

WHY APPARITIONS ARE UNLIKELY TO BE GHOSTS - THE DEBATE STARTS HERE.

HAUNTED

M A G A Z I N E



THE HELL HOUSE HAUNTINGS

with Sam Baltrusis

TERROR OF THE WARMINSTER THING

Emma Heard investigates

EXAMINING THE EXISTENTIAL

with Rev. Lionel Fanthorpe

THE GRAMPUS

Demonic Dolphin or Cryptid con?



HOT SUMMER FRIGHTS

CONJURING BATHSHEBA

History vs Hollywood

GHOSTS, GRIEF & SIN EATING IN SHROPSHIRE

with Amy Boucher



BORLEY RECTORY

Do we have a love/hate relationship with the most haunted house in England?

THE BASS STRAIT TRIANGLE

An Australian Mystery



COLCHESTER CASTLE

The Mystery of the History

ISSUE

38

UK £5.99



ALSO FEATURING: OWLS | GROWLS | APPARITIONS | GHOSTLY MISSIONS | SMELLS | SPELLS | COACHING INNS | DOLPHINS | WANDERING NUNS | SLUMBERING MONKS | THE YOUTH | THE TRUTH | THE FAME | THE BLAME | MORE OF THE SAME | INTERVIEWS | NEWS | VIEWS | MUSE | FOLKLORE & SO MUCH MORE...

CELEBRITY

back2back productions

HELP!

MY HOUSE IS HAUNTED

SERIES TWO

stream now  discovery+



OFFICIAL MERCH NOW AVAILABLE



SCAN THE QR CODE FOR MORE OR VISIT...
<https://help-myhouseishaunted.myshopify.com>

NEW MERCH COMING SOON!
SEE UPDATES VIA THE 'HELP!' SOCIALS





THE PARANORMAL LIFE!! IS IT US THAT MAKES IT MORE COMPLICATED?

Writing these editorial pieces at the start of the magazine is getting harder and harder. It's not because I am struggling to find what to write about – far from it – it's because there is so much to write about – so much to say – so much I want to say. Very often, I will start writing about something and then end up going off on a tangent towards something else. I guess that's what happens when you have a short attention span.

WHERE WAS I?

Oh yeah, see, it's already happened, one paragraph in, but does this sum up the paranormal in a way? Are we moving from pillar to post too quickly? In this fast-paced social media world that we live in, do we read/hear about a paranormal story, soak it up, breathe it in, and offer our opinions before moving on to the next one? Cos there's always a next one; it's not like we're twiddling our thumbs waiting for the next ghost story to come knock on our door.

WHERE WAS I?

Oh yeah, I look at paranormal cases of old [Borley & Enfield, to name but two], and I see, we all see, the amount of time paranormal investigators spent at these locations [days, weeks, months, years], and I often wonder if a house owner reported a similar paranormal situation today and it was affecting their family and/or property would it get an equivalent amount of time on it or just end up with a one-time investigation, or becoming an episode of a 45 minute TV show, or a live stream or a future location for paid public events?

WHERE WAS I?

Oh yeah, I sometimes view the paranormal as a continuous straight path, an infinite continuous line, and it's us that has deviated from it, has left it, has gone off the road and has hopped, skipped and jumped around it, and then I think the paranormal is a bit like Frankenstein's Monster, but I am not sure whether it's us or the paranormal that is Frankenstein or the paranormal or us who is the monster. It's all fun and games, isn't it?

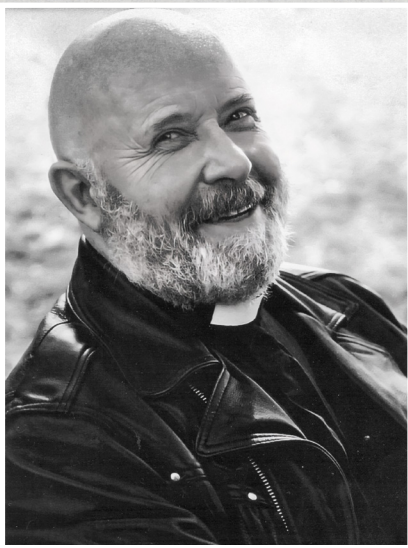
WHERE WAS I?

Oh yeah, enjoy the magazine.

Paul

CONTENTS

- 04 KATE RAY FANGIRLS **THE FANTHORPE**
- 07 WHAT DID KATIE DO NEXT? SHE WENT TO **ICELAND** THAT'S WHAT SHE DID
- 11 ULRICH MAGIN'S **OWLS, OTTERS AND OLD NICK**
- 13 THE BEASTS OF **PARANORMAL PODCASTS** PART TWO
- 17 SAM BALTRUSIS AND **THE HAUNTINGS OF HELL HOUSE**
- 20 PETER MCCUE'S **TRICKERISH ALLSORTS**
- 24 **HIGGYPOP** SNIFFS OUT THE PARANORMAL
- 25 EMMA HEARD AND THAT **WARMINSTER THING**
- 30 **THE KIDS ARE ALL FRIGHT:** THE NEXT GENERATION OF GHOST HUNTERS
- 33 JESSICA CALE AND **THE FANSTASTIC PHANTASMAGORIA**
- 35 PENNY GRIFFITHS-MORGAN & THE **GHOST HUNT WITH A HISTORICAL TWIST**
- 38 NEIL PACKER'S **ROKU HORROR PICTURE SHOW**
- 40 WHY DOES **BORLEY RECTORY** CONTINUE TO DIVIDE THE PARANORMAL?
- 45 LORIEN JONES UNDERSTANDS & DELIVERS THE HISTORY OF THE COACHING INN
- 48 AMY BOUCHER & THE JUST DESSERTS OF **SIN EATING IN SHROPSHIRE**
- 52 RICHARD ESTEP GIVES THANKS TO THE **HAUNTED HARRIMAN HOSPITAL**
- 57 CHARLIE HALL & **THE HAUNTINGS OF HAM HOUSE**
- 61 DEREK HEATHS ASKS IF THERE IS A PORPOISE TO **THE GRAMPUS**
- 64 MOLLY BRIGGS & **HIGH STRANGENESS IN THE TONTO NATIONAL FOREST**
- 68 ELI LYCETT AND **THE BARTON BLOUNT MANOR GHOST**
- 71 DR KATE AND **THE MENACE OF MEDIUM MUNNINGS**
- 73 IS **THE BASS STRAIT TRIANGLE** JUST ONE OF THOSE 'TINGS'?
- 75 **THE PSYCHIC PROJECTION** OF THE PARANORMAL [OH & PHILIP]
- 77 STACEY RYALL AND THE **GHOSTS OF THE HOLY CROSS CONVENT**
- 79 AMANDA WOOMER & THE **PARANORMAL HISTORY VS HOLLYWOOD DEBATE**
- 82 HUBERT HOBUX & **THE SPOOKS OF STAFFORD**
- 85 **TROUBLE AT THE MILL** WITH RYLEIGH BLACK
- 89 THE FAME GAME: IS **PARANORMAL POPULARITY** A BLESSING OR A CURSE?
- 93 OWEN STATON & HIS **PERSONAL SPOOKY PARANORMAL ENCOUNTERS**
- 96 DETECTING THE PARANORMAL WITH **THE PARANORMAL DETECTIVES**



Examining the Existential

Kate Ray ponders the age-old question...

Just who the heck is Reverend Lionel Fanthorpe?

We have all had those moments where we have questioned the meaning of life. Often these consist of "What is it all about? Why are we here? What is death, is there life after death, are there really Gods and other existential crisis questions? These can put us in a tailspin in the early hours of the morning as we wrestle with such massive concepts. Our human existents and experience have been the enquiry of philosophers, theologians, scientists, poets and artists since ancient times. Questions of life permeate all communities, religions, and cultures, with many theories being offered up worldwide. We all suffer from anxiety about the value of life and death, it is part of the human condition, but very few people reach out into the abyss to find answers.

One man has set about to examine those questions, leaving me asking who would be capable of a quest of such magnitude.

For those of you who know of Reverend Lionel Fanthorpe, he needs little in the way of an introduction. He is usually sighted as the leather jacket-wearing, Harley Davidson riding, dog-collared exorcist's presenter from the 1990's show Fortean TV. These credentials are a grand starting point if you were to chase after the meaning of life, but these are but a few of many of the attributes given to Lionel.

Reverend Lionel Fanthorpe is an icon and has contributed enormously to the development of the paranormal community. Throughout his varied career, he has inspired ghost hunters and Fortean through his research, writing and presentation of all things of high strangeness.

Listening to Lionel talk in interviews or as part of his audiobook narration is akin to enjoying the finest smooth velvety chocolate cake. His lamination in this lulling tone often directly juxtaposes the subject matter he discusses. He adds a calm, gentle authoritative understanding of the paranormal subjects he discusses. Lionel's warmth and generous nature have made sometimes difficult and frightening subjects easy to access, and that's been his charm in inspiring others.

At the time of writing this article, Lionel is completing a book that will culminate his life experiences, all 88 grand years!

Having seen the book's synopsis, I feel that the existential anxiety we have as humans will simply melt away with the words of wisdom promised in the book. But where does this wisdom come from?

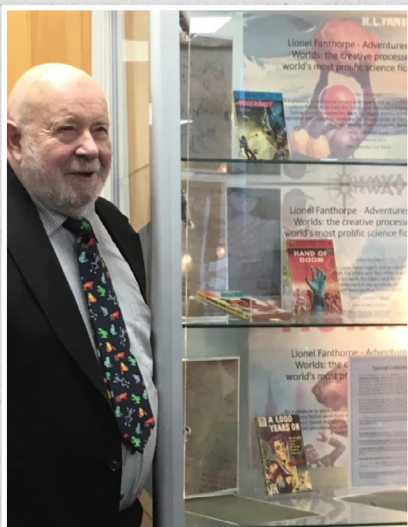
Some things you may not know about Lionel begin with the vast reading list of books he has written. He is sighted as one of the most prolific science fiction authors in the world, and at one point in his career, he had to write under a pen name because he was producing too much work. He has created over 250 fictional books over 70 years!

As well as his writing, his Godly duties, and hosting paranormal shows, he earned a black belt in karate and is a 5th dan; he really is a ninja vicar! His rich and varied pursuits and passion for life seem far from diminishing in his golden years. Although these days he isn't inclined to be flinging opponents around the dojo, he continues to write, film, and narrate.

Lionel's early life formed an excellent grounding for his passion for the world of the unexplained. He published his first book in 1952 and, to date, is still publishing. Understanding the world through science fiction can lead to many questions about the constructs of human reality. I am sure that Lionel was presented with many questions about this through the fictional world.

The futuristic exploration through his books was by no means the end of Lionel's enquiry into the strange world of the unexplained. Lionel understands there is a great reward for looking at all the Fortean subjects and the rich cross-referencing that occurs there. He speaks with great confidence about subjects such as ghosts, cryptids, time travel, the afterlife, earth mysteries and many more. Lionel exudes a genuine deep curiosity for these subjects and has had the opportunity to investigate many cases and places, making him a valuable source of knowledge to the paranormal community.

Aside from the striking image of Lionel cruising around on the back of a Harley, Lionel is a devoted man of the cloth on a mission to disseminate his wisdom about the paranormal. He is incredibly honest and straightforward about how his beliefs in the paranormal and Christianity sit side by side and aren't opposite ends of a spectrum.





In a recent interview, we spoke about the notion of reincarnation; Lionel believes (whether seriously or not) that he is the reincarnation of a Knights Templar. With his martial arts and religious background, it isn't hard to imagine Lionel being God's warrior. The belief that the soul or the spirit is the driving force to the flesh suit that we inhabit is a global theory, and Lionel goes as far as to speculate that through this notion, to be born again into a different body. So, he may have been a sword-wielding valiant knight in a past life.

He has fought the malevolent forces first-hand in this carnation and conducted exorcisms. The casting out of demonic energies is not for the faint-hearted, and these deeds give us more of an insight into the spiritual strength of Lionel.

During his TV career, he came across a fair share of evil energies, having presented paranormal shows such as "Castles of Horror", "Encounters with the Unexplained", "Talking Stones", and most notably "Fortean TV". During filming, many of these shows meant that Lionel would be on location, and he directly



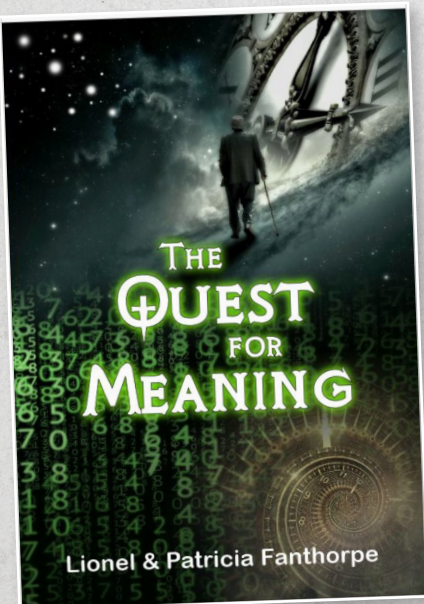
experienced the fear of his co-workers who encountered dark and foreboding energies.

I was in my mid-teens during the 1990s when Fortean TV first aired, and I would watch it on a tiny 6-inch portable black and white tv screen, which meant I had to rely heavily on the audio as the picture quality was awful. Only hearing the audio and glimpsing some notable shapes did not detract from the excitement of the show. It first aired in Jan 1997 and ran for 22 episodes, and just over a year later, in March 1998, the show came to a close. It seems an incredibly short period for a programme to be broadcast compared to the cult viewing status it gained (and still has).

At the time, amongst my friends and peers, Fortean TV was much talked about and would always prompt great discussions. The subjects that were examined, sometimes at a fast pace, included, as you would imagine, aliens, ghosts, real vampires, earth mysteries, raining fish, and the show didn't hold back on the shock factors. As a show, it defined an era where Britain was cool and funky, and there was an air of bohemian optimism, and Channel 4 captured this well on Fortean TV.

Fortean TV has recently been released on DVD, and this time I get to watch it in its full technicolour glory without having to squint at a tiny black-and-white screen. I do wonder whether the show would have held the same quirky charm if Lionel hadn't been chosen to present it.

Through such shows and a passion for the paranormal, Lionel and his wife Patricia have travelled around the globe to all kinds of mysterious and intriguing places, earning Lionel the pet title of a 'real-life Indiana Jones'. Lionel has experienced first-hand the world of the paranormal on many levels through research, listening to the experiences of others, as well as his own encounters. In one such encounter, he received a cryptic message from a recently deceased close friend, who appeared to him as a ghost the evening before the friend's funeral service. Lionel says that the apparition was solid and was nothing frightening, but the message the apparition gave could not have been conjured out of thin air. The message turned out to relate to the deceased's conversation with a Reverend who had visited him in his final hours. Lionel had joined that reverend that evening, as together they were to conduct the funeral service the following day. The full story and interview can be found on YouTube, "Hare in the Hawthorn", where I have had the pleasure of interviewing Lionel on a couple of occasions.



Such rich life experiences place Lionel in the perfect position to write "The Quest for Meaning", which will culminate 70 years of practices and research of life from the lens of the strange. The book has an anthropological thread that weaves the human experience, tackling reality and alternate realities, alternative dimensions, consciousness, and dreams, viewing these topics from the macro to the micro.

I asked Lionel about his motivation for writing *The Quest for Meaning*, and he said:

"In this book, we set out to examine the meaning of life – and our role in it – we first look in depth at the mysteries of individual consciousness. We tried to emulate Socrates to examine life and its enormous range of meanings. We felt that we needed first to find out all we could about the individual human consciousness that actually does the exploring."

There are few people today that could tackle this broad subject in the way that Lionel has. He comes from a place of a breadth of knowledge, coupled with his gentle charisma, and I am sure he will gently guide us through the meaning of life and beyond.

When asked about the personal aspect of writing a book of such significance, Lionel said this about some revelations that took place:

"The arguments favour an objective environment, a real and substantive external setting in which the self exists, are much stronger than those for mentally projected environments. The keyboard in front of me, the desk it stands on, my chair and the floor which supports it – all seem to have a genuine external existence. I see the time on my wall clock and hear it ticking. I feel the keys below my fingertips. I taste the sugar in my tea. All the senses involved in those operations tell me I am in contact with genuine, external, objective realities. These are not thoughts projected from my mind: my senses tell me these things are external, objective realities."

By reading this book, we may also experience a more profound sense of the world around us and how we fit into it.

The Quest for Meaning promises to be a great book, and I look forward to diving into its pages.

Thanks to Mark Jones for providing me with a biography, information about Lionel's book and photographs. A special thanks to Lionel for spending time chatting with me and answering my queries.

Kate Ray X

ICELAND

THE LAND OF ICE, FIRE AND FOLKLORE

BY KATIE WALLER

Iceland is one of the most magical and mysterious places I have ever had the privilege of visiting. An ecological paradise hosting erupting volcanoes, glaciers, and something I didn't expect; folklore, cryptids and ghostly hauntings. Throughout my journey across the country, I realised that many Icelandic people believe specifically in elves and trolls. Several locals state that they can communicate and meet them regularly. Alongside this, many places are thought to be haunted by spirits of the past. People believe there are three types of ghosts, those which haunt a particular person or family, known as 'followers.' There are also zombie-like ghosts which are awakened dead bodies brought back from the other side by magic. As well as that, there are also spirits of the dead that return on their own. They believe that ghosts return to where they were conceived, and their means of death is why they haunt. They feel that energy is manifested by intense and extreme mourning as well as unfinished business or greed, not willing to leave their riches behind. Residents are open and embrace the paranormal, calling male ghosts and poltergeists *Móri*, whereas females are known as *Skotta*.

HAUNTINGS

Austurvöllur Graves

Located in downtown Reykjavik this site was discovered when workmen began to dig the foundations of a new building in the Plaza of Parliament. Over time they unearthed multiple human skeletons leading historians to conclude this was an ancestral cemetery. It has since been dated back over nine hundred generations making this a top spot for hauntings in the area. Now re-buried, the location is home to tales of unhappy, disturbed souls.



Höfði

Built in 1909, this house was designed to host important governmental meetings. The most famous was in 1986, when Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Dietrich met to sign the treaty which ended the cold war. Over the years, many influential figures, including Winston Churchill, visited the house. The first known person to dwell in the building was Einar Benediktsson, a judge. He claimed he was haunted by the ghost of a woman who had killed herself following his verdict on her assault case. According to Einar, the woman

frequently visited, crying to him at night. In 1952 the British ambassador requested the house to be sold due to its ghostly inhabitants, which he experienced himself.

In more recent times, a hot spring was found to flow under the building, which some say is the real cause of the unexplained sounds. Others feel this only amplifies the spiritual activity at the location. Today the house is not open to visitors, although it is still used for occasional important meetings.



The Húrra Ghost

Oddly located in the popular Húrra bar in Reykjavik, staff have reported feeling nauseous, being followed and experiencing cold chills when using a particular staircase. Strange dark shadows are often seen moving along the walls. Locals believe this is a lost soul of a seaman as part of the old city's harbour foundations sits exposed within the basement of the bar.

Hólavallagarður Cemetery

This cemetery sits on the city's outskirts and was founded in 1838 after the older Viking burial ground had insufficient space. The cemetery is beautiful, although strangely for Iceland, it is full of trees with mossy walkways between the grave-stones. All of the most important historical and famous Icelanders are buried here. According to tradition, the first person laid to rest in a new cemetery is the guardian who watches over the dead. In this case,

the watchman is Guðrún Oddsdóttir who was buried here the same year the site was founded. The place is eerie yet has a feeling of positive energy. It is home to many cats, which is one of the reasons locals believe it to be haunted. This is due to the legend and fear of the Yule Cat, a man-eating feline of Icelandic folklore. The most common sighting is a manifestation of a torso and a bearded man floating between the tombstones.



Elves and Trolls

Icelandic people have a connection with elves and trolls, many believing they live within the vast inhabitable areas of the island. Some people say they know where they live and visit these areas to communicate with them. Apparently, they live much as we do; farming, fishing, and even going to church on Sundays. Elves are also known as 'Hidden People' and dwell in sparse areas within rocks and caverns. They are invisible but can allow themselves to be seen by humans if they wish. They prefer to be left alone to live peacefully but are known to become violent and destructive if disturbed. Some people believe so fiercely in elves that building works are avoided in certain areas to prevent conflict with them.

A recent example of this was in 2015 when a new road was being built through elvish lands, across a volcanic lava field. Builders attempted to carry out their work but kept failing due to machinery mysteriously breaking; tools would vanish and freak accidents would happen to the men. The company then hired a local woman known for her ability to talk with the elves. She went to negotiate with them, and a few months later, she returned saying the elves would permit the new road provided it was diverted, bypassing their village. The road was then built with no further issues, which de-toured the area where the elves lived.

Trolls are believed to also live in the wild areas



of Iceland and are known to be magical and able to cast enchantments. Like elves, they do not enjoy being disturbed but are most clumsy and considered stupid compared to elves. They will eat human flesh and try to lure people into the wild, especially naughty children. They are nocturnal, as exposure to sunlight will turn them to stone. Many rock formations around Iceland are explained to be that of petrified trolls that got stuck outside at sunrise. One of these is located just offshore from the south

coast black beach, Reynisfjara at Vik. Here sit three large basalt columns. Many years ago, two trolls were attempting to drag a shipwreck ashore but as they ran out of time, they and the wreck were turned to stone as dawn broke. People from the village of Vik warn travellers to never take sand from the beach as it will bring bad luck. Many tourists laugh at the story, take some sand home, but soon return it after having experienced the curse for themselves.

