

Legends Magazine

Volume Two Issue 21 June 18 , 2020

The Center of the
World in Wisconsin
and California ?

Red Horn and his
connection to
Atlantis and Aztalan

The Stone Giants-
Transition from the
Age of Hyperborea
to the Age of
Lemuria

Stone Mounds and
the Mysteries of the
Stones

Uptown Chicago
...We Miss You

They are Watching

Seven Gates of Hell

Rock Symbols in the
Chiricahua
Mountains

The Hexham Heads

Ghost Hunting with
Jeff- Call it a Hunch

Welsh in America

The Haunted Palace



*A Visit to Stonehenge
Photographer Kathleen Pullen*



burlingtonnews.net/Legends.html

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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'.

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LEGENDS RECOMMENDED READING



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

We personally hand picked these staff members to be

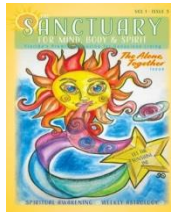
part of our project, knowing them to be hard working, intelligent and honest researchersS – not to mention some of the best writers and photographers out there !

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



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

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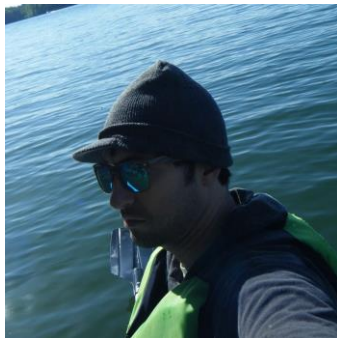
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...Columnist

WILLIE WINDWALKER GIBSON

Virtual Story Teller, Shaman,
Researcher and Columnist

***Legends Magazine introduces Rick
Jordan as a contributing writer for
this issue.***



*"We are the Evolving Manifesters come from
Above Exactly where we're going is exactly
where we're from"*

*"Rick Jordon is the Source through
which this relative and vital
information flows. I have read about
these "legends" for many years yet Rick
brings the stories and characters to life
and "fleshes" them out in remarkable
detail. He writes about the fossilized
dragons, Giants and geosculptures that
we are discovering at the Montana
Megaliths, USA. Best of all he explains
how they got here.*

*According to Leon Secatero, the Navajo
Spiritual Teacher, often said that were
currently in the transition between the
Fifth World of Green Glitter and the
Sixth World of Crystal. Julie Ryder*

Rick's article reflects a wonderful
understanding of these worlds and
today's Stone Survivors of an Age long
forgotten. Watch for Rick's article here :
Transition from the Age of Hyperborea
to the Age of Lemuria and the Stone
Giants



Mary Sutherland

Renown 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.

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Center of the World Found in Wisconsin And California

Mary Sutherland

Wisconsin is home to one of the most unique features in the world. Up in the central part of the state, west of Wausau, in the middle of nowhere, is a totally amazing spot that only exists in a few places in the world.



Tucked away on a farm in Poniatowski is the intersection of 45 North parallel and the 90 West parallel.



Geological Marker of Wisconsin Site

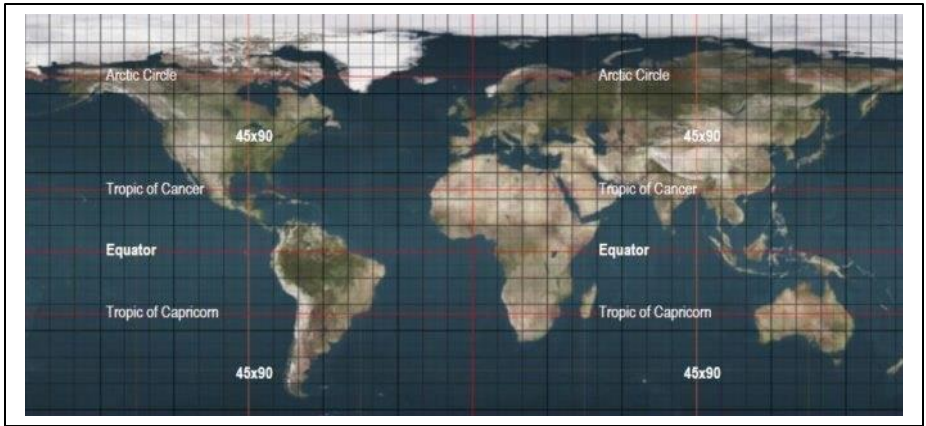


There are plenty of information spots along the way explaining why this Wisconsin Site is of such importance.

The 45×90 points, as they're called, are the four points on Earth which are halfway between the geographical poles, the equator, the Prime Meridian, and the 180th meridian.

Allegedly only two of these points are on land - the other two fall in the middle of the ocean. And the one not in Wisconsin is in a desolate, mountainous region of China near Mongolia that's very difficult to visit.

HOWEVER...as we traveled the highway leading from Yuma Arizona to California we actually



found another 'Center of the Earth' Site with Pyramid and the original steps from the Eiffel Tower.



Felicity California , at the Center of the World. Original Steps from France's Eiffel Tower

At one time, the WI area was difficult to find, but recently it was resurveyed, a path was created, benches were put out and the official spot is now marked thanks to the generosity of donors. There's an official marker embedded in the ground and visitors can stand in the very middle of the Northern half of the Western Hemisphere?

What I don't understand with their claims is that California makes similar claims and their location was mapped by aeronautic space team, *although the historical plaque explaining this has since been taken down and a new story replaces the old.*

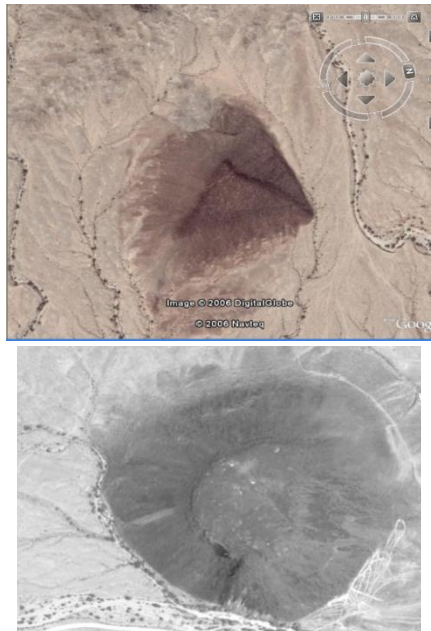
The California site is located near Felicity, just as you cross over into that state from Yuma Arizona North of Interstate 8, exit 164. Just at the start of the Great Sand Dunes.

The First photo at top shows Brad Sutherland standing in front of the visitors center, designed as a pyramid. It may look small, but most of it is underground.



North of Interstate 8, exit 164.

Second Photo is of Brad Sutherland touching a bronze sundial depicting the 'Hand of God' Brad touching 'Gods' finger. The Third photo is Brad standing in the Great Sand Dunes of California. Around this arid yet mountainous terrain we found aerial shots of strange and very deep indentations in the earth , one is pyramidal and the second one looks like the ground was hit by a meteorite or ancient bomb.

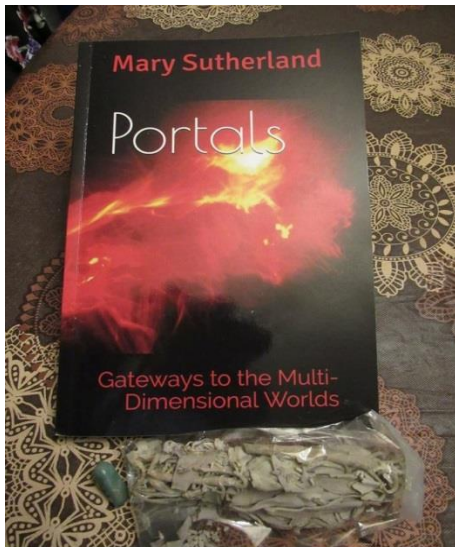
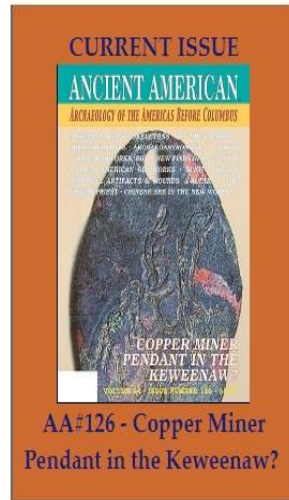


Ancient American Magazine

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



www.burlingtonnews.net/books-redhairedgiants.html

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!



As this lady is communicating with the tree, its spirit comes out and joins her. Taken by Mary Sutherland in the woods of Burlington.



Here, you can see several spirits standing outside the sacred circle area, protecting a mound above.

Some of the best times for a person to actually 'see' spirits is when the weather is cold. This cold slows the speed of the molecules down to a lower frequency which can be seen by the physical eye. For example, in the heat of the summer you can not see your breath, but in the cold of the Fall and Winter the breath is easily seen.

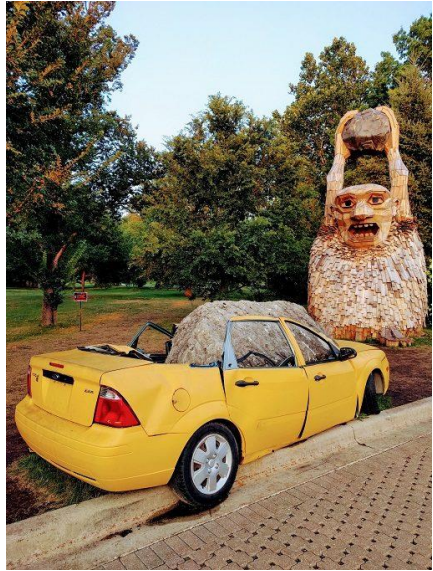
*Walk through the Enchanted Forest
with Mary Sutherland*

<https://youtu.be/StKtXpyveRc>



"Thousands, if not millions, of people alive today have had the experience of existing outside the space of their physical bodies for a brief period and experiencing this separated state as real, not as a dream or imaginary experience. A typical consequence of such an out-of-body experience is on the order of 'I no longer believe that I have a soul, or that some part of me will survive death, I know it!' (Rogo, 1983)

Troll Hunting in Illinois The Morton Arboretum in Lisle, Illinois



Rocky Bardur Troll

Six trolls. One troll hideout. Only two hours to find them all. All hidden around the grounds of The Morton Arboretum. Created by a Danish artist called Thomas Dambo, who helped them set up their home among the trees in the spring of 2018.

4100 IL-53, Lisle, IL



Collect the clues to find the Troll Hideout- To the West is where we rest.



Troll 2 is Sneaky Socks Alexa

'Tween pond and Lake our home
we make - Collect the clues to find
the hideout



*Be careful.. Trap is set by Sneaky
Socks Alexa*



*Troll 3 is Joe the Guardian stands
on a hill that can be seen from
highway I 88.*



Troll 4 Furry Ema – Rather than hiding with her trap from a distance, Furry Ema was content just sitting there with her net.

At the troll hideout is a sign with a story written by Thomas Dambo, the creator of the trolls.



