walking tour of downtown Decatur haunted sites, late night investigations and a bus tour of Haunted Decatur. Call Today!!

While recuperating from my injury, I have nearly completed my long-awaited book, "*Windy City Ghosts*". I hope to have it published soon! Watch for it's release!!

The Spring and Summer *Excursions Into The Unknown* tours are in full swing. Available dates include: June 20th, July 18th, August 22nd and September 19th 1998. Or you can arrange your own personalized group tour.

In the February 1998 issue of Ghost Trackers, the Apparitional Encounter Report of the Farnsworth House was inadvertently credited to Dennis Hauck. The correct author of the report was Area Research Director, John Lamb. Sorry about the mix-up!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



While I am not sure that my experience is necessarily the sort of thing that interests you, nevertheless, just in case you might be able to provide me with answers to

some questions that I have.

Briefly (very briefly in fact), I have had an on-going experience concerning a woman entirely unknown to me, one who died in 1909. It came about at first when I visited a local cemetery and happened to stop before her grave. I was immediately subjected to the most intense "visions" regarding her history, very detailed. When these were over I was left quite drained and keen to determine what had happened to me, and if what had happened had to do with pure imagination or was something other...this was in 1989...

Subsequent research produced an obituary, on microfilm, in an obscure local paper, confirming many of the details of the vision concerning her age, status, family, circumstance, and so forth.

Subsequent visits to her grave have produced other visions, some of which seem both extremely personal and of a unique, perhaps even bizarre, nature. I have, since 1989, kept a detailed record of all of this, partly because it is all so unusual and partly in order that I might refer to it whenever something new is "revealed". In all of this time I have, among other things, been "led" to sites pertaining to some episode or another in her life, even with respect to places, firms, resorts, etc. which no longer exist. I also was led, via a 40-year-old notation on a cemetery record to her 80-ish

only child who, curiously, claimed she had been expecting me, and grew very uneasy when I asked her certain questions of a personal nature regarding her mother.

I do not know if this sort of thing is what you do, but if you could tell me what connection I might have to all of this, or at least tell me, if other people have had similar experiences. I would be most appreciative.

C. Levenson
Howell, New Jersey

Editor: Obviously you are psychic or have some psychic abilities which enable you to tune into an area or delve into a person's past. It isn't something to be afraid of; it's a gift!

I listened to you on the Art Bell Show and found everything impressive. Then you listed your website, and I decided to jump on it while listening. I looked at your ghost pictures, and actually became, well, uneasy is a good word, I guess.

The only picture that did this to me was of the faces in the background. The one of the older woman and dog. Let me explain...

You mentioned psychics and some of what they do, and I found this to be very true of what I do and what I have learned. Please don't get me wrong, I am not anywhere near a great one, but good enough to have offers to do readings on America Online and some private websites. To say your show intrigued me is an understatement, at the least.

Anyway, I looked at this picture and immediately became uneasy because of the feelings I got from it.

1) The female in the picture, the ghost, died in that house, but it was not a happy ending,

nor a happy passing.

2) The dog that is there was hers, either in her early childhood or at the end. Of this I am not sure, due to the fact that I couldn't look at this picture for very long.

3) I tried to call into the show to talk to you about this and when the phone started ringing (I was on a portable at the time), the power at my house flickered and the phone disconnected. When next I was able to get through, you had left the show and it was open calling, so I stopped, and thought to leave you email.

It was such an odd thing for me to experience, that I thought it was worth mentioning to you. I am sorry it was a few days later but I have been working overtime. At any rate, I thought you might like to know you had a profound impact, even though you were not aware of it.

Mike Peterson

Email

I was wondering whether you had done any digital signal processing on the image listed as #6 to make out the writing on the blue T-shirt? DSP is often effective for recovering information from blurred/low contrast photographs. Try it out!

John Isom

Email

This is not a ghost story but is along the same vein. A few years ago I walked into a meeting with my wife and the speaker, who I knew, stopped me and asked me to look at a picture. The picture was of a little girl opening a Christmas present. Really a run-of-the-mill type of photograph. I gave the picture back to him and described the little girl to him. He asked me if that was all I

saw, and I said "basically". He said 'look at it again'. I examined it for awhile and described some other features on the print including a TV in the background. The TV was off and, of course, the screen blank. I handed it back. He said 'look at it again'. I did, and handed it back.

He gave it right back. I was getting a little bit confused and was feeling a little bewildered. When he handed the picture back the fourth time, it had changed! The TV was no longer blank. Centered on the screen was the ugliest green demon. The thing was smiling.

A few days later I tried to get a copy of the picture but they had destroyed it because people were giving the people who took the picture a rough time. They were calling them demon possessed.

Does this kind of thing happen often? Have you ever heard of such a thing happening? I was curious if you had heard of this before and who on the Internet may have more pictures of this nature. I DID NOT make the story up. It really happened!

Daniel Herbison

Email

Editor:

It is very rare but I have heard of pictures changing by themselves over a period of time and this wasn't caused by sunlight fading the image or other forms of damage. I haven't heard of any picture changing quite as rapidly as you indicate in your email. I remember a photograph taken of a strange mist which scared the owner, so he put it away in a chest. Several years later, when he went to examine it, he noticed that one half of the image had disappeared and the dividing line looked like a strip of fire!

Angels, Ghosts and Paranormal Phenomena

By Teresa Fleming

My first psychic experience was at four years of age, when my mother had died two years earlier, appeared to me as I was playing in the garden with another child. I remember suddenly looking over the field towards a clump of trees, and over the tops of these, were my mother together with an angel. Both were quite large and had beautiful smiles. They watched me for quite some time, then disappeared, and I've never seen them since.

My second experience was a 22 years of age. I had just moved into a beautiful flat and couldn't believe my good fortune. The first two or three weeks were ideal, and then things which couldn't be explained, started to happen.

As I was watching television, I heard footsteps coming up the stairs, and as the flat was over a shop, and the building was detached, and I had my own separate entrance, I knew something was wrong, but on investigation, discovered nothing. I put it down to my imagination.

However, as I arrived home from work the next evening, I was climbing the stairs, and there appeared to be a small "wizened" face of a man wearing glasses looking at me, then it suddenly disappeared as I reached the top. That same night, I heard what I thought were chains being dragged along the landing as I lay in bed, but stopped outside my bedroom door.

I got myself a cat, as I was told that if there was a ghost in the place, the cat would sense it. The cat literally screamed that night, and threw itself against my bedroom door. When I opened it, the animal had a look of terror in it's eyes and was

shaking. The next day it went out and never came back.