CRYPTIDS

Lagarfljot Worm

Thought to be a relative of the loch ness monster, the creature reportedly lives in a lake near the town of Egilsstaðir in the east of the island. Initial sightings were as early as 1345, the most recent in 2012. Locals say it is 40ft in length, serpent-shaped with the head of a seal. It is one of Iceland's most famous creatures and has been the subject of many videos online showing an animal with the same appearance.



Nykur

This sea horse which looks like the well-known kelpie lives in rivers and lakes. In appearance, it looks like a normal grey horse with backwards-facing hooves. It attempts to lure lost hikers into riding it, but when they jump onto the back of the creature, it immediately dives deep down into the water. This drowns the victim and then the Nykur will consume them.





Skeljaskrímsli (The Shell Monster)

Covered in blue scales but the size of a bear, this creature lives around the island's shorelines, although most sightings occur at sea. It has venomous blood, which enables it to kill its victims. It has red eyes and a bioluminescent glow around the mouth. They come ashore to raid farmland, eating hoof stock with sightings from the 1880s to the present day.



Shore Laddie

Like the shell monster, this cryptid lives in the sea but comes ashore to enjoy mating with sheep, commonly spotted during the sheep breeding season. Observed from the 1700s onwards it will attack and eat pregnant women. It is very large and covered in hair with a rat's head. The feet are webbed to allow adaptation to its watery lifestyle and walking on land.

The Merman

The merman lives in the sea but has human legs and a long fish tail. He has transparent skin and a large, bloated stomach and can walk on land and swim. Not a threat to humans, although if observed by fishermen, it is known to be a bad omen and something terrible is about to happen.



Halibut Mother

This giant halibut fish is said to be the mother of all halibut in the sea. If you kill it, you will be

cursed and have bad luck when fishing in the future. Stories say she can wrap her fins around boats and drag them down into the deep, never to be seen again, similar to the Kraken.

Hrökkáll

Small in size, this vicious creature is known to be an evil eel that lives in stagnant water and ponds. They lie in wait for a person to enter the water and then coil around the leg, constricting it like a snake. It cuts into the person's flesh and squeezes until the limb is amputated. Its scales are metallic and extremely strong, and it has razor-sharp fins. A wizard accidentally created the hrökkáll as he attempted to save a rotting eel by magic.

Nissi

Half ghost, half-elf; these wise creatures are short, dwarf like and mischievous. They are associated with the sea and are the protectors of seamen.



Just like the merman, if a Nissi is seen aboard a boat but then disappears, the ship will likely be in trouble and the men in grave danger.

Vatnagedda

First sighted in 1859 this poisonous fishy creature lives in the desolate deep lakes of the island. It looks like a flounder and has been

described as blue, yellow, and hairy. It is so poisonous it can melt rocks therefore humans must wear gloves when trying to catch it.

Útburður

These are ghosts of abandoned babies. In medieval times they were left out in the wild lava fields to die by mothers who could not care for them. They have the body of a raven and only a skull for a head. They make a howling sound in bad weather and fly around, following, haunting their mothers.



A truly astonishing place in beauty and mystery, I highly recommend visiting this magical location. The local culture is fantastic, with friendly, knowledgeable people and an interesting history. Although rare to investigate the paranormal here, you can visit a few places if you are brave enough. Just make sure you only leave behind your footsteps and be very careful what souvenirs you bring back home! Thanks to Cryptidz Fandom for the images used in this feature, and I hope to return again soon to conduct my own investigations.

Katie X

What will Katie do next?
[We have no idea until she tells us]

Accounts of past paranormal phenomena...

AN EARLY CASE OF ECTOPLASM?

Researched and written by Ulrich Magin



The word ectoplasm was coined in 1894 by physical researcher Charles Richet to describe something that was observed at séances. As Werner Bonin defines in his "Lexikon der Parapsychologie" (Encyclopaedia of parapsychology), "Ectoplasm, from the Greek 'ektos', outside, and plasma, thing, was introduced as a name for the hypothetic material that mediums emit (either invisible or as white-grey, veil-like object, also in the form of more or less rigid threads). This astral substance is thought to be the agent that causes paranormal movement of objects and be the matter of which materialisations are made." There are some famous photos of mediums taken by Albert von Schrenck-Notzing, which show large masses of ectoplasm coming out of the mouth of mediums.

However there are some curious similar connections to ectoplasm from a county pamphlet over 200 years before. A pamphlet from 1679 titled 'Strange news out of Hartfordshire' described, in great detail, two instances when the devil interacted with the world. The first one is probably more well known – the "mowing devil" punishes a greedy farmer by circularly mowing his corn and has often been interpreted as an early example of a crop circle. Then follows a story of a true narrative of a young maid who was possessed with several devils or evil spirits, one of which, by the prayers of a pious and religious doctor, who came to visit her, was fetched out of her Body, and appeared in the Room in the likeness of a large Snake, and twisted itself about the

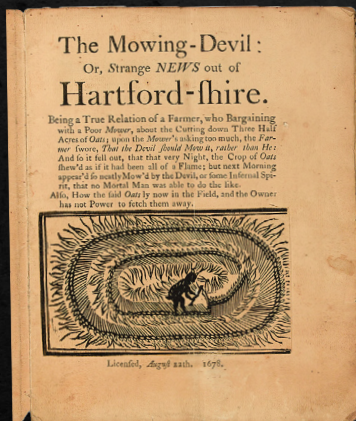
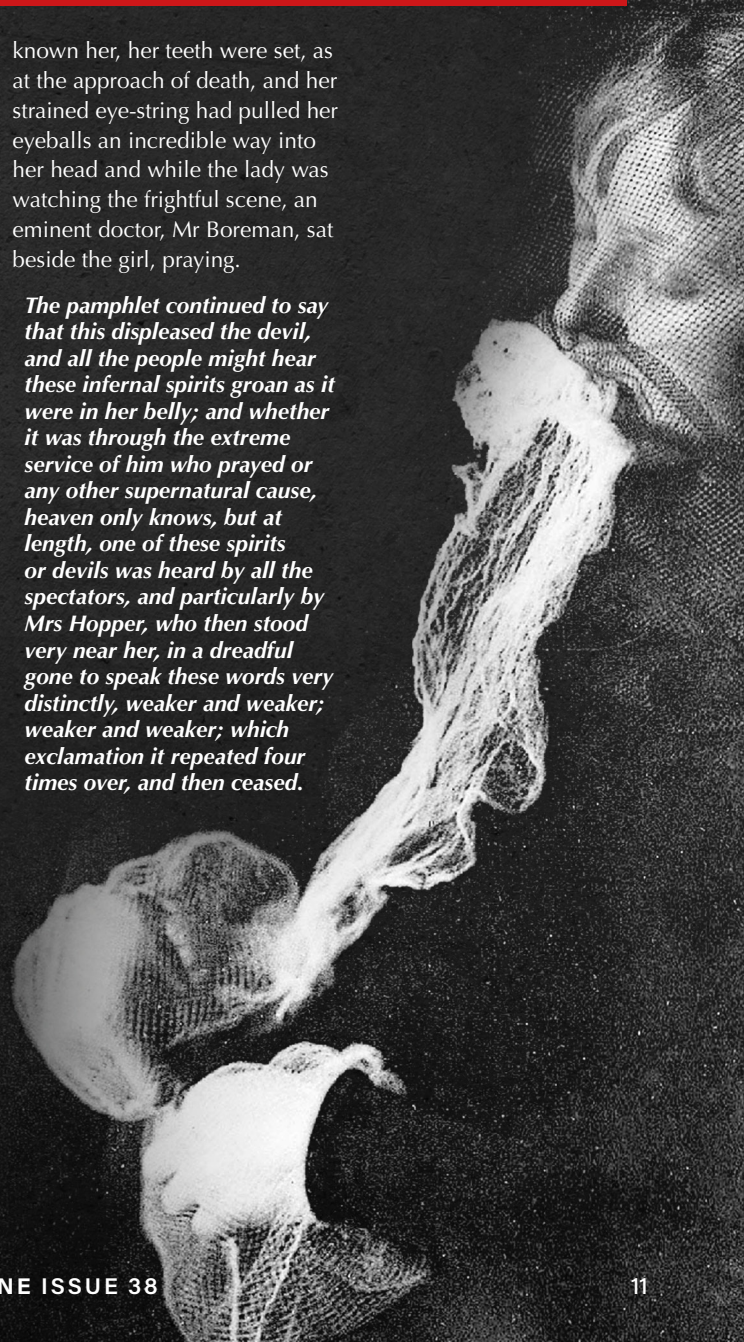
Doctor's Neck, whilst he was at his Devotion.

The story itself, in old-fashioned English, and with much theological content [the stories in such pamphlets were told to shock, like modern horror movies, but also to spread the good – and sometimes alarming – news about how God runs the world] was aimed at converting the most impudent and incredulous atheists out there.

It claims to be an eyewitness account by Mrs Hopper, who had relations in Kent and heard that at their village, Orpington near Bexley, a young maid was possessed by the devil who shrieked and raged in her. On May 5th the lady visited the maid, and when she first entered the room, she found the maid in the very height of one of her dreadful fits; dreadful I may well call them, since those envious spirits within her, still retain their devilish natures, had contracted her nerves, joints, and sinews, after so wonderful a manner, that they had almost drawn her out of human shape; she appeared almost of a heap with a face though comely and well favoured before, yet in this fit, so squeezed and drawn out of shape that her nearest relations, had not they been acquainted with what happened before, could not have

known her, her teeth were set, as at the approach of death, and her strained eye-string had pulled her eyeballs an incredible way into her head and while the lady was watching the frightful scene, an eminent doctor, Mr Boreman, sat beside the girl, praying.

The pamphlet continued to say that this displeased the devil, and all the people might hear these infernal spirits groan as it were in her belly; and whether it was through the extreme service of him who prayed or any other supernatural cause, heaven only knows, but at length, one of these spirits or devils was heard by all the spectators, and particularly by Mrs Hopper, who then stood very near her, in a dreadful gone to speak these words very distinctly, weaker and weaker; weaker and weaker; which exclamation it repeated four times over, and then ceased.



This display shocked the assembled audience, many of which fled the room. but this Gentlewoman being of undaunted courage was resolved to stay and see the last of what would happen and therefore stirred not out of the Room till the doctor had done, and a little after, both she and all that were left in the room, might again hear one of the same spirits within her, which had got possession of the maid, to bark like a little Dog twice together.



This was all that was heard or seen as worthy of public remark. But on another day wherein this poor Creature was seized on by these lamentable fits, the same person was earnestly at prayer on his knees by her, when behold a far greater wonder than we have before related, happened in the sight of a great number of spectators who then came to see her.

I know it will seem doubtful to many, for I know some people will not believe there are such things as witches or spirits but since no reasons nor examples will convince such obstinate humourists, let them persist until startling death, with its train of terrors, open their blind eyes so I shall boldly divulge this as an undoubted truth.

That as the doctor was praying again for this distressed maid, *a live and seeming substance forced its way out of her mouth in the likeness of a large serpent and flew to the doctor, winding itself in the presence of the whole auditory about his neck, where it for some time remained, till some of*

the standers by were going to pluck it off, at which it immediately vanished, and was never seen since. I say this was done before a multitude of people, all of whom are ready to confirm it under their hands, to be a visible truth.

There yet remains another of these spirits in this maid, which many times distorts her in the manner above mentioned; the noise of it is heard as she goes or moves; it will at times answer several questions proposed to it, at other times make a hideous murmuring, as if it disliked its present habitation; which unparalleled wonder, people come far and near to see, and all return with the same acknowledgement, that they never saw nor heard of the like all their lives.

Whilst writing about the paranormal and reporting supernatural occurrences has changed and the use of olde-worlde English has [sadly] long gone, one can only admire the detailed description by whoever penned this particular part of the pamphlet. Yes, the serpent may be a reference to bible and the garden of Eden aimed at the atheist types could the live substance be an early indication of ectoplasm.

The Ghost Owls of Norfolk...

In West Bilney near King's Lynn in 1897, gamekeeper Frederick Rolfe was out late at night when he saw a bright blue light fly close to his face. The object appeared several more times that night and he returned on subsequent nights with his gun to try to discover what it was. 'At last I saw the light skimming over the ground,' he explained, 'I waited until it was within a few yards of me, then fired at the light. It being dark, you might fancy my surprise when I found...a barn owl dead on the ground.'

Walter Rye, who wrote about a similar creature in Foulsham in February 1907, wrote more than 80 works about Norfolk including one which he wrote about 'strange lights and luminous owls' in the county. He was desperate to spot a glowing owl himself, spending nights with his friend RJW Purdy in the hope of spotting one: 'If I didn't see the luminous owl myself, I certainly caught the worst cold I have ever had while waiting to do so,' he wrote.

A year later, the Eastern Daily Press reported another

glowing owl. Edward Cannell of Lower Hellesdon caught the luminous owl in darkness at around 6am which later died, from 'purely natural causes minutes later.' I saw something shining on the grass bank, which for the moment startled me,' said Mr Cannell. It fluttered down, crossed the path and got up against the grape vine. I had no trouble in catching it, and I did not hurt it in any way. It was an owl, and it was bright and luminous. I carried it indoors, and put it on a stool, and went in the garden again. When I came back into the house the bird was dying. It was still luminous, but perhaps the glow was not as strong as when I first saw it. When I came into breakfast, the bird was quite dead. Its light had gone out.' It should be pointed out that Mr Cannell worked at the place where he describes seeing owls rather than being a patient: 'I have no doubt at all that the bird was luminous when I saw it first...There are a number of owls that fly about among the trees at the asylum every night, but I have never seen a luminous one before.'

The Großkarlbach Ghost

In 1860, several frightened observers noticed a rather noisy ghost at Großkarlbach in the Palatinate, the German region just north of the Alsace in France. For a long time, local inhabitants who walked a street leading to a small stream, the Karlbach, found it was haunted at night. As the Regensburger Zeitung picked up the story on July 27, 1860.

"[...] people [...] heard a loud squawk, like that of the death bird, and when they went nearer, a 'thump' as if someone were throwing himself into water. Then all was quiet again. Some saw the ghost sneaking around without being able to describe it in detail. Fear seized the anxious minds, and even the old night watchman, who had already experienced much in his life, scarcely dared to go down the infamous street, even with his pike. However, the spectre was banned last week. One morning at the mill of the Kehr family, not far from Großkarlbach, the mill helper saw a large animal busy bringing its three young ones from the brook, one after the other, into a den. He has never seen such an animal, runs into the mill and informs his master. The master quickly grabs his rifle and comes to the spot

when the animal is just about to drag the last young into the den. The shot rings out, and the animal rolls on the ground, hit. It was a beautiful otter, female, of exceptional length, and weighed fourteen pounds. Now the three young were also caught. When news of the incident reached Großkarlbach, it was suspected that the otter might be connected to the ghost. A few men lay in wait; on the night of last Thursday, something creeps up – and bang! The male otter collapses, a splendid beast weighing seventeen pounds. It has become quiet again in the village because the ghost – the otter and his family – no longer appear."

Otters have been suggested as explanations for several mysteries, most of all lake monsters, but this was the first specimen masquerading as a ghost.

Ulrich

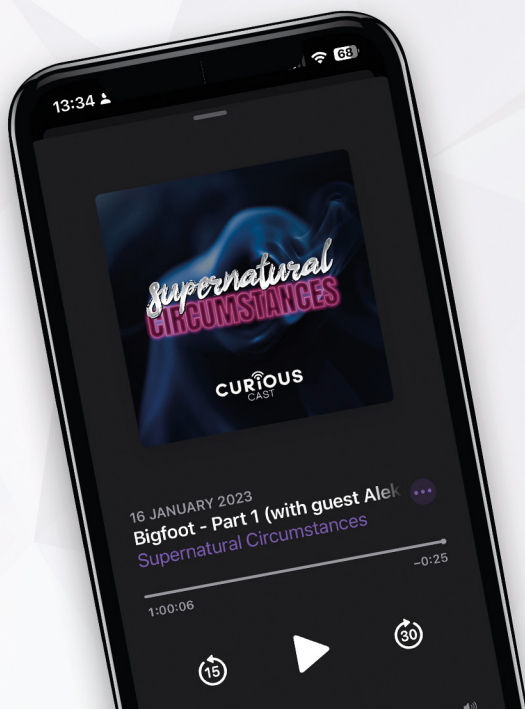
Ulrich Magin has been interested in fortaean and paranormal phenomena since he was a boy some 50 years ago. He has written many papers and books, among them Investigating the Impossible (Anomalist 2011).

PODCASTING THE PARANORMAL PART 2

By Morgan Knudsen - Entityseeker Paranormal Research & Teachings
Co-host of the Supernatural Circumstances podcast

“When we Mike and I began the podcast, we knew we wanted to touch on topics in the field that interested us and spanned a good deal of interest for others. We intended to explore these strange subjects from different points of view, whether we agreed with them or not, and allow a dialogue to discuss not only the supernatural world but the greater theme of consciousness itself.”

In the last issue of Haunted I wrote about several strange cases that we have discussed and debated about on our podcast. Here a few more up there with the weirdest and the scariest.



The Land Between the Lakes

This story is the stuff of nightmares. There's no pretty or polite way of unveiling this tale that is easy to the ears of listeners or the eyes of readers, nor should there be. Often, in the world of cryptids, we get caught up in the harrowing adventures or found-footage-type television shows and films, which frighten us for an hour, but for some, the impression left by some of these strange and formidable tales is all too real and life-altering.

When we think of these places, we often imagine a land far away from us, which is unreachable and presents a kind of safety because of that distance. These lands can seem like fairytales of long ago, in woods, forests and mountains that exist in our wildest dreams and most terrifying nightmares. Rarely do we associate these tales with a national park, where families go camping, fish, play, hike on beautiful summer days, and stroll through on the eves of autumn. However, rumour has long spread at a national park on the borders of Tennessee and Kentucky that has caught the attention of many in the last 20 years; tales of a beast, a killer, that runs on two legs, not four. And, to add to the menace that may stalk this area, there have been reports of more than one.

From police officers to hikers to hunters, rumours and eyewitness accounts have come forward about a pair of upright canids that seem to stalk the woods of the Land Between the Lakes National Park. The Europeans who came to the area and displaced the First Nations families brought stories of the *Rougarou*, a shapeshifting being they said was stalking the region and killing inhabitants at will and with gruesome accuracy. But as the years have passed, there has been no sign that this creature shapeshifts at all, but rather is seen consistently as an upright walking werewolf with a terrifying growl. After uprooting and killing many Indigenous people, the settlers soon learned that the

land was not theirs for the taking, and more and more stories began circulating. Soon, livestock was slaughtered, farms were raided, and a terrifying creature killed animals no one could control.



As time passed, these encounters remained consistent: boy scouts, campers, officers and more reported the same wolf-like monsters stalking the park and the roadways near the area regularly. Hunters began to run across carcasses that had been torn to shreds. According to local law enforcement, one hunter was reportedly ripped violently from his tent in the middle of the night and eaten yards away. One of the latest accounts was in 2017 and was described as follows:

The sighting was in a heavily wooded area along the edge of the main road connecting KY 68 to the Lake Barkley Resort and Marina.

"The witness described the creature as approximately 7 to 7.5 feet tall and 3 feet wide, stocky with matted medium brown hair. She first saw the deer break brush and run alongside her vehicle, quickly dashing in front of her van and across the road. She originally mistook the creature for a tree or bush but realized the creature was chasing behind the deer. She said as it passed right outside the driver's side window; it seemed to have a surprised look in its eyes. The creature was so close to the vehicle she could have reached out and touched it. The creature did not cross in front of her after the deer, and the encounter lasted a few seconds. She could no longer see it as soon as it was out of the headlights. Her husband was also in the vehicle, but only her son saw it. I found the witness very forthcoming and genuine in describing her and her son's sighting that evening."

Evidence such as footprints, hair and nests have all been allegedly discovered. One emotional eyewitness reported finding a young woman's blood-soaked, shredded clothing on the side of the road. Even more disturbing was when he reported it to the police, they laughed it off.



When he returned to collect the clothing with his own bag, he told the Small Town Monsters producers that the police had arrived on the scene, driven over the strange tracks in the mud on the side of the road, taken the clothing, and nothing was said again. He later spoke to a family with a missing daughter from the exact time period whose case had not been solved. They told him she had been out jogging that day and had not been seen again.

In the 1980s, a family who travelled in their RV also decided to camp at the land Between the Lakes, bringing their son's friend along. Within minutes of arriving and getting the RV settled and ready for family time in the wilderness, the family friend said two large dogmen burst into the campsite and attacked the father and son, killing both. The second one made

for the RV, jamming itself into the RV window like a rabid animal trying to get to the young girl and her mother. The friend, only 13 at the time, made for a hiding place in the RV as he heard the wife and daughter being murdered. Once the two animals had dispersed and he was able to run for help by flagging down a car on the main road, officers of an agency that remained undisclosed allegedly took him back to the crime scene so he could explain its order and then kindly told him to keep his mouth shut. He did not speak out until this past year when the Cryptid Studies Institute interviewed him, and the interview can be found on YouTube.