*Once upon a rhyme in the dawn of time
On the very first day the sun began to shine
There was a planet so small with a sky so big*

In a forest so thick – an acorn fell to the ground and split

And right then from the tiny, tiny acorn

Two enormous forest trolls were born

The two became many, many became a million

Because trolls love life and they love to have children

They lived in harmony with both birds and bees

There was peace and they never ever hurt the trees

They took care of them all – no soul too tiny

Cedar, birch, ash, elm, oak and pine tree

Then a million, million years went by

And from far away something appeared in the sky

And out came a strange looking alien race

Only 5 feet tall with small eyes in their face

The trolls greeted them welcome to share the lands

And taught them the balance of beings and plants

But at some point in time – no one really knows when

*It was like the small aliens forgot
it again*

*They started building a city, all
over around them
As big as an ocean and tall as a
mountain
There were flat roads of stone
where the grass used to grow
And at night false stars would now
light up and glow*

*There were “horses” on wheels
that made noise and smelled bad
And smoke blocking the sun. All
this made the trolls sad
Because in a place with no sun, no
flowers have colors
No birds can sing songs and no
trolls can live*

*Now the trolls started walking
toward new lands
To make a new home with balance
of beings and plants
And they found a beautiful forest,
maybe the last of its kind
Where the birds could still sing
and the sun could still shine*

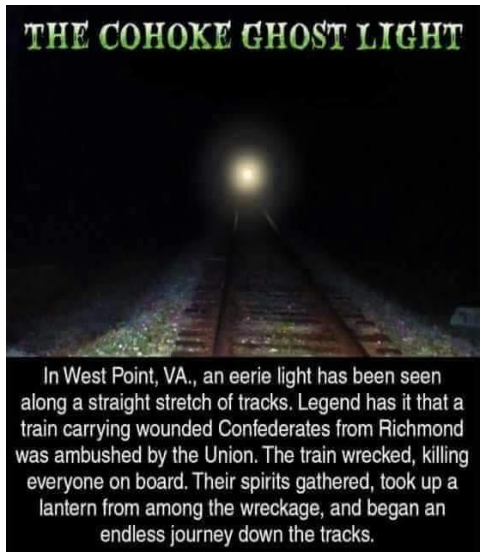
*But what happened before
couldn't happen again*

*So they told this here story again
and again
If you love the forest, the trolls will
protect you
If not they will grab you, catch you,
and trap you*

A banner for 'Legends Magazine' with a red and black background. The word 'Legends' is in large white letters, and 'Magazine' is in red letters inside a red box. Below it, the email 'bsutherland@wi.rr.com' and the website 'burlingtonnews.net/Legends.html' are listed. A yellow bar contains the text 'In Search of Urban Legends and Lore' and 'burlingtonnews.net/Legends.html'. At the bottom, the address '246 Carver Street, Winslow Illinois.' and phone numbers '608 214 6800 or 815 367 1006' are provided.

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An article titled 'THE COHOKES GHOST LIGHT' in green letters. The image shows a dark night scene with a bright light source at the end of a straight stretch of railroad tracks. Below the image, the text describes a legend in West Point, VA., about a train wrecked by the Union, with spirits gathered around a lantern and an endless journey down the tracks.

THE COHOKES GHOST LIGHT
In West Point, VA., an eerie light has been seen along a straight stretch of tracks. Legend has it that a train carrying wounded Confederates from Richmond was ambushed by the Union. The train wrecked, killing everyone on board. Their spirits gathered, took up a lantern from among the wreckage, and began an endless journey down the tracks.

www.facebook.com/stillwaterparanormalcompany

Red Horn and the Red Haired Giants of Aztalan *Mary Sutherland*



*Red Horn Pipe –
Milwaukee Museum
Photographed by Mary Sutherland*

RED HORN PIPES - Not only in Oklahoma, have they found pipes and busts of Red Horn but he was also quite popular in the Wisconsin area.

For example, a Native American legend of Red Horn was found portrayed in forty cave paintings at the Gottschall Site near Muscoda, Wisconsin. *(This would be in the approximate area of Frank's Hill)*

Depictions were found portraying men and women with red hair, of tall stature and superior physical strength, shown living behind the 'high walls of a great lodge'. Some illustrated them engaged in sporting events.



*Pyramid of the Sun or Holy
Mountain Step Pyramid of Aztalan*

Red Horn is portrayed as a descendant of red haired giants. His name was drawn from his own crop of red hair. Dr. James Scherz, a professor at Madison's University of Wisconsin, confirms the stories of Red Horn being drawn from real historic events.

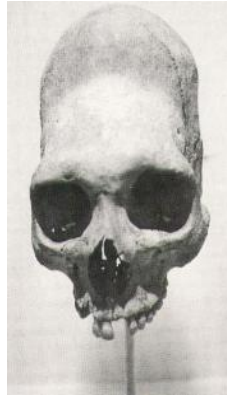
Lords of Aztalan – Atlanteans

According to Native American Indian tradition of Aztalan the ancestors of the Winnebago traded animal hides and meat with the 'Lords of Aztalan'. It was from the Lords of Aztalan, the Winnebago were given the story about the ancient origins of the Wolf Clans, whose leader dwelt in 'a great lodge' on an island in the ocean to the east. This progenitor had ten sons, one of whom came to Turtle Island (North America) with his clansmen and women.

In time, they intermarried with the natives and established four new clans: the White Wolf, Green Hair, Gray Wolf, and Black Wolf.

The quartet was so named to commemorate the Four Cardinal Directions which streamed out from their oceanic homeland at the center of the world.

The first child born in this new land was called 'Wave' after the bow-wave of the boat that brought them from the great lodge.



*Elongated Skull Escavated from
Aztalan*



Stone Pine Escavated from Aztalan



Crawfish River at Aztalan



Princess of Aztalan Burial Mound



Headless Princess of Aztalan

Yellow Hair was the Chief of the tribe that created the Mound Site at Frank's Hill referenced today as the *The Gottschall Site near Muscoda*.

According to the stories of Chief Yellow Hair, in the Plains (see photo) great battles took place between them and the Red-Haired Giants of Aztalan whose chief was Red Horn.



Along the blue hills in the background runs the Wisconsin River.

The site known as Franks Hill still stands today in memory of these people *long* past.

www.burlingtonnews.net/franks_hill.html



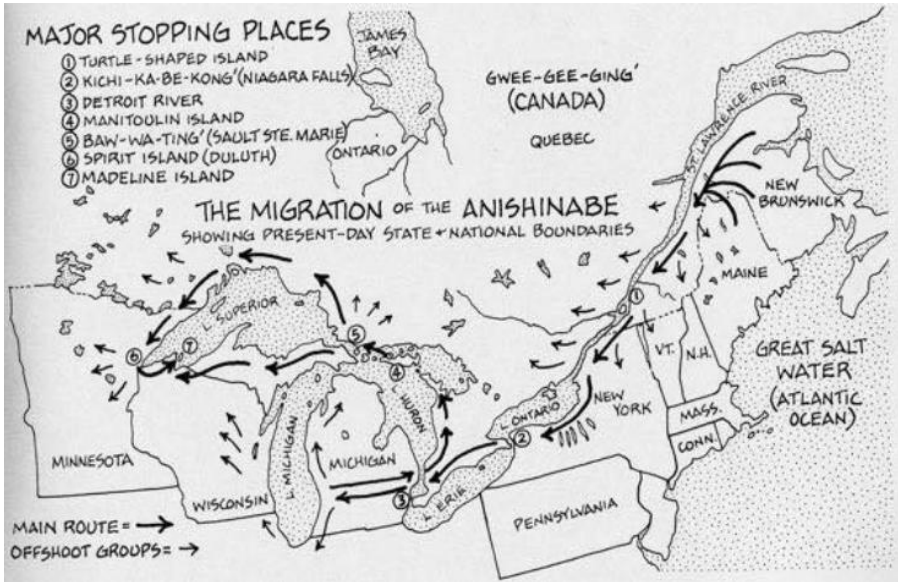
Franks Hill Mounds

On the top of this hill, running in line are conical mounds. They seem to me to be some sort of calendar or keeper of time .



There are two hills at the Frank Hill location. One hill (top left photo) has effigies while the other hill (top right) displays what I believe to be some sort of calendar or keeper of time.

Mary Sutherland photographing second hill with conical mounds .



This is Frank who owned the property. He took care of its upkeep until his death. In his will, he had requested that the land be passed on to local Native American Indians to be forever cared for as sacred land.
Photo by Mary Sutherland

Frank told us that a Native Canadian Indian had come to Frank's Hill in search of his ancient ancestors. He told Frank the story that his ancestors originally came from Canada and made their way down to the sacred place then owned by Frank.

According to my writings in the 'RED HAIRED GIANTS' and the 'RED RECORDS' (www.burlingtonnews.net/books-redhairedgiants.html) this would have been correct, except that prior to the Anishinabe migration, there were those already living here, known as the T-legwi and described as mound builders .

Waasekom Niin references this as the Anishnaabe Migration and reports that their stories were documented in oral form , before the written word.

Dr Robert Salzer Professor of Anthropology at Beloit College has doing some important work, researching vibrant rock paintings found in caves on July 20th, 1992, by a field archaeologist working for the Canadian Government. From what the owner of the property told me, the archaeologist was in search of evidence proving that the early people of Canada had left Canada and settled on this site near Muscoda, known locally as Franks Hill, but referenced as the Gottschall Site...but back to the story ...

In 1974, forty some wall paintings were discovered, and since been researched by Dr. Salzer. These paintings suggest that the people of the Muscoda site, Chief Yellow Hair, battled with the Aztalan site, who was ruled over by Chief Red Horn. Although battling amongst themselves, they both seemed to be of the same people, observing

the same religious traditions, culture and commerce, both expanding their culture and commerce to Oklahoma . Interestingly, Salzer found some form of head gear or helmet depicted on an unfinished piece of a sandstone sculpture. He described the headgear of the sculptute showing notches at the base of the neck that were made to fit the head into the trunk of the body.

Although I have never seen this headgear, I am aware of a helmet found in the Wisconsin River, which flows by the Muscoda site that may fit this timeline. There is no information on this piece except that the owner may now it, after being on display at a small Wisconsin Museum that has now closed its doors.

Following is a picture I was lucky enough to get before this bit of history got lost in history.



Sandstone Helmet photo provided to me through Linda Dagenhart. This was found in the Wisconsin River, down river from the Gottschall Site.

The cave paintings depict battles fought between the hero Red Horn and the giants, connecting the Gottschall site with Aztalan.

Dr. Salzer believes these Giants of Wisconsin oral description of them being of large stature, red-haired, with superior strength, living behind the high walls of a 'great lodge' were none other

than the inhabitants of Aztalan. The few burials recovered from Aztalan were of large stature, usually over 8 ft. tall, proportioned to match their height.

Red Horn is eventually defeated by the Giants he was at war with and decapitated. Later his son retrieves the skull and uses it to restore his father to life. Ritual beheading was among the religious rituals both parties partook of. Archaeologists speak of these people partaking of this custom as a 'skull cult'.

Over the hill from the Muscoda site, the Kickapoo River runs through the Kickapoo Valley and empties out into the Wisconsin River, then both empty into the Mississippi River. At the same time the people from Muscoda and Aztalan sites were practicing head sacrifices to the Sun God, so were these people, also thought to be of giant structure.

