

Legends Magazine

Volume Two Issue 20 June 4, 2020

Nova Scotia-
Stargate of Atlantis
Part 3

The Demon of
Lemont

St. Brendan's
Discover of
America

Digital Camers, Sun
Flares and Orbs

Trees adapting to
their environment

Mirrors in the
Bedroom

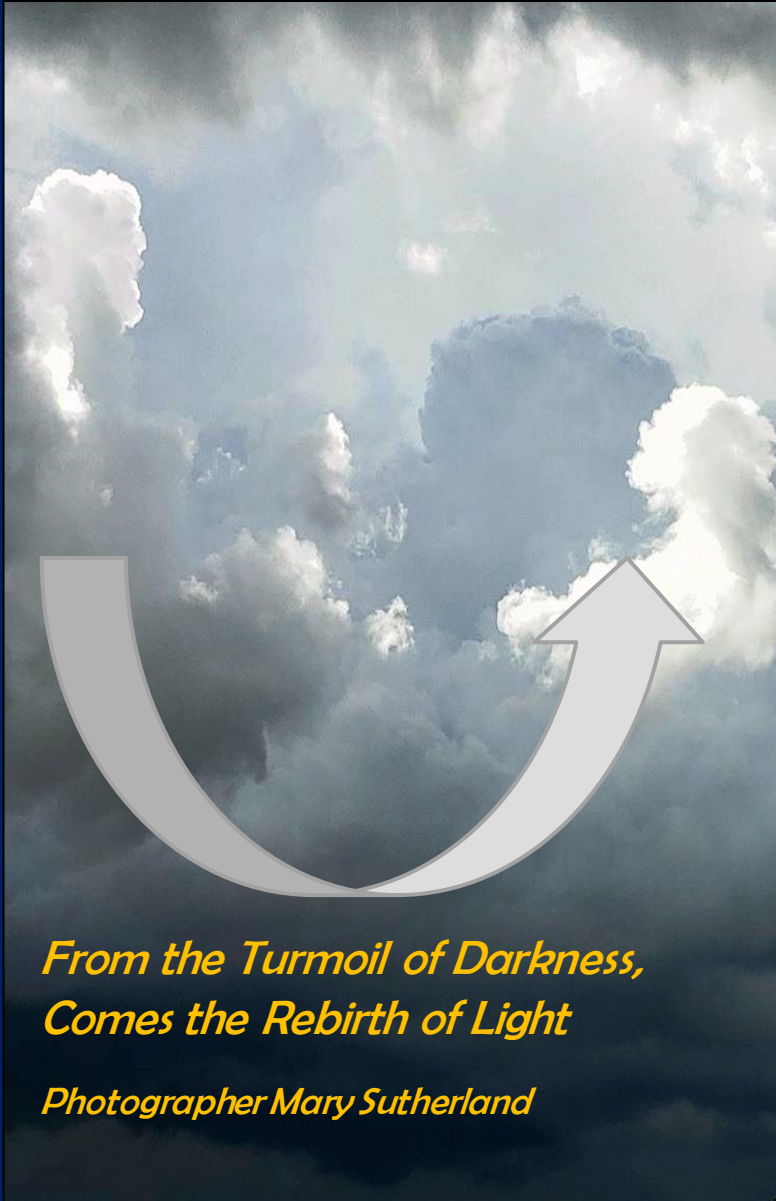
Bell Witch - The
Real Story

Beware- The Lizard
Man

The Sultan's
Bloodbath

Ghosts of Black
River Falls

Hell Hounds -
Discovered



*From the Turmoil of Darkness,
Comes the Rebirth of Light*

Photographer Mary Sutherland

burlingtonnews.net/Legends.html

Legends Magazine. 248 Carver St. Winslow Illinois 61089



Because of people like you, Legends Magazine exists.

Join us at [facebook.com/groups/legendsmagazine](https://www.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



Donate



www.burlingtonnews.net/donate.htm

!

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

bsutherland@wi.rr.com

Subscribe



LEGENDS RECOMMENDED READING



burlingtonnews.net/bookreviews.html

www.burlingtonnews.net/bookreviews.html

ml



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

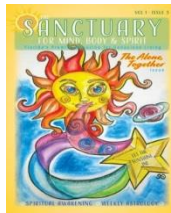
part of our project, knowing them to be hard working, intelligent and honest researchersS – not to mention some of the best writers and photographers out there !

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



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

www.paranormalunderground.net

**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

WILLIE WINDWALKER GIBSON

Virtual Story Teller, Researcher and
Columnist

***Legends Magazine Welcomes
author Willie Windwalker
Gibson to our team of staff
writers.***



Willie is a retired Kentucky State
Police Officer who studied at
Wattersone College,

As a Shaman and researcher he has
appeared and consulted on several
television programs that featured
the infamous 'The Bell Witch'.

Retired, Willie now focuses on his
writing and research. He also
works as a supernatural consultant
and writer for Paranormal
Underground Magazine and now
Legends Magazine.

We look forward to not only
exciting but informative articles
from Willie.



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
Prophecy of the 8th Fire
continued Part Three
Mary Sutherland*

*Part One can be found in
Legends Magazine issue 18
Part Two in issue 19*

www.burlingtonnews.net/Legends.html



“Geologically, the American Continent is the oldest of the continents and Ages ago, a portion of this continent sank beneath the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. – Could America be...dare I say it...Atlantis? “



"The legend lives on from the Chippewa and down on of the big lake they call Gitche Gumee... The lake it is said never gives up her dead when the skies of November come early..."

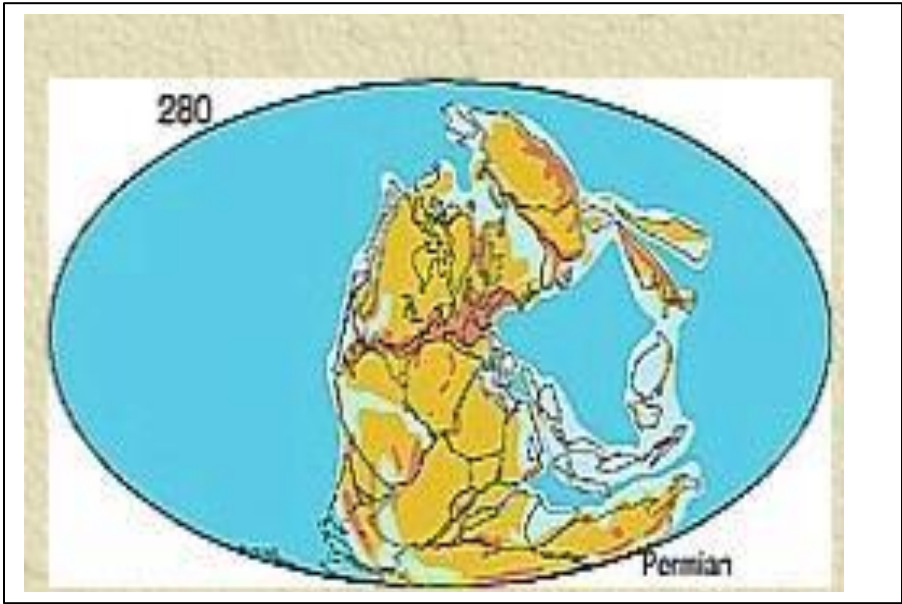
Gordon Lightfoot

The Days of Atlantis may have been during the time of Pangea when all land was one, surrounded by water.

The common denominator of religious traditions and customs can be traced back to when our world was one land surrounded by water. These people shared the same locations, same religions and same history. If mankind, as mainstream science would like to have us believe, got its start in Africa, we need to understand where Africa was during this period.

As you see on this map of Pangea, North America was once connected to the western part of Africa, Nova Scotia (Canada) was adjacent to Morocco and New Jersey was connected to the Western Sahara





Atlantis in the Atlantic Ocean

Atlantis was talked about in the ancient texts existing before 'the mountains rose'... This would have placed both Lemuria and Atlantis in the "Days of Pangea".

Look at the placement of North America, Africa, and Egypt.... Do you see an Ocean? No!

For more map information go to www.burlingtonnews.net/map-permian.html

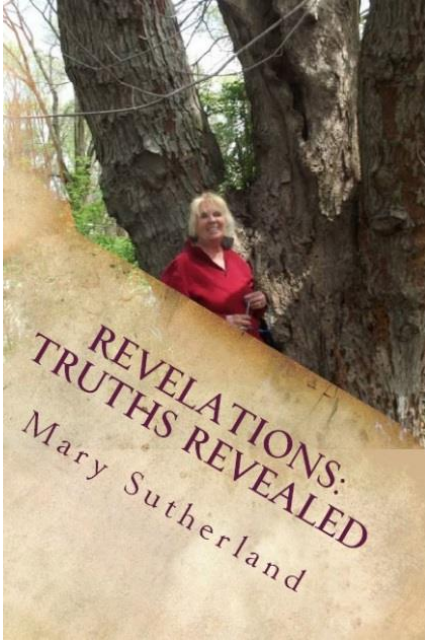
map, Atlantis was not in the ocean, because, at the time, there was no ocean separating the land mass.

By simple deduction, it seems that IT IS POSSIBLE that Atlantis was more inland and as the waters rose , the entire coast line sank into the waters.

And being that Atlantis was a world trade it would be natural to find outposts of Atlantis around the world, set up on their coastlines that also sank in the waters.....and that would explain why Atlantean

artifacts , temples and roadways are being found today in places such as Bimini, Greece, Africa, etc

After Destruction hits Nova Scotia , Norse Giants migrate down into The Great Lakes Region i.e. Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Indiana...



Read more about Nova Scotia and the Migration of its people in my book 'Revelations: Truths Revealed'

www.burlingtonnews.net/books-revelations.html

According to Scott Phillips;

"What more evidence do we need in that the Norse People traveled to North America eons before others, before the Atlantic ice shelf melted, than the "Great White Norse (land) sitting next to where the ice tundra line/ice sheet was back then?"

