

Legends Magazine

Volume Two Issue 19 May 22, 2020

Nova Scotia-
Stargate of Atlantis
Part 2

Dimensional
Traveling

Butcher of Palos
Park

Truth about the
Paranormal

Message from the
Moss Faeries

Camp Douglas - 80
Acres of Hell

Six Cheap & Easy
Ghost Hunting Tips

The Girl by the Sea

Astral Travel Fact
or Fiction



*The Promise of a New
Tomorrow - Andria Dexter*

Photographer Demo Nicas

Fontainebleau State Park - Louisiana



burlingtonnews.net/Legends.html

Legends Magazine. 248 Carver St. Winslow Illinois 61089



Legends
Volume Two Issue Twelve Feb. 18, 2018

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY - MASSACRE
7 BROS MORAN NORTHOSE GANGSTERS VULNERABLE TO FBI RAID CARABE
ONCOMING BATTLE FOR CONTROL OF PROBABLY THE MOST SACRED

ON THE ROAD
Singer
Blues
Rock

“Only Capone kills like that,” said Moran.

LAST ISSUE
Book Reviews
Teasers
Newspaper Serials
Travel, Entertainment
Puzzles

Legends E-Magazine

Covering exciting stories about UFOs, Ancient and Lost Races of South America, Spirituality and Spirituality Communities, Cryptology, LA, History and Legends, Paranormal, Hot Spots, Psychology, Spiritual and Psychic Healing, Sacred Sites, Genes, 3D-dimensional worlds, Vampires, Werewolves and more...

Because of people like you, Legends Magazine exists.
Join us at facebook.com/groups/legendsmagazine
Legends is an 'alternative lifestyle' media outlet...a sanctuary of sorts, where we all come together for great reading entertainment, 'out of the box' thinking, promoting each other, expressing our views via interacting with peers of 'like minds'.

Legends doesn't survive on clicks. We don't rely on advertising dollars. But we do need 'your' help!

Every monetary gift of every size helps us to provide you with a great bi-monthly magazine, filled with topics that all can enjoy.

We appreciate all of you and your contributions, realizing that **Without Your Support We Can't Exist.** **PLEASE GIVE NOW**

Donate through Paypal at the following site: burlingtonnews.net/donate.html



HAVE QUESTIONS ?
A STORY TO TELL?
INFORMATION TO SHARE?
A SUGGESTION?

bsutherland@wi.rr.com

Subscribe



Donate



www.burlingtonnews.net/donate.htm

!

LEGENDS RECOMMENDED READING



burlingtonnews.net/bookreviews.html

www.burlingtonnews.net/bookreviews.html

ml

Legends Magazine Staff Members



Atala Dorothy Toy

Andrea Dexter

Jeff Brigham

Brad Sutherland

Mary Sutherland



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

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

Welcome to the Team



Sanctuary Magazine Mind Body Spirit

And affiliates will be working with Legends, sharing articles and promoting each others work in their magazines.

Looking forward to working with them all. Here is a sample of their last publication for you to enjoy.

www.sanctuaryfl.com/read-sanctuary-magazine1.html

SPECIAL REPORT

WHAT ARE PARANORMAL IMPRINTS?

By Mary Sutherland, Legends Magazine

Chaosly Imprints

Residual energy trapped haunting on the products of an emotional incident, often a violent crime. Strong energy seems to be stored in physical land and surroundings.

There have been stories of mass disappearing of an Indian tribe that took place over one day. People say they still feel the events throughout the events in the form of images of kids playing and adults hunting. This tribe lived on these lands for many generations. When they were older, 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 activity performed over and over. Eventually, the energy will go low and the appearance will become less often. When someone witnesses this kind of haunting, and is shocked or frightened by it, that energy may affect the victim so that the incident is not an experience anymore.

It is believed that imprints occur in many unexpected locations. An imprint can also be of a single person who was attached to their land or home and can be seen packing words from the garden or impressing the house in one what work needs to be done.
When imprints are witnessed, it should be recognized that the land is very special.

Energy Constructs – Talpoids or Created Spirits
There have been accounts made about spirits, imprints with enough energy that they achieve a second kind of life. I usually think in the world of horror films and nightmares, but it's best back at the "noble few examples" for a moment.



Think about all of the energy that a child puts into a toy like a teddy bear. The child causes the toy and makes up stories about it. The toy becomes a special friend, all more more real to a child than the fact that there does the story. How much innocent energy does it take to induce the toy with some kind of actual personality? In these such a thing as a created spirit?
It is possible for something to take on a life of its own if enough energy is associated with it? This process is very rare, but it can still happen, even unintentionally. More

22 Paranormal Underground May 2020

INTRODUCING STAFF FOR LEGENDS MAGAZINE

burlingtonnews.net/Legends.html

MARY SUTHERLAND

Publisher, Editor, Photographer, Writer, Researcher
www.burlingtonnews.net

BRAD SUTHERLAND

Co-Publisher, Photographer Researcher

DOUG CLACK

Photographer and Researcher

BILL MATTESON

Virtual Story Teller, Historical & Paranormal Columnist

RICK HALE

Virtual Story Teller, Paranormal & Historical Researcher, Columnist

JEFF BRIGHAM

Paranormal Researcher, Columnist

ANDREA DEXTER & DEMO NICAS

Photographer, Metaphysics Columnist, Entertainment Reviewer

URSULA BIELSKI

Chicago historian and folklorist specializing in cemetery history and the folklore of the preternatural. ...Columnist

HEIDI HOLLIS

Hatman and Shadow People Expert Q&A Columnist – Cartoonist

www.TheOutlandersComic.com

Watch for Mary Sutherland's article "What are Paranormal Imprints" in our affiliated magazine Paranormal Underground Magazine where we come together, share each others stories and promote each others work.



Paranormal Underground Magazine Phenomena Magic & Lore physics Crystal, Herbolgy, Metaphysics and Energy Healing...and more.

Join us as we explore the unexplained

www.paranormalunderground.net

Mary Sutherland



Mary Sutherland is a renowned author and researcher into lost civilizations, UFOs, ghosts, fairies, cryptids and, of course, djinn. She identified and documented the Burlington Vortex: an area of mysterious paranormal energy and activity in her native state. Mary is the author of *The Red Haired Giants, Revelations: Truths Revealed, Giants Gods, and Lost Races, Lost in Time: In Search of Ancient Man, Mysteries of Burlington and Southeastern Wisconsin, Haunted Burlington, Wisconsin and Living in the Light: Believe in the Magic*. She is the executive editor and founder of *Legends Magazine* and, with her husband, Brad, conducts tours of the Burlington Vortex and Burlington Forest.
bsutherland@wi.rr.com

Nova Scotia

*Gateway of Atlantis and
Oak Island Money Pit
continued*

Mary Sutherland

*Part One can be found in
Legends Magazine issue 18*

***“Mi’kmaq” Ancient Egyptian
connection in Kariong, Nova
Scotia and Illinois***

Jack Mac Nab suggests that we should take a look at a few Youtube Videos, concerning ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs that were discovered near Gosford Australia; especially information by Steven Strong, concerning the Gosford/Kariong hieroglyphs.

Jack had found it exciting that there may be evidence supporting that ancient Egyptians had founded colonies in Australia. He found that the Kariong Glyphs he found had similar carvings with the Cleopatra hieroglyphic, that he 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.

Mac Nab can now show ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs discovered in three separate location! Each appear to have some sort of connection with each other. These locations would be Kariiong New South Wales, Australia, Marion County Illinois, United States, and Bedford Basin Nova Scotia, Canada.

According to Mi'kmaq Legends the enemy of Glooscap. the cultural hero of the Mi'kmaq of Nova Scotia was the name or title of the this enemy was "Winpe."

These legends talk about how Glooscaps' family, was kidnapped by Winpe and taken captive for slaves, to Newfoundland Canada.

Glooscap later, freed his family from grips of Winpi, and returned with them to Nova Scotia.

There is a connection Jack found with the Mi'kmaq name Winpe, with the ancient Australian legends concerning the "*Gmypie Pyramid.*"

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.

