

Legends Magazine

Volume Two Issue 17 April 26, 2020

Warps vs Vortices &
Paranormal Hotspots

Saga of the Haunted
Woods Part Two

Awakening to Nature
Signs

Path of the Skin
Walker

Butte Des Morts
Hill of the Dead

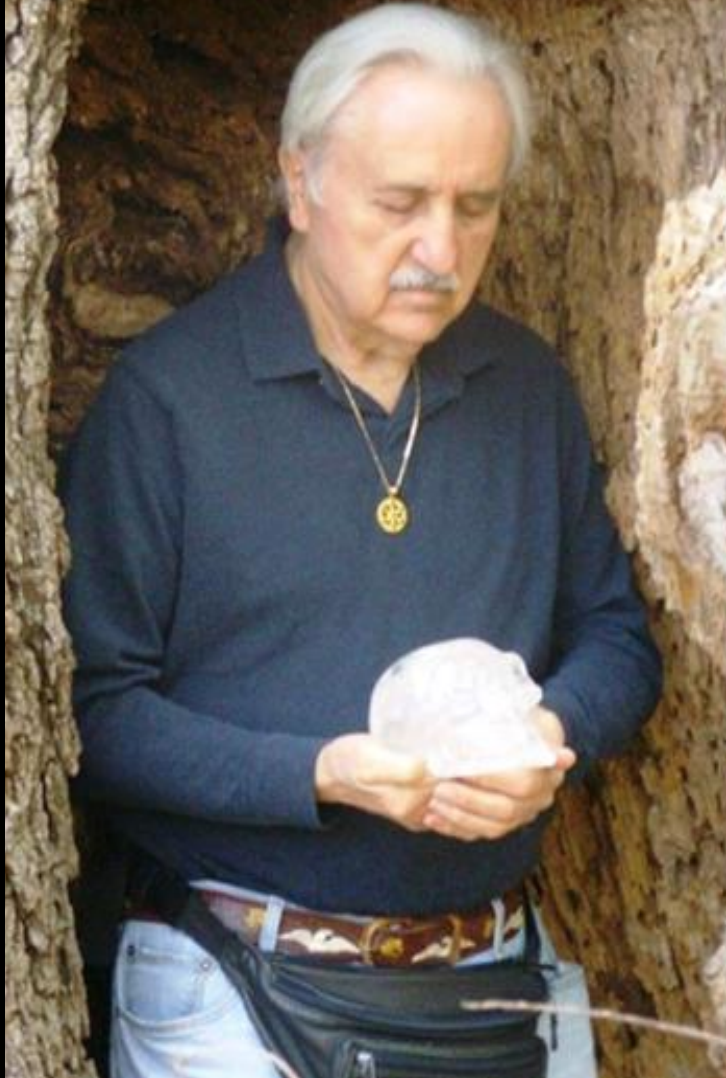
Elijah and the
Chariot of Fire

Emperial Rome in
Crawford County

My Transmedium
Family

Eddie Waitkus - The
Natural

Dunning - Chicago's
Neighborhood of
Terror



In Memory of DaEl Walker 2020
Standing in Burial Tree with Crystal Skull Rainbow

burlingtonnews.net/Legends.html

Legends Magazine. 248 Carver St. Winslow Illinois 61089

Legends

Volume Two Issue Twelve Feb 18, 2018

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY — MASSACRE —

7 BROS MORAN NORTHERN BROTHERS BROTHERS
ON THE ROAD
ALPHONSE CAPONE
"Only Capone kills like that," said Moran.

Legends E-Magazine

Covering exciting stories about UFOs, Ancient and Lost Races of North America, Spirituality and Spirituality Communities, Cryptology, LA, Bigfoot and Dragon, Personalized Hot Spots, Psychics, Spiritual and Psychic Healing, Sacred Sites, Genocides, Multi-dimensional worlds, Vampires, Werewolves and more...

Because of people like you, Legends Magazine exists.

Join us at facebook.com/groups/legendsmagazine

Legends is an 'alternative lifestyle' media outlet...a sanctuary of sorts, where we all come together for great reading entertainment, 'out of the box' thinking, promoting each other, expressing our views via interacting with peers of 'like minds'.

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

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

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

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

PLEASE GIVE NOW



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

bsutherland@wi.rr.com

Subscribe



Donate



www.burlingtonnews.net/donate.htm

NEW

LEGENDS RECOMMENDED READING



burlingtonnews.net/bookreviews.html

www.burlingtonnews.net/bookreviews.html

Legends Magazine Salutes their Staff Members



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

We personally hand picked these staff members to be

www.burlingtonnews.net/Legends.html

honest researchers – not to mention some of the best writers and photographers out there !

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

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

Mary Sutherland

**INTRODUCING STAFF FOR
LEGENDS MAGAZINE**

burlingtonnews.net/Legends.html

MARY SUTHERLAND

Publisher, Editor, Photographer,
Writer, Researcher

www.burlingtonnews.net

BRAD SUTHERLAND

Co-Publisher, Photographer
Researcher

DOUG CLACK

Photographer and Researcher

BILL MATTESON

Virtual Story Teller, Historical &
Paranormal Columnist

RICK HALE

Virtual Story Teller, Paranormal &
Historical Researcher, Columnist

JEFF BRIGHAM

Paranormal Researcher, Columnist

ANDREA DEXTER

Photographer, Metaphysics
Columnist, Entertainment Reviewer

URSULA BIELSKI

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

...Columnist



www.burlingtonnews.net/hauntedtours4.html

HEIDI HOLLIS

Hatman and Shadow People Expert
Q&A Columnist – Cartoonist



www.TheOutlandersComic.com

ATALA DOROTHY TOY

Metaphysical Educator and
Researcher, Columnist



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

bsutherland@wi.rr.com

WARPS VS VORTICES AND PARANORMAL HOT SPOTS

The most logical explanation for the Haunted Woods in Burlington, Wisconsin
Mary Sutherland

www.burlingtonnews.net

Attending one of my conferences in Burlington, our friend Stanton Friedman, helped me somewhat - to understand the strange phenomenon we experience in the woods outside of Burlington, Wisconsin.

It seems that our paranormal hot spot was not 'just a vortex area' but a 'WARP'. As Physics friend, Stanton Friedman explained to me about our Haunted Woods, "*It was an area that defied the Laws of Physics, as we know them today; it is a place where the conventional laws of physics break down; where linear time does not apply.*"



Photo shows two time lines...present time and another time showing seconds into the future, caused from a distortion of space and time within the portal.

While Stanton's explanation sounds rather simple enough, 'warps' are actually one of the most complexed phenomenon frustrating scientists today. Joshua Warren agrees with Stanton but elaborates a little more by agreeing with the linear time theory, but goes on to claim that living within these warps are sometimes hundreds or more entities .

Myself, I have determined that as far as the entities are concerned we may only have acknowledged and named less than a handful of them. We have only scratched the surface of the thousands if not millions of life forms that exist within the warp.

It is difficult to define warps, since the range of their



manifestations can be completely foreign and unpredictable. They are sort of a paranormal catch-all and difficult to study and define. They can twist perceptions beyond the understanding of logic, exemplifying the most complicated issues facing science today. Most paranormal researchers also frown upon the physics behind the phenomenon due to their unpredictability and complexity.

As Stanton Friedman stated before and I repeat... "*Warps defy the Laws of 3D Physics.*" They are places where time stops, reverses

itself, plunges forward or has no sense of direction at all. They can distort all our ideas about how reality functions. Up can become down, and inside can become outside. You can hallucinate, or find that the environment around you has changed for an unmeasurable period. There can be an unbelievable amount of electromagnetic energy, or not surprising ...no energy at all.

These locations are infested with entities, imprints, and a barrage of other paranormal activities.

There have been times when visitors have experienced looking at themselves from another dimension.

In the following I will share with you the 1980's story told by Joshua Warren about television crew technician, Rick Stratton's experience in Time. Rick, in his twenties, and a friend rented a cottage deep in the New England countryside. The secluded house was built by Moravian settlers in the 1800's.



Vistors watching themselves from a higher dimension

He enjoyed living there and for several weeks they experienced nothing out of the usual. One night, however, he walked into the kitchen to get a drink. Upon walking through the kitchen doorway, he was shocked to see that it looked completely different that before.

He described it as before looking modern, but then looking 'old

fashion'. If that wasn't strange enough, a man was sitting at the table eating and a woman stood over the sink, washing dishes.

They were both described as being dressed in antiquated garbs. As Rick was looking surprisingly at the old man and woman, they did the same. Rick explained that their eyes popped

out in surprise when they saw him... As if “*They*” were seeing a ghost! Rick stared at them for a few seconds, each person speechless. Then the scene vanished, and the kitchen went back to normal.