I then borrowed a friend's Alsatian dog who knew me well and of which I had looked after many times. The same thing happened. Growling and snarling was taking place from a placid old dog. Then he too started crying and throwing himself at my door. The next day he couldn't wait to get out, and he never again would come and stay with me. From that night on, things got worse.

Lights would be turned on in various rooms, the phone would ring during the night with no one at the other end. I had the wiring for both checked but nothing was amiss. Still the dragging noises continued. I was very frightened by this time but as I had put my savings and more furnishings into the flat, I was unable to move.

Not content with scaring me, the ghost not only kept up his dragging sound along the corridor until it reached my bedroom, but the door would suddenly open about twelve inches, then the wardrobe would swing open and the key which was always in the wardrobe door disappeared.

Then one day I arrived home from work to find that my wardrobe had been pushed to the other side of the room. I put it back in place and went to take a bath and just as I was about to leave the bathroom, the whole ceiling fell and missed me by a hair's breadth. Upon looking up, I again saw the "wizened face" of that old man.

That same night, just after I went to bed, my door was suddenly thrown wide open with such force that it hit the wall. I was literally stuck to the bed with fear and

after five months in my home, I decided that I couldn't take anymore of these "happenings" and moved out selling what I could and leaving the rest.

During my 57 years, I've had several unexplainable things happen, such as an electric kettle suddenly switching itself on and starting to boil, a knitting needle dropping to the floor never to be seen again. But never will I forget the awful five months

at the flat which I envisaged as being my home for life. I tried desperately to disregard what was taking place night after night, but in the end, I just had to quit.

Submitted by: Teresa Fleming of Dublin, Eire and reprinted with permission from Enigmas (Nov-Dec 1994) and Malcolm Robinson.



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America's Haunted Hotels

By Richard Senate



Many historic hotels are haunted. It can be said that almost any of the hotels older than 75 years has at least one phantom resident to call its own. Most refuse to talk about such things in the mistaken belief that rumors of a ghost will somehow scare away business. A few of the haunted hotels have so many tales floating around that they can sweep them under the carpet and admit that they do have a ghost lurking around the lobby and staying in some of the rooms. This list is just a sample of America's most haunted hotels.

Hotel Jerome, Aspen, Colorado. A ghostly child haunts room 310 where his shivering form has asked residents for help. Before someone can come to help, the child mysteriously vanishes away! The room was built over an old swimming pool where a child was drowned years ago.

The Menger Hotel, San Antonio, Texas. The older section of this Victorian hotel is haunted by the restless ghost of Sallie White who was murdered by her husband on the night of March 28, 1876. They say he found her in the arms of another man and in a fit of rage shot her dead. They see the phantom maid still working late at night and time and again guests complain of a maid who was rude to the guests and wearing an old style uniform from the 1870's!

The Renaissance Mayflower Hotel, Washington, DC. The sad ghost of President Calvin Coolidge is rumored to haunt the Grand Ballroom of the historic hotel. He appears on the night of January 20th each year. It was on that day he learned of his son's death. At 10 p.m. on that night each year, the lights flicker and odd events happen.

The Don Cesar Beach Resort, St. Pete's Beach, Florida. This 1925 hotel has a haunted plaza where a phantom couple have been seen over the years still holding hands in a love story that continues long after death. Thomas and Lucinda, the two star-crossed lovers, stroll together and then vanish in the lobby.

Netherland Plaza Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio. The frightening "Lady in Green" wanders the hotel looking for the lost body of her husband who mysteriously died during the construction of the hotel. They say that his body was never found and that explains why the ghostly woman still walks the halls.

The Wayside Inn, Middleton, Virginia. The ghostly figures of Civil War Veterans have been reported in the lobby and veranda of this historic hotel. It was used during the war by both the North and the South as a hospital and many died in the old place during the trauma of the Civil War. Guests report seeing figures in the blue and grey of the two armies haunting the lobby and halls of the hotel.

Camberley's Martha Washington Inn, Abingdon, Virginia. A phantom horse

haunts this place in a reenactment of a tragedy that can be traced to the Civil War. A Yankee trooper was hit by a bullet and taken to the hotel at midnight. He died, but the horse waited outside for him. The next day the animal was gone and each year the visitors report seeing a ghost horse on the grounds. A horse without a rider.

The Pfister Hotel, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The ghost that haunts this classic hotel is none other than the builder, Mr. Charles Pfister. He called his place "the grand hotel of the west" and insisted on fine service and excellent accommodations. It seems he comes back from time to time to make sure the quality of service hasn't declined in his absence. He has been seen in the wee hours of the night on the Grand Stairway and in the ballroom balcony, as well as in the Lobby. He is always described as smiling and portly - he seems pleased.

Hotel Del Coronado, Coronado,

California. Legends say that the ghostly lady who haunts room 3502 is none other than Kate Morgan, who checked into the elaborate wooden hotel in 1892. She was found mysteriously murdered on the hotel steps. The crime was never solved and from that day on odd things have been reported in that room. Breezes from nowhere and the sightings of a young woman in a black lace dress believed to be the restless spirit of Kate herself.

Radisson Suite Hotel, Ogden, Utah.

The ghost is limited to one room, 1106 and the elevator. The ghost is said to be a woman who stayed at the hotel during World War II. The elevator stops and starts at odd times and there have been reports of a phantom figure in the so called "haunted

room".

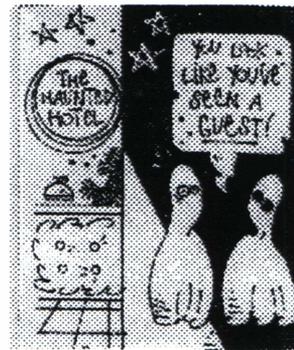
The Mansion House, San Francisco,

California. This former residence of Senator Chambers has been converted into a hotel and seems to be to the liking of the presiding ghost, the senator's wife. Claudia Chambers seemed to love to party in life, and continues her pranks on the many visitors who come to this inn. They say she has twisted a toilet seat into an odd shape and shattered a glass when people spoke of her without the proper respect. Her most outrageous act was to ride her large pig up the stairway, a feat she is said to re-enact on special days.

The Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel,

Hollywood, California. This Hollywood landmark has a number of reported ghosts, but perhaps the most frequently sighted ghost is that of actor Montgomery Clift, who walks the ninth floor sometimes playing a bugle! There is also a mysterious cold spot in the old ballroom that has yet to be explained and rumors that a mirror near the lower stairway, beside the pool, is haunted by the ghost of actress Marilyn Monroe. These are only a few of the ghosts reported to wander the old hotel.