These horrific accounts are the stuff of nightmares. What makes them even more intriguing is that dogmen in other areas, such as Wisconsin and Alberta, don't have the same level of temper that bestows the pair in the Land Between the Lakes National Park. Often, dogmen have been reported chasing away intruders or following cars. In Alberta, the dogman is elusive and shy, constantly running in the opposite direction when people are about and only coming around in the early morning or late at night when it knows it can take some cover. The dogman in Alberta has become quite endeared to the hearts of the people who own the property on which it resides, and they all live a peaceful existence. A similar relationship exists on the farm of Lee Hampel, a Wisconsin hay farmer who lives on the infamous Bray Road with their local dogman, the Beast of Bray Road.

Strange encounters and yet nothing like the pair of "brothers" that seem to stalk the land Between the Lakes with such viciousness and volatility. So, what makes these creatures so highly aggressive? There have been many theories over the years, including the idea that they are some government experiments; dog soldiers that went awry and perhaps that is why the authorities seem to be allegedly going as far as to cover up evidence of their existence. Many national parks, however, are reporting strange disappearances that remain unexplained, such as the Nahanni Valley mentioned previously.

All in all, the land Between the Lakes and the creatures seen within it still stands as a mystery to many. Still, to most cryptid hunters and visitors alike, it remains a place where you tread with extreme caution and will forever be known as where the dogmen have won their land, and we are their unwelcome guests.

Alaskan Sasquatch

In January of 2023, Mike and I explored the uncharted territories of the legendary cryptid Sasquatch. When we think of Bigfoot, we think of the great mountains of the Sierras, the Rockies, and the Appalachians, among so many other vast forest lands around the world where these forest giants have been reported to roam for centuries. Everyone, in their own minds, has a picture of what we call Bigfoot. And when we hold that picture in our minds, the backdrop of our vision has the picturesque or perhaps spooky settings of those wooded places we've heard about repeatedly in stories worldwide.

In two episodes, we took our audience on a different journey. One they may or may not have been expecting: A trip into vast winter prairies and landscapes of ice and rock up in the world's hidden corners. We also spoke to those who dared to venture there in research and in person. Those who dare to challenge the stereotype of what Bigfoot *should* be and what it *could* be.



The culture of healing and the paranormal

In January's episodes, we journeyed to the far reaches of Alaska, the Kenai Peninsula and into the deep wild of a little-known place without a road. In its vast mountains and untouched wilderness, stunning landscapes, frozen lakes, and breathtaking wildlife, Alaska is a part of this world that humans have tried to conquer yet still fail to do so. It is one part of the United States that, although people occupy its lands, the land still lords over the humans who dare to call it home. This was one such story that Aleksandar Petakov and Eli Watson ventured to document at a remote cabin in the Kenai Peninsula, where the owners claimed they were not alone. Experiencing rock throwing, bizarre yells and whoops, unnerving crying, hundreds of unexplained tracks, and wood knocks, the owners of this particular cabin had no idea what they were in for when they bought this serene piece of property on the edge of the water. Little did they know they were far from alone and now shared the land with creatures once considered legends and fairytales.

Sometimes, far-off places that seem like simple fairy stories come with characters that reflect the magic they seem to possess in the land itself. In a two-part documentary, Alaskan Coastal Sasquatch, Small Town Monsters documentarian Aleksander Petakov joined Mike and me in detailing a story he won't soon forget. Some stories you aren't meant to read and put back on the shelf... and for Aleks, this was one of them.

You can listen to this episode here:

<https://megaphone.link/CORU4983126002>



For the last four seasons, I have been privileged to be a host of the television show *Haunted Hospitals*. When I was first called for this show, the deciding factor on whether or not I said yes was the premise. Over decades of teaching every person from every imaginable job and walk of life, I noticed that the medical profession held these stories very close to the vest. Doctors and nurses would attend my programs with colleagues, dying to tell their stories because they wouldn't dare speak of them at work. Why? Because the stigma in the medical community was similar to that in the military: You may be seen as mentally unfit and possibly lose your reputation or even your job. So, I took the job on the show because this might be the opportunity to give a voice to many and offer my expertise as a third-party insight into what might have happened, paranormal or not.

The one thing I've always noticed about these incredible experiences, and those who watch the show will see it as well: is that the experiences are cross-cultural. This is not simply a western phenomenon or an eastern phenomenon. These experiences span the coastlines and mountains, and forests of the globe. They don't care about oceans, vast miles of desert... or even time. Every culture has a story and often an explanation about these occurrences, and the passage of time often becomes indicative of the conclusions and vice versa. This was one of the main reasons I knew *Supernatural Circumstances* would be an excellent place to discuss these issues. I promptly invited my colleague, **Richard Estep**, to join us.

Interestingly, the older the culture, the more likely these things are dismissed as fairy tales or folklore. But as the fields of both parapsychology and cryptozoology progress, science is beginning to take a more detailed look at these cultural traditions, beliefs and folklore and apply them both to their own studies and the medical field. Listening and understanding each individual's traditions, cultures, beliefs, and experiences are becoming a lasting and valuable piece in science and medicine, especially when patients come forward with stories that don't fit the often rigid worldview of materialism doctors often hold. Their world gets shaken up when those professionals end up having an experience themselves. One vivid report which stuck with me was from my show *Paranormal 911* when two paramedics responded to an elderly man calling 911 for help.

His wife, he told the dispatcher, was having a heart attack. When the paramedics arrived, they saw the old man sitting in a chair downstairs. He ignored them other than pointing up to the second floor. They went to the bedroom to find the old woman in full cardiac arrest. When they inquired about her husband and why he was not upstairs with her, she told them her husband had recently died, and his pamphlet from the memorial service was indeed on her dresser. The man in the photo was the man they had passed on the main floor. Meanwhile, a second group of responders also arrived, meeting the same old man on the front lawn who told them his wife was inside. Multiple witnesses and age groups, including a call to the dispatcher, which was left entirely unexplained, led to an incredible ending for the woman who needed emergency care.

These stories span the test of time, cultures, and age; no matter how many of these stories hit my desk, I am amazed at everyone. The human explanation and interpretation might differ: a Christian may sum this up to the work of angels. In contrast, other cultures may see this as the returning spirit of a deceased elder and others as an omen of the woman's eventual death. Some people see anything to do with the paranormal as straight-up evil, a belief I could never understand or relate to, but that is the interpretation of a select few. Either way, it is not necessary to believe in a specific belief system or the strict interpretation of it to understand, believe, and absorb these experiences. They are not strapped to one culture or belief system.

The interpretations in and of themselves may hold clues to the answers we all ultimately seek: A greater understanding of Who We Really Are and the often fantastical world we live in. This podcast has brought me closer to the people who experience these incredible things, allowed my mind to wander into uncharted territory, and allowed me to ask the questions that have plagued my dreams since I was incredibly young.

So, onto the next perplexing mystery and happy listening to everyone who has been a part of this incredible journey and those who dare to step onto the path in their future. Tune into *Supernatural Circumstances* with Morgan Knudsen and Mike Browne on any podcasting platform, iHeart Radio and Audible.

www.supernaturalcircumstances.com

Morgan X

STALLS | GHOST HUNT | MEDIUMSHIP | MEET & GREET'S | GOTHIC MASQUERADE BALL

FESTIVAL OF THE

14th - 17th SEPTEMBER

UNE**X**PLAINED

2023

PACKAGES AVAILABLE

- * ANGELIC * BLACK MAGIC *
- * PHOENIX * FAIRIE * IMP *



DAVE SCHRADER
The Holzer Files



DANNY MOSS
The Haunted Hunts



DAN KLAES
The Hinsdale House



DARYL MARSTON
Ghost Hunters



PENNY GRIFFITHS MORGAN
Author / Historian



TONY RAE
Past Life Regression



ROB THOMPSON
The Ghost Finders



NEIL STOREY
Author / Historian



BOSWORTH HALL

THE PARK, MARKET BOSWORTH CV19 0LP

www.festivaloftheunexplained.com

On an extremely cold night in January 2023, I went to hell and back. And I'm still trying to process the nightmarish, dark ride of extreme emotions.

HELL HOUSE HAUNTINGS

By Sam Baltrusis



The crew from an online streaming project I co-produced called *Dead Inns* visited the movie set used for the found-footage cult classic *Hell House LLC* in Lehighton, Pennsylvania. It's also a popular attraction during the Halloween season that has recently been dealing with reports of paranormal activity. Yes, the haunt is actually haunted.

If the pitch-black drive in the wee hours of the night through the Poconos Mountains wasn't enough to give our team the heebie-jeebies, the ominous vibe from outside the Waldorf Estate of Fear truly crept my psychic-medium friend, April Busset, and me out. As soon as we pulled up to the boarded-up haunted attraction, I could clearly see what looked like a cloak-wearing shadow

figure glaring at us from the attic window. He was pacing back and forth. It was almost as if the grim reaper entity was waiting for us to arrive. As April and I walked up to the side door, I kept praying under my breath that the caped entity in the upstairs window was a leftover prop from the spooky season.

"Should we go inside?" I asked my friend. "When hell freezes over," Busset said with a teeth-chattering laugh as I cautiously opened the door marked "13." Based on my first impressions, the inside of the haunted house looked as scary as it did in the low-budget horror film. Not today, Satan.

According to the haunt's legend, a California transplant named Oliver Sommersby built a local watering hole and restaurant along Route 209 with rooms to rent upstairs. He officially opened the Waldorf Hotel in 1955, and according to the story told by the attraction's production team, he tortured and killed at least twenty-five innocent

people. One of the victims included Ella, the daughter of a local butcher named Thomas, who wouldn't stop until he found out what happened to his little girl.

As the fictional story is told on the Waldorf Estate's website, Thomas broke into the hotel's pub and found Sommersby crouched in the corner of the attic with a maniacal grin on his face. "He lunged at Oliver but came to a sudden halt when he saw what was lying beside him," the website reported. "It was the remains of his beloved daughter, maimed and nearly unrecognizable."

Sommersby stabbed Thomas in the heart. Enraged and determined to avenge the savage murder of his daughter Ella, Thomas ripped the blade from his chest and attacked Sommersby. It was a horrific double homicide. As the story suggests, the two men died in the attic many years ago and continue haunting the hotel.

It's a tragic tale, but according to the haunted attraction's owner, Angela Moyer, the bloody backstory is pure fiction.



"The only truth is it was a restaurant that also had rooms for rent," Moyer told me, adding that the structure had several names, including Forest Inn Restaurant and Jack Creek Steakhouse. "My original haunted house was in Palmerton. We started there, ran the haunt for eight years, and thought there was more opportunity at this location."

Moyer said she ran the Waldorf Estate haunt for several years before the filmmakers of *Hell House LLC* approached her to use the location in 2014 as the movie's primary set. "All of the props in the film were actually part of our haunted house," she told me as she gave me a tour of the property's first floor.

The found-footage horror film follows a group of Halloween haunted house creators in the weeks leading up to the opening of their popular attraction, Hell House. Tragedy strikes on opening night when a mysterious "malfunction" causes multiple deaths of more than a dozen attendees and staff. The film, presented as a documentary, pieces together the horrifying events leading up to the opening night tragedy.

Killer clowns? Yes, the movie has them, and so does the haunt. Moyer has the actual props from *Hell House* scattered throughout her haunted house. "If you've seen the movie, that's where one of the main characters is murdered," she said, pointing to the blood splatter still staining the wallpaper in the hallway. She nodded when I asked Moyer if she's experienced paranormal activity in the building. But she also stressed that the ghosts haunting the haunt are not malevolent.



"There are no evil, demonic beings inside this building," Moyer told me. "There is no possible way they would've allowed me to be there for eleven years doing what I do. I'm fine with saying my haunted attraction is haunted, but I also explain to people that haunted does not mean scary or evil. Every place has energy.."

While Moyer was giving us a tour of the property, I noticed what appeared to be a cloaked figure darting down the dimly lit hallways as if they were guiding us through the first-floor labyrinth. Others watching the live stream also spotted this mysterious entity darting from room to room.

When I asked Moyer if her team has experienced an entity wearing a cloak, she said it sounds like one of the building's ghosts mimics some of the props in her haunted house. "There are faux, cloaked figures throughout the hotel, and they are very prominent in the *Hell House* movies," Moyer pointed out. "What's ironic is at my original haunted attraction in Palmerton, I had a Grim Reaper guiding people throughout the haunt. He even made an appearance one year at this location."

Moyer works with Laurissa Rex, a local psychic medium and paranormal investigator who runs the Palmerton Paranormal group with her husband, Allen. Rex's team has identified the entity as "the magician," who refuses to divulge any information about his true identity. "The magician has never retaliated," Moyer explained. "I think he wants us to know he's there. He also really gets into the haunt."

While Rex and her team serve as the primary investigators at the Hell House attraction, Moyer said the medium isn't the first person to see dead people in the building. "I've had other employees who are sensitives and have agreed that there is nothing evil here," Moyer said. "At the end of the day, I'm running a haunted attraction which is like my home."





Hell House LLC, Lehigh, Pennsylvania

During the *Dead Inns* live stream, author Richard Estep led the online investigation remotely from his home in Colorado while Beckie Galentine set up her gear in the attic. Estep, co-author of *The Haunting of Asylum 49* book and a seasonal volunteer at the notoriously haunted hospital in Tooele, Utah, pointed out that he noticed some similarities between the paranormal activity reported at Waldorf Estate of Fear and Asylum 49.

Based on the haunts he has investigated, Estep said it's common for the haunted attractions entities to assume different identities. "Perhaps the spirits are having fun role-playing some of their favorite characters," Estep said, "and they are running with it?"



Sam with The Dead Inns Group

In other words, the energies we encountered assumed characteristics of fictional roles, and the spirits were toying around with us as we cautiously walked through the hotel.

Rex, who runs the paranormal investigations at the haunted house, echoed Estep's analysis. Even though there's little to no verifiable history before 1969 that gives a backstory to the location's hauntings, she believes that the entities interacting with paranormal investigators are "acting out the characters from the haunt, the legend, and the movies," she said. "For example, I picked up on the little girl Ella in the attic on my first psychic sweep of the house. We also have heard EVPs; the name 'Ella' clearly came through. However, Ella is actually a made-up character from the legend surrounding the haunt."

As far as the hotel's hot spots, Rex said two of the most haunted locations are the basement and the attic. "The basement has a few things happening," she told me. "There's an entity we call 'the shadow.' He appears ominous and hangs out in the cage toward the rear. He will manipulate flashlights and rempods and will speak on ITC devices. You will get EVPs any time you are down there as well."

And, yes, for those who have seen the movie, the basement is where all hell breaks loose. As we've seen with other haunted haunts, art sometimes imitates

life. Rex believes the entity lingering in the lower level of the house is a disembodied spirit wanting to be left alone. "He's miserable and sometimes mean but also harmless," Rex told me. "He tries to make you feel uncomfortable and dislikes females. He curses a lot and appears as a sailor. I suspect he may be one and the same with the shadow."



Sam with Angela Moyer

The general consensus? It's as if the house itself is a sentient being and taps into the energy of those who visit the location during the Halloween season and now during paranormal investigations. According to Rex, her team's home haunt feeds off of fear. "It's almost as if the house brought everyone to this location where it's absorbing even more energy and becoming more alive," she said. "Not to sound too ominous, but I think the house brought us all together for its own survival."

Why Apparitions Are Likely Not Ghosts

Unveiling the Truth Behind Paranormal Sightings?

Written by Peter McCue



The ghosts of fiction are typically restless or vengeful spirits, and people who call themselves **'ghost hunters'** often assume that **'earthbound spirits'** are responsible for real hauntings. I'll call this the **'spirit theory'**. However, it's hard to believe that human apparitions are literally spirits because they typically appear clothed. Another popular but unproven notion is the so-called **'stone tape theory'**, the idea that events can be impressed on the environment, like a video recording, and can then be **'played back'** in certain circumstances. In this article, I'll confine myself to problems with the spirit theory. For a more general appraisal of theories about hauntings, I'd refer readers to an article of mine that's available online.

Ghost hunters often approach investigations with an uncritically spiritualistic mindset. Their groups often include supposed mediums whose pronouncements might be wholly based on subjective impressions and imagination. Consider the following scenario: During a visit to an allegedly haunted house, the medium - let's call her Mary - tells her fellow team members that she's 'sensed' the presence of a murdered woman. On that basis alone, the other team members might assume that the spirit of a murder victim is behind the haunting.

But what if it transpires that a woman was murdered in the house and that Mary and her fellow investigators weren't aware of that before their visit? Would this prove that Mary had contacted a murder victim's

earthbound spirit? Not necessarily. Mary could have acquired the information unconsciously, from another source, by extrasensory perception (ESP), or a trickier intelligence could have deliberately fed her the knowledge to give a false impression about the agency behind the haunting.

Another problem concerns terminology. How we interpret events may be biased by the words we customarily use to describe them. For instance, the word **'poltergeist'**, which comes from German, literally means **'noisy spirit'**. **'Haunting'** is another biased word since it implies the existence of some resident presence or recurrent visitor, usually conceived as a spirit.

NON-HUMAN APPARITIONS

Apparitions take a wide variety of forms, with some reports featuring ghostly appearances of *inanimate* objects, such as cars. These cases don't accord with the notion that phantom figures are spirits. Here are a few examples.

While driving on Britain's M6 motorway early one morning in 1980, Paul Devereux encountered an apparitional Mini pick-up truck. Before it disappeared, he peered into it but saw no sign of a driver.

In the early 1970s, two climbers had an odd experience while driving on the Isle of Skye in Scotland. They saw an oncoming car. They pulled into a passing place just before a slight hump in the road to make way for it. The approaching vehicle disappeared behind it but didn't reappear.

However, there was nowhere the car could have gone without being seen. My source for this report was one of the witnesses, Dr Martin Moar.

A man called Bill Paterson told me about his sighting of an apparitional locomotive. The incident occurred in the 1950s near Slochd Summit in the Scottish Highlands. He was nearly five then and was travelling



by car to the Black Isle with members of his family. They were on the old A9 road. Bill's elder brother spotted a locomotive, which Bill also saw. It looked old-fashioned, like one from a Western film. It was ascending a gradient, with smoke belching from its chimney and white smoke or steam issuing from its sides. Just past a bridge that crossed the railway, Bill's father stopped the car, but the locomotive wasn't visible from that spot. He and the two boys went to the bridge. It was possible to see for a mile or so up and down the line from there.

However, there was no sign of the locomotive or of any smoke.

For additional examples, see my book *Paranormal Encounters on Britain's Roads*. It's hard to see how such experiences could be construed as spirit manifestations unless we're to suppose that ghostly cars, locomotives, and the like are *symbolic representations* of discarnate spirits. For example, an apparitional car seen at a particular location could represent a motorist who'd had a fatal accident at that spot. However, I don't find the idea very convincing.

MORE THAN ONE TYPE OF APPARITION SEEN AT A SITE

Hauntings are pretty rare. For the sake of argument, imagine that one house in a thousand is haunted and that an earthbound spirit is responsible in each case. The probability that any such haunted house would be home to a second, unrelated '**earthbound spirit**' is one in a million, and the likelihood of a third such spirit is one in a billion. In other words, in terms of the spirit theory, cases featuring more than one type of unrelated apparition being seen at the same location should be extremely rare. However, it's easy to find accounts of cases featuring different types of apparitions (examples are given below). How can we explain them? Could specific locations act as '**psychic cobwebs**', trapping multiple spirits? But without specifying how and why such '**trapping**' would come about, the notion seems arbitrary and implausible.

Adherents of the spirit theory could, perhaps, argue that if there's more than

one ghost haunting a particular location, it's because there's a connection between them. Imagine, for instance, that a house is haunted by *two* ghosts, those of a married couple who once lived there. The husband dies first and becomes an earthbound spirit. When his wife dies, she does the same. Maybe the couple are reluctant to '**move on**' because they fear retribution for bad things they did during their earthly lives. But this is a contrived argument and, therefore, not very convincing. When it comes to actual cases featuring multiple types of an apparition, it may be unclear whether there was any close link between the people the apparitions seem to represent - if, indeed, they can be identified. Anyway, in outline, here are some examples of alleged hauntings featuring more than one type of apparition.