This kind of experience isn’t a simple entity case. That’s because the entire room was different and it isn’t an imprint, being that the man and woman were conscious of the observer and reacted to his presence.

So, what phenomenon was this!

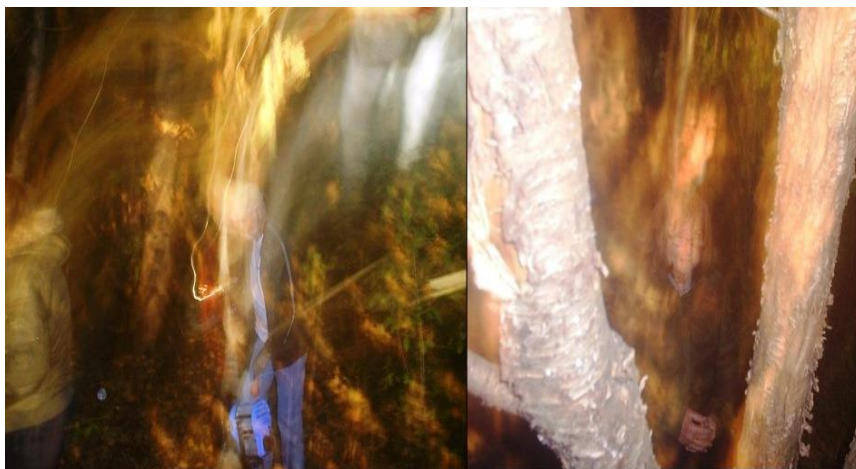
Well, from my own personal experience in the woods of Burlington and research I have conducted from others researching the phenomenon, it was a”Time Slip” Two moments in Time, one in the 1800’s and one in his present time came together, sharing the same time. Joshua Warren explains that the event couldn’t have been a simple haunting because “*If a location is haunted*

by an entity, certain earmarks are exhibited. The activity will be spontaneous, erratic and interactive. If it’s an imprint, it will be nonconscious, predictable and oblivious to the scene going on.”

However, it sometimes seems like the location itself has something to do with the ghostly activity Rick experienced...such as the results of a ‘warp’.

Warren explains that the earth is not a perfect sphere as many people think; in fact it’s shaped more like that of a pear. Not being perfectly balanced like that of a sphere, it wobbles on its path of orbit. The earth’s magnetic field corresponds with the planet’s physical form. Since the earth is not balanced, neither is its field. It therefore seems logical that some places on the planet are subjected to unusual geomagnetic activity, greater or lesser than the rest of the earth.

This doesn’t even take into consideration the magnetic fields



Paranormal Investigator Walking through Portal into another Dimension

caused by physical stress on fault lines. I want to add that our planet is a large capacitor, storing, strengthening and manipulating electrical charges. The ground is one electrode, the upper atmosphere another, and the space between is an insulator.

Different parts of the surface are also affected in unique way based upon their position in relation to the sun that hurls massive bursts of radiation at the earth, affecting some places more than others.

Some of our stronger sacred locations could be the result of the warp phenomenon, especially those chosen by the ancient Celts and Egyptians.

When you find a "Warp" Be Prepared for Anything!

Most traditional ghost investigators study only entities and imprints, which are the basis of 90 percent of location hauntings. However,

Warren and his team investigated a property where an overwhelming number of paranormal occurrences had been reported.

There were conscious entities who would physically assault the owners, leaving distinct bruises and cuts. Parts of the house, and vehicles on the property, would suddenly burst into flame without explanation. Often, visitors became sick or suffered from surprising attacks of aches and pains. A barrage of imprints pulsed around the grounds and the owners had captured thousands of anomalous images on video and in stills. There was even a time when someone in house turned to find herself staring into what appeared to be another dimension: a horrific and surreal place, with swirling clouds and disturbing activity. Then it vanished. Small objects, like silverware and ink pens, would transport themselves to other locations. All in all, any kind of ghostly manifestation was

possible, sometimes occurring by way of extreme and negative synchronicity.

Thinking of the Bermuda Triangle usually conjures up images of sinking ships and falling planes. Indeed, since 1900 more than 1000 people have disappeared over those waters between Bermuda, Florida and Puerto Rico. Even more compelling than the number of disappearances is the way they manifest. For example, consider the five navy planes that vanished at the same time on December 5, 1945. A May Day was sent from the leader: "We can't see land...everything is wrong.....strange. We can't be sure of our position. We seem to be lost. Even the sea doesn't look as it should." Contact was then lost and a rescue plane was sent out immediately. It, too, disappeared without a trace. Pilots frequently report instrument interference in the area, like compasses spinning. In addition, mysterious streaks and

balls of light are seen flitting about certain areas. The first person to record seeing these illuminations was Christopher Columbus in 1492. He wrote about them in his log. There is no shortage of ghostly tales in the area, including apparitions, imprints and 'time slips'.

It is difficult to define warps, since the range of their manifestations can be completely foreign and unpredictable. They are sort of a paranormal catchall. For that reason, it's easy for some to frown upon them. They are difficult to define. Warps are not active all the time, and the conditions necessary to trigger their activity is a mystery.

It is possible that, sometimes, 'some kind of limited, singularity-type phenomenon 'might exist at 'some' places on earth. Usually, ghostly activity concerns an aspect of the past that still plays a paranormal role in the future. A warp is a place that can essentially blur the distinctions of

past, present and future. When you find one, be prepared for anything.

In Conclusion Warps are:

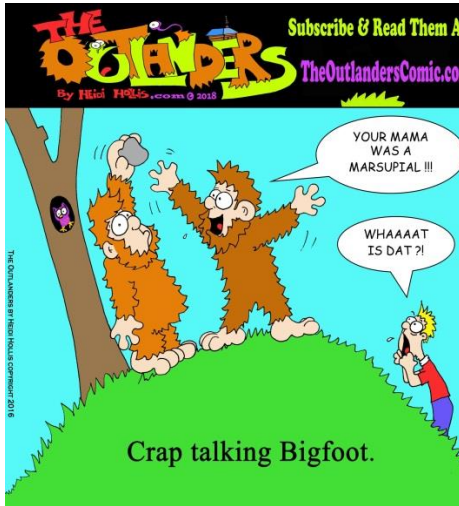
1. Areas where the conventional laws of physics can break down
2. Places where linear time does not always apply
3. Locations infested with entities, imprints, and a barrage of other paranormal activity
4. Unpredictable areas that can twist perceptions beyond the understanding of logic

For more information on Warps, Portals and Vortices join our facebook group at www.facebook.com/groups/hauntedwoodstours

Purchase my book Haunted Burlington Wisconsin by Mary Sutherland through www.amazon.com www.burlingtonnews.net/books-hauntedburlington

Purchase my book 'Portals, Gateways to the Multi-Dimensional Worlds' on Amazon or

www.burlingtonnews.net/books-portals.html



www.TheOutlandersComics.com

Butte Des Morts The Hill of the Dead

Mary Sutherland

*"Oh, Wisconsin, beneath your feet is
an ocean of bones...."*

*"They (railroad crews) knocked the
top off of the small hill called Butte
Des Morts. It was full of skeletons."*

***Tracks were laid across the cut and
the combined bones and rock
became the track bed."*** -

*Excerpt from a diary description of
the 19th century decapitation of a
section of "The Hill of the Dead"
(Butte Des Morts) on the shore of
Little Lake Butte Des Morts in Neenah,
Wisconsin*

The hill is reputed to hold the
piled up corpses of Fox Indians
killed during a battle against the
French and their Indian Allies in
the Fox/French Wars.

More likely, the hill had been part
of a long standing burial ground
and contained the bones of the
ancient mound builders. Mounds
are everywhere; their remains
may be beneath your feet right as
you read this. In the mid to late
19th century countless mounds
were plowed over by farmers.
Road crews crushed bones into
aggregate for road and railroad
beds. It's safe to say that all of
Wisconsin's primary roads
contain shattered bits of the
bones of the ancient dead.

Elijah and the Chariot of Fire

Mary Sutherland



In the ninth century, as a result of cosmic events, the electrical charge of this planet was highly affected. The ionosphere above the earth was charged to such an extent that leaps of discharge occurred from a cloudless sky.

In Velkovsky's book *Ages in Chaos*, he speaks of letters found in the Egyptian State Archive of El-Amarna that originated in the ninth century. A considerable portion of them was written by Ahab King of Israel, Jehoshaphat

king of Jerusalem, and their generals.

The corresponding texts of the Scriptures prove a very high grade of trustworthiness, even in transmission of orations and dialogues, ascribed to historical personages.

This fact encourages to approach with credence the stories of Elijah and Elisha, interwoven in the same parts of the Book of Kings. The Book of Kings ascribes this change to a rather natural cure of the captain by Elisha, who prescribed to the diseased seven baths in the Jordan River. (The Jordan is rich with sulfur, magnesium, and brom salts, which enter the river at the Sea of Tiberias, and constitute, after evaporation of water in the Dead Sea, its deposits.)

