

GHOST TRACKERS NEWSLETTER

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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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Editors page:

With summer firmly upon us, it's time for us to dust off the suitcases and prepare for vacations. I hope to visit Cape May later this year to partake of the Haunted Cape May Ghost Tours offered year-round. Cape May is located in southern New Jersey and is perhaps the single most haunted city in the state. Further information about the tours can be obtained by calling:

609-463-8984 or you can visit them on the World Wide Web at:

www.hauntednewjersey.com .

This July I will be attending the American Ghost Society conference in Alton, Illinois, July 28-30, 2000. There will be a number of interesting speakers, ghost tours and a special hands-on seminar on ghost-hunting equipment given by myself. There are still seats available at the conference and further information can be gotten by calling: 888-GHOSTLY or you can visit the American Ghost Society website at: www.prairieghosts.com.

I have also gained permission to bring GRS members into the haunted Lemp Mansion in St. Louis to conduct a mini-investigation using hand-held equipment and nightvision devices. The person who set all of this up for us has also agreed to taking to a number of other well-known haunted Missouri sites in the area. This is not to be missed. If you are a GRS member and will be attending the AGS conference and are interested in joining us, please contact me ASAP for detailed instructions so that we can coordinate the group.

Since the release of my long-awaited book *Windy City Ghosts*, I've been quite

busy with book signings and personal appearances. In fact, I was featured on the morning news on WBBM-TV. You can order your own personalized autographed copy directly from the Ghost Research Society by sending a check or money order in the amount of \$20.95 which includes priority shipping to: GRS, PO Box 205, Oak Lawn, IL. 60454-0205.

I wish to personally thank: John Cachel for all the interesting photographs that he's sent to the GRS, clippings, magazines and some outstanding video tapes which he recently took in the haunted McPike Mansion in Alton, Illinois. Using a Sony nightvision camera, he was able to capture a series of strange moving mists in the basement of the mansion. Mists that were invisible to the naked eye. They really are quite amazing! In fact, while in Alton, I will be leading members of the GRS into the mansion sometime during that weekend. Arrangements are being made as this publication is in print.

Also thanks to: Stan Suho for building and donating an Infrared spotlight to be used in outdoor low-light conditions, a 5" portable black and white television for monitoring the infrared transmissions, a portable folding table on which to place the numerous tv monitors and other equipment and a number of interesting clippings from Poptronics magazine. Mary Tormey and Tom Perrott for newspaper clippings, and Marge Podrazik for donating her time into typing up the casework of a recent GRS investigation.



Ghost Research Society



I would like to welcome a number of new Patron members to the GRS including: Stacy McArdle, Ben McNeese, Jr., Miklos G. Hurocy and Lucy Solis who recently upgraded her status.

Also welcomes are in order for John Davis new Contributing Member, and Charles Robinson III new Sustaining Member.

Stacy McArdle runs her own website entitled *Haunted Pages* and can be accessed by typing:

www.geocities.com/Area51/Lair/9413

The site is amazing with the largest collection of ghost tours listed anywhere on the web. Plus she is putting together another webpage simply devoted to Bachelor's Grove Cemetery. She is looking for all kinds of information, pictures, personal accounts, etc. If you are interested, please contact her thru her website listed above.

Since our last edition there have been 8 new members and renewals from 16 veteran members. Thanks!

The GRS will soon become involved in two private haunted house investigations locally. They sound most promising and all Active members have already been contacted as to possible weekends when the investigation can be conducted.

A number of members have also recently purchased their own Sony nightvision cameras. We now have 7 at our disposal! We have 5 black and white

television monitors to go along with them and a number of older CCD, 8mm and VHS camcorders.

We are always looking for used and/or outdated or new equipment, electrical supplies or anything that you would be willing to donate to the GRS. We are not Federally funded nor do we get any college grants. We do not charge for our services and therefore anything we need to purchase comes directly out-of-pocket. It is somewhat supplemented by tour profits and sales of books, T-shirts and other GRS merchandise, but we really need your help to keep the GRS an active and viable part of the paranormal investigative community. If you have anything to donate, no matter how small or insignificant you think it is, we could probably use it. Contact me thru either this newsletter or the website:

www.ghostresearch.org.

Exploring The Unknown, the weekly show on the Fox Family Network recently featured myself in a segment regarding ghost photographs. I think it was done quite well, even though they sort of ganged up on me again. The producers decided to feature two skeptics; one from the *Skeptical Inquirer* and another who runs a website on how to fake ghost photos. While many people might be a bit naive and feature anything on their website, I've been very selective in what I display on the GRS website. In fact, they took it one step farther by sending me a bunch of photographs and inserting three deliberate fakes. Needless to say, I did pick out the fakes from the allegedly authentic ones.

MAINE'S HAUNTED LIGHTHOUSES

Lee Holloway

Eleanor De Wire, who has researched, photographed and written about lighthouses all over the world, says almost every lighthouse “has some supernatural being associated with it.” This is not surprising. Lighthouses are usually located in isolated, fog-shrouded, storm-tossed areas where numerous lives have been lost. For the most part, lighthouse spirits are the result of murder, madness and suicide and those haunting the lights along Maine’s craggy shores are no exception. Additionally, crews of vessels sailing the North Atlantic fear the cold more than the deep because they are much more likely to freeze to death than drown. Accordingly, many of Maine’s lighthouse ghost stories have a definite chill.

The first haunted lighthouse north of Portland is **Cape Neddick Light**, more commonly known as “Nubble.” Located at the north end of York Beach, it is one of Maine’s most picturesque and most visited lighthouses.

Actually, it isn’t the lighthouse that is haunted, but rather the surrounding area. Back in 1842, Thomas King was supposed to ship out with the *Isidore* the morning of Wednesday, November 30. However, on Sunday night, he had a dream about a wrecked ship and drowning sailors. The following night, another sailor dreamed of seven coffins in a row. In the first six coffins, he observed the pale dead faces of his shipmates; in the seventh, he saw his own

corpse. Both men informed Capt. Leander Foss of their concerns but the seasoned old seaman dismissed their misgivings as silly superstition and ordered every man to be prepared to depart as scheduled. The morning of November 30 was bitterly cold and the *Isidore* sailed out into the dark, churning waters of the Atlantic under angry skies. The following morning, word came that pieces of a large ship were washing up in the vicinity of Cape Neddick and everyone knew it was the *Isidore*. No one survived the wreck except Thomas King who heeded the warning in his dream and was hiding in the woods when the vessel embarked. Only seven bodies were recovered, one of them the sailor who had dreamed of the seven coffins.

To this day, when the temperature drops and storm clouds move in, people on Cape Neddick Island sometimes see the *Isidore* plying the wrathful seas, manned by a crew of dead men.

Author Dennis L. Noble says **Boon Island Light**, Maine’s tallest lighthouse, “probably best represents how most Americans imagine a lighthouse.” Located six and one-half miles southeast of Cape Neddick on an island of barren granite, it is accessible only by boat, but on a clear day, the soaring 133-foot grey stone tower is visible from Nubble Light. (See cover photo)

There are at least two spirits haunting Boon Island. Some Coast Guard personnel

who service the light report feelings of foreboding as they approach the desolate, windswept pile of rocks. Perhaps the more sensitive among them are experiencing the lingering effects of a horrible event that occurred in 1710, long before the erection of the first lighthouse. In that year, the ship *Nottingham Galley* wrecked on the forlorn outpost. It was weeks before a passing boat rescued the men, and in the interim, they resorted to cannibalism as a means of survival.