"Imagine the ice sheet running across the Atlantic from Europe into Nova Scotia [where many accounts of Norse Caucasians first entered North America are mentioned] and running along the northernmost parts of the American and or southernmost parts of the Canadian border. (Shown in this old WI map)

"Like they had done crossing the frozen Atlantic, it is more than possible that these Norse [on their way from Nova Scotia] got off the ice freeway in Northern Minnesota after crossing the Great Lakes region via the ice sheet...then dropped down into Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, etc."

"With the accounts of Norse Giants with red hair in Minnesotaand their bones being claimed by Amerindians as belonging to their ancient ancestors, they are being kept from the general public.

Being so, the Caucasian race is denied the viewing and studying of the remains of their own ancestors. This furthers the deception and claim that Caucasians were not the original people of North America."



Roy W. Schlische; Department of Geological Sciences, Rutgers University- Fall River WI Pyramid

A connection between the state of New York and Egypt can be made through the Montauk Indians, recognized by many Algonquians as the primary or leading tribe.

The chiefs of the Montauks have held the name 'Pharaoh' throughout their history...and

nowhere else does that name appear except in Egypt.

Although the original language of the Montauk Indians has almost vanished, there are still strong indicators found substantiating it to have been a form of 'Vril', an Enochian language of extreme antiquity. *Their sacred symbol was the 'cross in the circle which symbolizes 'The Mark of Cain (Dan)*

Historical accounts attest that pyramids did exist at or near Turtle Cove. In the book, *Historic Long Island*, a photograph is shown of three pyramids or mounds about 20 feet high. The pyramids on Long Island, NY remained until the 20th century.

The significance of this find is compounded by the esoteric tradition, which recognizes Montauk as a planetary energy point linked with Mars and Egypt.

According to Peter Moon and Preston Nichols, *Pyramids of Montauk*, legends connect Montauk to Atlantis. This is geologically borne out by the fact that the structure of the earth at

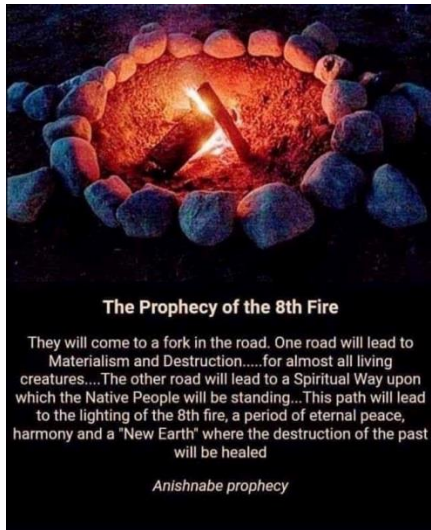
Montauk is very different from the rest of Long Island, resembling an extended mountain that reaches above the sea. Montauk is 100 degrees from the Great Pyramid at Cairo. If the Earth is divided into a dodecahedron, Montauk is on the same parallel as Olympus in Greece (the home of the gods) and the mythological city of Troy (in present day Turkey), which was supposed to be at its peak during the end days of Atlantis.

In accordance with the Jewish Kabbalists, the civilization of Atlantis was advanced far beyond ours and had brought about their own destruction by disregarding the wisdom of the great teachers, *choosing power and materialism over transcendence.*

On the back of a dollar bill, one can find a pyramid and the "All-Seeing Eye of Horus" which strongly suggests that not only were our "Founding Fathers" the 'Followers of Horus" but believed it was their *"destiny to re-build this nation from the ashes of the Phoenix."*

Sir Francis Bacon asserted in his book, *New Atlantis*, that whatever was going to be built in North America would be Atlantean in its

basic archetypal pattern and destiny path, and at some point it would rise to the level of global dominion. Then it would, like ancient Atlantis, have to make a choice between power '*for the sake of service*' and power for the '*sake of more power*'... *and as it decided, 'the fate of the world would be determined.'*



The Prophecy of the 8th Fire

They will come to a fork in the road. One road will lead to Materialism and Destruction....for almost all living creatures....The other road will lead to a Spiritual Way upon which the Native People will be standing...This path will lead to the lighting of the 8th fire, a period of eternal peace, harmony and a 'New Earth' where the destruction of the past will be healed

Anishnabe prophecy

Ceremonies of Fire

The Wisconsin human sacrificial fire ceremonies connect these people to a common tradition observed by the ancient ones around the world. The Egyptians used friction devices to start their fires as far back as 10,000 B.C.

Fire is also a vital part of the Irish culture and the focal point in their Beltane Unification Festival, a time when they also welcome the coming of the new light. At one time all the Fires in Ireland were extinguished on the eve of this festival. Four high kings from the provinces met on that darkened night on the Hill of Uisneach, at the Cat Stone, a 30-ton marker. At dawn, the Fire was lit and the kings were given a flame to carry to their kingdoms. The flame was passed to every village and then to every home until all of Ireland burned from the same flame. The Irish believe this festival brings together the solar and lunar cycles. The sun symbolizes the heart, an outpouring of love, which supports all life. The moon symbolizes the mind, always changing and complex. This festival is the time to bring balance and unity to the heart and head. (They have kept their

last ceremonial fire burning for over one thousand years.)

The Inuit Eskimos have had a Fire ceremony to celebrate the first light for thousands of years. The Inuit of Igloodik in the Northwest Territories have lived on this island of ice in the Canadian arctic for more than 4,000 years. The time when the sun disappears for seven weeks is known as "the great darkness." The day the sun finally emerges from the horizon was the most important day of the year. A great igloo would be built in anticipation of the return of the light. The first person seeing the sun would rush back to the village to tell everyone. Traditional soapstone lamps, filled with lumps of pink seal blubber, that had provided the only illumination during the long night, would be ceremoniously extinguished, and then relit from a single wick, by a female elder. Rosie Iqalliyug, a 96 year-old

elder, said through a translator, *"When the outsiders came from the south with their crosses, and their strange notion about chopping up the day into small pieces called minutes the celebrations stopped. (The year 1999 marks the seventh year since the sun ceremony was rekindled by Inuit leaders to help people remember what it used to mean)"*

The Cherokee carried their Fire for the entire length of their forced relocation from 1838 to 1839. According to their tradition, in a time long ago, the Cherokee high priest had the ability to generate heat and light from his own body. The Creator removed this "inner fire" from the priest when he abused it, during a time of war. He hunted, to extinction, a sea that was used to make chemicals to kill the enemy. The Creator, as a gift, then gave the Fire back to the Cherokee people and they have respected it and kept it burning since. Each year Cherokee families clean out their fire hearths and restart their own fire

with a coal from the original one. For each family it is the Fire that initiates a time of renewal and new beginnings. This Aniyunweya (Cherokee) Fire has burned for thousands of years.

The eternal Fire of the Potawatomi was originally located in the Midwest. The Potawatomi are part of the Three Fires Confederacy (Nations) along with the Ojibway and the Ottawa. The Confederacy is a complex system of government that functioned long before the encroachment of European civilization. Each tribe had responsibilities to fulfill for the ongoing of the people. The Ojibway are the "Keepers of the Knowledge," the Ottawa are the "Keepers of the Trading," and the Potawatomi are the "Keepers of the Fire." *The Mishomis Book: The Voice of the Ojibway* by Eddie Benton Benay, explains 'The Time of the Seventh Fire' in the following:

"The accounts of our life, handed down to us by our Ojibway elders,

tell us that many years ago, seven major 'nee-gawn-na-kay' (prophets) came to the Anishinabe. These prophets left the people with seven predictions of what the future would bring.

Each of these prophecies was called a fire, and each fire referred to a particular era of time that would come in the future. Thus, the teachings of the seven prophets are now called the Neesh-wa-swi'-ish-ko-day-kawn' (Seven Fires) of the Ojibway."

"In the time of the Seventh Fire an 'Osh-ki-bi-ma-di-zeeg' (new People) will emerge. The task of the new people will not be easy. It will be a time that the light-skinned Race will be given a choice between two roads.

Ojibway and people from other nations have interpreted the 'two roads' as the road to technology and the road to spiritualism. They feel that the road to technology represents a continuation of the

head long rush to technological development. This is the road that has led a modern society to a damaged and seared Earth.

The road to spirituality represents the slower path of traditional Native people

The Red Haired Giants



www.burlingtonnews.net/books-redhairedgiants.html

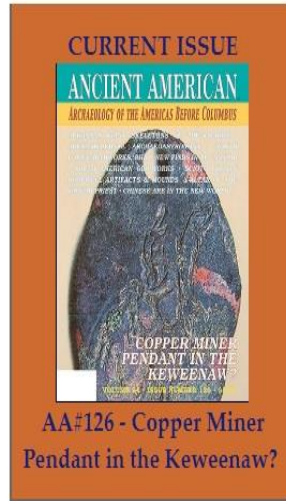
Evidence reported in this book strongly supports that races of Atlantean giants lived in North America and were the advent of the smaller races of modern men and women. As thousands of earthen burial mounds attest, constant war against one another caused their numbers to diminish and the smaller, but more numerous races eventually subjugated them. "The Red-Haired Giants: Atlantis in North America" tells the story of the red-haired giants fall from grace and their eventual extermination. 222 pages

Ancient American Magazine

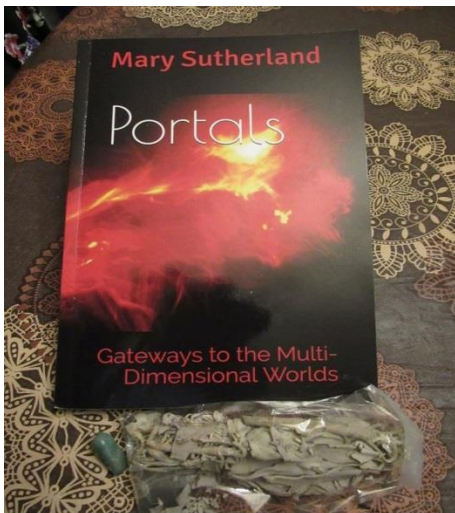
The purpose of *Ancient American magazine* is to describe the prehistory of the American Continent, regardless of presently fashionable beliefs--- to provide a public forum for certified experts and nonprofessionals alike to freely express their views without fear nor favor.