Another instance which throws a side-light on the activity of Elisha is the, two letters of the collection which were written to the Pharaoh by the Great Lady of Shunem (Kings). She wrote from

that city, and signed Baalat-Ness, the Lady to whom a wonder had occurred. There she wrote, 'Elisha revived her child employing artificial breathing and a contact of his own body with the body of the infant.'

'The most of the wonders of Elijah had to do with atmospheric electricity. He was an 'electrical' man, occasionally a living barometer, looking for electrical and magnetic 'wonders' to employ in his miracles.

Most of his wonders had to do with atmospheric electricity and was performed on top of a hill or mountain.

For example, when a prolonged drought endured for a number of years, Elijah went to the top of Mount Carmel and sat with his head between his knees. From time to time, he asked his servant whether there was a cloud already seen over the sea. After a while a cloud appeared, approached, and burst into abundant rain.

When a detachment from King Ahaziah was sent to interrogate him, Elijah, again on top of the hill, invoked a lightning bolt out of an apparently cloudless sky to strike this group of men. According to the story he repeated this with a second detachment.

Attention should be paid to the fact that summits of certain mountains have an electrical halo, and that there is a permanent flow of electricity as can be demonstrated by a wire that connects two points at different altitudes on the slope of a hill, and that a charged electroscope is quickly discharged by ions, supposedly drifting from above. The enigmatic coolness of mountain tops is caused by an electrical process.

The death of Elijah also takes place under circumstances that suggest an electrical phenomenon, such as ball lightning'. (Ball lightning could be explained like that of a ball of fire in the sky, sometimes seen

moving rather slowly and then exploding.)

The Second Book of Kings, tells how Elijah and his apprentice , Alisha , had crossed the River Jordan and ' behold, a chariot of fire and horses of fire . . . parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven . . . And Elisha saw him no more . . . he took up also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and went back . . . The disciples of Elijah looked for several days lest the spirit of the Lord hath taken him and cast him upon some mountain, or into some valley but they found him not.

It is a well-known phenomenon that a wire may evaporate when an electrical discharge strikes it, yet its envelope of fabric (an insulator) remains intact. And this may have been the case with Elijah - the mantel was an insulator of sorts!

Evidence of Imperial Rome in Crawford County - Frank Joseph

Imperial Rome in Crawford County, Wisconsin – Frank Joseph , *The Lost Colonies of Ancient America*, a Ceramic lamp was unearthed in 1969, in Crawford County, Freeman Township, on a hillside field overlooking the Mississippi River. A farmers plow got hung up on a root and when the plow was cleared, the lamp was found face down in the furrow.

Lamp is 5 inches long, 3.5 inches across, and 1.25 inches thick Its front , judging by its central hole for the flame, depicts what appears to be the body of a woman between two pairs of other human figures, sitting and engaged in conversation.

Removing it entirely from any native American Indian context, the female figure is shown with long, wavy hair , falling down her back; wearing a diadem with cloth attachment, the most common feminine headdress of the Greco-Roman World.

Ursula Bielski



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

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

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

www.chicagohauntings.com

Resurrection Mary: Queen of Chicago's Haunted Archer Avenue



Resurrection Mary

"There was a girl in the road... "

Just southwest of Chicago, Chet's Melody Lounge sits bravely across the road from Resurrection Cemetery, drawing in a steady stream of locals to shoot the breeze and have a few.

For years, regulars pretty much disregarded the Bloody Mary eternally perched at the end of the bar and "*The Ballad of Resurrection Mary*" once listed among the selections on the jukebox (now replaced by a digital jukebox) just as they have adopted Chicago's most famous phantom as an accepted fact of life. Certainly, the impact of phantom-related folklore on Southwest-side

culture, well captured in Kenan Heise's novel, *Resurrection Mary: A Ghost Story*, is indeed most obvious in the cultural prominence of this persistent legend.

But while Mary's legendary spirit has contented itself with the haunting of a tiny stretch of Archer Avenue in the village of south suburban Justice, the image of this elusive personality has thumbed itself into the hearts and history of all Chicago.

From the old-timers' still-vibrant accounts of her to the young Chicago rap artists singing about "*Rez Mary*," this specter's appeal reaches every generation. With good reason: For more than 80 years, travelers along Archer Avenue have reported bizarre encounters with a single-minded young woman in a white dress and dancing shoes who seems as real as can be until she proves herself decidedly otherwise.

Typical is the following incident:

Many years ago, several young men, out for a night of dancing and drinking, met an aloof but

gorgeous young woman, with whom they danced and tried to socialize. At the end of the evening, she asked for a ride home and squeezed into the front seat of the car with the driver and one of his friends. Sure enough, after directing the driver to head north along Archer Avenue, she vanished from the car at the cemetery gates. After some deliberation, the young men, having earlier coaxed the girl's address out of her, decided to drive to her home in Chicago's Back-of-the-Yards neighborhood and see if she had turned up all right. True to the classic tale, they were promptly informed that the girl was dead, having been killed in an automobile accident some time before. Weary but wiser, they resolved to forget the whole incident and go on their way.

Time and again, young men would meet the moody young woman at the ballroom, share dances with her, and later describe her as "*cold*," both physically and emotionally. After these dances, the girl would accept rides home, giving vague directions to her escorts to

drive north along Archer Avenue. As their cars passed the gates of Resurrection Cemetery, the girl would most often simply disappear from the car.

Famously, in 1936, the late Jerry Palus spent a whirlwind evening dancing with a lovely young woman at the Liberty Grove Hall and Ballroom, previously believed to have been a tavern in her neighborhood but now believed to have been another name for the old Oh Henry Ballroom, later the Willowbrook, which stood on Archer Avenue. When Palus offered her a ride home with he and his brother she accepted, directing him up Archer Avenue. In front of the gates of Resurrection Cemetery, the young woman said she had to leave him, and that he could not follow her. She left the car, disappearing at the main gate, leaving Jerry –and his bewildered brother—speechless.

As dance hall encounters with this phantom partner multiplied, they seemed to center on the Oh Henry, and it was here that Mary forged her reputation. But it was on the road itself, in the wee hours of many a dark

morning, where she has made her biggest impact.

Mary first appeared to unsuspecting Southwest-side drivers on Archer in the 1930s as well, when late-night revelers complained to the police that a woman had tried to jump on the running boards of their automobiles as they made their way home after a night of dancing. Other Archer Avenue drivers have been surprised by a beautiful young woman who will simply open the car door and climb in, directing the driver to proceed up Archer Avenue, where she disappears in the usual way, at the cemetery gates. Some bewildered drivers have even watched as she runs right through the locked gates and into the darkness beyond. At still other times, drivers have watched a woman in a flowing white dress walk along the roadside and then vanish, as if switched off like a light. In some of the most harrowing incidents of all, the woman has been struck while bolting in front of moving cars. Bleeding in the road after these crashes, she has been known to dematerialize before or

during approaches by would-be rescuers.

Who is Mary?



The evidence begins with the following report, which appeared in the Chicago Tribune on March 11, 1934:

Girl Killed in Crash. Miss Marie [sic] Bregovy, 21 years old, 4611 S. Darnen Avenue, was killed last night when the auto in which she was riding cracked up at [word missing] Street and Wacker Drive. John Reiker, 23, of 15 N. Knight Street, Park Ridge, suffered a possible skull fracture and is in the county hospital. John Thoel, 25, 5216 S. Loomis, driver of the car, and Miss Virginia Rozanski, 22, of 4849 S. Lincoln [now Wolcott] were shaken up and scratched.

The scene of the accident is known to police as a danger spot. Thoel told police he did not see the El substructure.

A close friend of Bregovy's discovered in the mid-1980s that her late girlfriend's name was being connected with the famous phantom. She went on to describe the fateful day of the accident to an understandably eager reporter. According to

Some researchers speculate that this mystery woman heads for one grave among thousands at the 475-acre burial ground known as Resurrection Cemetery: site number 9819, section MM, that of a young Polish woman, Mary Bregovy. Records indicate that Bregovy was killed in a car accident in 1934, allegedly on her way home from a dance at the Oh Henry. But attempts to link this Mary with the Resurrection legend have yielded far less than satisfactory results.

Vern Rutkowski, who was interviewed by the Southtown Economist on January 22, 1984, the two young women had planned to go shopping on March 10, 1934, near 47th Street and Ashland Avenue. The girls accepted a ride to the popular shopping district from two young men who Bregovy had met, but Rutkowski became irritated with the young men, who she remembered as "wild boys." The girls left the men's car while still some distance from their destination, but not before Bregovy made a date for that night. On their way home, Bregovy criticized Rutkowski's unfriendliness and her disapproval of Bregovy's taste in men. Nonetheless, Rutkowski continued to express her dislike of their latest escorts and cautioned Bregovy about her plans for that night. Determined to keep her date, Bregovy left her girlfriend for the day and went home to 4611 S. Darnen Avenue.