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 as a tale about good vs. bad and was told to the young by the Mi'kmaq elders, parents, etc. It appears to be no doubt that it originated back across the Atlantic Ocean in ancient Egypt during the time of *Pharaoh Khufu and is related to the Khufu sky-ship.*

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.*

The, "Legend of Gympie" (Gimpi; Winpi) is believed to be the oldest Aboriginal legend fully documented in Queensland – perhaps Australia... HISTORY: The Town of Gympie is a regional town in the Wide Bay-Burnett region of Queensland, Australia and is famous for its goldfields.

In the Legend of Gimpi it tells of "Kgippandingi the fierce warrior who became more arrogant. He built the great houses made of stone reaching towards the sky (pyramids)."

It is very possible that the Legend of Gimpi, may have been an event that only happened back in Egypt, when Pharaoh Khufu constructed the Great Pyramid of Egypt. This legend then may have been

transmitted, to the indigenous Australians, during the time of the construction of the Gympie Pyramid in Queensland Australia.

Further adding to this years ago I came across the *Legend and Prophecy from the Australians about the Promise of the Bird King*, which confirms that the ancient Egyptians were in Australia, into Nova Scotia and into N. America, along with other countries, using the aide of flight or what Jack had referred to as the *Khufu Airship*. This would also fit with the time line of Akhenaten and his family.

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

or 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*

<https://www.burlingtonnews.net/files/vi/minas.pdf>

After the publishing this information in my book, I received a telephone call from an Australian Aborigine Elder 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 how sacred this information was and held in great secrecy. Following is the Australian Story of the 'Bird King'.

"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 were Egyptian Pharaohs and their families.

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 their 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* 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 Red Rose.

Winpe, generally speaking, has the same meaning as indigenous Australian name "Gimpi."

Kariong Glyphs. What is interesting about the these carvings, is that "certain glyphs"

are almost a perfect match, with those of the ancient Mi'kmaq hieroglyphs in Nova Scotia Canada

Is it possible to put a date on when the Mi'kmaq first arrived in Nova Scotia? 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 there about 30-40,000 years ago.

Like many other people, I had concluded that the Mi'kmaq writings must have been transmitted to them by ancient Egyptian visitors.

The Helios Death Tablet

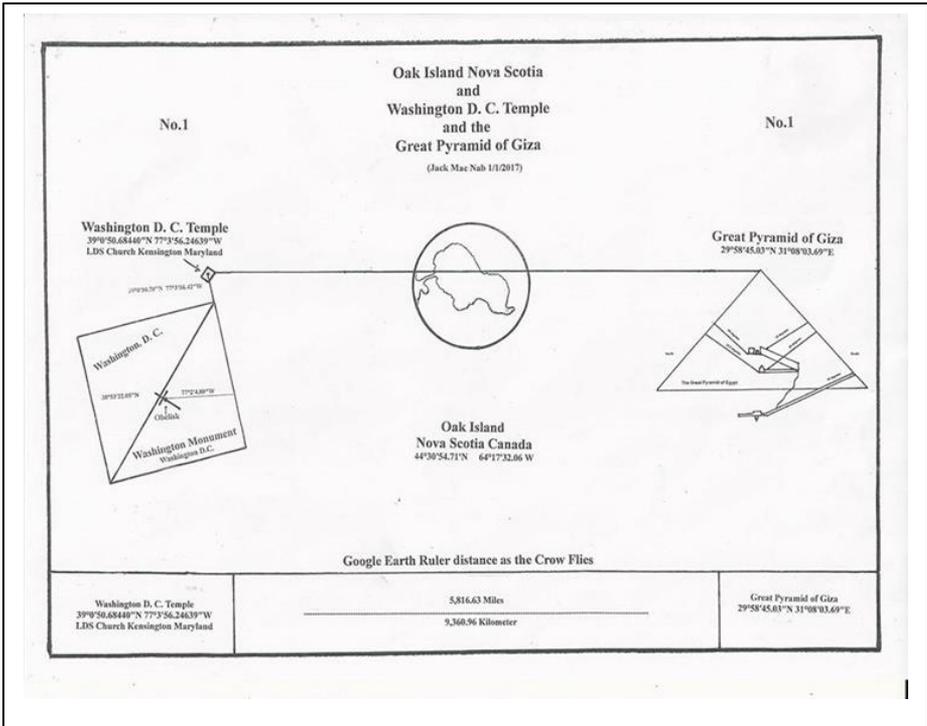
It is thought that following the death of Helios, a voyage was made back to Marion County Illinois by some of Helios ships. At that point those tablets that are claimed to tell the story of his death, were placed in that "cave." or "tomb." It is not known when that Tomb was finally sealed by the capstone covering the entrance. It appears that this

cave/tomb was reentered many times during those years when the ancient Egypto-Romans where stationed in that area of Illinois.

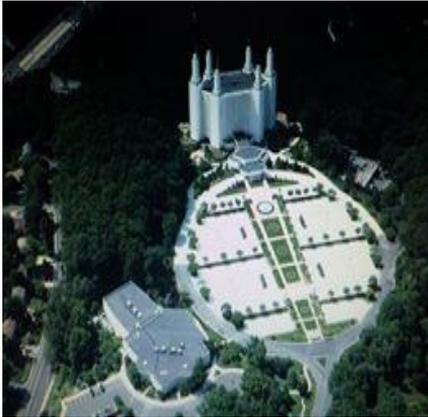


Here is a Google Earth photo of Oak Island Nova Scotia. These red lines are azimuth lines.(Google earth ruler) **If you where to follow the**





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



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

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.

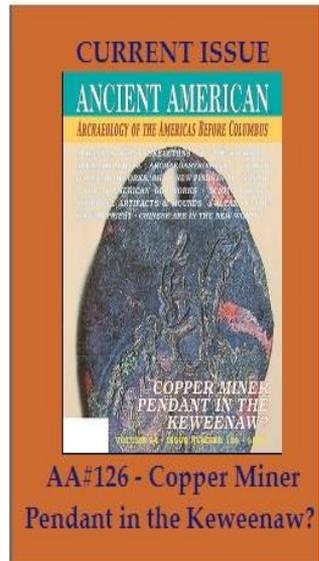
Evan William Strong suggested that Bedford's and Oak Island's Nova Scotia sea level was possibly 300 – 400 feet lower. The oak island money pit that some so desperately chase after may have been built on high and dry land with the entrance out in the ocean.

Ancient American Magazine

The purpose of Ancient American magazine is to describe the prehistory of the American Continent, regardless of presently fashionable beliefs--- to provide a public forum for certified experts and nonprofessionals alike to freely express their views without fear nor favor.

Ancient American is an open forum for anyone, regardless of academic background, to share their discoveries and ideas about the prehistory of our country with readers across the nation and around the world. As an exercise in freedom of thought, we welcome the participation of amateurs, in addition to professionals. In turn, public input is accepted and encouraged. Feel free to contact us about subscriptions, book orders, back issues, change of address, article submissions, advertising, books for review, and general information.

ancientamerican.com



**AA#126 - Copper Miner
Pendant in the Keweenaw?**

**Princess Scota, Akhenaten and Moses
Tie to Scotland and Nova Scotia**

The Stone of Destiny has been revered for centuries as a holy relic, fought over by nations and used successively by Danish, Scottish, English and British monarchs as an important part of their enthronement ceremonies.



It was transported to Ireland via Spain by Princess Meritaten, also known as Scota, the daughter of Egyptian Pharaoh Akhenaten, who fled Egypt around 1335 B.C. following a rebellion in which Akhenaten was overthrown.

After Akhenaten was overthrown, his daughter Princess Scota (Meritaten) set sail to Scotland, bringing with her the four treasures of the Tuatha de Danann, along with the Gae Bolg, the Sword of Nuada, the Dagda's Cauldron and the Stone of Destiny

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'

Nova Scotia 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.

Being that Scotia 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 Blue Stones of Ea

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 (Anunnaki God 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.