<https://burlingtonnews.net/gaysmills3.html>



Evidence of the Skull Cult was found in the Princess Mound of Aztalan



The above photo shows who we now call the Princess of Aztalan. At the center of the Princess Mound at a depth of about 4 feet below the surrounding terrain or about 10 feet below the assumed original summit of the mound was found the burial of a young woman. She was perhaps 20-25

years age. The grave measured about 8 feet long and about 3 feet wide at the bottom. The body was found with no head, wrapped in shells , on it's back and in the extended burial position. She was wrapped in three belts of decorated shell beads numbering over 3 thousand; one belt about the shoulders, one around the waist and the third went twice around the lower part of the legs and ankles.

Each belt was four feet long and six inches wide. A few of these shells came from as far away as the Gulf of Mexico.

Although we don't know much about Aztalan, we can judge by the funeral attire of the Illinois Ruin with the headless priest king wrapped in shells that these appear to be the same people , carrying on the same traditions.

Native Americans have demonstrated at the Milwaukee Public Museum demanding that

her remains be returned to Aztalan for reburial. But as it stands today, the princess lies unceremoniously cataloged and stored in the basement of the Milwaukee Museum.

Frank Joseph: *"Images evoked from the recollections of Red Horn and the Skull Cult lies with the 'Headless Mound', a few miles from Aztalan and the nearby burial of a real man who appears to have been ritually decapitated. There is also the stone mound of a headless man five fathoms deep in the northeast quadrant of Rock Lake."*



*Looking for giants, caves and mounds
Take this trip*

Interestingly enough, Red Horn himself was portrayed as a giant, a mixed descendant of the light-haired giants. His name was given to him because of his own crop of red hair.

From the legend of Red Horn a passage is given where he spits on his hand, then combs it through his brother's hair which suddenly turns his brother's hair blonde.



A similar stone effigy pipe was also excavated from the pre-Columbian Mississippian culture archaeological site in Oklahoma, The Spiro Mound. It is known there as the Lucifer pipe.

The Lucifer Pipe from Spiro Mounds

Excavating Oklahoma's Pyramidal Complex, known as Spiral Mounds, another Red Horn Stone Pipe was found almost identical to the one we found at the Milwaukee Museum, in

Milwaukee Wisconsin. The Red Horn artifact there has been named The Lucifer Pipe.

Spiro Mound, also called Craig Mound is the second largest mound on the site and the only burial mound. It is located about 1500 feet southeast of the Plaza.

A cavity created within the mound, about 10 feet high and 15 feet wide, allowed for almost perfect preservation of fragile artifacts made of wood, conch shell and copper.

Archeologists have determined that these Mississippian stone statuary were made from Missouri first clay and Mill Creek Chert brifaces, which they believe to have come from Cahokia site in Illinois, linking trade between Oklahoma, Wisconsin and Illinois. Taking this a little further, most archaeologist are now convinced that the Red Horn Pipe not only connects Wisconsin, Illinois and Oklahoma but ranges from the

plains of Oklahoma to the Great Lakes to the Gulf Coast and into the southeastern mountains, extending into Meso-America.

"What was discovered the Spiro Mound People were known to operate thirty foot long dugout vessels carrying three masts of sale made from woven mats, so they certainly possessed the maritime technology necessary to visit faraway Aztalan." Frank Joseph



According to the Milwaukee Wisconsin website, this pipe that I photographed sitting behind glass, at the Museum was given the name 'Big Boy'.

Ho-Chunk mythology depicts Red Horn's adventures with 'Turtle', the Thunderbird Storms-as-He-Walks (Ma'e-maniga) and others who contest a race of giants, the 'Wage-rucge or Man-Eaters'. who had been killing human beings who Red Horn pledged to help. He later took a red haired giant woman as his wife.

Being that these pipes are identical in appearance, I suspect that they were being mass produced and used for trade.

Red Horn and a race of red-haired giants that were almost forgotten now lives today on millions of websites, thanks to the dedication of researchers to not take yesterday's teaching of history as all encompassing truth but just a small window into our past. When you open your mind to all the possibilities, a world of wonder filled with giants, heroes and villains come into play... and history becomes very interesting.

The ghost ship "Jenny" was found with the crew frozen solid. The captain's last entry is chilling: May 4, 1823. No food for 71 days. I am the only one left alive.



The 100 Steps Cemetery of Indiana is the source of its own legend. The legend states that if someone finds themselves in the cemetery at midnight, they must climb the steps and count to 100. At this point, a ghost of an undertaker will appear and show the person a vision of their death. On the way back down, the visitor is supposed to count the steps again — If they count the same amount of steps, the vision was false.

According to Denise Simington III another one is located in Coventry R.I and another can be found in Missouri where a staircase leads to a cave said to be an entrance to hell.



“Rick Jordan is the Source through which this relative and vital information flows. I have read about these “legends” for many years yet Rick brings the stories and characters to life and “fleshes” them out in remarkable detail. He writes about the fossilized dragons, Giants and geosculptures that we are discovering at the Montana Megaliths, USA. Best of all he explains how they got here.

According to Leon Secatero, the Navajo Spiritual Teacher, often said that were currently in the transition between the Fifth World of Green Glitter and the Sixth World of Crystal.
Julie Ryder

Rick's article reflects a wonderful understanding of these worlds and today's Stone Survivors of an Age long forgotten. Watch for Rich's article here and on his facebook site

<https://www.facebook.com/rick.jordan.965>

Stone Giants- Transition from the Age of Hyperborea to the Age of Lemuria and the Stone Giants

Rick Jordan



Now we find ourselves upon the Earth Realm millions of years before the Anunnaki first arrived from Niburu, before the Pleideans first arrived, in a Day and Age that can hardly be imagined, but we must try.



Imagine a World where the Air is like Water, but more fluid than the water we know today, more Surreal. Imagine the Great Beings who reside in this Massive Realm of Unlimited Potential, Shining from Within. These were the Super-Giants from the Most Ancient Days, before the Earth Realm had become “carbon-based” and our Realm was still “Silicon (crystal)-based”.

There was an infinite amount of forms for these Great Beings to inhabit, for this was an age of Shape-shifting that pre-dated our current age of rigidity, as our Crystalline body structures were

like unfixed programs which could re-arrange themselves at Will.

Imagine Giant Cycloptic Dragons and other bizarre creatures many hundreds of feet long or longer, Shimmering like diamonds due to their body’s Silicon-based structure.

Imagine other kinds of Giants and “Monsters of all kinds” swarming around in experimentation within the Great Waters of Tiamat.

Perhaps flocks of many Dragons would fly together toward the Great Trees of Life, Pillars connected by their dimensional portals (Branches) into the Higher Dimensions.

Then the Great Celestial Event occurred which instantly ended this Age of Crystalline Beings living within their Watery Realm.

The approach of Niburu toward Tiamat (the former name for our Realm) caused a Celestial

Calamity and the Waters of our “atmosphere” were “Burned”, and the great Trees of Life fell and broke into many piles and fragments.

The Super-Giants of the Old Days were instantly “Turned to Stone”.

Thus, in one blinding moment

Sleeping Giant – Ontario

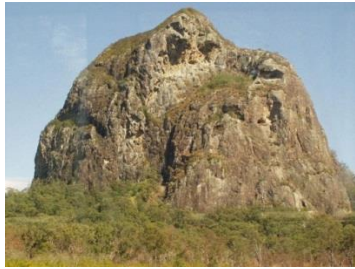
“Tiamat was killed”. This is symbolic for the moment in history when our former silicon-based Realm was transformed into a carbon-based Realm during a Celestial “Collision”.

This was also the time when the first “Plant Life” appeared on the newly “burned into existence” hard ground (according to various myths and legends), in the form of the Mandragore, today known as Mandrake. The Ancient Legend states that the Mandragores used to be a kind of walking creature on Niburu, but during the Celestial Calamity

some of them were somehow transferred to the newly-“created” Realm, latching onto the ground and “Screaming”, growing the first Roots to hold firm and “survive”. *To this day, the roots of the Mandrake plant look like a little man, and it’s worth researching the subject from the point of view of various ancient world cultures.*

Our Evolutionary Path takes us back toward the Beginning, where our experiences in life were not bound to one form. We were Shape-shifters with Crystalline bodies millions of years ago, just as we will eventually evolve back into those Beings millions of years in the Future.

Glasshouse Mountain



In addition to Rick's story, is the aboriginee story of Glasshouse Mountain –

The legend of the Glasshouse Mountains. Now Tibrogargan was the father of all the tribes and Beerwah was his wife, and they had many children.

Coonowrin, the eldest; the twins, Tunbubudla; Miketeebumulgrai; Elimbah whose shoulders were bent because she carried many cares; the little one called Round because she was so fat and small. (Ngungun, Beerburum and Coochin do not seem to be mentioned in the legend).

One day when Tibrogargan was gazing out to sea, he perceived a great rising of the waters. He

knew then that there was to be a very great flood and he became worried for Beerwah, who had borne him many children and was again pregnant and would not be able to reach the safety of the mountains in the west without assistance.

So he called to his eldest son, Coonowrin, and told him of the flood which was coming and said, "Take your mother, Beerwah, to the safety of the mountains while I gather your brothers and sisters who are at play and I will bring them along."

When Tibrogargan looked back to see how Coonowrin was tending to his mother he was dismayed to see him running off alone. Now this was a spiritless thing for Coonowrin to do, and as he had shown himself to be a coward he was to be despised.

Tibrogargan became very angry and he picked up his nulla nulla and chased Coonowrin and cracked him over the head with a

mighty blow with such force that it dislocated Coonowrin's neck, and he has never been able to straighten it since.

By and by, the floods subsided and, when the plains dried out the family was able to return to the place where they lived before. Then, when the other children saw Coonowrin they teased him and called "How did you get your wry neck - How did you get your wry neck?" and this made Coonowrin feel ashamed.

So Coonowrin went to Tibrogargan and asked for forgiveness, but the law of the tribe would not permit this. And he wept, for his son had disgraced him. Now the shame of this was very great and Tibrogargan's tears were many and, as they trickled down they formed a stream which wended its way to the sea.

So Coonowrin went then to his mother, Beerwah, but she also cried, and her tears became a stream and flowed away to the sea. Then, one by one, he went to his brothers and sisters, but they all cried at their brother's shame.

Then Tibrogargan called to Coonowrin and asked why he had deserted his mother and Coonowrin replied, "She is the biggest of us all and should be able to take care of herself." But Coonowrin did not know that his mother was again with child, which was the reason for her grossness. Then Tibrogargan put his son behind him and vowed he would never look at him again. Even to this day Tibrogargan gazes far, far out to sea and never looks at Coonowrin. Coonowrin hangs his head in shame and cries, and his tears run off to the sea, and his mother, Beerwah, is still pregnant, for, you see, it takes many years to give birth to a mountain."

Fossil Collecting

Legends would love to see some of your photos on fossils you may have collected or photographed.

Send them to bsutherland@wi.rr.com and we will publish them in upcoming issues.

I will show mine... if you show yours!

Following are photos I took of a fossil piece in my collection of a petrified turtle head and partial shell we found in Ioway.

Mary Sutherland .