Rutkowski stayed home that Saturday night, and was awakened the next morning by her mother, who informed Rutkowski that Bregovy had been

killed in a car accident in the Loop sometime during the evening. Bregovy's parents would learn that, although their daughter had been sitting in the back seat before the time of the accident, she was persuaded by her girlfriend to switch seats, since the latter was not getting along with the driver. Described by Rutkowski as an agreeable and personable young woman, Bregovy was happy to oblige. Because of that congeniality, she was thrown through the passenger window when their car struck one of the I-beams of the downtown elevated structure. Three days later, Mary's Polish and Czechoslovakian parents buried their daughter at Resurrection Cemetery.

Since Bregovy was killed in downtown Chicago, probably at Lake Street and Wacker Drive, it is highly doubtful that this Mary was on her way home from any Southwest-side ballroom and most definitely not on the road outside the legendary cemetery. This Mary, according to the records of the Satala Funeral Home from which Bregovy was buried, was a young factory

worker who died in the ambulance on the way to Iroquois Hospital, then on North Wacker Drive.

Old newspaper interviews with Satala suggest one obvious reason why Bregovy was pegged as the famous phantom, despite having the “wrong” hair color and style, the wrong clothes, and regardless of her dying in the wrong place. Nearly 50 years ago, a caretaker at Resurrection phoned Satala and told him about a “ghost” that had been walking the cemetery grounds. In the caretaker’s opinion, the ghost was Bregovy’s.

According to Rutkowski, Bregovy loved to dance. But she also had short, dark hair, a far cry from the flaxen fantasy described through the years by Mary’s various escorts. In addition, the late John Satala, the undertaker who prepared Bregovy’s body, and once described Mary as “*a hell of a nice girl*,” remembered that the eternal attire was, in fact, an orchid-colored dress, not a white one.

Ultimately, the musing of that one man may have been responsible for the permanent matching of the two Marys in local memory. Apparently, the social conditions of Bregovy’s neighborhood were such that the pairing was instantly acceptable, the rumor was spread, and no one seemed to mind the dubious nature of the connection.

Still, the transformation of the Bregovy ghost into a “*vanishing hitchhiker*” did not gain regional cultural prominence until much later. A general feeling exists that neighborhood old-timers knew of a phantom Bregovy long before the folklore of distant Archer Avenue popularized the story, presumably according to universal vanishing hitchhiker legends. It is probable that Mary’s peers picked up adults’ talk about the ghost of Bregovy in Resurrection Cemetery and began to elaborate upon the tale during their drives to and from the old Oh Henry Ballroom.

The Ana Norkus Connection

Far more compelling is the connection solidified through the rigorous research of Frank Andrejasich of Summit, Illinois, which matches the legendary lady to a wholly different entity.

In August 1994, Andrejasich's brother mailed him an article which mentioned the Southwest Side's most famous phantom. Already familiar with the story, Frank became swiftly smitten with the tale, finding that a number of his fellow parishioners at Summit's St. Joseph Catholic Church had more than a nodding acquaintance with the local legend.

In assembling his impressive dossier on the elusive Mary, Andrejasich accumulated many opinions on the phantom's earthly identity. Relying heavily on the recollections of his cousin, Mary Nagode, and the keen memory of John Poljack, Sr., a Slovenian emigrant, retired Prudential insurance manager and St. Joseph parishioner, Frank waded through a variety of first and second-hand accounts, newspaper articles, burial

records and photographs. He was astounded by the prominence of the legend in local lore and fascinated by the ability of so many individuals, including a number of his fellow parishioners, to place Mary in their own experience.

One of these, Chester "Jake" Palus, turned out to be the younger brother of the now-famous Jerry Palus, who is supposed to have been Mary's first dance partner at the Liberty Grove Hall and Ballroom in Brighton Park in 1936.

According to Jake, Jerry had been a passenger in his friend's car when the pair took "Mary" home that remarkable night, and she disappeared en route to the address she had given as her home. Though he recites the story with ease, Jake himself has no comment on his brother's tale, refusing to express either credulity or disbelief.

Claire and Mark Rudnicki-friends, neighbors, and former St. Joseph parishioners-told Andrejasich that Resurrection Mary could be traced to the 1940s, when a young Polish girl crashed near

Resurrection Cemetery at around 1 :20 a.m., after she took the family car to visit her boyfriend in Willow Springs.

According to this version of the story, the girl was buried in a term grave at Resurrection.

Appropriately, Andrejasich wonders why a couple that well off enough to own a car in the 1940s would need to bury their daughter in a term grave.

Adding to the explanations is another parishioner, Ray VanOrt, who tells how he and his bride-to-be were the first witnesses at the scene of an accident on Archer in 1936, when a black Model A sedan collided with a wide-bed farm truck at 1 :30 a.m. According to VanOrt, of the two couples in the car, only one person survived, a girl who was badly hurt. Both men and another girl perished. Today, VanOrt is convinced that this was the accident that killed our would-be Resurrection Mary.

Still another parishioner, claims that the wayward wraith was,

in life, Mary Miskowski of the southside Chicago neighborhood of Bridgeport. In this narrative, Miskowski was killed crossing the street in late October in the 1930s, on her way to a Halloween party.

After pondering the variety of accounts, combing early editions of the local papers, and checking with funeral directors and cemetery managers, Andrejasich came to believe that the ghost known as Resurrection Mary is the spiritual counterpart of the youngest of all the candidates: a 12-year-old girl named, surprisingly, Ana Norkus.

Born in Cicero, Illinois in 1914, Norkus was given the name of Ona, Lithuanian for Anne. In that era, it was not the custom to christen infants with two names. But after 1918, children were baptized with a Christian name and an historic name to further pride on their main country.

As a young girl, Ana's devotion to the Blessed Mother led her to begin using the name Marija,

Mary, as her middle name. By the time she neared her teenage years, Anna had grown into a vivacious girl. Blonde and slim, she loved to dance, and it was her relentless begging that convinced her father, August, Sr., to take her to a dancehall for her 13th birthday.

On the evening of July 20, 1927, father and daughter set out from their Chicago home at 5421 S. Neva for the famous Oh Henry Ballroom, accompanied by August's friend, William Weisner, and Weisner's date.

On their drive home, at approximately 1:30 a.m., the travelers passed Resurrection Cemetery via Archer Avenue, turning east on 71st Street and then north on Harlem to 67th Street. There, the car careened and dropped into an unseen, 25-foot-deep railroad cut.

Ana was killed instantly.

After the accident, her father, August Norkus was subject to devastating verbal abuse, even being told that Anna's death had been God's punishment for allowing the girl to go dancing at

such a young age. In reality, the blame rested with the Chicago Streets Department, who had failed to post warning signs at the site of the cut. In fact, another death, that of Adam Levinsky, occurred at the same site the night after Anna's demise.

Between July 28th and September 29th, an inquest was held at Sobiesk's Mortuary in adjacent Argo. Heading up the five sessions was Deputy Coroner Dedrich, the case reviewed by six jurors. The DesPlaines Valley News carried the story of the inquest. Mary Nagode described the sad procession that left the Norkus home on a certain Friday morning.

First in line was Ana's older sister Sophie, followed by her older brother August, Jr. The pastor, altar boys, and a four-piece brass band preceded the casket, borne on a flatbed wagon with pallbearers on each side. Relatives and friends followed the grim parade for three blocks to the doors of St. Joseph's in Summit, where Anna had made her first communion

only a year before. Between the band and the priest walked a terrified Mary Nagode, a friend of Ana's who had been pressed into service as a wreath-bearer. On summer vacation, Nagode was weeding on an asparagus farm in Willow Springs when she had a visitor. It was Gus Norkus, Ana's father or brother, asking her to participate in the funeral, since Mary had made her first communion with Anna and owned a white dress.

When Mary returned home that evening, her mother informed her that she had accepted the request on her behalf. The girl was deeply dismayed at the proposition. Mrs. Nagode reminded her daughter that refusal of such a request would be a sin against Roman Catholic moral living, which dictates that one must attend to the burial of the dead. Anna was scheduled for burial in one of three newly-purchased family lots at St. Casimir Cemetery, and it is here where Andrejasich found the *"if that may have led to an infamous afterlife for Ana as Resurrection Mary, or as Anna called herself, Marija.*

Andrejasich discovered that at the time of Ana's death a man named Al Churas Jr., brother-in-law to Mary Nagode, lived across the road from the gates of Resurrection Cemetery, in a large brick bungalow that still stands today. Al's father was in charge of the gravediggers and was given the house to live in as part of his pay. In the mid-1920s, gravedigging was hard, manual labor, rewarded with low pay. Strikes were common.