A house in the Hampshire hamlet of Hinton Ampner was allegedly the setting for long-running haunt manifestations in the 18th

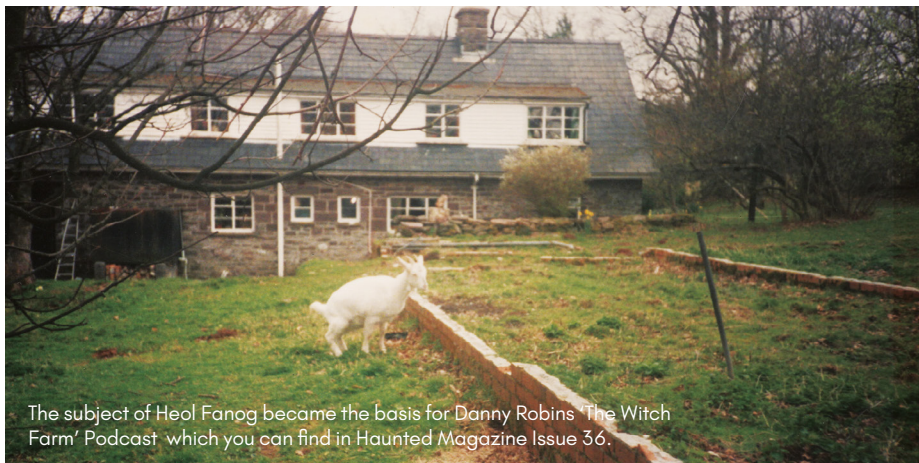
century. The case is discussed in a book by the late Harry Price, who explains that phenomena were recorded very soon after the death of Lord Edward Stawell there in April 1755. Still, the only example that Price cites of these early manifestations is that of a groom who claimed to have seen the ghost of his former master.

Mary Ricketts wrote an interesting account of what was experienced during her family's occupancy of the house between 1765 and 1771. It's reproduced in Price's book. The manifestations then were mainly auditory, but there were also alleged sightings of what may have been the male figure seen by a groom in the 1750s. One evening in July 1767, several witnesses saw an apparition of a tall female figure dressed in dark clothes. Voice-like sounds were sometimes heard, suggestive of more than one person. If they were to be attributed to spirits, at least three were in residence.

The mill house at Willington Quay, near Wallsend, was the setting for ghostly manifestations in the 19th century. Members of a family called Procter, and their staff experienced phenomena there for some 12 years, after which the Procters left in 1847. As at Hinton Ampner, the phenomena were mainly auditory. But there were also reported sightings of different types of an apparition, such as a white, transparent female figure, a boy with a hat, and even a monkey!

Heol Fanog is a Brecon Beacons National Park of South Wales farmhouse. It's located north of Pen y Fan (886m/2,907ft), the highest peak in South Wales, and to the southwest of Brecon. In May 1989, new tenants moved in – Bill Rich, his pregnant partner Liz, and Bill's teenage son from a former marriage. Bill and Liz were married in late September of that year, and their first child, Ben, was born just a few weeks later. Soon after, in November of that year, the family started to experience strange phenomena, which continued, on and off, until early June 1996. Shortly after that, in July of that year, they moved out. The case was featured in a recent Radio 4 podcast series hosted by Danny Robins, and it's the subject of an article by Dr Ciarán O'Keeffe in the April 2023 issue of the magazine *Fortean Times*. O'Keeffe is a self-proclaimed sceptic regarding the paranormal, but his article is interesting and balanced. I've based my outline on it.

The reported phenomena at Heol Fanog included manifestations such as footsteps, a sense of presence, banging noises, unnatural odours, and apparitions. In addition, the family received some astronomically high electricity bills. The apparitional phenomena were quite varied. For example, in 1990, there were multiple sightings of an elderly woman, whom Liz identified as Marion Holbourn, the deceased mother of the owner of the property. Liz saw a seven-foot silhouette in the house in late December that year. For his part, in the spring of 1993, Bill allegedly saw an extremely beautiful young woman



The subject of Heol Fanog became the basis for Danny Robins' 'The Witch Farm' Podcast which you can find in *Haunted Magazine* Issue 36.



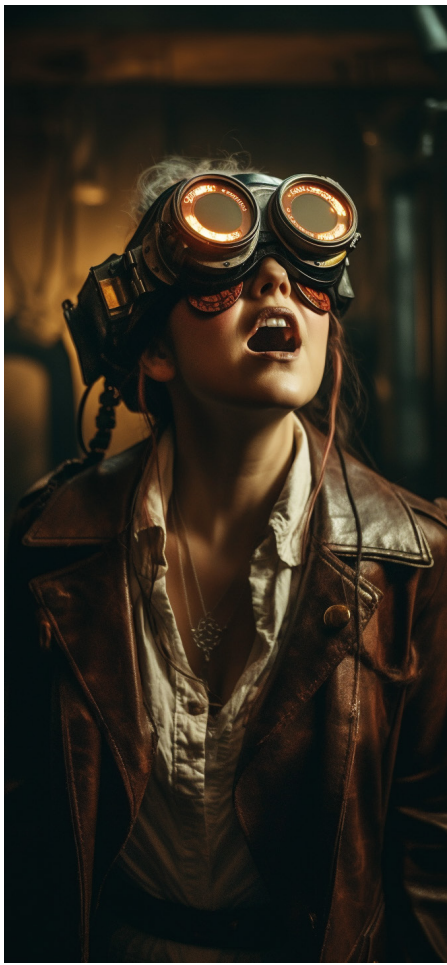
Borley Rectory is a well-known case, although it's hard to evaluate because the veracity of some of the participants has been questioned. The rectory, which overlapped the site of a previous one, was built in 1862-3, with a new wing being added in 1875-6. Over the years, the building and its immediate environs were allegedly the setting for intermittent paranormal phenomena, including sightings of a phantom nun and an apparitional coach and horses. During a fire that gutted the rectory in late February 1939, a policeman reportedly saw, in the courtyard, a woman in grey and a man wearing a bowler hat; and two local residents claimed they'd seen figures moving among the flames near the window of one of the rooms. According to reports, odd things continued happening in the vicinity in the years following the fire – for example, at the nearby church – although I don't recall hearing of any recent activity.

in the kitchen. In June or July of that year, also in the kitchen, he saw a tall, dark, shadowy figure with a falcon-like head. Its appearance was strongly suggestive of the ancient Egyptian god Horus, which may have been what Liz had seen at the end of 1990. In March 1994, again in the kitchen, Liz saw the figure of a facially disfigured man who walked into the garden.

Although most of the reported phenomena occurred at Heol Fanog in January 1991, there were also two or three incidents at the home of Liz's mother, to which the family had fled the previous month. Therefore, the manifestations seemed to

be person-centred. This is a complex and intriguing case. There were, for example, tensions within the Rich family, no doubt attributable, in part, to the stress-inducing phenomena. But it's also possible that psychological factors helped to generate manifestations. Bill and Liz's marriage ended in divorce, although that was in 2005, years after they'd left Heol Fanog. Bill has since passed away, his death having been alcohol-related.

Of course, one might wonder whether there were any unusual phenomena at the farmhouse *before* and *after* the Rich family were resident there. Regarding the first part of the question, the answer may be 'yes'. In March 1990, Liz contacted Bridget Buscombe, a former resident, who reported just one incident during her time there. However, O'Keeffe doesn't say what it was. Also, in March 1990, a plumber was called to deal with a problem at the farmhouse. He related that in the 1960s, he'd installed radiators in the property, which were subsequently ripped off the walls. (Was this incident that Bridget Buscombe had referred to?) Regarding more recent times, O'Keeffe quotes an email that Danny Robins received in 2022 from the current owner. Their family had been there for 25 years without experiencing strange phenomena.



CONCLUSION

As indicated, I'm sceptical that apparitions are literally spirits. Indeed, I'm not even sure there's an afterlife. Nevertheless, I'm a cautious believer in the reality of paranormal phenomena. I wonder whether the ghostly events described above are essentially theatrical performances, perhaps with elements of symbolism, laid on by a trickerish higher intelligence (possibly non-human) whose purposes and identity may never be clearly revealed to us. In other words, if we see an apparition of a deceased person, it might be naïve to assume that the supposedly surviving spirit of that individual has anything to do with it. Put simply, appearances may be deceptive!

Apparitions may be paranormal hallucinatory experiences or transient materializations. Another possibility is that false but compelling recollections are instilled in witnesses by the trickerish intelligence mentioned above if it exists. If so, the witnesses may have seen *nothing* unusual, despite sincerely believing they had. Such memory tampering could be behind many reports of close-encounter UFO experiences and abductions. Indeed, reports often mention periods of amnesia (<missing time>), lends credence to the notion that alteration of memory, not perception, is at the heart of some of these enigmatic tales.

Peter

Dr Peter McCue is a retired clinical psychologist with a longstanding interest in strange phenomena, about which he's written four books. He lives in Scotland.

REFERENCES

- McCue, P. A. (2002). Theories of haunting: A critical overview. <http://www.richardwiseman.com/resources/theories-of-hauntings.pdf>
- Devereux, P. (2001). Haunted Land. London: Piatkus, pp. 140-142.
- McCue, P. A. (2018). Paranormal Encounters on Britain's Roads: Phantom Figures, UFOs and Missing Time. Brimscombe Port, Stroud: The History Press.
- Price, H. (1993). Poltergeist: Tales of the Supernatural. London: Bracken Books, pp. 129-144. (First published as Poltergeist over England by Country Life in 1945.)
- Price, H. (op. cit., pp. 170-191).
- Adams, P., Brazil, E. and Underwood, P. (2009). The Borley Rectory Companion: The Complete Guide to 'The Most Haunted House in England'. Brimscombe Port, Stroud: The History Press.
- McCue, P. A. (2012). Zones of Strangeness: An Examination of Paranormal and UFO Hot Spots. Bloomington, Indiana: AuthorHouse, pp. 352-361.
- Price, H. (op. cit., pp. 279-302).
- O'Keefe, C. (2023). Heol Fanog: What lies beneath? Fortean Times, 430, pp. 30-39.

YOU SUBSCRIBE - WE DELIVER!

HAUNTED MAGAZINE

SCARING THE LIVING SINCE 2009

THE FRIGHTS OF SPRING

THE CAVE EXPERIMENT: KENTUCKY'S FORGOTTEN INSANE ASYLUM

CAPE COD CONFIDENTIAL: THE LADY OF THE DUNES

THE DANGERS OF THE DYBUK BOX

IS FROBERET CASTLE THE MOST HAUNTED CASTLE IN FRANCE?

MY HAUNTED HOTEL

CHECK IN AND CHECK OUT: DANNY MOSS & HIS NEW PARANORMAL PROJECT

JUST BUSTERS! BUILD A SPIRIT TRIGGER BEAR ON A BUDGET

ARMY OF THE DEAD: THE LOCAL LORE OF SHROPSHIRE'S GHOST SOLDIERS

THE WHITE LADY OF MEERSBROOK PARK

THE SCREAMING SKULL OF CHILTON CANTLED

ISSUE 37 UK £5.99

ALSO FEATURING: HAUNTED CASTLES | HAUNTED HOUSES | HISTORIES | MYSTERIES | PODCASTS | GOOD WITCHES | SALEM WITCHES | OLD GHOSTS | OTHER GHOSTS | QUESTIONS | THINGSIES | FABLES | DARKIES | SOLEMS | CASES | BOOKS | HAUNTED TOWNS | HAUNTED PUBS | NEWS | HOUSE VIEWS AND SO MUCH MORE...

For subscriptions, back issues and pre-orders visit:
www.hauntedmagazineprintshop.com



SCAN ME

I recently attended a public ghost-hunting event at the National Justice Museum in Nottinghamshire, an iconic venue famous for its hauntings and a team of ghost hunters got spooked by the mysterious scent of lavender perfume wafting through a disused and allegedly haunted courtroom in Nottingham.



SCENTS AND SENSIBILITY...

The impressive courtrooms, old prison cells and underground caverns are a popular haunt for ghost hunters. It is said to play host to ghostly apparitions, poltergeist activity, disembodied voices, slamming doors and unexplained temperature drops. After being split into two teams, we began our night of paranormal investigation in the bowels of the building, a disorientating network of man-made caves, subterranean cells and dungeons. We spent the first half of the night in this area, including the old punishment cells, but despite its grim history, we didn't experience anything remotely unusual or paranormal.

The second half of the night was spent in the courtrooms on the street level. These grand, wooden rooms proved to be more active, with some rather impressive knocks and bangs that were clearly heard coming from otherwise empty corners of the room. However, for me, the most interesting part of our time in this room was when guests picked up on the phantom smell of a woman's perfume.

It started with one guest standing in the dock to my left, saying, "I can smell perfume, a woman's perfume. It smells of lavender." The room fell silent for a few seconds; if I'd listened more carefully, I'd have heard the other guests sniffing the air around them, trying to detect the same smell.

After a few seconds, someone did. Another guest who stood near the dock said she could smell lavender. Then another, then another. The smell spread across the courtroom, travelling as far as the tiered public benches to my left.

But I was in the middle of the room and smelt nothing. This reminded me of a well-

known psychology experiment that was first conducted by Edwin Emery Slosson in 1899. In his 2011 book, 'Paranormality', Professor Richard Wiseman wrote about the time he replicated Slosson's experiment on the British television show, 'The People Watchers'.

The experiment saw 20 unsuspecting volunteers sitting on four rows of chairs. The experimenters then pulled out a small perfume bottle containing bright green liquid and told the volunteers that they'd be testing their sense of smell by opening the bottle and allowing a strong peppermint scent to permeate the room.

Once the lid was removed, the volunteers were told to raise their hands when they picked up the minty fragrance—according to Prof Wiseman, a few people in the front row raised their hands within moments. Moments later, the second row of people followed suit, and before long, about half of the volunteers had raised their hands.

This wasn't a test of the volunteers' sense of smell; it was a test of their suggestibility. The bottle of green liquid was nothing more than a mixture of water and an odourless colouring. The volunteers imagined the peppermint smell through the power of suggestion and expectation.

Was this what was happening in the disused courtroom in Nottingham? Was the power of expectation causing the group of ghost hunters to experience smells that weren't present? After all, I was in the middle of the room, and people surrounding me in all directions were picking up on it, were they simply more suggestible than me?

The American parapsychologist, James Houran, says that suggestible people on a ghost hunt are likelier to experience not

just audio hallucinations but a whole list of experiences they might interpret as paranormal phenomena. He speculated that if suggestible people are in scary-looking locations where ghost hunts are hosted, they may be hyper-vigilant and attribute the subtlest of signals to ghostly goings-on.

These perceived experiences will likely cause the ghost hunters to become more aware of their surroundings and exhibit even greater hyper-vigilance, resulting in them picking up on even more mundane things around them. It's like a self-fulfilling prophecy.

I can't rule out a paranormal explanation at the Justice Museum. There could be a supernatural trigger to this shared experience. Did the first ghost hunter smell the phantom scent of a long-dead defendant in the dock? If so, her talking about the experience aloud might have been all that was needed to plant the seed of expectation in the other ghost hunters' heads.

Perhaps they all smelled lavender perfume as a spectre walked around the courtroom close to each of them. This spook might have avoided me in the centre because my aftershave had worn off.

It's also possible that the first guest imagined the smell or picked up on a fleeting whiff of something else. It could have even been lavender she was smelling, but it's a leap to conclude that the smell of lavender must be a lady's perfume. It could just be lavender.

CLASSIFIED

THE WHAT, THE WHEN, THE WHY, THE WHERE AND THE WHO OF...

THE WARMINSTER THING

Most articles about the **Warminster Thing** start their story with the first unexplainable event on Christmas Day morning in 1964. Before I dive in, I want to mention this was a massive story in the world of UFOs back then. It catapulted a small Wiltshire market town to fame with literally **hundreds** of different reports of lights, audio and other strange phenomena from locals and visitors alike. And yet, this incredible set of events seems to have been **largely forgotten**.

In the year 2000, the Warminster Thing, as the locals named it, was re-examined by UFO 'expert' Nick Pope. He concluded it could all be explained. Other ufologists are not so sure. Indeed, the hundreds of witnesses will tell you what happened to them is still very much unexplained. And when you look at the evidence as a whole, what happened in Warminster over the course of over ten years or so, is literally out of this world!

If you mention the **Warminster Thing** to younger ufologists, you may well get a blank look. This has surprised me! I would have considered it a far better-known mystery than it actually is. But, if I'm honest, I have only heard of it in the last couple of years myself, and Warminster is only half an hour away from where I live.

It's a tricky topic to cover in one article because it is so vast. I want to tell the whole remarkable story, but I'd write an entire book with hundreds of witnesses, politics, media influence, and human relationships to examine. So, I've taken a snapshot of events, focusing on the first year when the Warminster Thing was shrouded in mystery. I've weaved in as much information as I can. Have a read and you'll have to make your own mind up. Was Warminster deserving of its place as a UFO hotspot, or is it all perfectly explainable? You decide!

Let's get to it. On Christmas Day morning in 1964, it wasn't Father Christmas causing a loud and scary fracas in the sleepy Wiltshire town of Warminster. It was, in fact, the start of many years of unexplained phenomena in this unremarkable little place—a time when the town was catapulted to fame as the centre of the World's UFO activity.

The first set of events occurred across several hours when different people witnessed some very loud and explained audible phenomena.

Poor Mildred Head reported. 'Our ceiling came alive with strange sounds that lashed our roof... as if twigs were brushing the tiles... ended up with a noise [like] giant hailstones.'

A humming noise always accompanies this, and it always appears to come from above, although nothing can be seen. The head postmaster, Roger Rump, also heard these weird noises simultaneously and described a 'terrific clatter. As though the roof tiles were being rattled about and plucked off by some unseen force.'

Another poor lady was terrified on her walk to Holy Communion in the darkness of the Christmas morn. She heard what she thought was a gritting lorry coming up the road, but as the sound drew nearer, a loud humming



accompanied it. She described it as a noise of branches being pulled along the road but above her. Yet the sky was clear! In fear, she hurried off to church and was quite overwhelmed by all accounts.

Four miles away at Knook Camp, over 30 soldiers were rudely awoken by what sounded like a large chimney stack being ripped from a roof and thrown across the camp. Yet, no damage had occurred, and the group of soldiers and their sergeant could not conclude. They said it was not a military sound they knew of. It's worth pointing out that Warminster is an Army town and home to the Land Warfare Centre. It is near Salisbury Plain, which all the armed forces use for maneuvers. Could this explain some of the experiences? In short, yes. So, while the military was responsible for a few events, the rest remain, to this day, unexplained.

Town will probe terror in the night

16 5-65
Express Staff Reporter

A STRANGE sound is bringing fear into a little town in Wiltshire. Now the chairman of the local council is calling a public meeting of inquiry.

Many people have also reported seeing objects in the sky. Others have seen animals dying mysteriously.

For months strange happenings have been reported at Crocker-ton, near Warminster, since Mrs. Jean Bye found herself thrown against a wall by what she described as "savage soundwaves."

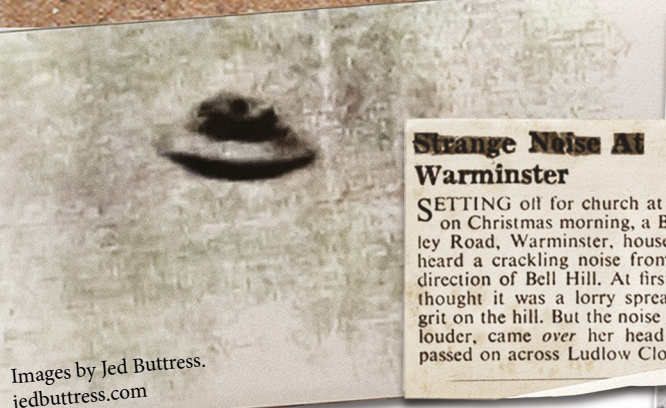
Mice dead

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Manson were in their home in Hillwood Lane, Warminster, when strange crackling noises seemed to beat against the roof.

In the morning they found several dead mice in the garden. All had been burned. Shortly after, a gamekeeper saw a flock of pigeons drop dead.

Over 40 people in the area have heard the noises. At the same time at least 20 people claim to have seen flying saucers.

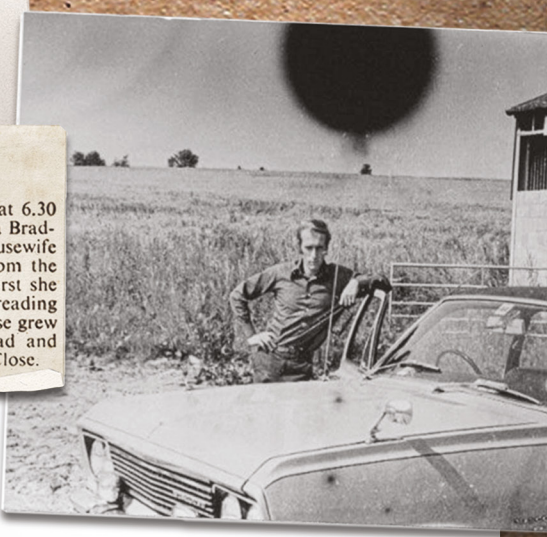
Among them are the vicar of Heytesbury, the Rev. Graham Phillips, and his wife Patricia, and son Nigel, aged 12. Mr. Emlyn Jones, chairman of Warminster Urban Council, is calling the public meeting to inquire into it.



Images by Jed Buttress. jedbuttress.com

Strange Noise At Warminster

SETTING off for church at 6.30 on Christmas morning, a Bradley Road, Warminster, housewife heard a crackling noise from the direction of Bell Hill. At first she thought it was a lorry spreading grit on the hill. But the noise grew louder, came over her head and passed on across Ludlow Close.



And remember, there were hundreds of different reports gathered over the years.

The local press picked up on the unexplained noises, and people began to talk.

