

Legends Magazine

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During a time of great turmoil, the energy of the elephant will enter, giving us spiritual and physical strength to overcome obstacles and provide a message of unity – Our Strength is Unity.

Mary Sutherland

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Salutes their Staff
Members*

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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

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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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***Nova Scotia
Gateway of Atlantis and
Oak Island Money Pit
Mary Sutherland***

Jack MacNab and I have been sharing information back and forth now about Atlantis in Nova Scotia for years. Its only been now that I have had a chance to compile some of our work on the Stargate of Atlantis in Nova Scotia.

Let me first start with what Jack found:

“Mi’kmaq” Ancient Egyptian connection in Kariong, Nova Scotia and Illinois by Jack MacNab

Hypothesis by Jack Mac Nab 3/15/2013 as follows: Just a short time ago, I received an email from Harry Hubbard. (Illinois Caves) He recommended that I take a look at a few Youtube Videos, concerning ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs that were discovered near Gosford Australia. Within a few hours I

was sitting back, and taking in some very interesting information being delivered by Steven Strong, concerning the Gosford/Kariong hieroglyphs.

At first, I was a bit skeptical as is to be expected. I did find it very exciting to think that maybe the ancient Egyptians, had founded colonies in Australia. Before long I had emailed Harry about how this information “just blew me out of the water.” Harry gave me Stevens email address and then things really began to unwind.

Within a few days, Steven and I were exchanging information that appeared to have a lot in common. At this point I could see that the Kariong hieroglyphs, had similar carvings with the Cleopatra hieroglyphic, that I discovered in the Bedford Basin area of Nova Scotia, between 1985-92.

Add to that, there were glyphs that matched with some of the

ancient hieroglyphic style of writing by the Mi'kmaq of Nova Scotia. Their ancient writings, are better known as ideograms. Some inscribed on paper and other carved in stone.

Now things are starting to get a bit perplexed. We now have ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs discovered in three separate location! Each appear to have some sort of connection with each other. These locations would be Kariong New South Wales, Australia, Marion County Illinois, United States, and Bedford Basin Nova Scotia, Canada.

From this point on I have decided to put each discovery into a separate camp. These will be known as the Kariong Camp, Marion Camp, and the Bedford Camp.

1: The Kariong Camp, had to do with an ancient Egyptian voyage, that left its hieroglyphic mark in the area of Kariong/Gosford New

South Wales, Australia. This voyage took place a bit more than 4000 years ago. You could say, earmarked with the name of Pharaoh Khufu of Egypt.

2: The Marion Camp had to do with an ancient Egyptian voyage, that left its hieroglyphic mark in Marion County, Illinois, United States. This voyage took place a bit more than 2000 years ago. You could say, earmarked with the name of King Alexander Helios of Egypt.

3: The Bedford Camp had to do with an ancient Egyptian voyage, that left its hieroglyphic mark in the area of Bedford Basin, Nova Scotia, Canada. This took place a bit more than 2000 years ago. You could say, earmarked with the name of Cleopatra VII of Egypt.

There is no doubt in my mind, that the Marion Camp and the Bedford Camp, were both connected to the King Alexander Helios voyage to North America. (20/15 B.C., to 40 A.D.) In time I

came to learn that the Helios voyage, was well documented in the Mi'kmaq Legends. Where as for the Kariong Camp, it had nothing to do with Helios voyage, other than both voyages originated in ancient Egypt. The Kariong Camp voyage had taken place more than 2000 years earlier, than the Marion Camp's voyage by Helios.

As for me, I am only interested in gaining the historic data, concerning these "three" voyages. (As for the subject of Aliens and UFOs, out of respect, I have decided to remain neutral. It has been enough of a headache, for me to prove that the ancient Egyptians, came to Nova Scotia, more than 2000 years ago. Let alone to tackle this other dimension.) One thing that is held in common with all three discoveries, is that each contain ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs.

Then I made another discovery! It has to do with a Mi'kmaq Legends that tell about about a very bad enemy of Glooscap. Glooscap was

the cultural hero of the Mi'kmaq of Nova Scotia. The name or title of the this enemy was "Winpe." These legends talks about how Glooscaps' family, was kidnapped by Winpe and taken captive as slaves, to Newfoundland Canada. Glooscap later, freed his family from grips of Winpi, and returned with them to Nova Scotia.

(Glooscap was the cultural hero chief of the Mi'kmaq of Nova Scotia.)

I have tried to fit this legend in with Helios voyage a number of times, to no avail. There is a bit of overlapping with the Helios voyage an a much earlier Egyptian voyage to Nova Scotia. Nor have I been able to link the Winpe in this legend with the Norsemen, Irish, or Prince Henry Sinclair, etc. Yet, I do get a connection with the Mi'kmaq name Winpe, with the ancient Australian legends concerning the "Gympie Pyramid."

Here is my hypothesis: (As Steven Strong mentioned in an email to me: "It is an interesting coincidence!")

To start with, the name Winpe is believed by many, not to be of the Mi'kmaq originality. As far as some Mi'kmaq are concerned, it is an outsiders name, not a Mi'kmaq name. You could say, not an indigenous name of North America.

Prior to hearing about the ancient Egyptians being in Australian, I had reached the conclusion, that this legend about "Glooscap and Winpe" is very symbolic. It has to do mostly with the constellations in the night-sky. This story was to be told to the young by the Mi'kmaq elders, parents, etc. As a tale about "good verses bad." At this point it appeared to me, that it may have originated back across the Atlantic Ocean in ancient Egypt! It no doubt began during the time of Pharaoh Khufu.

It appears to be related to the *Khufu sky-ship*.

This is not an unreasonable conclusion to reach. For the great chief Gooscap was known to have come into the land of the Mi'kmaq, Nova Scotia, from far across the Atlantic Ocean. He was never a Mi'kmaq. Nor was he native of North America. The Mi'kmaq stand behind that concept as fact.

Mary Sutherland:

THE PROMISE OF THE BIRD KING IS FULFILLED IN THE TIME OF DARKNESS

For intuitive reasons, *The Promise of the Bird King* has always struck me as true and I consider it very special. It fits well into Jack's *Khufu sky-ship*

It answered so many questions for me in my Search for Ancient Man Series

www.burlingtonnews.net/books.html

After printing it in one of my books, I had an Australian Aborigine Elder call me, wanting to know how I came across this prophesy; stating that only the Aborigine Elders knew of this and they never shared it with anyone. It was then I realized not only did I consider it special, but it was sacred information held in great secrecy. Now I share it again with you, the readers.

"The Snake, the Bear, the Smooth White Stone, the Sacred Red Flower and most important, I am the Sacred Kingfisher...from the blood who also gave you the Wild Dog which is the Egyptian War Dog, known as the dingo.

I am the Living Sun Dance. Red is my hair. Green is my Eyes. Fair is my Skin and hooked is my Nose. I am the Promised Bird King"

The Aboriginal of the Finders Rangers has already declared me so. The place where it was declared is a place called BELTANA. To them I am POPPADIDGEEDIDGEE.

According to the Bird King Story the characters of the biblical patriarchs (who were actually the Egyptian pharaohs and family) were MOSES - AARON - MIRIAM AND THE SACRED KINGFISHER.

In the story the snake traveled the world and finally bit its own tail back to Australia, from where the Lightning Brothers came. These two men were the biblical MOSES AND AARON, but known to the Egyptians as the Pharaohs AHKTANATEN and SMENKARE. They were not the leader of their people, but it was the sacred sister MIRIAMON or MIRIAM, known to the Egyptians as NEFERTITI.

<https://burlingtonnews.net/david.html>

They died in South Australia after deciding not to take the STAR FIRE any longer. (*The star fire was a gift from the 'gods' for immortality*).

They brought with them the LAW and the sacred color RED. The one "outstanding" life form they left behind was the EGYPTIAN WAR DOG, now called

the DINGO. (Canari – CAN; Canada- CAN)

The daughter traveled with the *AID OF FLIGHT*
<http://www.burlingtonnews.net/files/viminas.doc>

and moved through Asia to the North of Australia leaving the DINGO and the STORY OF THE SACRED KINGFISHER along the way until arriving in NOVA SCOTIA. She brought the sacred dog to North America along with the Law. In North America the Dingo became known as the CAROLINA WILD DOG. .

The PROMISE OF THE BIRD KING is fulfilled in the Time of Darkness....from now on the truth will come forth.

"Red is his hair and hooked is his nose. Fair is his skin and green are his eyes. He is The Bear; The Serpent; The Smooth White Stone; The Eagle; The Sacred Kingfisher and the Rose.

Jack Mac Nab

It appears to me that the name Winpe, generally speaking, has the same meaning as indigenous Australian name “Gimpi.” And I do believe that the spelling of this name Gimpi, was unintentionally corrupted by the English into “Gympie.”

The, “Legend of Gympie” is believed to be the oldest Aboriginal legend fully documented in Queensland – perhaps Australia... fully interpreted at a later period from the Ka’bi language into an English version by an aboriginal historian. The original name was “gimpi.”

HISTORY: The Town of Gympie is a regional town in the Wide Bay-Burnett region of Queensland, Australia. It is about 160 kilometers (100 mi) north of the state capital, Brisbane. Gympie is famous for its gold field. (The Bedford Basin is noted for it nearby Waverley Gold Rush Days.)

The name Gympie was derived from the Kabi. Kabi is the language of a tribe of Indigenous Australians that historically lived in the region. To these people it was spelled as “gimpi-gimpi,” meaning “stinging tree.” This tree had large, rounded leaves that have similar properties to stinging nettles. This named is associated with the word “bad.”

Winpie in the Mi’kmaq Legends is also associated with the word “bad.” This name in the Mi’kmaq Legends has been associated with sorcerer, witch, wizard, etc.

I have reason to believe that Winpie, is not to be viewed as any one person, at one given time. It seems to be more of a “title” than the actual person. The name “Winpie” was no doubt corrupted by the English, and turned into sorcerer, witch, wizard, etc. These names sorcerer, witch, and wizard, were not likely names to be found in the ancient Mi’kmaq vocabulary, prior to the English and French arrival into Nova Scotia Canada.