As Resurrection was one of the main Chicago cemeteries, the elder Churas was often sent to the cemeteries of striking gravediggers to secure the bodies of the unburied.

Returning to Resurrection with a corpse in a wooden box, Churas' duty was to bury it temporarily until the strike ended and the body could be permanently interred in the proper lot. Because of poor coffin construction and the lack of refrigeration, a body could not be kept long, except in the ground. If the strike dragged on, identification at the time of

relocation could be gruesomely difficult.

Thus, reasons Andrejasich, if the workers at St. Casimir were striking on that July morning in 1927, it is quite possible that young Ana Norkus was silently whisked to a temporary interment at Resurrection, and that a rapid decomposition rendered her unidentifiable at the time of exhumation. The result? A mislaid corpse and a most restless eternity, if only one is willing to believe.

Those not quite convinced may be persuaded otherwise by a further bit of Frank's musing, this time connecting the otherworldly Anna to the sneering specter seen on the road outside of her alleged resting place.

The elder August Norkus followed his youngest child to St. Casimir 30 years after her death, a broken man besieged by alcohol and blamed to his grave for his daughter's demise. As Andrejasich reasons, it wouldn't take much else to make a ghost out of this ill-fated

character. And yet, how much more there is (again, if only one believes in ghosts) if Ana was mistakenly buried away from her family.

For here, the stories merge, almost too easily. The resulting image is classically and completely appealing: Resurrection Marija combing the southwest suburbs for her kin, her father wandering the road outside her unknown destination, watching and waiting for his lost beloved.

Despite widespread belief in such scenarios and the untiring work of devoted researchers like Frank Andrejasich, specialists in modern folk tales have utterly disregarded local attempts to trace Resurrection Mary to any earthly counterpart. Instead, many scholars explain Mary as merely a localized version of the widespread vanishing hitchhiker legends. These legends have passed from generation to generation throughout history, but the 20th-century versions always follow a strikingly similar pattern. A hitchhiker, usually a young woman, is either picked up along

a dark road or met at a dance, from where she is given a ride home. In the latter situation, her would-be suitor may report having danced with the young woman, finding her somewhat cold. In both situations, she gives her escort vague directions to her house, but along the way she suddenly vanishes from the car. Sometimes, the driver will have procured her address and proceeds to the house to ask whether the girl has returned safely home. Upon his arrival, he is told that the girl, whom he recognizes in a photograph displayed in the home, was previously killed in a car accident on the road or near the dance hall where she met her unfortunate escort.

The Resurrection Mary stories bear an uncanny resemblance to these widespread tales. In fact, accounts of Mary by eyewitnesses have conformed to the universal model even more perfectly than do most second-hand legends.

However, the existence of so many first-hand reports raises questions about the assertions that Mary is mere folklore.

Changes

Reports of Resurrection Mary increased significantly during renovations of the cemetery in the mid- 1970s. It was also around this time that the phantom began to become more animated . . . and adventuresome.

In 1973, Mary is believed to have shown up at least twice in one month at a far Southwest-side dance club called Harlow's, 8058 S. Cicero Avenue, wearing a dress that looked like a faded wedding gown. A Harlow's manager described her as having "big spooly [sic] curls coming down from a high forehead. She was really pale, like she had powdered her face and body." Dancing alone in an off-the-wall fashion, she was as obvious as could be, yet, despite bouncers at the door who carded all guests, no one ever saw her come in or leave.

That same year, at Chet's Melody Lounge, an annoyed cab driver bounded in asking about his fare, a young blonde woman. The manager gave him the only

answer he had: "*A blonde woman never came in here.*"

A number of years later, a driver happened to be passing the cemetery when he glimpsed a young woman standing on the other side of the gates, clutching the bars. Worried that someone had been locked inside after closing, he hurried to report the incident to the local police, who hastened to rescue the reluctant prisoner. Upon their arrival, they found the cemetery deserted, but their inspection of the gates revealed a chilling spectacle: not only had two of the bars been pried apart, but the impressions of a pair of delicate hands remained, bearing witness to the feminine touch that had accomplished the task.

When cemetery management saw the state of the bars, they reportedly called in officials from the Archdiocese of Chicago, who allegedly removed the imprinted bars and whisked them away. Akin to stories of aliens in warehouses are local whisperings about the mysterious bars sitting today in some secret Archdiocesan storehouse. Not long after the

removal of the damaged bars, embarrassed cemetery officials installed what they called "repaired" bars, insisting that the bent bars had been welded back to normal and not, as many asserted, replaced with new ones. Still, some cemetery workers maintain that the bars were bent by a crew member's truck backing into the gate; the handprints were left by a worker's glove when he attempted to heat the bars with a blowtorch and bend them back into shape. In response to that claim, local believers say: Yes, the cemetery tried to blowtorch and restore the bars, to eradicate evidence of the spectral handprints, which witnesses continue to describe as the well-defined fingers of a frail female.

Whatever the claims, the tale's undeniable fascination lies in viewing the cemetery gates even to this day, as two strips of discolored metal remain in the exact spot which once bore the mysterious handprints. In fact, and there seems to be no reason to doubt the rumor, it is said that this part of the gate refuses to "take" either primer or

paint. The result? An embarrassing but apparently ineradicable scar on the face of the cemetery and its management. (Note, in the late summer of 2019, the two bars disappeared from the gate of Resurrection Cemetery. It is unknown at this time if they were removed by the Archdiocese or if they were stolen.)

As if this carnival weren't enough for the cemetery to bear, it was also around this time that Resurrection Mary began to experiment with new methods. Actually, folklorists have described a certain model of the phantom hitchhiker which is best termed the "spectral jaywalker," that is, the ghostly vision that walks or simply appears in front of a moving vehicle. One such story tells of a Justice police officer who called an ambulance after hitting a woman in a bloody white dress who was wandering the road in front of the cemetery. When the paramedics arrived on the scene, there was no trace of the distressed woman. According to some stories, the officer in question went on the nationally-

syndicated television show, "That's Incredible!" and told of his experience. Before doing so, he was warned that he would be fired if he did. Notwithstanding the alleged threats, the officer told his story to network audiences and was at least by local accounts relieved of his duties.

After a bizarre decade that seemed to mark the climax of her restlessness, Mary was back to her old tricks. Yet she didn't seem quite her old self. In 1989, on a blustery January night, a cab driver picked up a desolate young woman outside the Old Willow Shopping Center. Despite the inclement weather, she wore a beautiful white party dress and patent leather dancing shoes. Climbing in the front seat, she made it clear that she needed to get home, motioning the driver up old Archer Avenue. But this time she behaved differently. She seemed confused, unable to give lucid answers to the cabbie's polite questions. Finally, with all the clarity she could muster, the girl remarked, "The snow came early this year." Then, in front of a time-worn shack across the

road from Resurrection, the disoriented passenger ordered, "Here!" disappearing without another sound.

Also in the late 1980s, two teen-aged boys were driving along Archer Avenue at Christmastime when they saw a strange woman dancing down the road outside the cemetery fence. They noted that other passers-by seemed totally unaware of her antics; in fact, they didn't seem to see her at all. The teens reported the bizarre scene to their parents, who at once related the famous tale of Resurrection Mary. Never having heard the story before, the boys must have questioned whether the off-the-wall vision they had seen was really the same as the legendary hitchhiker, whose aloof sophistication seemed wholly unbecoming the wacky wayfarer of their own experience.

What has happened to Resurrection Mary in these past decades?

A ghosthunter's classic summation would point to the disruption of the Bregovy grave during cemetery renovations.

Investigators might theorize that this disruption could have caused Mary's apparent disorientation. Possibly. For, although the site of the grave was finally disclosed to the public after many years of secrecy, the plot turned out to be unmarked. Mary Bregovy's was a "term grave," a plot that was sold on 25-year terms during the '20s and '30s, in a section of Resurrection that was renovated during the '60s and '70s. It is therefore possible that the girl's family either did not repurchase the grave, resulting in the filling-in of the plot, or that they or the cemetery administration moved the grave to discourage the curious.

There is one other peculiarity worth noting. Resurrection Mary has traditionally been connected with the former Oh Henry (Willowbrook) Ballroom, where she is alleged to have danced during her lifetime, and where she is guessed to have danced her last. Some accounts, however, specify that on the night of her death, Mary was at a dance for Christmas or even Advent, the Christian season preceding Christmas. The fact that so many Resurrection Mary

encounters occur in December might seem to render this obscure lore somewhat more credible, although the timing would also undermine the connection to the Mary Bregovy who was killed on March 10th. Dealing only with conjecture about the behavior of ghosts, researchers continue to seek the Bregovy grave at Resurrection Cemetery in hopes of finding some end to a grueling but engaging search.