Although it is possible the spirits of those men of long ago - who served as dinner for their shipmates - are still haunting the island, the most active specter is that of a young bride driven mad. Sometime during the mid-1800s, a man and his new bride accepted the keeper's post at Boon Island Light. The naive young lovebirds were actually looking forward to the assignment, believing it would simply be an extension of their honeymoon.

All went well for about four months, then a severe winter storm blew in. The keeper slipped and fell while attempting to secure the boat and was knocked unconscious. He drowned in the frigid waters before his mate could rescue him. The wife, apparently a strapping girl, was able to drag the body of her beloved into the light tower. As she sat beside her husband's corpse, the temperature plunged below zero, and she wanted nothing more than to join her spouse in eternal rest. But her faith forbade self-murder so she resisted the urge to surrender herself to the violent seas.

Even under these dire circumstances, the lady continued to climb the 168 steps of the tower every few hours to trim the wicks and replenish the oil. She knew the light must burn on no matter what. Although the storm abated, the poor girl could not bring

herself to eat and after five days, she could no longer make the arduous climb and the light went out. People on the mainland realized something was wrong and a group of fishermen sailed to Boon Island and found the young woman near death, still clutching the cold, dead hand of her husband.

Although the lady initially recovered - physically- the ordeal had affected her mind. About a year later, during a howling storm when the temperature outside was well below zero, the woman awakened her sister with whom she shared a bed and cried out that the souls of the dead were calling her. As a particularly violent gust of wind shook the small seaside cottage, the lady shrieked the name of her departed husband and fell back onto the pillow. She was dead.

To this day, area fishermen, hurrying to shore ahead of an approaching storm, occasionally hear shrieks and cries coming from the direction of the forlorn old lighthouse on Boon Island.

The Wood Island Lighthouse marks the mouth of the Saco River near Biddeford Pool. It is haunted by Howard Hobbs, a drifter, who, after shooting Sheriff Fred Milliken, ran to the light keeper's house and shot himself. These events transpired June 1, 1896, and subsequent keepers said they often heard moaning sounds coming from the spot where Hobbs committed suicide. One keeper, who lived alone on the island, claimed he heard a disembodied voice and saw dark shadows in the lantern room. One day the man rowed ashore and rented a room in a local boarding house. The landlady later said he appeared distraught and she was worried about him. Evening came, but the keeper did not return to the island to light the lamp and the following morning, he ended his life by jumping from a third-story window.

There is still paranormal activity at Wood Island but most people who experience the phenomena say Hobbs is generally a friendly ghost.



Sequin Island Light is probably Maine's best-known haunted lighthouse. The tower, keeper's house, outbuildings and fog horn are situated on a high, grassy, fog-shrouded island near the spot where the Kennebec River enters the

ocean. It, too, was the site of a murder and suicide in the 1800s. The keeper's wife, isolated from family and friends, became severely depressed. One day, the keeper sailed to Bath for provisions and while there, purchased an upright piano for his lonely mate. Unfortunately, only one sheet of music came with the instrument and the lady was unable to improvise. Therefore, she played the same tune over and over again. The keeper eventually purchased additional music, but by that time, the poor lady's mind was gone and she sat at the piano, day and night, incessantly playing the same song.

Finally, driven to a point beyond human endurance, the man grabbed an axe and chopped up the accursed instrument. The woman apparently became totally unhinged at the destruction of her beloved piano so the keeper chopped up his hysterical wife as well. Afterwards, he went outside and shot himself in the right temple. Just as had happened at Boon Island, people on the mainland realized something was amiss when they noticed the light wasn't burning. At daybreak, four men sailed to the island and discovered the carnage.

Passing boaters often hear the strains of a phantom melody drifting from Sequin Island. In the early 1980s, Paul Gemache and three friends returning from a fishing trip hear the music as they sailed near the lighthouse. Some time later, Gamache was watching television and heard the song "Flow Gently Sweet Afton" which he immediately recognized as the tune he had heard coming from the lighthouse. Played repeatedly, it could become unbearably monotonous.

But the mad piano player is not the only ghost on Sequin Island. There is the spirit of an old light keeper Coast Guard personnel call "Old Captain" as well as that of a young girl in a plaid pinafore. The wraith of the little girl, believed to be a former keeper's daughter who died on the island, is usually seen playing on the spiral stairs of the tower. Old-timers recall there was once a wooden grave marker near the generator house and it is surmised this is where the child is buried.



Hendricks Head Light stands at the mouth of the Sheepscot River in Southport. In early March, 1871, during a winter storm, a schooner was reduced to rubble on the rocks near the light. The only survivor was a baby girl whose mother

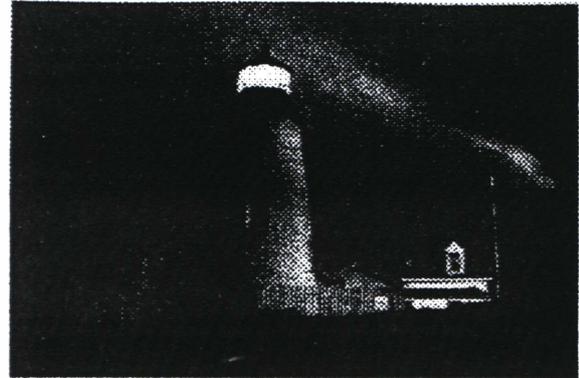
had placed her between two feather mattresses which floated ashore. The lighthouse keeper and his wife heard cries coming from the bundle, and after chipping away a shroud of ice, discovered the child whom they adopted and raised her as their

own.

Many people believe the ghost of the young woman seen walking the beach near the lighthouse is the infant's mother, searching for her child. Others contend the spirit is that of a mysterious woman who appeared in Southport one day in 1945 and was observed near the lighthouse that night. The following morning, her body washed up on the beach even though heavy iron weights had been chained to the lady's waist. The ghost is described as young, beautiful and "glowing white." According to former keeper Charlie Knight, "She paces the beach as if following the beacon of the light."

Built in 1883, **Ram Island Light** stands on the eastern side of Boothbay Harbor. It has a pair of ghosts, a man and a woman, both of whom are said to be quite helpful. Many have reported seeing an old man walking about on the island. Sometimes he builds fires and people see smoke in a particular spot, but, when they investigate, there is no sign of fire. At other times, the phantom in rain slickers blows a whistle. On foggy days, many a boater has been warned off the dangerous rocks near the island by the sound of a sharp whistle although there is no whistle at the light station.

The other spirit of Ram Island has been called a "protective spirit." While investigating the Ram Island ghost stories, Bob Cahill interviewed a local fisherman who had seen the phantom of the light. He described "a woman in white waving a lighted torch over her head." Many Boothbay fishermen have reported close calls in the area and claim they were warned away from the deadly shore by the lighthouse ghost. One man claimed he saw "a flash of lightning" and "this lady all in white, as if full of electricity."