G—ym—pie meaning: *Bad as in stinging tree or stinging bush.*

G—im—pi meaning: *Bad as in stinging tree or stinging bush.*

W—in—pe meaning: *Bad as in sorcerer, witch, wizard, etc.*

The following is only a small part of a tale about Gimpi, taken from this website: "*Legend of Gmypie.*" It mentions: "Kgippandingi the fierce warrior became more arrogant. He built the great houses made of stone reaching towards the sky."

I have reason to believe, that it was the ancient Egyptians that built the great Gympie Pyramid "made of stone reaching towards the sky." This temple may very well have been constructed by the same people who carved the Kariong Hieroglyphics.

It is very possible that the Legend of Gmypie, may have been an event that only happened back in Egypt, when Pharaoh Khufu constructed the Great Pyramid of Egypt. This legend may have been transmitted, to the indigenous Australians, during the time of the construction of the Gympie Pyramid in Queensland Australia.

There is no doubt in my mind, that the "Legend of Gmypie," is a night-sky constellation story, past down through the ages by the Aboriginals of Australia. Also, the Mi'kmaq Legend about "Glooscap and Winpie," is a night-sky constellation story. Is this just another coincidence? You can be the judge! As long as the constellations in the nighttime-sky came out, this story could be told anywhere on earth, at any time down through the centuries.

Kariong Glyphs. What is interesting about these carvings, is that "certain glyphs" are almost a perfect match, with

those of the ancient Mi'kmaq hieroglyphs in Nova Scotia Canada

At the Kariong site, the Egyptian name of Pharaoh Khufu and his two sons are believed to be found there carved in stone. Plus, a few other interesting names of ancient Egyptians. These names I do believe "hone" in on the time period, when a scribe carved them in stone, a bit more than 4000 years ago.

As with my discovery of the "Cleopatra Hieroglyphic" in the area of Bedford Basin Nova Scotia, we can "hone" in on a possible date as to when they were carved. It was no doubt sometime between 15 B.C. – 40 A.D. This carving by a scribe had taken place, during the voyage of king Alexander Helios, when his fleet of ships came up from the Mississippi, and made landfall in the Bedford Basin area of Nova Scotia.

Is it possible to put a date on when the Mi'kmaq first arrived in

Nova Scotia? It does appear to have taken place, more than 4000 years ago. (The Palaeo Indians site in Debert Nova Scotia, is said to be about 10,500 years. It is "claimed" that the indigenous people of Canada were here about 30-40,000 years ago.

Mary Sutherland:

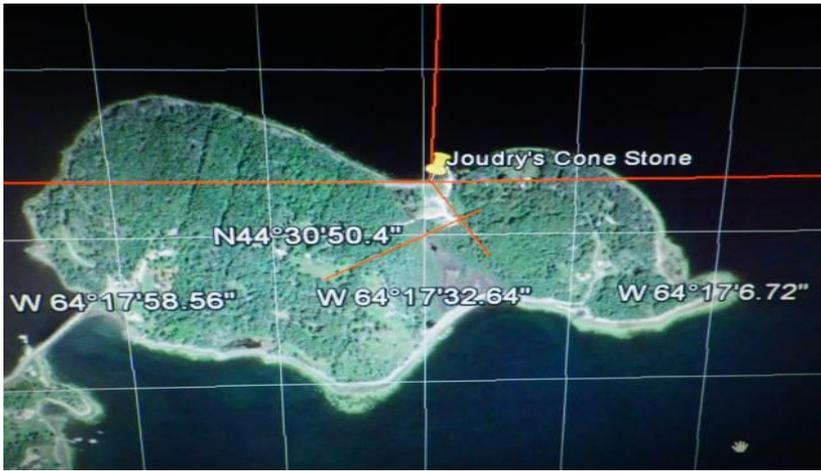
The Helios Death Tablet

It would only be reasonable to conclude that following the death of Helios, that a voyage was made back to Marion County Illinois by some of Helios ships. At that point those tablets that are claimed to tell the story of his death, were placed in that "cave." or "tomb." It is not known when that Tomb was finally sealed by the capstone covering the entrance. It appears that this cave/tomb was reentered many times during those years when the ancient Egypto-Romans were stationed in that area of Illinois.

One thing that is clear to me concerning the Mi'kmaq Ideograms, is that they contain a

form of both, ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs and Chinese characters. It is being claimed now, that these ideograms are of

transmitted to them by ancient Egyptian visitors.



Here is a Google Earth photo of Oak Island Nova Scotia. These red lines are azimuth lines. (Google earth ruler) **If you were to follow the horizontal red line going to the right you would eventually hit the Great Pyramid of Giza.**

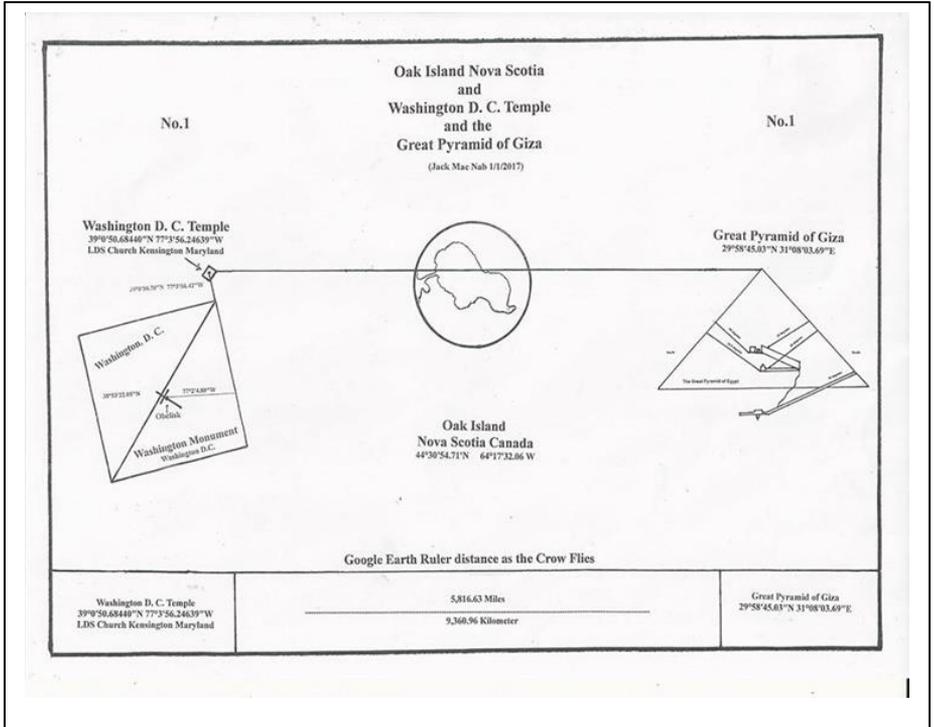
Mi'kmaq origin, and I do believe that to be so.

Like many other people, I had concluded that the Mi'kmaq writings must have been

Pro. Barry Fell of Harvard University, came along claiming this style of hieroglyphic writing, was taught to the Mi'kmaq by the ancient Egyptians. Fell published

his finding in his book "America BC." (1976)

The question now comes to mind: Where did the Mi'kmaq come from? And how did they end up in Nova Scotia, in ancient times? At for me, I feel it is to sensitive of a



This azimuth line starts with the **Great Pyramid of Giza**, crosses over **Oak Island Nova Scotia**, and connects with the **Washington Temple (LDS Church) in Washington D. C.** As for me I cannot except this as being only a coincidence. Jack MacNab

subject, to try and address at this time.

One theory is by crossing over Bearing Strait, via Siberia and Alaska. I have no comment on that theory. Someone else can fight that issue out, but not me.

The reason for me bringing my hypothesis forward, has to do with this one fact: The ancient Kariong hieroglyphs that were first ever explained to me, was by Steven Strong via Youtube. In some cases, I have seen with my own eyes, almost identical matches with those of the Mi'kmaq hieroglyphs. It is not my aim to upset the "apple cart." The fact is, all three sites: the Kariong camp, Marion camp, and the Bedford camp, all share one thing in common! They all stem back to early transatlantic voyages by the ancient Egyptians. Jack MacNab



The Washington Temple LDS (Mormons) Washington D. C. (USA)

Mary Sutherland

I agree with Jack MacNab, in that this azimuth line starting at the Great Pyramid of Giza, going across Oak Island, and ending at the Washington Temple could not have been a coincidence. There had to have been a master plan of some sort that was first created in ancient Egypt. Oak Island is only about 1/2 mile wide by 1 1/2 miles long. Very very tiny.

Evan William Strong suggested that Bedford's and Oak Island's Nova Scotia sea level was possibly 300 – 400 feet lower. The oak island money pit that some so desperately chase after

At that time Moses was the principal advisor of Pharaoh Akhenaten.

Scota gave birth to a boy named Gaedhael or Gadheal Glas. As the story goes, One day Gaedhael was bitten by a snake and he went to Moses for relief. Moses prayed to God and touched the bite with his staff. Miraculously the bite healed and Moses gave Gaedhael his staff stating God commands and I command that this boy's descendants will live in a land free from snakes.

Scotia's descendants went on to become the High kings of Ireland at TARA in County Meath and then continued on to Scotland which means 'Land of Scotia';

Scota is not the name of the Princess but the name of the attribute.

In the case of Scotland its attribute was 'land' of 'Scot' or 'Scota'

In the case of Nova Scotia, it was identified as such due to something highly significant happening there... such as an opening of a 'stargate' or 'portal'. **'Nova'**= a transient astronomical event that causes the sudden appearance of a bright, apparently "new" star. **Scotia** meaning "Stone of Destiny" and "Portal" or "Stargate". For me, this points directly to Nova Scotia as having a Stargate of Atlantis...the timeline fits.