Turtle Head



Turtle Head



Partial Turtle Shell

Rock Mounds and the Mysteries of the Stones

(Provided by Rick Jordan)



"Rock Eagle" Effigy, Georgia

Throughout the Southeast are found piles of stones that may or may not be considered mysterious, depending on your views concerning traditional archeology.

In Tennessee the rocks sometime take the form of stone pillars that may be stacked as much as ten feet high.

In Georgia, besides the ancient eagle and hawk effigies, some of the rock structures are built into walls that snake through existing mountains.

In the Carolinas are found rough mounds made up mostly of quartz piled two or three feet high and as much as ten to fifteen feet across.

Traditionally these rock piles are explained away as the work of early farmers clearing their land for agriculture. This is, no doubt, a perfectly acceptable explanation for some, maybe even most, of the mounds. But it doesn't explain them all. In many cases, their locations just don't make sense. That's the "problem."

Piles of rocks are very difficult to date by traditional methods, but the first European explorers of the southeast interior, going back to the time of De Soto, wrote diaries which contain the first written descriptions we have of

the area. They noted the presence of stone piles all over the place; that eliminates 17th and 18th century European farmers. Those diaries also recorded a lingering mystery.

When Spanish adventurers asked the indigenous people about how the piles came to be, they got a curious reply.

In some cases it was a tribal tradition to pick up a small rock and toss it on a pile whenever you came to one, as a way of saying something that was beyond the ability of words to express.

It might mean, "I was here." It could be seen as an offering to some god or spirit who might be in a position to grant traveling mercies. Some Native American traditions speak of honoring warriors who died in battle by burying them beneath piles of stone and continuing the honor by throwing a new rock on a pile every time you passed by.

Maybe it was just a superstition or habit. No one knew why, exactly. It was just something they did. A similar practice is often followed by hikers today. But when Europeans asked who originally started the tradition, the Indians didn't know. In some cases the piles were said to have been started by the "old ones," long before people then alive came along.

This prompted some archaeological digs in Georgia, one of which resulted in an article featured in the 1990 issue of *Early Georgia* (Volume 18), called *Historic Patterns of Rock Piling and the Rock Pile Problem*, by Thomas H. Gresham. Mr. Gresham's excavation, it seems, turned up some ambiguous results. Some piles were considered modern. Others were deemed to be much older. Only a few produced datable artifacts, but some of those artifacts went back much further in time than others. You might find a relatively recent horseshoe near the top, and a broken Clovis point near

the bottom. Hence, the “problem” of rock piles. They refuse to be pigeon-holed and neatly filed away. *The Riddle of the Rock Piles*
by Jim Willis

THE POWER OF THE SEVENTH CHILD

Healing, Prophecy, and Fairy Doctors.

The seventh son or seventh daughter are thought to have been bestowed with special powers, usually the ability to heal and cure, but there are also other, more transcendent abilities which those born seventh in a family were said to hold.

Some seventh children can take this responsibility in their stride but there are also many accounts of the energy of the seventh child being affected by the effects of their interactions and, in some cases, what they can see.

In this instance it is the burden of prophecy which afflicts the healer as they are considered able to see

the life-path ahead of the individual they touch or heal.

Like those born with a caul, the seventh child is one considered able to walk between worlds; to bargain with the spirits and to return from the otherworld with healing knowledge.

In Irish tradition it is 'fairies' they bargain with but another example is Nepalese shamanism where it is often the spirits of the many realms around us who are consulted.

In his book on Mongolian Tengrism, the anthropologist, Kevin Turner, describes these encounters as being with, "transcendent frequencies of consciousness".

Another talent was the seventh child being able to read the stars.

During the Dark Ages and even yet today, people who consult healers and herbalists are scolded by their priests and others for following "pagan practices".

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.

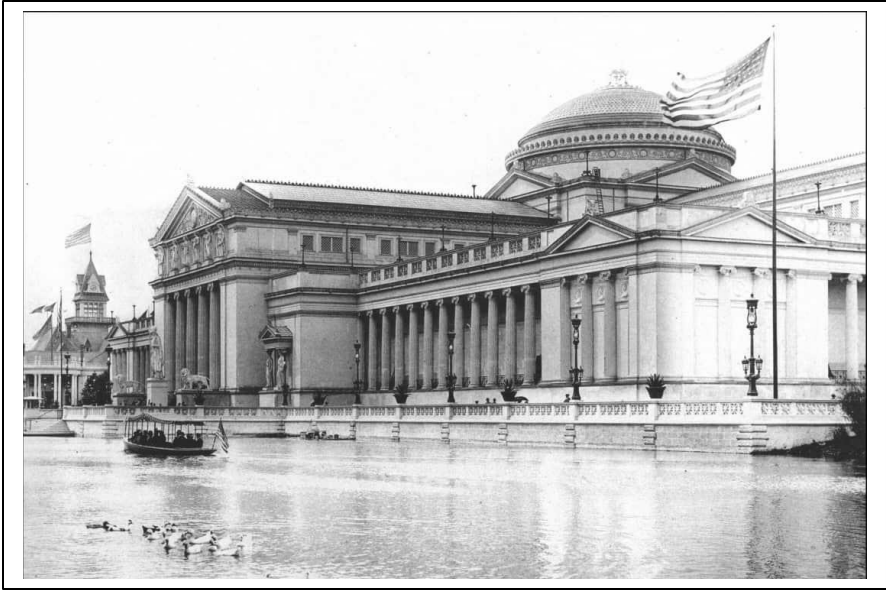
She received her Bachelors degree in history from Benedictine University and a Masters in American cultural and intellectual history from northeastern Illinois University.

www.chicagohauntings.com

The Haunted Palace: Ghosts and Hauntings of the Museum of Science and Industry



Only one building remains standing on the old 1893 Fairgrounds in Chicago's Jackson Park today: the former Palace of Fine Arts which now houses the spectacular Museum of Science and Industry. After the Fair ended the building first became the Field Columbian Museum, today's Field Museum of Natural History. While most of the Fair



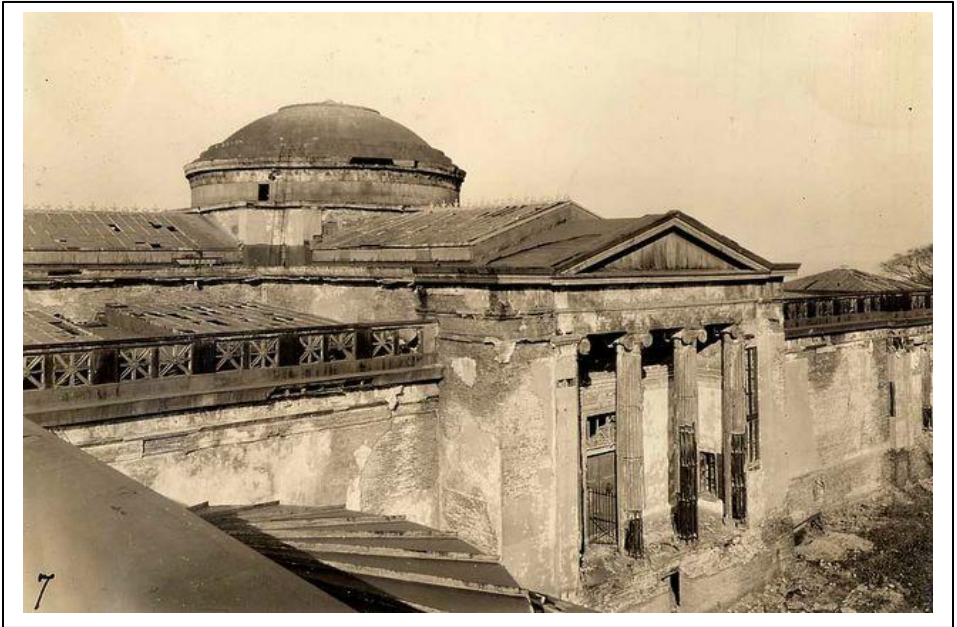
buildings—some of them much larger—were built of something called staff—a medium comprised of concrete, woven jute and plaster—,the Palace of Fine Arts had been built with a base of stone to protect the priceless masterpieces inside, which had come from collections around the world.

When in 1920 the Field Columbian Museum moved into its new quarters further north, artist Lorado Taft led a movement to establish a new art museum in the old Palace of Fine Arts, featuring works of sculpture—his own medium. In fact, Taft had been the head of sculptural detail when the “White City” was created. He and students from Chicago’s Art

Institute worked around the clock to complete the buildings in time for opening day. Included among the artists was a group of female students known as the “White Rabbits, as Fair architect Daniel Burnham—in a panic because of the work left and the impending opening– had instructed Taft to *“hire anyone, even white rabbits if they’ll do the work!”*

Despite much community and financial support for Taft’s vision, it was decided that a science museum would instead be created.

This decision was largely made because Julius Rosenwald, then president of Sears, Roebuck and Company, pledged three million dollars to such a project after visiting the Deutsches Museum in Munich.



The façade of the building was recast using limestone, the designers carefully preserving the 1893 heritage but creating an ultra-modern interior design. When it opened, Rosenwald did not want his name on the building, but Chicagoans still called it the Rosenwald Industrial Museum. In 1928 the institution was christened the Museum of Science and Industry. Today, in our world of abbreviations, it is often called simply “MSI.”



Several years ago I was invited to tell ghost stories on the terrace of the Museum which overlooks the Jackson Park Lagoon, where the ghost of the great defense attorney Clarence Darrow’s ghost is said to walk. I was asked to tell that story and other popular ghost stories of Chicago, suitable for the children who were gathering for a pre-Halloween evening at the popular museum.

During the course of the evening, a security guard came up to me and pressed into my hand a piece of folded up paper. I looked up at him quizzically, and he just nodded. I unfolded the paper, and on it the guard had written, “They told us not to talk to you, but you need to call me.”

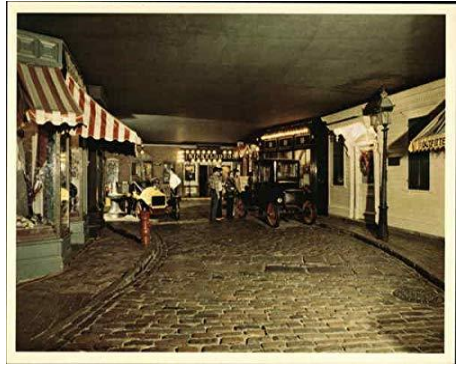
The next day I called the man, and he explained to me that the staff had been instructed not to share with me any of the strange happenings regularly experienced at the Museum, but that there were many that I

“needed to know about” as a researcher of the Unexplained.

He told me about the ghosts of the Burlington Railroad’s Pioneer Zephyr, the beautiful diesel stainless steel train which was brought in for permanent exhibition and which still hosts sounds of hushed voices, laughter and music. My mother always talked about walking to the tracks in the evening with friends and siblings to wait for the beautiful Zephyr to come through like a rocket. Later kids like me even remember the Zephyr ice cream parlor at Wilson and Ravenswood Avenues next to the tracks, a gorgeous Art Deco tribute to the train’s sophisticated era.

He told me about the apparition of a young girl seen in the Blue Stairwell, who lost her life several years ago while trying to slide down a railing.