*An Enduring Legend... or
Something Else?
Continued in next issue.....*



**JOIN US FOR OUR
RESURRECTION MARY AND
ARCHER AVENUE GHOST TOUR**
Visit us at
www.chicagohauntings.com to
see the calendar and book your
tickets!



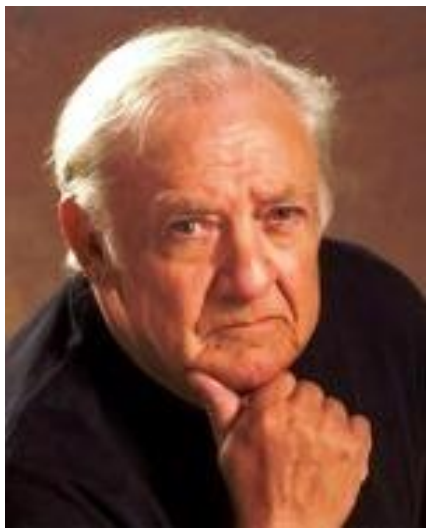


I found this photo quite interesting. we have the usual phase shifting, but the couple at the left part of photo is actually stepping into a light...which is quite beautiful. I just wished that people that I take out there were sensitive enough to pick up on the experience and be able to relay back to me what they felt.

When you look at all their faces and body positions they all seem to be pulled to the direction of that light...unconsciously I am pretty sure. Thus we need to listen to our subconscious when doing this type of work. or going for the dimensional experience. we need to quit depending on our rational thinking and just enjoy the moment with a child's mind

Mary Sutherland

burlingtonnews.net/hauntedtours4



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.

Eddie Waitkus...The Natural

Bill Matteson

Here is a story...I don't know how it will fit in ...the Movie, the Natural with Robert Redford as Roy Hobbs, was based on a true story, but more important to the story is the message it delivers...about universal magic ...keeping your faith ..losing it...and redemption

Eddie Waitkus was a born baseball player. He was so good that when he played minor league with a small town in Maine, they called him a Natural. He was born of immigrant Lithuanian parents on Sept. 4th 1919.

He signed with the Chicago Cubs in about the 1939/1940 time bracket, playing full time in 1941. Then the war broke out and most able-bodied ball players signed on to serve their country.

Eddie went with the Army and fought many a bloody battle in the Philippines, winning 4 bronze stars.

He returned to the Cubs in 1946 playing 1st base, replacing Phil Caveretta, who moved to left field.

Eddie was a highly educated sportsman and everyone liked him. He could speak five languages and was the poster boy of sportsmanship for the media. Yes, everyone loved him; maybe a little too much.

In 1948 he was traded to the Philles for three players, including Dutch Leonard, a great knuckleballer.

Now the Phillies had been scheduled to play 11 games over the 1949 season.

Arriving in Chicago June 14th, 1949, he registered at one of Uptown's finest hotels, the Edgewater Beach. A lot of out of

town sports figures stayed there, while most of Chicago's players stayed at the Sheridan Plaza.

Unbeknownst to Eddie, he was being stalked. He had an admirer.

Ruth Ann Steinhausen was uncontrollably infatuated with Eddie. She registered at the hotel under the name of an old classmate of Eddie's and sent him an urgent message to meet her in her room.

When he walked in, she shot him in the chest with a 22 cal. rifle; she then called the desk and explained what happened. When help arrived, she was cradling Eddie's head in her lap. Eddie almost died several times, but they were successful in removing the bullet, which narrowly missed his heart.

On Aug.19, 1949, just 2 months after being shot, Eddie suited up and played at Shibe Park for Eddie Waitkus Night.

Today, our highly paid athletes get a hang nail or a sprained finger, they sit out the season.

Ruth Ann Steinhagen never went to trial. She spent a long time in a mental institution and died of natural causes last December 2012.

Sometime in 1952, a book was published, written by Bernard Malamud, inspired by these events. Malamud took parts of the Eddie Waitkus story and then borrowed from the life of Shoeless Joe Jackson, a few more baseball role models, *including Christy Mathewson*, the greatest pitcher of his day and the inventor of the fade-a-away, the present day screwball, a reverse curve, so to speak.

Christy was a role model for all young boys, not ever drinking or smoking and going to church. Christy even became the role model for the Frank Merriwell adventure series with over 800

books, movies, and radio programs

(I like to mention this part about Christy because his family changed their name from Matteson to Mathewson while living in Pennsylvania.)

Bernard Malamud wrote *The Natural*. Roy Hobbs was molded after all players mentioned.

A lot of good things come out of Uptown, or at least Uptown played a major part in them.

Editor's note: Bill Matteson grew up in Uptown in the forties and fifties.

My Transmedium Family

Bill Matteson

My great grandmother was a woman who traveled around rich society at the turn of the century as a "Trance Medium" contacting the dead and spirits of loved ones; big business in those days ! She was supposedly very good at this and very much in demand.

In 1909, Anna Tremain Buchanan died during a trance. She had two sisters, who did the same thing; one went crazy during a seance and the other just quit claiming she 'had enough'.

My grandmother Ruth Buchanan did almost all the same stuff, as did one of her sisters.

My Mom, Thelma was very active in spirit contact and healing, My Dad Was working for the CCC in Kansas and for a while we were staying at some farmers house.

I remember when I was about 4 years old, my Mom came in from outside and laid down on the couch. I watched as Mom's appearance change to some grotesque mask ,gasp and choke and started to turn blue.

I ran outside screaming for the farmer who came running in , grabbed Mom and lifted her off the couch and dragged her outside.

Her looks and breathing went back to normal and she said something to the farmer about his daughter; he turned "white and ran in and dragged the couch outside and burned it.

Seems his daughter years before had fallen into the cattle watering tank and he brought her in and layed her down on the couch where she swallowed her tongue and choked to death.

We moved into town soon after that and upstairs from us lived a neat old couple the Armstrongs,

I woke up one night crying, I wanted to see Mr Armstrong. Mom took me upstairs to him, and I told him I wanted him to read me the bible story of Daniel and the Lions, which he did. I fell asleep and he carried me back to my Mom and stayed awake with me all night, until I woke up.

Concerned, my mom asked questions as to why he reacted in such a way. She was told that on that very night twenty-five years ago, their 4 year old son woke up crying and wanted the same bible story. but he died during his sleep.

Mom said we are all messengers . She was a spiritual healer who patched up everyone... she patched me up many times.

I remember my Dad drilling a hole in a nutmeg, my Mom putting a "blue' silk ribbon through it and tying around a woman's neck, Mom said it would cure her neuralgia, three days later she said she was cured.

Mom never and would never take any money for her services, she claimed it was a gift.

I have a true documented Werewolf story from afghanistan for next Issue - My Son Mark was stationed there and was involved.



Brad Sutherland - Center of the World – Outside of Yuma Arizona, on California side – Great Sand Dunes.

Atala Dorothy Toy



Nature spirit author, workshop leader and photographer Atala is the founding president of the holistic company Crystal Life Technology, Inc. and a past vice president of the American Society of Dowsters. For over 25 years, Atala and her staff have been providing handcrafted energy products, therapeutic crystals and a wealth of information on holistic topics via their website www.crystal-life.com

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

Awakening to Nature Signs by Crystal Life



From day to day, season to season, nature signs speak to everyone. Sometimes it's a totem reminding us to tap into our gifts and power, other times it is a reappearing animal that our guides have sent with a message.

Everything we come across in our daily way of life is a sign. Bird songs, a familiar shape seen with unusual frequency, sometimes even a familiar car is a sign of communication from the person you associate with that vehicle.

Signs may come to you from your guides, or perhaps from spirit. These signs may be given to you

in response to a wish or a prayer you've expressed, or perhaps they're helping to give you a little push towards a healthy life choice.

Nature can also send messages from a loved one to let you know they are always with you, that the love you shared is eternal.

Personally the robin has come to be a sign of my beloved father who has passed on. A neighbor has a specific butterfly that she feels is sent to her from her husband, while another has a shape that comes from a loved one passed too soon.

Do not discount such impulses, the universe is a complex and wondrous place, it is completely possible for your loved ones to send you messages and care.

Do you have a nature sign that greets you every day? This too could be one of your totems, or it

could be a sign about a life lesson you are currently going through.

One of my totems is the cardinal, and it never fails that there is one in the tree outside my bedroom window when I awake, calling its glorious song to the world and to my soul.

A friend of mine was woken daily by mourning doves when her marriage ended, another had hummingbirds hovering near her frequently during a particularly joyous time in her life, while another came across dead birds every time she passed a hurdle during a difficult time in her life.

The messages don't have to be so complex either, they can be simple. A cricket or a hawk may be letting you know a message, a communication you've been waiting for is on the way, while a butterfly may be telling you to flourish, to transform.