In my book, "Giants Gods and Lost Races" I have a chapter dedicated to Princess Scota and the Blue Stones of Ea.

www.burlingtonnews.net/books-giants-gods-lostraces.html

Being that Scota or Scotia has two meanings, one for 'stone of destiny' and the other for

'stargate or portal', I will briefly share the importance and history of *Nova Scotia, the blue stones of Ea and the Stargate*:

The earliest history I could find on the blue stones goes back to a time when the Ea found "*the stones that gave illumination or enlightenment*" at the place called "Ar-Ili" which is known today as "Ire-land". Ea believed these stones had miraculous powers and carried the "cosmic secrets etched by the very hand of God". According to Ea, they had the ability to control the light of the sun through the power of the blue stones.

It was at the Hill of Tara, in Ireland, where Ea operated a blue stone-based 'star gate mystery school'.

"Into the blood of the second and more advanced human, the Ari-an (Ari or Illi), was given the sacred knowledge or wisdom." Ea then separated his new group of "conscious" humans from the others, taking them to a home of

Atlantis, where he was the Pa-Tara (father) and founder known as Potei-don (Poseidon). William Henry, author of *The Blue Stones of Atlantis, Ireland and the Lost Tribe of Ea*,

Both Irish and Iraqi mythology revolved around the secret teachings of the blue stones of Ea.

The blue stones of Ea, originally housed in Ireland, were very important. They were not only used for illumination (awakening of the consciousness) *but to open star gates and passages to other realms*. According to legend, when a human places their vibrational life force in resonance with the life force of the blue stones, he or she is transformed from human into god.

The god most closely associated with the blue stones is Ea who appeared before the Sumerians just as the Aryan god Ahura was described to have appeared, "*as a being of light in his glowing ark on top of Mount Hara. (Is-Tara) The God of Moses appeared above both Mount Hara (Tara) and Mount*

Sinai in “in fire and a cloud of vapor” - described as “in the form of his ‘Glory’ (Light)”.

According to Irish Tradition, the Anunnaki gods operated a ‘Tara gate’ at a place called Eschol (meaning stone). This place was called the ‘*Valley of the Cluster*’ (grapes) which the Bible locates to be at Eschol, in Canaan, the ‘Promised Land’.

The Book of Numbers describes the blue stones taken by Joshua as a Cluster of enormously heavy grapes. They were taken from the Valley of Eschol and given to Moses - along with a warning, “*the land there ate the people up”*. I agree with William Henry in the thought that “*the land there ate the people up” was a cryptic phrase for “stargate” or “transportation portal”*.

Jehovah (Enlil) ordered Jeremiah and the Israelites to forget about the blue stones and give them no importance. But due to a pending threat from King

Nebuchadnezzar, he instructed Jeremiah to hide the blue stones of Israel, who had assembled a gateway in Babylon.

Prior to the Jeremiah and the royal family going to Ireland, Jerusalem had witnessed the titanic struggle for domination of the ancient world between Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon and Rameses II of Egypt. When Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, conquered Jerusalem, Jeremiah the prophet, accompanied by his scribe Baruch, and the daughters of Zedekiah and the last king of Judah, fled the country. For a short time they resided in Egypt. From there they took a ship to Ireland.

Jeremiah returned the blue stones of Canaan to Ireland where he founded a Druid School of Wisdom, based upon the wisdom of the stones.

He was described as ‘an elderly, white-haired patriarch’, who

brought with him a young princess who was the daughter of Pharaoh Akhenaten, the Hebrew Solomon.

Her Hebrew name was 'Tamar-Telphi' but was given the name Scotta or Scotia; *with Scotta or Scotia being a cryptic name for the "stone of destiny", "stargate" or "portal"*. Her husband's name was 'Gathelus', the son of the King of Ireland. The two had met in Jerusalem, before the siege of King Nebuchadnezzar and journeyed back to Ireland with Jeremiah.

Paranormal Imprints *Mary Sutherland*

Ghostly Imprints

Residual energy imprint hauntings are the products of an emotional incident, often a violent event. Strong energy seems to be stored in physical land and surroundings. There have been stories of mass slaughtering of an Indian tribe

that took place over two days. People say they still hear the screams throughout the woods, and also see images of kids playing and adults hunting. This tribe lived on those lands for many generations. When they were alive, their presence on the land had a strong impact. That energy cannot just disappear. Like a footprint left in the sand, a spiritual imprint was left on their land.

With this type of haunting witnesses may see the same advent performed over and over. Eventually the energy will get low and the appearance will become less often. When someone witnesses this kind of haunting and is startled or frightened by it, that energy may refuel the setting so that the manifestations and/or impressions continue.

It is believed that Imprints account for many of hauntings reported. An imprint can also be of a single person who was attached to his land or house and can be seen picking weeds from the garden or inspecting the

house to see what work needs to be done. When imprints are witnessed it should be interpreted that the land is very special.

www.burlingtonnews.net/books-lostintime.html

Energy Constructs – Tulpoids or Created Spirits

There have been movies made about dolls invested with enough energy that they achieve a weird kind of life. Usually this is the stuff of horror films and nightmares, but let's look back at the teddy bear example for a moment.

Think about all the energy that a child puts into a toy like that. The child names the toy, makes up stories about it. The toy becomes in his mind a special friend, almost more real to him than the kid who lives down the street. How much innocent energy does it take to invest the toy with some kind of actual personality? Is

there such a thing as a created spirit?

It is possible for enough energy to be invested into a residue that it takes on a life of its own. This process is very rare, but it can still happen with unintentionally. More common, although still far and few between, are intentionally created energy constructs. These are sometimes called elementals by witches and magical workers. Another term for them is "astral construct," because they exist entirely in the non-physical realm.

What is the difference between an energy construct and the impression of your grandmother lingering in the house?

First and foremost, the construct is something which had no existence separate from the energy which makes it up. Your grandmother was a living person, unique and vital and very physically real. After her passing,

a great deal of her energy lingered in her living space and on those objects precious to her. When you "saw" your grandmother in the house, it was an impression only, even though your mind interpreted it as her actual presence. A second spirit was not born out of the lingering energies she left behind. These were just echoes of her.

An energy construct, on the other hand, is created purely out of energy. It has no real existence in the physical world prior to or after its creation. It can be tied to a particular physical object, or even a place, but this serves as a focus only. The real existence of the construct is in the subtle realm. Such constructs are born of a continuous build-up of focused energy - either the energy of strong emotion, or the equally potent energy of a person's intentionally directed will.

Intentional constructs can be invested with a limited amount of sentience - kind of like a spiritual

program that dictates certain actions they should perform.

Unintentionally created constructs usually play out a limited set of actions inspired by whatever created them in the first place. Thus, a construct that has developed in a home where there was constant anger and fighting will simply roam around, inspiring the same sort of feelings in others and feeding off of the energy those emotions produce.

The significant difference between a simple residue and a construct at this point is the independence it has achieved. The construct can move from place to place in the subtle reality much like any other spirit, while a residue is usually tied to the place where it was created until it is worn away or removed.

The construct also actively seeks out the kind of energy that will perpetuate its existence, whereas a residue does this only passively.

Finally, a construct will instinctively avoid anything that

might harm it or bring about the end of its existence. This indicates at least a limited amount of consciousness, a fact which is just a little unsettling, considering this created spirit developed from nothing more than a build-up of cast-off human emotion

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Emotional Imprints

It is possible too for us to leave traces of our energy on objects or places without having that energy resonate with our personal presence. Strong emotions can very easily imprint themselves on the world around us. Homes, workplaces, even hotel rooms can develop a distinct build-up of emotional residues. These residues linger in the subtle reality, affecting everyone who comes into contact with them on a deep and unspoken level.

Emotional residues, like our psychic dust, build up over time. Unlike psychic dust, however, emotional residues can linger for quite a while. Since we tend to associate places with the emotions we've experienced in them, we have a habit of experiencing the same feelings in the same places over and over again. The pre-existing energy of the place only encourages this, and so it creates a self-perpetuating cycle of emotion.

For example, a teenager almost always retreats to her room for sanctuary from the "unfair" world. Whenever this young person has a bad day at school or has an argument with her parents, she takes all her hurt feelings with her to her private space. Now, her original intention is to simply find some place that is separate and away from those things that seem to always be hurting her. And yet by constantly taking these bad feelings into her

personal space, she imprints the negativity on the very walls. Over time this builds up, and it becomes a self-perpetuating cycle of negative emotions.

Given the tumultuous energy of a teen, this cycle can get pretty intense. Before too long, her room has become a kind of emotional pit, where anyone walking in can just feel the angst and anger dripping off the walls. A little bit of this negativity rubs off onto anyone exposed to it, inspiring similar emotions which then feed back into the pre-existing residue.

Every time the lingering impression inspires that self-same emotion in a person, that person's emotional energy feeds back into the residue, strengthening it. So, whenever her parents come up to her room to comfort her, they find themselves instead inspired to a confrontation. Being that like breeds like, they will most likely end up yelling and arguing even more, unaware that a large part of their feelings are being

influenced by the general feel of negativity radiating from the teenagers room. In such an atmosphere, it's almost impossible not to react to the ambient emotion.

Negative emotions often leave the strongest lingering impressions, but not all emotional residues inspire bad feelings in people. We can invest objects with very positive impressions as well. Consider that favorite teddy bear you had as a child. You carried that thing with you everywhere, and for you it was the ultimate talisman of safety and security in an unpredictable world. When you went to bed at night, you knew beyond any kind of doubt, that that bear would protect you from all the monsters under your bed. You lavished love and attention upon it, so much so that it almost seemed to take on a personality of its own.

Once you outgrew the need for the teddy bear, you still kept it around, and eventually it was given to a very special child in

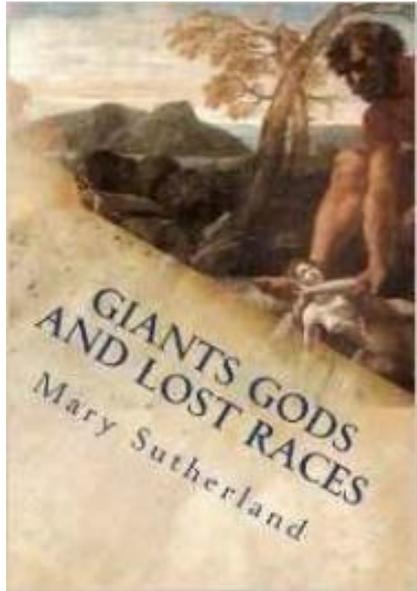
your adult life. And the very first time that child held the teddy bear, he or she could feel the comfort and safety radiating off of it. Each time the child took it to bed; they knew just by the feel of the bear that he would be safe. And his own feelings of comfort and security fed back into the bear, perpetuating the emotional impression.