Pemaquid Point Light (photo above) stands at the end of Route 130 in one of the most spectacular locations on the Atlantic. There are a picnic area and parking lot and visitors are welcome. Unfortunately, the rocks leading to the ocean are steep and treacherous and many people have been swept from them by high seas. Marine Patrol Lt. Daniel Morris estimates that, in Maine, at least one person a year becomes the victim of monstrous, weather-driven waves. The bodies of some are never found and the spirits of these casualties of the ocean's fury haunt the area. On stormy days, as the winds howl and the sea crashes against the rocks, if one listens carefully, the wails of lost souls can be heard in the distance.

The old Pemaquid keeper's dwelling now houses the Fishermen's Museum. It is haunted by a lady with fiery red hair who is seen near the fireplace on cold days. She wears a woolen shawl which she clutches tightly about her upper body and appears to be shivering. Presumably, she is the spirit of a woman who once lived at the lighthouse.

The **Marshall Point Light** in Port Clyde marks the eastern entrance to Port Clyde Harbor. The road leading to the light is marked "Dead End," however, this does not deter visitors. Those brave enough to

walk through the swamp-like area after dark occasionally encounter the wraiths of a rough-looking man and a young blond-haired boy. The boy is Ben Bennett who, at age 12, was murdered by rum runners during the days of Prohibition. No one knows what unspeakable act the boy witnessed, but whatever it was cost him his life. He was decapitated by what was presumed to have been a machete-type weapon. A few visitors to the lighthouse claim to have been chased by a group of angry phantoms waving large knives above their heads.



Monhegan Island Light is located near the center of Monhegan Island which lies 10 miles off Port Clyde. The island, originally settled in the 1600s, has long been a favorite of artists and attracts a throng of summer visitors. The ghost haunting the lofty cliffs near the lighthouse is not a pleasant one and seems to target people who have either contemplated suicide themselves, or had a friend or relative commit suicide. Locals believe the ghost is that of a strange old woman who lived with her cat in a little house by the sea. In the 1600s, she probably would have been branded a witch. One day in 1947, in 80th year, she took her cat to the mainland and had it put to sleep, then, she consulted a Port Clyde lawyer and drew up a will. Upon her return to the island, the octogenarian jumped from Monhegan's windswept cliffs. No one knows the reason for her suicide; perhaps she simply grew tired of living.

The meanspirited spirit has a tendency to place her hands on the shoulders of people as they stand looking out to sea near the edge of lofty peaks. Although she has never actually pushed anyone, some

contend they initially felt they were about to be pushed.

Perched atop a 100-foot promontory south of Rockland Harbor, **Owl's Head Light** is haunted by a former keeper who makes his presence known when there is a chill in the air and snow on the ground. Coast Guard personnel report "something" keeps turning down the thermostat and sometimes they see footprints leading to the tower - but none returning. Petty Officer Lonnie Bevis didn't believe in ghosts until he was assigned duty at Owl's Head. "I thought somebody was pulling my leg, but one morning, just after it had snowed, I saw footprints going to the tower and I thought it was one of the guys, but I went in there and nobody was there. Now, you can't leave a place without making tracks!" The ghost has also been known to leave the heavy steel door to the tower open and sometimes he even polishes the brass work.

Another spirit at Owl's Head is that of an elderly woman affectionately known as the "Little Lady." She isn't seen or felt often but when she does make her presence known, she is said to have a calming effect on people.

The **Winter Harbor Light** is located on Mark Island across Frenchman Bay from Bar Harbor. It is privately owned and no longer functions as a lighthouse. Former keeper Bernice Richmond said during her tenure at Winter Harbor Light, she often saw things that were not there and heard the voices of invisible people. One of the most common phenomena experienced by Mrs. Richmond was what she described as "unseen callers," whom she described as "a mixed group of people who came down the walk under my window chatting casually, their feet audibly scraping the cement. They knocked at the back door in a moderate way

and talked among themselves as they waited for me to come open it.” Mrs. Richmond declined to open the door but she claimed they “repeated the knocks several times before going away.”

The current owners of the Winter Harbor Light have had similar experiences so, apparently, the ghosts did not depart when the light went out.



Prospect Harbor Light (above) is situated on the Naval Satellite Operations Center at Prospect Harbor. The keeper’s dwelling, which now serves as guest accommodations for military personnel, is haunted either by several restless spirits or one exceptionally active spirit. The statue of an old sea captain stands in the nautically-decorated lobby and a number of sober and reputable people swear it moves. Alan Sorenson spent several days on the base and after noticing the statue was not always in the same location, began asking questions. Apparently, base personnel readily admit the place is haunted and in addition to the statue that moves about of its own accord, people often hear footsteps on the stairs when no one is about as well as other noises of a supernatural nature.

The apparitions of a little girl of about 8 or 9-years-old, and a boy who appears to be a year or so younger, are

occasionally observed walking along the beach in the vicinity of the lighthouse. They are said to be the ghosts of two children who drowned nearby in the early 1900s.

More than 100 lighthouses once stood vigil along Maine’s breathtakingly beautiful rockbound coast, guiding ships through dark nights and treacherous seas. Today, 62 of these sentinels remain and 56 are still working lights. Although the haunted lighthouses included here are the best known, it would probably be safe to say all Maine’s lighthouses are haunted in one way or another. As Samuel Adams Drake observed, “Nothing moves the imagination like a lighthouse.”

Submitted by: GRS member Lee Holloway, 2260 N. University Blvd., Jacksonville, FL. 32211-3240.

Photos of Boon Island and Pemaquid Point Lights courtesy of the United States Coast Guard.

Photo of Prospect Harbor Light courtesy of the United States Navy.



The Haunted Caves of Hastings

Richard Senate



England's ghosts come in all shapes and sizes, and they reside in many out-of-the-way spots and little-known sites. One truly haunted place is a complex of underground caverns located in the cliffs above the English

coastal town of Hastings.

Hastings is famed as the place where William the Conqueror landed with his Norman Knights in 1066. A few miles north, he met and defeated the British at a site, now a village, called Battle. The beach side community of Hastings was developed as a resort in the early 19th century, and still retains the narrow Victorian streets and charm of that time when England ruled an empire that controlled one-fourth of mankind.

Debbie and I had spent much of our time in the United Kingdom in the area around London, and this was our first chance to venture south to the coast. Our time in Britain was fast coming to an end, and we wanted to make the best of it.

While wandering the shops and pubs, we found a colorful flyer telling of an attraction called "Smuggler's Caves," showing pictures of pirate-type fellows fighting red-coated British soldiers. It looked like fun, just the sort of thing to take our minds off the many haunted sites we had

visited during our stay. Ironically, Smuggler's Caves would prove to be one of the most mysterious spots we investigated.

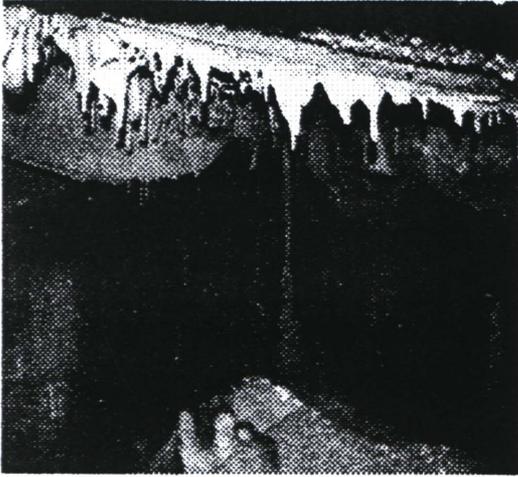
We made our way up to the cliffs above the town, and followed a number of signs that led down a narrow path to the cave entrance. Once there, we were ushered into a dark and damp downward passageway. This section was relatively new, carved by an enterprising Brit in the late 18th century to provide tourist access to the complex of caves.