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?



Lynn Hastler

Many thanks to Mary Sutherland! I am really enjoying this book. I wanted this book because she has the best photos of people in vortexes, energy connecting to them, entities photographed, etc. Love it!

Sheri Muggleworth ► Mary Sutherland
April 6 at 3:55 PM

Thank you Mary Sutherland! I received my beautiful autographed "Portals" book along with unexpected gifts and a hand written thank you card. I was really touched by all the personal touches that you added. It was like receiving a care package from home! So much love! ❤️❤️❤️

Enjoying your new book Portals! So far it is great! Awesome creativity on front & back cover. All the love -Jay R.

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

The Demon of Lemont



In my many years of reading about the cases of other investigators, I have of course been especially interested in those of the pioneers: Harry Price, Peter Underwood, William Roll, Brad Steiger, the Warrens . . . and of course, the great, late Hans Holzer.

I think every paranormal investigator I know has the huge, black paperback compendium of Holzer’s cases published some years back called *Ghosts: True Encounters with the World Beyond*, a collection of literally scores of Holzer’s most

fascinating and favorite cases over his distinguished and often disturbing career. I must admit that, while many of the cases were a little scary even for me, one of them was absolutely hair-raising.

The case he titled, "*The Devil in Texas*," and it was a very complex one, set in Tyler, Texas, concerning a wife and mother who suffered from mental illness and who, as a result, had been institutionalized. What happened was that a series of paranormal phenomena seemed to attack her family at home while she was in the hospital; it appeared to originate from her consciousness and even exhibit her personality and voice.

One of the phenomena involved the sudden apports of letters, notes and personal checks from out of thin air, addressed to her husband and son, a variety of them from dead neighbors or from people they did not know.

I found this phenomenon endlessly fascinating and deeply disturbing, and this case has always haunted me as I've continued on my own path as a researcher. So imagine how intrigued I was to discover a case involving a similar series of events which took place right outside of Chicago in the late 19th century

At the turn of the 19th century, the Willmans farm was one of many that sprawled in Lemont, Illinois, just south of Sag Bridge. Like other surrounding towns, the farming and quarrying town of Lemont had not seen much of any excitement since the time of the building of the Illinois & Michigan canal many years before. Village life was as peaceful as it could be, and the Willmans farm was one of the collection of typical sleepy homesteads in the region.

Until the day the demon came.

One evening, in the fall of 1901, while the Willmans family was at dinner—father, mother and four children between the ages of 12 and 16—a letter dropped out of the air near the ceiling and landed in the middle of the dining room table. The bewildered family looked at one another, then—after a few long moments—Mrs. Wellmans carefully picked up the letter and opened it.

The letter was written in an archaic hand, as of a young child, with capital and lowercase letters mixed up and numerous spelling errors. The message, however, was clear: whoever or whatever had written the letter stated that *the family had ten days to leave the house or some dreadful tragedy would befall them.* Shocked and horrified, Willmans told his wife to burn the letter.



When the family did not vacate the farm, more letters appeared, taking on a tone of viciousness, and falling from the air at the feet of the horrified family members.

There were numerous letters threatening to kidnap the younger children, and a distinctly vicious attack on one of the children, Anna, whose mother had died at the age of 35, who received a letter at her feet saying *"You will live no longer than your mother. You don't know what killed her, but I do!"*

The letters increased as the days wore on, as the entity alternated

between threatening the family and predicting visits from family and friends and other future events.

The family's cows also became involved. When Mr. Willmans and his son were milking them one day, his son cried out, *"Father! My cow is giving cheese instead of milk!"* Sure enough, when Mr. Willmans looked into the pail, the milk had turned to cheese when it touched the pail.

That same day, Willmans had seen a black cat wandering around the farm and shot at it to chase it off.

That night, the family received a letter stating, *"Do you want to know why your cows have stopped giving milk? I did it! You thought you'd put a shot in me, didn't you?"*



Word got around that a black cat had been speaking to the family through mysterious letters, and talk of witchcraft and demons spread like wildfire through the village.

And the letters still came, written on every kind of paper the entity could find, and sometimes in ink, in pencil or even in the bluing Mrs. Wellmans used for the laundry.

The family's pen, which was kept in a cupboard with writing paper

and pads, would disappear just before the family received a letter, and then be returned again to its rightful place, though the doors never opened.

The family's dog seemed keenly aware of what was happening. When the dog was outside before a letter dropped he would begin to bark and howl and claw at the door of the house, desperate to get inside at something. When let in, however, he would run inside and stop dead in his tracks in front of some invisible presence, running back to the door and whining to get out.

The demon or whatever it was also played tricks on visitors, including a family member who came to visit one Sunday. He and the family sat in the parlor to talk. The visitor had hung up his coat and hat on the coat rack in a corner of the room. After their visit, he rose to leave and went to the coat rack, which had been in

full view the entire time, to get his things. His hat was gone, and the front of his coat had been smeared with butter.

The hat was found in the garden, tattered and filled with dirt and rotten apples. Mrs. Willmans opened the cupboard, which was also in full view of everyone, and took the lid off the butter crock. Inside she found an indentation of fingers as if someone had scooped out a handful of it.

When the family's nerves were close to the breaking point, they turned to the Church.

Father Westarp was at the time the pastor of St. Alphonsus Church in Lemont, and the Willmans family begged him to come to the house to help them.

Fr. Westarp had not been quick to believe what was happening to the family. He later told a reporter he was "*extremely*

puzzled” by the goings-on at the Willmans’ farm, as they seemed to have no place in the progressive world of the turning 18th century:

In this age of the world it appears absurd to talk of ghosts or evil spirits, and so I would have said before investigating what is going on at the Willmans’ place. But what I have witnessed there with my own eyes and what has been told me by persons whom I know to be absolutely reliable leaves me no option but to believe that an agency that is not mortal is responsible for them.

Father Westarp finally complied, obtaining permission from then Archbishop Feehan to perform an exorcism of the house. They arrived at the farm several days later, accompanied by another priest, Bibles and holy water in hand. Fr. Westarp “exorcised” the house, going from room to room giving a house blessing, with a different prayer for each room to rid whatever human or non-

human spirits might be there. When he finished, his colleague did the same.

After the exorcism, Fr. Westarp put a piece of paper and a pencil on the kitchen table and the two priests and family went outside for several minutes. This was in keeping with the Roman Catholic Rite of Exorcism which demands that, before departing, a demon must give its name and reason for infesting the human or humans it has troubled.

When the family and priests re-entered the house again, the paper was blank, a sign that the demon—if that’s what it was—had no intention of leaving.

Indeed, though the house was quiet for three days, the letters and torments began again, starting with a note that mocked the exorcism: *“How I did laugh at seeing you all on your knees and praying: What do you think of such a letter? It must be a demon!”*

Another letter repeated, almost word for word, the private conversation the priest and Mrs. Wellmans had had outside the house after his visit, laughing at the advice he had given her.

sent his place or that of any of his neighbors. Mr. Willmans had his shotgun along

solved into certainty by what he has seen at the Willmans'. The day I speak of Mr. We-



The Rev. Father B. Westarp.

th him, for ever since these strange occurrences he has never gone far without it. Willmans when the letter had occasion to an-

Fr. Westarp had instructed Mrs. Wellmans to remove all of the writing paper in the house, and she complied. But the entity was industrious. Soon after the exorcism, a letter fell out of the

air written on a piece of Mrs. Wellmans' hatbox. She burned a piece of blessed palm the pastor had given her, and blew the smoke into the inkwell, thinking this should take care of the nuisance. Indeed, the demon no longer used the ink, but resorted to the pencil.

As for the source of the manifestations, the consensus in the village was that it was obviously demonic. The black cat had spoken, and the entity had mocked the sacred Rite of Exorcism.

Word got around that Fr. Westarp had a theory that the family had possession or knowledge of the *Seventh Book of Moses*, a book of necromantic knowledge believed to have once been part of the Scriptures, but the priest denied having made such a suggestion.

Some, of course, suggested that the children were responsible for

the diabolical letters, but Fr. Westarp quickly dismissed this theory, based upon the foul language and outright blasphemy many of the letters had contained—and the fact that all members of the family and often visitors were present when many of the letters arrived.

Mrs. Wellmans wondered if, since the farm was supposed to be sold by the owners the next year, a potential buyer might be trying to spoil the value of the property.

Still, she said, there was no way to explain just how the letters made their way into view from thin air, or how any of the other myriad phenomena had actually been created. Her only explanation was, "*Witchcraft.*"

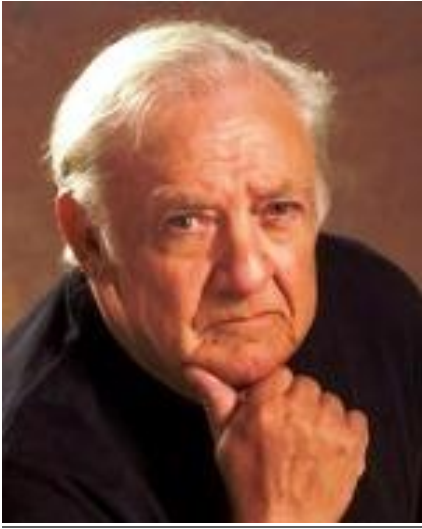
Today, the story of the Demon of Lemont has been long forgotten by the history books of this sleepy town. Yet the legacy of its spirit certainly remains. This region can claim notoriety as one of the most haunted not only in

the Chicago area but in the nation, from the ghosts of the DesPlaines River Valley and the old Sag Bridge hauntings to the ghosts of the Archer Avenue Triangle and Resurrection Mary herself.