Later on, the bear might end up in an antique shop, and the person who picks it up will immediately sense the love it was given. The impression of childhood trust and comfort breathes almost tangibly from the worn cloth of the toy.

All of us have handled toys like that, little childhood talismans that seem to have taken on a life of their own. As children, our energy is unguarded and pure. We focus that energy into things without any kind of hesitation or reserve. And so the lingering impressions of childhood

emotion are some of the strongest we can encounter.

www.burlingtonnews.net/books-lostintime.html



Lake Serpents and Sacred Sites

Mary Sutherland

The second deepest lake in Wisconsin is Lake Geneva. It is cold and crisp and clear by the

underground springs that feed its eight and half square miles of water.

Lake Geneva, approximately twelve miles from Burlington WI has a long history of monster stories, starting with the effigy mound shaped like a long tailed water panther that once adorned the shore of Flat Iron Park in the city of Lake Geneva.

Another one of these effigy type mounds can be found between Burlington and New Munster off Hwy 83. The Potawatomi Indians believed that a jutting tongue of shore called Conference Point was the site of great battles between Thunderbirds and 'water panthers'. The waters off this point are the deepest part of the lake.

Conference Point is now the site of a private religious retreat and author Gerald Lishka believed it to be the site of mystical happenings that he

recounts in his book, *'Darkness is Light Enough'*.

The Potawatomi also said the lake was home to a massive 'eel like' creature, said local historian Paul Jenkins in his printing of *'History and Indian Remains of Lake Geneva and Lake Como.'*

Three fisherman angling in July 1892 were the first known white people to see a great water serpent in Lake Geneva in modern times. Ed Fay and two boys had just called it quits for the day when a massive, reptilian head splashed upward from the lake on a ten foot long neck and opened its toothy jaws wide in their direction. They said the beast was covered with brown scales that changed to pale green on the underside and that its round body had to measure at least three feet thick.

Chicago newspapers went wild with the story of Fay's encounter and thousands of monster enthusiasts traveled to Lake

Geneva and packed the local resort town's beaches in hopes of catching a peak at the lake monster.

Ten years later, in 1902, Mrs. D. Reid and five other people camping in the lake's Reid Park reported seeing a creature *'coiling and rolling about in the water not far from shore.'*

According to a September article in the 'Milwaukee Sentinel' the serpent was about 25- 85 feet in length. It went on to say: *"A sea serpent actually appeared in Geneva Lake Wednesday afternoon. There is no disputing the fact, for his snakeship came to the surface of the water in broad daylight....It was no ordinary water snake, either, but a serpent somewhere from twenty five to eight feet long."*

The first of the party to see it was a Mrs. Buckingham of Sharon, WI

whose son John was the captain of the Geneva Lake steamship. Mrs Buckingham alerted Mrs Reid and the rest of the party. Mrs Reid's son, Willie and a young man named Carl Henders fearlessly rowed out on the lake to see what the creature might be, but 'his snakeship' immediately submerged. The group compared its length to that of the SS Aurora, which measured sixty five feet in length.

The last sighting reported was later that year, the creature rose again to scare the devil out of the respected Delevan preacher, Rev. M. N. Clark.

We do know however, that in the Burlington and Lake Geneva area there has since been several earthquakes, in 1906, 1907 and 1909, 1914, 1916, 1931, 1938 and 1947. One of these quakes could have shifted the entrance allowing these lake monsters to come up from the underground river systems to enter into the lake....or not?

The Great Serpent and the Water Panther...and all of these effigy types can be found in the Burlington Area, an area known for "karsts...which have produced underground cave and river systems from the northern portion of Wisconsin, following the Great Lakes down to and through Southeastern Wisconsin.



Marker Trees created by Native American Indians in Time Past



April 29, 2016 - On our way to the woods, below Dead Man's Hill we found a marker tree pointing to Honey Creek and Deadman's Hill effigy mounds and burial grounds built next to the small river.



At the top of the marker tree sits vultures... Was it a sign?

Ursula Bielski



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

Resurrection Mary -Two Queen of Chicago’s Haunted Archer Avenue



Resurrection Mary

Find Resurrection Mary Part One in Issue 17

www.burlingtonnews.net/legends17.html

Whoever Resurrection Mary is, and whenever she may materialize, the apparent changes in this legend’s “personality” continue to present a nagging appeal to the folklorists who have denied that Mary has any psychic reality, and who have accordingly classified her with other bizarre by-products of the oral tradition. With good reason.

One “lost” haunting, which is supposed to have occurred in the late 19th century at St. James-

Sag Cemetery at the southern end of Archer Avenue, curiously parallels the Resurrection Mary story. In fact, the two legends share a great number of specific elements, including the singular image of a woman in white waiting for a ride in front of a dance hall on Archer Avenue.

Ultimately, regardless of the temptation to give in to folkloric categorization of Mary, the primary difficulty remains: a good number of first-hand accounts of these encounters have been recorded. In the case of urban legends like that of the vanishing hitchhiker, the incidents are supposed to have occurred to “a friend of a friend” or someone’s “boyfriend’s mother’s friend” and so on. If we accept the first-hand accounts of this hitchhiker at face value, the phenomenon of Resurrection Mary continues to challenge the most skeptical observers, and to lure the most hopeful believers to her stomping grounds.

Susan Stursberg was one of the latter who decided to try her luck at spotting the famed and filmy form. Her account is unique in

this author’s experience, and deserves retelling:

I was out with a friend one night who had just bought a new car. I had not been to Archer Avenue and was itching to go, so we decided to take a drive. First we stopped to see her boyfriend who was playing in a band at a nearby suburban bar. We said hi, told him we were going for a drive but did not tell him where. So we proceeded to Chet’s Melody Lounge, talked to the regulars, played “*The Ballad of Resurrection Mary*” on the jukebox and some pool. We left in a couple of hours when 2 a.m. rolled around, drove to the cemetery gates, parked and peered in, seeing the repaired gates and getting a good case of the creeps. On the way home we joked about giving Mary a ride in the new car. Later that night my friend, Kristin, dropped me off at my apartment and went home to hers.

As her boyfriend, Mike, heard the car pull up he peeked out the window, then not wanting to appear worried and waiting up he dropped the shade. Kristin let herself in and closed the door.

Mike asked, “Where’s Susan?” Kristen told him that she dropped me off first. He asked, “Well, who was in the car with you?” To this day he swears that when he looked out the window he saw a pale face look back at him from the passenger’s side of the front seat.

Despite such compelling accounts as this and those others detailed in these pages, the doubters stand fast.

Among them are those extreme locals like Gail Ziembra, who lives across the road from Resurrection Cemetery. Easily summing up her 20 years’ experience with the legendary ghost, Ziembra maintains: “I’ve never seen anything.” In response, believers would remind her that only men are privileged to see Resurrection Mary, although there have been cases in which a man and a woman traveling together have both reported a glimpse or two of something.

And while neighbors like Ziembra continue to shake their heads at the legend, other neighbors of the cemetery have been pushed to reconsider their doubt.

GIRL IS KILLED, 5 HURT AS AUTO FALLS IN DITCH

One girl was killed instantly and five other members of an automobile party were injured, one probably fatally, last night when the automobile in which they were riding went off the road into a ditch and overturned at Harlow avenue and 86th street, near Argo.

The dead girl is Anna Nerkes, 12 years old, 1421 South Nera avenue. She was crushed under the car. The injured are William Wassar, 32 years old, 1348 Auburn avenue; Lucetta Ciovanu, 14 years old, 5311 South Nottingham avenue; Adam Lepinski, 55 years old; August Nerkes, 45 years old, 5421 South Nera avenue; and Stephen Nerkes, 18 years old, 5421 South Nera avenue. This death and two others raised the 1927 county case toll to 246.



Early one morning in late summer of 1996, Chet Prusinski himself, owner of Chet’s Melody Lounge, was backing out of his driveway when a man came rushing across the road, yelling that he needed a phone. He had hit a woman on Archer Avenue and couldn’t find the body.

Attesting to his claim was a truck driver who had been driving behind him. He, too, had witnessed the grisly incident and

remained at the scene to testify on the woman's behalf. Prusinski agreed to call the police, but hastened to disengage himself from the whole affair, fearing that he would be accused of staging a publicity stunt for his bar. The "accident" was quietly resolved and little was made of the event. However, those who always take note, took note. And, of course, those who always laugh, laughed.

Yet, even those Southwest-siders who discredit Resurrection Mary know that much of what makes their culture special is wrapped up in the folds of her legendary white dress. And because of this, she is, even to nonbelievers, a priceless treasure, just as she was to a fictionalized witness in Kenan Heise's novel, " ... something precious, whoever or whatever she is. . . To her, I say, 'God bless you.'"

The Vanishing Hitchhiker

In a 1997 article for *Fortean Times*, a magazine devoted to the probing of baffling occurrences and related theories, Sean Tudor offered some further insights into the phenomenon of the so-called "road ghost" as he explored

the phenomenon of the infamous phantom of Blue Bell Hill in Kent, England.

As Tudor states at the outset of his analysis, "(I)t is to folklore that we must turn to gain any kind of understanding of what is really happening" in such cases. Indeed, (t)he same PHH (Phantom Hitch-Hiker) script is repeated around the country and indeed the world with an identical pattern of events being reported over and over again by reliable witnesses: of figures rushing into the paths of vehicles, and/or of disappearing hitch-hikers ... which suggests that it has less to do with any specific case and its accepted explanation ... but, at the same time, more than purely 'human' factors such as imagination and hoaxing.