In my life, the more frequent visitor of late has been a beautiful green grasshopper who seems to

have taken a liking to my hedge roses. He sits steady and sure as my daughter and I trim and dead head the flowers, a gentle heart song emanating from his energy.

We greet each other daily, and I've begun to notice more of his family throughout my fairy garden. Grasshoppers are unusual for me, and as they've been placed in my line of vision I know that I should pay attention to what the lessons this beautiful creature has been chosen to communicate with me.

Grasshoppers are a nice positive message of uncanny leaps forward into sunny situations.

Nature signs work with our people to bring us encouragement, and information.

How can you be sure it's a sign?

Frequency is often the first indication. Other times it is how the sign strikes you, impacts your awareness.

If you are out in nature, bring a small note pad to jot down what you've seen, eventually patterns will emerge, and you'll become more aware to how nature calls out to you. *Music players and phones should be left in the home when you are outside; this only desensitizes you to what nature is trying to communicate.* Be patient, be open to everything, and listen. You'll soon be well on your way to discovering what nature wishes to communicate to you.

"Most people look for the sacred in the unusual and the often dramatic, supernatural experience. But the irony is the Divine mysteries are found in the ordinary, the mundane and the natural aspects of life-softly whispering to us." Ted Andrews

There are a few books that help you understand nature messages, as well as help you learn how to discover your animal totems.

[Animal Speak](#) and [Animal Wise](#) by Ted Andrews are two of my favorites.



Rick Hale

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

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

Rick is the author of 'The Geek's Guide to the Strange and Unusual: Poltergeists, Ghosts & Demons, and his second book, Behold!

Shocking True Tales of Terror...And Some Other spooky stuff both sold on Amazon.com

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

Path Of The Skinwalker South West Regions of USA

15 years ago, a book was released that recounted the harrowing ordeal of a simple family living on a Utah ranch. While there, the family witnessed a host of bizarre phenomena that can only be described as truly terrifying. They encountered giant wolf-like creatures that preyed on their cattle, strange aerial phenomenon and what appeared to be doorways to other worlds. Researchers of anomalous phenomena call this, High Strangeness.

The family depicted in the book, Hunt For The Skinwalker, lived in constant fear of the high strangeness that threatened to destroy their livelihood. And their sanity. When seeking answers for what was happening to them, a Native American shaman explained their property laid in

the path of the Skinwalker. An evil entity found in the folklore of the Native



American people of the American south west. But what is a Skinwalker? And why is it something to be feared and avoided at all costs? To the Apache and Navajo, no creature borne of their darkest

Skinwalkers have the ability to shapeshift into grotesque animals with a taste for human flesh and blood. They are further known to bring sickness and blights upon the land. Many Native villages

have incurred the wrath of these wicked sorcerers and have paid the price. But is there any historical proof to back up the stories concerning skinwalkers? It would appear there is.

For years we assumed the putting to death of alleged witches was exclusive to superstitious European settlers to the shores of North America. Nothing could be further from the truth. In the 19th century, settlers in the south west heard a disturbing story of a Navajo war party attacking and destroying a village populated by their own people. According to the Navajo, the village was home to a clan who practiced the Witchery Way and were known skinwalkers. It was reported over 100 people were rounded up, beheaded and burned. The evil that cursed the land was dealt with harshly and immediately.

It was believed for countless ages, only the Navajo and Apache had to fear the Skinwalker. That was until Caucasians arrived in the region and discovered they too

had something to fear. One family who



was vacationing in New Mexico claimed a man-like creature followed them home and banged on the walls and howled like a wolf. On the inside of their home they experienced poltergeist activity as household items were destroyed by an unseen hand. The hellish activity finally came to an end when a Navajo holy man exorcised the Skinwalker with a lengthy ritual.

Police officers who patrol the region have also claimed to come into contact with a Skinwalker. One officer reported that he approached a man he thought

was a drifter on the side of the road. When the man lifted his head, the officer was horrified to see a monster looking back at him. When the police officer drove off at a high rate of speed, the creature kept pace and tried getting into the car. The creature eventually broke off the pursuit and the police officer left the job.

Skinwalkers, as witches, are believed to use powerful spells to attack and murder their victims. One suspected Skinwalker who was captured was found in possession of bone beads covered in a mysterious powder. When asked, he stated it was used to incapacitate his victims.

Another Skinwalker was in possession of dolls similar to voodoo dolls. He would hold the dolls over fire torturing his victims from afar. According to him, the goal was to cause his victim so much pain, they eventually ended their own life.

The *Yee Naaldlooshi* is so feared among the Navajo, they believe

even mentioning this evil witch would bring about destruction and death.

These people live very close to the land and are intimately familiar with doorways to other realms. And skinwalkers walk between those worlds spreading all the chaos they can.

Rick Hale



Chicago's Neighborhood Of Terror.

Dunning -North West Side
Rick Hale



Children who grew up in the far
north west neighborhoods of

Chicago, would often be heard singing, ***"Dunning, Dunning
open you gates, here comes
Johnny on roller skates."***

This peculiar rhyme illustrated a much feared area of Chicago along Irving Park Road. An area of the city that terrified citizens of the Windy City for well over a century.

To many, the neighborhood now known as Dunning was a nightmare just waiting to happen.



Dunning in the 21st century is a pleasant middle class neighborhood, known for quaint houses, well manicured lawns and friendly people.

Although Dunning is part of Chicago, it has a suburban feel to it the other neighborhoods don't have. This has not always been the case.

In the mid 19th century, the remote area of Cook County appeared to be the perfect place to set up a poor farm. There, the poor of the quickly expanding city could put in an honest days work.

The county purchased a 160 acres from Peter Ludby, the man who farmed the land since 1839, and opened the poor farm.

As time went on, the poor farm began attracting people who clearly suffered from significant mental health problems. The farm was then closed and the Cook County Insane Asylum was opened. To help manage the growing population, two additional buildings were added and the hospital could now accommodate over a thousand patients.

The latter two decades of the 19th century, the Dunning area remained sparsely populated. Few people didn't think moving their families near an insane was such a great idea. All that changed in 1916, when the Schorsch Brothers real estate, bought several acres of land west of Irving Park Road. They named the neighborhood West Portage Park and claimed the area was safe despite the asylum. The brother's efforts resulted in a huge housing boom.

People may have moved to the area, but the fear of patients escaping the asylum haunted the residents of the newly established community. The anxiety was very real, and people worried the insane patients would escape and murder their family. Two dramatic incidents didn't help assuage those fears. In fact they made matters worse.

In 1912 and 1923, fires broke out causing extensive damage to two of the buildings. In the resulting

chaos, several patients did escape and caused a few minor problems. Citizens of the neighborhood and the rest of Chicago began to see the asylum as more trouble than it was worth.

By the 1970s, the old state hospital was falling into shambles and half the buildings were torn down. In its place the Chicago-Read Mental Health Facility was built. With a safer, more secure facility in place, Dunning experienced another housing boom. And that's when things started to get weird.

The mortal remains of hundreds of people were inadvertently dug up

While breaking ground for a new shopping mall and condominium complex in 1989, construction crews made a grisly discovery.

The mortal remains of hundreds of people were inadvertently dug up.

The crew and developers had no idea where they were building was once the graveyard of the poor farm residents, as well as the patients of the old asylum. It wasn't uncommon for bones to be seen flying through the air as the crews worked. One body that was discovered was so well preserved, you could make out the handlebar mustache and sideburns that were fashionable among men of the 1880s.



Several concerned community members and a local pastor came together to hold a memorial service for these poor, forgotten people. And in its place a memorial and the Read-Dunning Memorial Park was established to remember those who died. The community hoped the service

would give peace to these long departed people. Unfortunately they were wrong, because Dunning is very haunted.



Wright Community College appears to get a disproportionate amount of the paranormal activity that allegedly happens in the neighborhood. Following it's move into a new facility shaped like a pyramid, the overnight cleaning staff were the first to report the ghostly activity.

Among the mostly immigrant night custodial staff, tales of encounters with ghosts are heard in hushed conversations. Some of the activity includes lights mysteriously turning on and off and slamming doors are heard when the college is quiet. A few employees have further reported witnessing full bodied

apparitions in 19th century attire walking down darkened corridors. When staff goes to question them they vanish from sight as soon they turn the corner.

There have been a handful of unexplained experiences at the Jewel food store in Dunning Square Mall. Shopping carts are known to take on a life of their own as they roll down aisles as if guided by an unseen person. Automatic doors that typically open when someone goes to enter, have opened of their own accord as if someone just passed through.

Lastly, the Dunning ward office is a third site known to have unexplained activity. The apparition of an elderly woman in a hospital gown has been witnessed by employees and visitors. She is said to give off the unpleasant feeling of sadness.