And at this point, we should introduce Arthur Shuttleworth, an integral character central to the whole mystery. He worked for The Warminster Journal in a fairly mundane job as a local journalist in the



for the first few months or so. Appearing in the press and even on tv, he pushed forwards his theory that the Thing was connected to spaceships which were preparing to land in Wiltshire. So, his report told of a whole flock of pigeons killed in flight after tangling with the Thing. It was said the sound waves had caused the birds to plummet to the

reports came in, but it was on one night in June 1965 that the first visual sighting was reported. Mrs Marsden told Arthur she heard a loud humming noise, followed by bumping sounds and extraordinarily bright light that lit up their bedroom like daytime.

Soon after, Arthur published the story from a Vicar's wife, Mrs Patricia Philips. She was the first to spot an actual shape in the sky, which other witnesses, including her son, later corroborated. It was described as a 'brightly glowing, cigar-shaped object', vertical and black underneath with glowing orange lights. It just hung in the sky for around twenty-five minutes or more before appearing to rotate and disappear. People started to wonder. 'Whatever was going on?'

This event caused Warminster to come onto the radar of the national press via the News of the World.

Arthur was key to bringing this story to the mainstream as he had many valuable contacts. He would likely have had a good side gig on the go, selling these stories to national ragtop newspapers. It was in his best interests to keep this story in the press. However, he wasn't fabricating anything. It all appears to have happened, possibly with sightings embellished as time goes on, depending on your opinion. Arthur was a local news reporter who happened to be in the right place at the right time,

Blue light and tremors at Lulsgate Bottom

By ROGER BENNETT

The Thing came to Lulsgate Bottom last night.

With an unearthly blue light, a shrill whine and violent tremors, it paused for 90 seconds over the little village on the fringe of Bristol Airport.

Devon insurance consultant Mr. Kenneth Kimberley (32) was purring homeward at midnight at 65 m.p.h. in his Bentley when the Thing struck.

This is the story a shaken Mr. Kimberley told today: "I was on my way home to Cullompton after a day of insurance calls in Bristol. The A.33 road was quiet and I was travelling at a steady speed.

Engine cut

"Then suddenly ahead of me I saw a patch of odd greenish blue light across the road I suppose it was about 50 yards wide.

"I carried on, thinking it was a patch of mist on the road. But as I entered the area of light, my engine cut out abruptly and my lights went out.

"I immediately braked and the car stopped. Inside the car it was dark. But outside I could see myself surrounded by this vivid light.

"Then I heard the sound. It was a shrill, high-pitched noise, like a jet engine. It seemed somehow close, and yet distant at the same time.

Vibrations

"I began to get a little scared. I'm a level headed sort

of chap. But this was something weird and inexplicable.

"As I sat there wondering what was going on, the back of my car suddenly started vibrating.

"It was as if an elephant had got hold of the Bentley and was shaking it up and down. By this time I was really worried. I thought there was some sort of earth tremor starting.

Baffled

"I opened the door and climbed out. As I did so, the light disappeared, the noise stopped and the car was still.

"Then I tried the engine and the lights. They worked perfectly. I drove on to the next telephone kiosk and dialled 999 for the police.

"A patrol car arrived, and the policemen examined my car as I told them what I had experienced.

"They seemed utterly baffled.

"Mr. Kimberley drove on home to Cullompton. Was it the Warminster Thing? Or a different Thing?

Mr. Kimberley said: "All I know is that it scared me stiff. And I'd like someone to come up with an explanation to put my mind at rest."

quiet little market town. He seems to have been a very charismatic man and well-liked. He became passionate about the subject of the Warminster Thing. Certainly, at the start of his reports, he keeps his records without bias and with integrity. Without argument, The Warminster Thing was the story of a lifetime for Arthur, and he reported widely on the subject and went on to write three books on the subject. Arthur's coverage caused more people to come forward over the following weeks, and he began to collate them.

David C. Holton came forward in February 1965 after his first brush with the Thing. He became another key character

ground from the sky, stone dead. David examined them. He was a surgical chiropodist, naturalist and amateur geologist. He said he had heard of this rare phenomenon before. This happened over the woods at the nearby village of Crockerton and coincided with reports of a high-pitched droning sound emanating from the wooded area. I need to mention that David came forward in 2005 and said his story about the pigeons was fabricated for his own personal mini-psychological test on the town's residents. Nevertheless, other reports were given to Arthur of animals, both domestic pets and farm animals, seemingly physically affected by the sonic vibrations, causing them to be sick, nervous and sometimes injuring themselves in panic at the noises.

During March, various audio, 'like a gigantic tin car with huge nuts and bolts inside it' and 'rafters shaking and windows rattling, like there was a gale force wind.' were reported despite the air being still and clear at the time. Many, many

District made famous by The Thing prepares for a rush of tourists

WARMINSTER GETS READY FOR 'INVASION'

A thrill for the 'saucer' experts



FLYING saucer fans were excited last night over the 'Thing' snapped by Mirror read-ers.

Mr Stephen, 32, an official of the 250-member British Unidentified Flying Objects Research Association, said:

"We receive hundreds of reports every year, but only about 100 are worth us checking. The shape in the photograph is one that we have never been able to explain away."

A 'Thing' like the one in our picture was last reported at Bedford, Lancs, in June, 1964. Five months before one was said to have been spotted landing at Easing.

And in December, 1962, a similar report was reported over the Lake District. The 'Thing' gave off a buzzing sound, said witnesses.

The first day brought the terror!

The first picture of The Thing taken by Gordon Faulkner as it flew over Warminster.

THAT first picture of The Thing, published in yesterday's Daily Mirror, has convinced the townsfolk of Warminster, that they are about to be invaded.

But not by weird creatures from Outer Space. They are planning a more down-to-earth invasion of the town.

For the first time, they expect to be a victim of the invasion of the world on the television screen.

Called 'The Thing', newspaperman Arthur Shuttleworth, who was on the scene when his nightwatch dog barked at the 'Thing', said: "I saw a 'Thing' in the sky last night. It scared me."

By JOHN SANDIFORD
... to investigate one report - that an object seen on Thursday night in the town from Warminster - ...
... the photograph from his front door, faced the television camera yesterday. Interviewers asked him

THOSE 40 THAT SHAPE IS ALL WRONG

By Science Reporter ARTHUR SMITH

AN excited housewife phoned me from Wiltshire, yesterday and said: "I saw a 'Thing' in the sky last night. It scared me."

A check showed that she had actually seen a huge plastic balloon, called Echo II, which has been orbiting 800 miles up since it was launched by the Americans last year.

Mr Percy Carr, vice-Chairman of the Society of Astronomers, said: "We have got a 'Thing' that is in our corner. ... We can expect the of the world to be a ...
... During the last months, thousands of ...
... Mr Percy Carr, vice-Chairman of the Society of Astronomers, said: "We have got a 'Thing' that is in our corner. ... We can expect the of the world to be a ...
... During the last months, thousands of ...
... Mr Percy Carr, vice-Chairman of the Society of Astronomers, said: "We have got a 'Thing' that is in our corner. ... We can expect the of the world to be a ...
... During the last months, thousands of ..."

THAT SHAPE IS ALL WRONG

By Air Correspondent PETER HARR

WHY should a 'Thing' be shot like a cancer arrow? The 'Thing' would be better if it were conventionally shaped, a plane. It would take a year's work of design to deny all possible legal grounds.

Superior intelligence on other planets could well be sending 'spies' to us in this way. But not till I see you can I say that their 'spies' look like us. I have seen many signs of 'spies'.



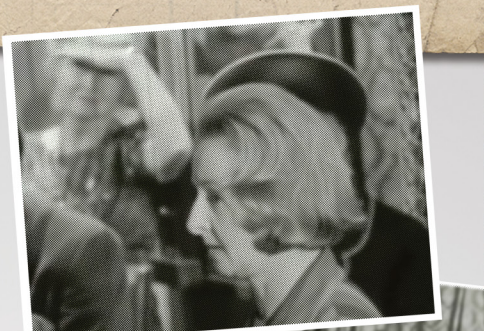
28th August 1965.

Town calls meeting on outer space.

A council chairman called his town to a public meeting in the town hall last night to discuss "the things from outer space". More than 200 people managed to get into the assembly room and another 300 sat outside on the stone step trying to hear the debate on weird crackling noises and glowing cigar-shaped objects which had appeared in the night sky over Warminster, Wiltshire.

The meeting, called by Mr Ealyn Rees, chairman of Warminster Urban District Council, heard the Rev L. Inge, a retired vicar, who operates an observation post 12 miles from the town, claims that between 400 & 500 objects are orbiting the earth continually.

Mr Inge said that about 25 per cent of object sightings relayed to research stations were unexplainable. Mr John Cleary-Baker, who evaluates evidence of phenomena for the British U.F.O. Research Association, said that things like these were reported to the British Association 111 years ago. It was not something unique to Warminster.



giving him a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. The events caught the eye of notable UFO experts, media personalities, and the public. The story became big news.

The sightings and noise continued throughout the Summer, with Arthur recording so many notes in his book that he said in *The Warminster Mystery* that they were all so similar that 'to recount each one would simply bore the reader.' But log them all, Arthur meticulously did.

On the 17th of August 1965, Boreham Field housing estate residents witnessed a terrifying event. One described it as a huge blast! I thought the roof would lift off. The biggest explosion I had ever heard. Many residents describe the ground as actually shaking. This explosion caused a 'monstrous orange flame in the sky,' which appeared to come from the old Roman earthwork fort of Battlesbury. It cast a light over the hill and was described as a lightbulb shape. The light seemed to drop out of sight 'like the snuffing out of a candle', and a great ball of smoke floated onto the housing estate with a yellow core, snapping and crackling as it made contact with the grass and trees before eventually dissipating. David Pinnell, the

witness of this event, said, 'It takes a lot to frighten me. This shook me solid!'

Arthur wanted to rule out military involvement and interviewed the local barracks and airfields. At the barracks, the soldiers were on leave. At the other airfields, all denied any responsibility, and some even laughed that they had such equipment that could cause such an event. But of course, they probably would deny it, wouldn't they?

A local lorry driver told of a bowl of crimson light that flew up from the hillside and hovered before him. It sped towards him, and he slammed on the brakes of his lorry in a panic. The light stopped directly in front of him, but as the lorry continued to move forward, the light went backwards, leading the lorry up the road. Suddenly, leaving the road, the light drifted back to Callaway Hill, from where it had come, before completely vanishing.

There are many more stories I could add here, but to try and sum up the visual phenomena caused by the Thing, Arthur writes this:

"The Thing adopted many forms. Initially, sound and pressure waves pronged downward with tendrils, followed by a succession of orange balls of light, swathing the black velvet of the night. Swirling astray at times but keeping fairly well-established aerial paths. Several discs were seen spinning in the daytime, red winking spheres, clusters of white lights, orange, red, blue and green-tinged orbs of fire crossing the heavens."

As the frenzy surrounding the Thing grew, local people began to get scared. Doors were locked, curtains pulled, and worried mothers kept children from playing outside.

Meanwhile, visitors and UFO enthusiasts did not share the local's fears. They flocked to this normally peaceful market town.

People turned away

as Warminster discusses -

THE THING

AN observation post may be established at Warminster to investigate The Thing.

This was a possible suggestion of Friday's meeting when 400 people crowded into the Warminster Town Hall to discuss the mysterious lights and sounds reported in the area.

Mr John Chen-Chen, secretary of the Warminster Flying Saucers Society, said a regular committee will be set up. "I have been contacted in the past by people who have reported their sightings from January onwards."

Warminster was holding an open-air bar back in Phoenix, the town's 1960s, when sightings were made.

They are then left in a state of confusion as to what the object is. The SAU is a non-technical group of people, but said that the committee is a technical one. It is a group of people who are interested in the subject.

CAUTIOUS

Amateur photographer Roy confesses: I hung a model 'Thing' on a tree

ONE OF THOSE 'SAUCERS IN THE SKY' WAS A FAKE

By RON RICKETTS

ONE OF The Things which have puzzled Britain landed with a bump yesterday. And the so-called unidentified flying object was in fact identified—as an ordinary down-to-earth model about the size of a match-box.

The Thing was one of two pictured in the Daily Mirror last week that set Britain talking and searching the skies. Mirror experts doubted its authenticity. Science Reporter Arthur Smith and Air Correspondent Peter Hama were both sceptical.

Shock

They were right. And the flying saucer believers are in for a shock.

For yesterday amateur photographer Roy Cosmo admitted that it was all a clever fake.

He had claimed to have taken his picture of The Thing in Burton, Surrey, last Monday.

Yesterday he explained how he did it. "I had 35-year-old engineer Roy of Musjid Road, Basingstoke, London. I made a model of an object like the one photographed near Warminster where all the strange sightings have been reported lately.

"Then I hung it by a piece of cotton from a tree



Other one 'is no stunt'

picture is definitely NOT a stunt. Gordon, a 23-year-old factory worker, said he photographed the thing on Sunday August 29 as it flew over Warminster, the Wiltshire town worried for months by strange objects in the sky, and by wind noises.

Meanwhile, in London, Minor photographer ARTHUR SIDLEY showed how easy it is to fake a flying saucer.

He went to Westchester armed with cameras and an unidentified flying object—a saucer.

"I did it only from enthusiasm for photography. I wanted to see if photographs of flying saucers could be successfully faked."

Gordon Faulkner, another amateur who claims to have snapped The Thing declared later: "My

'IT'S TRUE'

The Warminster 'Thing'—still called genuine.

and took several pictures of it.

"I did it only from enthusiasm for photography. I wanted to see if photographs of flying saucers could be successfully faked."

Gordon Faulkner, another amateur who claims to have snapped The Thing declared later: "My

Curious

All over the weekend they have been flooding the Daily Mirror with ones.

And Journalist Arthur Shuttlewood of the Warminster Journal has been besieged by the curious since he described the strange phenomenon in the skies above town in the Mirror on Friday.

A generalist Mr Shuttlewood said yesterday: "My phone line has been burning hot since Friday, and it's getting progressively worse."

"I am going off on a short holiday until the heat cools off."



OUR FAKE
The Mirror's fake—oshtroy thrown up in front of Big Ben.

THE FOUNTAIN JOURNAL (WARMINSTER UFO SIGHTINGS)

No 1: 30p

CONTENTS: - Editorial: Down to Earth
- Candidate: A Rippling Flame Covered Log
- Serpents of Sound: Sightings, Etc. Etc.

Gordon Faulkner released a nicely timed photo after its capture on 29th August. He was taking his camera to his mother's house for his sister to borrow. He spotted something moving fast and low over the south of the town.

Realising he was seeing something unusual, he pointed his camera into the sky and took a lucky shot. What he managed to capture has become 'the' Warminster Thing photo of choice, with Arthur Shuttleworth using it as the front cover of *The Warminster Mystery*. Unfortunately, despite its reputation, there are doubts

about its authenticity, and many experts believe it is a typical yet good-quality fake. A man called Roger Hooten claimed in the early 1990s that he and Gordon created the hoax photo themselves. Gordon, however, says he has no knowledge of someone named Roger Hooten and furiously denies, to this day, that it is fake. And so, it becomes a case of 'he said/she said,' so to speak. Is it real or staged?

On the day the Warminster Chamber of Commerce decided to call a public meeting (on the Friday evening before the bank holiday) to discuss the events and hopefully quell fears, the town was swamped. Over 7000 people came to Warminster to try and spot the Thing for themselves over that weekend, and although it was total chaos, local traders were thrilled as the cash tills didn't stop ringing. The town hall was packed on the

evening of the meeting, with hundreds more people outside. I can't imagine what the locals must have thought to have the town overrun by UFO tourists. UFO experts and government officials were in attendance, although interestingly, no one from the military turned up. Their explanations included satellites, rockets burning up, noise from helicopters, hallucinations and military operations. One government official admitted while most were explainable, 25% were not. Dr E. R. Dawn of the National UFO Association said his organisation were struggling to find any explanation to satisfy people these were not from outer space.

A MINI INSIGHT INTO THE WARMINSTER THING

<https://youtu.be/KFM7oUDLtnM>

This meeting did little to calm the madness, with the local hills getting busy with 'skywatchers', hoping to catch a glimpse of spaceships from outer space. Some locals thought it 'a load of old tripe'. But, Arthur, still sceptical, described the evidence he collected as being built 'on a bedrock of integrity.' But this changed. Arthur had an experience of his own on 25th September, making him the 199th witness.



THE WARMINSTER MYSTERY

astounding UFO sightings



Arthur Shuttlewood

Arthur saw a cigar shape in the sky from an upstairs room in his home, with a peculiar hump and a yellow or burnished amber protrusion of the top. He reported that despite interviewing such a high calibre of witnesses, he still wasn't convinced the Thing existed until he saw it with his own eyes.

Arthur grabbed his cine camera and attempted to capture the airborne craft as it glided silently away. But the strangest thing happened. Arthur's camera began to jump around in his hands, and he felt sharp pricking needles in his hand, wrist, face, and down the side of his body. Apparently, his eyes watered for two months after this day. He'd been unable to gain any evidence. From this day on, Arthur became a skywatcher and went on to be witness to several other events over the following years. However, we must bear in mind he did have a vested interest in keeping this story going.

Locals continued to be primed for sightings, and sky-watchers carried on their nightly vigils up on the steep local hills, perfect for UFO spotting. During the early Autumn of 1965, plenty more reports came in. Bright objects moving around the Shearwater Lake and across the Longleat estate. A silver disc with a yellow light was seen, looking like a fried egg. Less frequently, yet still occurring, were reports of the audio phenomena where, once again, the sounds of pebbles crashing on the roof, windows shaking, and a house appearing to be vibrating take place.

As the anniversary of the first year of the Thing approached, the national press had, by now, lost interest. But ufology groups still took a great interest in the area, and locals, who were obviously not going to forget this year in a hurry, helped to keep the mystery of the Warminster Thing to become self-sustaining. Along with the help of Arthur, of course, who worked hard to keep the story going, even though the national press had, by now, lost interest.

As the anniversary of the first year of the Thing approached, and on into 1966, bright white lights, crimson balls flying in formation, and the cigar-shaped craft gliding silently by were all witnessed. Arthur got more organised and assembled a skywatching investigative team to keep an eye on the skies. Apparently, they took over 3000 photographs, but the results have always turned out to be incredibly sketchy. Slightly blurred lights in the sky are the best of the bunch, and none were as clear as the (possibly fake) Gordon Faulkner photo taken in the Summer.

The events continued through 1966, with local people reporting the now usual bright lights in the sky, humming sounds, flame coloured lights moving across the sky together. The Thing was reportedly spotted further afield, towards the end of 1966, with sightings in other Wiltshire towns nearby.

Interest from the World's UFO enthusiasts and groups, such as the British UFO Research Association, boomed, and so it continued for the next few years. Various groups, both official and voluntary, local and from further afar, examined the events, looked for their own evidence and tried to understand what was happening. There were reports, papers, newsletters and bulletins of sightings with Arthur and his team always at the heart of matters. I could go into the local political turmoil within this community that seemed to be a theme over the next few years. Undoubtedly, there were strong beliefs and high emotions for all involved. But, going into that won't help us decide the truth behind these extraordinary events.

Arthur published his first book in 1967, *The Warminster Mystery*, which has been called one of the most important books in UFO history. Could this book have incited a spate of sightings of other UFOs across the country in 1967? However, much was still reported in the Warminster area for the next couple of years. Most of it was described as 'mundane,' although any

sighting of a possible UFO is far from that. But, the lights and audio shows persisted. Arthur continued collecting enough evidence to combine all the sightings with his thoughts and possible explanations for the Thing in a second and third book.

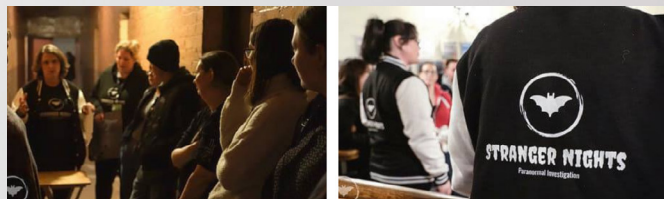
Eventually, by 1977, most interest in the Thing had died out, and people had moved on to other subjects. Arthur continued his work behind the scenes but sadly passed away in 1996 following a period of ill health. He was much mourned by the UFO community, with his work on the Warminster Thing recognised for its incredible job. Other members of his skywatching team had long ago given up, so there was no one left to keep recording events.

I think it's beyond doubt that the Warminster Thing, with the help of Arthur Shuttleworth and his fellow enthusiasts, was responsible for a general upsurge in interest in visitors from outer space.

We continue to be enthused by the thought of life outside our little planet. And whether or not you think the Warminster Thing is 'a load of nonsense' as it has been described or a bona fide series of UFO events, you have to admit, it's all pretty strange.

Some of the original residents of Warminster at the time of the Thing are still around. When they reminisce about the unusual events which befell this unremarkable little garrison town in West Wiltshire, it is still remembered as a very curious time. And indeed, whilst the Warminster Thing may be over, UFO sightings in and around the Warminster area persist. This is Weird Wiltshire, after all! Only a few skywatchers are left on Cley Hill or Cradle Hill these days, but you know what? I might head up there one night this Summer. Maybe, just maybe, I will catch a glimpse of the Thing myself!