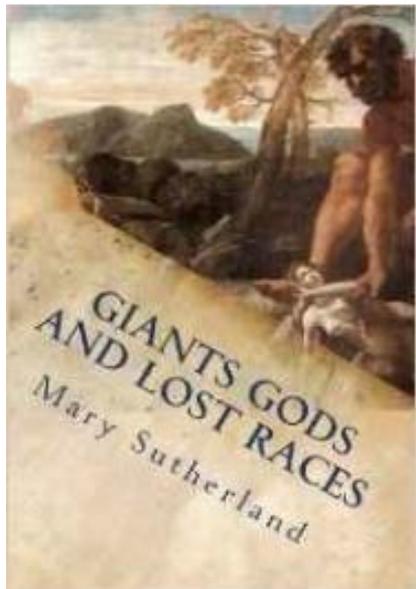
He was described as 'an elderly, white-haired patriarch', who brought with him a young princess who was the daughter of Pharaoh Akhenaten.

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", "star gate" 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.

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

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



Driving the Snakes out of Ireland

Princess Scota 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 descendents 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'

Irish Legends has it that after being bitten, Gaedhael Glas's skin was said to have had a bluish tint, which gave rise to the 'druids' dying their skin blue.

painting their skin blue in his honor.

www.burlingtonnews.net/redhairedummiesegypt-seti

** Moses was the principal advisor to Pharaoh Akhenaten. He was married to Zipporah, the mother of his two sons. His other wife was his sister Miriam, who is Nefertiti, sister-wife of Akhenaten and daughter of Aye*

“By stepping outside the box and believing, not in what society tells you, but your heart, you become the hero of your own journey.”

Mary Sutherland

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



DIMENSIONAL TRAVEL

Mary Sutherland

I have been getting a few private messages asking questions about vortices and time/space travel. I personally don't like answering questions through private message, but would rather read their questions then follow up in our Legends Magazine where everyone can read it. I figure if one person has a question on a subject, chances are others do too.

This is something I quickly put together tonight to help some of you understand how one leaves the body and travels into other dimensions... Not only how it is done, but what results may come of traveling.

This is something you probably won't find in most books or on most websites, but I have come to these conclusions due to past personal experiences and sharing these experiences with friends in the field of physics that understand this type of phenomenon more than I did, at the time.

When I draw any conclusion or even theory as to something I am working on I usually use the following tools :

1. Common Sense AND trust in my intuition or as the police like to call '*gut instinct*'
2. Research material in search of all possibilities.
3. Scientific Studies and conversing with friends in the field of various branches of science; especially physics
4. Personal Experiences.

What happens to the body when we shift into another reality?

When a person is in a highly energized vortex, the energy speeds up the molecules which become excited, reaching a point where the physical body can no longer contain the ethereal body, which allows the ethereal (spirit) to escape the material (body) and travel into other dimensional planes.

After the ethereal body has crossed over the barrier (veil) that separates the dimensions, it again solidifies with its DNA gathering information of everything it encounters.

After the ethereal-self returns into the physical body, the spiritual DNA is absorbed by the Physical DNA.

This information is eventually released into the subconscious

which then releases it slowly into the consciousness - thus giving the experienter what some call a 'light bulb' moment or an epiphany!



In the photo you see two girls. The girls seen at the bottom of the page are their physical bodies. The ones above them are their ethereal bodies.

The camera could never have captured the picture of these ethereal bodies if their ethereal selves had not become solid, after crossing over into the other dimension.

We call this phase shifting ; Main stream science prefers the term **time/space displacement**.

Death – The Final Cross-Over

I think that one of the biggest hurdles a spirit has after leaving the physical body is that he/she doesn't know he/she is dead. Most of us wrongly presume that after we die and cross over, the only thing we are left with is some form of an ethereal body, which is not true.

After personally having several 'out of body' experiences I realized that when I was outside my body, I was with a working 'mind' and felt completely physical, having all my senses. Until I realized what was happening, I was also confused.

Through psychokinetic energy of attention (focused conscious awareness), intention and emotion, Brad and I photograph subtle energies around those on our sacred site/haunted tours.

(Psychokinetic energy is the energy of the 'Collective Consciousness' – It is the combination of the Conscious; the Unconscious and Super-conscious awareness. It is a form of energy that we, and every living thing, individually and collectively transmits and receives, from moment to moment.)



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

Butcher of Palos Park

Ursula Bielski

This story may seem, if not as old as time, pretty old. It’s the story of the Demon Barber of Fleet Street: Dickens’ Sweeney Todd character of The String of Pearls who liked to make pies of out people. It’s the story of Soylent Green for that matter: the apocalyptic foodstuff that is just a little more palatable than death.

Everyone loves the story of the dinner made out of one’s neighbor. In Chicago, I have filed away three stories of this particular horror.



Adolph Luetgert- Sausage King of Chicago

The first is the one everyone knows. The story of Adolph Luetgert—the Sausage King of Chicago—is an old one.

Luetgert went down in history known for killing his wife in his Diversey Avenue sausage factory and grinding her up into sausage. According to legend, the resulting delicacy was in high demand by the community.

The ghost of Luisa Luetgert was so troublesome to the man who bought the Luetgert house later that he had it moved a block away, but Luisa moved with it, so he had it moved again. Or so they say.

The factory is high end condos now. I visited there with Fox News a few years back and the residents claim that all is quiet.

The engineer says the basement is sometimes a little unrestful.



Check out this photo of the building today by one of our favorite Chicago ghostlore photographers, The Comtesse DeSpair.

When I was first married, Dave and I bought a house up in the Indian Woods area along Indian Road near Central and Elston. We used to shop at the Jewel in Jefferson Park. A neighbor told me that a “*butcher there back in the 1970s once killed someone, butchered the body and packaged it for sale before being arrested. He was connected to a high ranking cop and, being back in the day it was not made public.*”

I would imagine this kind of thing happens a lot more than we know.

Butcher of Palos Park

A story I heard many years ago and wrote about in my very first book is one that still remains very mysterious. It is this story. The story of the *Butcher of Palos Park*.

I heard the story so long ago that I cannot even remember who told it to me, but as you can see it has a lot of detail, so I assume it was written in one of the many letters I received when I was a researcher working in my early days before that first book and was on local cable TV and news channels and such.

Since the story was published in 1997 I met a gentleman who grew up in Palos Park and who now lives in Las Vegas.

He told me that the Butcher Shop where these events took place

was housed in the building where the famous Plush Horse ice cream parlor now stands on Southwest Highway.

He verified that many businesses in the area opened in 1893, when there was a mass exodus of single men and families from the building of the World's Fair in Chicago.

The building which houses the Plush Horse was built in 1893 as a house but there was a general store built by the wife of the couple who built it while the husband was off fighting the Spanish-American War. She built a store so that her husband would have a job when he came home. A butcher shop was added later. But that is where the history trails off . . . until the Plush Horse opens in the 1930s.



We can't know if the Plush Horse was the site where the Butcher of Palos Park committed his dastardly deeds. Nor if any such deeds were committed at all. But for those who want to know the tale, read on. And the next time you drive along the tree-shrouded roads of Palos . . . you may wonder just what the shadows of history hold.

Just southwest of Chicago proper lies a sprawling expanse of slough-studded forest, one of the largest preserve areas in northern Illinois and, many believe, one of the most haunted regions in America.

Though the story to be told plays out in one of this area's many

villages, it cannot be told without setting the larger scene because Palos Park is nestled in one of the nation's most mysterious districts, and Chicago's most supernatural realm.

The area known locally as "Palos" is comprised of three separate villages: Palos Heights, Palos Hills, and Palos Park and these three towns slumber on the eastern border of the most underpopulated part of this very haunted territory. The district is bounded on its north end by phantom-riddled Archer Avenue, home to Chicago's most famous ghost, Resurrection Mary, an erstwhile South Side Polish girl who has, for more than seventy years, hitchhiked this old Indian road as far south as Willow Springs. Her stomping grounds are also home to the so-called Sobbing Woman of Archer Woods Cemetery, the gangland ghosts of Rico D's restaurant, an old Capone speakeasy, and the phantom automobiles tied in legend to the 1956 double-

murder of little Barbara and Patricia Grimes, whose frozen bodies were eventually found at nearby Devil's Creek.