By all accounts, Dunning on Chicago's north west side is a nice place to live. That is if you don't

mind sharing it with the long dead souls of its original inhabitants.

MONEY SPELLS

You will need: Every denomination of coin: a dollar coin, half dollar, quarter, dime, nickel and penny.

You'll also need sea salt and a welcome mat at the front door or a rug at the front door.

Place all coins in a circle under a rug or welcome mat (it can be indoors or outdoors doesn't matter).

Place the coins starting with the largest denomination first and make a circle. As you place the coins, say these words:

"Money, money, money on the floor; Welcome through my front door."

Trivia Corner

Honey

Honey was Our First Candy or Confection . It was also used to heal the body from infection.

CON fection = NON (in)-FECTION

Honey was used throughout history for healing and 'body preservation'

The Burmese priests are said to have preserved the bodies of their abbots in caskets filled with honey.

In parts of the Arabian Peninsula, deceased children of wealthy families were preserved in sealed jars of honey.

There is the legend of the 'Mellified Men' who, as old Arabian men, would willingly eat nothing but honey for one month, after which they would die. Their bodies would then be placed in a stone coffin filled with honey and stored for one hundred years. When the coffin was finally re-opened , it contained 'confection' with strong powers of healing.

The Ghost Box



Jeff Brigham

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

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

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

The Saga Continues **Chapter 2: Incredible Experiences in the Burlington Haunted Woods**

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



After assembling a motley team of inexperienced ghost

investigators, four of us total, I returned to the Haunted Woods.

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

As investigators, we may have been inexperienced but our hearts were in the right place. We shared the united goal of having genuine encounters with the paranormal. None of us would have been pitching acorns at my back as a prank.

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

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



We stayed on the trail until well past dark and split up into two

teams. Jake and I stayed near the rock pile by the camp fire clearing and the other two trekked back toward the parking lot.

At the base of a tree glowed these two mysterious green bulbs of light, each no bigger than a necklace bead. The pair seemed to be resting on the ground, not hovering in the air. I told Jake to come and look but unfortunately, he couldn't verify what I was seeing because he didn't have his glasses on. I was on my own with this experience. I should have taken a picture but I was so taken by the experience I wasn't thinking of that. Instead, I extended my index finger to touch them. Just inches away they faded out and disappeared. I used a flashlight to look for clues and found nothing. I did manage to accidentally capture these two glowing lights in a randomly taken photo near the original location. They seem to show the

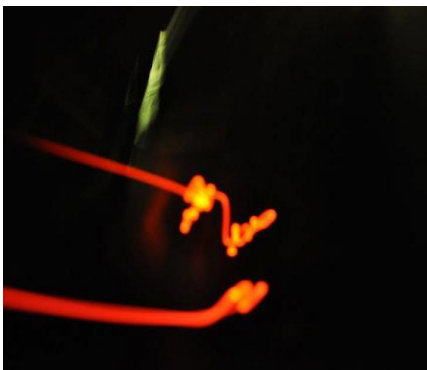
same thing that I saw.



Another time while alone, I set up an infrared video camera with tripod to record a length of trail and heard a man's voice mumbling from the other side of a bush. The utterance was unintelligible. I stopped, listened, and finally said, "Can I help you?" What else does one say in a situation like this? I produced my flashlight and peered through the brambles. No one was there. That was the last I heard of the disembodied voice. Upon reviewing audio, the disembodied voice had indeed been captured, but it was faint and unintelligible, no matter how many times it was replayed. It didn't sound angry or

evil or anything of that nature. It sounded conversational, like the tone of someone making a casual observation. It could have mumbled, 'Nice camera you've got there.'

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



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

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

Disorient me? Nah. Not me. I'd been to the trail too many times and had become a 'hardened' investigator. I bid farewell to

Mary, went on my way back on the trail, and a few minutes later, found myself cocking my head in confusion. *Where did the trail go? Were we still on it? Yes. Wait—no. Had we wandered off?* A very strange and uncomfortable, almost claustrophobic sensation. Unable to see the clear definition of trail, I began to feel lost. I said this to Kristi, my girlfriend, who walked alongside me. Kristi then reminded me of what Mary had said about feeling disoriented. I had forgotten. Sure enough, it happened to me. I take it all back now about being a 'hardened' investigator.

I can't count how many investigations I've done in the haunted woods in Burlington. Maybe twenty or thirty? Here are some other things that happened to me and my fellow SWAG investigators:

- My buddy Jamie was doing an EVP session near the campfire (when no one else was around) and was terribly spooked

when he heard feet running at him. He actually cursed loudly while jumping up and out of the way of the ghostly charger.

- I set out onto the trail to begin an investigation and was frightened right back out to the parking lot at the sound of heavy, bipedal footfall, thump, thump, thumping through the woods close by. I yelled out to someone to see if it was a person, got no response, then hurried to my car in the parking lot for a brief period while gathering my courage to re-enter the woods. (I'm there to investigate ghosts, not Bigfoot or Dogman!)

- My buddy Dan was doing an EVP session by the power lines when he started talking about something mundane, like a college class he was taking, when he caught a very clear and loud male EVP accusing him of lying!

- Often times a spider silk sensation caressed the skin. Some believe this to be the touch of a curious spirit. I think they're

right. But also, there are real spiderwebs spanning this trail that cannot be seen in the dark. Big spiders live on them. I've taken photos of spiders with whom I've had close calls and posted them on SWAG's Facebook site.

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

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

To be continued...

The One-Eyed Scythians Marines with Brass Balls

By Warren Bonesteel (Bones)

"Of these too, then, we have knowledge; but as for what is north of them, it is from the Isotones that the tale comes of the one-eyed men (Arimaspoi) and the Grypes (Griffins) that guard gold; this is told by the Scythians, who have heard it from them; and we have taken it as true from the Scythians, and call these people by the Scythian name, Arimaspoi; for in the Scythian tongue 'arima' means one, and 'spou' means the eye." - Herodotus, Histories 4.27.1

Modern man is not as advanced as he thinks himself to be - It's

interesting to me that many people discount the works of Herodotus, Aeschylus, Plato, Homer, Josephus and many others like them claiming them to be nothing but *mere tellers of myth and tall tales*. Deny as one might, through the actual deed of accusing others of their belief in "magic" we show that we still believe in "magic." Robert A. Heinlein, a celebrated author and scientist, once said, "*One man's*

magic is another man's engineering."

In ancient tales, one man is said to have walked upon water. Another is said to have raised people from the dead. Yet others are said to have flown without artificial aids. Still others are said to have been giants. Elijah climbed into a flaming chariot and was never seen again.

Among these ancient stories and tall tales were the Scythians who were said to have been a race of one-eyed people. Some even said that they were born with only one eye! Some think that this belief may have come from them having one eye closed while sighting on their targets. It may have been that they were just brilliant and skilled cavalymen who, in times of war, used the bow and arrow to devastating effect. They would ride to within range of their enemies and unleash their arrows, and then, to the same devastating effect, rain just as many arrows upon their enemies while riding away. They would do this until their enemy's forces were depleted or their lines were disrupted. Then they would

charge the enemy lines while unleashing yet more arrows before drawing their swords and using their lances.

Scythian children learned to ride before they could walk. They were given bows and arrows appropriate to their size before they could run. They grew up on horseback and with a bow in their hands. Throughout their lives they would have possibly often heard, *"Use one eye when looking at your target!"* It would have become a proverb among them, and the phrase would've been used as a metaphor for "focus and concentration" in other areas of life, as well. *"One eye ...One eye."* In military forces around the world such sayings are often used in training. In the United States Marine Corps, one such acronym regarding marksmanship is well known; B.R.A.S.S. Breath, Relax, Aim, Stop, Squeeze. It is sometimes used as a metaphor in other situations as well, particularly in regards to internal or external politics.

There will always be some that believe the stories behind the 'race of one-eyed people' is a

mere tall tale. But to another such a description, the story of the Scythian might be used as a proverb, telling us that "A man who will focus and concentrate... will never miss his target".

Something New

Thank you for reading and following Legends Magazine.

You may have noticed that our book reviews and

recommendations were not found in this section of the magazine.

To promote and expose our wonderful authors and their books, we have extended the magazine to its own website that corresponds with the magazine.

Here we can display more books for your reading entertainment and research.

We hope you like it and please help support our authors by purchasing their books.

www.burlingtonnews.net/bookreviews.html

Thank you.

Mary Sutherland

Donate



www.burlingtonnews.net/donate.htm

!

Thank you for supporting our work

www.burlingtonnews.net/Legends.html

LEGENDS RECOMMENDED READING



burlingtonnews.net/bookreviews.html

www.burlingtonnews.net/bookreviews.html



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

facebook.com/groups/legendsmagazine/files