

# Legends Magazine

Volume Two Issue 16 April 21, 2020

## The Ghost Box

Ghost Hunter Jeff Brigham  
on the trail of strange phenomena  
in the "Haunted Woods of Burlington" Part Two



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by Atala

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Legends Magazine. 248 Carver St. Winslow Illinois 61089

Kate Holmes Shifting out of  
her Physical Body



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*Legends Magazine  
Salutes their Staff  
Members*

**Legends Magazine Staff Members**



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Heidi Hollis    Bill Matteson    Rick Hale    Ursula Bielski    Doug Clac

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The Publishers of Legends Magazine would at this time like to thank all the great people that we are proud to have working on our staff.

We personally hand picked these staff members to be

[www.burlingtonnews.net/Legends.html](http://www.burlingtonnews.net/Legends.html)

part of our project, knowing them to be hard working, intelligent and honest researchers – not to mention some of the best writers and photographers out there !

We look forward to all the wonderful information and stories they will be sharing with all of you.

For the staff of this Magazine, Brad and I believe we chose quite well for all of you and us.

*Mary Sutherland*



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## *The Oz Factor – Bigfoot and the Portals*

Mary Sutherland



*Donna Fink and Mary Sutherland investigating a bigfoot structure at Avon Bottoms in Wisconsin*

To the Irk of some Bigfoot researchers, I am working on another theory of Bigfoot and on what 'I' call 'Dead Zones' and others call the 'Oz Factor'.

The great thing about our woods in Burlington, the phenomena continues so we can go back again and again and experience the same types of phenomena which make it easier for us to study.

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I just don't buy the theory of Bigfoot being an apex predator and when they are around the sounds of animals, birds, frogs, insects all go completely mute and the wind or breeze ceases. Personally, I believe we are more of an apex predator than the Bigfoot.

After experiencing this phenomenon factor numerous times, I have come to believe that when all sounds become muted and we see something like a bigfoot or dogman or other strange creature, we have most likely stepped into a portal area where these type of creatures have access to .

When the Bigfoot are in our physical realm, it is likely that they experience the same things we do, such as hunger, cold, heat, etc. While they are here, they make temporary homes and blinds, such as you see in photo of Donna Fink and myself.

They may even live here but has the ability to see the portals

leading to other realms and can travel through them.

If they were vibrating at a different or higher frequency than our own, it may be possible that bullets from a hunter cannot stop them...or slow them down.

Stepping into another dimension through a portal could explain why others tracking their foot prints find them to suddenly end. This was reported to me from a Racine County Sheriff Deputy, as happening to him as he was tracking a bigfoot he saw walking about in Bong Recreational Park, outside of Burlington WI.

I have a friend who has a time machine device that changes his frequency for the purpose of traveling through the portals into other dimensional realities. He explained to me that one of the worlds he went into looked exactly like earth, but had no sound whatsoever.

Each dimension has its own laws of psychics, operating on their

own vibration and frequencies. When one of us steps through a portal into another dimensional world, it would seem to us that we have stepped into the Land of Oz.

I have had several OBE's (out of body experiences) and I know as a fact that when we go into another dimension, you go through it ethereally and then solidify when you are on the other side. When we come back, the brain re-arranges the events as to what makes sense and files that information away. What doesn't make sense to the brain is usually tossed out like 'spam mail' ; explaining the phenomenon of 'Missing Time'.

I am sure most of you have heard abductee stories of little aliens abducting a child, walking him/her right past the parents and through the door; later returning the child and the parent has no recall as to what had happened...nor did they notice the child walking past them and



leaving with aliens. The question has always been for me;

*“Why would the parents not have seen the child leave with the aliens?”*

*“Why weren’t they showing any signs of being concerned?”*

The reason seems to me that the child was taken ethereally and the physical body was still in bed; if the parents checked on the child later, the child would still be there. Also in the case of the Bigfoot Phenomena or Faerie Phenomena, you may step into one of these portals (doorways into the other dimensions) and see such creatures that cannot be explained according to our 3D physics. For the people next to you (just as in the alien abduction cases) they will only see your physical body that has remained behind and not the etheric body that has stepped out into the other realms. But I can assure you that just because the physical body remains unchanged does

not mean that your other etheric-self had not walked through the doorway into other realities.

These portals are a two-way street, where not only you can go through but others on the other side can come into our worlds too. *(Physical proof of this phenomenon can be found through the study of the Philadelphia Project and the Montauk Project)*

However the best place to study this type of phenomena that I speak of is through my books, websites and Facebook photo albums at

[www.burlingtonnews.net](http://www.burlingtonnews.net)

Just type in the private search engine the topic you are interested in i.e. bigfoot, portals, etc , click search and all my websites will pop up with my research and writing on the subjects chosen.

Today I have over 800,000 photos of portal phenomena based off my research of

approximately 25 years.

If you have questions on portals and bigfoot purchase my two books on the subject “Portals” and “Haunted Burlington”.

[www.burlingtonnews.net/books-portals.html](http://www.burlingtonnews.net/books-portals.html)

[www.burlingtonnews.net/books-hauntedwoods.html](http://www.burlingtonnews.net/books-hauntedwoods.html)

Yes, there is physical evidence of Bigfoot in our world, just as there is physical evidence of us in their worlds.

With the coming of the digital Age, more and more evidence is now captured on camera and camcorders, proving that there are many different types of entities and strange phenomena around us that are existing in a frequency, higher than our spectrum of vision, thus invisible to us.

To learn more about bigfoot, view photos we have taken and evidence we have accumulated

through the years go to our website at

[www.burlingtonnews.net/bigfoot.html](http://www.burlingtonnews.net/bigfoot.html)

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**PORTALS - Gateways to the Multi-Dimensional World by Mary Sutherland.**

In this book, Mary Sutherland cogently bridges cutting edge concepts, ideas, and theories of quantum physics, and beyond with concise descriptions, drawings and personal photographs from field investigations. Mary does this in an organized way so that a person just beginning to look into the phenomena can easily comprehend.

Keep this book as a field guide to compare your photographs with Mary's.

For investigators who have been studying this area of science, there is much to be learned and gleaned from this book, as well.

Doug and Stacy Clack May 2019

Portals- Gateways to the Multi-Dimensional Worlds is now available for sale on Amazon at <https://www.amazon.com/dp/1798641968>

<http://www.burlingtonnews.net/books-portals.html>





### Ursula Bielski Column

Author Ursula Bielski is the founder of Chicago Hauntings, Inc. the leader of our Chicago Ghost Tour Team, and the host of PBS’ “The Hauntings of Chicago” (WYCC).

An historian, author, and parapsychologist, she has been writing and lecturing about Chicago’s supernatural folklore and the paranormal for almost three decades and is recognized as the leading authority on the Chicago region’s ghostlore and cemetery history.

She received her Bachelors degree in history from Benedictine University and a Masters in American cultural and intellectual history from Northeastern Illinois University.