Submitted by: Richard Senate, Special Consultant to the GRS, 10061 Carlyle St., Ventura, CA. 93004.



Beholden To The Kindness of Specters: Ghostly Special Effects in Old Town San Diego

By John J. Lamb

GRS Southern California Area Coordinator



Over the past year I've conducted nighttime walking tours past the haunted places of Old Town San Diego and during that time my guests have been fortunate to experience a few brushes with the paranormal. At one location in the State Park, an exterior street lamp sporadically extinguishes when I talk of apparent poltergeist manipulation of lights inside a nearby building. Also, at the famous Whaley House, there have been two occasions when guests claimed to have seen an apparition in the yard. Such occurrences don't happen often on tours which is a shame because, if they did, I could treble the price of my excursion.

Let us first examine the curious behavior of the street lamp. On the east side of the exterior of La Casa de Estudillo, an adobe hacienda constructed in 1827, stands a street light with a sodium bulb. It is under this yellow glow that I stop and tell my guests of the apparition and poltergeist activity occurring within the adjoining Casa de Bandini, built in 1829. Usually nothing untoward happens, but on nine occasions since July of 1997, the street lamp has shut off at that moment when I'm describing the disruption of lights within Casa de Bandini.

When this transpires, my customers typically giggle nervously and ask how I've managed the cunning special effect.

However, when I admit that I don't know how or why the lights are affected, silence descends. I explain that it is possible the light is merely malfunctioning, but I also point out the light standard's proximity to La Casa de Estudillo's "Blue Room", which has been home to apparitions, cold spots and poltergeist activity.

But the extinguishing of a light is decidedly small beer when compared against the sighting of two specters in the south yard of the Whaley House. What is curious about this pair of events is that they occurred within four days of each other and in the same general location. Furthermore, the apparition seen by guests have a history of appearances in the yard.

The first episode occurred on the evening of November 2, 1997, which, those with a knowledge of the Roman Catholic calendar of feast days, will realize is All Soul's Day. That night, I had a group of about seven customers seated on a low wall and, as I regaled them with ghost stories from the house, I realized that a man, his wife and ten-year-old son were watching something moving in the yard behind me. Since a very large and bold skunk resides in the yard, my first concern was to ascertain if I needed to evacuate the area.

However, when I asked the man if he had seen the skunk, I was in for a shock. Obviously amazed, both the husband and wife claimed to have observed a misty human form moving toward the house. Their son also piped up and asked if his parents were

referring to the “smoky man” crossing the yard. Now it is possible that the family was engaged in a cunning practical joke, but based on their subsequent reactions I am convinced this is not the case. Moreover, it is not commonly known that the spirit revenant of Thomas Whaley is seen as frequently in the yard as the house.

I was wondering if Mr. Whaley was out to insure I was telling his story properly.

The next episode occurred four days later, on the evening of November 5th, at precisely the same location. I had a smaller group, five customers, and among their number was a caustically skeptical young man who repeatedly expressed scorn for ghost stories. His girlfriend, who was interested in the phenomena, apologized several times for her date’s brusqueness.

It isn’t often you are afforded the opportunity to watch a skeptic eat a large plate of crow, but this evening I was blessed. For, as I provided a history of the haunting at the Whaley House, I noticed the young man had removed his eyeglasses and was vigorously massaging his eyes. Then, when I concluded my remarks with the story of Dolly, the ghost of the Whaley’s Scottish Terrier, the disbeliever halted my commentary. In a quiet and stunned voice, he asserted he had seen the phantom dog near an outcropping of bushes, but assumed it was a corporeal dog.

I encouraged the young man to go and examine the bushes to insure that he hadn’t simply mistaken a cat or the skunk for Dolly, but he respectfully declined. Therefore, I checked the foliage, but there were no animals. For the remainder of the tour, the skeptic was thoughtfully silent while his date wore a self-satisfied grin.

What makes this encounter particularly intriguing is that Dolly is one of

the more obscure ghosts of the Whaley House. She doesn’t receive anywhere near the media or literary attention of her spectral master or “Yankee Jim” Robinson and few people know that she is occasionally seen in the yard.

Months have passed since the last sighting of an apparition on the tour, but I continue to hope the ghosts will put in another appearance. In the meantime, I consider myself fortunate to have some helpful phantoms that occasionally flavor the excursion with special effects.

I only hope they don’t decide they’ve earned a portion of my profits.

Old Town Ghost Tours is located in San Diego, California and operates throughout the year. The tours cover a distance of about four city blocks and are 90 minutes in duration. Prices are \$10 for adults and \$8 for GRS members and children. For further information, please telephone (760)724-1789.

LEFT COAST GHOST NOTES:

For those who haven’t heard, the ghost research community recently lost a supporter and fine lady. June Reading, the long-time curator of the Whaley House, died in January of cancer and she will be enormously missed. June was always helpful to ghost researchers and often allowed us free access to the house. *Viya con Dios, June.*

Submitted by: John J. Lamb, Area Research Director for the GRS, PO Box 371818, San Diego, CA. 92137-1818, (760)724-1789.

What's Waiting at the Top of the Stairs

By Maurice Schwalm



Paulette Riley cautiously climbed the creaky wooden stairs leading to the barren third floor of the 129-year-old house on Quality Hill.

Plaster chips jutted from the stairwell walls. Cobwebs dangled from above.

A musty scent grew stronger with each step.

As she neared the top, Riley froze. Her hands flew to her mouth and she let out a gasp.

"Paula..." she whimpered to her colleague, her voice beginning to quiver. "Look!"

As Riley tried to regain her composure, Paula Eickhoff strained to see what had frightened her. Riley pointed to a blue object on the floor at the top of the stairs.

"It's the toilet brush again," she said, her eyes wide.

It was the second time the brush had disappeared from downstairs and wound up on the empty third floor.

Even on Halloween, the three-story red brick Warner house looks inviting enough.

A black wrought-iron fence opens into a neatly manicured yard, and stone benches line the sidewalk. Inside, hunter and burgundy carpet accent the oak stair rail and trim, the sun streaks through thick, leaded-glass windows, and green plants give the offices a homey air.