Emma X



STRANGER NIGHTS
Paranormal Investigations

PARANORMAL INVESTIGATIONS

Public events, Paranormal Courses, Young Investigator Workshops,
Private and home investigations, group and corporate bookings

www.strangernightsparanormal.co.uk

Strangernightsparanormal@gmail.com

Whatsapp: 07482 544096



Limited Company: Number 12478523

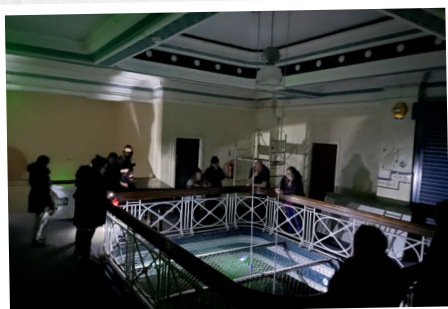
The Next Generation of GHOST HUNTERS

Junior Paranormal Events

The paranormal...
not just for grown ups!



There is always a debate and a discussion about whether kids should go on ghost hunts or not and whatever camp you are in more and more kids are becoming fascinated with the paranormal. The majority [if not all] of ghost hunts organised by paranormal companies have a **NO UNDER 18s** clause in their terms & conditions. That may be down to a whole host of reasons [insurance, health and safety issues rather than the fear of a demonic possession] but you should respect the T&Cs of a company.



Respect can and should be a two-way street though, shouldn't it? Kids of all ages are seemingly becoming more interested in all things spooky, whether it's down to social media or dark, strange shows streaming 24/7 [normally with kids as the lead characters] at the click of a button, the rise of podcasts where adults reveal their paranormal experiences [often starting when they were a child themselves] or something else the fascination with the paranormal appears to be on the rise. If we want to pass the paranormal baton on to a new generation of ghost hunters why do some feel that they need to be over 18 and at a time when they've reached adulthood and have probably more life/work things going on now they've reached that age and maybe have less time to be inquisitive or wanting to learn more about a subject they are passionate about.

How many times have us adults ghost hunted, and the spirit of a child has apparently appeared – how many times do we leave children's toys as trigger objects or even use teddy bears as a potential method of communication. There's probably no right or wrong answer which pretty much sums up the paranormal but what if there was a dedicated company that took kids ghost hunting, that gave them an insight into the paranormal, the gadgets, the locations and let them explore, let them investigate and let them learn at their own pace and alongside other kids who share their passion. Why shouldn't we let kids tell us what they experienced and what they think of the paranormal.

THE PARANORMAL IS NOT JUST FOR GROWN-UPS

Gemma and Michael created JPE [Junior Paranormal Events] because their children, Aubrey and Finlay, were developing a growing interest in the paranormal, and they would always want to know when they could go to an event. In November 2021, after attending an adult event, Gemma and Michael decided to research paranormal events available to children and young people.

Noticing that there weren't any, they decided to create their own by combining Gemma's experience as a qualified teacher and their love of the paranormal. Junior Paranormal Events was created and officially launched at a special event held at Champness Hall in January 2022, which later became the HQ for the team.

Gemma is the scaredy cat of the team but is getting braver! Gemma has had paranormal experiences since being a young child. "Junior Paranormal Events provides a safe space where children and young people can be themselves and explore their love of the paranormal safely and appropriately."

Favourite Location: Ripon Police Museum, Ripon

Most Memorable Experience: Hearing lots of audio phenomena at Hack Green Secret Nuclear Bunker. During an investigation, we heard a lady sobbing; there was a vocal response to a question and the sounds of a trolley being wheeled down the corridor.

Michael is the resident sceptic of the team; he loves to question and explore the different experiences that we have. "During our events, we educate the junior guests on how to conduct a paranormal investigation."

This also includes how 'paranormal experiences' can be faked. It helps children and young people become more informed when watching television shows or content on social media."

Favourite Location:

Ripon Workhouse, Ripon

Most Memorable Experience:

This was during an event at Mill Street Barracks. I was on the balcony off the main hall; we had three Maglite torches set in three different areas, with one being 'Yes', one 'No', and the other 'Not Sure'. We actively asked questions and had them answered through the torches.



Jade has always had a fascination with all things paranormal. Jade enjoys getting hands-on during events and supporting the guests so that they can really get involved with the investigations and activities. "I got involved with Junior Paranormal after attending the launch event in January 2022. My daughter loved it; it was the perfect way to share our interest in the paranormal."

Favourite Location:

Samlesbury Hall, Preston

Most Memorable Experience:

During an event with guests in the long corridor at Samlesbury Hall. I was standing in the doorway, and the door forcibly closed on me. We then placed a Maglite torch in the long corridor and played hide and seek with a spirit. We could hear footsteps running around us, but all the guests were still.

Finlay is 14. "I love exploring the history of buildings, and I don't mind being in the dark! I love working with my other Junior Ambassadors and visiting different places."

Favourite Location:

Samlesbury Hall, Preston

Most Memorable Experience:

At Samlesbury Hall, we asked if the spirits would like to play a game of hide and seek; if so, they should turn the torch on. We then all counted to 5, and the torch went off. We then all guessed where they were hiding and asked the spirits to give us clues - this ended up being tapped on the glass, a cupboard door opening and even footsteps running. We played this game for about 30 minutes.

Aubrey is nine and our youngest member of the team. "I love being able to explore different places and finding out about the people that have been there before us. I love working with the other Junior Ambassadors because they love the paranormal just as much as I do!"

Favourite Location:

Mill Street Barracks, St Helens

Most Memorable Experience: When we were exploring Hack Green Secret Nuclear Bunker; as soon as we started the event, we could all hear really loud crying coming from the stairs inside the bunker; everyone heard them. They went on for a long time, and we could hear them wherever we were.

Harrison is 11. "I have been interested in the paranormal since I was around eight years old. I think the Junior Paranormal team is great because it allows us younger investigators to develop our skills. I don't find it scary; I find it interesting!"

Favourite Location:

Champness Hall, Rochdale

Most Memorable Experience:

When I was in the Caretakers Lodge at Champness Hall; we set up two torches; we asked the spirit to communicate with us through them. Whenever one of the torches was switched on, we all cheered. Both torches were going on and off; the energy in the room was fascinating.

Kate is 16. "I love doing the events. I have always been interested in the paranormal; coming to events with the team is a fun and amazing experience. We have seen and heard so many things, and I always look forward to an event."

Favourite Location:

Eden Camp Modern History Museum, Malton

Most Memorable Experience:

In the auditorium at Champness Hall, there is a corner where a lady spirit called Mary sits. Mary seemed to like communicating with me, and I enjoyed connecting with her.

Olivia is 15. "I am excited to be an ambassador because I hope to raise awareness about the paranormal and help other children and young people experience what I have"

Favourite Location:

Champness Hall, Rochdale

Most Memorable Experience:

At the last event I attended at Champness Hall, I was sitting on the stage in the auditorium, and we heard a chair nearby banging up and down. It was really close to us; there was no one near it.

Alfie is 11. "I like being an ambassador because I really enjoy going to the events, and I enjoy having a bigger role in the team. I have always loved the paranormal and ask for equipment for birthdays and Christmas!"

Favourite Location:

Champness Hall, Rochdale

Most Memorable Experience:

At Mill Street Barracks, I was sitting in the main hall, everyone was still, but we could hear the floor creaking like someone was walking around us. There were also lots of noises coming from the kitchen like someone was pottering around in there.

We have had many adventures and experiences and are only just starting. We look forward to being able to share these with you.

Gemma, Michael & Jade,
Finlay, Aubrey, Harrison, Kate, Olivia & Alfie

If you have a kid who is fascinated by the paranormal and you're OK with the idea for them to want to know more, you can reach Junior Paranormal Events via:

Facebook:

@juniorparanormalevents

Twitter: @jpe_paranormal

Instagram: spirit_spooks

YouTube:

@juniorparanormalevents

Email:

juniorparanormalevents@gmail.com

Website:

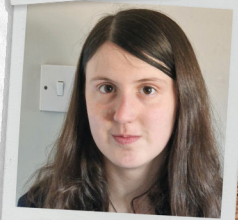
<https://juniorparanormalevents.co.uk/>



Jade



Alfie



Olivia



Finlay



Harrison



Aubrey



Michael & Gemma



LISTEN TO
JIM HAROLD'S
CAMPFIRE

**ORDINARY PEOPLE
SHARING THEIR
EXTRAORDINARY
PARANORMAL
EXPERIENCES.**

Find Jim Harold's
Campfire on Apple
Podcasts, Spotify, your
favorite podcast app or
at jimharold.com



Jim's programs have been downloaded over 60 million times!
The Paranormal Podcast and Jim Harold's Campfire are among the Top 1%
most downloaded podcasts on the industry's largest podcast host, Libsyn.

(Source: Libsyn, January 2020)

ROBERTSON'S PHANTASMAGORIA

BY JESSICA CALE



The father of modern horror was Belgian physicist Étienne-Gaspard Robert, later known by his stage name, Robertson. Given how often horror is dismissed as a guilty pleasure, it might surprise you to hear that cinema was more or less invented because of it. Robertson didn't invent the Magic Lantern, the earliest known projector—that honor belongs to Christiaan Huygens around 1650—but he used his artistic talent and expertise in physics to reimagine what it was capable of, breathing life into the nightmares of early eighteenth-century Paris.

Nightmares in Paris were all too real. When Robertson hosted his first show in 1798, the Reign of Terror, which saw the public executions of 17,000 people, was still fresh in everyone's minds. Robertson himself had only narrowly escaped; as a tutor to the children of the nobility, his precarious situation forced him to flee to Belgium until the danger had passed. He spent this brief exile perfecting his craft, returning to Paris with a show unlike anything the people had ever seen.

The **Phantasmagoria** was years in the making. Even as a child, Robertson had been eccentric, fascinated with hauntings and macabre imagery. In his memoirs, he recounted an early attempt to summon the devil. He wasn't afraid of the devil but envious—he wrote that he wanted to share the devil's power. Disappointed when Lucifer did not appear, Robertson was obliged to develop the power of conjuring on his own—by going to university to study physics, art, and the occult.

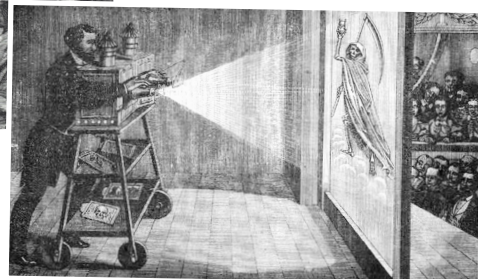
A gifted physicist with a particular interest in optics, Robertson discovered that he could produce any number of illusions and special effects through his innovations with a Magic Lantern device, such as adding wheels to the machine and a system for moving slides that changed the size of the image projected to create the illusion of movement.



He found that giving his hand-painted ghouls black backgrounds made them appear to float in midair when projected in the dark. He experimented with different light sources, projecting the images onto various surfaces. This became the groundwork for the show that would eventually make his name.

Robertson's Phantasmagoria was an interactive horror *experience*. Hosted in the Couvent des Capucines crypt, a derelict convent in central Paris, guests had to cross the overgrown graveyard in the dark, passing through a labyrinth of rooms draped in dark fabric and painted with esoteric symbols. They followed the eerie call of funeral bells and a glass harmonica, an instrument with such an otherworldly sound it was thought to cause madness. Once they reached the crypt and took their seats, they were locked inside.

Robertson appeared by the light of a single sepulchral lantern. An intensely charismatic showman with a flair for the dramatic, the audience believed him when he promised to raise the dead, the audience believed him. Once he blew out the candle, the audience was plunged into darkness and overwhelmed with the sounds of rain, thunder, and funeral bells. Lightning appeared to strike, illuminating Death himself emerging from the shadows and floating through the audience with a scythe in his hand.



Although he explained it was only physics and optical illusions, the ghosts, devils, skeletons, and demons that filled the crypt over the next hour and a half were so realistic the audience tried to fight them.

His shows were so effective people genuinely believed he was a necromancer. They created such a stir that Robertson was investigated by the authorities, which temporarily shut the show down for fear that he would bring Louis XVI back to life. Robertson was forced to flee Paris again but returned before long.

Robertson's Phantasmagoria was tremendously popular, earning Robertson a fortune over the years.

It was no ordinary slideshow—Robertson’s innovation and mastery of the Magic Lantern produced effects challenging to imagine even now. The scenes he created were elaborate, detailed, and animated; between the speed of the changing slides, variable depth, and visual effects, Robertson had all but created early 3D cinema.

Robertson loved his work, and he took it very seriously. He wrote:

I am only satisfied if my spectators, shivering and shuddering, raise their hands or cover their eyes out of fear of ghosts and devils dashing towards them if even the most indiscreet among them run into the arms of a skeleton.

It was known to happen, and the audiences loved it.

So many competitors attempted to copy his show that he was

forced to patent his version of the Magic Lantern, the Fantascope. Through the subsequent legal action, Robertson was obliged to reveal his technical secrets, which could never quite be replicated by anyone else, even when they were known.

Despite copycat shows popping up all over Europe and America, Robertson enjoyed a forty-year career, touring the world with his wife and children, writing his memoirs, and patenting his version of the Magic Lantern, the Fantascope. Although his technical secrets became known, they could never be replicated by anyone else.

Until his death in 1837, Robertson asserted that he was first and foremost a physicist, but in his memoirs, he reflected on how his early desire to attain the devil’s powers had guided his life:

I finally adopted a very wise policy: since the devil refused to communicate to me the science

of creating prodigies, I would apply myself to creating devils, and I would have only to wave my wand to force all the infernal cortège to be seen in the light. My habitation became a true Pandemonium.

Robertson became a legend in his own lifetime. Today, Robertson is widely regarded as an essential forerunner of modern cinema, and his grave is one of the most visited monuments in Père Lachaise. Rather than featuring the man himself, the scene depicts his audience cowering before the phantoms he brought to life.

Jessica C

Jessica Cale is an author and historian based in North Carolina. She has appeared on Netflix’s Lost Pirate Kingdom and hosts the Dirty Sexy History podcast. You can visit her at dirtysexyhistory.com.



SCAN ME



**SPIRIT
TECH**

**PARANORMAL
EQUIPMENT**

Est. 1985

www.spirittech.com.au



WE SHIP WORLDWIDE!

Those of you who regularly read the articles I write for Haunted Magazine will know that I tend to talk about places or events that I have researched but not necessarily experienced firsthand; this one will be slightly different.

All writers need some kind of inspiration for every piece of work they create, I am no different, and I can always tell you the exact chain of events (or thoughts) that lead to every single thing I put down on paper; this is no different. A good friend of mine had asked me to give her a history tour of Chelmsford, and one of the areas we inevitably started to discuss was the witch trials of July 1645 under the notorious -self-appointed, it has to be said - witchfinder general, Matthew Hopkins. She asked me a good question, where were the accused held before their trial?

I already knew - due to previous research - that Chelmsford had used a pub called the Cross Keys (now the site of the old



Regent cinema) as the prison from around 1667, but what had happened before that? This led me to Colchester Castle, which was the county jail of Essex from around 1226 until 1666, and this feature. As I alluded to earlier, what is slightly at variance from my usual pieces is that I actually got to do a short investigation of the castle courtesy of the fantastic Hazel Ford of Haunted Happenings.

Historians believe that the castle was built around 1076 on the site of a former Roman temple dedicated to Claudius - the Roman history of Colchester, aka Camulodunum, is an article in its own right the town and building were granted to Eudo Dapifer in 1101. During the first Barons' War (1215-1217), it was occupied by the French and used by the Barons against King John and then the boy King Henry III. After that particular episode blew over, in 1226, it started its more famous use as a jail. It held a variety of detainees, including Jewish prisoners, pirates, heretics, Roman Catholics, protestants, royalists, Quakers and probably most famously, those accused of witchcraft.

So, for someone looking for paranormal activity, there is an absolute plethora of avenues to go down and elements of history to know about. At the end of the evening, I can tell you my brain hurt, and I do not think it was purely down to the infamous hangover.

Many people who have visited the castle as day guests and investigating talk about the prison cells, where the exhibit of the heinous Hopkins (and frequently forgotten John Stearne) is displayed, so I decided to start my lone vigil before the guests arrived down there. Whilst I was talking through how the witch trials took place with a couple of the Haunted Happenings staff (thank you all for being great hosts) - two of us saw shadows moving outside the door, but other did not feel as though we had any



company in there. I sat on the wooden floor after being left alone and ran a few sessions of calling to see if anyone wanted to speak to me. Listening back to the recordings, I had one that definitely seemed to have an answer when I asked if they were a gaoler, a very whispered "no" - although I have played it to a few people. Some hear the word, and some only hear what they think is the rustling of clothes; I can confirm that it was not me on the recording as the device was on the floor and I was not moving, and whilst the sound is quite evident on the playback, I did not hear it at the time.

THE MYSTERY OF THE HISTORY, THE HISTORY OF THE MYSTERY OF
COLCHESTER CASTLE

One of my pet hates on an investigation - whether it be a taster like this or a full-blown research project taking place over months - is to assume what the energy may be whilst asking a question such as "Are you a gaoler" when in a prison cell is logical, perhaps focussing on those accused of witchcraft being held there is not as that was such a small period of time in the greater scheme of things.

Later on, when the members of the public joined me, we tried some other angles; talking about witches did not create any activity whatsoever, but when we started mentioning different languages which would have been spoken, the devices did start to register. I had suggested earlier that due to the castle being built during the time of the Norman invasion (and being held by the French during The First Barons' War), perhaps speaking French would help as a trigger, making aware that Norman French is slightly different to the classic version of the dialect that most of us would have learned, "right" being 'le droit', but the Norman version being 'le diet'. Language like History can often be lost in translation. The other language (and one of the few I can mumble a few badly pronounced words in) was Spanish, so I tried that too;

what was strange was the readings on the EDI device, which had been placed on the floor, without anyone moving, the vibration sensor was reacting to what we were saying, as was the temperature, in fact, rather than it going up (which I would expect with a smallish room full of people) it actually went down. I had run a Mel Meter whilst I was there alone; it was a consistent sixty-eight or sixty-nine degrees; during my vigil, the EDI - taking into account different calibrations of its reading - started at a similar figure, then dropped to sixty-six points six and then went down to the upper fifties.

I am sure someone could explain it scientifically, but the fact that when I was talking through historical points, the vibration sensor was triggering, but whether to indicate I was correct or not, I have no idea.



The next experience which is still bouncing around in my brain was down in the vaults; this area still retains some of the original stone from the Roman temple I mentioned earlier, so it has just under two thousand years of history in it; that is enough to blow even my tiny brain. Table tipping was the order of the day, complete with an Alice ITC device running; this was going to be interesting. The group I was with had already been privy to (and promised me that they were enjoying it) my ability (and some may say addiction) to ask historical questions to try and find out more

information when we had used a Ouija board earlier, so they requested I keep doing it.

Ok then. To begin with, I observed them on the table, and quite quickly, it was balancing on one leg. This may sound arrogant, but when I am doing this kind of thing with people I do not know, I like to stand back and watch first to see if anyone is influencing the activity; once I was happy that was not the case, I began to join in. As I put my fingertips on the table, it vibrated; no one else was touching it at this point as they were all jubilant

about how it had been spinning on one leg; their energy was infectious. We decided that as this "spirit" seemed quite strong, we would ask them to walk the table around the area that we were standing in, and with a little bit of guidance (I would tap on which side needed to move next), it started, and gained a great deal of speed. What was to happen next is why having a person with an amount of historical knowledge can be a real benefit in any investigation. One of the hosts suggested we try asking questions rather than dancing with the table, so we did.

The name Alfred had come up on the ITC device, so it was natural to see if that was who we were talking to; the table rocked to no and the name Harry came up almost immediately. THEN THE WORD ROSES.

It was only last year that I wrote a book called "The Battle for Bosworth Hall", which featured quite a bit on the Wars of the Roses, so I took a punt and asked if the spirit was part of the Wars of the Roses. The table rocked to yes.

Now I was confused; Essex did not have anything to do with this period of history, certainly not Colchester Castle, so why was someone linked to this episode in history appearing? When I questioned if they were Lancastrian or Yorkist, I received no answer, but when I mentioned if they supported Edward IV (the Yorkist King), it went to yes, and then the word servant appeared.

I was wracking my brain trying to think of the sequence of

events which led up to Edward becoming King, so it seemed obvious to find out if they were in the Battle of Towton. Again, a yes. The group I was with asked me questions about when this battle was; I replied that I thought it was 1461 but that I was digging deep into the memory banks for that one; the table rocked to Yes, was this spirit listening to us?

Another time it moved without our focus was when I was talking about the archers and explaining that they would push their arrows into the ground and that many people they hit did not die from the actual wound inflicted. Still, the bacteria that was on the arrowhead from being sunk into the soil also produced a yes answer.

We all noticed the temperature in the vaults start dropping; in fact, some of us could see our own breath, and then the word "appear" appeared on the ITC device. Was Harry trying to manifest? A couple of the group did seem quite disturbed at this prospect, although I can

honestly say I was all for it. Then it started to warm up again; maybe our medieval guest could not get enough energy, so we asked Harry if he wanted to play a bit more (which he did), and then we said thank you and goodbye.