[www.chicagohauntings.com](http://www.chicagohauntings.com)

## *How I Came to Believe in Faeries*

Ursula Bielski

As adults, we assume that children live in a world where reality and imagination hold equal sway, but this may not be as true as we think. Many paranormal researchers believe that much of what we pass off as “*imaginary*” in children may actually be part of a reality of which most adults are not aware. Sometimes, children may truly see things adults don’t.

The paranormal gift of seeing what others don’t is called clairvoyance. It is a real gift, but though few adults can claim it, we all seem to own it, for a little while from birth, for an unspecified amount of time. Over the centuries, no brand of clairvoyance has been more closely associated with children than the seeing of—and interaction with—fairies.

When my young daughters and I first moved into our flat on

Chicago's north side, not far from Wrigley Field, they began what would become a ritual of going out into the front garden each evening to "feed the fairies." They built chairs and a table of twigs, which they placed in the dirt under the evergreen shrubs, lent their tiny tea set for the fairies' use, and offered bits of cookies, raisins and diminutive bowls of milk and lemonade.

In 1922 the great Scottish writer Arthur Conan Doyle completed a divisive volume entitled *The Coming of the Fairies*, based on his two years of involvement in the controversial world of the so-called Cottingley Fairies. The alleged fairies were "captured" on a still-debated series of photographs taken by two young girls outside their home in Cottingley, England, which depicted what appeared to be fairies and even a gnome frolicking with the children. Generations later, Elsie Wright and Frances Griffiths, cousins, publicly admitted to faking the photographs using cardboard cutouts. Still, they forever held that they had created the hoax to prove the existence of

the very real fairies in their garden to non-believing grown-ups, particularly Elsie's mother and father, with whom the girls were living. Frances maintained until her death that the fifth photograph in the series—which depicted a gathering of fairies but neither of the girls—was genuine. The photographs first came to Conan Doyle's attention via Edward Gardner, a well-known Theosophist, who received the prints from Polly Wright, Elsie's mother, who at the time was developing an interest in Theosophy and other spiritual ideas. Though Gardner believed the photographs were authentic, Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the first practitioners of psychical research, pronounced at once that the prints—and the girls—were frauds. Conan Doyle, however, was a practicing Spiritualist, having come to the religion after the closely-occurring deaths of his wife, his son, his brother, his two brothers-in-law and his two nephews. Eager to discover the truth behind the prints Conan Doyle asked Gardner to go to Cottingley to meet with Elsie and Frances, and to try to persuade the girls to

take more photographs. Gardner found the girls believable and the family stable, and he left with the girls two new cameras and a stack of photographic plates, along with his rousing encouragement.

When new photos resulted, Gardner sent them on to Conan Doyle, then on a pro-Spiritualist lecture tour in Australia, who saw the fresh prints as the imminent “visible sign” of the spiritual world that had been promised by spirits in recent séances he had attended. Previously, Conan Doyle had published a selection of the initial photographs in an article for the Christmas issue of the wildly popular English magazine, *The Strand*, which sold out within days. Controversy over the article had rocked the nation, opinion split fiercely between wide-eyed wonder and sheer disgust. But while Conan Doyle hoped the new photos would convince both the fence sitters and stalwart skeptics, he found himself, instead, the center of much of the lingering controversy: how could this brilliant man be taken in by the

obviously deceitful antics of two country girls? Much of the criticism of Conan Doyle that remains to this day can likely be credited to the public editions of the photographs themselves, as theorized by writer Barbara Roden. Roden suggests that the retouched images which were first printed—and continue to be—appear gravely fraudulent to modern critics, though the originals were much less sharp, the subjects much less defined and “flat” (one of the primary public criticisms over time). The original photographs were sold at auction in 1998 as part of Frances’ collection for more than 21,000 pounds and appeared on a Belfast-based edition of *Antiques Roadshow* in 2009, along with the camera that had been given to Frances by Conan Doyle. Frances’ daughter also appeared on the show and talked about her mother’s embarrassment over her deceit, as well as her mother’s insistence that the fifth photo was real. As Roden writes, under the modern lens the case against Doyle emerges—like the photographs themselves—as “less

clear-cut than critics would have us believe.”

### **What are They?**

Fairies have held a central place in children’s “imagination” for centuries, but they were once a central part of the adult world as well. Over the ages, many theories have emerged claiming to identify what, exactly, they are. This theory would explain the disturbing dual personality of fairies. On the one hand, they are pictured as benevolent nature-lovers, caring for farm animals and the environment, friends to children, even prone to help with house and farm work. On the other hand, fairies are more traditionally believed to be quite malicious. They were for centuries known for harming those who stood in the way of their activities or who did not give them gifts, typically indulgent foods. They regularly abducted or killed babies, misled travelers, burned barns, poisoned livestock and drowned those who wronged them. Staying out of their paths and living grounds was the preventive antidote to their ill will. Stories even tell of

houses being built with the front and back doors lined up over known fairy paths. These doors were left open at night no matter the weather, so that the fairies would be able to use their usual path without interruption.

In the late 1600s a Scottish native named Robert Kirk attempted to document the culture of his local fairy population in Aberfoyle. His illustrative book was published in 1691, and the Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns, and Fairies laid out his findings to the world. Though Kirk’s tomb may be found in Aberfoyle yet today, locals swear all is not as it seems. According to legend, his soul was abducted by fairies after he published his research, as he crossed a known “fairy hill” in the region. Reports claim that his body was left behind, appearing to be dead. After the burial, Kirk was said to have appeared in a dream of a close friend or relative, claiming that he was imprisoned in “Fairyland” and begging for help in his release. The tale tells that the relation was too scared to follow Kirk’s instructions, and that Kirk remains in Fairyland to this day.

Even in modern-day England, these curious tales persist. English native Janet Bord's *A Traveller's Guide to Fairy Sites* was published as recently as 2004; the volume has proved a very popular resource for those drawn to these mystical locales. Along with all of the expected legends, Bord shares some unnerving tales from several counties, including Yorkshire, home to the village of Cottingley, of Cottingley Fairies fame. In the late 1980s, during construction of a new highway—the Stocksbridge bypass, reports were rife of so-called ghosts at Pearoyd Bridge. During these months, two security guards driving near the new road saw a group of very small children playing at the construction site just after midnight. After driving past them and realizing the oddity of the situation, they stopped the car and walked back to find out why they were there at that hour. No one was to be found, and nary a footprint could be located, despite the ample muddiness of the area where the children had been seen. In the days that followed, the workers

talked to construction workers at the road who admitted to hearing children singing each night in the same area, singing which would begin around 11pm and last into the wee hours.

Many locals came to believe that these visual and audio “apparitions” were not of ghosts at all, but of flesh and blood fairies. Much like ghosts, fairies are known to become more active during times when their turf is disturbed—during the rehabbing of a house, for example, or—in this case—the full-scale eradication of their natural lair. The difference between the two situations is significant: ghosts may try to foil the project in some way—pulling up the new floorboards or breaking the new lights—or may simply appear more often, as if they are keeping an eye on the work's progress. Fairies, however, are not so lenient. As mentioned, they are most known for their vindictiveness in the face of mistreatment and disrespect. Maiming, cursing, even killing are not unusual punishments in the eyes of fairies.