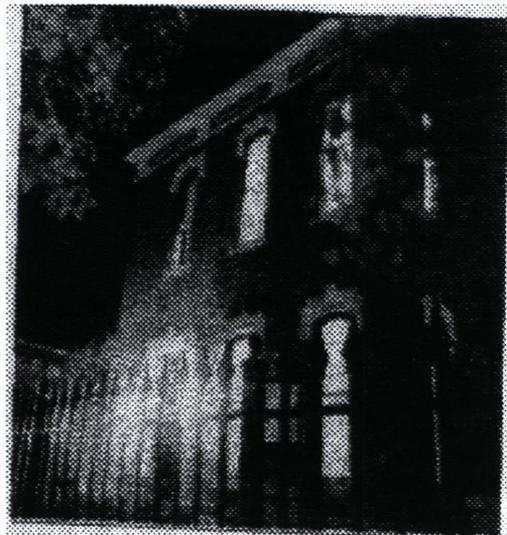
The place doesn't seem haunted. But

three years ago, two days after the YWCA moved its executive offices into the house at 1021 Pennsylvania Avenue, the maintenance man was hauling a load of boxes from the basement. Halfway up the creaky steps, he stopped.

At the top of the stairs was a shadowy figure of a man in a Civil War uniform, wearing boots and carrying a saber. Then, the figure disappeared.

"And that was just the beginning", said Eickhoff, YWCA's human resources manager.

In the three years they've been in the building, employees said they have seen children playing on the stairs; heard voices when no one was there; and had missing office items turn up on the empty third floor. Is it haunted?



A reporter and photographer with the help of Kansas City psychic investigator Maurice Schwalm tried to find out. Schwalm carried a compass and a Polaroid

camera through the house, looking for signs of spirits.

Founder of the Mensa Occult Studies Group, Schwalm said he has examined more than 100 haunted houses in the area since 1970. The retired insurance claims supervisor is listed in the Facts on File Encyclopedia of Ghosts and Spirits and is writing a book called *Mo-Kan Ghosts*.

"Now don't be disappointed if you don't see candles whizzing through the air or something like that," Schwalm warned earlier Wednesday. "We'll be really lucky if anything happens. These things can take time."

Eickhoff and Riley, YWCA's vice president of administration, gave a tour of the house.

Click. Schwalm snapped a picture of the main staircase.

Click. A picture of Riley's office.

Click. The basement stairs.

In the basement at the Warner house, Schwalm put his compass down, not far from the stairs where the employee said he saw the image in the Civil War uniform. Sometimes, Schwalm said, the presence of a ghost can disrupt the magnetic field in a room, causing a compass needle to point a different direction or spin erratically.

"Well, well," Schwalm said looking at the needle and pointing to the north. "It's telling me that's west. That shows us there's some activity here."

Not everyone, of course, believes in ghosts.

"People deeply want to believe in the immortality of the soul," said Verle Muhrer, a founder of the Committee for Skeptical Inquiry.

But Muhrer says there are several explanations for the sighting of ghosts. One is a phenomenon called a waking dream, in

which people who are just falling asleep or just waking up have vivid images.

"Another phenomenon is that old house often have air drafts; there are lots of noises," he said. "Sometimes animals...get into the attics and walls and make funny sounds. Lights will go on and off, sometimes as faulty electrical connections. And when the water pressure varies in a city and there are old valves in a house, the water will start running as pressure rises."

And there are pranks, too.

Generally, Muhrer said, if you look hard enough, you can find a natural explanation for an unusual occurrence.

"We don't reject the supernatural hypothesis; it's possible there are ghosts, but you shouldn't leap into this hypothesis first. You should make every effort to find a natural solution."

The house was built in 1868 by Major William Warner, a Civil War veteran who was elected in 1871 as the 13th mayor of Kansas City and later became a congressman and U.S. senator.

Warner came to Kansas City in 1865. The next year, he married Sophia Bullene Bromley, and the couple had four children. As mayor, Warner pushed for the city's first stockyards. He died in 1916 and is buried in Union Cemetery.

The house had sat empty for years until the YWCA moved in in 1994. And then, strange things started happening.

"There's a chain lock inside the front door, and we can't lock it from the outside," Eickhoff said. "The day after we moved in, when one of the ladies got there the next morning, it was fastened. They had to break the door down to get inside."

"At the desk where I sit, at least once a month, there's a real cold breeze that goes by my face. People have seen figures on the

steps and moving in my office. And quite a few people have seen an image in a dark Civil War uniform.”

One night, an employee stopped by after hours to pick something up. She knocked on the door. As she waited for someone to let her in, she looked inside and saw children playing on the steps. When another employee came downstairs and opened the door, the woman asked if the employee had brought her children along. The puzzled employee said she was alone.

One employee said he was skeptical of the stories when he started working there. But he became a believer after he left his desk briefly one afternoon and returned and found a pile of blank tape run through his adding machine.

When he had the machine checked, nothing was wrong with it.

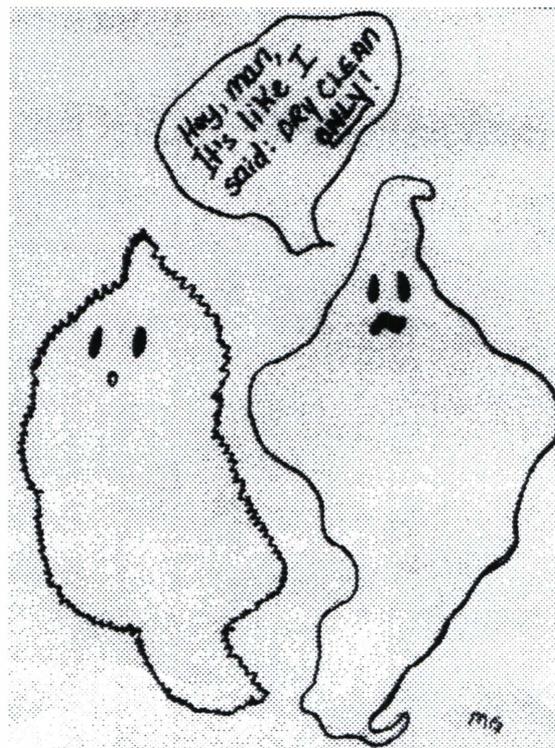
Click. Schwalm took another picture. Then he finished by snapping a shot of the front door from the outside.

A few hours later, the Warner house was dark and quiet. In a small storage room in the basement, a photographer held a light meter to take a picture. Readings were wildly erratic. It was time to leave.

As the photographer walked out, the reporter went back inside to retrieve a flashlight. At the front door, she turned the handle. The door wouldn't budge. She pulled hard. Nothing. She pushed. Nothing. She pulled again and jiggled the handle. Nothing. Thirty seconds later, the door opened easily.

On Thursday, a photo of the front of the building revealed what appeared to be a strange image. Two eyes and a mouth peered from a window above the door. A reflection in the glass? A flaw in the film? A case of bad nerves? Perhaps....