As soon as we entered, I got the feeling this wasn't an ordinary place - the hair on the back of my neck began to rise, and a distinct tingle raced down my spine. I could feel a shudder come over Debbie as I held her close in the dim passageway.

The caves were a collection of large rooms, once used by a daring and desperate band of smugglers 200 years earlier. There were dummies set up in period costumes, some with barrels of illegal French brandy, some battling with English Coast Guardsmen.

The accompanying slide show spoke of the history of coastal smuggling, including the tale of a legendary ghostly drummer murdered by outlaws and forever drumming in the lonely caverns. They hinted the ghost story was spread by smugglers themselves to keep away prying eyes and government spies.

"There is a ghost here," whispered Debbie, "and it isn't any drummer. I think there is more than one, too."



I said nothing, but I was convinced she was right - this set of underground rooms was giving me the willies.

Most of the few people in the caves proceeded on to the other displays and tunnels after the slide program. But Debbie and I lingered on, taking our time and reading all of the signs.

When we were alone in one of the larger chambers we both heard the distinct sound of footsteps coming into the cave. We turned and watched, expecting to see another tourist enter, but there was no one there! Not only that, the footsteps proceeded on into the next chamber, seemingly passing us by!

The place had taken on a cold, depressing air, and we both hurried to the next hall where voices echoed. Were they the supernatural sounds of the long dead, or the sounds of tourists further along in the cave? We shall never know, but as we progressed deeper the tight atmosphere grew stronger and seemed to close in upon us.

The hall ran into a large room called the chapel, with a strange, almost life-sized carving of a man in one wall. The carving was most ancient, fashioned by unknown people long ago and attributed to St.

Clement. The room lacked the peaceful sacred energy one encounters in a church.

"People died here," Debbie said with a hushed and reverent tone.

"Do you think it was used by Christians long ago?" I asked, reading some of the signs in the hall.

"Whatever was here, whatever rites were conducted in this place, they were anything but Christian," answered Debbie as she felt the walls.

She looked across the room and gasped! I followed her eyes, and near a doorway there was a shadow on the wall, in the shape of a woman in a long dress. It moved and was gone in an instant.

We rushed out of the room and through the last of the caves to the gift shop near the exit. We told them of our encounter but the man working at the place seemed as if had heard it all before. He informed us that the odd events were so commonplace that the crew working at the caves ignored them all together! Footsteps were heard almost every week, objects were moved as well and numerous visitors reported encountering ghosts. A local ghost hunter named John Williams spent the night in the caves and recorded the sound of things being moved about by unseen hands. There are many stories of supernatural happenings in those old caves. Debbie and I were glad to leave the caves behind us. I asked Debbie is she would like to spend a night in the place - I thought it might make an interesting experiment. She gave me a cold look and shook her head. "I wouldn't go back there on a bet!" she said.

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

www.ghost-stalkers.com

The Crescent Hotel

Maurice Schwalm



It is a little hard to understand how a structure as impersonal in its use and unsullied in its origin as a resort hotel on a mountain top where nothing ever stood before could be haunted. But the Crescent Hotel in Eureka

Springs, Arkansas is. It was opened on May 1, 1886 with a grand ball said to have been attended by 400 persons. Construction had begun in 1884 by the Eureka Springs Construction Improvement Company headed by Powell Clayton, the first governor of the state. Stone was quarried from the White River six miles away and formed by stone masons into walls which are 36-inches at the base and taper slightly to the fourth floor. The wood beams are formed from trees large enough to form beams that are two-foot across on the basement level where cuts show the full width of the fitted stonework. It's all still solid and they serve good food too!

Life around there is pretty quiet most of the time for guests and staff alike. But the laundry room, the dining room and, above all, Room 218 enjoy a certain amount of additional activity. These are matters which have been regionally known for decades and now seem likely to gain national attention.

Certainly the hotel itself will be known as there are plans to make a movie about a Dr. Norman Baker who used the hotel for a cancer hospital from 1937 until 1940 when he was convicted of mail fraud in connection with claims of cancer cures. It is interesting that the carriage set that were first attracted to the resort believed that the cold mineral springs had curative powers.

What happens in 218 is that the bed sometimes overturns with guests leaving them flat on floor without warning. This has happened often enough that 218 is not rented out unless they are booked wall to wall. And then there was the guest who came to the lobby from 218 and inquired as to whether or not the building had ever been used as a hospital. The room clerk warily asked what had brought up that question. The guest said he awoke in the middle of the night to find himself in a hospital bed with a doctor and a nurse standing over him. He also mentioned that the walls were painted purple. This is apropos since the walls were painted purple in Dr. Baker's day. The bed has been perfectly tame from a staff point of view. It's just that they don't like the mists that form and float around the room when they come in to clean.

The mists never last long. If they don't leave the room, the mist does! Then they start having problems in the laundry room. Lights flicker on and off. Laundry carts start rolling on their own or else refuse to budge at all. The laundry room is

adjacent to the 36-inch stone walls. The laundry woman says, "he can't go through them." When we asked who "he" might be, she said she was talking about Michael. She calls him Michael because that was his name. He was a Swedish stone mason employed on the construction of the building. He was a local boy and her folks have heard tell of him. They say he fell right into the area that is now Room 218. He doesn't like it when people come into "his" room so he comes down to see her. He can't go any further than the walls he built himself. He knows they are solid.

We could see the dancing mist but

could not photograph it except as blue flecks. As a matter of fact, the only way we could photograph activity in the room at all was to work from the balcony adjacent to it without actually entering it. Then the room isn't all there. It seems to still be under construction.

We believe they miscalculated at the grand ball. There were at least 401 persons present all told.

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



Apparitional Encounter Report

Date of Incident: October 13 - 19, 1996. Witness could not, or would not, be more specific.

Time of Incident: Between 0800 and 1000 hours.

Location of Incident: La Casa de Estudillo
Old Town State Park
4002 Wallace Avenue
San Diego, California

Witness name: Requesting anonymity. Witness was a White Female Adult, approximately 22 years of age, and a California State Park's employee.

If anonymous, why?: The reporting party said that discussion of paranormal phenomena occurring at the State Park was discouraged by supervisors and she wanted no trouble as a result of talking to me.

Other witness information: The witness claimed to have had no psychic experiences in the past. Further, she professed to be of a "fundamentalist" Christian faith which denies such phenomena.

Demeanor of witness: The reporting party was anxious and clearly disturbed at what she had encountered.

Date of report: October 24, 1996, approximately 1100 hours.

Physical description of site: La Casa de Estudillo is a single story, "U" shaped building constructed of adobe. The former residence was built in 1829 and now serves as a museum in San Diego Old Town State Park.

Origin of report: Information came as a result of personal contact with the witness and a request for information regarding the history of haunting in the building.

Type of encounter: Initially apparitional with subsequent experience of a "cold spot".