Let this eerie old tale, then, take its place among those that walk these hallowed roads. Do you dare to traverse them tonight in search of them yourself?

Happy Hauntings,

Ursula Bielski



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.

Saint Brendan (Saint Patrick), The Fountain of Youth, the Discovery of America and Irish Whiskey



Saint Brendan

Every thing written here is based on historical fact and easily checked Via google and the Internet.

My unique method of connecting the dots is basically "poetic License" in order to make it

interesting only and not to add to the story.

Brendan is one of the 12 apostles of Ireland. He is also known as Brendan the Navigator, Brendan the Bold, Brendan the voyager. He was born in Tralee Ireland 484 AD , Ordained as a priest in 512 and discovered America in 540 AD

After being ordained by St. Erc he set out on travels through out the Mid East. It was during one of these travels , he stayed with a Bedouin Tribe he noticed them making perfume by a process they called "distilling".

When Brendan returned to Ireland, He set up his own still and perfected the distilling process and made whiskey.

Brendan was a wanderer and in 530 AD set out to find the mystical "*Islands of the Blessed*". Some chroniclers say Brendan was gone 7 years, others say Brendan was gone for 2 years on

the first voyage and 5 years on the second one, I prescribe to the two year first trip, Brendan came home for a few years before setting out on his second trip



With somewhere between 14 and 400 adventurous monks, He set out again for a longer trip.

In 540AD he arrived on the East coast of Florida with his band of monks. Celibacy was unheard of at this time so they started a colony with the local tribes. Having bearded faces, red and blond hair with blue or green eyes, who possessed a "magical

water", these priests were revered as Gods,

Brendan and company ,using their whiskey making knowledge set up a still in Florida . Now the Native American People never tasted whiskey before, and I imagine, got howling drunk , ran through the Everglades naked and just in general had a great time.

Then it was time to go home and after all the goodbyes were said Brendan promised to return some day to his new found friends. He left on the currents.

After a thousand years, in 1513, had passed, another ship appeared off the east coast of Florida, carrying Juan Ponce De Leon. When he came ashore, the local populous revered him as their returning god.

Since the beginning of Time man has searched for the Elixir of Life

and now Ponce De Leon was being asked if he brought with him the magical water, that will restore ones youth.

Ponce De Leon believing he has found the land where the Fountain of Youth was hidden, begins a quest in search thereof.

I can only imagine the campfire tales for a 1000 years of strange men with furry faces who drank strange tasting water and the mind and body transformations that it caused.

Brendan lived to be 93 years old and died in Ireland at Clonfert. His feast day is May 16th

FOOTNOTES:

Brendan built round leather boats from cured ox hide covering wood frames.

in 1976, Tim Serverin a British adventurer built Boats following plans laid out by Brendan in his

Navigato and landed ashore in North Carolina after only a few weeks at sea.

1491 Columbus Visited the Dingle peninsula in Ireland and secured maps that were drawn by Brendan. Columbus used parts, if not all of Brendan's maps.

"In the old nursery rhyme we all came to know, the last verse was left out, but I will leave the whole rhyme now with you.

"In 1492, Columbus sailed the ocean blue...

To see if the old maps were true"

TIME LINES

Saint Brendan makes the first Irish Whiskey and becomes one of the Patron Saints of Ireland.

Lent starts in March and ends on the first Sunday after the first full moon of the Vernal Equinox.

Any Irishman, worth his salt will give up something for Lent, usually drinking plus the usual fasting.

Saint Patrick's Day is March 17th, which just happens to fall in the middle of Lent

On a Saints feast day there are no rules, and you are not held to pre-lenten promises which is the real reason that St. Patrick is held in such high regard by all Irish.

The Legend of the Fountain of Youth was started by a bunch of drunken Irishmen!

The Celtic word for whiskey is "*uisge breatha*" roughly translated means "*Water of Life*"

The Fountain of Youth really exists...I call it Jameson.

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..

Digital Cameras, Sun Flares and Orbs

by Atala Dorothy Toy

We get many photo submissions of sun flares and sun on lens dust where the submitter says they were asking to see an orb, and here one is. It always makes me sad to have to respond that they got a lovely shot of smudge...sun flare...dust... And sometimes folks respond that they asked for the orb to appear, and it did, so it definitely is one, so there!

So here's a story of my recent outing to Giant City, in Southern Illinois. When I saw what I got, in camera, I decided to photograph some more, so I could demonstrate to folks what is occurring. It is very important, when we are doing this type of work, to be very clear and objective.

I was walking the trail and came upon this absolutely lovely

stairway with woods behind it, all stone and leaves, and I thought – what a wonderful photo to use for a blog on connecting to fairies. See...it could be a portal into their world. So...that was my thought process – *thinking fairies*.

Then I saw that the sun was shining right above the stone lintel and I thought – wow – bring my aperture up to f20 and I bet I could get a star-burst above the portal! So I did – and the sun was so bright that it bounced off my circular polarizer lens and my walking-in-the-fall-leaves dust particles – and voila! *Look at all the “orbs!”* Some in pretty rainbow colors! and in a few shots – I even got some green orbs traveling down!

Now if I were new at this, I might say – I asked for a photo of a fairy portal and look at all the fairy orbs that answered! And if someone said it is only dust – I would say no, I was thinking fairies and they came. *The thought and the result was an*

accident, not an answer from spirit.



First Photo

In this case – I adjusted my camera settings – slowed them down a bit – and tried again. Notice that the circles are in the same place.



Second Photo

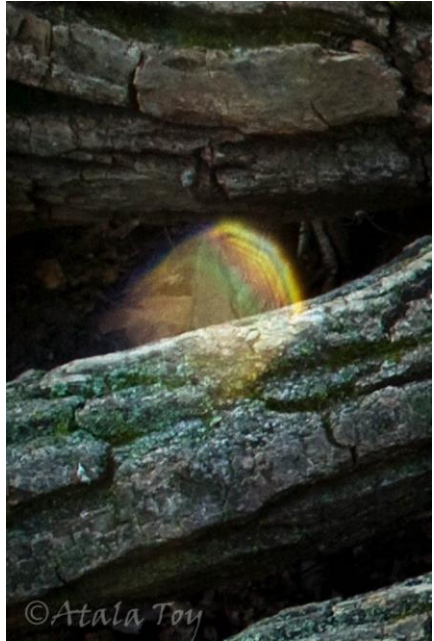
That is another dead giveaway – the “fairies” didn’t move! *That’s not how they operate!*

I also know, from experimenting with shooting into the direct light, that the light hits the camera sensors or the dust on the lens and creates these – so I’ve learned to discount certain things.

I also know that I now have a fancy full-frame Nikon D850 – and it is so wonderfully subtle that it is giving me rainbows. I also can angle into the light and get lovely bands of green circles.

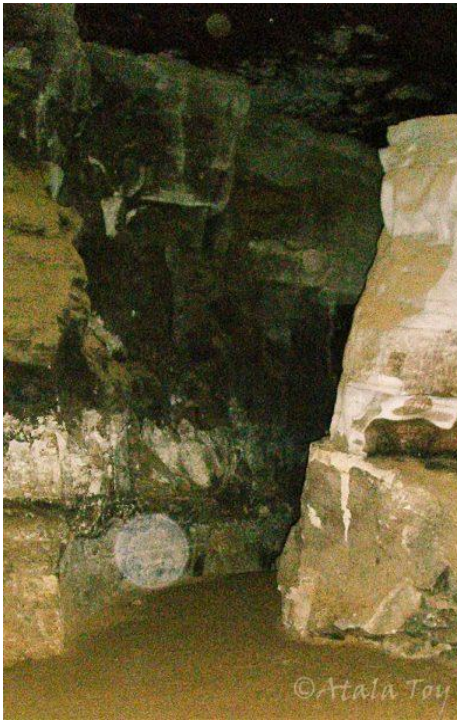
So – folks – This is just to let you know that you need to practice with your camera, to see what you can make it do – and what it actually is seeing.

Here are two real orbs I have photographed.



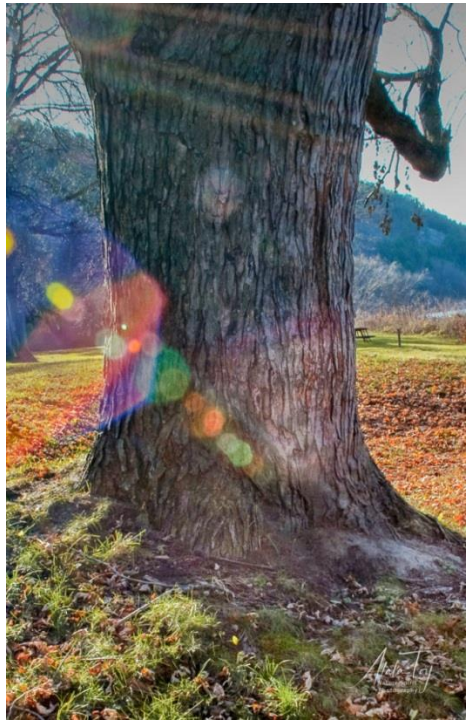
Buddha Orb

The first has a chakra rainbow surrounding a seated figure. I was taking photos of a tree at a playground and a spirit told me it would be much prettier if little boys wouldn’t pee on it! This is what came when I processed the image. Buddha Orb



Orb at Warrior Rock

The next one was taken in Mammoth Cave – the spirit asked me to photograph it, so I took a photo and you can see the spirit's head in the orb. You want to be able to authenticate the orbs by showing the energy the orb – a real honest to goodness life form – is generating. Orb at Warrior Rock



Bear Mound with Orbs

And lastly – Here is a photo I took at Devil's Lake State Park in Baraboo, Wisconsin. In this case, I got a lot of sun flare (*dead giveaway: always look where the sun is coming from*).