Submitted by: Maurice Schwalm, PO Box 3522, Kansas City, KS. 66103-0522.
Reprinted from the Kansas City Star, Friday, October 31, 1997.



Ghostly Shorts

When I first encountered spirits in my own home, I was unnerved and also doubtful of my sanity. After all, if I was crazy enough to tackle a third restoration project in nine years, then maybe I could be crazy in other ways as well. However, time and an open mind helped me accept and enjoy these little meetings between the past and the present; now, a home would never really be a home without these unexplainables.

In August, 1979, we moved into a three-story 1857, brick Victorian to begin our third and most ambitious restoration. The structure had been built as a gracious home for a state senator, and then served as a doctor's home, a restaurant, and finally for 25 years as a nursing home. It stood unattended for two years before we purchased it.

Needless to say, there was a great deal to be done. However, by September of 1979 we considered ourselves fortunate to have repaired the roof and furnace, replaced missing windows, and installed a working kitchen. Over the weekend, we had ripped out a containment wall surrounding the curved mahogany staircase in the front hallway.

That particular morning, my husband had gone to the next town where he taught school, and I was halfheartedly contemplating painting one of the 15-foot ceilings when the phone rang. As I told my college friend of our progress, I noticed the chandelier flashing on and off through the transom over the door leading into the formal parlor. I commented to her about the odd occurrence, wondering about the competency of the electrician who had recently inspected and approved all the wiring. She, however, began to worry that

someone had come in through one of the eight exterior doors and was playing a nasty trick on me. Nothing would calm her except that I go immediately to investigate, while she listened in case something truly disastrous was happening.

As luck would have it, the closest doorway was blocked with ladders and tools. Therefore, I took the more circuitous route through the dining room, into an added room, and down the front hall. My two schnauzers trotted along, one on either side, as I entered the hallway. Suddenly, the door between the hall and the parlor literally flew open, as if a gust of wind had pushed it.

Both dogs began to whimper and back up as very distinct, heavy footsteps came toward us. There was positively nothing to be seen, and I searched my mind for logical explanations as the dogs turned tail and deserted me. Then all logical thoughts left me as an icy air encircled me and the footsteps continued past me, to die at the doorway I'd just used. I was shaken, but I did carefully inspect the parlor: All the windows were sealed tight and all the lights were off.

For several days, I was the victim of my husband's and friends' teasing about ghosts and strange noises. In fact, I was beginning to believe I'd been the victim of my own overactive imagination, when both my husband and I were awakened in the predawn by the explosive sound of shattering glass; not a small tinkling, but a massive crash.

With visions of tree limbs coming through the 14-foot windows on the first floor, we raced down only to find everything exactly as it should be. Then we ran back to the second floor to inspect the windows and

antique mirrors; and finally to the third floor, where once again everything was intact. In the daylight, we explored the yard around the house and finally the street for broken glass. In cautious questioning, we determined that no one else in the village heard a thing. Since that time, we experience the same phenomenon two or three times a year, and have yet to find a reason for it.

The footsteps in the front hall continued until we removed the room that was added to the rear of it and restored the door that hung there originally. We then found ourselves listening for what had become over the months an almost pleasant sound. But upon completion of the former parlor, we found a new friend who likes to serenade us with soft, lilting tunes. If what we have since discovered is true, then perhaps the senator who built the house is back playing his beloved harpsichord as he once did for his family and friends in that very room.

Perhaps the most memorable and least explainable experience during our residence was my encounter with the barefoot boy. Once again, I'd been painting; a never-ending task, it seems! After an extended period of time, I began to wonder what had become of my husband, who had gone to the basement for "just a minute." In all honesty, I dislike the basement area intensely, with its eerily trickling spring (Victorian luxury) and mausoleum-like silence. I loathe the thought of anyone being there for more than a few minutes.

As I rounded the corner into the kitchen, a startled boy of about eight stood looking at me. He was clad in a too-large, grayish shirt and faded coveralls, and had bare, wet feet. I gasped, and he picked up an unusually cumbersome lantern and began

backing toward the outside door. As he backed, he also began to fade—"fade" is the only word that describes what happened to him. At that moment, my husband burst into the kitchen, carrying a rusted lantern he had unearthed in the basement. It was identical to the one the boy had been carrying.

Later, a museum curator identified it as the type of hanging oil lantern often found in churches or meeting halls, and seldom carried as it was awkward to handle and easily blown out. We can find no explanation for its being buried in the basement, unless of course some little boy did it a century ago.

Living in a village founded in 1803, where most of the buildings were erected between that time and 1900, ours is not the only home with unseen guests. And once you learn to accept these glimpses into the past as a rare favor, life in an old house becomes so much more delightful!

Submitted by: R.A.D. of Old Washington, Ohio.

I was never one to believe in ghosts until we rented a 1700, 13-room home. When we first moved in, my father went into the attic to check things out. There were boxes of artwork and also books in Braille. He moved all the boxes to the opposite side of the attic, so that the rain that dripped through the few holes wouldn't run their contents. Off from the house, we found a graveyard. Most died at thirty or younger. It was the same family.

One night my mother and I were sitting in the living room, when we heard the doorknob turning; first slowly, then faster. We hadn't heard any cars pull up. (The house was on a mile lane in the country.) I woke my father and we told him all about the

knob turning. He checked everything out and found nothing. He said we probably imagined it and went back to bed.

We let it slide until a few nights later. I was up very late when my mother came in and wanted to know why I was typing so late at night. I told her I hadn't been typing and showed her that my typewriter was stored in a corner. She said it woke up her and Dad and sounded like it was in the same room. She went back to her room and it stopped.

Later that week, we went to my grandmother's, and my father stayed home. When we returned, he was starting to get edgy. He said that he had heard footsteps as well as the upstairs doors slamming. He had thought one of my brothers had stayed home, so he went upstairs to see but found no one. We were all gone. Things were getting spooky!

A few nights later, I was up late again when I heard something that sounded like it was coming from the attic. The next night I asked my father if he'd sent my brothers up there for anything. We questioned them, but they'd been asleep. We were using the small room with the attic hatch as storage. There were a lot of items under the door, and they hadn't been moved.

I told my parents that the noise sounded like boxes being moved. (At that time, I didn't know that my father had moved them because of the leaks.) Dad took a flashlight and went up into the attic. All of the boxes were moved back to the original side. Also, he found a Braille typewriter on the side of the attic that was directly over his and Mom's room. He hadn't seen it the first time.