One wonders what fates befell the construction workers of the Stocksbridge bypass.

### **Fairies in ... Northwest Indiana?**

One of the most unsettling and thought-provoking nights of my long career of ghost hunting found me, on a winter's night in the late 1990s, at a farm in Northwest Indiana. I always call it "the first night I believed in fairies."

The farm's owner is a woman known simply as Luann among the hundreds of ghost hunters who have visited her property over many years, and over those years "Luann's Farm" has become a point of pilgrimage for believers and skeptics alike, from every walk of life. Luann first began to wonder about her property when she moved in and the animals in the barn seemed "spooked" by something that Luann herself couldn't see.

A visit by a clairvoyant brought Luann two pieces of astonishing news.

First, the clairvoyant said, the property where Luann's barn stands is the site of a so-called "portal," a doorway between the physical and spiritual worlds that had been opened by Native Americans during the time of Anglo settlement. According to Native American lore, many such portals were opened during the early and mid-19th century, specifically to frustrate and terrify the white encroachers on Native American land, as tradition states that ghosts, demons and other disembodied entities must enter and exit the physical world via a portal that has been opened for this purpose.

Those living or working in portal areas are, according to sensitives, relentlessly surrounded by otherworldly creatures, which are also known to congregate at portal entrances, much the way the humans loiter at bus, plane or train terminals. Adding to the inconvenience and unease at such sites is the additional belief that beings coming in through portals tend to attach themselves to living, physical bodies, in order to stabilize themselves and travel

more easily. Children or weak-willed adults, it is said, are most prone to these attachments.

As astonishing as this news was for Luann, nothing could prepare her for the clairvoyant's second pronouncement: "You have fairies on your property."

Shocked and disbelieving, Luann listened as her visitor, equally amazed, told her some facts about fairies: that they are extremely rare in North America, that they tend to congregate at portals in natural settings, and that those who have them living on their land are highly fortunate, as they bring good luck if you treat them well. Luann naturally asked what she should do to please her fairies, and the clairvoyant said, "You have to feed them." Of course Luann asked, "What should I feed them?" Her visitor told her that she had to experiment to see what they liked.

So Luann began the bizarre ritual of placing petri dishes of various foods and drinks in the barn and on the hill behind it too see what

would go missing in the night. Oddly, foods one might expect to be eaten by animals remained each morning: bits of leftover meat—cooked and raw—, vegetables, milk, apples. What disappeared, finally, night after night, was what tradition could have dictated.

Fairies, again, are indulgent creatures. They live well and treat well, and when they are displeased, they punish well. Each morning Luann found only three things consistently gone: her tiny servings of fudge brownies, Jameson's whiskey, and Starbucks' Frappuccino.

Regularly sated with such luxuries, it seems the fairies have remained. They've given two varieties of evidence: good health, good fortune and other benefits to Luann herself—and another sort of evidence that has confounded literally hundreds of visiting paranormal researchers. I witnessed it myself.

When I visited Luann's farm, I was taken into the barn along with about a score of other ghost



hunters, as I was the guest that evening of a local ghost hunting club, whose meeting always took them to a haunted area site. Most of the others present had brought digital cameras, and they snapped many photographs as we entered the barn and made our way upstairs, to the area where the portal has been pinpointed, in the hayloft.

Now, “orbs” have been a subject of great controversy in ghost hunting circles over the years. These semi-transparent balls of white light that show up in photographs are believed by some to be balls of spirit energy, by others to be dust, moisture or other explicable culprits. With more than twenty people walking into a hay-filled barn, one might well expect “orbs” to show up on film as the dust is disturbed by all of those footsteps. However, in Luann’s barn, nearly twenty cameras caught only a handful of them when we entered.

We settled down and stood or sat. When we were all quiet and unmoving, Luann began to speak to the fairies. “Don’t be afraid,”

she said. “No one is here to hurt you, only to learn about you.” She introduced me, as I had never been there before, and as she spoke the blackness was lit, again and again, by the flashes of the cameras going off, dozens of flashes a minute, as the others gathered snapped photo after photo. Luann asked the fairies to come to me, to come and meet me and, again, to not be afraid.

I felt, as the minutes went by, an increasing tingling sensation all around, of which I told Luann.

“Put out your hands to your sides, with your palms up,” she said. “And they will come to you.”

I did as I was told.

I stood, transfixed, in the most aware state I can remember, and it seemed I did feel something come to me and a tingling in my hands and fingers.

A few minutes later we went back to the house to look at the images that had been captured during our visit to the barn. To my astonishment, the photographs showed a definite progression of

events. As mentioned, when we entered the barn at first, trampling hay everywhere, a couple of little dust orbs showed up in the digital camera frames of my fellow ghost hunters. It was when we were perfectly still, however, as Luann began her soothing monologue, that they began to gather. And the more she talked, the more she reassured her fairies, and the more still we stood, the more orbs gathered around me.

And, sure enough, when she asked them to come to me, into my hands, there they were.

The barn was lit with the flashes of a dozen cameras, and their frames all captured the scene. When I looked at them, I was deeply quieted. In each one, there I was: standing, shivering in an Indiana barn at midnight, arms outstretched, with a rapturous expression on my face—and my hands filled with little balls of light.

**AS A MAN THINKETH**

**"Mind is the Master power that  
moulds and makes,**

**And Man is Mind, and evermore he  
takes**

**The tool of Thought, and, shaping  
what he wills,**

**Brings forth a thousand joys, a  
thousand ills:--**

**He thinks in secret, and it comes to  
pass:**

**Environment is but his looking-  
glass."**

**BY JAMES ALLEN**

**Author of "From Passion to Peace"**



## **Andrea Dexter**

**Co-Owner of New Orleans's  
TempNola Restaurant and  
Columnist for Legends  
Magazine featuring stories on  
The Magic of Herbs and  
the World of  
Metaphysics**

<https://www.facebook.com/TemptRestaurantNola/>



## **The Healing Magic of Lobelia**

Lobelia is used to help relieve pneumonia and bronchitis, two types of lung infections that cause coughing and difficulty breathing, among other symptoms.

Lobelia has often been recommended by both herbalists and physicians to treat asthma and related issues. .

One study found that injecting mice with lobeline helped fight

lung injury by stopping the production of inflammatory proteins and preventing swelling.

Although these findings are promising, it is always recommended to consult your physician first.

Compounds found in Lobelia may also help protect you against mood disorders, including depression

During these difficult times with the Corona Virus attacking the lungs and the stress it has caused so many, Lobelia would be a perfect flower/herb to have in your herbal garden.