History of haunting: La Casa de Estudillo has an extensive history of paranormal phenomena. These include cold spots, spectral faces appearing in mirrors, shadowy figures and a report that a ghost voice was captured in an audio recording. Accounts of these incidents appear in *Haunted Houses of California* by Antoinette May, *Haunted*

Places: The National Directory by Dennis Hauck; and *Haunted San Diego* by Gail White. Significantly, this last book is sold at a variety of shops in the Old Town area. However, the witness asserts that she was completely unaware of this information and it was only after she recounted her experience to other park employees that she

learned of the alleged haunting. Also of interest, there are up to six other purported haunted sites within 150 yards of the structure. The buildings include the oft mentioned Whaley House, El Fandango Restaurant, Casa de Bandini Restaurant, the Robinson-Rose House; other paranormal activity is reported around the nearby El Campo Santo Cemetery.

Witness Account:

I first contacted the young woman at the entrance to La Casa de Estudillo. Since I was conducting research for my "Old Town Ghost Tours" business, I inquired of the witness what it was like working at a haunted house. In response, the woman appeared to become uneasy and replied, "If you had asked me that question two weeks ago, I would have told you I don't believe in ghosts."

By her answer, I inferred the witness had experienced a paranormal encounter. I then asked her if she would be willing to tell me what happened. The witness answered that State Park supervisors discouraged this type of conversation with visitors, but eventually agreed to relate her experience.

The witness said that about a week previous, (approximately October 13 through the 19th, 1996), she had been working alone in La Casa de Estudillo. On the morning in question, she had opened the building and was seated in a chair awaiting the arrival of tourists. The witness related that the weather was sunny and clear outside with no mist or fog. While reviewing some official correspondence, the witness' attention was drawn to movement in her right peripheral vision. Looking up, she caught sight of a human figure emerge from the exterior Chapel door and walk into the outside corridor.

The witness could not determine the sex of the apparition, since the image was only in sight for an exceedingly short amount of time and her view was partially obscured by pillars. (What's more, throughout the account, the witness consistently referred to the apparition as "it".) However, she did report the figure was garbed in a red robe that came down to about knee level. When questioned further regarding the description of the apparition, the witness indicated that she only got a brief look at the figure before it entered into a corridor doorway which leads to the "Blue" Guest Room. When asked, the witness said she could not recall hearing the noise of footfalls, but does not discount the potential the sound were present and that she simply does not remember.

Because she had opened the building, said the witness, it was her opinion the building was empty. She admitted it was possible, but highly improbable, that another State Park employee had somehow managed to slip past her and into the house. Another opinion was that a trespasser was on the premises. Regarding the second opinion, the witness explained that homeless men sometimes sleep in the State Park. However, the witness related, by this time she had sensed the figure was not physical.

Nonetheless, she went to the doorway where she'd last seen the apparition and initially looked inside. The witness said it was her intention to try and locate the intruder. At first glance, the room's interior was empty; however, it was possible for a person to climb over the waist-high wooden barricade and enter the "Blue" Guest Room. As a consequence, the witness went inside the structure to conduct a more thorough visual inspection. Upon entering the building, the witness said she was suddenly

very cold. She described the sensation as like being inside a refrigerator and added that she had never before experienced this kind of chill in the house, nor has it occurred since the incident. Despite her increasing fears, the witness persisted in her investigation and determined that no one was inside the room. In a subsequent search of the building, the witness could find no other persons present.

Later that same afternoon, the witness shared her experience with several other park employees. The witness claimed the other workers told her it was common knowledge the house was haunted and were frankly incredulous she hadn't been made aware of the fact. Her co-workers allegedly told her that paranormal phenomena witnessed in the building included flashes of light, cold spots, shadowy figures, a spectral face seen in the Blue Room mirror and an intangible presence in the Chapel and Blue Room. The witness said she was so disturbed by the stories that she had a male employee escort her through the house at closing time, something she had never done in the past. Since the incident, the witness related that she has never felt entirely comfortable in the building.

When asked if what she had seen was another human being, the witness unequivocally said it was not. True, the figure possessed a human shape, but in retrospect, the witness realized that there was something "blurry" about the apparition. Further, she had examined all possible other mundane explanations and dismissed them, for she was now certain she had seen some kind of spirit. What's more, said the witness, she wasn't happy at all with this knowledge.

I next inquired as to her opinion of the origin of the apparition, she briefly explained her religious background. The witness stated she is a member of an

unidentified "fundamentalist" Christian Church which takes the Bible as literal fact. As a result, she believed the specter was of diabolic or demonic origin, since biblical text makes no allowance for the existence of ghosts. It was her opinion that demons can assume human shape and do so to frighten people.

Due to the arrival of visitors, our interview was terminated shortly thereafter. However, while finishing up my conversation with the witness, I was briefly contacted by RP #96-002, another State Park employee, whom I has first encountered at the nearby Robinson-Rose House. RP #96-002 related another odd occurrence in La Casa de Estudillo. (Refer to 96-002)

Investigation:

In my conversation with the witness, I found her to be both intelligent and earnest. Her demeanor was one of apprehension, primarily over her belief the sighting was diabolic in nature and also because her supervisors apparently strongly discouraged the discussion of paranormal phenomena with visitors. Obviously, this does not eliminate the possibility I was lied to or made the butt of a practical joke. In this instance, however, I must trust my "street cop" instincts and conclude the witness was telling me the truth as she knew it.

After speaking with the witness, I embarked on a tour of La Casa de Estudillo. At no point did I encounter anything of a paranormal nature. However, in my visual inspection of the "Blue" Guest Room, I noticed a curious circumstance. In the room is a large mirror on hinges. The mirror was pointed at an angle toward the floor, largely obscuring the reflection. Since this was the only mirror in the room, I concluded this was the same glass in which spectral faces had

been reportedly observed. This odd positioning provoked a question: Had the mirror been tilted toward the floor to insure visitors would not see a spectral face?

From my research, I knew that several investigators had conjectured that Father Anthony Ubach might be one of the revenants occupying La Casa de Estudillo, although no compelling reason exists for this supposition. Ubach was a resident of the house in the 1880s and had a well-deserved reputation for militant advocacy regarding the rights of local Indians. With this information, I reflected on two salient points: When the apparition emerged from the Chapel it was described garbed in a knee-length red robe. The Chapel might well be a natural focal point for the spirit of a priest and it is possible the garment might have been a cassock. However, no conclusions can be drawn from this hypothesis.

Observations and Conclusions:

The weakness of this report is that it is an uncorroborated encounter. There were no other witnesses, therefore, her account is only of limited value. Further, we have but her word that she was unaware of information the house was reportedly haunted, this despite the fact the haunting was apparently common knowledge among other employees. Finally, accounts of paranormal phenomena at La Casa de Estudillo have appeared in several books, one of which I located at a shop less than twenty yards from the house. In one of these books, *Haunted San Diego*, it is reported that witnesses have seen the image of Father Anthony Ubach, so this might well be where the information originated.

Of additional potential significance, my interview with the witness occurred a week before Halloween. As usual, the local

newspapers had printed articles on San Diego hauntings (although most of this material focused on the nearby Whaley House and the Hotel Del Coronado). Also, the witness mentioned that a woman had recently led “ghost tours” through the house. It is not unreasonable to speculate the witness might have overheard information on the alleged haunting, but does not consciously recall it. Moreover, it is also possible that the “spooky” atmosphere preceding Halloween may have placed the witness in an emotional state where it would be easy to misinterpret ordinary physical phenomena.