In the case of Blue Bell Hill, one of the spirit's manifestations is that of a young woman in white, who has been known to appear in front of moving cars, staring calmly at their drivers while she is run over. Like Chicago researchers who trace their Resurrection Mary to any of a half dozen

1920s and '30s accident victims fitting her description, residents of the Kent region almost always tie their road ghost to a 1965 incident in which three young women were killed in a car crash on Blue Bell Hill just hours before one of the girls was to be married. Highly skeptical of the connection, Tudor has his own theories concerning the "haunting" of Blue Bell Hill. One of the most intriguing is the relation of the story to that of the Cailleach of pre-Celtic mythology, an Earth mother or goddess who variously took the form of an old crone or a beautiful young woman. The Cailleach is known as a guardian of a particular sacred place, and it was Tudor's awareness of this mythology that allowed him to notice in his own research that great increases in road ghost sightings, including those at Blue Bell Hill, have occurred during times of environmental upheaval, especially during the construction of roads and highways. With this in mind, Chicagoans might ponder the fact that the building of Archer

Avenue over an old Indian road, not to mention the digging of the Illinois and Michigan Canal which it preceded, seemed to coincide with the beginning of that road's extraordinary supernatural history, a history which features one of the most famous of all road ghosts, the blonde-haired and beautiful young woman known as Resurrection Mary.

Another of Tudor's compelling explanations for the sighting of road ghosts goes back to the subjectivity of the witness himself. Referring to Carl Jung's *Man and His Symbols*, Tudor reminds us of Jung's theory that the unconscious typically manifests itself in the dream state, and often symbolically, as a figure of a woman or man. The specific form taken depends on the gender of the dreamer. A woman's unconscious, then, usually resembles a man (animus); accordingly, in the dreams of men, the unconscious generally takes the shape of a woman or (anima). In light of the fact that the overwhelming

majority of sightings of young and beautiful phantom females, including those of Resurrection Mary, are reported by men, it is almost easy to believe that the dreamlike state imposed by lonely late-night driving could be the culprit in so many of these cases.

Why Archer Avenue?

Still, despite the temptation to dismiss the complex paranormality of Archer Avenue as simply a jumble of various renditions of some ancient and unfounded ghost stories, the continuing reports of eyewitnesses defy attempts to dismantle this road's reputation. And so, some, trusting in more than a century of experiential accounts, have tried to find an explanation for the seeming concentration of paranormal activity along Route 171.

Theories abound, most based on the area's geography. Archer Avenue was originally one of a number of the Chicago area's old Indian trails; accordingly, I've long wondered if the road may be an American example of a "ley" line. The concept of ley lines

originated in Britain, when Alfred Watkins, a retired brewer, noticed that the English countryside was covered by long tracks, which he termed leys ("lea" meaning "meadow"), which intersected at various points. Watkins' 1925 book on ley lines, *The Old Straight Track*, drew quite a following upon its release, creating a breed of researchers ("ley hunters") who began to locate and map these leys. The points at which two or more ley lines meet were later termed nodal points. Observation of these nodal points led some researchers to believe that such crossroads were, in fact, ancient sacred sites. Many ley hunters came to assert that these nodal points/sacred sites often host extraordinary phenomena and that equally mystifying events also can occur along the lines that connect them.

Later, Guy Underwood, a dowser, claimed to have discovered that these points contained underground springs, which seemed to create patterns of spiral lines of "force" around them. He also found straight lines of this same force, which he

termed holy lines, passing through these sites. Occult investigator Stephen Jenkins speculated that poltergeist activity and other haunting phenomena may actually take its energy from nodal points. Like-minded observers have wondered if ancient cultures—including Native Americans—harbored an awareness of these energies and utilized them as sacred paths and sites for their ritual activity.

Covering similar ground is E.T. Stringer's concept of Tellurianism, set forth in his 1974 volume, *Secrets of the Gods*. According to Stringer's philosophy, there is a Telluric or "earth" force that exists and "holds people together in a particular place ..." Besides encouraging tight-knit communities such places are often hotbeds of purported paranormal activity. Author Joe Cooper, who studied Stringer's philosophy, speculated that Cottingley, an English settlement noted for unusual apparitional phenomena, especially so-called

"fairy sightings," was one such place. Incidentally, ley hunters have pointed out that in many English areas ley lines are called "fairy paths" by locals, suggesting that there may actually be some sort of energy running along these paths which, magnified at their intersections, promotes the occurrence of unusual events, especially apparitional sightings.

One final theory that may explain the Archer Avenue phenomena holds that running water nurtures psychic activity. It is worth noting that St. James-Sag is nearly surrounded by waterways, bounded by the Cal-Sag Channel to the south and the DesPlaines River, the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and the Chicago Sanitary and Shipping Canal, which all run parallel to each other along Archer Avenue. These waterways follow Archer all the way southwest to Joliet and northeast to Summit, just north of Resurrection Cemetery. This whole area is also covered with lakes, sloughs, and other minor

bodies of water. Nearby Maple Lake, as already mentioned, has been the site of dozens of ghost light sightings over the years. If paranormal activity really does feed off of water, the dank passage of Archer Avenue would certainly provide plenty of nourishment.

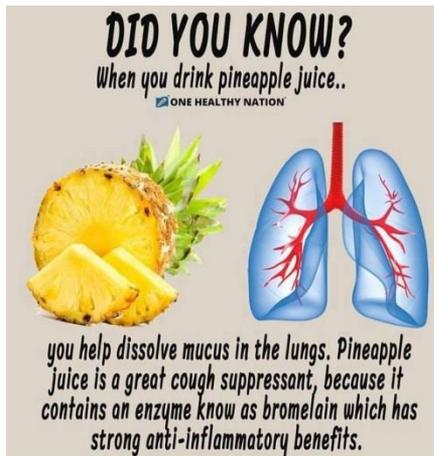
From these descriptions of ley systems and Tellurianism, one is tempted to peg Archer Avenue as a ley line, or the area it covers as some center of Telluric force. Working from such premises, we might appropriately credit the sighting of the road's myriad specters to the "magic" of an ancient sacred path, just as we might credit the complex folklore of the Archer Avenue area to a kind of "force" that keeps its populace utterly enmeshed in the physical and cultural worlds of Chicago's far Southwest Side.

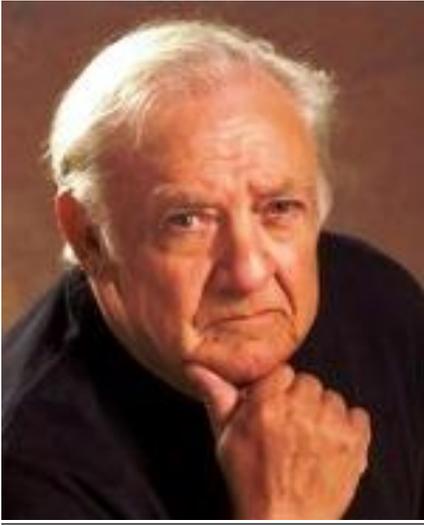
Whatever the explanation, the stretch of road mapped as Route I 71 has long been associated with many unseen forces• forces which create inexplicable lights and eerily frequent car crashes, spectral chants, and full-fledged

apparitions. The nature of these events-recurrent, sobering, ever-elusive-has long convinced Southsiders that Archer Avenue is one place, is any, where the living in the dead pass in the road with great regularity . . . before continuing on their own lonely ways.

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Professor Bill's Corner
Memories of Times Past
'Professor Bill' Matteson

I am blessed or cursed with the type of mind that remembers certain things that I have read, heard or experienced over the years.

I 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.

Lost Treasures off the Wisconsin River
A Treasure Hunt ...

Bill Matteson

Missing Army Payroll - 4 bags of gold coin each containing \$22,000 \$88.000 dollars in gold coin all minted before 1831.

There are numerous stories about this "lost treasure" all slightly different so what I have done here is to consolidate them into one using a little logic and actual experience.

1831 the Black Hawk war had just started and the Army Fort at the confluence of the Mississippi and the Wisconsin Rivers was going full swing.

Fort Crawford was a clearing point for all Forts west of the Mississippi, goods and supplies would float down the Wisconsin to Fort Crawford, where they would be transferred to points West.

The Fort got wind of an impending attack by Black Hawk and his Warriors. so the paymaster along with 4 armed escorts put the strong box in a row boat and rowed across the river and buried the box at the base of the Highest Palisade overlooking the Fort.

Upon reaching the shore 2 guards stayed by the boat and 2 guards escorted the paymaster back inland to where he alone buried the box and of course he was killed as was one of the guards, the remaining guard returned to the boat and found the other two guards dead..he alone made it back to the Fort..knowing only the approximate location of the pay roll ...they searched for weeks after then finally gave up.

People have been searching for this ever since...*but are they looking in the right place?*

If you look at a present day map you might find Fort Crawford shown on the Mississippi side ..hunters are rowing across the Mississippi into Iowa

Here then is My Version and Please if you follow my directions and find the treasure do the right thing and give me a "*Finders fee*"...I am easy to find In Harvard IL

Some older maps show Ft Crawford on the Wisconsin river and I believe this is correct Because on the north side of the Wisconsin are the ruins of an old structure with an old overgrown road running behind it towards the west, called Military road.

Directly across from those ruins on the south side of the river was a very large tree with grooves worn into it from where cables or a mooring line was tied I have been there on the Wisconsin .walking inland from the rivers edge its only about 50 feet to the bases of the palisades

I find that the ground is covered in shale and flat rocks virtually impossible to dig a hole large enough to bury a strong box plus there is a clear view from the rivers edge to the Palisade ...

Now it makes more sense to row across the Wisconsin, than it does

to row across the Mississippi
(anyone ever try that?)

So I think the Paymaster secreted
each bag in a slightly different
location.

Camping at the Wyalusing St.
Park and standing on Promontory
Point the highest Palisade in the
area I can look across the river
and see those ruins.. Then
following the trail down to the
river, I walk right into a very
large rock maybe 15 feet in
diameter and 20 feet high and as I
look at this rock and then up to
the top of the palisade, I see a
huge "V" this rock would
certainly have fit into that slot
and then this would be the
highest point overlooking the
Fort....