Andrea Dexter

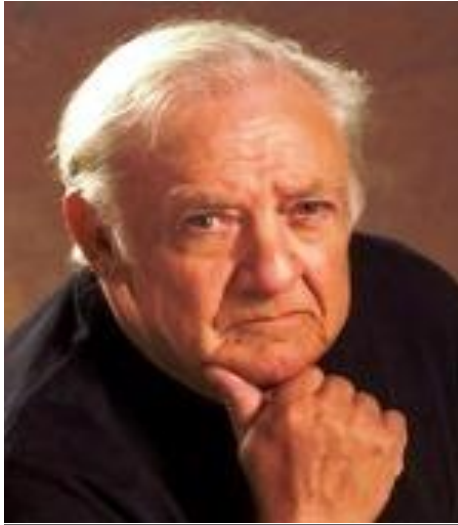


## **Planting a Garden? Here are a few tips on Companion Planting**

Tomatoes absolutely love carrots and basil. There are vigorous increases when they are grown together. Chalk it up to a symbiotic chemical relationship in the soil. And the Basil enhances the flavor of tomatoes ! As far as carrots helping, this may have to do with pest prevention and management due to natural attraction and repellent characteristics.

Carrots, dill, parsley, and parsnip are known to attract beneficial insects such as praying mantises, ladybugs, and spiders. These predator of pests will protect your tomatoes.

Another good practice is planting flowers with vegetables. Marigolds and nasturtiums are two flowers that can help your garden by attracting beneficial pollinators.



## Memories of Times Past

'Professor Bill' Matteson

*Please don't ask why I know these things, but here is some more useless information from me, Professor Bill.*



*A Lost Ship of Pearls in the Mojave desert could it be!*

### **Professor Bill's Corner**

*Bill Matteson - Uptown Chicago  
History Correspondent*

<https://www.facebook.com/bill.matteson1>

*I am blessed or cursed with the type of mind that remembers certain things. That I have read, heard or experienced and over the years find little cubby holes to tuck them away. Then on a given day, a little more of the story filters in, then inside the mind comes a blinding explosion; the light comes on and the story pops up. Here are some of those stories.*

The story goes like this, in 1610 the King of Spain commissioned three ships to be built and outfitted for the sole purpose of collecting Pearls from the oyster rich beds near LaPaz Baja California.

The ships were built in Acapulco.. Captain Cordone , Captain Rosales and Captain Juan De Iturbe .

They had imported divers from certain tribe in Africa Who could hold their breath for almost six

minutes...so outfitted and staffed, they began diving for Pearls in and around the southern coast of Baja California

Slow and tedious work, the divers would drop down to the sea bed with a basket and a rock tied to their leg, gathering up as many oysters as they could, then cutting the rope and surfacing.

While resting between dives they would open the oysters hoping to find a pearl...While lots of oysters were opened, they only had a few pearls to show for it.

Now in addition to danger from the "Bends", there were also sharks...lots of sharks...hungry sharks...

With supplies running low, one of the ships was put to shore to trade with the local Indians. As they were trading some old clothing and a rusty cutlass or two they noticed baskets of

Pearls. While tradidng for the pearls, they had a meeting and a plan emerged; they were going to 'steal' all the pearls they could.

Throwing all divers overboard to the sharks they set sail to raid all the villages along the coast line and steal the pearls.

They were successful the first time.but the second time the natives were waiting; wounding a lot of the sailors.

The wounded men were placed on one ship, the pearls were placed on the remaining two ships. While the one ship returned. the other two were filling the holds with pearls.

Sailing northward one of the ships struck a reef and started to sink. They unloaded all of the pearls onto the remaining ship now Piloted by Juan De Iturbe, who was known to be the worst navigator of the fleet.

At this time, in Spanish maritime history, it was thought that Baja California was an Island and not a Peninsula.

Sailing north Iturbe came into the mouth of the Colorado river ,due to early spring rains and an early thaw the river was beyond flood stage. Itube thought he found the way around the "Island" but he was sailing north up the Rio Colorado.

Turning west he sailed for a day or two until he ran out of ocean. Realizing his mistake he turned back east only to find out that the water was receding rapidly; turning back west he sailed until he struck dry land.

Taking whatever provisions they could, they trekked over land until they were found by some Friars of a mission on the west coast.

After recuperating, they unsuccessfully tried to relocate the ship .

*Is it still there, hidden under the desert sand?* Bill Matteson



## **Is There a Lost City under Death Valley?**

Some time in 1931, a retired Ohio Doctor F. Bruce Russell and his friend and colleague Dr Daniel Bovee both amateur archeologists. had worked a few times together on excavations in Mexico and were checking out some mining claims in Death Valley.

While sinking a shaft in one area, the soil gave way and they fell into a cave that a large series of thirty-two tunnels going in all directions Following one tunnel they found the mummified remains of 3 men between 8 to 9 feet tall dressed in skins from some unknown animal.



They also found a number of artifacts and a piece of polished granite that bore Native American designs and what appeared to be Egyptian Hieroglyphs. They also claimed to have found the remains of extinct animals.

Marking the area, they went back to civilization to file claims and when they returned, due to shifting sands, they were never again to locate the discovered tunnels. They searched for a few years but without luck.

Dr Bovee faded away into obscurity while Dr Russell kept up his search. Later his car was found in the desert, with a broken radiator hose with his suitcase in the back seat but Dr. Russ was never found.

Is the claim of a Lost City true or is just another Urban Legend. According to the legends of the Paiutes, the story of the Lost City is true.



## **Stephan Bibrowski (1890–1932)**

Better known as Lionel the Lion-faced Man, was a famous sideshow performer. His whole body was covered with long hair that gave him the appearance of a lion; this was likely due to a rare condition called hypertrichosis.

Bibrowski was born in 1890 in Bielsk near Płock in Congress Poland with one-inch hair covering his body. His mother (Benedict) blamed the condition on the mauling of his father (Michael) by a lion, which she witnessed while pregnant with Stephan. She considered Stephan an abomination and gave him up to a German impresario named Sedlmayer when he was four

years old. Sedlmayer gave him his stage name and started exhibiting him around Europe.[1]

By the time he was put on exhibit, Lionel's hair had grown to eight inches (twenty centimetres) on his face and hung about four inches (ten centimetres) everywhere else. His body was almost entirely covered with hair, the only exceptions being the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet. In 1901, Lionel traveled to the United States and started appearing with the Barnum and Bailey Circus. He toured with the circus from then on, occasionally going back to Europe.

In his act, Lionel performed gymnastic tricks, and also spoke to people to show his gentle side that sharply contrasted with his appearance. He settled in the U.S. in 1920, becoming a popular attraction, and moved to New York City, where he was a fixture at Coney Island.

By the late 1920s, Lionel retired from his sideshow career and moved back to Germany. He was reported to have died in Berlin from a heart attack in 1932 at forty-one years old.

Reference Wikipedia



**Haunted Woods Tour –**

[www.burlingtonnews.net/hauntedtours4.html](http://www.burlingtonnews.net/hauntedtours4.html)

## Atala Dorothy Toy



Nature spirit author, workshop leader and photographer Atala Toy has been working in the field of interdimensional communication for over fifty years.