I angled my camera in different ways and got a lovely cascade of colors and forms...all mechanical in nature. But...that sun flare and

my focusing on the energy of this tree – located on top of an ancient bear mound – also caused the energies to shift enough that my camera caught two other things.

One was an orb with an ominously smiley face looking down at the mysterious image of a mustached man of the 1870s or so – the time of the founding of the park.

There is no end to the variations possible with all the new technologies available to us now!

The thing is – check and double check, don't discount what you might have photographed but always first discount every other possibility!

Trees Adapt to Their Changed Environment

Atala Dorothy Toy

Tracking the Changes in a Tree Over the Years



Sometimes it's fun - and a learning experience - to track favorite trees and see how they've changed over the years. One of my favorite trees I have been tracking since 2004 is a tree I call "The Nose" because of this prominent feature! He resides at

a local preserve and I photograph him every few years.

I started back in 2004, when the tree lured me into its lush, well tended area of a local convent that bordered the preserve. It was facing the convent itself with an extremely long branch extending out from it to the holy place. It felt like he was enjoying the energy of the prayers that went on there. He seemed contemplative and "elevated."



A few years later the convent was sold to the local preserve. The forestry folk began returning much of the manicured lawns to nature's devices - their mission - and gradually the area around The Nose filled in with native grass. The Nose changed, too.

He began to show signs of age, and had lost his contemplative, centered look. It was as though he was no longer connected to his source of inspiration.



What Happens When Nature Reclaims a Space

By 2017 - the last series of images here - The Nose had adjusted. The area around him was now filled with native plants and brambles. There was a sadness about him. I feel he had adjusted to the changes in his environment from the contemplative nuns who once wandered by him to a tree lost in the ordinariness of nature. His



long arm that had always reached out to the convent had fallen off (it lies on the ground beside him).

But, at the same time - see the final close up - there was a stoic wisdom and a hint of a smile - this is a tree spirit who has turned to the wide range of wisdom inside himself, earned through his reasoning out and adjusting to the many changes around him.

I particularly like this recording of changes over the years because it shows how conscious trees are, how developed their awareness. It also shows how they face the same challenges humans do - unasked for change - and the

wisdom we all can gain as we struggle to adapt.



So...I am suggesting you might want to start your own experiment - pick your favorite nature spirit tree, and start recording. It is a wonderful experiment in watching how tree spirits grow and change with their environment.

If you enjoy reading about nature spirits, please head over to Facebook and join our community of Nature Spirit lovers....and share your own photos with us!



Karen Frazier

www.AuthorKarenFrazier.com

Karen Frazier writes spiritual, metaphysical, paranormal, and vibrational (energy) healing books, articles, and blogs that explore topics such as dream interpretation, energy healing, crystals, psychic phenomena, and the survival of consciousness after death. She is also a columnist for Paranormal

Underground magazine, writing a monthly metaphysics column and a dreams and symbols column.

Keep up with the latest events and book releases, and receive special articles written just for Karen's readers. Scroll to the bottom of this page to sign up for Karen's newsletter

Purchase or Subscribe at

www.paranormalunderground.net

Mirrors in Bedrooms

By Karen Frazier,



*Article courtesy of Paranormal
Underground Magazine*

Mirrors in bedrooms are very common, but they can do wonky things with chi energy in a place that is meant for sleep and romance.

The best advice is to remove mirrors from your bedroom — even the little ones. Mirrors bounce chi around, which can disturb sleep. They also represent the element of water, and one solid feng shui rule is to keep all water elements out of the bedroom, including mirrors or

pictures of water lest the water
douse the element of fire,
which you'd like in a shared
bedroom if you want to keep
passion alive.

Likewise, feng shui wisdom
suggests if you have a mirror that
reflects your bed in a marital
bedroom, it is like inviting a third
person into your relationship. If
you're into that kind of thing, no
worries. However, if you're not,
keep this in mind: *Feng shui
wisdom suggests a mirror
reflecting the bed could cause
infidelity in a committed
relationship.*

I've known these mirror rules of
feng shui for quite some time, but
sometimes I play fast and loose
with them because I believe I can
adjust the energy in my spaces
using other methods as well. Until
just recently, I had a jewelry
cabinet with a mirror on it in my
bedroom simply because it was
the only place I felt there was a

good space for it near where I got
dressed.

Recently, we had some visitors
from another realm come into
our house with some off-putting,
heavy energy.

I'm not a fan of uninvited spirits
hanging out in my home,
so as soon as I became aware of
the energy, I did an
energy cleansing.

As I was walking through the
bedroom with my palo
santo, this cabinet that has been
there for a few years
started to give me a really bad
vibe. I felt impelled to get
it out of the bedroom right away.

Now it hangs around
with the other water elements in
my bathroom. Problem
solved, and perhaps not
surprisingly, I've been sleeping
better since its removal as well.

There is an exception to the no bedroom mirrors thing. You can have one on the inside of your closet door, but keep the door closed.

If you're struggling with sleep or the energy in your room feels off, try covering or removing mirrors. There's a good chance it will allow the chi to settle and you'll sleep better.

Lizard People



Your article reminds me of my first time in Puerto Rico in August of 1998. I was sightseeing and hiking in

El Yunque. I was also researching the greys, hauntings, and chupacabra sightings on the island. I got a local newspaper, and on the front page was a brand new chupacabra incident that had just taken place the day before. The creature had entered a farm and had totally drained the blood

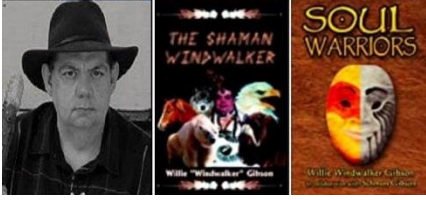
from a number of the farmer's chickens and goats. All the typical signs of an encounter with the creature were present, including no rigamortis and a needle-like hole in each of the animals' throats. The connection to your above research was an actual photo in the newspaper of footprints left by the chupacabra in the fresh mud. Each footprint was claw-like and had three toes. Unfortunately, I was on my way to catch my flight home.

Otherwise, I would have driven out to try to interview the farmer and take a look at the fresh prints. All I had time to do was to draw a quick picture of what the footprint looked like from the newspaper photo. This was during the height of the chupacabra sightings and experiences in Puerto Rico.
Doug Clack

The Giants of Old

I was at the Giants Temple on Gozo about 2 years ago when I had a conversation with an anthropologist whose involved in a worldwide study of the giants. She was referring to the period they existed as a missing piece of our history.
Kathy Stewart

Willie Windwalker Gibson



Retired Kentucky State Police Officer, Willie Windwalker Gibson is a Supernatural Consultant & Shaman as well as an author, radio and tv personality seen on the CMT Network and A&E's *Curse of The Bell Witch series*.

Willie is also a featured writer for [Underground Paranormal Magazine](#) and now [Legends Magazine](#). He is a member of the Paranormal Clergy and Dominion Ministries consultant.

Follow me on my facebook site at www.facebook.com/willie.gibson.3517

Purchase his books through www.amazon.com

The Bell Witch - The Real Story

Willie Windwalker Gibson

The true story of the Bell Witch, Native American Willie WINDWALKER tells the real story of Cursed Bell Witch Cave.....

As a shaman, Gibson, for CMT Most Shocking Ghosts for Halloween special Willie took a paranormal group and a tv crew in Bell Witch Cave Haunting..

Via the following link, Willie "Windwalker" Gibson, a Native American, Cherokee Tribe, will tell the story and their experiences from the Bell Witch Cave.

<https://youtu.be/xOmh30jZY4Q>

But there is always another story...untold... Here is that story

The two times I was at Bell Witch Cave ,was for a tv show. The shows were for two different networks.

Unfortunately, what I learned is that most shows are more into the shock and awe factor than they are documenting the truth behind the phenomenon.

Although I was asked to be on the show for spiritual reasons and to calm the spirits that were there, the producers really did not show respect for my title or my abilities...but that is another story.

The land around the Bell Witch cave area in Adams Tennessee is native burial grounds, plagued by the John Bell story...A story that has been told in many ways.

The story goes that a spirit of a witch killed John Bell by poisoning him. But the real story that I was told and sensed by the spirits of the land is that John Bell built his house on native land, unearthing many graves causing the spirits to conjure up a watcher entity. *(A watcher protects sacred ground and will defend it for many centuries).* Thus the haunting went on throughout the century.

The first time I encountered the watcher was in 2014 when I was doing a halloween special for CMT. We were to go into the cave at Bell Witch to contact the watcher spirit that was said to be there. When we got there right away the crew started making fun. They laughed and mocked the caves spirits ...I told them not to do that, to be respectful, but they kept on and the director challenged me to make the watcher prove it was there.

I asked the watcher to show the people it was there.. The spirit caused the lights and cameras to shut off. The mocking crew got scared and the director ask me to tell the spirit to turn the equipment back on and they would leave in peace. *Now I was an important person of the team.*

I ask the spirit to please return the light to us that we would leave. The lights and cameras came back on and the crew ran out of the cave leaving me behind.

Standing there with a producer with a single flash light I asked forgiveness for the white fools I was with .. I ask for us to be left alone to leave in peace.. I then took a pouch of loose tobacco from my pocket and placed it on a rock ledge . I told the spirits of the cave to accept the gift of honor I was leaving.

Telling the producer who was with me that we were leaving ,we turned and left the cave.