All we learned was that there had been a blind girl who lived there once. So was it a ghost? We had the landlord remove

everything from the attic. We lived there ten years and heard nothing after everything was moved out. I had wished it was never moved out, because the ghost or spirit or whatever it was seemed harmless. My curiosity still gets me.

Submitted by: D.T. of Secretary, Maryland.

The previous curators of Upper Wolfsnare Manor had informed us that there was a ghost in the house and that he had been seen by their daughter on more than one occasion. So we were not surprised when our own daughter reported that she had come home from a party in the wee hours one night to discover the ghost materialized in her bedroom. "I don't have time to deal with you now," she said tiredly, and the ghost obligingly disappeared.

I was conscious of the presence of the ghost because, in the middle of a major job, tools would mysteriously disappear. After spending a great deal of time hunting for the item, I would abandon the search and either go out and buy a replacement or make do with a substitute. Weeks later the tool in question would turn up in some curious and out-of-the-way place. So now I own two claw hammers, two carpenter's rules, and identical twins of a few other assorted items.

One Sunday my wife and daughter were in the kitchen preparing lunch, two male friends were in the backyard raking grass, and I was in the upstairs study overlooking the front yard. As we gathered in the dining room for lunch, one of the young men asked me, "What was I doing wrong?" "What do you mean?" I replied.

"You were looking at me through the back upstairs window so sternly, I thought that I must have been doing something

wrong," he said. I told him that I hadn't been near that window. He reacted with a crestfallen, "Oh, and I see now that you're not wearing a white shirt." We all realized that he too must have seen a materialization of our curious ghost.

During the Civil War, nearby Norfolk and Princess Anne County were occupied by Union forces. It's said that our house served as a garrison for the Federals. We wonder whether our ghost is the result of one of the many guerilla skirmishes that occurred in the area.

Submitted by: A.R.T. of Virginia Beach, Virginia.

I was originally disappointed because I had no story to tell of our 1892 house. The neighborhood children had told us that there was a ghost in our house and that it had been seen by previous owners. But we had no concrete evidence of its being with us. True, our youngest daughter swore someone was always moving her things about in her room, and once when my husband was alone, listening to music with headphones on, someone tapped him sharply on the back.

About two weeks ago, my husband Don was told a story that others might not believe; we do. Don was talking to Marty, the 17-year-old son of our friends. He asked Don if we had an old man living with us. The boy described the man's physical appearance and the following sequence of events: Marty had come to our house on a Saturday afternoon to help Don with some basement work. Don was finishing piano lessons with one of his students, so Marty sat in our television room, which is totally visible from the television room.

According to the boy, while he was watching television, he became aware that an

old man was sitting in a chair at the far end of our living room. The man was dressed in "old-fashioned clothes"; pants that buttoned below the knee. He sat there for a short time, then got up and went over to the fireplace and began taking measurements with a folding wooden ruler. He then walked into our dining room and was not seen again. The boy was so scared that he didn't tell anyone about this. He thought people would think he was imagining things.

We are convinced our ghost is a previous owner who did some wonderful remodeling to our house: a solarium full of beveled, leaded-glass windows; the sandstone, hand-carved fireplace mantel and surround; and an 8-foot addition to the south side of the house. (We now have a 30-foot-long living room.)

Last Sunday we decided to rearrange the furniture in the living room. After much debate and measuring here and there, we both said "Where is he when we need him?"

Submitted by: J.E.H. of Massillon, Ohio.



GHOSTS, GHOSTS & MORE GHOSTS

By Jessica Shaw

I would be around 27 years old at the time and I had moved into an old cottage without water or sink and we only had an earth toilet, which was situated at the top of a large garden. My new neighbors who were middle aged, hadn't said anything about the "vision" they had seen quite a number of times. I had a very intelligent Alsatian dog by the name of Rex, and he often went with me if it was dark to visit the toilet. Just around 6:30 p.m. one evening, I went up the garden and as I started to walk down the path to go to the toilet, I saw a very tall nun. She was dressed in grey and was a very tall lady. The nun gazed at me and I hurried down the path and I thought, well I'm wide awake I'll look again; she was still there and gazing at me. She beckoned me to go to her. This amazed me but I was also scared and I ran back into the house and wondered as to why I had seen this lady nun.

Next day, my neighbor's husband said, "Jessica, have you seen the spook?" and Gerty his wife said, "Don't be soft, you know we have one, and I'm sure Jessica would like to know." I then mentioned that I had been startled by a figure, and then Raymond said, "It's a nun isn't it?" I said, "Yes it was and she looked so real."

A few days later, I saw the nun once more and Rex was with me. He bristled, howled and ran home ahead of me. The nun then started to follow me. I heard her footsteps, and as I closed the back door, she came and banged on the door, and shouted, "Please help me, help me." Rex was howling and my husband locked the door and said, "This place is haunted, I'm not staying in this house."

The next day my neighbor said,

"Jessica, what was all that noise?" and I explained about the vision and the nun banging, and she said, "I think we must be all psychic, but she cannot harm us, but what does the poor soul want here anyway?" My theory is that she was killed, with possibly more from a nearby convent. This happened at a tiny village called Little Fencote, near Northallerton in Yorkshire, England.

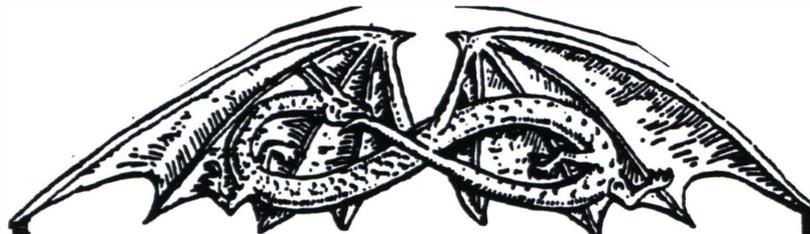
We now live in a house which is about 110 years old, and one sunny afternoon I "saw" an old lady in black clothes sitting on my bed. I said, "What do you want, you don't live here now?" Then she moved and dissolved near the bedroom door. On certain occasions, I felt that I was being watched in this house which gave me the chills. I contacted a medium (Sue) and she came and sat with me and said, "Jessica, you have a lady living here and you will have some happenings but don't worry as she won't harm you. It's a tiny old lady in black." I said, "Sue, it's the lady I saw sitting on my bed", so that proved my vision. Later, I went into my bedroom, picked up my Bible and prayed out loud and said, "Rest in peace. Go to Jesus or your relatives or friends". I haven't seen the old lady since.