Atala is the founding president of the holistic company Crystal Life Technology, Inc. and a past vice president of the American Society of Dowsers. Her books include *We Are Not Alone – a Guidebook for Interdimensional Cooperation* and *Nature Spirits, Spirit Guides and Ghosts – How to Talk With and Photograph Life Forms of Other Realms*. She has received numerous awards for her energy jewelry, which can be seen at [crystal-lfe.com](http://crystal-lfe.com), and her nature spirit photographs, which can be seen t [atalatoy.com](http://atalatoy.com). Crystal Life Technology, Inc. at [www.crystal-life.com](http://www.crystal-life.com)

## Dowsing & Interdimensional Cooperation

by Atala

*This article was originally published in the Quarterly Digest of the American Society of Dowsers:*

The four of us were sitting on the porch steps: my client (a realtor), the homeowner who couldn't sell her home, me, and the lonely female ghost who was responsible for the difficulty in selling the house.

The ghost was listening to us chat. She was dressed in early 20th century prairie clothes, from a time when there were far fewer houses in the neighborhood and most of them belonged to her relatives.

I gently broached the issue of the ghost's presence to the homeowner. As often happens when I do this, the floodgates opened and the homeowner burst forth with a long tale about the

ghost's presence on her property. She admitted knowing what the ghost looked like and who her family was – details the owner had never consciously admitted before. The realtor's mouth hung open. We discussed the situation for



*Dowsing Coaster*

some time: that the current homeowner had married and was never coming back and that I could help the elderly spirit cross over, if all were in agreement. The ghost could go to the light and be with the rest of her family. All agreed, but the owner was leery: she had tried many times herself to get the ghost to leave.

I checked in with the elderly spirit. To our surprise, she was

eager to leave. She was lonely with no one around. Having just heard that she had the option of going to the light, she wanted to take it. We set space, I body dowsed for the appropriate portal opening for her, and the instant I located it she was gone in a whish of energy. We all felt her presence leave, including the surprised realtor.

## **Interdimensional Communication**

All of us descended from source via vast energy forms that have many parts and levels. We are an expression of infinite energy seeking to successfully and consciously manifest itself in the third dimension. We are also connected to "higher" life forms in other dimensions.

When we encounter a new situation where we are uncertain how to proceed, our friends and allies in other worlds can show us how to proceed. Contacting them, too, is initially a dowsing issue.

We can learn to communicate with all life forms throughout the

universe via a type of “*body dowsing*” that permits a person to locate, identify and communicate with any form of life. This is an area where spirit and science are merging quite well. It is a simple technique to practice. Once I have shown it to an energy-sensitive individual, she/he can replicate the process.

The basis for this process follows the same dowsing protocols taught by ASD instructors in the Basic School of Dowsing. Those basic protocols have been extended and internalized to what is called “*body dowsing*” then further extended to include other dimensions and life forms that exist in our common universe.

Certain preconditions can cause obstacles to success. These factors seem to be field-defining parameters that limit the amount of knowledge or dimensions through which we can travel and the types of beings we can associate and work with.

The first condition is the necessity to break with our

civilization’s common perceptions. We have been conditioned to block communication with other dimensions of existence because “*they do not exist and/or to communicate with them would be impossible.*” So we need to stay open to the possibility that anything can occur.

The second is to understand that, if all existence comes from one source, this is the location where all of us are able to communicate with each other; at the deep source-level. We simply need to connect to source inside ourselves and via internal dowsing locate the source frequency of the other life form.

All of us have used Walt Wood’s dowsing chart from his now-famous Letter to Robin (*please click on the title to download a free copy of the book from the [www.crystal-life.com](http://www.crystal-life.com) website*). In dowsing for interdimensional beings, we use this dowsing chart. We hang or swing our pendulums in the ready position, and the pendulum swings to a position on

the chart representing the frequency of the being. Gradually, over time, many dowzers internalize that swinging motion, after having observed that there is a slight gradation of energy flowing through the body.

This connects our “center” (the spiritual heart in the middle of the chest) to the frequency that the pendulum over the chart is locating and defining. It is then only a matter of time before the whole process is internalized and frequencies can be located by shifting about internally. In this way we “body dowse.”

Third, we need to exist in a state of ahimsa (non-injury or refraining to cause harm to any living creature). If the life-form we are seeking to contact senses that we wish to harm it (or fear it), it will not permit us to contact it in any significant manner.

## **Getting Started**

When we start this type of dowsing, each of us has an affinity for certain families of life forms and it is easier for us to contact them. Gradually, we extend our

contact to other life forms. We find that everything is alive. It does not matter whether it is another human, an animal, plant, tree, rock, a manufactured life form such as a cell phone tower or a chair, extra-terrestrials, angels or so-called “dark” forces.

I was once contemplating a particularly difficult job. An area of land had polluted ley lines, vortexes, power lines, traffic and distressed nature spirits. I was deciding which tools to use when I heard a voice say, very clearly, *“Well, there is ANOTHER way.”*

When this being had my curious attention, it continued, *“You can ASK us.”* It was one of those “Aha” moments: total, simple logic that had been overlooked.

And so, my journey began. Simply shift frequencies and learn to communicate with the life form in a manner understandable to both you and the life form.

## **Land Clearing**

When I do a land clearing now, I involve the client in this as well. First we discuss the issue that

they wish resolved. Then I walk around the property and internally dowse to locate the source of the issue(s). Very often it includes a life form (or more than one) that is misunderstood or upset with the owner. I then come back and set the space where I can communicate with the life form(s).

I internally dowse the frequencies using Walt Wood's dowsing chart. I energetically create a three-dimensional self-contained field of energy. Some may recognize this as a Merkabah. I then internally assist the concerned parties (client and life-form) to step into that space and communicate with each other. Unfailingly, they have always been able to achieve this communication. Perhaps it is because each has been attempting to be heard but could not find the proper channel, until now.

I have seen reserved and doubting presidents of corporations burst into tears when they very clearly heard their home communicate with

them in such encounters. One wrote me: you *"opened our eyes to a new realm of communication and connection we never even thought existed. I was brought to a place where I could connect with my house in incredible ways and reach wondrous insights into myself and my relationship with the world around me. It was an amazing evening."*

Once a conscious energetic connection has been made, the two parties can continue to openly communicate with each other in a spirit of harmony, and resolve their various issues.

## **21st Century Dowsing**

Today, we feel it totally appropriate to dowse which brand of Vitamin C is better for us or where a ley line is. It is only a small step from there to dowsing what kind of energy is living in a locale, what it is, what it needs and wants, and how we are to assist it. This communication will go a long distance toward resolving the needs of the locale's human occupants as well.



Communication can be with the area's nature spirits, trees and other plants, rocks, inner earth communities, interdimensional cross-overs, lost spirits, and the living, intelligent communities that make up ley lines and vortices.

Our world is changing in frequency. It is elevating and we are beginning to know more and more clearly that there are other worlds intersecting with ours.

Once only the highly esoteric traditions could communicate with other realms. Now more and more people are spontaneously experiencing these crossovers. We can facilitate these communications using dowsing.

We find that we are not alone in this universe, we are capable of communicating with all life, and all of us are a part of larger, interdimensional communities with whom we can make pacts, long-term or short-term, to assist one another.