He told me about the many appearances of Darrow’s ghost, both outside on the terrace and inside the building.



And he told me, most chillingly, about the bowler-hatted, mustachioed man seen walking the Yesterday’s Main Street exhibit: a gaslit, shadowy recreation of a turn of the 19th century street scene. That figure, the staff firmly believed, is the ghost of none other than serial killer **H.H. Holmes**, who would have walked very similar streets in his day—and the halls of this very building—during the World’s Fair of 1893.

Yet, no story in the museum is more notorious than that of the haunting of the U-505.

The U-505 was one of the terrifying German submarines (or U-boats) that ruled the seas

during the early years of World War II. U-boats cruised the seas above the waterline, stalking merchant ships. Only after a sighting would the U-boat captain order submersion, in order to approach with stealth aided by periscope. Once the U-boat got close enough to attack, a torpedo was launched to sink the merchant ship by blasting a hole in its hull.

After their introduction, U-boat attacks on merchant ships soon numbered in the hundreds, causing merchant crews to dread travel on the open seas. Allied merchant ships began to travel in convoys of up to two hundred vessels for protection, but a U-boat attack still called off all bets, disrupting a convoy's formation and undermining the safety of all members. Often, the convoys were escorted by powerful destroyers that would launch depth charges in response to U-boat offensives, but fear still

reigned, as many deaths typically occurred during these exchanges.

Furthering the fear was Adolph Hitler's response to the convoys, his own fleets of U-boats—the so-called Wolfpacks—sent to pummel the Allied convoys. In the worst scenario of the competition, March 1943 brought an attack by more than three dozen U-boats on more than a hundred Allied craft, resulting in the sinking of a fifth of the Allied vessels.

By the time of this attack, the American navy had had enough. As assaults increased, the Allies took action, forming the Hunter-Killer Task Groups to hunt and destroy the U-boats, ship by ship. The task groups restored a great deal of peace to the minds of Allied seamen, and their formation increased as the war progressed, aided by advances in anti-sub intelligence

One of the most effective Hunter-Killer Task Groups was 22.3, whose escorts included the aircraft carrier USS Guadalcanal, home base for fighter planes whose pilots spent their days at sea monitoring the waters for U-boats and alerting 22.3's four destroyer escorts of the subs' positions.



Commander of the Guadalcanal was Chicago native Captain Daniel V. Gallery, Jr., a decorated pilot whose elegant and forceful direction in an earlier task group had led to the sinking of the U-

544, the U-68 and the U-515. While the sinking of the earlier U-boats had been a boon to the United States Navy and the Allies, Gallery had other plans for the new task group: capture an enemy sub.

If the navy were able to do it, such a capture would put into Allied hands priceless intelligence, including U-boat ammunition technology, insight into the Axis code system, ENIGMA, and precious communication logs. When the Guadalcanal set sail in the spring of 1944, capture was the mission.

The Tenth Fleet was the American antisubmarine intelligence command, headed up by Kenneth Knowles, and Gallery was debriefed by Knowles himself before setting out with Task Group 22.3. Knowles put Gallery and his group on the trail of a U-boat that had cast off two months earlier from France, headed toward the coast of Africa.



Task Group 22.3 bore for the Canary Islands on May 15, 1944, where Wildcat pilots joined the sea vessels in the hunt for the elusive sub. For nearly three weeks, search efforts dragged on, seemingly in vain; then, just as the search was abandoned, the destroyer USS Chatelain radioed sub contact...of the U-505.

Judging the sub's location, the Chatelain unleashed two dozen Mark 4 hedgehogs, missing the target. While the destroyer prepared for a second launch, Guadalcanal fighters tagged the sub's submerged location by

firing rounds into the water. The Chatelain then fired more than a dozen Mark 9 depth charges—with success. Moments later, the sub burst to the surface.

Boarding the sub minutes later, the Allied boarding party worked against time to dismantle the scuttle charges, time bombs that would have been set by the crew during abandonment of the sub in order to sink the sub and prevent its capture. On the U-505, the crew had also tried to flood the ship by opening a pipe that allowed the inrush of water, but the boarding party was able to

secure the opening and prevent further submersion of the craft.

While the boarding party carried out its dangerous work on the U-505, German sailors from the sub were rescued by Task Group 22.3 and taken prisoner aboard the Guadalcanal to await transport to a POW camp in Louisiana where they would remain until the end of hostilities.

Finally, the American crews prepared for the overwhelming task of towing the semi-submerged U-505 to Bermuda—under United States Naval orders.

Though the sub eventually toured American cities as part of a bond drive, its days were numbered. After picking the sub apart for intelligence's sake, the U.S. Navy slated the sub to be employed in target practice, but retired Commander Daniel Gallery, as usual, had other plans.

Still moved by the import of the U-505—and his own experiences of its capture—Gallery sought the sub's survival and aimed to bring

it to his own city of Chicago for permanent exhibition. Gallery found open ears to his plea at the Museum of Science and

Industry, an astounding Chicago institution housed in one of the sprawling exhibit halls of the 1893 World's Fair. Then-president of the museum, Lenox Lohr, shared Gallery's hopes of acquiring a submarine for his inimitable museum, and he quickly approached U.S. Naval authorities with their desire for the U-505. The navy approved but would not front the monstrous expense of the actual transfer—a quarter of a million dollars.

Almost miraculously, the City of Chicago and the Museum of Science and Industry joined a slew of private organizations and individuals to raise the needed funds, and on May 15, 1954, exactly ten years after Task Group 22.3 had left port to find it, the U-505 began the long tow from Portsmouth to Chicago, where it took more than a week

to haul it out of Lake Michigan, across Lake Shore Drive, and across the museum's great front lawn of Jackson Park. That fall, the U-505 became a memorial to the fallen of World War II; soon, it would obtain the status it retains as one of the museum's most popular exhibits.

When it was first installed as an exhibit, the U-505's home was actually outside the building, and visitors accessed the craft from an exhibit hall passageway inside the museum. Half a century of brutal, lakefront weather, however, took its toll, and in 1997, curators decided the sub would have to be moved indoors to remain safe for boarding.

After two years of repairing and refurbishing the U-505 with the aid of antique photographs and eyewitness memories, the unthinkable task of moving the sub was again at hand. Luckily, experienced NORSAR signed on for the job, designing an elaborate

system of dollies and jacks for the move into the museum and down into the U-505's new, underground exhibit hall. But is all quiet on deck? Nein.

Since its arrival at the museum, staff and visitors have been aware of an unseen sailor on the submarine. Surprisingly, the invisible crew member is not believed to be one of the vanquished of the infamous capture but former Commander Peter Zschech.

In October 1943, a year before its capture by Task Group 22.3, the U-505 found itself enmeshed in battle with an Allied destroyer hailing from Britain, which attacked the sub with numerous depth charges. Believing his ship was near the end, Zschech took his own life, shooting himself in the head with his pistol as he stood, white-faced, at the controls. Even more horrifically, the shot hadn't instantly killed him, and as Zschech lay on his

bunk, crying out, crew members muffled his cries with his pillow, to keep his voice from detection by the enemy and, as the men admitted, to quicken the inevitable end.

Docents and security guards have both experienced unseen forces on the sub. In 2005, one security guard told of hearing voices on the U-505 every single night she was on duty, and another reported sightings of a most unusual sort: the apparition of legs, feet, or shoes in the door of the commander's cabin, and the strong feeling of being watched while inside the room.

Interestingly, in his autobiography, U-505 submariner Hans Goebler writes that it was only when the crew saw the "lifeless legs" of Zschech being "dragged into the Olymp, our nickname for the area around the Skipper's cabin" that they "realized that something was very, very wrong."

"As Zschech lay on his bunk, crying out, crew members muffled his cries with his pillow, to keep his voice from detection by the enemy and, as the men admitted, to quicken the inevitable end. "

Author and ghost hunter John Kachuba visited the museum before the move of the U-505 and discovered that, while on the sub, one docent had felt an invisible presence attempt to enter his own body. Kachuba described his U-505 visit in Ghosthunting Illinois, noting that

Female docents especially seem to be having a tough time with the commander's ghost. One young woman had just made a rather insulting joke about the commander... when a steel door suddenly slammed closed on her hand, injuring her. Another woman felt a hand come out of nowhere and grasp her shoulder. Of course, there was no one else in the room.

Before the move of the U-505 to its new site inside the Museum of Science and Industry, I spent many hours inside the sub, talking with guards and docents and taking environmental readings of the interior. Unusual effects abounded, from skewed compass readings in the 1980s and, later, spikes on my EMF meter to inexplicable pounding sounds and indistinguishable whispers near the commander's cabin.

Since the opening of the new exhibit hall and the refurbishing of the U-505, I've made several trips to see the sub in her new digs. Discreetly brandishing my digital thermometer, I was lucky enough to capture a fourteen degree temperature drop in the doorway of Zschech's old cabin, a change not tremendously impressive but, indeed, totally inexplicable. I was also fortunate in another respect. During one of my visits, I was the only visitor on

the sub, so I was able to make a reasonable attempt to collect samples of EVP (Electronic Voice Phenomena) or possible spirit voices. Throughout the sub, I asked standard questions, such as "What is your name?" "Where are we?" "What year is it?" and "What time is it?"

Well, they say the third time's the charm, and on the third try of the latter question, outside one of the bunks, I got the most distinct EVP answer of my twenty-year career. I am familiar with simple German phrases, as my daughters attend the Saturday morning German language school at Chicago's D.A.N.K. Haus in Lincoln Square, and so, later when I played back the tape I'd made on the U-505, I was quick to decipher the clear words of a slow, low, male voice affirming, "einundzwanzig hundert," that is, "twenty-one hundred."

No small matter. At just after 21:00 hours on October 24, 1943, a blunt entry was made in the U-505's logbook, stating only "Kommandant tot," that is, "Commanding Officer dead."

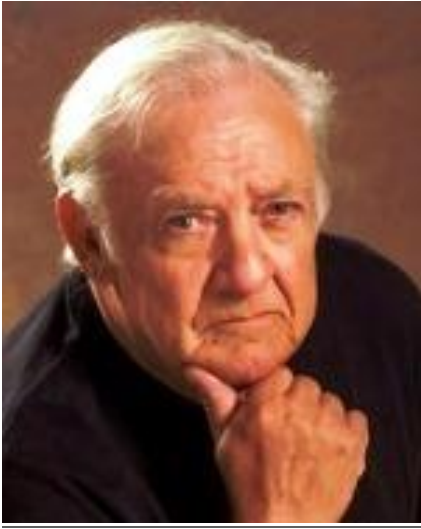
A few hours later, just before dawn according to the privately published autobiography of U-505 crew member, Hans Goebler, "Zschech's body was lifted up to the bridge and dropped over the side without ceremony. We continued running on the surface at high speed in order to put as much distance between us and the destroyers as possible."

Though the days ahead were racked with additional depth charges and close-calls, Zschech's first officer, Paul Meyer, was able to save the U-505, maneuvering it out of Allied view. On the morning of November 7, the U-505 surfaced and entered Lorient Harbor—and safety. "As we entered the harbor," writes Goebler, "...we fell out to assemble on bent knee on the upper deck... It was quite an

experience... We had made it home, all of us, safe and sound. All, that is, except one."