We have a new neighbor who's been in some trouble, and he's started to damage my house by banging and drilling. We contacted a solicitor and the council and we were threatened by him. The police came up and warned him. Anyway, I was sitting reading in the lounge and my grandmother appeared in a blaze of light. I looked at my grandmother and she smiled and looked so life-like, I just couldn't believe my eyes. I called my husband and said that gram had been to see us, and I think it's a warning

because I feel gram is protecting us from harm. I contacted a local medium, and she said that gram is watching over us and that we will leave the house and go to a nicer area someday. I live in the hope that some sunshine will come soon as I am unable to go into the garden without a look behind me to

see if that man's there from next door.

Submitted by: Jessica Shaw, Chesterfield, England and reprinted with permission from Enigmas and Malcolm Robinson.



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Spirit Photography Page



I read an article in the August 9, 1988 Sun Newspaper about yourself and your Society of Ghost Research.

I've been looking for someone who knows what they're talking about when it comes to ghosts in photographs.

I took the above picture of my wife in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania on the battlefield. As you can see on the left wheel of the cannon there is a "smoke" like formation. The picture was taken with a simple 110 Camera. As I remember the time was about dusk and you can see a car in the background with its lights on.

I can't make out anything within the "smoke" but I know it does not show itself in any other picture taken at the same day, time and place.

I've enclosed a stamped self-addressed envelope so you may return my picture and your reply.

Thanks so much, I'm really looking forward to hearing from you. Like I said, I

don't see any face, body, etc. but considering where the picture was taken, I thought you might see something or know what would have caused this on the film. Again thanks so much!

Chris & Terri Payne of Woodbridge, NJ.

Editor: We find no place for the flash to have bounced off and considering you were visiting perhaps the most haunted Civil War battlefield of them all, it isn't unusual to take this kind of photograph. We do not jump to conclusions as other so-called researchers do but thoroughly analyze each and every photograph we receive before making a determination.

We are certain it wasn't caused by a chemical flaw in developing or bad film but do know that spirits can linger where they have met their untimely demise. I would suggest carefully examining all of your photographs taken at Gettysburg during your visit, just in case!

Book Reviews

Ghost Stalkers Guide to Haunted Catalina by Richard Senate (Charon Press, 1988, 805-643-3969, soft-cover, 176 pages, \$11.95, ISBN: 0-9640065-5-3)

I've always enjoyed Richard Senate's reporting on haunted sites and there is a very simple reason for this: his prose is direct and his description of paranormal events is wonderfully free from the feigned spookiness of so many other ghost books. Senate brings those attributes, and a wealth of spectral accounts, to his most recent book *Ghost Stalkers Guide to Haunted Catalina*.

The work is a combination of fresh accounts and some of the more compelling reports from Senate's earlier books, merged to create a satisfying handbook on ghostly California. From the famous Whaley House, in San Diego, to the lonely lava beds of Northern California, Senate tells of apparitions, poltergeists and, amusingly, a clever hoax. But this isn't just a mere listing of haunted houses, for each chapter contains useful historical data, descriptions of the ghost phenomena and some thoughtful conjecture on the cause of the spectral episodes. Finally, one of the most useful elements of this book is a brief but comprehensive reference guide to 101 haunted sites throughout California.

Ghost Stalkers Guide to Haunted Catalina is an excellent addition to your research library and an engaging read. I strongly recommend it to anyone with an interest in the ghostly occupants of the Golden State.

Reviewed by: John J. Lamb, Area Research Director for California.

Chicago Haunts by Ursula Bielski (Lake Claremont Press, PO Box 25291, Chicago, IL. 60625, soft-cover, 1997, 263 pages, \$15.00, ISBN: 0-9642426-9-9)

The first book of it's kind strictly devoted to the haunts of Chicagoland and it's suburban regions. When I first heard about the book, I just assumed the author knew enough about the history of Chicagoland ghosts to properly give justice in literary form. I was wrong.

The book, while the first of several dealing with Chicago ghosts, falls far short of it's expectations! There are many serious mistakes and I'm sure most of them are not typos but simply areas where research was lacking.

Being somewhat of an expert on Chicago and Chicago ghosts myself since 1975, I was easily able to spot this shortcomings and mistakes. While I won't go into all of them, suffice it to say that many dates regarding sightings of ghosts especially Resurrection Mary encounters were way off base sometimes as much as a season or, in one case, 10 years!

The St. Valentine's Day Massacre site was the SMC Cartage Company garage and not the SMG as stated in the book. Other mistakes include the address of St. Rita's Church and minor exclusions of reported encounters. The author also mistakenly identified Morton High School instead of Morton College as being haunted.

The author obviously didn't do her homework in the above instances. She also seemed to approach almost all of the stories in the book as fiction or folklore rather than real accounts told and experienced by real and sober individuals.

I did enjoy reading the book however

and only someone deeply involved with the paranormal stories associated with Chicago ghosts would have picked out these mistakes.

A good attempt but is lacking in credibility due to the tone of which the book was written. Rated a 5 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Chicagoland Ghosts by Dylan Clearfield
(Thunder Bay Press, 1997, soft-cover, 124 pages, \$12.95, ISBN: 1-882376-41-2)

Clearly this book hastily assembled by Mr. Clearfield is the worst of the two books on Chicago ghosts reviewed in this issue of Ghost Trackers Newsletter!

This book was a poor attempt of an overall view to Chicago ghosts apparently put together in great haste without proper research or even getting the most important facts straight!

Many shortcomings are quite evident to anyone familiar with Chicago history or ghost stories; I will list only several of the many that I discovered while reading this book.

According to the author, the Maple Lake ghostlight hangs "fifty feet above the water"!! I guess witnesses would get whiplash at that height while in reality it has been observed only a few feet above the surface of the water.

The train wreck of those buried in Showmen's Rest at Woodlawn Cemetery numbered 86 people killed and not 56; while the builder of the Irish Castle in Beverly was Givens and not Gibbons!

Many inconsistencies surround the Dillinger story including the facts that the lady in red actually wore an orange dress, Dillinger never drew his gun and only two bullets hit him.

Resurrection Mary reports were also wrong in many aspects including the fact that she allegedly hitchhiked from the O'Henry Ballroom and not the Willowbrook; the policeman responding the woman locked in the cemetery actually found the bars bent that evening and the cab driver who picked up what probably was Resurrection Mary had her get into the front, not the back seat!

There were other minor mistakes probably what I believe was an attempt to publish this book quickly. I do appreciate the mention of my name in the acknowledgements but I believe this book has great shortcomings.

Two stories that could fill many pages with reports include Jewish Waldheim Cemetery and Robinson Woods Indian Burial Grounds. However both of the stories are cited in less than one page! Jewish Waldheim's report is only two sentences and one of the two is used to locate the cemetery geographically.