This article appeared in the Fall 2006 issue of "The American Dowser Quarterly Digest",

Volume 46, Issue No. 4. For more information on dowsing, please visit [www.dowsers.org](http://www.dowsers.org)



See what we captured during our Haunted Tour in Burlington, Wisconsin.

Video: <https://youtu.be/96GIQm AISFE>

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## Rick Hale

Rick Hale is Spooky Isles Deputy Editor (Mysterious Phenomenon) and staff writer for Legends Magazine.

A native of Chicago, Illinois, he has had an interest in anomalous phenomena since having a positive encounter with an apparition at an early age.

Rick is the author of **'The Geek's Guide to the Strange and Unusual: Poltergeists, Ghosts & Demons**, and his second book, **Behold! Shocking True Tales of Terror...And Some Other spooky stuff** both sold on Amazon.com

<https://www.facebook.com/rick.hale.10>

## By The Light Of The Moon

*"Even a man who is pure in heart and says his prayers by night, may become a wolf when the Wolfsbane blooms and the moon is full and bright." The Wolfman (1941)*



When it comes to horror films, I don't really care for slasher films. Rather, I prefer my scary movies

to have a supernatural edge, vengeful ghosts, the undead and my all time favorite, werewolves. There is nothing better than watching a good man by day, turn into a ravenous beast when the sun sets and the full moon rises.

Since the release of, Lon Chaney Jr's, *The Wolfman* in 1941, Hollywood has offered up a wide variety of werewolf films. Some of them great like, *An American Werewolf In London* to the not so good, *Wolf* with Jack Nicholson, these movies may be great entertainment but, as with most monster movies, Hollywood tends to come up short where real folklore is involved.

Legends of cursed people transforming from human to bloodthirsty beast, doesn't come from the hills of Carpathia. Or, the windswept moors of the English countryside. The legends of man-beasts has it's origins much further back in the long forgotten mists of ancient history. And, believe me when I tell you, the

truth is far more terrifying than any late night creature feature.



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Folklorists believe stories of man-beasts may have started with the magical and religious beliefs of early man. Prehistoric hunters would don themselves in the skins of predators, believing this would give them the cunning and physical prowess of these animals. This *sympathetic magic*, as it's called, was believed to give the hunter his edge in the field as he stalked his prey. These stories of prehistoric hunters may be the origins of the werewolf legend.

But the ancient Greeks, gave us the supernatural component of the legend.



The term, Lycanthropy, is used in psychology to describe the delusion of transforming from man to beast. The word was coined by the poet, Ovid.

Ovid tells the terrifying story of Lycaon, an Arcadian king who incurred the wrath of Zeus and was cursed with turning into a wolf. Ovid, described the king's condition in stark detail: "*In vain,*

*Lycaon, attempted to speak. He thirsted for blood. He raged among the flock and panted for slaughter. His vesture (skin) turned to hair. His countenance rabid. And his eyes glittered savagely."*

Historians and skeptics agree, Ovid, was describing a man afflicted with rabies. Nevertheless how could this be a mere disease brought on by the bite of an animal? To put it simply, *rabies sufferers don't grow hair by the light of the moon.*

If Ovid's account doesn't convince you, consider the words of, Gaius Petronius, author of *The Satyricon*. While attending a wedding in 60 AD, Gaius, speaks of a curious acquaintance he made that would forever haunt him. He and his new friend left the wedding as the moon rose high in night sky. When they walked out to the surrounding woods, Gaius watched in horror as the man

transformed into a great wolf and ran off into the woods.

Our final example from antiquity concerns a tribe of shapeshifters called, the *Neuri*. The Nueri, participated in the first Olympics in their bestial form. In the end, they walked away with most of the awards and we're admired for their physical prowess and sportsmanship.



The modern image of the shapeshifting man-beast may come from ancient Greece, but the word, "werewolf" comes from England. Gervase of Tillbury, in his 1212 AD work, *Otia Imperialis*, describes a tribe of people with the magical ability to turn into wolves. Like Ovid's description,

historians believe Gervase was actually talking about outlaws, and not magical shapeshifters.

Delving further into history, during the tragic period called, "The burning times," alleged werewolves were caught up in the witchcraft frenzy and burned at the stake. It was believed they sold their souls to the devil for power. In 1573, a horrific story of greed and cannibalism came out of France that cemented this belief.

Gilles Garnier, was by all accounts a simple farmer until he was arrested for the unspeakable crimes of heresy, murder and cannibalism. At his trial, Garnier, confessed to selling his soul to a black clad stranger for a magical salve and wolf's pelt. The diabolical stranger told Garnier, if he rubbed his skin with the salve and wears the pelt, he'll transform into a wolf.

As a wolf, Garnier, murdered and devoured several children with full memory of the act. He was found guilty and sentenced to

burn for his horrifically gruesome crimes.

In other parts of Europe, being a werewolf was considered a curse handed down by God to a person. A child born with teeth or a uni-brow was a dead giveaway they would one day become a werewolf.

It was also believed that if you peeled back the skin of a suspected werewolf you would find hair.

These unfortunate souls were subjected to cruel torture and eventually executed.

It's a common misconception, stories of shapeshifting terrors are only found in Europe. In the American southwest the *Dineh*, or Navajo, live in fear of the *Yee Naaldlooshi*, the dreaded *Skinwalker*.

Skinwalkers, are believed to be evil sorcerer's who use

primordial magic to shapeshift into grotesque animals.

Skinwalkers, were believed to sacrifice children and use their bones in rituals. The Native tribes are reluctant to speak of the Skinwalker, as they believe mentioning it will invite it's wrath.

Today, modern science accepts that a person can transform into a werewolf, not physically but psychologically. Lycanthropy is a rare psychiatric condition, where the afflicted believes they transform into a ravenous beast.

One case from France, tells of a man who was discovered in a Paris alley, covered in blood and walking on all fours while viciously growling. It was later discovered, he ripped out his friend's throat with his teeth. When he was sent to a hospital, the man "transformed" and overpowered the orderlies, biting and severely beating them. One orderly commented, the man

truly became bestial before their eyes.

The legend of the werewolf is one that is truly terrifying, but why does it capture our imaginations so? Perhaps we see something of ourselves in this creature that reminds us of when we were beasts. And our desires were to hunt in the fields unfettered by society and it's rules. Rick Hale



## The Great Serbian Vampire Scare Meduegna, Serbia

Rick Hale

As we've already seen in the cases of Peter Plogojowitz and Mercy Brown, (see issue 15 of *Legends Magazine*) there have been a number of vampire outbreaks in history. Of course, the overwhelming majority of these supposed outbreaks are nothing more than mass hysteria

brought on by superstition and a gross misunderstanding of science. With that being said, there have been a few cases which can't be dismissed quite so easily. And the *Meduegna vampire outbreak* is one such case. For a five year period in the 18th century the people of this small central European village were held in a nightmare of unrelenting terror.



The horrific events that gripped the town of Meduegna, Serbia, a town north of Belgrade began in 1726. At the time, central Europe



was occupied by the Turkish Ottoman Empire and the Habsburg Empire of Austria wanted to liberate the region in the name of Holy Christendom. Thousands of young men answered the call and enlisted in the Army, including Arnold Paole. A soldier who had a bizarre experience that he would never forget.