Anyone who knows me will also be aware that I will research things to see if there is any validity in what has happened; this was no different; sit back, grab a coffee and keep reading. In 1404, the castle had been granted to Humphrey, the future Duke of Gloucester (brother of Henry V), after he died in 1447 without an heir and his wife Eleanor was not allowed to keep any of his estate as a dower (she had been arrested whilst married to Humphrey on an accusation of witchcraft against King Henry VI, and her marriage had been annulled in 1441). The castle reverted back to the crown and was later given to Margaret of Anjou, the King's wife.

Margaret lost her lands when the King was defeated in the Battle of Towton in 1461 (yes,

my memory was correct). It was then awarded to Sir John Howard (the 1st Duke of Norfolk), who had fought at Towton alongside Edward IV and spent a lot of time in Colchester as he was a patron of St. Johns Abbey in the town.

This was quite an obvious link to the Wars of the Roses and Edward IV. Were we speaking to a servant of Howard's who had also fought alongside the Yorkist King? Had Harry come through because he knew my history knowledge would help decipher the clues? I genuinely do not know, and I cannot say unequivocally that it was not just luck that produced these answers, but it goes to show that just because a place is famous for one thing, those energies may not be the ones that want to talk...

Perry X

***Even though we say not so 'orrible histories, it might actually be horrible, it's just a tagline folks.**



HANNAH
ROSE
PLATT

DEATHBED CONFESSIONS

THE NEW ALBUM

Hannah Rose Platt - 'Deathbed Confessions', produced by Ed Hardcourt is **OUT NOW** on CD and special edition gatefold sleeve with pull out A3 print on GOLD vinyl.

2003 XTRA MILE RECORDS 2023



A NEW HOME FOR PARANORMAL TV

Ghost PLANET

N E T W O R K



Exclusive to Roku

Ghost Planet Network is the brainchild of Neil Packer from The Paranormal Research Centre in Hinckley, Leicestershire, which is also home to The Haunted Antiques Museum.

Neil has been looking for a way of taking the shows he does at the centre to a much wider audience for some time now, and despite YouTube being the most obvious solution, that has never appealed to him as thousands of videos are uploaded to it daily, and the potential to find new and exciting content could be difficult.

Neil says, "Many teams are filming their investigations or making decent paranormal content but are simply not getting the attention they deserve, and I genuinely feel that paranormal TV shows are, sadly, becoming a bit repetitive and are guided or controlled by network restrictions and produced by companies that are more focused and reliant on viewing figures and entertainment."

Neil feels that a new channel is needed, a channel that is run by people who are passionate about the paranormal and will allow any content contributors to control their content and a channel that will be available for anyone to showcase their work - be it from a professional quality content maker to a bunch of friends who love doing what they are doing.

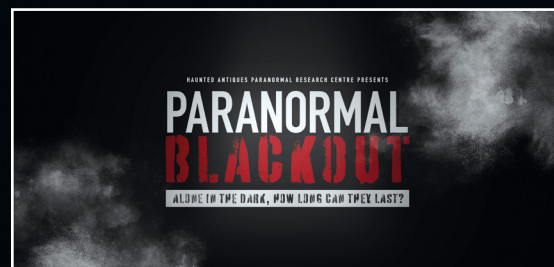
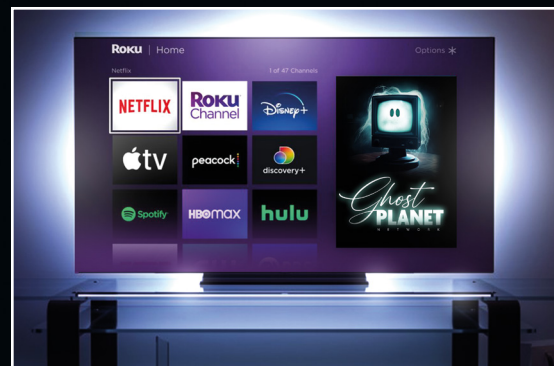
Neil continues, "We'd like anyone and everyone to get involved. I have ideas for at least ten different types of paranormal shows that we will film and produce that will all air on the channel. I want it to be as diverse as possible. I want a mix of wide-reaching paranormal content, from round table discussions to ghost hunting to historical and mysterious shows. There's the potential to broadcast live streams, and I would like **Ghost**

Planet Network to become a channel recognised for showing a wide range of paranormal-related shows."

"Ghost Planet Network will be a subscription-free channel. All you need to watch is a TV with HDMI input and a Roku box which costs around £20. Roku has an audience of over 70 million homes worldwide."

GPN has the potential to be something special. By not having the restraints of the big corporate TV networks and distributors, it could suit a whole host of people who love doing what they do, love filming what they do and love showing what they do to other people.

Neil continues, "Whether it's ghost hunting, UFO spotting or on the hunt for cryptids, if it's not normal, then it's paranormal, and **Ghost Planet Network** will be more than open to show it. Even if all you have is an idea for something, an investigation, a chat show, a debate show, or a review show, please message me at neil.gpn@gmail.com. I do believe that Ghost Planet Network has the potential to become a new home for Paranormal TV content."



It's nearly 100 years since Borley Rectory hit the headlines and over 80 years since it burnt to the ground and all that remains of it is a very small scrubby patch of neglected land hidden away between new houses and gardens. Yet it still divides opinion and prompts discussions, debates and disagreements. BUT WHY DOES IT? Richard Sugg takes a closer look at that summer night in 1929, and the history and mystery before during and after.



HAUNTINGS, HOAX OR HYSTERIA?

BORLEY RECTORY

THE MOST HAUNTED HOUSE IN ENGLAND?



BORLEY GOES PUBLIC: THANKS TO THE MIRROR

One summer night in 1929, the Daily Mirror journalist V.C. Wall waited with a photographer in the woods behind Borley Rectory in Suffolk. Here on the grounds of 'the most haunted house in England', they did not see the ghostly nun or the spectral, eerily silent coach and horses reported by others. But they did spy a light in the Rectory. When someone went inside to investigate, no light was visible. Yet outside, Wall and the photographer could still see it.

On 11 June 1929, the psychical researcher Harry Price read Wall's first two reports on Borley, and within hours the most famous era in the Rectory's haunted history had begun. Keeping watch with Price the following evening, Wall was certain that he saw the nun moving towards a stream in the garden. Soon after dark, a red glass candlestick whizzed past their heads and shattered against an iron stove, pebbles and slate bounced down the stairs, servants' bells rang on their own, and keys shot simultaneously from two different doors. More than one brisk dash upstairs failed to reveal any human pranksters in the Rectory, which was at this time occupied by the Reverend Guy Smith.

VICTORIAN ORIGINS: A HOUSEMAID GIVES NOTICE

Borley Rectory had been built in 1862-3 and occupied by two previous vicars (both of the Bull family) before Smith took up residence in 1929. It was erected on the site of at least two previous dwellings. In 2001 local antiquarian Paul Kemp

claimed that ghostly activity had been reported as early as 1819, with the nun allegedly sighted in 1836. From 1863, the large family of the Reverend Henry Dawson Bull were disturbed by the sound of rushing water in the house (which had neither mains water nor interior pipes), bells which rang even after wires were cut, rappings, crashes, and heavy footsteps in empty areas of the building. Initially, much of this centred – as so often in poltergeist cases – on a young daughter, Ethel, whose door was singled out for rapping each night and who once had her face slapped as she lay in bed. In 1886 a new nursemaid, Elizabeth Byford, initially made light of the supposedly haunted room allotted to her. But around two weeks later, she woke at midnight to the sound of slipped footsteps outside her door and presently gave notice.

A DOG AND A HEADLESS PHANTOM

The Bull family, by contrast, clearly did not scare easily. The first Henry Bull kept up his duties until his death in May 1892 and was immediately succeeded by his son, Henry Foyster Bull, who held the living until he died in June 1927. Henry Foyster seems outwardly to have been a jovial, energetic figure who liked running between Church and Rectory on sermon days. He does not sound like the kind of person fond of imagining ghosts, and the same probably went for his dog, Juvenal. Yet, one day in the garden, the retriever began howling and cowering at something behind the fruit trees. Following the dog's gaze, Bull saw a pair of legs. When these moved out of cover of the foliage, the body was seen to be headless. It crossed the garden and walked clean through a locked gate.

This younger Reverend Bull also saw the notorious ghostly coach of Borley, 'drawn by two horses, and driven by a headless coachman'. Intriguingly, this coach seems often to have been silent when seen and invisible when heard. On another occasion, Bull heard hoofs and heavy wheels on the road behind him. Stepping in to let the vehicle pass, he heard it rush by and saw nothing, though 'the noise gradually diminished and could be heard dying away in the distance'.

FACE-TO-FACE WITH A GHOST

On 28 July 1900, the young Ethel and Freda Bull were returning to the Rectory from a summer party. Emerging from the trees onto the lawn, they saw a female figure with a bowed head ... dressed entirely in black, in the garb of a nun'. It appeared to be gliding rather than walking. After watching her for some time, the girls took her to be a ghost and became intensely frightened. One ran in to fetch their sister Elsie, who responded, "What nonsense, I'll go and speak to it!" She then ran across the lawn, only to have the nun turn and face her for a few seconds before vanishing into thin air. In the autumn of 1927, a travelling carpenter, Fred Cartwright, saw the nun four times in two weeks. He was not local to the area, had never heard the Borley ghost stories, and assumed the figure to be alive on each occasion. His suspicions were aroused only on his fourth sighting when the woman inexplicably disappeared from view.

REVEREND SMITH CALLS FOR HELP

In the autumn of 1928, the Reverend Guy Smith and his wife Mabel moved into Borley. The couple had no children. When cleaning out the house, Mabel discovered a brown paper parcel and, on unwrapping it, found herself looking at a small human skull. This was presently buried in the churchyard by her husband. Alone in the house shortly after, Guy was crossing the landing outside the notoriously haunted Blue Room when he heard whispering, rising to form the

audible, pleading words, "Don't, Carlos! Don't". Footsteps were heard in the Rectory so often that one day Guy Smith leapt out from behind a wall with a hockey stick to strike the intruder – only to find himself slicing thin air. Bells again rang on their own, and the servant, Mary Pearson, twice saw the phantom coach speeding by. So it was that in June 1929, less than a year into their residence, the Smiths themselves contacted the Daily Mirror. Smith would be present on the night when Price and Wall were mysteriously showered with pebbles and slate. That same summer, the Smiths moved out into lodgings, and in October 1930, Borley gained a new vicar.

ANOTHER NEW VICAR: SMITH GIVES UP THE GHOSTS

Tellingly, the Reverend Lionel

Foyster took on the haunted parish only at the intervention of surviving members of the Bull family, to whom he was related. He had a wife, Marianne, many years his junior, and an adopted daughter, three-year-old Adelaide. Like Ethel Bull before her, Marianne seems to have acted as a focus for whatever was haunting Borley. For the activity now hit new levels of violence and persecution. Numerous household items vanished, whilst objects they did not own appeared from anywhere. One day Marianne took off her watch to wash her hands. Turning back to retrieve it, she found that the strap had disappeared, though the watch remained. Objects frequently thrown at or past the couple, and Marianne was once struck so



badly by an invisible force as to be left with a cut and a black eye. She was thrown out of bed several times, and mysterious writings (apparently connected with her) now began to appear on the walls of the house.

On several occasions, Marianne saw the ghost of Henry Bull the First – who had allegedly warned his family that, if discontented in the afterlife, he would return as a poltergeist. Although Marianne was certainly not the most reliable witness in Borley's history, it is telling that the dressing gown she saw Bull wearing was recognised by older Borley locals who heard her description.

FURTHER WITNESSES AT BORLEY

A complete account of the Foysters' sufferings would run to a short book, with Lionel keeping a detailed diary of events from the beginning of their stay. With even Adelaide apparently struck and persecuted, these events would have given many people a nervous breakdown. And, with Price now on the scene, there was no shortage of outside witnesses. Along with the workmen who saw stones tumbling down the stairs, we have Lady Whitehouse (a friend of the Foysters) and her nephew, Richard. On 14 December 1931, Lionel, Marianne and Richard all saw a thin glass tumbler drop from thin air to land at Richard's feet. He later stressed that no one could have thrown this without breaking it. Lady Whitehouse was present when a fire started spontaneously. She also saw flints falling from nowhere. In January 1932, another visitor, Mr G. L'Estrange, had just parked his car when he saw a figure standing by the porch.



Seconds later, it vanished before his eyes. Later in his stay, L'Estrange heard footsteps pass by the sofa he was sitting on and then fade through the wall behind him.

ENTER HARRY PRICE

Impressively, the Foysters lasted until October 1935, leaving them only because of Lionel's increasingly severe arthritis. But by this stage, the Church had had enough of Borley Rectory. Two parishes were merged, and the building was put up for sale. Before a buyer could be found, Price was able to rent the house, and in *The Times* of 25 May 1937, an unusual advertisement began: 'Haunted House. Responsible persons of leisure and intelligence, intrepid, critical, and unbiased, are invited to join the rota of observers in a year's day and night investigation of alleged haunted house...'. After weeding out thrill-seekers, cranks and opportunists, Price managed to enrol many reliable observers, including engineers, doctors, undergraduates and military men. Rappings, crashes, bell ringing and movement of objects were recorded, with the report of Mark Kerr-Pearse, a Geneva diplomat, running to almost 10,000 words. Thanks to Price's energy and enterprise, Borley became not just one of the most haunted houses ever but perhaps the best-documented.

WHO BURNED BORLEY RECTORY?

In the autumn of 1938, Borley was purchased by Captain W.H. Gregson, and at midnight on 27 February 1939, it caught fire. Ghosts were probably not responsible. Buying it for just £500, Gregson had insured it for £10,000, and years later, his son, Anthony, stated that the Captain had started the fire himself. With the Rectory now just a shell, the haunting continued. A chauffeur heard the invisible phantom coach hurtling by him, and Charles Browne and his friends one night saw a girl in white looking through the burned-out window of the Blue Room upstairs. She was standing on empty air. Army officers who tried to use the site during the war had stones thrown at them and found the general atmosphere so negative that they did not stay. From 1947 to 1950, James and Alice Turner occupied the surviving cottage. On hot summer days, they would hear the voices and laughter of children from the orchard and, on one occasion, the sound of heavy footsteps, 'as though someone was walking on bare boards'. During a 1961 investigation, 'battery torches and car headlamps all failed without obvious cause', and as recently as 2000, Colin Wilson spoke to a television crew which had 'recorded hollow footsteps, the creaking of a door that no longer exists, and a deep sigh that impressed everyone who heard it as profoundly unhappy'.

THE REAL HARRY PRICE: SCPTIC TURNED GHOST HUNTER

Was Borley Rectory really haunted? Wikipedia will give you the impression that it was not.

Whilst I have yet to read a single Wikipedia account of ghosts or poltergeists which looks either balanced or open-minded, in this case, the supposed 'debunking' rests largely on one book: *The Haunting of Borley Rectory*, by Eric Dingwall, K.M. Goldney and T.H. Hall. The authors of this 1956 work were clearly determined not to believe in ghosts, and it is hard to imagine that they would have dared attack Price in the way they did had he still been alive (he died in 1948). Hall, in particular, seems to have been an extremely dubious character. The attack he made on Price in 1978, littered with errors and pure speculation, has been described as 'one of the most spiteful books ever written'. In fact, when Price began his public career, he looked much like an early twentieth-century James Randi. A trained conjurer and member of the Magic Circle, he used his inside knowledge to expose several fraudulent mediums. Despite this experience, he came to feel that certain paranormal phenomena could not be explained, either naturally or as fraud. Even at Borley, Price fell out with Lionel Foyster when he argued that Marianne needed to be ruled out as a possible fraudster.

GHOSTS AND POLTERGEISTS: AN OPEN SECRET?

I would agree that Borley may look too good, too vivid, and too colourful to be true to anyone unfamiliar with the well-documented history of ghosts and poltergeists. Had I come to it cold as a first ghost encounter, I would probably have felt just that. I heard my first poltergeist story in 1989. It was not until I began researching my book *The Real Vampires* in 2012 that I began to realise it was actually true. I now have on file over 1000 poltergeist and ghost cases, and over 100 of these were personally related to me. Almost everything which happened at Borley has been reported elsewhere by every possible type of witness. It seems very hard to deny that Borley was severely haunted. Making Price a culprit to explain

away its entire history is neither fair nor convincing. Numerous witnesses reported apparitions and poltergeist phenomena before Price had even heard of the Rectory. This includes Guy Smith. In 1929 Church of England vicars did not lightly resort to the aid of national newspapers, nor indeed give up their homes. Something haunted every family occupying Borley Rectory and many living around it.





SOLVE A

MURDER MYSTERY FROM HOME



USE CODE HAUNTED20 FOR 20% OFF

A murder mystery box filled with puzzles,
evidence and interviews delivered right to your door.

WWW.DEADBOLTMYSTERYSOCIELTY.COM f @ t



THE ART BEHIND THE HEART OF HAUNTED HOSPITALITY



the history of THE COACHING INN

By Lorien Jones

The coaching inn is a convenience we would be forgiven for attributing entirely to times gone by. The name conjures images of rumbling stagecoaches and the skulking cloaked highwayman, but what more do we know beyond that, and should we care? You will know my answer if you follow me on social media and know my endeavours with Alehouse Haunts. Yes, we absolutely should care!

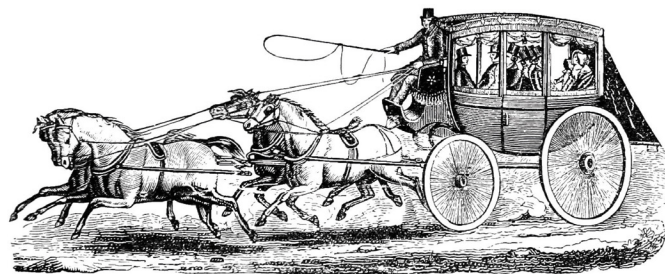
A common question asked amongst investigators of ghostly activity is, 'What is your favourite type of haunted location?' Often, the answer is a prison, places of extreme emotional trauma, the sites of execution and perhaps, stemming from morbid curiosity, a way of coming close to the essence of those people we spend our lives trying to avoid. Castles are also a favourite for similar reasons: the battle and bloodshed they have witnessed and the opportunity to grace the same spaces as noted names from history.

Perhaps a somewhat unassuming contender is the hotel. If you pause and consider the energies of people who have passed through over the century or so that hotels have existed, it gives room for thought. Who knows

what happens behind each door that lines the corridors once shut? They become private spaces that allow for illicit affairs; they provide a detachment for those in dark times, a preferred space for those choosing to end their time on this side of existence;

of the Monasteries is one of his most recognised assaults on architectural history. Religious-minded or not, you can't deny the destruction of many of these grand buildings was tragic.

Before this time, monks had been happily running hospices.



they see many natural deaths occur, as well as accidental deaths from various recreational habits. Add these to the many happy memories created, on honeymoons and holidays, and we have a plethora of emotional traces left in the space.

The first hotels began to appear in England in the late 1800s. Can you imagine the tales they would have to tell if they had been around for much longer, say an extra four hundred years? Well, imagine no more, and take a fresh look at our beloved coaching inn. We all know of King Henry VIII and his ventures. The Dissolution

Unlike those we recognise today, the historical hospice was a place of rest and refreshment for those on a pilgrimage, located nearby religious destinations such as abbeys and cathedrals. With the destruction of these very buildings happening all over the country, the monks had to quickly adapt to survive. By this point, people were travelling the country much more, requiring places to rest, so the inn was born. The religious connections were dropped, more often discreetly than entirely, and the buildings survived, thus creating some of our oldest hostleries.

Take the George and Pilgrim in Glastonbury, for example. It is suggested that King Henry VIII stood within the walls of the once-hospice-now-inn and oversaw the destruction of Glastonbury Abbey from an upstairs room. During an episode on the History Hit podcast, award-winning archaeologist Dr James Wright stated that he believes the George Inn, Norton St Philip, in Somerset to be the oldest continually operating inn, placing it to the late 1300s. Dendro-chronology dates the wood there to 1430-1432, which was added slightly later to the pre-existing stone building. This history is mind-blowing, and the stories are endless!

Many pubs we visit today began life as a coaching inn; the tell-tale archway indicates this. The coach and horses would have used the curved carriageway through a building to access the stables to the rear. These buildings can date anywhere from the Tudor period, but more commonly the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, up until the introduction of the passenger railway system in the early 1800s. From this point, travel changed dramatically, and the need for these inns decreased drastically, so many were demolished.

Before this time, travel was laborious. Roads were terrible, and the coaches were pulled by horses that would tire. For this reason, journeys were broken up into stages of, on average, around 8 miles, and from this we come to understand the term 'stagecoach'. Coaching inns were dotted along the main passenger routes, allowing the travellers to refresh and for the horses to be changed. It all sounds reasonably well functioning unless you were the traveller. Those in high society would be led to a lounge or dining room upon arrival, everyone else would only be permitted access to the bar.

The change-over time would have been around 15 minutes, and any refreshments would have been provided with as much delay as possible, a wise move on the landlord's part. Soup or stew would be served piping hot, too hot to consume in haste, and drinks would be served as the coach was ready to depart. The customer would be charged, the uneaten food would be returned to the pot for the next customer, and the unfinished drinks returned from whence they came. The disgruntled customer whisked away on their continuing journey, and the landlord's pockets became heavier with each passing stagecoach.