Though the men under Zschech's command admitted little sorrow at the incompetent commander's passing, the pall of his end has ever hung over the craft. Goebel writes:

I was never one to be frightened much by superstitions, but whenever I passed Zschech's cabin, I got goosebumps. We kept the curtain to his cabin closed, and no one had dared to enter it since the day of his suicide. Even Oberleutnant Meyer felt more comfortable staying in his junior officer's bunk. Seeing that closed curtain reminded me of the way Zschech would hide in his cabin, alone with his tortured thoughts. It was as if his ghost still haunted the little room.



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.

Welsh in North America

'I have lineage to the first King of Wales in 380AD.. King Cunnenda'

700 years later Madog was born.

Prince Madog was one of six illegitimate sons of King Owain Gwynedd who also had 13 legitimate children.

When the King died, warfare erupted within the family, as all the male offspring were posturing to take over as much land and title as they could.

Madog was more given to peace, seafaring and discovery, he wanted no part in the fight for Kingship.

So with his brother Riryd, he set sail from a quay on the river Ganol, what is known today as Rhos-on-Sea.

Madog and Riryd left Wales in 2 ships the Gorn Gwynant and the Pedr Sant. They sailed west and landed on the shore of America at Mobile Bay Alabama in 1169

Setting up a colony, Madog, put Riryd in charge and returned to Wales where he gathered 13 boats, full of colonists, then returned to Mobile Bay.

I estimate about 650 Welsh colonists and in time, they started their wandering through their new found country gradually assimilating into a new way of life..

If you were to look at archeological maps of today , you would find the following; stone monuments, and stone forts in Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky.

An old Cheyenne legend speaks of a tribe of white moon eyed people and a war they had with them near the Great Falls of the Ohio River, close to Louisville

Kentucky. This would have been about 1186AD. Welsh ruins can still be seen there.

Madog and group became nomadic and assimilated into local tribes. Their travels took them through out the Midwest, up and down the Mississippi and to their final destination up the Missouri .

You can imagine the surprise of Lewis and Clark when they visited a Mandon village, found there were white Indians with blond or red hair, blue or green eyes and were able to converse with them in rudimentary Welsh. The Chiefs name was Madoc.

The Welsh were here and left a written History of their travels across the country in the form of Ogham writing much of which is still being deciphered Ogham was once thought to be scratches on rocks only is now recognized as a language. *Thank you, Prof Barry Fell.*

About 30 years ago a stone was found ,similar to the Rosetta stone, which then allowed the Ogham writings to be translated.

Ogham writing on stone tablets and cave walls tell a story of the Welsh migration through the U.S.

Now What does all this mean, absolutely nothing other than the fact that is part of my family heritage and the same blood that runs through Madog and the Mandons veins runs through mine which goes back to 380 AD.

Cunnenda married a daughter of Koel Hen, he was the ' Old King Cole' of nursery rhymes (Hen Meaning 'old' in Welsh)

Cunneda's granddaughter was the mother of Arthur, a real warrior from where the Legend springs.

.... Please use Google, look up Welsh ruins in Georgia, Alabama and the falls of the Ohio

Look up Mandon Indians
Ogham writing
Prof Barry Fell
Regards
Prof Bill (the real Prince of Wales) Matteson

Uptown Chicago...We Miss You

Bill Matteson

Uptown always was and always is in my mind. It is hard to believe what our Uptown area and Chicago has given to the world. Just looking at the entertainment genre: movie stars,writers, directors.

I was so close to the area where they came from.

Writer Ben Hecht wrote about Uptown.

Dan Greenberg from Stewart School, a very proficient writer, director, actor, and classmate. Phil Kaufman, also a classmate, writer, director, gave us pod people from outer space, Josy

Wales, Han Solo, and Indiana Jones.

Classmate Billy Friedkin also from Stewart gave us the French Connection and The Exorcist. As a 8th grade patrol boy, I would help younger kids cross the street. Kids like second grader Harrison Ford. Harrison Ford, well, I don't need to tell you his movie accomplishments. But he with some other kids used to watch me and a couple of my buddies work out with our bull whips in the school yard. We wore leather jackets.

Actor Robert Ryan who lived his pre-Hollywood days on the 4800 block of Kenmore across from St Thomas of Canterbury.

Clayton Moore the real Lone Ranger went to Senn High School about 20 or so years before I did. Clayton lived on the north side of Edgewater and attended the Stephen Hayt Elementary School. Johnny Weismiller the real Tarzan, lived for awhile at 226 West North Ave. His father and brother were brewers and worked at the Fullerton and

Elston Brewery. He attended LaSalle Elementary school. I lived around the corner at 1964 Linclon Ave and went to the same school, many years later.

Clayton Moore was a circus acrobat at age 8, he would learn tumbling and swimming from Johnny Weismiller at the Illinois Atheltic club where Wiessmiller worked so he could get swimming instructions from the coach there.

Put yourself back in time for a minute. Could you ever imagine watching this only to find out they would become Tarzan and the Lone Ranger?

Uptown has a Legacy that was passed on to the world.

Uptown, we miss you

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

Condor, Puma and Snake | Rock Symbols in the Chiricahua Mountains

Atala Dorothy Toy

These rock beings live in the Chiricahua Mountains of Southern Arizona. They are in a peaceful area known as a sky island – an isolated prominence in the middle of a flat desert. Cochise Head can be seen in the distance, dominating the landscape.



Cochese Head -

A close up of this famed Chiricahua Mountains landmark formation. It is said to represent the head of Cochise, the famed leader of the Chiricahua Apache. A symbol of bravery and wisdom. Copyright Atala Dorothy Toy



Masai Point Hoodoos - Valley of the Hoodoos at Masai Point, Chiricahua National Monument *Copyright Atala Dorothy Toy*

Home to thousands of stone beings called HooDoos.

This area is the cultural home of the Chiricahua Apache. It is also home to thousands of stone beings called HooDoos. The term is a play on the New Orleans term Voodoo and originated with pioneers traveling west. The large stone formations seemed alive to them, and it was believed by many pioneers, and Native American groups, that the stones come alive at night.

Their Lives Began Millions of Years Ago...

This is a world of stone beings who have evolved over some 27 million years, so time means something different to them than to us humans. These life forms have evolved in cooperation with the wind, rain, and ice – and yet some of their rock personalities are remarkably contemporary. They are permanent markers to the success of life to remain the same and yet to keep changing – a

method of adaptation to the environment, and to circumstances, that we humans (especially in these times) could learn much from.

Condor, Puma and Snake

One of the most prominent formations is a trio central and sacred to many nations throughout the Americas - the Condor, the Puma and the Snake. (Bird, Cat, Snake). The Condor represents heaven, the Puma represents earth and the Snake represents the underworld. Here are two images, showing the trio in totality.



Photo shows the condor sitting on the puma. Groto area of the Chiricahua National Monument.

Copyright Atala Dorothy Toy

The name "Chiricahua" is an Opata word meaning wild turkey, for the wild turkeys once found here in abundance. The rock formations originated as ash blown out



Shown clearly here are the condor, sitting on the puma and the head of the snake Copyright Atala Dorothy Toy

during the Turkey Creek Volcano eruptions 27 million years ago. The ash cooled and hardened into rhyolite tuff – almost two thousand feet in some places – and it eventually eroded into the natural forms seen today. They are thus similar in structure to the rhyolite HooDoos of Mt. Lemmon.

Communicating with HooDoos

I very much enjoy communicating with these rock people.

How does such communication take place?

I can describe what it means for me. It means shifting my internal focus by “*consciousness dowsing*” until I find that band of energy in which the other life form exists. Then I settle into my heart chakra and make contact with the life form. Once I get their attention, I then identify with their consciousness – a “mind meld” of sorts that is done from the safety of the heart – and the two of us

can then listen to and respond to each other.

This is, to me, a more perfect way of communicating with another life form – it does away with the confusion of words, which sometimes get in the way of understanding the true communication the other life form wishes to express. Words are so linear, they sometimes tumble over each other, while interdimensional communication done through the heart is “full field” – the entire concept is presented in its totality as a complete merkabah of information.

Rocks generally have a peaceful and wise energy, having lived for so long (27 million years in the case of the Chiricahua range).

I move into their energy field and it feels secure and at peace. They have their own sense of humor, drama and wisdom and we have a good time “conversing.”

Lady of the Rocks



Copyright Atala Dorothy Toy

High above the mountainside of HooDoos at the Chiricahua National Monument, Arizona, the Lady of the Rocks watches over her domain.

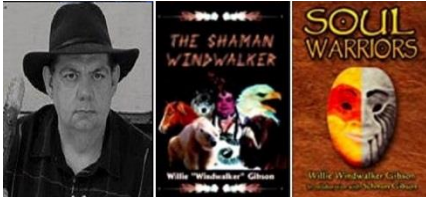
The Whisper



Copyright Atala Dorothy Toy

The Whisper that goes on inside our minds! "I've got a secret to tell you!" What is being whispered in the ear of this stone being?

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.35

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Purchase his books through www.amazon.com

They Are Watching

The first memory, as a contactee, was during our summer break in 1965. I was 10 years old and alone playing in my back yard.

I noticed a star in the sky and thought it was strange, being that it was only 4 o'clock in the afternoon. As I watched, the star started growing larger and larger until it appeared above me as a large round metal vehicle with lights.

After seeing it, there was a flash of light. My next conscious memory was that I was standing in the dark in my backyard. I went into my house and my father yelled at me wanting to know where I had been. I looked up at the clock and it was 9pm. I didn't know what to tell him other than I was out playing and lost track of the time.

Over the years I started remembering things about the day of my contact with UFO. I remembered seeing beings that looked something like us but taller with light skin and long blond hair.

There were other entities I remembered being blue gray with big heads and eyes with thin bodies. I remembered being examined and told that things would be ok.

I also noticed that when I would get hurt or sick that a being or beings would show up to check on me. I grew up like having someone taking care of me other than my parents.

To this day I still get visits now and then. I think they just come by to say hi. I always know when they are about; I get ringing and pressure in my ears.

I've notice as of late that more and more sightings of crafts have been seen. Its as if they are not making any effort to stay hidden.

Many of theses crafts are ours too. President Trump now says he has created a space force, but in fact we have had one for decades now.

We have had ships that can travel to the Moon even Mars for years.

We even have bases on the Moon and Mars.

It is my contention that NASA is a smoke screen created and used to hide our real space force. We have been friendly with different species of aliens; many protect us from bad aliens.

The aliens who help us also watch over our planet...and I can say that they don't like what is going on within our government and they don't like the chaos. I'm afraid they will take things into there own resolution if we don't settle down. I am hoping they can wait until we elect a new present and Senate before they make any decisions.

They dont like the world in chaos; they don't like the world being damaged by pollution, they don't like nuclear testing damaging the world and they don't like the human race fighting against one another.

Those of us that have had contact believe they have been given messages for the world to stop, reboot and live in peace.

Rick Hale



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

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

Contact Rick through his facebook at:

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

The Hexham Heads Hexham, England Rick Hale



In the summer of 1972, two children were digging around in their garden when they discovered two peculiar artifacts. They unearthed two orange sized stones, that appeared to be carved in the likeness of two monstrous heads.