Yet, I am disinclined to dismiss the woman’s account out-of-hand, merely because a wealth of ghost information was available. There have been too many reports of spectral phenomena at La Casa de Estudillo to ignore this fresh account. What’s more, the witness was clearly disturbed by the event and feared, in speaking to me about it, that such a conversation might harm her employment situation. One final point: the witness had little gain and, indeed, much to lose in fooling a park visitor, so why would she fabricate such an account?

It is possible that what the victim saw was another human being, whom she failed to locate in her subsequent search. It is also feasible she saw some kind of mist. Old Town San Diego is located only a short distance from Mission Bay. Yet, the victim claims the figure traveled from one doorway to another, decidedly queer behavior for mist. Further, she claims to have seen a red robe, which would seem inconsistent with light fog which is most often light gray or white. Finally, none of these theories can explain the cold spot she entered after following the apparition.

Case Status: Single witness encounter - -
Not Proven.

Apparitional Encounter Report

Date of incident: October 22, 1996

Time of incident: During morning hours, witness could not be more specific.

Location of incident: La Casa de Estudillo
Old Town State Park
4002 Wallace Avenue
San Diego, California

Witness name: Witness was a State Park employee who categorically refused to provide her name. She was a Black Female Adult, approximately 20-25 years of age.

If anonymous, why?: The witness claimed her supervisors didn't want the topic of ghosts discussed between workers and visitors.

Other witness information: The witness said she was inclined to believe in the hauntings.

Witness demeanor: The witness seemed both anxious and reluctant to say what she had experienced. In fact, she admitted that discussion of the phenomena "scares" her.

Date of report: October 24, 1996, at approximately 1130 hours.

Physical description of site: La Casa de Estudillo is a single story, "U" shaped building constructed of adobe. The former residence was built in 1829 and now serves as a museum in San Diego Old Town State Park.

Origin of report:

I initially encountered the witness inside the Robinson-Rose House, which is State Park Headquarters. There is a history of haunting at that location and I asked the witness if she was aware of this fact. The witness was initially reticent and would only say that she wouldn't work alone in the building during the early morning or late evening hours.

About forty minutes later, I again

encountered the witness at La Casa de Estudillo. She had come to relieve Witness #96-001 for lunch. Hearing the final portion of my conversation with 96-001, the witness volunteered a brief story of a recent event.

Type of encounter:

Physical manifestation; possible RSPK (Recurrent Spontaneous Psycho-Kinesis).

History of haunting: Refer to Report #96-001.

Witness account:

The witness stated that she was working in La Casa de Estudillo two days before, (October 22, 1996), and was standing near the front entrance. There were visitors touring the house, yet she was alone when the event occurred. The weather was sunny and clear. The witness further stated that she was aware of reports that the house was haunted, but had never previously experienced a paranormal event.

The witness pointed to a five foot tall desk which was against the south interior wall. This desk stands between the corridor entrance of the house and the doorway to the Chapel which is about ten feet to the east. Ordinarily this desk is used to store brochures and other official correspondence. The witness then directed my attention to two framed 8 inch by 10 inch photographs of Old Town on the desk. The bottom of the frames rested on the desk top and the upper portions leaned against the wall at about a 45 degree angle. In this way, the pictures could be displayed for the public without being hung.

The witness reported that as she glanced at the desk, she saw the picture on the left side begin to move. The framed photograph leaned forward and fell face down to the desk top as if someone had flipped the picture over. (This photograph was an old time aerial view of the house and surrounding area.) The other photograph did not move. There were no other witnesses to this event.

The witness related she could discover no reason for this occurrence. There was no wind, no discernable seismic activity and, at a distance of about six feet,

she was the closest person to the desk. When I suggested that perhaps the movement might have been caused by the passage of a large truck, from the freeway or even from a passing train, the witness strenuously denied the possibility. She replied that heavy vehicles are ordinarily denied access to the park and that she heard no such truck. Further, she pointed out that both Interstate 5 and the railway line were over a half mile distant.

Upon further questioning, the witness revealed that she was generally aware of the reports of hauntings at various locations in Old Town State Park. She attributed the movement of the photograph to spectral activity, however, discussion of the subject clearly disturbed her.

At the request of the witness, the interview was terminated shortly thereafter.

Investigation:

In my conversation with the witness, I found her to be both suspicious of my interest and somewhat pleased she could tell her story to an anonymous, yet sympathetic, person. And, as indicated in Report #96-001, the State Park employee made it very clear her supervisors discouraged discussion of paranormal events with park visitors.

I took the opportunity to physically examine the photograph in question. The frame appeared to be constructed of lightweight wood, painted black, with clear glass covering the photograph. I would estimate the photograph weighed perhaps a pound or slightly less. From my cursory inspection, the weight of the frame appeared consistently distributed and there were no other obvious anomalies. Feeling both the top and bottom of the frame, I could discern no evidence of lubricants.

The desk surface upon which the photograph rested was composed of wood and was flat and smooth. The wall against which the photograph rested was generally flat and vertical; however, the surface texture was rough and somewhat uneven, an element consistent with adobe structures. However, I could see no indication of a surface anomaly, such as a large bump, which could reasonably account for the picture to move forward in opposition to known physics.

Regarding the possibility that a sudden burst of wind might have caused the incident, I noted the following: The desk is located against the interior wall of a quadrangle. To the immediate left is a north-south corridor which leads to the outside. Perhaps significantly, the photograph which fell forward was that closest to the corridor. However, the photographs were in a position relatively sheltered from the wind.

The witness did not recall the presence of wind, yet this does not eliminate the chance a breeze wasn't present. Moreover, in a subsequent check of meteorological records in the San Diego Union-Tribune and North County (San Diego) Times newspapers of October 22, 1996, it is indicated the region was experiencing "Santa Ana" winds. This weather phenomena is distinguished by low humidity and warm, northeasterly winds of often significant speeds. Further, on October 21, I recalled hearing radio weather reports that the winds were blowing at a speed between 15 and 25 knots. (This information was in conjunction with reports on a series of devastating brush fires in Southern California.) By the following day, October 22, the winds had abated to between 10 and 15 knots and were still generally out of the northeast. Therefore, it seems likely that some level of wind was present, but as to its

ability to make itself manifest inside the enclosed quadrangle cannot be determined.

Of additional interest was the fact that the desk is quite near the Chapel doorway. There have been ongoing, if unsubstantiated reports, that apparitional activity is connected with both the Chapel and the priest's room. Indeed, it was through this doorway the Witness #96-001 observed an apparition emerge a week earlier.

In my research, I learned that at least one other incident of physical or RSPK phenomena was reported: An unidentified worker allegedly saw a music box open of its own accord. No other data is presently available on this incident. The anecdotal event was reported in *Haunted San Diego*, written by Gail White, a San Diego Historical Society docent.

Finally, the witness reported no other collateral paranormal phenomena.

Observations and Conclusions:

At first glance, this might well be a mundane event which was misinterpreted by a person predisposed to believe in ghostly phenomena. However, the possible non-ballistic movement of the photograph must be addressed.