I was a shaman and the spirits knew this.They knew I was showing them honor and i was not afraid. *Natives alive and dead respect courage.*

When I got back to the director ,he asked me what happened back in the cave? I simply told him they had asked for proof and the watcher gave it to them.

I finished by informing him that I was a true shaman, not an actor and in the case of the watcher in

Bell Cave, he was very lucky I was there.

This is my premier story with *Legends Magazine*; I look forward to sharing with you, the readers, many more articles on shamanism, tales of the paranormal and am available for paranormal consultation through my facebook site at

www.facebook.com/willie.gibson.3517

Purchase my books on Amazon.com

All of the information regarding Giants is being kept hidden but, I don't understand why?? An admission of the existence of giants in our past would reaffirm the mention of giants in the Bible. So why hide the truth? I can't wrap my head around this one..

Anthony D. Roppo

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>

Beware The Lizard Man Scape Ore Swamp Lee County, South Carolina



Long before the first Europeans tread upon the shores of North America, the Native population had stories of giants. Large hairy bipedal creatures that walked like men but looked like animals. These creatures commonly called, Bigfoot, have been seen throughout the contiguous United States, including the American south.

However, the swamps of Lee County, South Carolina is said to be home to another creature far more terrifying than any Bigfoot.

And that creature is known as, **Lizardman.**

The creature came to national attention in the late 1980s following an attack near Scape Ore Swamp. In the early morning hours in January, 1988, 17 year old Christopher Davis, was driving home from work. In his statement, Christopher describes in graphic detail the encounter that terrified him beyond reason.

As he was driving, Christopher noticed that his car was driving strangely. When he got out to check, he discovered to his dismay, his tire was flat. After changing out the tire, Christopher could hear what sounded like something large running towards him. When he turned to look, a large creature covered in green scales, large claws and eyes that burned red appeared out of the shadows. Christopher wasted no time and jumped in his car and drove off as fast as he could.

SUMTER (SC) ITEM 20 JULY 1988



Christopher Davis recounts experience with alleged seven-foot tall lizard. Davis shows site off Brenttown Road where he says he was attacked. (TIM photo / Andy Leavitt)

Bumps in the night?

Lee County seeks 'lizard' with bad attitude

By GEORGE GEORGAS
ITEM Staff Writer

There's something amiss in the Brenttown community, where a reptilian creature described as a scale lizard has reportedly been making waves in the Scape Ore Swamp.

Seventeen-year-old Christopher Davis said he was recently attacked by a 7-foot lizard-type creature while changing a flat tire on Brenttown Road.

He said its scaring red eyes, three clawed fingers and snake-like scales made him initially believe he was under siege by the devil himself.

Two other men told Lee County Sheriff's Deputy Chester Lighty about two weeks ago they also were chased by a similar beast while they were getting water from a spring.

The mystery had led to rumors, which have multiplied since Tom and Mary Way's car was "mauled" last Thursday night while they slept. Their Ford's front molding, interior seatbelts, broken hood ornament, along with red hairs and

footprints left behind, indicate some animal was responsible.

A wildlife officer on the scene said he would guess the damage was caused by a rodent.

Nary a Lee County resident here's heard of the Lizard Man, a.k.a. the Swamp Monster, and each person by now has developed definite opinions about it.

Walter Lynn Mathis said she doesn't believe in such things. "It must've been that one-eyed cow that lives around here. I don't know if they run on 40 mph, though," she joked.

One man she was waiting on then piped in, "I don't know if it's a one-eyed cow, but I do know they make some good whiskey back in that swamp," suggesting people in high spirits can easily misperceive what they see.

A Tinsare cashier said she initially doubted the story, but she knows enough Brenttown residents who swear by the creature that she had become convinced.

Davis said he saw the creature about three weeks (See LIZARD on page 8A)

As he drove, Christopher looked in his rearview mirror to see the creature was gaining. Suddenly, it took an unthinkable leap and landed on the hood of the car. Terrified, Christopher, swerved erratically until the creature rolled away from the car. The young man drove off and never looked back.

When he pulled into his driveway he discovered the creature broke a mirror and gouged deep scratches into the roof. When he contacted the Sheriff's office the Sheriff himself came to Christopher's house and dispatched deputies to the site of the attack. The Sheriff believed his account and his deputies discovered large, clawed footprints near the scene. Something frightening was hiding in the swamp. Something dangerous.

Following the attack on Christopher Davis, residents that lived near Scape Ore Swamp began to report sightings of the creature. A number of people even claimed the creature snatched up their pets and carried them away. One local radio station offered a bounty of one million dollars to bring them the head of the beast. Dozens of people grabbed their rifles and went looking for the creature. And as expected, the money has never been claimed.

Lizardman, fell off the radar until 2008, when another unusual attack was reported near the swamp. A woman awoke to discover that something big and mean destroyed her SUV. Deep scratches covered the car and what ever it was managed to tear the bumper off with its teeth.



When the report was taken, it was written down as an animal attack perpetrated by a large dog. The people of Lee County, South

Carolina know better. No dog could have possibly done the damage to the woman's car. Lizardman was the only possible explanation.



The creature known as Lizardman is still seen from time to time in Scape Ore Swamp. Cryptozoologists have suggested the Lizardman is not a lizard, but an exceptionally untidy Bigfoot. And as for the footprints found, plaster casts were taken and sent to the FBI and biologists. No one can come to an agreement as to what manner of animal made them.

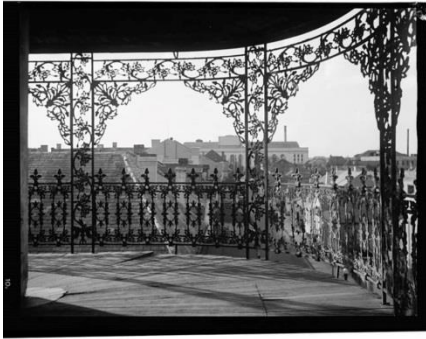
**The Sultan's Bloodbath
LaPrete Mansion
716 Dauphine Street
New Orleans, Louisiana
Rick Hale**



*LaPrete Mansion-
The Sultan's Palace*

Since its founding in 1718, New Orleans, Louisiana is a city associated with magic, mystery and murder. Many of its older, grand homes are haunted by ghosts and the history that transpired behind their walls. Located in the city's legendary French Quarter, at 716 Dauphine

Street, is one of New Orleans' most haunted buildings. The Sultan's Palace, was the location of a vicious mass murder that left an indelible mark on the city that lives on today.



In 1836, wealthy plantation owner, Jean Baptiste-LaPrete, wanted to be a little bit closer to the action of the burgeoning city of New Orleans. Sparing no expense, he built a lavish mansion at the corner of Dauphine Street and Orleans Avenue in the French Quarter. LaPrete's fortunes took a turn for the worse when Union forces took control of the city during the Civil War. To make some quick cash, LaPrete, left his

beloved mansion and rented it out to whomever would take it.



Around this time, a mysterious visitor from exotic lands in the Middle East arrived in the city. The man boasted to everyone he encountered, that he was a wealthy sultan from Turkey. Prince Suleyman, as he called himself, put the word out, he needed a place to live for himself, his servants and his harem. And money to the sultan was no object. When LaPrete met this Royal stranger, he wasted no time in renting the house to the prince. A business transaction he would live to regret.

When the Prince moved into the house, the formerly gregarious man noted for his playful

character, became withdrawn and paranoid. The prince placed heavy curtains over the windows, put padlocks on all the doors and hired a team of scimitar wielding henchmen to guard the doors. Nevertheless, the prince's nature took over and he returned to his party animal ways.

Neighbors began to complain of loud, rowdy parties coming from the house at all hours of the night to local authorities.

Unfortunately, the local police ignored their complaints because the residents were royalty and nobody wanted to offend the wealthy noble. Rumors of wild orgies and the unspeakable act of child molestation filtered out of the house.

The prince, himself was implicated in the disappearances of several local children who were never seen again.

Something had to be done about Prince Suleyman.

As the sun rose on a new day, a local man was walking past the house and noticed something strange. The house was dark and quiet. He assumed the celebrants had finally drank themselves into a stupor and was about to move on when a dark red liquid by the door caught his eye. The closer he got, he realized the liquid was blood and copious amounts of it. Something terrible had happened and the man made haste in contacting the police.

When the police arrived, they had to force their way in. When the door gave way a scene of unimaginable horror met their awestruck eyes. Every last person in the house was dead, blood was splattered on the walls and bodies were hacked to pieces. Someone or several someones, managed to overpower the heavily armed guards and

slaughtered everyone like cattle. Amid the bodies, or what was left of the bodies, Prince Suleyman was nowhere to be found. If he wasn't dead, he could answer for the horrific scene in his house.

After diligently searching every room in the house, the remains of Prince Suleyman we're discovered in the garden buried in a shallow grave. And that wasn't the only thing they found. Hidden in the basement was a torture chamber as well as the broken little bodies of all the children who went missing in the French Quarter. To them, Prince Suleyman, got exactly what he deserved. But the question remained, who would be capable of creating this scene of untold gore?

When considering suspects, investigators speculated the prince ran afoul of local pirates. But pirates wouldn't be capable of this kind of brutality. This wasn't just a random murder. Something like this was a

professional hit job and the police were about to find out why.

It turned out, Prince Suleyman wasn't a real sultan after all but rather the idiot brother of the real Sultan. Suleyman, fled the country when his own brother placed a price on his head for stealing and other, more horrible crimes. The police came to the conclusion, the assassins caught up with Suleyman and slaughtered everyone present saving Suleyman for last. A clear message was sent that day, don't mess with the Sultan.