To the casual person, such a find may seem innocent enough, after all unusual artifacts are found in this ancient land every day. Unfortunately, this seemingly innocent find was anything but.



A few days following the discovery of the heads, bizarre circumstances began to unfold in the close knit community. Mrs Dodd and her daughter were up late watching television when the unexpected suddenly brought terror into their lives.



The two women watched in horror as a large, fur covered half man/half wolf creature entered the room. When the duo came to their senses, they both let out a bloodcurdling scream. The beast ran down the stairs and out into the night.

Purchase Rick's books on Amazon

Around the same time as the Dodd's frightening experience, the family who discovered the heads began experiencing unnerving activity.

Violent pounding on their walls kept them awake at night. Household items flew around the house, as if guided by unseen hands. And if that wasn't peculiar enough, the family could hear the growling of a large dog and feel it's hot, rancid breath on their skin.

Putting two and two together, they came to the conclusion the activity began when they brought the heads into the house. The only way to end the bizarre activity was to rid themselves of the equally bizarre objects.

The family found an anthropologist, Doctor Anne Ross, who collected such items. The doctor, listened to their story with an extreme amount of skepticism and took the carved heads off their hands. Her skepticism, which is not

unreasonable, soon came crashing down around her.

One night as she slept, she was awakened from her slumber by a bone chilling cold that enveloped her body. As the terror in her mounted, she suddenly became aware of the thing that invaded her bedroom. Filling her bedroom door with its hulking form was a giant, dark furred covered wolf on two legs. The creature just stood there, it's fiery red eyes burning a hole in Dr. Ross. The creature suddenly vanished leaving the anthropologist terrified beyond all possible belief.

With the frightening visitation behind her, Dr. Ross followed the previous owners example and got rid of the heads. She turned the heads over to the British Museum and in turn, they were going to make the heads part of their Celtic display. Their plans changed when museum employees complained of unexplained activity and the sighting of a terrifying beast

lurking in the shadows. The heads were packed far away and almost forgotten.

The heads that were found in the Hexham garden are still considered a mystery to this day. Researchers can not come to an agreement as to what they represent. Some believe the cursed items are remnants of a Celtic cult that worshipped wolves. While others believe they are of a more modern vintage, possibly carved sometime in the early 20th century.

Lastly, paranormal researchers suggest the creature was a reappearance of the Allendale werewolf. A monstrous beast that caused a considerable amount of terror in the region in 1904.

Regardless of the explanation, the people who experienced the terror remembered it for the rest of their days.

Seven Gates Of Hell Lebanon Road Collinsville, Illinois Rick Hale



The small southern Illinois town of Collinsville, has long been associated with unexplained phenomena and mysterious activity.

Situated on the outskirts of town is the Cahokia mounds, a breathtaking pre-Columbian Native American settlement.

A thousand years ago the enigmatic Mississippian culture built the mounds, and a city that boasted a population of 20,000 people. This ancient metropolis is considered by archeologists, and

paleontologists, to be the largest pre-Columbian city east of the Mississippi. And oddly enough, only a few years after being built, the people that lived and worked there mysteriously vanished without a trace.



Cahokia Ruins

Over the years, several theories of why the citizens of this once thriving city walked away have been offered by various experts.

Some believe a viral outbreak may have caused them to leave. Another, more plausible theory, was war and famine decimated the population. While the more, shall we say fringe researchers, believe aliens came back and took their people home.

The mystery of why the citizens of Cahokia abruptly abandoned their city does deserve further scrutiny. And, as we've seen, theories abound. Apart from the mystique of Cahokia, there is a ghostly mystery in Collinsville, Illinois that both excites, and terrifies, local teenagers and thrill seekers. *A mystery far more sinister than any ancient city.*

The Seven Gates of Hell

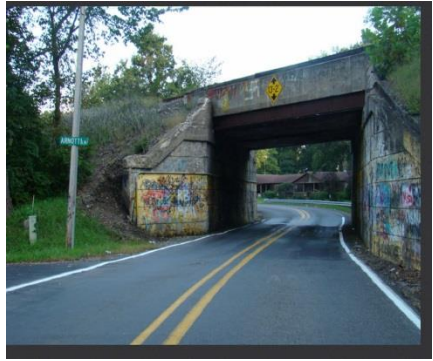
Situated along Lebanon Road, east of Collinsville, are a series of tunnels the locals dubbed, the 7 gates of hell. According to legend, if you drive through all the gates, passing through the 7th at the stroke of midnight, you and your car will be transported to the fiery pits of hell. Where Satan and his minions will torture your mortal body for all time.

Researchers of the strange and unusual really can't say how these seemingly innocent looking tunnels received their infernal reputation.

One explanation may have something to do with the town's involvement with the Ku Klux Klan in the 1950s, and their activities on the bridges.

According to locals, members of the KKK would meet in the woods and use the bridges as a place to lynch and hang young African American men. Although no records have ever surfaced that would back up these claims. Locals are certain such atrocities occurred there long ago.

Adventurous souls courageous enough to accept the challenge, and tempt fate, have reported the ghostly bodies of young men hanging from the bridges. While others have reported frightening encounters with the apparitions of the young men who unjustly met their fate at the hands of cruel men.



The Acid Bridge

Another variation of the story concerns a fiery crash that happened at the seventh bridge in the 1960s. According to this tale, a group of teenagers were out for a joy ride while tripping out of their minds on LSD. As the driver approached the seventh bridge, he gunned the engine thinking he would fly through the bridge and come out the other end unscathed. Instead, he collided with the concrete on the side of the road. Everyone in the car died on impact. The car burst into flames incinerating the bodies.

When people visit the, 'acid bridge' as the locals call it,

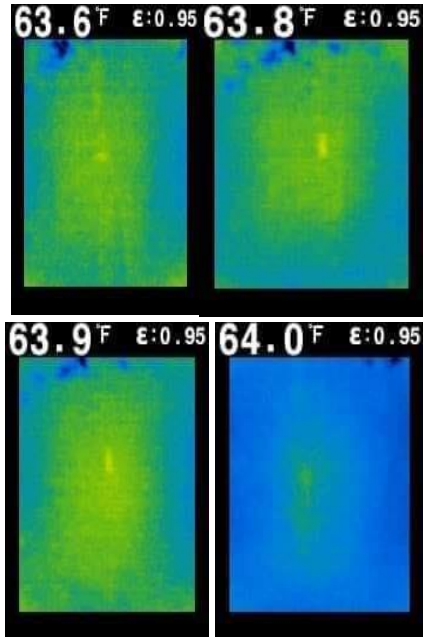
reported witnessing a spectral reenactment of the tragic accident. When the area of the bridge is silent, visitors have reported hearing the sinister laugh of the devil himself.

An issue many researchers of the paranormal face is separating fact from those seemingly true sounding stories called, urban legends. The so-called 7 gates of hell appear to be just that, an urban legend.

However, generations of Collinsville residents insist some of the stories are true. They firmly believe the bridges are haunted and are a gateway to hell. *So, I will ask you this, are you willing to find out for yourself?*

Barnaby Jones caught this Bigfoot on his FLIR While doing documentary on Haunted

Woods. We first heard it up near the top of the hill, then Barnaby started shooting his FLIR up where we were hearing it. This was taken in the approximate area where I was rushed from bigfoot a few years ago. Following is what Barnaby caught on FLIR before BF stepped behind a tree.



The Ghost Box



Jeff Brigham

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

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

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

Chapter 6

Call It A Hunch

Jeff Brigham

In the 2010s SWAG made a few public appearances where we'd lay out our findings, show videos and pictures, discuss the paranormal, and answer questions to the best of our abilities. The places we spoke included Fireside Books in West Bend, The Sci-Fi Café in Burlington, and the Old Baraboo Inn in Baraboo. While our name specified the area of Southeastern Wisconsin this didn't stop us from traveling the state.

A social revolution had already begun on the world wide web. Facebook, still relatively new, provided a much bigger audience. Why bother hauling your equipment halfway across the state, wasting gas money, presenting paranormal findings to a limited number of people face-to-face when much more

could be accomplished on social media for free?

The 2000s saw paranormal groups popping up everywhere. Thanks to a couple of plumbers from New Jersey. Jason Hawes and Grant Wilson, who founded The Atlantic Paranormal Society (TAPS,) people from all walks of life were now delving into the paranormal.

Note of coincidence: 'Ghost Hunters' premiered on the Sci-Fi channel in 2004, providing great entertainment and proving that anybody could do it. That same year, Mark Zuckerberg founded Facebook, changing the way the people gathered and spread information.

SWAG arrived on the social media scene six years later.

Unlike many groups, however, we never charged money for our services. Many other ghost hunters seized the opportunity to sell tickets and make money, charging people for exciting

nighttime adventures into haunted locations.

It's virtually impossible to perform a meaningful investigation when you're shepherding people through a delicate environment. In fact, I'll go as far as to say those 'paranormal investigators' were not really investigators at all. They were entrepreneurs providing an exotic entertainment service.

In 2011 I met a paranormal investigator named Bob (that's not a pseudonym!) on social media. He had founded a group called 'Ghost Ops' which, like SWAG, focused primarily on the exploration of the paranormal. We had a similar fire burning under our tails to glean as much knowledge about the paranormal as possible. Together, we pooled our resources and set out to see what we could find.

Orielly's in Allenton Wisconsin

Our first investigation was of the bar and grille 'Orielly's' in Allenton, Wisconsin. This investigation took place in November of 2011. We assembled a team of four investigators and didn't catch any evidence of the paranormal, but Bob had a good time using his laser grid in the basement.

A laser grid is a cheap and effective tool, used for detecting phantom movement that might be hard to see otherwise. When a shadow passes through the laser grid, the disturbances it creates become very noticeable. Video cameras are typically set to record these disturbances.

The photo below shows Bob teaching Ashley how to use a Mel Meter.



[photo of Jeff in the lazer grid at Orielly's]

During ghost hunting's rise in popularity, many of the tools used by self-taught investigators were borrowed from other trades.

For instance, the EMF detector was never designed for use in paranormal investigations; it was a tool used by electricians to find wires and detect flaws in wiring systems.

In contrast, a Mel Meter tool was developed specifically for the paranormal investigator. The Mel Meters measures air temperature and disturbances in the

electromagnetic field, providing two useful readings in one easy-to-read instrument.

Dual-purpose tools were helpful when you've got so many to choose from and only two hands. Any given investigation will have you needing flashlights, voice recorders, cameras, temperature gauges, EMF detectors... and the list goes on. It seems the standard two hands evolution gave us is simply not enough for the typical ghost hunter.

Bob and I continued our search.

Next, we investigated a country road in West Bend, Wisconsin, where two years prior a teenage girl, D.H., was struck and killed by a car. I picked up an EVP on my Zoom recorder. A breathy, ghostly voice whispered the following: *"An ambulance... hit."*

Strangely, the voice captured was not typical of a teenage girl. Not by a long shot. It sounded deeper, like a man's voice. I always believed the voice belonged to another spirit that was present

when the tragic event took place, maybe traumatized by it and unable to forget it. A free roaming, fully intelligent spirit witnessed what had happened two years ago and was relieved to finally talk about. *Call it a hunch.*

A series of photos were taken at the intersection where D.H. lost her life. At one point I asked D.H. if she would show herself in spirit form and soon after captured a solid white orb in a photograph.