I would pass on this one! Rated a 2 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Children Of The Light by Cherie Sutherland (Souvenir Press Ltd., 43 Great Russell St., London, England, WC1B 3PA, 10 pounds)

Most people the world over, have heard or read about Near Death Experiences (NDE's), it occurs when someone has either been involved in a tragic accident or illness, and for a few moments, find themselves "separated" from their physical material body, and into what's termed, their "etheric body". They then find themselves traveling down a long dark tunnel at the end of which can be seen a tremendous sphere of light. Upon reaching the light they then claim to

have met up with loved ones, mothers, fathers, brothers or sisters who have passed on before them.

Many strange experiences have been told by people in these situations but this book is somewhat different. It covers the Near Death Experiences of children aged between one year (yes one year!) and 17. To say that this is a most fascinating read would be doing it an injustice, it's simply incredible. The uncluttered minds of these children tell graphically and in great detail what they saw on the "other side".

This book should lift the veil of negative thinking on the part of the skeptic and make him more understanding towards the phenomenon known as the Near Death Experience. For anyone interested in this subject, then this book is a must. Highly recommended.

Reviewed by: Malcolm Robinson

Ghosts of Springfield by Troy Taylor
(Whitechapel Productions, Route 51 North, Box 11, Forsyth, IL. 62535, 1997, soft-cover, 888-GHOSTLY, 243 pages, \$14.95, ISBN: 0-9651497-4-9)

I don't know how he does it or finds the time to do it but Mr. Taylor continues to produce one fine book after another! This one is no exception. You've heard the phrase: "A nose for the news"? Well, Troy has a sense for the spirits! His tireless research including outings to all of the places featured in the many books written by him, go to show the novice author that research and correctness are foremost in reporting and writing about encounters whether they be ghostly or not.

I have visited Springfield a few times during state fairs but was unaware of the

many hauntings and ghost reports in the city proper. *Ghosts of Springfield* takes the traveler into the Illinois capitol where many fear to tread.

I especially enjoyed the chapters dealing with the haunting of the Springfield Theater Center and "The Haunted President".

His no nonsense approach to ghosts coupled with the clear and vivid pictures of many sites make for enjoyable reading. Highly recommended. Rated a 8 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Blue & Gray: Haunted Places of the Civil War III: Things That Go Bump in the Night (Blue & Grey Magazine, PO Box 28685, Columbus, OH. 43228, 614-870-1861, \$3.95, Fall 1997)

A special issue devoted to places, sites and battlefields allegedly haunted by both famous, not so famous and infamous people killed during the Civil War.

The locations are spaced around several states including Tennessee, South Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland and others.

Ghosts encountered at the Bloody Lane at Antietam, the Pry House nearby, Thalian Hall in Wilmington, North Carolina, the spirits of Beemer's Woods, the Piedmont Hotel in Gainesville, Georgia and the many ghosts still wandering the Gettysburg Battlefield in Pennsylvania.

Painstakingly researched and authenticated by witnesses and park historians alike. Back issues might be available. A must for the Civil War buff! Rated a 8 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

A True Critique of Nancy Robert's Georgia Ghosts

By Todd Womack

I feel that reviewer Dennis Hauck stated all that needed to be said about Robert's new book entitled Georgia Ghosts in his very first two words when he called Robert's a "veteran folklorist". He could have stopped right there and the serious ghost researcher would have known to stay away from it.

When the Robert's book first hit the bookstores, I was in Savannah, the site of several of her "ghosts", attending a historical research conference. I was actually at a Media Play store as they were putting out copies right out of their shipping cases. Excited, I quickly bought one and raced back to my hotel to look through it. My smile soon turned to a frown as I once again read the same, tired old ghost stories that have been repeated over and over and in MANY cases found to be completely groundless or out and out lies!

As a citizen of the fine southern state of Georgia and a one-time resident of Savannah, I was stunned to see the number of errors in the text and the number of stories that can not be true when shown against the harsh light of historical fact.

First, let's start with the spirits of that wondrous riverside city, Savannah, as related by Mrs. Roberts. I am sure that many of you have at least heard of the Pirate's House restaurant which is set in the picturesque heart of the downtown area and that old building's many ghost stories. Roberts' tells not one but two totally untrue 'tales' about that structure. What on earth was that mention of a fictitious character from English literature dying in an upstairs room and his ghost being heard yelling for brandy? I am the only one who paid attention in Junior

High English enough to know that Captain Flint WAS A PERSON WHO NEVER EXISTED! As if this wasn't enough, the rest of the story would have been mind-boggling to anyone who has actually been INSIDE the restaurant. The unnamed speaker of the story had obviously never set foot in the dining room or he/she would have known that you wouldn't have to "tip" a waiter to tell you where the old tunnel is, you would have to be completely blind not to see the large brick entrance-way with a sign telling you that this is the 'Pirate's Tunnel'. The tunnel is the restaurant's main attraction, for decades kids have gazed down into the gloomy depths and wondered what living like a pirate was like. Not until I was older did I find out that "the gloomy depths" of the tunnel only extended underground for about 20 feet, the rest having caved in over 150 years ago. Add this to the fact that there has been a metal fence covering the entrance for going on 30 years and the historical fact that few if any 'pirates' actually visited the house since it was constructed *after* the heyday of the buccaneers time period and you are left with considerable doubt that any of the story actually happened. And please don't even get me started on the Surrency House which has long been considered a gimmick by the then railroad company to milk the public to take them to the middle-of-no-where to look at an old house. Or how about the most well known south Georgia ghost light in Axson which didn't make it into the book, but the Screven Light, which hasn't been seen in over ten years did.

Finally, as I flipped from chapter to chapter, I took notice of the actual chapter titles - Colonial Coast, Magnolia Midlands,



and Presidential Pathways. After a few seconds it hit me, these were all the names for our state's Tourism and Commerce Districts. This is yet another example why people should not be allowed to pass off a hodge-podge of

meant to relieve the unsuspecting tourist of his wallet as anything closely resembling serious ghost research.

I am sorry Mr. Hauck, no slight intended against you as I like your work in the Ghost Trackers Newsletter, but Georgians could have asked for a better chronicler!

Submitted by: Todd Womack, Georgia State Coordinator for the GRS.

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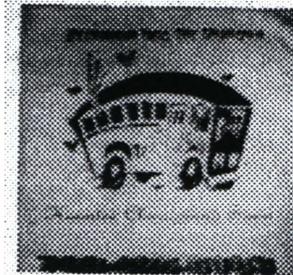
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