I think the paymaster placed bags
of coins and covered them up
with shale and rock since its
impossible to dig...

So this summer take your Family
camping and exploring and find
the Treasure Wyalusing is a great
place you will not be
disappointed.

I do fell obligated to mention
another alternative and as bad as
it sounds it could be a possibility,
the guard killed everyone and
blamed the Indians, hid the
strong box in the river under
water so he could reclaim it later.

History of the Car Radio

Bill Matteson

Seems like cars have always had
radios, but they didn't. Here's the
story:

One evening, in 1929, two young
men named William Lear and
Elmer Wavering
drove their girlfriends to a
lookout point high above the
Mississippi River town of Quincy,
Illinois, to watch the sunset.

It was a romantic night to be sure, but one of the women observed that it would be even nicer if they could listen to music in the car.

Lear and Wavering liked the idea. Both men had tinkered with radios (Lear had served as a radio operator in the U.S. Navy during World War I) and it wasn't long before they were taking apart a home radio and trying to get it to work in a car. But it wasn't easy: automobiles have ignition switches, generators, spark plugs, and other electrical equipment that generate noisy static interference, making it nearly impossible to listen to the radio when the engine was running.

One by one, Lear and Wavering identified and eliminated each source of electrical interference. When they finally got their radio to work, they took it to a radio convention in Chicago .. There they met Paul Galvin, owner of Galvin Manufacturing Corporation.

He made a product called a "battery eliminator" a device that allowed battery-powered radios to run on household AC current. But as more homes were wired for electricity more radio manufacturers made AC-powered radios.

Galvin needed a new product to manufacture. When he met Lear and Wavering at the radio convention, he found it. He believed that mass-produced, affordable car radios had the potential to become a huge business.

Lear and Wavering set up shop in Galvin's factory, and when they perfected their first radio, they installed it in his Studebaker. Then Galvin went to a local banker to apply for a loan. Thinking it might sweeten the deal, he had his men install a radio in the banker's Packard. Good idea, but it didn't work -- Half an hour after the installation, the banker's Packard caught on fire. (They didn't get the loan.)

Galvin didn't give up. He drove his Studebaker nearly 800 miles to Atlantic City to show off the radio at the 1930 Radio Manufacturers Association convention.

Too broke to afford a booth, he parked the car outside the convention hall and cranked up the radio so that passing conventioners could hear it. That idea worked -- He got enough orders to put the radio into production.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

That first production model was called the 5T71. Galvin decided he needed to come up with something a little catchier.

In those days many companies in the phonograph and radio businesses used the suffix "ola" for their names -Radiola, Columbiola, and Victrola were three of the biggest. Galvin

decided to do the same thing, and since his radio was intended for use in a motor vehicle, he decided to call it the Motorola. But even with the name change, the radio still had problems:

When Motorola went on sale in 1930, it cost about \$110 uninstalled, at a time when you could buy a brand-new car for \$650, and the country was sliding into the Great Depression. (By that measure, a radio for a new car would cost about \$3,000 today.) In 1930 it took two men several days to put in a car radio

The dashboard had to be taken apart so that the receiver and a single speaker could be installed, and the ceiling had to be cut open to install the antenna.

These early radios ran on their own batteries, not on the car battery, so holes had to be cut into the floorboard to accommodate them.

The installation manual had eight complete diagrams and 28 pages of instructions.

Selling complicated car radios that cost 20 percent of the price of a brand-new car wouldn't have been easy in the best of times, let alone during the Great Depression -- Galvin lost money in 1930 and struggled for a couple of years after that. But things picked up in 1933 when Ford began offering Motorola's pre-installed at the factory.

In 1934 they got another boost when Galvin struck a deal with B.F. Goodrich tire company to sell and install them in its chain of tire stores. By then the price of the radio, installation included, had dropped to \$55. The Motorola car radio was off and running. (The name of the company would be officially changed from Galvin Manufacturing to "Motorola" in 1947.)

In the meantime, Galvin continued to develop new uses for car radios.

In 1936, the same year that it introduced push-button tuning, it also introduced the Motorola Police Cruiser, a standard car radio that was factory preset to a single frequency to pick up police broadcasts.

In 1940 he developed with the first handheld two-way radio – The Handy-Talkie -- for the U. S. Army.

A lot of the communications technologies that we take for granted today were born in Motorola labs in the years that followed

World War II. In 1947 they came out with the first television for under \$200.

In 1956 the company introduced the world's first pager; in 1969 came the radio and television equipment that was used to televise Neil Armstrong's first steps on the Moon. In 1973 it

invented the world's first handheld cellular phone. Today Motorola is one of the largest cell phone manufacturer in the world --

And it all started with the car radio.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO

The two men who installed the first radio in Paul Galvin's car? Elmer Wavering and William Lear, ended up taking very different paths in life.

Wavering stayed with Motorola. In the 1950's he helped change the automobile experience again when he developed the first automotive alternator, replacing inefficient and unreliable generators. The invention lead to such luxuries as power windows, power seats, and, eventually, air-conditioning.

Lear also continued inventing. He holds more than 150 patents. Remember eight-track tape

players? Lear invented that. But what he's really famous for are his contributions to the field of aviation. He invented radio direction finders for planes, aided in the invention of the autopilot, designed the first fully automatic aircraft landing system, and in 1963 introduced his most famous invention of all, the Lear Jet, the world's first mass-produced, affordable business jet. (Not bad for a guy who dropped out of school after the eighth grade.)

Sometimes it is fun to find out how some of the many things that we take for granted actually came into being!

It all started with a woman's suggestion!!

Bernie Galvin was born in Harvard IL and was the reason we now have the Motorola building which sits on US 14 just North of Town..we refer to it as *the Emerald City*



Heidi Hollis

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The Hat Man® Letters: By the Woman Who Trademarked the Devil

She has been heard by millions on the various radio programs she's either hosted or been a guest and is often sought out worldwide on the subject of Shadow People® and The Hat Man. Visit her on

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Love Soup: How Water Speaks To Me

By Heidi Hollis

It was maybe 15 years ago when I had what I call a “waking dream.” That’s when I have a dream where everything seems so real it’s hard to believe it did not actually happen.

During this particular dream scenario, the United States had a great flooding from the North due to a variety of cataclysmic events. It resulted in a violent rush of water that then poured down the middle of our land, by way of the Mississippi River.

This flood then ravaged the country indefinitely splitting the nation into two parts, expanding the Great Lakes, making a great divide. The flooding was quick, the sky was dark and all methods of communication were somehow suddenly lost.

At the time, I was living in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, near Lake Michigan. Many of us who lived in the area felt the need to get to the lake to see it for ourselves; this now even deeper, tumultuous and darker-blue lake. There was already a knowing in the air that we had lost many lives and the loss of communication to the other side of the lake felt painful in this once united land.

Then came an awareness and a mutual understanding among us all as we gathered at what was once a hilltop, but now was the edge to this Great Lake.

There suddenly came a whisper in our subconscious that there was a way to connect to the other side. There was something that would assist us with nothing but pure intentions, though it had been what appeared to be an element of dismay.

Then almost simultaneously, we all leaned over the lake and reached for it with some of us being able to touch it as we chanted repeatedly, “Water alive!” It was hauntingly beautiful, profound and moving.

Then a thunderous voice explained to me how water was a part of us as we were a part of it — I knew then that the water was indeed alive as a method of everything.

I was beyond moved as this lesson stayed with me. This “dream” would be categorized as I would do with any other real-life event where I learned something so very meaningful.

Back to my waking world, I cannot recall if what happened next occurred the next day or a month later. While stepping in to take a shower, I thought I heard what sounded like whispers. I looked around to see where it

was coming from, when I realized it was softly surrounding me.

As the whispers rose, I paused to see if I could get a better feel for what was happening.

Then suddenly, my mind's-eye became encased by flashes of life events, emotions and various points in time. *It was painful, it was joyful, it was vibrating and it was full of life!*

I grabbed the shower walls as if to brace myself as I crouched down while the water of emotions poured over me. It was beautiful and overwhelming — *the water was speaking to me!* I embraced all of what was happening until I'd had my fill, then finally stumbled out of the shower.

The tears coming down were mine and then everyone's of beauty, sorrow, joy, anguish, love, anxiety and understanding — all at once.

What was once this act of cleansing had become a form of

transmission of insight, and at times, apprehension.

At first, I had to learn to numb myself in order to get through a shower. Eventually, I would learn to speak back to the water for clarity and guidance. I learned it was ancient and always. It became my secret consultant where I could reach out to an element of God and hear back.

I thought it would be beautiful to write a book about my relation to water one day — perhaps as something fictional since it was so personal. I wasn't sure how else to confess.

Being a medical professional as an occupational therapist, I thought it was the norm to feel the pain of others in a field of caring for others. I found my patients often being in the fight of their lives to find normalcy and healing — and I felt them.

Ignoring their plight wasn't an option and I was glad to be in a position to help in some form. I

would often be met with hugs or even an unexpected kiss on the cheek. Little did they know that this contact with “their water” sent me into bouts of elevated empathy that kept me for hours in contemplation. *I often wondered if I were a police detective if I touched the body water of someone mysteriously killed, if I could help know what took place.*

Knowing water was alive has brought me much solace and things to consider over the years.

More recently, it has become even more magnificent. Where I temporarily moved to, there is a pool rarely used. I was honestly apprehensive to take a step in it, because I didn’t know what it held and I didn’t know if I wanted to feel what was there.

A few steps in, I took a deep breath as I closed my eyes. I saw angel wings! I had to make sure,

so I closed my eyes again. There were a pair of electrified wings of light that then became a brilliant white fluff.

I let my guard down. Here was a body of water, mostly untouched and it welcomed me. I had been having some difficulty with “built-up energy” that is hard to explain.

It lingers in my solar plexus, not easily relieved but sometimes seems to express itself with strange anomalies occurring that may seem like a poltergeist when things move, electronic items perform, or I get a shocking sensation down my spine.