Archer Avenue was built in the early 1800s by Irish immigrants who settled in Chicago's Bridgeport neighborhood, near present day Chinatown.

The building of the road progressed in conjunction with a much larger, more significant project: the construction of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, a waterway that aimed to, at long last, connect by water the Chicago River and the Illinois River, thereby connecting the Great Lakes and the Mississippi River.

Constructing the road over an old Indian trail that snaked southwest out of the city, immigrants worked under conditions that were often slave-like, going without pay or food—

and sometimes without water—for days or weeks at a time.

It is estimated that many hundreds of canal workers died along the canal route; indeed, one of Archer's most haunted sites is the churchyard of St. James, established near the Sag Bridge, which was founded to accommodate the bodies of the many dead canal workers.

The suffering of the Illinois and Michigan Canal workers certainly left a preternatural imprint on this atmospheric road, but other factors that have contributed to the haunting of Archer Avenue can also go a long way in explaining the haunting of the entire region south of it, most notably the presence of water. Even before the building of the Illinois and Michigan Canal (and, with less fanfare, the Calumet-Sag Channel and the Illinois Sanitary and Ship Canal), the Des Plaines River flowed through this

heavily-forested land, a landscape covered with lakes, ponds and sloughs.

Though it was long-believed by many cultures that water keeps ghosts at bay, parapsychologists today contend that paranormal manifestations are actually encouraged by the presence of water, an excellent conductor for the electromagnetic energies that ghosts are thought to be.

Another contributor to the paranormality of this region may be the sheer under population of much of it. The Chicago area is rife with forest preserves, some of them even within the city limits, and these areas have long been notorious as hotbeds of supernatural phenomena. Why? Theories abound.

Of course, haunted houses most often harbor their ghosts in the attic or basement—areas with infrequent human visitors. Silly as it may seem, ghosts seem to prefer to “hide” from flesh-and

blood cohabiters rather than mix in with their everyday lives. It would follow, then, that forest preserves would be perfect habitats for Chicago ghosts with a distaste for the hustle and bustle of urban life.

Other theories, however, suggest that it is humans—and not haunts—that have infested Chicago’s preserves.

Some preserve visitors have attested to experiencing chanting and singing by unseen people; at times this chanting seems to be done by dozens of voices.

Others have reported glimpsing apparitions of hooded or cloaked figures, including those seen at Red Gate Woods, along Archer Avenue, and at the notorious Bachelors Grove Cemetery, part of the Rubio Woods preserve, an overgrown woodland ossuary that remains one of the most haunted cemeteries in the nation. These audio and visual apparitions are often tied to the

ritualistic activities that have been reported in Chicago-area preserves since at least the 1960s.

Those who make the connection believe that these rituals, performed largely by amateurs, have conjured up nature or even evil spirits that their unskilled conjurers could bring forth, but not send back.

The little village of Palos Park is, today, pure woodland serenity, a pocket of humanity comprised largely of mid-twentieth century ranch houses bordering the great forested preserves of southwest Chicago. Residents commute to Chicago to work but thoroughly enjoy the riding stables, fishing holes, and hiking trails of their home village.

Don't be fooled by this town's peaceful looks. The place holds a terrible secret indeed, if the legends of this town are true. For,

at the foot of a hill on the grounds of Palos Park's unassuming, interactive "Children's Farm" (a petting zoo and interpretive center catering to school groups) is buried the head—and only the head—of a horrifying local maniac: *the Demon Butcher of Palos Park*.

Hermann Butcher was one of a number of small businessmen who migrated to the Palos region during the chaos of the Columbian Exposition of 1892, when the influx of visitors to Chicago—many of them eventually settling there—drove a significant section of the urban population to quieter realms outside the city limits.

The town of Palos was originally dubbed "Trenton" at its founding in the 1830s; in 1850, the village was renamed by its postmaster, whose ancestor had sailed from Palos de Fronters with Christopher Columbus.

In the days of its establishment, Palos Park was a farming community in a region that had been alive with Indians and French explorers in the 1700s, but the building of the Wabash Railroad was the key to its survival, as it allowed non-farming residents with Chicago ties to establish homes in Palos beginning in the late 1800s.

Butcher, whose family name came from the long-held family business, was one of several German immigrants who set up butcher shops in Palos in the late-nineteenth century, but it wasn't long before he was the only butcher left in town.

The significant depression that swept the United States in the 1890s did not miss Palos, and butchers here were pinned to the wall by the livestock shortage that accompanied it.

Fortunately, Hermann Butcher was not only well-to-do, having enjoyed a thriving business in Chicago before his exodus, he was

also well-connected to executives and managers at the best Chicago meat suppliers. Though he was forced, like his colleagues, to raise his prices, Butcher was able to remain in business.

No one knows whether Butcher's insanity stretched back further than his life in Palos, but what happened during his days here have made residents of Palos afraid to dig more deeply.

The atrocities began one afternoon when a large shipment of beef arrived at Butcher's shop.

Like most butchers of the day, Hermann retained an apprentice who learned, at his side, the art and craft of butchering meat.

Hermann was known in the village to drive his apprentice too hard. With a bad back and a sharp tongue, Butcher pawned off most of the daily workload onto his young charge, who bore the increasing burden with the patience of a saint.

On this particular day, though, the shipment was larger than usual; Butcher pressed his apprentice to carry every parcel of it down to the basement meat locker, without a lick of assistance from the master. Unfortunately, a particularly heavy package of beef caused the young man to falter on the steep steps; he tumbled to the basement, breaking his neck with a fatal snap.

Butcher was horrified. He knew he had a reputation for working his apprentice into the ground and of disciplining him with his foul temper. Because of it, he had been on unfriendly terms with the boy's family for months. Would the apprentice's family think the boy's death had been Hermann's fault? That he had driven the boy too hard or, worse, in a flair of temper, pushed him down the stairs?

Strained by months of trying to keep his business afloat, Butcher wasn't willing to chance it. If he were accused of contributing in any way to his apprentice's death, who knew what could happen? And Butcher was sick of worrying and struggling. In a moment of desperation, Butcher stashed the apprentice's corpse behind the parcels of beef that the young man had just unloaded.

He locked the freezer door and hoped for the best.

It wasn't long before the boy was missed, but inquiries as to his whereabouts were met by Butcher's own, feigned bewilderment and anger: *"I have no idea where he is, Hermann claimed, but when you find him, tell him to get into work immediately!"*

Butcher claimed he hadn't seen the boy since he'd left work two days before; he suggested that the boy had been unhappy with the

job and, perhaps, had decided to hop a Chicago-bound train to make his fortune in a more pleasing apprenticeship.

Despite his cool demeanor, the heat on Hermann increased as the week wore on. Adding stress was the always-dwindling meat supply.

When fare for his customers was at an all-time low, Butcher took action. After closing up shop one evening, he made his way to the basement meat locker. Working by the light of a dim lantern, he carved up a portion of the apprentice's chilled left leg and packaged it in butcher paper. At home that night, Hermann roasted the leg meat and sat down to dinner.

Sampling the morbid fare, he found it surprisingly similar to beef, but with an added sweetness that rendered it quite delectable.

Early the next morning, Butcher arrived at his shop and spent

several hours butchering and displaying his gruesome offerings. When the first customers arrived, they were delighted to find the fine-looking cuts of meat and, in short time, every one was sold.

The next day, a nervous Butcher was waiting for the verdict on his grisly new supply. To his delight, the same customers returned, having found Hermann's "beef" scrumptious. Luckily, Butcher had carved up most of the apprentice's remaining corpse, so his customers went away happy again, but this couldn't last... or could it?

Butcher found himself newly perplexed. If he could not supply more of the flesh his customers craved, what would they do? Likely, try to find more of the strangely delicious beef themselves by contacting his suppliers. This simply couldn't be allowed. The supply would have to continue.