I have a strong suspicion that the aforementioned "Santa Ana" winds could have caused the event. Such winds emanate from the northeast and the corridor leading into the house generally faces north. As a consequence, the wind would be naturally funneled down the enclosed corridor, creating a small wind tunnel. It is true the winds had diminished to between 10 and 15 knots on the date in question, but higher gusts were possible. Such an air flow could conceivably knock the photograph over. The likelihood of this scenario would be

further increased if the frame was balanced at a more acute angle than the reported 45 degrees, as related by the witness. Still, I cannot account for how such a wind gust could negotiate an immediate 90 degree turn in order to press against the rear of the photograph.

It is also feasible that the account was nothing more than a fabrication intended to either fool a gullible visitor or impart a spooky story for Halloween only a week distant. As mentioned in Report #96-001, there is ample printed material on the Old Town hauntings available in shops throughout the immediate neighborhood. What's more, it is clear the victims admitted to possessing pre-existing information on alleged "ghostly" activity in the house.

Yet my sense, during the conversation, was that the witness was not dissembling. Rather, she seemed uncomfortable with the experience and, in fact, told me she hoped she would not be witness to another such occurrence. Additionally, if the witness had told me a false story, she incurred a sizeable risk of punishment from her employer, for it is abundantly clear the State Park authorities do not like the subject of the hauntings discussed. Does this constitute evidence the

witness was telling the truth? Of course not. Nonetheless, I was impressed by her manifest anxiety in recounting the story.

There is a long history of alleged paranormal activity in La Casa de Estudillo, of which the sheer volume is compelling. This account can neither be confirmed or eliminated, for too many variables remain unanswered.

Case Status: Single witness encounter - - of doubtful paranormal origin.



Submitted by: John J. Lamb, California Area Research Director for the GRS and author of *San Diego Specters*, PO Box 371818, San Diego, CA. 92137-1818.



Reader's Stories



There has been lots of weird, “supernatural”, if you will, happenings going on at a house that one of my friends lives by. It is used as a hunting house now. No one lives there on a regular basis. We parked our car there for a bit one night because we were going to walk up the road to another house. It smells of garbage there...all around and it is very cold around there. I mean, this is Wisconsin we are talking about so it will be a little cold...but this is different.

It felt much cooler around that house, the closer you got. A while ago, a few of my friends thought that the house was quite eerie so they decided to go in. The downstairs portion of the house was alright but upstairs, there are many unusual things.

For one, it is loaded with really old stuff. It really stinks up there. They also found a diary of a man that lived there. Some pages were ripped out. He talked about his son, being obsessed with knives and what not and that he'd carve horrible things into the walls and stuff. Sure enough, there were many marks on the doors and walls. There were knives everywhere throughout the house.

We also see strange things moving around inside the house sometimes too.

Justin from the Internet.

Mr. Kaczmarek,

I got your name and email address after searching the Internet looking for some

information and hopefully someone that could help with my mother's situation.

Briefly, my mother's house has been haunted for years. The previous owners going back fifty or more years have many stories to tell of the hauntings they experienced there as well. We moved in in 1987 and began experiencing the ghost our first day there. After researching the house to ascertain who the ghost was, we found out it was the ghost of the original owner, Mrs. Atwell. For years, almost on a daily basis, we have dealt with her presence and odd happenings. We gradually became accustomed to her and even joke about her. We are unafraid of her and accept her innocent presence as she has never horribly scared us or attempted to hurt us.

Recently, however, my mother has had visits from another spirit. It is the ghost of a man and he comes to her bed at night. He no longer even waits for her to fall asleep. The first time he came, my mother was laying on her side and she felt someone lay down behind her and put an arm around her and caressed her arm for awhile. He also made an unusual noise, similar to a sigh of great relief.

My mother was scared stiff, literally, and knew it was not our Mrs. Atwell. Since then, he has come back three times. The last time was the last straw for my mother. He came before she even fell asleep. She was lying on her stomach and suddenly felt the bed shift (it's a canopy frame) as if someone had leaned on one of the poles.

Then, she felt the comforter move and all of a sudden he was lying right on top of her. She could not breathe for the weight, it was as if he was crushing her. She no longer can sleep at night for fear of his return. I realize that this may not seem horrible to a person of your experience with

ghost, but it is terribly frightening for her, especially because she lives alone. I guess we are just wondering if there is anything we can do or someone else that would help the situation.

Heather Behnke from the Internet.

We recently bought a house that a 40ish woman suddenly and unexpectedly dropped dead in. Though my life seems to have had lots of ghosts in it, this is the first time I have truly been scared.

About three nights ago, something pushed down the bedcovers next to my feet. I was too scared to open my eyes but recoiled into a ball and felt terrified. I don't remember ever being this afraid of a ghost before and I am interested in freeing myself from this haunt.

We took photographs when we painted the dining room and they have smoky things all throughout the picture but not on the other pictures in the roll. I honestly don't know what I am dealing with here but it has become annoying and a constantly increasingly uneasy feeling and flashes in the corner of the eye sightings are daily now. Can you help us?

Anonymous from the Internet.

Dear Dale:

I am writing to you today in hopes that you may be able to lead me to some good advice about some strange happenings going on in the home that I live in. I stumbled across your website in a desperate search for information about ghosts or spirits.

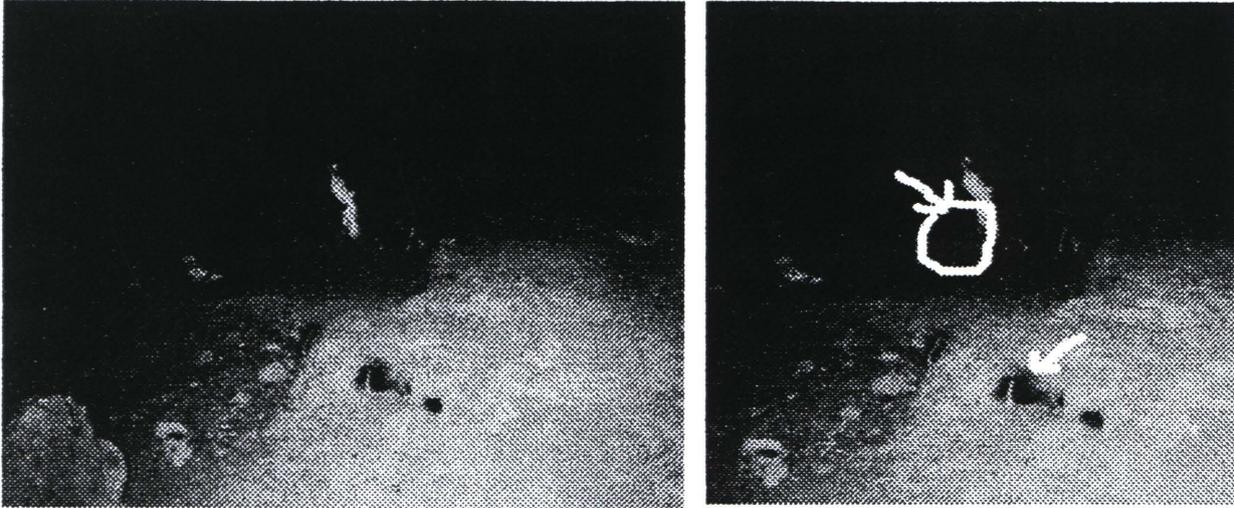
I am not sure what we are encountering here, but things seem to be getting stranger by the day (which seems to have a "black hole" that sucks up many hours out of each day). I could go on forever about what is happening but it would take forever. We thought of going to a priest, but do not know any here (just moving from Atlanta.)