Maureen Seaberg, an expert on synesthesia who writes for “Psychology Today,” described me as being one of five “*Machine Empaths*” she has come across in the modern world. Meaning, it seems having a connection to feel and even influence machines,

apparently isn't as common as I once thought.

The water passed the thought for me to give it this extra energy, so that it could help take it away and redistribute it. That this could be a place of healing for me and potentially for others. Then for the first time without some artificial means or effort, I felt relief. The water embraced me and instructed me to relax or move a certain way.

I put floaters under my arms so as to forget the need to stay afloat. I closed my eyes and allowed the water to put me at ease as I heard and felt its consortium of knowledge as if to travel through time.

As I was suspended in its awareness, I felt it correspond with me as if to know my experience in relating to its kind many times before. It let me know that it was "different water". If I could put what was floated to me into words it said, "*It was not like*

the water that hit me in the shower, because it was passing. It was not like the water in a river, because it is passing. It was not like the water in a lake, because it passes. This could to be your place to put your energy into and create balance."

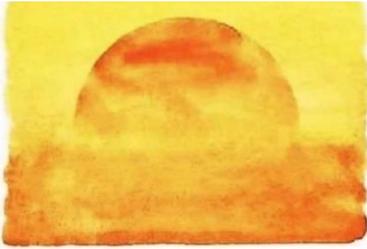
The closest thing I could relate to what I was experiencing was being part of what I know to be called "*The Source*." The Source was like a spinning sun with trillions of lights in it and each light represented a soul. Thoughts and ideas flowed past each soul and they all contributed to the thought as it passed and went to the center of the light to become one. It was a "*Love Soup*."

As I closed my eyes, I spoke to God the whole time, mesmerized by the creation He had made here to surround me. Every droplet and every morsel of water was full of knowledge as it recycled through this world for an eternity.

As I left this body of water, it let me know that it would wait for me to return. There was more it wanted to share, instruct and even take me to.

As I took a few steps back and looked at this blue body, it didn't look like a simple pool anymore. It felt more like a magical portal that created a place of majesty that was, after all, mostly my water for now...

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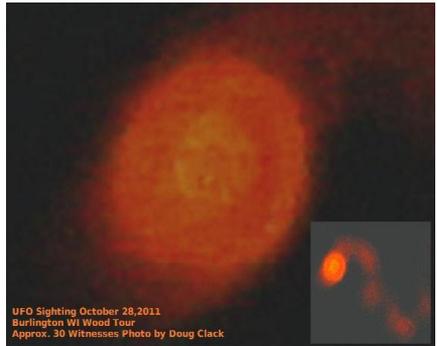
Just 20 minutes of sunshine per day triggers your body to release over 200 antimicrobials that fight fungi, parasites & viruses.

Remember that big UFO Sighting we had in October during one of our conference...well Doug Clack was here the other night (he just got back from China) and dropped off the photo he took with his 'full spectrum' camera.

You can actually see the ufo inside a large red plasma ball . It is quite exciting. Definately can not say it is light refraction now. I enlarge the plasma ball w/ufo and then put in smaller photo the entire photo

I believe we had approximately 40 plus witnesses to this UFO event.

Mary Sutherland



Atala Dorothy Toy



Nature spirit author, workshop leader and photographer Atala is the founding president of the holistic company Crystal Life Technology, Inc. and a past vice president of the American Society of Dowsers.

For over 25 years, Atala and her staff have been providing handcrafted energy products, therapeutic crystals and a wealth of information on holistic topics via their website www.crystal-life.com

Appearing here are articles Atala and her staff write on holistic and esoteric topics..

First People and Forgiveness

by Atala



If there were not so many colleagues in my area of the Midwest who have by now had contact with the First People, I would be reluctant to speak about their actual existence. But there are so many who have independently come to know these interesting beings that I feel safe in sharing information.

Here is a story the First People have told me. For some of you, this will require a stretch in your belief system to acknowledge the validity of this story, so I am warning you ahead of time to *stretchhhhhh* before you continue reading.

We are having a great problem world wide with sects, tribes, nations and life forms fighting each other, citing injuries that may go back generations, even centuries in time, for which each group feels honor bound, and justified to injure in return.

The First People were here back in the dawn of human existence, when the Galactic Federation brought to earth their great experiment, which was the human race. This experimental life form was created from twelve different intergalactic civilizations – the 12 strand DNA – and was supposed to develop to serve as diplomats in a very large,

and diverse universe populated with many life forms.

When they were brought to Africa they were placed in quarantine in a controlled environment. The life forms native to earth – the First People – were very advanced and peaceful life forms even then.

They objected to this experiment, first because it was an autocratically controlled experiment with sentient life forms, and second because the Galactic Federation wanted to take away the First Peoples' lands.

After much arbitration, it was agreed that the two life forms would co-exist on earth, but in different dimensions. Each group has evolved, over time, and now, with the veils between dimensions thinning, the two worlds are beginning to bleed into each other: there are an increasing number of portals, or

contact points, where the two energies are experiencing the presence of the other world.

The First People appear in different guises – as tall columns of golden light, and when seen in the subtle physical they appear as very, very tall beings – something like a mix of the natives in Avatar, and the Forest Elves in Lord of the Rings. They are more snake-like in energy, where most humans are more ape-like in energy.

They identify themselves to me as the First People. They have explained that back at the start of the two groups co-existence, some of the First People observed the Galactic Federation controlled experiment, and felt sorry for the life forms. They approached some, asking “*Don’t you want to know? Don’t you want to understand what life is all about? Don’t you want to express your free will?*” This became the story of Adam and Eve, and the serpent.

The enmity between the two groups began then, and has continued to this day, each feeling the other is wrong, or evil, or not to be trusted.

But, the First People explain, they evolved out of the earth herself, and thus when humans go back to attain full unity of spirit, they encounter this energy they have been taught to fear.

Therefore, many traditions instead seek to go only up into spirit, and not down into the core of earth.

There has developed a disdain for earth, and that has led to the horrendous pollutions and abuse that have evolved over time in which humans feel they can do anything they want with this foreign matter, earth.

The only way out of this, for all of us, is forgiveness. Forgiveness, ahimsa (non-harm), compassion and universal love. The First

People have begun reaching out to humans in many areas.

When the humans move into a state of community, of non-harm, of group consensus, they are able to see, identify with, and communicate with the First People. The resulting situation is a very deep appreciation of the ability of earth herself to harmonize, balance, and make prosperous the environment around that area.

The First People have asked many of us to participate with them in a very profound move into the energy of forgiveness. If we energy workers, and “first responders” can help hold this energy of earth, then we have the right and the energy to help all people move into the same state of forgiveness. The only state that will now permit all the peoples of our earth to put behind them past immature actions, and slights that by now could involve everyone

on earth, so that we can move forward together in peace. We have our choice: kill one another or forgive.

It has taken a lot of time for me to gather up the courage to present to the public these stories.

Helping me is the experience of photographing nature spirits. For a long time, I puzzled that while some life forms in trees and rocks were recognizable, sometimes these life forms got the features all wrong. I finally understood that, no – they got them right, it was I who did not fully understand what I was photographing.

It seems that the trees and rocks connect to both dimensions, and the forms they grow as the prevailing energy of their area are sometimes beings from the human world, and sometimes from that parallel dimension.

At the start of this article is an image the First People have told me is one accurate image of the features on some of their people: a very prominent forehead jutting forward, no nose as we perceive of it but instead a shield-like face front that includes a mouth.

Perhaps you yourself may have seen something like this in a dream or in a passing image. The life forms are different, but not scary and not hostile and not victims. They are colleagues to work with for our common advancement.

IN SEARCH OF ANCIENT COPPER MINERS 4-29-16

We have come to the conclusion that the woods at one time was very active with ancient miners, having a community of an open temple site, pyramid, village, open harbor for importing raw ore and

exporting refined ore.



Red Granite with Green Copper running through it.



Ancient smelting oven found in the woods of Burlington. At the top of the smelting oven is a large hole that the ancient miners would drop raw ore in for melting. We think we found another pit not far from there that was filled with cold water to be used in the cooling process of the hot metal.



Rick Hale

Rick Hale is 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

Contact Rick through his facebook at:

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

The Legend of the Ant People

Rick Hale



When European settlers made the long and dangerous journey across the Atlantic, they discovered something they had not anticipated. The "New world" as they called the Continental United States was already populated by hundreds of thousands of people who had been there for countless

generations. The Native peoples made their home here, cultivated the land and considered every rock, tree and animal a part of their extended family. A concept the explorers struggled to understand.

When the settlers got to know their Native neighbors, they discovered they were intensely spiritual. They also had a rich heritage filled with legends. One of these enduring legends comes to us from the Hopi, a Native people from the state of Arizona in the American south west. The Hopi believe a peculiar race of underground dwellers rescued their ancestors from two world ending cataclysms. The Hopi, will forever be grateful to this strange race they called, the Ant People.

According to Hopi legend, two great catastrophes called, World Ages, came close to wiping their ancestors from existence. The first world was destroyed by an all consuming fire that engulfed the world. Researchers believe

this all consuming fire may have been an asteroid strike, or volcanic eruptions. Some have even suggested a coronal discharge from the sun.



The second cataclysm occurred when the world was choked by great walls of ice and a cold that froze everything it touched. Researchers have suggested this may have been a shared memory of an ice age or polar shift. Either by fire or by ice, the Hopi, narrowly escaped extinction. The Hopi claimed they received salvation from a very unusual source. A source that some believe was not of this world.



As these natural disasters devastated the world, the Hopi, were guided by a cloud during the day. By night, a brightly lit star guided them across the wasteland the world had become. Eventually, the Hopi found their way to the sky god, Sotuknang. This god heard their pleas and took pity on the weary travelers who had lost everything. Sotuknang, led them to a race of people who would see to their needs and offer them refuge, the Anu Sinom. The Ant People would be their saviours.