Many photographs were taken and yet this was the only photograph in which an orb was captured.

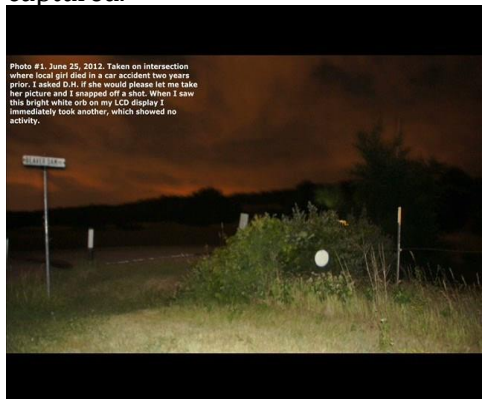


Photo #1: June 25, 2012. Taken on intersection where local girl died in a car accident two years prior. I asked D.H. if she would please let me take her picture and I snapped off a shot. When I saw this bright white orb on my LCD display I immediately took another, which showed no activity.

[This orb was captured when I asked DH to show herself]

Note of coincidence: Two years prior, during the accident that took the young girl's life, I was driving home from work and passed the country road cordoned off by police and emergency vehicles. I didn't know what had happened, only that there'd been a bad accident. I'd seen the parked 'ambulance' with its emergency lights strobing. I'd seen the aftermath of when this girl was 'hit.'

To this day, I cannot pass the intersection without thinking of the girl who'd tragically lost her life there. I'm on this road frequently, as its close to my parent's home.

D.H.'s family had made numerous attempts to keep a home-made road cross posted in the soil with D.H.'s name, but sadly the marker kept getting taken down or stolen. It's my assumption that the friends she left in high school kept taking it as a memento. Now, ten years after the accident, the

place of her death remains unmarked.

Fast forward to June of 2012.

Haunted Grant Park in Milwaukee

Bob and I assembled a team of four and paid a visit to the notoriously haunted Grant Park in Milwaukee. The park was developed along the shore of Lake Michigan in 1919 as Milwaukee County's first 18-hole golf course.

Haunting claims include dancing lights in the woods, stray laughter and screaming, heavy breathing,



These Photos were taken during an investigation (summer 2012) at Grant Park in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It shows a orb hovering around a tree. The orb changes color, position and shape in all photos. It is a rare instance where you can see an orb that seems oblivious to the fact that it is supposed to shy away from the camera at some point! I've only encountered an orb like this once before ~~when~~ when it was trapped in a root cellar and had no where to escape.

phantom footfall and ghostly apparitions. No one really knows why the park is haunted. There are rumors of murder, untimely deaths, and satanic worship, but no tangible record exists to support them

We arrived in the early evening under a cloudless summer sky.

There were very few people at the park, if any. Armed with voice recorders, digital cameras, and EMF detectors, we made our way onto the *Seven Bridges trail*, the main path through the park's wilderness.

After dark, near the lake shore, I stopped to take a photo aimed

directly into the woods. While checking the camera's LCD screen, I noticed a purple orb about the size of a ping-pong ball a few feet into the brambles under the canopy.

I took another photograph in the same spot and caught another orb of the same size. *Or was it the same one?*

The orb was in a slightly different position and the color had turned to green. Many pictures were taken. The orb kept changing position and color. I asked Bob to take photos using his camera to see if it was just my camera registering this anomaly. He captured the orb on his camera too! For as long as we kept taking pictures of this colorful playful anomaly, it remained and danced.

Up until this moment, my firm belief was that paranormal entities, when exposed to prying eyes and spying cameras, would hightail it away and disappear.

It was plain to see this little bugger wasn't going anywhere.



Grant Park orb hovering around tree

Of course, what if it was only a bug? Or maybe a distant light? Maybe we were mistaking this light for something it was not.

I climbed into the woods, avoiding webs with big spiders, and made way to the spot where the orb seemed to be hovering.

Bob and the others continued to take pictures. I was now in those pictures. I put my hand out to the place Bob indicated and the orb was photographed hovering in front of my hand. There was nothing I could see with my eyes. Nothing appeared to be there, yet it continued to be photographed with my hand; it changed colors and seemed unaffected by my intrusion of its personal space.

How about that? On this lucky evening, we actually confirmed the existence of one of the paranormal claims that made the place so notoriously haunted.

Tally Ho, Erin Wisconsin

Let's travel to another place and time, when Bob and I investigated the Tally Ho in Erin, Wisconsin.

We were given a tour of the basement and taken to its furthest reaches where, it was rumored, a girl named Emily from the nineteenth century was murdered and buried.



*[flashlight session in the basement
of the Tally Ho]*

Stacked upon the purported burial soil in a tiny nook made of fieldstone and chink were 40-gallon salt bags. We decided this a perfect opportunity for a flashlight session. A flashlight session is where you take said item, unscrew the head carefully—to the brink of being on and off—and set it down. You explain to spirits present they may communicate by manipulating the flashlight to make it light up or turn off. The questions should be simple, requiring a yes or no. Judging by the accuracy and timing of responses, one can

reason that a spirit is in fact manipulating the flashlight.

This flashlight session seemed to be successful.

We spent nearly fifteen minutes on the flashlight session and recorded it on a video that can be viewed on SWAG's Facebook site. The following is a transcript of the questions and answers.

Bob: *"You're being playful. Turn the flashlight off."*

[Flashlight goes solid off]

Bob: *"Thankyou, Emily."*

2 minutes and forty seconds pass without response.

Bob: *"Ifyou want to turn the flashlight on, you can do that now."*

[Flashlight turns solid on]

Bob: *"Thankyou, Emily."*

Jeff: *"Emily, people don't know for sure you're buried down here. If you are, can you please turn the flashlight off and then back on again?"*

[Flashlight struggles to go off, goes solid off and stays off.]

Bob: *"Can you turn it on? Are you buried down here? You seemed to be letting us know you were buried down here a minute ago. Can you turn the flashlight back on to confirm that right now?"*

[Flashlight pops solid on.]

2 minutes and 45 seconds pass. The flashlight turns on and off a couple times without being asked. Flashlight goes solid off.

Bob: *"Let's ask that question another way. Are you the only spirit down here?"*

[Flashlight pops solid on.]

A couple minutes pass, during which the flashlight turns on and

off without being asked. The flashlight turns solid on.

Jeff: *"Emily, the flashlight's been on for quite a while. Can you please turn it off?"*

[Flashlight pops solid off.]

1 minute passes.

Bob: *"Emily, can you see us?"*

[No response.]

Bob: *"Can you sense us on some spiritual level?"*

[Flashlight pops solid on.]

1 minute 50 seconds pass.

Bob: *"We're going to leave now and move on to a different area of—"*

[Flashlight turns on in middle of Bob's sentence and dims out.]

Bob: (Laughs.) *"Emily? Hello? She's playing with us now. We're going to move on and we've enjoyed spending time with you. We know other people have investigated here. Hopefully they*

were as nice as we were. Did you like us tonight?"

[Flashlight blinks once. Stays solid off.]

Bob: (Laughs.) *"We liked you too, Emily. We're going to move on... to a different location and you can follow us if you want to. I get the feeling you'd like us to stay a while longer."*

[Starting at ellipsis in dialogue flashlight pops on and fades to off.]

Bob: *"Are you getting tired? Is it bedtime?"*

[Flashlight pops on and off.]

Jeff: *"Do spirits sleep?"*

[Flashlight pops on and off.]

Bob: *"We aren't as knowledgeable about the other side, so we thank you very much."*

[End of flashlight session.]

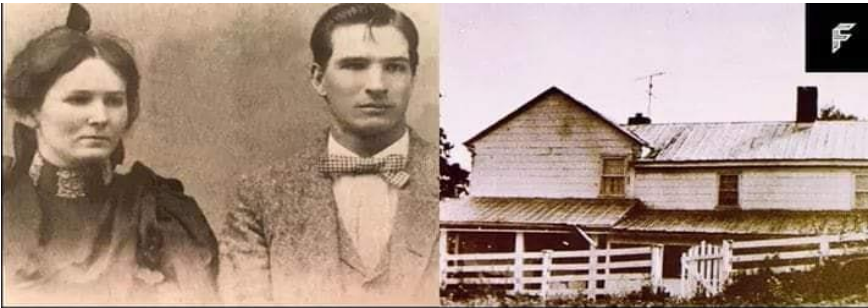
No other evidence of the paranormal was captured on this night at the Tally Ho.

A few years later, however, SWAG returned to the Irish bar for another investigation—this time with an updated group of investigators and better equipment—and it was discovered that Emily was not the only ghost dwelling within the building's walls.

There was something much darker, angrier, that literally bared its fist to us. A glimpse of this shadowy phantom was captured in a video, evidence that would be seen by more than thirteen thousand people on social media and go on to become SWAG's first semi-viral video....*The next chapter will explore this event in depth.*



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



Elva Zona Hester, famously known as "The Greenbrier Ghost", was murdered in 1897. Her death was presumed natural until her spirit appeared to her mother numerous times to describe how she was killed by her husband, Edward. The ghost's testimony was presented in court to prove she was murdered, but everyone thought mother was crazy. Later, autopsy on the exhumed body verified the apparition's account and the court found Edward to be guilty. He was sentenced to prison even though there were no factual evidences. It's considered as one of the most rare cases in history, where the ghost's testimony helped convict a murderer.

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One of our Legends Members was nice enough to share some additional information to the Elva Zona Hester story. Thank you Heidi FreeSpirit Houston



The coroner did not initially perform a very thorough autopsy. Zona's mother knew he was guilty, so fervently prayed to her daughter to reveal what had happened. Zona appeared to her mother 4 continuous nights, each night becoming more solid form so her mother could see her injuries.

The mother approached a prosecutor who took up the case after interviewing the coroner & learning he hadn't done a thorough autopsy.

They exhumed her body to find everything the mother said was true.

Funny thing, the prosecutor didn't bring up the daughter's ghost appearing to her mother, but once the defense did - in order to discredit the mother - the jury found it riveting evidence in addition to the physical proof that he had strangled her & broke her neck.



Why we call it "the living room": In years passed, it was the habit to hold a deceased person's viewing and wake at home in the front parlor. During that time it was referred to as "the death room". The Ladies Home Journal in 1910 declared the "Death Room" as no more and henceforth the parlor would be known as the "Living Room".

...and we find it so strange that houses from this time seem to be so haunted!

Legends Magazine

bsutherland@wi.rr.com burlingtonnews.net/Legends.html

In Search of Urban Legends and Lore

burlingtonnews.net/Legends.html

246 Carver Street, Winslow Illinois. 608 214 6800 or 815 367 1006

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.

In Iceland:

These tiny houses are called *álfhól*, and they are built for the *Huldúfólk* (the elves). This is a place for them to reside, and it's a place for them to feel safe with so many people around them. They can be found all over the country.





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Thank you. Mary Sutherland