We are to the point that we might have to leave the house. I am a skeptic and don't know how much of this could be our imaginations (we are quite creative), but I am confident that there IS something unusual going on around here and we would like to find out if we are doing things to make it worse, or if we might be in any impending danger.

Kathy Hels from the Internet.



Spirit Photography Page



What do you make of this? Taken this year on a mountain top at Olympus in Turkey, the eternal flame. I can see two unexplainable images. I would appreciate your comments.
Lisa from the Internet.



Is this just a light leak or...? All the other negatives on the roll are ok except the ones taken in this part of the woods. The time of day was bright daylight in dense woods with no fog, rain, power lines, lights, etc. The film speed was 3200. I have heard that these were "haunted" woods. I walked through the woods "talking" to the spirits telling them what my purpose was.... Doug.

Reviews

Ghost Waters by George C. Steitz (Impact Television Productions, 1999, 50 minutes, available thru Riverboat Molley's, www.prairieghosts.com, 888-GHOSTLY)

By the same producer that brought you *Haunted Lighthouses*, Mr. Steitz has once again managed to 'capture the spirit' in video tape form again. In his latest effort, *Ghost Waters*, he sticks with stories related to or located close to waterways.

Some of the stories include the mysterious 'House of Haunted Hill', a floating showboat possessed by the spirit of a young girl, a bizarre legion of ghosts that haunts a Civil War fort, the chilling legend of the Black Hounds from Hell, a remote beach in Maine haunted by a beautiful young woman, a haunted dungeon in Boston Harbor and ghosts that never rest in Charleston, South Carolina.

Troy Taylor, president of the American Ghost Society, is also featured in the story concerning a haunted river boat on the ol' Mississippi.

Put together quite nicely and recommended for any video library. Rated a 7 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

The Light At the End of the Road: The Joplin Spook Light by John Carpenter with Ted Phillips (Carpenter Research, John Carpenter, 4033 S. Belvedere, Springfield, MO. 65807, 1997, 90 minutes, \$32.95 ppd)

For over a century, a mysterious but

blazing light source has amazed and even terrified hundreds of people on a lonely gravel road heading into Oklahoma from the border with Missouri. Like a "campfire in the sky", dazzling shapes of different colors dance and revolve around each other nightly. Documented sightings from the 1800s predate automobile headlights, nearby highways, airports, and even the road itself! When the light is approached, it appears to vanish to those approaching it while others can still view it from down the road.

Join veteran UFO researcher Ted Phillips as he searches for scientific answers using telescopes, a CCD camera, videotape and 35mm camera equipment during his 30 years of study of this anomalous light.

John Carpenter, MSW, LCSW, is a psychiatric therapist and internationally recognized UFO Abductions Researcher and has put together some of the most interesting video and stills that I've ever seen to date! Coupled with Ted Phillips, a Civil engineer, astronomer, professional musician and world's leading authority of thousands of UFO landing trace cases, this video takes you an a personal tour of the site. Mr. Phillips was also a research assistant to the late Dr. J. Allen Hynek, of the Project Bluebook Project.

This is one not to miss. Rated an 8 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Real Ghosthunters (Michael Hoff Productions, Inc., for The Discovery Channel and produced by Sarah Kass, 1999, 52 minutes, VHS #742114, \$19.95,

www.discovery.com)

Throughout America and the world academics, scientists, technicians and enthusiasts are using the latest technology to search for evidence of life after death. And for the first time they are documenting ectoplasmic clouds, floating balls of light, and anomalous "cold spots".

If you've seen other documentaries on the paranormal and "ghostbusters", you haven't seen this one!! This production was well researched and shot without the annoyance of skeptics and debunkers to "through cold water" over the evidence and hard work that goes into each and every investigation of paranormal investigators.

After a brief introduction by Loyd Auerbach, internationally-known parapsychologist and researcher, the film is divided into several smaller sections, each introducing a new set of researchers and different cases.

Myself and fellow members of the GRS, Stan Suho, Jim Graczyk, Howard Hight and John Cachel were filmed investigating the north-side home of Danaka Fay. And, to make a long story short, we were able to record strange sounds of dragging feet, crashes, metallic sounds of object being dropped and rearranged and the videotaping of several strange floating orbs using Sony nightvision cameras.

The next segment featured Dr. William Roll and Andrew Nichols at the home of Doretta Johnson where strange things have been occurring for years.

Next featured were Chris Peterson and Nancy Kimball, co-founders of the Utah Ghost Hunters Society using EVP to prove the existence of paranormal phenomena.

Recently the entire documentary was given a very favorable review by Rick Darby,

writing for The Paranormal Review in their April 2000 edition.

I highly recommend this tape for the amount of paranormal evidence which was gathered by myself and the other credible researchers featured on the tape.

Rated a 9 in a 1-10 scale!

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Air Ion Counter by Bill Lee (AlphaLab, Inc., 1280 South 300 West, Salt Lake City, UT. 84101, 800-769-3754, trifield@aros.net, \$580.00 includes shipping [discounts for GRS members])

AlphaLab, Inc.'s Air Ion Counter is a substantial improvement over previously available ion meters, and it can make ion measurement available to anyone. It costs less than one-tenth of any other ion meter and is smaller and easier to use, requiring only two 9v batteries. Despite this, it has the same sensitivity (down to 10 ions per cubic centimeter) of very expensive meters. Due to full electrostatic shielding and a fan throughput of 200 cubic centimeters/sec., it can make accurate readings even in adverse conditions such as gusty winds or strong electrostatic fields.

The Air Ion Counter can be used for the detection of natural and artificial ions. Natural ions include those generated from the decay of radioactive minerals and radon gas.

A nice two year warranty accompanies the device. Highly recommended for the serious ghost hunter! Rated a 6 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Classified

Weird New Jersey is published two times a year in May and October by Weird NJ Inc., and can be found at various locations throughout New Jersey. It can also be ordered by contacting: Weird NJ, PO Box 1346, Bloomfield, NJ. 07003 or online at: www.weirdnj.com.

A fascinating publication devoted to weird, obscure, ghostly and just strange items in and around New Jersey. Don't miss it!

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Paperbacks starting as low as \$1, hardcovers \$3 and up. Back issues of many out-of-print paranormal publications, Ghost Trackers Newsletters, ghost-related fiction paperbacks, entire UFO collection, audio and video tapes and many rare titles with some back issues of the discontinued *Witchcraft and Paganism*, *Astrology*, *UFology* and *The*

Chicagoland and Northwest Indiana Psychic Directories are still available. Write for a back list or email your requests to:

dkaczmarek@ghostresearch.org.



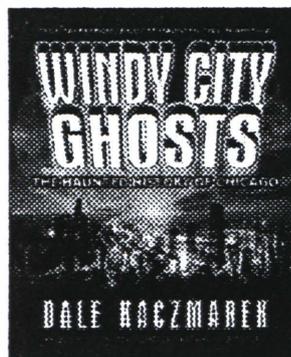
GRS CAPS: White baseball caps with black embroidered Ghost Research Society. One size fits all! Show everyone the

organization you belong to with pride. Cost is \$15.00 plus \$1.50 shipping/handling.

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