It's been well over a century since the bloody carnage that turned the elegant mansion into a bloodbath. The ghosts of the victims and the prince are believed to haunt the house. Shrieks and bloodcurdling screams are heard echoing throughout its rooms and corridors. And shadowy apparitions are seen lurking in the shadows. The apparition of the prince has been witnessed

running down the hall as if he is being chased by someone. A look of stark terror etched into his face. One of the most nightmarish sounds heard in the house is the odd sound of body parts being thrown about as eerie music plays in the background.

The LaPrete Mansion or The Sultan's Palace, is not a haunt for the squemish. The poor souls who violently met their fate there over a century ago are still reliving the wholesale slaughter that ended their lives.

**FORT ATKINSON WI. –
Jeff Shiller**

There's a lot of odd ball stuff here in Fort Atkinson, WI. Problem is they are all privately owned and you can't just go there and investigate. My old land lord used to have his own construction co. They were doing a job here in Fort and while digging down to the drain tile they found three skeleton remains of what they

elieved to be Indians because there were necklace beads in the chest cavity. the owner found out and decided to not go any further with an addition and decided to fill the area back up with dirt. I guess this is a rental property and I drive by it often, I would not live there even if the rent were free.

Paranormal Activities

Produced by Kristin Reyer
Copyright 2005

Mary Sutherland from Burlington Wisconsin , Members of Southeastern Wisconsin Paranormal Investigations and Linda Godfrey, author of the Bray Road Beast Share their thoughts and experiences on the following topics: .Wisconsin Hauntings - .Orbs, Spirit and Vortices - .Sacred Burial Mounds and their Connection with the Paranormal, Haunted Places in Wisconsin - .Vortices and Gateways into other Worlds - .The Bray Road Beast and Dog Man of Wisconsin

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eRI3hVbh4Lw&lc=UggJ9UkhWGWSCXgCoAEC&fbclid=IwAR0gYDHA E4nC Nu W165U7C2s WtCzvMlrXe XQPpe3L QG2oop-XLnWmIsr VsPU>

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 5: Ghosts of Black River Falls

Jeff Brigham

On February 23, 2013, fellow ghosthunter Jamie and I took a road trip to Black River Falls, Wisconsin. We stocked up on caffeinated drinks and set out at about 5pm for the four-hour drive through heavy weekend traffic.

Our destination was the District One Community Center building on the Ho-Chunk Nation Reservation, where we managed to secure a ghost hunt through a common friend, Ryan Melbye. It was a bingo hall and a fitness gym and was also regularly used for funeral services. It was a plain, old metal building in poor condition, and was decommissioned in 2017 when the new community center was built.

In 2013 facility had a high employee turnover rate amidst

numerous accounts of paranormal events. Mysterious drumming happened at odd times. A ghostly entity had a bad habit of walking up behind employees in the front reception area when no one was in the building. Shadowy figures were spotted in the lunch room. Basketballs rolled across the gym floor of their own volition.

Recently, for purposes of this article, I reached out to Ryan Melbye to see if the building's manager could be contacted, but unfortunately the man had passed away.

I recall years ago that this man, a Ho-Chunk Nation Tribe member with the surname of Thundercloud, had commented on Facebook how neat SWAG's video capture was. Scrolling through our posts from 2013, I was unable to locate the comment I remember reading. More about that later.

First, before setting up our cameras at the community center, Jamie and I made another appointment.

SWAG had been contacted by a couple living in Black River Falls, a few miles away from the community center, claiming they lived in a haunted home and they wanted us to come check it out. Doug and Diane Button (pseudonyms for privacy) lived in a small, two-story home in a tightly knit residential area. Jamie and I arrived after dark, armed ourselves with digital audio recorders for the quick, barebones investigation, and knocked on the door.

A very nice couple in their mid-forties let us in. We sat in the living room and had a chat. Diane Button spoke about poltergeist-like happenings on the ground floor of the home. Things moving. Pictures falling

from the walls. Strange tapping noises.

Doug, a military veteran like Jamie and I, had a slightly different tale to tell. A bump in the night was the least of his concerns. He showed Jamie and I upstairs to his bedroom. He said that he'd been having OBEs (Out of Body Experiences) since he was a little boy. He'd be lying in bed and all of a sudden would 'slip out' and hover above his own body.

He confided that his OBEs had taken a dark turn lately. He started seeing oily black creepy crawlies, the size of cats, skittering over the bedroom carpet while out of his body. He felt they were evil, from an alternate dimension, connected or attracted to him by his out of body travels. It hadn't always been that way, he said. *When he was a boy, the monsters didn't come.*

Neither Jamie nor I had any advice for him. We couldn't 'help' him in any way except to listen. As Doug continued chatting with us in that dark, upstairs area, recounting war/violence/death experiences he'd had overseas in the military, recalling disturbing past events that somehow currently fed the Kafkaesque creatures of his OBEs, I began feeling extremely uncomfortable.

Both Jamie and I stood on the stairs with our recorders, the flimsy stair bannister the only thing separating us from Doug. The door to the outside was a quick bolt down the stairs and, though I was listening to Jason talk out of politeness, fight or flight was kicking into high gear and all I could think about was making a fast exit. Every atom in my body screamed *'eminent danger—get out now!'*

Jason's eyes had grown darker with malevolent intention—or was it my imagination? I felt in the presence of evil and I'm not

convinced it had anything to do with the house itself. *It had to do with Doug.*

When Jamie and I left, I told him how relieved I was to be out of that house. I confided in him my irrational panic during the upstairs interview. Jamie confirmed that I wasn't alone in feeling that horrible anxiety. He'd felt it too.

Although no ghostly voices had been captured on digital video at the Button residence, the place left an impression on me that I'd never forget.

While ghost hunters can have all the great expensive equipment in the world, still the best ghost hunting device is your own body and your own senses.

These days personal experiences have a way of being tossed to the wayside in favor of machines that beep and video cameras that

record evidence. In my opinion that's a big mistake.

The dilemma for me is the lack of solid proof, or any kind of proof.

Was my experience paranormal in nature?

Do I have any right to tell a story of being in the presence of a possessed man based on a feeling?

I don't wish to jump to conclusions.

My narration of these events aim to minimize drama and maximize detail.

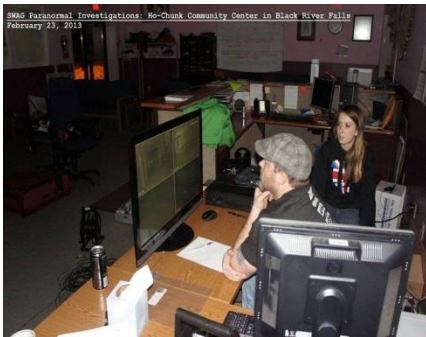
One thing is absolutely clear in my mind. I can honestly say *that I have never felt that type of fear before this encounter, and I haven't ever felt that type of fear since.*

Back to the Reservation.

When we arrived at the district community center, the set-up of ghost hunting equipment took about an hour.

There were five members of the team: Ryan Melby, Heidi Zechzer and her daughter, Camryn, Jamie and myself.

We established our command central at the reception desk with Ryan at the helm. Armed with audio recorders, Heidi and Camryn set for one section of the building while Jamie and I set out for another.



Ryan and Camryn at command central

Someone on the team, I forget who but it may have been Heidi, warned Jamie and I “*not to whistle*”.

“*Why?*” I asked.

“*I don’t know. That’s just what they say. You aren’t supposed to whistle after dark,*” came the response.

Who were ‘they’ and why didn’t they want us to whistle after dark?

A quick Google search provides somewhat of an answer: many cultures think that whistling at night attracts bad luck or evil spirits. It’s a superstition, much like the superstition about opening an umbrella indoors, walking under a ladder, or breaking a mirror.

Not one to pass up what sounded like a wager, Jamie and I whistled quite a few times during this hunt. We probably did our best whistling in the gym where the acoustics amplified our voices. The gymnasium was in a central location in the building and we

passed through it several times to get from place to place.

It wasn't long before a stray whistle answered us, and this disembodied whistle didn't just happen once or twice. It happened many times. The forbidden act of whistling had conjured a whistler. We heard it with our ears and recorded it on our audio equipment.

Not bad for a night's work.

While doing an EVP session in a secondary gym, a room used for funerals without windows to the outside world, Jamie and I witnessed a large spotlight slowly roll below the ceiling trim of the high wall. It had the circumference of a hula hoop and was very faint, moving on a very steady straight path. It could have been the shadow of headlights from a slow passing car, except that no headlights could have gotten into the room.

Jamie and I also did an EVP session in the men's bathroom in the main gym, a room heavy with reports of ghostly activity.

When I left Jamie alone for a few minutes to go get replacement batteries from command central, he was startled by a loud bang against the door. He thought it was me returning, but I didn't come back until a couple minutes later. Upon reviewing the audio, I heard for myself how loud the bang was. *No wonder he was startled.* He said the experience ranked right up there with any of a number of frightening experiences he had while serving his tour in Iraq.

Meanwhile, at command central, while Ryan was watching the video feed from static night vision cameras set up in strategic locations, a curious orb was filmed.

The video was shot using infrared illumination, creating a black and white video of an otherwise unseeable dark area. The IR camera was fixed to the reception desk, shooting down a hallway toward the gym, in a place where employees had reported seeing a roaming orb.

After reviewing this film about a hundred times (later when I was back home,) I had a good idea of what was captured. The video appeared to show a white, self-illuminated, amorphous figure about the size of a CD floating on the ceiling from the gym into the far end of the hallway. At the hall entrance, it stopped and dropped, as would a drop of water from a turned-off faucet. Illuminated against the carpet now, it began to swim toward command central in a calculated, sinuous way.

Close to the camera, it flew up and hovered before the camera's lens, giving the viewer a good view of its round, solid white form. Then it dipped back down

underneath the camera, disappearing for good.

It was not witnessed by the naked eye and was only visible after the fact, on video.