When the last scraps and bones had been sold, Butcher launched a fresh plan to protect his ever-floundering business. Each evening for weeks, he made his way out to the railroad yard and singled out a hungry-looking hobo.

Promising food in exchange for some light labor, Hermann lured his victims back to his shop where he fed them a drugged dinner, washed down with potent schnapps, until they dozed off.

When the unfortunate vagrant was suitably comatose, Butcher brought out his cleaver and hacked him up in his sleep, working late into the night to attractively arrange the cuts for sale the next day.

Soon, however, word spread through the hobo camp that something untoward was afoot; overnight, the camp emptied, and Butcher was again without meat for his shop.

By this time, Butcher had passed the point of no return. One by one, in the days that followed, the children of Palos began to go missing. Besides the hobos who could be plied with food and liquor, these little ones were all that Butcher, in his aged state, could handle.

Worse, with the first child's murder came even greater reviews of Butcher's products: Hermann's customers, of course, found the latest offerings the most succulent of all, so Butcher was insanely encouraged to provide more and more of the sickening stock.

Eventually, the locals began to suspect that one of their own villagers was behind the recent string of child abductions. Working with an assortment of tips—and driven by the hunches of the apprentice's family—a group of enraged villagers stormed Butcher's shop late one

night, searching it from top to bottom and finding, in the basement meat locker, a shocking array of packaged body parts—and the remains of a seven-year-old child hanging from a meat hook.

Making their way to Butcher's home, the villagers forced entry and dragged Hermann out onto the lawn where they butchered him with his own cleaver. The final blow severed Butcher's head, which the people of Palos buried at Indian Hill across from Oak Hill Cemetery.

Today, Palos Park remains a uniquely peaceful suburb of Chicago, the greatest beneficiary of the preserves that surround it. Residents enjoy horseback riding, fishing, boating, and hiking in the beautiful woodlands that abut the village, and even the homes here nestle in lovely woodland settings. Still, at Oak Hill Cemetery, all is not at rest.

After the slaughter of Hermann Butcher and the burying of his head at Indian Hill, the murderer's headless remains were interred separately in a plot near the center of Oak Hill Cemetery, marked by a stone bearing only the name of "Butcher." But they haven't remained there.

Residents of Palos Park tell of the body moving ever closer to the head. In fact, the grave has mysteriously moved twice already, from the center of the graveyard towards the road, to a plot near the pond, then to its current site along Southwest Highway itself.

Is it only a matter of time before Butcher's body returns to its unbutchered state—rejoining its head across the road?

Of course, skeptics claim that the Butcher remains have been repeatedly moved by decidedly unsupernatural means. The water table at the cemetery is such, they

say, that certain graves have become waterlogged over the years, forcing the caretakers to move them, sometimes more than once.

A visit to the Children's Farm on a warm summer afternoon seems to chase away all thoughts of ghosts. The air smells of hay and new-mown grass, and the sounds of young animals mingle with the laughter of children, visitors to the Farm enjoying its pleasant, natural surroundings.

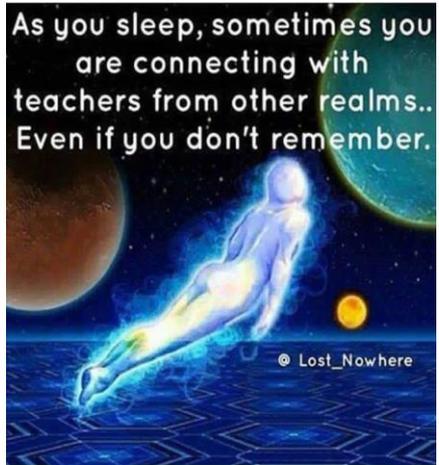
Wandering away from the animals and the outbuildings, however, yields a distinctly different feeling, especially if one wanders toward Indian Hill...

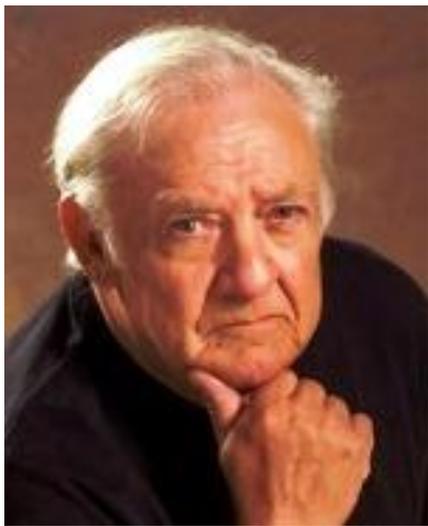


Is Hermann Butcher really buried with other Butcher family members under the tombstone at Oak Hill cemetery? Is the story really true?

Is the Plush Horse ice cream parlor really the site where these terrible tales played out?

And is the head of the Butcher of Palos Park buried at Indian Hill?





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.

Astral Travel – Fact or Fiction

At about 10 years old, I was starting to be afraid of going to bed as I would lay down and in the twilight area of conciseness and sleep stage, My body would start to tingle, then vibrate, I would hear an audible buzzing or droning noise in my ears. then whoosh I would be flying. Sometimes I could see myself sleeping as I hovered above my bed, sometimes I could feel my body lift away and could even watch it happen.

So at age 10, I figured I was crazy, going crazy or the victim of demonic possession. At about age 11 or 12, I just figured I had something wrong with a certain part of my brain that caused me to be the victim of some pretty bizarre nightmares. Now this did not happen all the time but they were frequent enough to cause concern.

Some of these "dreams" were exciting and interesting while others were out and out freaky.

Into my 20's and 30's I had pretty much aligned myself with the fact

that this was part of my life and there wasn't anything I could do about it.

Until one day I was in an arcane book store, called the Occult Bookstore on Belmont and Clark Street and saw this book on Astral Travel by Robert Monroe Prior to that I never read anything about astral travel, thinking it was something like astrology, which I never believed in.

So I picked up the book, opened in a few pages and read this; *"The body vibrates along with a droning sound that fills the eardrums, then finally you're flying through space."*

"Holy shit" I cried out ...everyone looked at me I bought the book and ran home. I read it three times so I could absorb the full meaning.

I wasn't crazy! I wasn't possessed! I was normal! This happens to everyone at various times in their lives, some more than others!

OBES or Out of Body Experiences

I signed up for classes in self-hypnosis just to learn how to control these obe's. I then went on to learn etherial hypnosis and even won some honorable mentions for innovative induction techniques. I even ended up running a work shop on dream interpretation through hypnotic regression

This was right after the days of past life regressions, Remember Shirley Mc Claine had over 100 past lives - or so she said.

So anyway, I learned control over the OBES and then it went away. Well almost, it comes back now and then just to let me know it's still around.

Flying through space was always neat, sometimes I could see the silver cord and sometimes it was red with gold edges. In checking with a friend, he said the red and gold was highly spiritual.

Who said life was not exciting!

The Truth About the Paranormal



Chad Wilson,

**Publisher of the Paranormal
Underground Magazine**

www.paranormalunderground.net

What is the paranormal?

In the eyes of the people experiencing it, it is anything that is beyond what they would normally expect to find in life. Some of the most common paranormal phenomena described by witnesses include seeing a spirit (a ghost); coming across a strange, unknown creature while out and about; and seeing strange lights in the night sky.

I can't even begin to describe every type of paranormal event out there, but these three are the most common experiences described by people worldwide.

Once someone shares a personal encounter, what are the typical responses?

Some common reactions include outright disbelief, open skepticism, or a full acceptance that what the person experienced actually took place.

Here's the thing ... in most cases, something obviously happened, otherwise why would the person claim something happened? Why risk being called crazy, as many in society still look at paranormal claims as coming from an unreasonable or unstable mind?

Some might say paranormal experiencers are lying or seeking attention, but in reality, I fully

believe attention seeking paranormal claims are the exception not the norm.

What about the explanation that the person just misunderstood what they saw?