When Paole returned from war, he did like most men, he bought a farm and settled down with a young woman. Paole, was well liked by his neighbors and was considered to be quite friendly. However, everyone agreed the former soldier seemed haunted, almost as if a dark cloud of gloom hung over him. One day, his wife managed to get him talking about his time in the war and the story he told her was almost too bizarre to believe.

While camping in Turkish controlled Serbia, Paole was awakened from his slumber by an

intruder. But not just any intruder, according to Paole, the intruder was a vampire. Before he could act, the vampire attacked and managed to bite him in the chest. After a struggle, Paole beat the unnatural predator off and chased it back to its tomb where he killed it. *Fearing he was tainted by its bite, he ate dirt from the vampire's tomb and bathed in its blood.* Satisfied, Paole returned to his tent and home a few weeks later.

Not long after telling his wife of his encounter with the revenant undead, Arnold Paole died in a freak accident. Paole, was given a quick burial, and he didn't stay in the grave for long.

Three weeks after his burial, 4 people reported seeing Arnold Paole, lurking about the village and feeding on the cows as they slept in the fields at night.

When people turned up dead, hysteria descended on the town of Meduegna. The people were



convinced a damned being was in their midst and that damned being was Arnold Paole.



Not wanting to risk anymore deaths, or the creation of more vampires, the villagers opened Paole's grave and discovered, he was a cursed soul. Although he had been dead and buried for 40 days, his skin was unblemished and his nails continued to grow. When they drove the stake through his heart, fresh blood sprang forth and the body let out a hideous, unearthly scream. Next the villagers beheaded him and burned the body.

As for the four people who died under mysterious circumstances,

they were disposed of in a similar fashion. As far as the people of Meduegna were concerned, the monster was dead. And their nightmare was over. Or so they thought.



For almost 5 years, the people of Meduegna, Serbia slept soundly at night believing the vampiric scourge was gone. All that changed in 1731, when 17 people died from a mysterious illness that had the appearance of vampirism. A young girl confirmed their worst fears when she said a man named Milo, who was among the dead tried to bite her. The horror that overcame the town years earlier had

resurfaced. The terror had returned.

When word of the vampires in Serbia reached the House of Habsburg, the emperor was concerned and feared something diabolical was loose in his realm. The emperor appointed a special enquiry led by regimental field surgeon, Johannes Fluckinger to look into the matter.

Fluckinger, being a man of science was skeptical of vampires. He didn't believe in ghosts, ghouls or vampires, to him, such things were foolish. But once he arrived in Meduegna, his skepticism came crashing down.

Upon his arrival, Fluckinger, gathered the stories from the terrified villagers and had the body of Milo exhumed. Milo's body was in the same pristine condition as Arnold Paole, five years earlier. The people couldn't understand how this was happening, Paole was destroyed before any more vampires could

be made. Fluckinger, theorized that Milo, and the others who died, ate the cows vampirized by Paole, thereby being infected by his curse.

Over the next several days, over 40 bodies of direct, or indirect, victims of the alleged vampires were exhumed, staked and burned. When the gruesome deed was complete, a sense of peace and safety descended upon the town of Meduegna. The vampires would never threaten it's people ever again.

After compiling his notes, Fluckinger, presented his report to the emperor and it was published in book form. The report of the Meduegna, Serbia vampire outbreak spread throughout Europe, convincing everyone that something damned lurked in the shadows and stalked the night.

## ***The Ghost Box***



**Jeff Brigham**

Paranormal Researcher and Founder of the paranormal investigation group called SWAG, an acronym for Southeastern Wisconsin Area Ghosts.

Armed with the latest tech gadgets his team of of ghost-hungry explorers conduct paranormal investigations at homes, bars, cemeteries, funeral parlors, abandoned houses, barns, roads, hotels, and other places.

<https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=763034653>

## ***The Saga Continues*** **Jeff Brigham**

### **Chapter 2: Incredible Experiences in the Burlington Haunted Woods**

In the chapter prior, I spoke about my first visit to the Haunted Woods and the trail that winds through it. If I hadn't seen a ghost, it's doubtful that I would have returned. I think the woods knew as much and wanted me back. The woods were needy for attention, had stories to tell through electronic voice phenomena, images on still pictures and videos, and personal experiences.



After assembling a motley team of inexperienced ghost investigators, four of us total, I returned to the Haunted Woods.

A minute's hike onto the trail, the sun fading fast on the horizon, I was karate chopped on the shoulder by someone behind me. Startled but not in pain, I turned to look and saw no one. The two guys behind me were quite a way back. What just hit me then? I searched the ground around me and found a single acorn. Did I just get pelted by an acorn? If it had been, it didn't just fall from a tree: It was thrown with great force. Unsure what to think, I picked up the acorn and pocketed it. This was the first time this evening that I would get hit by a flying acorn. The second time happened a while later.

As investigators, we may have been inexperienced but our hearts were in the right place. We shared the united goal of having genuine encounters with the

paranormal. None of us would have been pitching acorns at my back as a prank.

We smelled the inexplicable odor of leathery cologne. While standing on the rock pile just off the beaten path, the pleasant odor wafted. We checked among ourselves and nobody had worn cologne or any kind of product that might give off that scent.

I took pictures, fired off a series of shots that should have captured an empty trail. But it wasn't empty. I appeared to have captured a disembodied floating mist, similar to the mist I saw with my eyes a couple weeks prior. Yes! I got a picture of it and accomplished the goal I'd set for myself! Now I could show other people what I had seen with my bare eyes.



We stayed on the trail until well past dark and split up into two teams. Jake and I stayed near the rock pile by the camp fire clearing and the other two trekked back toward the parking lot.

At the base of a tree glowed these two mysterious green bulbs of light, each no bigger than a necklace bead. The pair seemed to be resting on the ground, not hovering in the air. I told Jake to come and look but unfortunately, he couldn't verify what I was seeing because he didn't have his glasses on. I was on my own with this experience. I should have taken a picture but I was so taken by the experience I wasn't thinking of that. Instead, I extended my index finger to touch them. Just inches away they

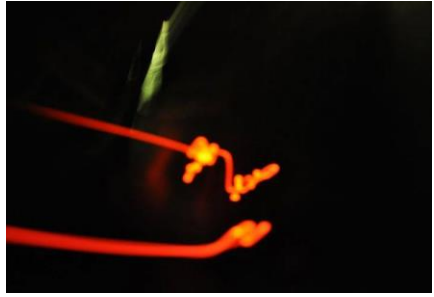
faded out and disappeared. I used a flashlight to look for clues and found nothing. I did manage to accidentally capture these two glowing lights in a randomly taken photo near the original location. They seem to show the same thing that I saw.