Orbs captured in photographs or on video are fairly common in ghost hunting. Some people argue they're nothing but specks of dust or insects bouncing camera light back. Others think they're spirits or little globes of pent-up psychic energy. Some claim that the orb is a dead relative in guardian angel form, especially when orbs are captured floating above or near the photograph subject's head.

They can appear as a single entity or in a swarm. They seem to be shy by nature, showing up in only one photo. If you capture the same one in two photos, it's likely the second photo has recorded orbs escape route. By the third, it's gone.

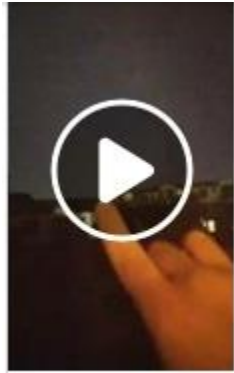
Some orbs are see-through while others are completely solid. Many are white but they can be any color. Some people believe the

mood of an orb can be read by its chosen color. Either way, they are so commonly captured on film that if you tugged the sleeve of the random ghost hunter and showed them an orb photo, they'd shrug. Orbs have come to be such a point of contention in ghost hunting circles that they are now largely dismissed.

Go on YouTube and look up orb videos. There are hundreds if not thousands. *One of the videos you might find is the one I've described above.*

While orbs don't pack the punch they used to, I still contend that the one we captured was unique. The way it dripped from the ceiling and snaked across the floor and lifted itself for a close peer into the lens of the camera as if curious about something it had never seen before, was proof enough for me that the little ball of light had intelligence.

Another incident involving an unusual orb happened to me a year earlier at the notoriously haunted Grant Park in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. What I captured on film at the park defied my belief of what could be captured on film. The next chapter will cover this and other encounters I had joining up with another Wisconsin based ghost hunting group. 'Ghost Ops.'



Dan Robb was live.

<https://www.facebook.com/dan.robb.501/videos/293118781704374/?t=0>



**SKELETON OF 7-FEET TALL HELLHOUND UNEARTHED
NEAR MONASTERY IN UK - NOVEMBER 18, 2015 ARTICLE**

Archaeologists Uncover the Remains of Hell Hound

How often do legends prove to be real? Well, in this case, one legend was uncovered to be true. archaeologists might have uncovered a 16th century legendary hellhound.

Known by the name of Black Shuck – a name believed to derive from an old English word for black “demon”, the 7-foot tall dog appeared as a bringer of death in many tales from 500 years ago.

In the 16th century, the inhabitants of the British Isles

were horrified by the brutal deaths committed by this giant hellhound with burning red eyes.

After 500 years archaeologists uncovered its earthly remains under the ruins of Leiston Abbey in Suffolk, in a nameless grave thirty inches deep, while several pottery fragments were covering its body. The massive dog skeleton was analyzed by a veterinarian who weighed it to be about 200 pounds when it lived, standing not less than 7 feet

on its hind legs.



Could these skeleton remains have belonged to the feared Black Shuck? According to local folklore, Black Shuck made its presence noticed during a brutal storm on August 4, 1577, at Holy Trinity Church in Blythburgh, almost seven miles from Leiston in Suffolk. Fearful for their lives, the villagers found shelter inside the church, but the massive wooden doors couldn't withstand the rage of the beast.

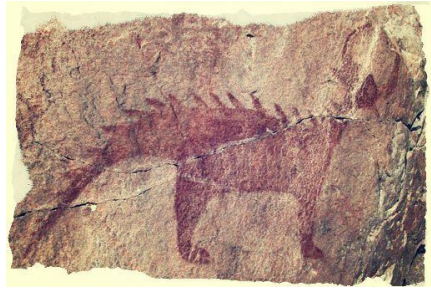
A thunder struck the door open and the snarling creature caved in, claiming the life of a man and a boy before the steeple crashed through the roof.

The giant dog then left the church, leaving behind him scorch marks from its claws on the door of the church which allegedly can be observed even today.

“THIS BLACK DOG, OR THE DEVIL IN SUCH A LIKENESS (GOD HE KNOWETH ALL WHO WORKETH ALL) RUNNING ALL ALONG DOWN THE BODY OF THE CHURCH WITH GREAT SWIFTNESSE, AND INCREDIBLE HASTE, AMONG THE PEOPLE, IN A VISIBLE FORM AND SHAPE, PASSED BETWEEN TWO PERSONS, AS THEY WERE KNEELING UPON THEIR KNEES, AND OCCUPIED IN PRAYER AS IT SEEMED, WRUNG THE NECKS OF THEM BOTH AT ONE INSTANT CLEAN BACKWARD, IN SO MUCH THAT EVEN AT A MOMENT WHERE THEY KNEELED, THEY STRANGELY DIED.” Reverend Abraham Fleming's book **A Straunge and Terrible Wunder:**

According to the latest radiocarbon dating tests, the strange remains seem to correspond to the time when

Black Shuck was terrorizing Eastern Anglia and Suffolk region. If it was indeed the feared hellish beast or someone's faithful and extremely big hunting dog we can only assume, but the legend remains, with people remembering it through rock songs or by naming local clubs or antique shops after the Black Dog or Black Hound, who once terrorized the surrounding area.



Ojibwe pictograph of Mishipeshu from Lake Superior Provincial Park in Ontario, Canada – Old Copper Mining Culture

Mishipeshu is an important and powerful animal to many Native American tribes of the Great Lakes region. No one has wanted to anger this 'water panther', guardian of the copper. It's been said that anyone who stole the copper had misfortune befall them. Legend or real creature, bring an offering of peace the next time you are on Lake Superior and honor old Mishipeshu ... and leave the copper where you find it...just to be on the safe side.

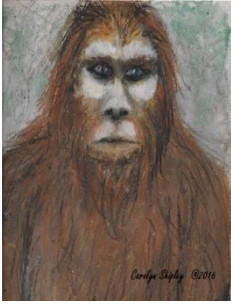
Do you have a bruise? Try this gemstone

🕒 2 Years Ago Today



Utahna Jessop June 27, 2016 at 3:59 PM · 🌐

Hey, all my rock-hound friends. I just want to share something amazing about rhodonite--it will mend your scrapes and bruises. My daughter came home last night with this huge bruise on her leg. We treated it with rhodonite and you can see for yourself how it looks this morning. I have used it on scrapes with similar results. Amazing.



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



Hello my name is Gary and I seem to be able to see more than I want. I have a very high energy level I mean electricity when I walk by a radio it changes stations, if i touch you i may shock you or suck the energy right out of you maybe thats why I see wandering spirits all

the time this one I got a photo of. you make the call .

That looks like a "rod". I have captured them in photos, too. Great photo catch! Thank you for sharing it! Check out Jose Escamilla and "rods". Doug Clack

Its looks metallic . Did you notice the large orb in front of tombstone? Mary Sutherland



i have heard that Big Foot many times, create small shelters for the forest animals, drawing them into the area for later hunting...OR this could also be a snare but it just doesn't seem to me that this snare would hold anything . Mary Sutherland

**FACT OR URBAN
LEGEND...
YOU DECIDE**

BLOODS POINT CEMETERY

Rockford Illinois area's most famous urban legend.

Is it real or just an urban legend? According to the Rockford Paranormal Group, www.paranormalrockford.com if it isn't real, it sure has a lot of people interested in the phenomena being reported!

It has been reported as actively haunted with ghostly sights and strange activity that simply cannot be explained.

Following are some reports collected by Paranormal Rockford:

Reports of a man being seen with a pitchfork, guarding the cemetery.

An old witch known as Witch Beaula allegedly killed her children by hanging them off the nearby bridge, then hung herself shortly afterwards. Ghostly Screams from the mother and

children are still heard from that immediate area.

Phantom vehicles chasing people in their cars

Draining of car batteries - cars will quit running and not able to be turned on again without a jump

People seeing full apparitions inside the cemetery and along the roadway near the cemetery.

It has been claimed that if you put your vehicle in neutral on the bridge, it will roll away.

Mysterious lights that used to light up an old shed there, that had no electricity... Shed however is no longer there.

Some have even said that they have seen a creepy clown crawling across the pavement.

Visitors to the cemetery claim that music is heard as the ghost of an elderly black lady plays her guitar and sings religious songs. It is said that she was hung by the local KKK.

Heads up all you paranormal seekers, people that live in the Bloods Point area have been known to chase people out of the area and/or call the local police if one happens to be 'hanging out at the cemetery at night'.

I recommend contacting the local sheriff before going in, just as a courtesy and to save yourself the expense of an overnight stay at the crow bar hotel and a ticket. Fact or Urban Legend, you decide... Either way, it seems to provide enough interesting paranomal activity to get this researcher's interest.

Thankyou Carol Holliday-Werntz for giving us this heads up on another Illinois Urban Legend...or is it??

CRICKETS

Welsh and Celtic Legends

It is lucky to have crickets in a house, and to kill one is sure to bring bad luck after it.

If they are very numerous in a house, it is a sign that peace and plenty reign there.

The bakehouse in which their merry chirp is heard is the place to bake your bread, for it is a certain sign that the bread baked there will turn out well.

An elderly woman told me that it is a sign of death for crickets to leave a house, and she proved her case by an apt illustration. She named all the parties concerned in the following tale:—“There were hundreds of crickets in . . . house; they were ‘sniving,’ swarming, all about the house, and were often to be seen outside the house, or at least heard, and some of them perched on the wicket to the garden; but all at once they left the place, and very soon afterwards the son died. The crickets, she said, knew that a death was about to take place, and they all left that house, going no one knew where.”

It was not thought right to look at the cricket, much less to hurt it.

The warm fireplace, with its misplaced or displaced stones, was not to be repaired, lest the crickets should be disturbed, and forsake the place, and take with them good luck. They had, therefore, many snug, warm holes in and about the chimneys.

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