With the ancient ancestors of the Hopi safely in the hands of the Ant People, they were taken deep into a subterranean realm where they found refuge. The Ant People were brilliant builders who

erected extraordinary cities deep below the surface. The Ant People taught the Hopi everything they would need to survive when the day came for them to return to the surface.

After many years, the Hopi, bid farewell to their friends and returned to a surface world vastly different from the one they had known. The Hopi, quickly adapted and made a life for themselves in modern day Arizona. Rather than dying, the Hopi thrived and continued to do so for many generations to come.

The Hopi legend of the Anu Sinom, Ant People, has long been my favorite Native American legend. At it's core, it teachings having hope when faced with insurmountable odds. But, is it really nothing more than a legend, a story passed down for millennia? Or, is there any truth to these compassionate people living below the surface? People

seem to think so and there are two theories as to who the Ant People were. One speculates the Ant People were a humans from an ancient civilization. While the second has a more otherworldly explanation.

The first theory originated from a 1909 story that ran in the Phoenix Gazette. The story recounted the exploits of GE Kincaid, a Smithsonian archaeologist. Kincaid claimed to have discovered an underground city below the Grand Canyon. While exploring he discovered artifacts that looked Egyptian and Asian. When Kincaid returned to the Smithsonian and reported what he found, he was ran out of the institute and the caves were sealed. If what Kincaid said was true, it would radically change American history as we know it. Something the big wigs at the Smithsonian could not cope with.

If this story is true, it's possible the Anu Sinom, were Egyptian explorers sent by Pharaoh

Akhenaten. Depictions of the Ant People in cave art show them wearing what looks like Egyptian headdresses. But it was the physical characteristics of this mysterious race that points to them being Egyptian.

The Ant People had elongated skulls, almond shaped eyes and bronze colored skin. The Hopi and ancient Egyptians also appeared to share similar words. For example, the Egyptian word for star is sahu, While the Hopi word is sohu. Although there is anecdotal evidence to prove this assertion, some researchers believe alien intervention may have been involved.

I'm going to be perfectly honest with you, ancient astronaut theory has always troubled me. Its not that I don't believe we've been visited, because I do. I just feel it cheapens our ingenuity as a species and takes power away from us. Nevertheless, it is one that needs to be explored.

An ancient astronaut researcher, Zechariah Sitchin, authored a series of books about the Annunaki, ancient Babylonian gods who he claimed were actually aliens. Sitchin wrote, humans were created by the Annunaki as a slave race to mine for gold in harsh environments. One day, mankind rebelled and sent the Annunaki back to their homeworld of Nibiru. Some believe the Ant People were a rogue sect of Annunaki who saved the Hopi from certain destruction.

In Babylonian and Sumerian mythology, Anu was the sky god. The connection is made because the Hopi word for Ant is Anu and Naki is the Hopi word for friend. Ancient astronaut theorists believe the underground city was an Annunaki outpost in the American south west. Proponents of this theory believe the rogue Annunaki took pity on the Hopi when one of their science

experiments went horribly wrong. They screwed up big, almost wiping out an entire culture and needed to make things right. While the Hopi hid, these ancient gods reshaped the world.

The Hopi legend of the benevolent Ant People, is sacred to these Native people. To be honest, the jury is still out with me as it pertains to the identity of the Ant People. But, it doesn't really matter what I think. The Hopi believe they exist and they believe they owe their existence to the Ant People, the saviours of their culture and their heritage

For more on the Ant People, including this article Please check out www.burlingtonnews.net/antpeople.html

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 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 *Chapter 3: The Haunted* *Basement*

‘The Sci-Fi Café’ was nestled into the first-floor space of an old building in the historic district of Burlington, Wisconsin. Its purpose served many. It was a restaurant, a museum of the Far Out, a book and gift shop, and a place to gather to speak freely about alien encounters, red-haired giants, and otherworldly topics.

The business left us in the late 2010s. My latest trip to Burlington in 2019 revealed a vacant building with empty windows and locked doors.



While the owners, Mary and Brad Sutherland may have packed up

their belongings and cleared out, I'd bet some things still remained.

Like the ghost that lived in the basement.



Years earlier, I was at the Sci-Fi Café, eating a hot lunch at the coffee counter, chatting about my latest adventures in ghost hunting, when Mary asked me if I'd heard about the ghost in the basement.

I said no.

Mary told me about a recording she'd made. On it a female ghost sang 'You Are My Sunshine.' Still in her possession, Mary fetched the tape and let me listen to it. Sure enough, a *'Class A' electronic voice*

phenomenon had been caught. An electronic voice phenomenon or EVP is a voice not heard at the time a recording was made, but is heard upon playback. The 'Class A' is considered a most outstanding EVP capture, with clear dictation and loud volume.

Interesting fact: it doesn't matter how fancy your audio recording device is. A ghost will leave an imprint on any device it chooses. Also, if you have two devices recording simultaneously, an EVP is sometimes left on one but not the other. Though I've learned through experience that usually the EVP is captured on both.

This was how SWAG (Southeastern Wisconsin Area Ghosts) came to ghost hunt the Sci-Fi Café basement.

At the time, I had a couple solid SWAG members, and only one of them could make the hunt. Jamie was a veteran of Iraq who worked

as a bartender at Applebee's. He had already been on several other ghost hunts and was a gifted paranormal researcher. Not only was he a magnet for ghostly activity, he could move heavy suitcases full of tech equipment with ease, which is always helpful.



Café's trap door to basement

On March 15, 2013, we arrived at the Sci-Fi Café just before dark. Mary showed us to the kitchen and indicated an old wooden trap door in the floor. You're kidding, right? How fantastic was this? Not only were we about to spend a few hours in a haunted basement, but we'd get there by way of an old trap door!

She pried up the door, revealing a narrow wooden staircase. Jamie and I took our equipment and descended.



Wooden makeshift stairs

The walls were built of old mortar and stone. The floor was uneven concrete. The basement was long by twenty paces and wide by about seven.

The wall facing Pine Street had a brick missing, providing a glimpse to the tunnel beyond. Rumor was, the tunnel served as a route for bootleggers in the early twentieth century, and that the bones of a woman and child were found

buried in the vicinity. It is not unusual for Midwest American small towns to have these bootlegger tunnels. They run under the main street, connecting basement to basement, linking many of the historic buildings together. Now days they are bricked up so as not to be explorable.



missing brick photo

This basement was full of Halloween props: fake cobwebs among real ones; a life-sized witch stirring a cauldron; skeletons, spiders, ghosts and goblins of the

cardboard variety everywhere to set the mood.



ghoulies

At lights out, the ghost hunt began. n hour in, Jamie and I were doing an EVP session. We took turns tossing questions out and listening. There was no movement or sound from the floor above, where Mary sat quietly at a TV, armed with walkie-talkies, monitoring the infrared video feed being piped up from the basement.

Nothing exciting or spectacular happened, which was normal for a ghost hunt.

Feeling the need to move, Jamie and I switched locations. We sat on the concrete floor by the ancient storm door in the basement's furthest reaches and did another EVP session.

A few minutes into it, Jamie called my attention to a developing cold spot between us. We put our hands into it. It was freezing cold, potentially the real deal. I checked the storm door for inward-leaking chill weather and didn't feel any.



storm door photo

Reclaiming my spot on the floor, I felt a chill zip up my spine. It did

not travel 'down' my spine, as the cliché goes. It started at the base and went up. A breath-hitching experience it was, to say the least. Imagine icy finger sliding the length of piano keys. I've had chills before, but this was different. It felt purposeful, sentient.

A moment later, from the room's corner, came a woman's voice, urgent and harried. "I'm right here!" she exclaimed.

Jamie and I looked at each other, dumbfounded. Our jaws must have dropped at the same time. Jamie said, "Did you hear that?" to which I answered, "Yeah." Jamie pumped his fists in celebration.

I radioed Mary on the walkie-talkie.

"Did anybody shout up there?" I asked.

Mary said *"no"*.

"Can you go outside and check around the building please?"

Mary did and said the coast was clear.

Phenomenal! Our time in the basement paid off! The ghost was female, possibly the same who'd been captured on audio, years earlier, singing 'You Are My Sunshine.' She wanted to be heard by us, wanted us to know she was there. She left the signature of an 'intelligent' haunting—a spirit who demonstrates awareness of the people in her surroundings. She definitely heard us, possibly even saw us, and had a desire to communicate.

The cold spot between Jamie and I could have been the spirit drawing energy. Perhaps the chill up my spine occurred for the same reason, to gather needed energy to manifest the disembodied voice. (*A disembodied voice—unlike the EVP—is a heard voice that may or may not have been recorded onto audio equipment. Lucky for SWAG, this disembodied voice can be heard just fine. Swing by our Facebook site to see the video.*)

No one knows why the spirit of this woman dwells in the basement. Some believe she was a victim of a terrible crime that happened long-ago, buried with her child in the dirt around the building's foundation. Whatever the case, she's definitely there. My guess is she gets around a bit, using that old bootlegger's tunnel under the historic district of downtown Burlington to travel from basement to basement, getting to know the tenants above by listening in the still quiet of the darkness below. She has a network of dark places with escape routes where she can comfortably hide.

And for some reason she enjoys singing one of America's most iconic folk songs, 'You Are My Sunshine.' Maybe she is singing to the child whose remains were unearthed. (On that note, to my knowledge, no one at the Sci-Fi Café ever heard the disembodied cry of an infant or young child.)

It's important to note that not all ghosts are fond of dwelling in the darkest reaches of basements. Some can be found in plain daylight, masquerading as ordinary people, completely indistinguishable from their living counterparts.

Recently a memory from 1994 while on shore leave in Greece came back to me. It resurfaced out of the blue one night while lying in bed, and along with it came a breathtaking epiphany. I bolted up, switched on the light, and turned to the mother of my child, Kristi.

I said, "Oh my God! That was a ghost! I saw one and didn't even know it!"

To be continued...

Whoever suggested using lint rollers to take ticks off after a walk in the woods...you're a genius! This was the first pass off of me - picked more off on the 2nd and 3rd passes. Will be buying more lint rollers!



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Mary Sutherland

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