Of course that happens. Sometimes when someone experiences something unknown to them, it does have a logical explanation, such as headlights in the distance causing a reflection off the clouds or creaky house floorboards or pipes making noise as the weather changes. But, they did experience something, *just not what they might have thought it was.*

But what about the unexplained cases?

What if a group of nighttime beachgoers see an unidentified craft emerge from the ocean and fly away into the night sky?

What if a man sees the spirit of his long-deceased grandmother appear in front of him?

What about the mother and daughter out for a midafternoon hike who came face to face with Bigfoot?

Far too many people have experienced these phenomena for every single account to simply be thrown away as mere imagination or attention-getting behavior. Many unexplainable things occur around us everyday, and I fully believe some of these experiences are indeed individuals seeing UFOs in the sky, or Bigfoot in the woods, or someone's late-grandmother visiting them in their living room.

Why? How? For what reason?

Maybe that's up to the individual experimenter to figure out.

In reality, if we were not there to

see what happened, then how can we say that the person is wrong, mistaken, or even lying about what happened to them?

Each person's truth is their own, whether they are right or wrong. I've always believed this. That's why I feel it is extremely important for those experiencing paranormal phenomenon to share their stories with the world. Doing so will continue to help us explore and better understand the unexplained.



Crows symbolize transformation and change. They are watchful creatures that have a sharp and powerful foresight. They also carry messages from and to the Spirit World.

SPECIAL REPORT

WHAT ARE PARANORMAL IMPRINTS?

By Mary Sutherland, Legends Magazine

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. The tribe lived on those lands for many generations. When they were sick, 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 activity 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 refresh the setting so that the manifestations and/or impressions continue.

It is believed that imprints account for many reported hauntings. An imprint can also be of a single person who was attached to their 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.

Energy Constructs – Tulipoids or Created Spirits

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



Think about all of the energy that a child puts into a toy like a teddy bear. The child names the toy and makes up stories about it. The toy becomes a special friend, almost more real to a child than the kid who lives down the street. How much innocent energy does it take to infuse the toy with some kind of actual personality? Is there such a thing as a created spirit?

It is possible for something to take on a life of its own if enough energy is invested into it? This process is very rare, but it can still happen, even unintentionally. More

Watch for Mary Sutherland's Article in May's issue of Paranormal Underground Magazine

Purchase or Subscribe at www.paranormalunderground.net

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 Dowsters.

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..

A Message from the Moss Faeries



It's Spring and it's time for fun in nature – as much as we can nowadays. Here's a reprint of a fun story about the moss faeries from my book [Nature Spirits, Spirit Guides & Ghosts](#).

I was preparing to give a workshop on consciousness at a summer camp conference on the healing arts. It was up in the

Maine woods where the setting was rich with the beauties of nature.

Nature spirits were present everywhere in great abundance. They were calling me to explore with them and so I went out for an early morning walk.

Fairy Village Along the woodland walk there was an especially pretty area in which rich green moss covered a medley of tree roots, with many small "houses" tucked in amongst them. These were houses belonging to the moss faeries of this area. I could feel that and reached out to communicate with them.

They and the overlighting deva were very kind to me and showed me their realm.

To the right was a lovely feminine circular field of energy: a glade of ferns ringed by trees. It was impeccably maintained.

To the left was a more elongated, less defined area of moss and trees with a masculine energy. I turned my attention to the fern glen. The ladies and I had a lovely talk about how faeries lived and practiced their craft in their particular glen.

They showed me how they always work in a circle, which has a "sweet spot" somewhere in the middle that energizes that domain. There would be a significant change in vibration as the end of their circular domain was reached.

As I started to walk on, my eye was caught by a small male faery sitting cross-legged, dejectedly pouting with arms crossed and his chin resting in his left hand. He was part way up the hill, sitting on what looked like, from my angle, a tangle of woodland debris. There was a great sense of fun, mischief and frustration about him.

"What's the matter?" I asked, feeling like I was talking to one of

my own sons when they were children.

"I'm frustrated," he responded.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I need help and no one will listen to me!"

"Well, I'm listening," I said, *"so tell me."*

"This place is SO messy!"

I laughed. It felt like I had entered never-never land and was talking to Peter Pan and the boys.

"Well, you could try picking it up, like the faeries in the fern glen."

"No," he responded. *"You don't understand. I can't clean it up and the energy has been blocked."* He nodded with his head to the debris on which he was sitting.

"Well," I responded, *"what do you want me to do?"*

"Just come here and see," he said.

At this point, having encountered over my life the consequences of entering a nature circle I have not studied first—there can be many energies trapped in a circle that one would not want to connect to at all—I responded I would think about it.

I continued on my walk, in which I communicated with a number of other types of woodland spirits of that area, including some tall grey bearded wise men that were the nature spirits in the mature pines nearby.

The next morning, having discussed it with my guides overnight (something I have since learned to do on the spot), we decided I would return to the area and see what was occurring.

As I approached the glen area, the moss faery was waiting. *"Just come and see,"* he begged, *"PLEASE....."*

So I stepped into the area and followed his lead. He took me to the spot where he was sitting the day before.

It took a few moments for my eyes to adjust to the situation. And then I saw that beneath the pile of crossed saplings, five in all, which had curiously fallen from all sides to cross over the middle of this spot, was a small raised knoll covered with moss. The area was clean of leaves but the saplings were too large for the moss faeries to move by themselves.

I felt chagrined to have not listened and to have accused the faery of being messy. He had obviously been trying hard to fix the situation. *"You are right,"* I said. *"How do you want me to help?"*

"If you would please just move the trees off this spot, we can do the rest ourselves," he said.

So I set to work, being very careful not to step on the knoll for that would have crushed some of

the lovely moss. In short order, the saplings were removed. I stood and looked at the site. It was a beautiful spot, regal in a faery manner with its complex pattern of roots raised above the ground, with rich green moss covering that and many holes like windows and doors into its dark rich dirt interior.

"You were right," I said. *"This is truly beautiful."*

Now, woodland spirits with a young boy consciousness like this one often do not thank you, just like little boys who have not been trained by a parent to do so.

With this type of nature spirit, thanking works both ways; which is why in some folk tales it is said that if a human is helped by these spirits, not to thank them, for it either obligates you to them or can dissipate whatever favor they have just done for you.

So in this little glen, once the issue had been removed from what was his area's *"sweet spot"*, the moss faery had turned his

attention to fixing up his realm. He was fully involved in his task.

I walked on. The next morning I was preparing for my talk on consciousness and took a walk, to sense the consciousness of the day and the group that would attend and what to say. When I came to the forest glen, my breath was taken away.

The area to the left, the boy faery's domain, was totally transformed. It was filled with light and so powerful in its energy that it now far outshone the fern glen to the right.

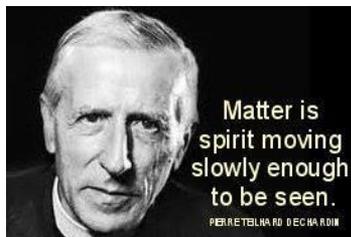
I stood and pondered it and the overlighting faery spirit of that area explained it had been a full moon the night before and all the moss faeries of the area had come together to celebrate with dance and song the restoration of their central spot. Light was emanating forth from the small knoll.

"May I enter?" I asked.

"Certainly," the response came. So I carefully walked up the hill, avoiding the mossy areas that were living quarters for the faeries and reached the knoll. It was hardly recognizable from the day before. This was now once more a powerful spot, a ruling domain vibrating with earth energy.

I walked up the hill a little way above this, sat down and entered into communication. I was planning my talk and asked the woodland spirits if they had any message for the humans.

"Yes," the moss faeries responded after a short pause. *"Tell them we need them. We cannot do the work without them. Humans are the arms and legs of this earth."*



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>

Camp Douglas:80 Acres Of Hell.



Confederate POW's at Camp Douglas. An estimated 6,000 Confederates died from mistreatment.

Photo Courtesy of Chicago Historical Society

Near South Side of Chicago.
31st Street and Cottage Grove Avenue.

When the American civil war erupted in 1861, the city of Chicago played a significant role in the mustering and training of Union soldiers.