Another time while alone, I set up an infrared video camera with tripod to record a length of trail and heard a man's voice mumbling from the other side of a bush. The utterance was unintelligible. I stopped, listened, and finally said, "Can I help you?" What else does one say in a situation like this? I produced my flashlight and peered through the

brambles. No one was there. That was the last I heard of the disembodied voice. Upon reviewing audio, the disembodied voice had indeed been captured, but it was faint and unintelligible, no matter how many times it was replayed. It didn't sound angry or evil or anything of that nature. It sounded conversational, like the tone of someone making a casual observation. It could have mumbled, 'Nice camera you've got there.'

Each trip to the Burlington Haunted Woods resulted in success. Even if it felt like nothing had happened, a later review of digital evidence usually told a very different story. One of our photos (a bizarre photo that should have shown tree branches and leaves, but instead showed a ghostly female figure with arms outstretched, strange orange streaks, and a large hand in a restful position) even won photo-of-the-day on Art Bell's Coast to Coast Am website in 2011.



On some occasions we would see Mary Sutherland out on the trail with her tour group. It was always a pleasure meeting up with her on the haunted trail. On these nights Mary often had campfires lit, people mingling, taking photos, hoping to capture anomalies, and often times doing so. The woods had become notorious for capturing mysterious double-exposure-style photos, where a photo of someone results in 'echo' images of that person. In other words, a person might appear twice or three times in the same photo with different expressions, in different poses. Often times strange light anomalies can be seen streaking through these still images.

One night in particular I recall Mary telling her tour group that the trail was acting-up in a strange way and would disorient you if you weren't careful.

Disorient me? Nah. Not me. I'd been to the trail too many times and had become a 'hardened' investigator. I bid farewell to Mary, went on my way back on the trail, and a few minutes later, found myself cocking my head in confusion. Where did the trail go? Were we still on it? Yes. Wait—no. Had we wandered off? A very strange and uncomfortable, almost claustrophobic sensation. Unable to see the clear definition of trail, I began to feel lost. I said this to Kristi, my girlfriend, who walked alongside me. Kristi then reminded me of what Mary had said about feeling disoriented. I had forgotten. Sure enough, it happened to me. I take it all back now about being a 'hardened' investigator.

I can't count how many investigations I've done in the haunted woods in Burlington.

Maybe twenty or thirty? Here are some other things that happened to me and my fellow SWAG investigators:

- My buddy Jamie was doing an EVP session near the campfire (when no one else was around) and was terribly spooked when he heard feet running at him. He actually cursed loudly while jumping up and out of the way of the ghostly charger.
- I set out onto the trail to begin an investigation and was frightened right back out to the parking lot at the sound of heavy, bipedal footfall, thump, thump, thumping through the woods close by. I yelled out to someone to see if it was a person, got no response, then hurried to my car in the parking lot for a brief period while gathering my courage to re-enter the woods. (I'm there to investigate ghosts, not Bigfoot or Dogman!)
- My buddy Dan was doing an EVP session by the power lines when he started talking about

something mundane, like a college class he was taking, when he caught a very clear and loud male EVP accusing him of lying!

- Often times a spider silk sensation caressed the skin. Some believe this to be the touch of a curious spirit. I think they're right. But also, there are real spiderwebs spanning this trail that cannot be seen in the dark. Big spiders live on them. I've taken photos of spiders with whom I've had close calls and posted them on SWAG's Facebook site.

- Trinkets, candy, homemade dolls and other offerings can be spotted by the keen eye wedged into tree nooks, dangling from branches, or deposited on the ground in caches in certain areas. While not paranormal of itself, these items certainly lend a mystical flavor to the atmosphere.

While the paranormal events of these haunted woods have stayed

with me, the ghost of Burlington that impacted me most wasn't found in nature; it waited in darkness under a trap door in the century-old basement of Mary Sutherland's Sci-Fi Café.

*To be continued...*



***WHEN THE CONDOR OF  
THE SOUTH JOINS WITH  
THE EAGLE OF THE  
NORTH.***

THE PROPHECY OF THE Q'EROS,  
THE NATIVE WISDOM KEEPERS  
OF THE ANDES

*"When enough seeds are awake,  
freed from fear and other negative  
aspects of the third and fourth  
level of consciousness, the seeds of  
the fifth level will be able to sprout  
within humanity and form a  
whole".*

The Q'eros... The older brothers...  
Sought refuge in the mountains at  
more than 4,200 meters high,  
away from the invaders.

There they stayed for 500 years...  
they have guarded the original  
knowledge and sacred prophecy  
about a great change, THE  
PACHAKUTEK, waiting for the  
moment this world would take a  
turn, returning harmony and  
ending the time of chaos and

disorder. The Q'eros have lived in  
their territories high in the  
Andes, practically isolated.

During the celebration of the  
annual festival of the "Return of  
the Pleiades" (QOYLLURRIT'I)  
the people gathered there were  
amazed to see the Q'eros appear,  
dressed in the Inca emblem of the  
Sun, announcing that the time of  
the prophecies had arrived.

*"We've been waiting for 500  
years."*

The ancient prophecy mentions  
that, this is the time of the great  
encounter, called Mastay and it is  
time for the integration of the  
peoples of the four cardinal  
points.

It is they who are now offering  
their teachings to the West, in  
preparation for the day *when the  
North Eagle and the South Condor  
fly together again.*

They also tell us that, love and compassion, will be the forces that guide the union of peoples. "The new guardians of the Earth will come from the West and, those who have caused a greater impact on Mother Earth, now have a responsibility to remake the relationship with her, after remaking themselves".

Prophecy holds that North America will provide physical strength, Europe will bring the mental aspect. And heart, will be given by South America.

By this, prophecies are encouraging, they refer to the end of a time as we have known it so far, it is the end of a way of thinking, a way of being, a way to relate to nature and between beings.

The Incas expect the emergence of a new Golden Age, although they also mention tumultuous changes on Earth and in the

psyche of people to re-define relationships and spirituality.

The Great Change has already begun and brings the promise of a new human being. *Chaos and confusion will last 4 years.*

Q'eros talk about a "tear" in the fabric of time. They say that, we must die before old models of spirituality, to open ourselves up to self-renewal, becoming midwives of a new way of thinking and acting.

We need to re-learn to honour and respect Mother Earth, Father Sun, Star Sisters, discover and respect everything and all and so, be able to make a quantum leap towards what we are becoming, all together.

Q'eros say the doors between worlds are opening again, holes form in the time we can go through to explore our capabilities and regain our bright nature.

The prophecies say that we are finishing the Time of the Transition and the Fifth level of Consciousness will begin to manifest, after this change the Sixth level of consciousness will appear and, the Golden Age of humanity, will begin little by step by step.

The Golden Era will announce the beginning of the sixth sun, that will be the time of the "Children of Light" who will be fully awake.

Prophecy announces that when the fifth level of consciousness is reached, this will be done collectively and simultaneously.

"When enough seeds are awake, freed from fear and other negative aspects of the third and fourth level of consciousness, the seeds of the fifth level will be able to sprout within humanity and form a whole".

*"Follow your own footprints. Learn from rivers, trees, rocks. Honour*

*your brothers, honour Mother Earth, honour the Great Spirit. Honour yourself and all Creation. Look with the eyes of your soul and commit to the essentials."*

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*Mary Sutherland*

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