In the early days of the war, Camp Douglas, named after Stephen Douglas, was established as a training camp for soldiers before heading to the front lines in the south. 2 years after the war began, Camp Douglas' purpose was changed and hell on the south side of Chicago was opened up wide.

In 1863, Camp Douglas was converted into a prisoner of war

camp for Confederate soldiers captured in battle. As the population of the POW camp swelled, disease and starvation soon followed. Scurvy was common and a devastating outbreak of smallpox killed countless prisoners. It wasn't uncommon to find the maggot infested corpses of enemy soldiers in their cells, rotting in the hot Chicago summers. Camp Douglas's reputation for being a brutal POW camp was well deserved. *Earning it its ominous nickname, 80 Acres of Hell.*

The overcrowding of the camp was of great concern to local Chicagoans. At the time, the city was crawling with southern spies and Confederate sympathizers. It was feared these sympathizers would help the prisoners escape and arm them. If such a thing happened, Chicago would almost certainly fall to the confederacy.

Giving the South a foothold in Union territory.

Late one night 75 men did manage to escape to freedom by tunneling under the camp. As a result, the Union army brought in the Veterans Reserve Corp to assist in guarding the prisoners.

To further discourage future escape attempts, sharpshooters were posted around the perimeter of the camp. The sharpshooters were given strict orders to shoot and kill any escapees. Prisoners wanted out, but they weren't willing to take the chance of being cut down by high powered rifle fire.

At the end of the war the nation reunited under one flag making POW camps like Camp Douglas unnecessary. It is estimated that between 4000 -6000 men perished from starvation and disease behind its stockaded walls. 80 Acres of Hell may be long gone, but the ground has

retained an echo of its horrific past.

Residents of nearby Lake Meadows Condominiums have some fascinating stories to tell concerning their complex. Screams of pain and anguish has been heard near the condos. And the overpowering stench of rotting flesh has been reported wafting through on the breeze. Residents have also heard the unmistakable sound of men marching. And the apparitions of blood covered men in tattered gray uniforms have been witnessed lurking around the condos. Many residents have reportedly suffered nightmares following their encounters with the horrific ghosts.

Camp Douglas, 80 Acres of Hell, has been closed and demolished since 1865, but the very ground is soaked with the blood of the young men who suffered and died there so long ago.

Six Cheap & Easy Ghost Hunting Techniques that won't Break the Bank.



Over the last 15 years an entire industry has grown up around gear to hunt ghosts.

Now, if you're anything like me and you love investigating hauntings, you soon learn that a lot of this gear is extraordinarily expensive.

But fear not, you can have your spectral cake and eat it too. It is possible to indulge in your passion for Paranormal investigation and do it on the cheap.

These 6 techniques that I offer you today may not be the high tech gadgetry your favourite TV paranormal heroes use.

But these techniques have been in use for over 130+ years of organised paranormal investigation.

They are just as effective and you, and your wallet, will thank me.

1. Water Bowl Ouija Board

The infamous Quija board is not something that gets a whole lot of good press.

You can pretty much expect people to turn tail and run, believing that a piece of wood with letters and numbers emblazoned on it will somehow tear open a portal to hell.

Nevertheless, there is an alternative to the dreaded witchboard of doom.

All you need is a clear bowl filled with water, a cork with a needle in it and two slips of paper.

Water Bowl Quija board, is a curious technique that I have seen used a handful of times.

What you do is fill a glass bowl full of water, take the cork embedded with a needle and place it in the bowl.

Next write on the slips of paper yes and no and tape them to the opposite sides of the bowl. Then attempt to ask questions of a spirit.

The idea behind this inexpensive experiment is to ask simple yes or no questions.

If a spirit is present it can guide the cork to point at the yes or no.

When doing this, make sure there is no breeze blowing over the bowl, as it could give you a false positive.

This is a very simple and inexpensive technique, especially if you have the materials already in the house.

2. Compass

A widely accepted theory in paranormal investigation is that ghosts can somehow manipulate the electro-magnetic field.

If there is any truth to this ghosts should be able to manipulate the needle of a compass.

I have used compasses in my own investigations for many years and I have watched the needle inexplicably turn.

Some investigators use a compass as a means of communication.

They ask simple yes or no questions and ask the spirit to move the needle for a yes and stay still for no.

So before you drop a boat load of money on an EMF meter, you may want to consider spending a few pounds on a compass.

3. Strips Of Fabric

Say you're on an investigation and your client claims to feel a cold breeze move through a room

almost as if an unseen person is walking through the room.

My favourite technique to use in this instance is to hang strips of fabric from the ceiling in an attempt to capture the movement of the elusive entity.

On an investigation, I watched as an unseen figure walked through the strips of fabric and stopped on demand.

Word of warning, make sure to close off all heating vents, windows and doors to avoid any false positives.

4. Baby Powder

A tried and true method that has been used by generations of investigators is spreading baby Powder or flour on a floor to pick up any footprints.

Although messy, it can pick up any animal footprints that might a person think they're hearing phantom footsteps.

Just make sure you get the homeowner's permission before

doing this. And of course, always clean up after yourself.

5. Candle

A technique I have never used is placing a candle in a hurricane lamp and use it to make contact.

The premise being a spirit can make the flame brighter for a yes answer. And dim for a no.

Again, you may want to get the homeowner's permission because fire is involved.

6. Concierge Bell

Another fun technique to experiment with is using a concierge bell as a communication device.

I have used this technique since the late 1990s, with some very interesting results.

Place the bell on a flat surface and assuming a spirit is present ask it to sound the bell once for yes and twice for no.

Psychical researchers and psychics have been using bells in their investigations for decades. And a bell is an easy thing for a spirit to manipulate.

When it comes to paranormal investigation, experimentation really is the name of the game. Mainly because we have barely scratched the surface of what we're dealing with.

And a great thing about using these old school techniques, is that you can experiment with them while using the high tech gear.

Give it a try. These old school experiments can only enhance your investigations.



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 4: The Girl by the Sea**

In late 1992 I made the easy decision to quit my studies at the University of Wisconsin, Oshkosh and join the Navy. By January of the next year, I was a recruit in Navy boot camp just north of Chicago at Great Lakes, Illinois. Established prior to World War 1, the Great Lakes facility is today the only training spot for U.S. Navy sailors. It is a massive complex of over a thousand buildings, hosting 35,000 recruits annually.

Using my background in musical theater and high school show choir, I auditioned for the Navy's Bluejacket Choir and secured a spot on the prestigious Color Company. This meant I didn't have to pull skullery detail (kitchen work,) a dreaded job that most sea-green recruits are forced to endure.

Instead, I attended practice in the choir room. Our company consisted of roughly 88 young men divided into three groups: The Bluejacket choir, the band,

and the rifle-tossing drill team. We were housed on the third floor of a standard company barracks, At all times a recruit was assigned to stand watch at the entrance to our barracks, more of a traditional position than a functional one. It was a four-hour shift. The recruit had to stand still, shoulders squared, eyes facing forward toward the head (the company bathroom.) At night the lights were off for sleeping, but always remained on in the bathroom.

A rumor began circulating that the night watchmen were seeing mysterious, moving shadows on the floorshine under the bathroom door.

A young man from Texas named Antonio had an interesting late-night encounter when he got up to use the bathroom. He was more than happy to share it with me.

Antonio saw a sailor standing at the mirror adjusting his uniform and thought nothing of it, went into a stall and reemerged to

wash his hands. The uniformed sailor was gone, but no sound was made upon leaving. The bathroom door should have made noise opening and closing.

Antonio checked the entire bathroom and found no one. He left the bathroom and asked the night watchman if someone had come out. The watchman said no.

Antonio knew he'd seen a ghost. He described the phantom sailor as unremarkable in every way—just a recruit like the rest of us, checking his uniform, making sure he was tip-top, oblivious to Antonio's presence in the room.

This made perfect sense to me. If the building was haunted, why wouldn't it be haunted by the spirit of a recruit? Over two million recruits had been through Great Lakes over the years. Had a recruit ever died at the training facilities? The answer is most certainly yes, but no one knew for sure.

Antonio's experience hinted to a residual-style haunting. Unlike an

intelligent haunting where a spirit reacts to or communicates with people, a residual haunting is akin to a hologram playing over and over, when the conditions are just right. It happens whether you are there to see it or not. It's a memory that has somehow been imprinted onto the environment.



Navy Head Cleaning

Upon graduation, I was sent to the Cecil Field Naval Air Station in Jacksonville, Florida, and worked for VFA-131, an air squadron of F-18 fighter jets attached to the brand-new aircraft carrier U.S.S. George Washington (since decommissioned.)

In May of 1994, the U.S.S. George Washington left its port of Norfolk, Virginia to embark on its maiden cruise, a six-month

deployment across the Atlantic Ocean.

In June we hit port at the tiny Greek island of Rhodes, an ancient morsel of land in the Mediterranean Sea, once home to one of Seven Wonders of the World, the Colossus of Rhodes.

Currently, it's a hot destination for tourists, where a thirteenth century castle still exists and an extremely high, ancient fortress wall that borders the sea.

While enjoying leave from the ship, after having hoofed it through the complicated mazes of Medieval Town and its many shops and stops—tired and wanting to return to the ship for a midday nap—I chanced upon an egress in the high castle walls and decided it might be a good idea to venture outside.

There I'd could follow a single, winding road back to the main entrance. I thought it would be an easy stroll to the boat landing compared with having to backtrack in a place where direction signs may or may not be written in English.

I probably should have consulted a map first. I totally underestimated the size of the island. Once outside the fortress walls, where nothing existed but for the road and the ocean, I was at the mercy of the closest ingress, the location of which I hadn't a clue.

It wasn't long before I realized the mistake and wanted to cut my losses, turn back. The road empty and vastly long. No cars, no taxis to hail. No buildings or people. Just a whole lot of nothing but beautiful Greek scenery.

It wasn't called 'The Island of the Sun' for nothing. The cerulean sky stretched on forever. The Mediterranean was as calm and pristine as it could ever be. Sea salt suffused the warm breeze and could be tasted on the tongue. Distant hummocks of foreign land dotted the sea's horizon.

Dressed casually in jeans, leather sandals, and a tunic I'd purchased hours earlier at the bizarre, I continued on down this lonesome

stretch of blacktop, the urge to turn back growing stronger with each step.

It surprised me then to see someone standing on the seaside of the road beside a flight of concrete stairs leading down a steep coastal slope to the water.

She was about eight years old, her bare toes just off the blacktop, arms to her side, eyes firmly watching me. Her hair was long and dark with natural curls that stirred with breeze, and she wore a dry, swimsuit onesie.

I was on the castle side of the street. As my path took me closer to passing the girl, I began to feel a bit uncomfortable. Why?

Because I'd been walking for a half hour and hadn't seen a living soul and her sudden and unexpected presence was awkward to say the least. Was it normal for a kid that age to be standing in the middle of nowhere, waiting?

Close enough to see her face, I was unsettled by her stare of unflinching scrutiny.

My rational mind told me to feel concerned. Where were her parents? Where was anybody? Was she okay and did she need help? Nothing about her expression led me to believe she did.

I nodded at her and said *"Hello."*

She didn't respond, and continued to stare at me relentlessly, her gaze cold and hard.

Stupid me. She doesn't speak English. But still, isn't the word "hello" universally understood, even by kids? Did she know I was an American sailor, even without my uniform on? Rhodes was a regular port of call for the U.S. Navy, so it was likely I wasn't the first sailor she'd seen. Is that why she was so curious about me?

I continued on my way and rounded yet another curve only to see more of nothing but sea and blacktop and endless stone wall.

The thought of her nagged at me. Had she been swimming? Who had dropped her off and why did they leave her? Did she need my help finding her way back to Medieval town? None of it made any sense. Besides, even if I stopped to ask her, she probably wouldn't know what I was saying anyway.

What was I supposed to do?

Not my country, not my concern, right?

Maybe.

Something was off about the whole thing. I decided to turn around and retrace my steps. Not only was I curious about the girl, but I was beginning to think I'd made a terrible mistake venturing outside the walls in the first place.

When I arrived at the concrete stairs again, the place where the girl had been, she was no longer there. I leaned over the railing to see if she'd gone down to the water. There were hundreds of steps winding down to the sea. No boats in sight. No buildings or

structures of any kind to go into or to hide behind.
And no girl.

This puzzled me for years.

In the 2000's I began ghost hunting. Always a ghost hunter at heart, I finally got serious about it. I invested money in quality equipment, had a car that could take me to new places, and had reached a level of maturity and self-confidence to get the job done right.

Seeking out the paranormal gave me personal satisfaction and provided me with knowledge that I otherwise would have never had.

One night several years ago as I lay in bed trying to sleep, thoughts drifting nowhere in particular, nothing and everything in mind at the same time, the memory of this girl came back to me. It puzzled me all over again. Except now I was thinking of things from a new perspective.

I bolted upright, switched on the light, turned to the mother of my child, Kristi and said, *"I saw a ghost and I didn't even know it!"* Because the girl by the sea must have been a ghost. That's the only thing that made sense!

Sad if you think about it, though. She must have died. Maybe drowned.

(If it truly was the spirit of a little girl and not something else, perhaps something more sinister in disguise. But that's a whole 'nother can of worms that I'm not going to open for the time being.)

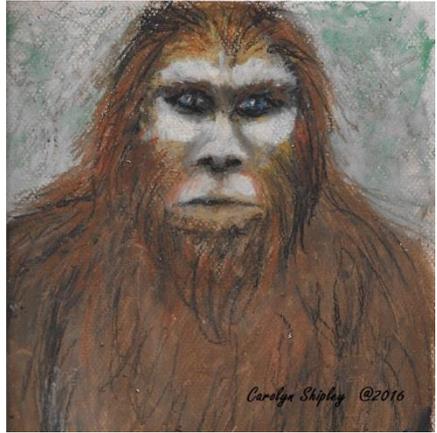
Thinking back, there was nothing 'telling' about her, nothing out of time and place. She wasn't see-through. There was no indication that something ghostly was happening. She looked like a real person. If anything seemed out of place, it was that dissecting stare—that scrutinizing what-are-you-doing-here? look, cast in an undaunted manner. If it hadn't been for that, I probably would have forgotten the whole thing.

Suffice to say, this isn't your conventional ghost story. It didn't take place on a dark and stormy night. There was no haunted house with dilapidated shingles and squeaky floorboards. Things didn't go bump in the night because sometimes they don't.

If a creepier tale is what you seek, I'll take you next to the Ho-Chunk Indian Reservation in Black River Falls, Wisconsin, where locals say it's a bad idea to whistle after sunset...



It was in this wooded area of Burlington WI that a adolescent big foot was physically seen by one of our tour members and others saw the effects of branches bending as it ran from us. it was described as looking like a orange colored large monkey. Well we know there are no monkeys in these woods, but we have evidence of bigfoot there.



Coming Soon. Watch for Mary Sutherland's article on True Stories of Bigfoot Encounters based off eye witness accounts.

In the meantime, check out our website on bigfoot at

www.burlingtonnews.net/bigfoot.html

Something New

Thank you for reading and following Legends Magazine. You may have noticed that our book reviews and recommendations were not found in this section of the magazine.

To promote and expose our wonderful authors and their books, we have extended the magazine to its own website that corresponds with the magazine. Here we can display more books for your reading entertainment and research.

We hope you like it and please help support our authors by purchasing their books.
www.burlingtonnews.net/bookreviews.html

Thank you.

Mary Sutherland

Donate



www.burlingtonnews.net/donate.htm

Thank you for supporting our work

www.burlingtonnews.net/Legends.html
LEGENDS RECOMMENDED READING



burlingtonnews.net/bookreviews.html

www.burlingtonnews.net/bookreviews.html



To catch up on archived series click on files and open up the pdfs

facebook.com/groups/legendsmagazine/files