Extra care should be taken if the coaching inn was to be your destination for the evening. Ostlers were an early type of Bell Boy, keen to help with the bags of travellers for a fee. The weight of said bags may be commented on, with discretion, to the inn's landlord. Those with heavier loads were likely travelling with valuables. The highwayman would have potentially wealthy victims pointed out to him on the morning of departure. After leaving the inn to continue their journey, they may face the ever-looming terror of being held up by such a criminal, robbed of their riches, and hopefully spared their lives. In acknowledgement to the landlord, the highwayman would hand over a share of his spoils, and so the two thrived until one or the other was caught or killed. This unlikely partnership was more common than one would like to imagine.

This is just a glimpse into times gone by, there are countless stories I could regale, but I will save that for another time and another place. However, for the loss of this history, my heart breaks a little more every time I see a historic pub close or, even worse, be demolished. When I hear that landmark buildings have been bought by a big company, I admit that I have mixed emotions. Whilst it's a relief that these buildings are being saved, I can't help but feel that they will automatically be stripped of their identity, losing the individual personalities that they possess.

I began exploring haunted, historic inns as Alehouse Haunts back in 2020, the year when all the pubs were forced to shut; what a start! During that time, I came across the Coaching Inn Group. With the motto 'Hospitality From The Heart', they renovate old coaching inns, putting love back into them and giving them a new lease of life, ensuring their longevity.

I tentatively began looking into the inns under the Coaching Inn Group ownership, and I was not disappointed. Each and every inn has maintained characteristics and features from its past, the history is evident, and the customer's experience has been prioritised, with comfortable, classy yet in-keeping fittings and furnishings. Rich materials and soft mood lighting perfectly complement the history evident in each inn. After speaking with CEO Kevin Charity, it became clear that the history in these buildings was as important as the service they provide, creating a hospitality experience that's hard to find elsewhere. Fresh, locally-sourced food is provided, bedrooms are luxurious (much unlike they would have been several hundred years ago with dirty linen and lice), and the costs are incredibly competitive.

My words are simply an expression of my gratitude to this company for their work in saving our historic inns and allowing us to enjoy them for years to come. And what's more, the majority of them are haunted! There is, again, no time to explore all 32 inns here, but let's look at a handful in the portfolio and the history they boast.



**The Talbot Hotel
Oundle, Northamptonshire**

This Grade I listed building is a jaw-dropper. Nestled amongst the historic buildings of Oundle with their mismatched gabled rooves and stone-mullioned windows, this building finds itself amongst the top 3% of protected buildings in the country. However, this fact finds itself trumped in the stakes for fame under the idea that the building is (one of the many) said to be haunted by the Stuart monarch, Mary Queen of Scots. Mary was executed in the nearby Fotheringhay Castle on 8th February 1587. When local man William Whitwell refurbished the Talbot and the rest of New Street, previously known as Bury Street, it is believed he used reclaimed materials from the then-ruined castle.

As you enter the grounds from the car park at the rear and turn the corner to enter the courtyard, the site before you is breathtaking. The grand window is said to be the horn window from the Great Hall at Fotheringhay Castle. Horn was used in place of glass, after being soaked for a long time, layers were stripped off, flattened and dried. This semi-transparent



material was then used in early windows and lanterns. Very little remains of the castle now, although you can visit the site just a short drive away. Just inside the grand window is a staircase rumoured to have also originated at the castle, down which Mary is said to have walked to her execution. Historians believe the staircase to be Jacobean, placing its creation after Mary's execution. Still, the legend stands firm, and the visions of Mary's spectre continue to be the subject of many ghost stories told here.

Fast becoming one of my favourite inns, the Bell provides everything you would imagine of an old hostelry, small rooms, low ceilings, stone fireplaces and creaky floorboards. Stepping into the building, there is an instant feeling of timelessness, an experience I relish every time I visit. Conveniently situated on what was once known as the Great North Road, the inn has welcomed guests for hundreds of years. Amongst the vast number of travellers came those whose names we remember to this day.

During the 1700s, cheese was made in the village, created with whole milk instead of the traditional partially skimmed milk, with the indulgent addition of cream. The production process created a hard cream cheese, the luxury of which English writer Daniel Defoe noted when visiting The Bell Inn in 1724. In his published travelogue, Defoe goes on to say, 'We passed Stilton, a town famous for cheese, which is called our English Parmesan, and is brought to the table with the mites and maggots round it, so thick that they bring a spoon with them for you to eat the mites with, as you do the cheese.' Perhaps drawn back for his love of the cheese, although doubtful, the ghost of Defoe is reportedly seen by the fireplace in the inn's reception.

Another prominent name associated here is that of notorious highwayman Dick Turpin. Whilst his spirit seems as prolific as that of Mary Queen of Scots, there is documented evidence supporting the idea that Turpin hid here for some time. A cosy upstairs room is labelled The Turpin Room, and you can relax in comfy leather armchairs before a crackling open fire in what is believed to have once been Turpin's bedroom. As you unwind with a glass of something pleasant, perhaps partaking in an afternoon tea, be mindful of your surroundings, for his spirit is said to remain in this room, spotted occasionally standing beside the fireplace.



Jamaica Inn Bolventor, Cornwall

The Grade II listed Jamaica Inn is situated high and lonely on Bodmin Moor. Built in 1776, it became famous and has attracted visitors worldwide due to the novel by Daphne du Maurier of the same name. Her story tells of a young woman, the bereft Mary Yellan, sent to stay with her aunt and uncle at the Jamaica Inn following her mother's death. She becomes embroiled in a dark world of smuggling which isn't far from the true history of the inn. A small plaque on the bar floor marks the spot of Joss Merlyn's death. Many mistake this as the site of an actual death, where it is simply playing into the fictitious story surrounding the inn.

That's not to say that deaths didn't occur on the site and that the history isn't just as dark in parts. As well as the fact that du Maurier stayed at the inn herself, in Room 4, gaining inspiration for her novel, the building has enough history to stand alone in its own right. Many spirits are believed to be haunting the inn and its grounds, including the man who left the inn one evening at a visitor's request. He was never seen again

and is believed to have been murdered on the moor. His spirit has been seen by many, sitting on the wall outside the inn. Who he was and why he remains continues to mystify visitors to this day. This is just one of many countless tales of the supernatural; you can read more if you get your hands on Issue 35 of the magazine, published last Autumn.

I have the special privilege of working alongside the Coaching Inn Group to bring the history and paranormal stories of these inns and the rest of those in their portfolio to life. You can keep up to date with everything by following The Coaching Inn Group on Facebook, Instagram and Twitter, and myself via @alehousehaunts on all social media platforms, including TikTok. In the coming months, there will be news, stories, investigations and perhaps even a competition or two, so be sure to follow where you and keep up with the adventure!

Lorien X

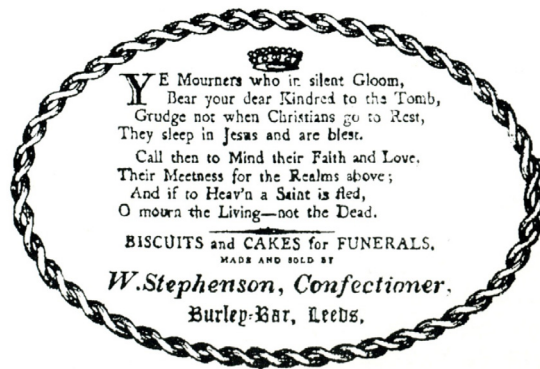


THE LURE OF THE LORE

Ghosts, Grief & Sin Eating in Shropshire

WRITTEN BY AMY BOUCHER

Rattlinghope [sometimes spelt with one t] feels like a secret place. Its very existence is a whisper, carried by the wind across the Shropshire hills. Indeed, the hamlet is concealed amid the folds of knolls, nestled away in a quiet corner of the Long Mynd (*an area of outstanding natural beauty*) Rattlinghope- Or 'Ratchup' if you're a local is just four miles from Church Stretton and twelve from Shrewsbury, but as you travel down the winding roads to reach it- you feel almost as if you've wandered into Middle Earth.



YE Mourners who in silent Gloom,
Bear your dear Kindred to the Tomb,
Grudge not when Christians go to Rest,
They sleep in **Jesús** and are bless.
Call then to Mind their Faith and Love.
Their Meekness for the Realms above;
And if to Heav'n a Saint is fled,
O mourn the Living—not the Dead.

BISCUITS and CAKES for FUNERALS.
MADE AND SOLD BY

W. Stephenson, Confectioner.
Burley-Bar, Leeds.

The buildings that make up the parish are scattered across a mile or so, and there isn't a traditional village centre, but the stunning St Margaret's church marks its spiritual hub, set among ancient Yews and farmland. Like so much of Shropshire, its long history stretches as far back as the Domesday book- known then as *Rotelingehope*. In Ratchup's past, we can find some wonderful paranormal activity and unique folk practices. Let's explore this in more detail to give Ratchup its rightful place in the wider narrative of Shropshire's ghost lore.

Our first tale takes us to the wild roads that stretch for miles above the parish, which still form the main route into the area. Indeed, whilst travelling across the Long Mynd, it's easy to understand why the area is given the epithet '*little Switzerland*'. Little Switzerland provides the backdrop for our first tale, which Charlotte Burne reported in 'A Sheaf of Gleanings'. William Hughes of Longnor provides our first written report of the following exceptional spectre. On his way to visit relatives, William Hughes was travelling the road to Rattlinghope at twilight one evening. He'd walked this way many times, and it was, by all accounts, a rather pleasant journey. He walked on for some time, following the road's twists and turns. Soon enough, the road cut through a hollow, and it was here he met the apparition. A funeral procession filled the road before him with a coffin, hearse, pallbearers, and a large crowd. The procession was travelling in the same direction as him, onwards to Rattlinghope, though at a swift pace. It seemed that no

expense had been spared for the procession, with a finely crafted coffin and the crowd of people kitted out in finery as black as pitch. The mourners appeared to be trance-like and didn't acknowledge him. However, he recounted that he had to stand on the other side of the road to let the determined procession pass. When they passed, they continued their journey to Rattlinghope until they were finally out of sight.

Something about the procession puzzled William; perhaps it was the hour of their travel- as it was very uncommon in Shropshire to bury the dead in the evening. Or maybe it was the fast, almost inhuman pace at which they travelled. The events weighed on his mind until he reached his relative's house. Upon entering the house, he asked them who in the area had died. To his surprise, they replied that no one had recently died in Rattlinghope or the surrounding villages.

When he told them what he'd seen, they replied in a rather nonchalant way- 'Oh... there's allays summat to be sid about their'.

What William Hughes had experienced was the phantom funeral of a sadly unnamed person, which travels across the Mynd to Rattlinghope, its apparent destination. However, the phenomenon doesn't end with William, indeed the funeral procession has travelled across the pages of history into the modern day.

I think this is such an excellent haunting, and you cannot help but wonder who this funeral procession belongs to and why it continues to travel across these hills.

This is not the only ghost that haunts the local area. If we continue our journey into the parish now, we will come across the Bridge's pub, which hosts more than its fair share of apparitions- and one, in particular, we will be focusing on. In times gone by, the Bridge's pub was known as 'The Horseshoe Inn' and has been a staple for the local community. The building is a mixture of old grey brick and of Georgian appearance, seeming to hum with the presence of the past. One of its most prolific hauntings is a man known as



Richard Munslow, who has been frequently seen wandering the bar area. The most interesting factor of this haunting is the identity of Richard, as he is reputed to be Shropshire's last Sin Eater- but what is a Sin Eater- and who was Richard Munslow in life? We will be exploring these questions in the remainder of this article.

I've been fascinated by the notion of Sin Eating since I was a teenager, having been introduced to the concept whilst reading 'Precious Bane' by Mary Webb. This fantastic novel (by a frankly underappreciated author) sees the protagonist's brother take on the mantle of Sin Eater at his father's funeral. Rather than this being an honourable position, Gideon's life changes considerably



after becoming a Sin Eater. He is cast out from his village and normal life, transforming into a marginalised figure- 'accursed' and suffering a perceived loss of humanity. Even his family reject him, in fear of ill fate befalling them. It's important to note that the Sin Eater is more than a literary device and is, in fact, a folk practice that can be found all over the world, including in Shropshire. Let's look at Sin Eating in more detail to try and uncover its importance.

The origins of Sin Eating are seemingly multiple and obscured by the passage of time; however, the practice and imagery spring up cross-culturally, and I thought it might be worth noting some of these examples. The Aztec Goddess of fertility, motherhood, and the earth, Tlazolteotl, is often depicted providing redemptive salvation to individuals after death by 'eating the filth of the soul.' In many societies, there is

also a concept of a pre-ordained individual designated to suffer and atone for the sins of others- such as the Sacral King. Even Jesus can be seen as setting precedence for Sin-Eaters- by sacrificing his 'pure soul' for the sins of the world.

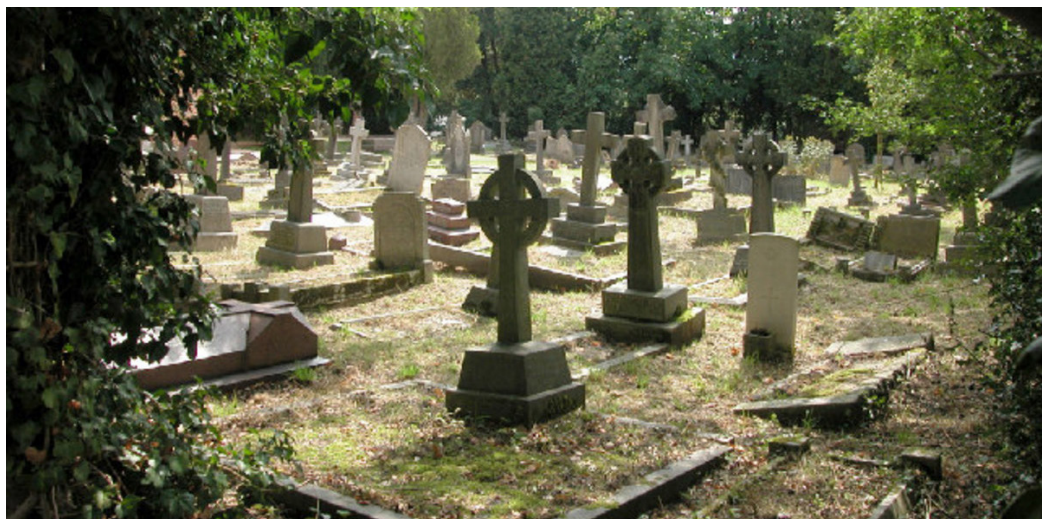
To describe the folk practice in its most basic sense, the Sin Eater is an individual who nominates themselves to take on another person's sins, usually, a person who has died before proper death rites and absolution could be performed. The ritual itself is rather simplistic, though imbued with power for believers. It involves the ritual consumption of a 'meal' over the person's corpse, thus taking on the deceased's sins. This ensured the spiritual safety of the dead and the soul's safe passage to heaven.

Through the literal consumption of bread, wine or 'burial cakes', the Eater would also be

consuming the person's sins, freeing them from the shackles of their sins and earthly ties, thus allowing them to gain an appropriate Christian burial. Prayers would be resighted over the corpse to cement the ritual. Prayers may take a format such as this:

'I give easement and rest now to thee, Come not down lanes or in our meddowes. And for thy peace, I pawn my soul, Amen'.

Sin Eating also served a practical purpose, ensuring the village was safe from the Sin-ridden dead. The theory was that without the appropriate death rites, the deceased would be left to wander and cause harm to the local area.



Thus, Sin Eating served as the next best thing- by removing the sins from the physical body, nothing blocked a passage to heaven. This meant the ties to the mortal world would be severed, leaving the village 'spook' free.

Though there is some speculation regarding when the practice began, the first concrete mention of this practice takes place in the 1600s, by Diarist John Aubrey. John Aubrey provides us with one of a few written accounts of Sin Eating, although the lack of written evidence does not mean that the practice of Sin Eating wasn't widespread. Instead, I believe this practice was seen as shadowy- almost taboo and thus wasn't well documented. John Aubrey writes that at funerals:

'hire poor people, who were to take upon them all the sinnes of the party deceased.... when the Corps was brought out of the house, and layd on the Biere; a Loafe of bread was brought out, and delivered to the Sinne-Eater over the Corps, and also a Mazar-bowl of maple (Gossips bowle) full of beer, which he was to drinke up'

It is important to note the emphasis on 'poor people' being the ideal candidate for Sin Eating. Indeed, the average Sin-Eater would have come from the most marginalised areas of society, most likely drunkards, beggars, the poor and the vulnerable. Unfortunately, their souls were already deemed corrupted at the time and, therefore, of less spiritual worth.

This is tragic and shows how easily vulnerable members of society were ill-treated or misused. Individuals of such fortune were already cast out and ridiculed, enduring many hardships; thus, to superstitious villagers, it would not be hard to ostracise them further.

Professor Evans described a Welsh Sin Eater's life

in 1825, suggesting that they lived in remote places and were avoided the same way a leper would be. One cannot help but feel for such a lifestyle. However, there may have been a pragmatic reason people were drawn to Sin Eating to sustain themselves. Indeed, in some areas of the country, Sin-Eaters were paid up to 6 pence at a time and given flasks of beer and the food involved in the ritual. For those experiencing hardship- pawning one's soul must have seemed an attractive last resort.

Though it was undoubtedly an earlier practice, Charlotte Burne suggests that the first connection to Sin Eating, and Shropshire lies in a 1714 letter by John Bagford. In this letter, he says that:

'In Shropshire...when a person dyed there was notice given to an old sire... who repaired to the place where the deceased lay... and the family furnished him with a cricket (Seat)... then they gave him a groat which he put in his pocket, a crust of bread which he ate, and a full bowle of ale, which he drank off at a draught... then pronounced with a gesture- The ease and rest of the soul departed, for which he would pawn his own soul'

This demonstrates that Sin Eating, in one form or another, was present in the 18th century. Further references to Sin Eating



in Shropshire from the 19th or even early 20th century are symbolic survivals of the practice, such as a burial in 1893 in Market Drayton, which featured a Sin Eater or having been resurrected from antiquity for the occasion. It has been suggested that Sin Eating may not have played a part in Shropshire life due to the lack of written evidence. However, I would argue that for a practice to be resurrected, such as the examples we have above- or indeed by Richard Munslow- this must have been known about and understood- perhaps even in living memory. Though it may not have been written down, it would have played a part in the community.

It is important to stress the isolation and separation one in such a role would have felt within their community. Though they were a commodity in some cases, they were cast out and ostracised for the same reasons they were in demand. Though I am looking through a modern perspective, this does not discredit that family and

community ties was paramount in rural societies. Amidst the mire of quasi-religion and folklore, Sin-Eaters, though benefiting from the food and pay, were shunned as omens of misfortune. It was considered extremely unlucky to look directly into the eyes of a Sin Eater, lest the Sin be transferred, and they were deemed akin to witches or harbingers of death within the communities they had once called home. They often were not even allowed within the village's boundaries unless they were performing the Sin Eating ritual.

The psychological effects of this must have become overwhelming. It is important to remember that though a product of the past, these individuals were human beings with the same complexities and emotions that we experience today. They deserved positive interactions and human warmth, but these reactions were often lacking. Think back to the eponymous Gideon- Who has the epithet *'the accursed Sin Eater'* bestowed upon him. He is shunned even by his mother, who brought him into the world. Although fictionalised, I believe Mary Webb has captured the fate of the Sin Eater perfectly. Through Gideon, she demonstrates the stigma these individuals faced. One must not forget the interplay between the Sin Eating role and vulnerability, such as alcoholism and poverty, which would have only furthered the stigma a person faced.



Imagine for a moment the effect this must have had on the psyche, knowing and believing their soul was marred beyond repair, the isolation of daily life. One can only assume the anger and doubt that must have been in the mind of the Sin Eater who believed in the practice. Whether the Eater believed in the folklore behind the practice or not, to be a professional Sin Eater must have been one of the loneliest jobs in the world.

Furthermore, another stigma faced was from the clergy, particularly the Catholic church. The church monopolised absolution, and thus any non-ecclesiastical attempt to absolve the deceased Sin was heretical and punishable by death. I believe this is another reason why the written accounts of such a practice are limited. It's important to note, however, it was uncommon within rural England to see this being enforced. Nevertheless, it demonstrates that, to respectable society, the Eater was 'sin riddled, heretical and unlucky'.

Now that we have established exactly what a Sin Eater is and some of the challenges one faced upon becoming a Sin Eater, I want us to turn to Shropshire to discuss Richard Munslow, who is often credited as being Shropshire's last Sin Eater. Richard was born in 1833 and hailed from Rattlinghope. Indeed, he lived there his whole life, and if we are to believe the ghost stories, his spirit remains there to this day. What we know about Richard paints him as a remarkable man who died in 1906. Interestingly, his entrance into the world of Sin Eating paints a very different picture to those who came before him. Richard Munslow rewrote the legacy of Sin Eating; indeed, the practice even empowered him and allowed him to deal with some of his demons whilst helping others.

Munslow was not a vulnerable man. He was a local farmer of some prominence in the community. Let us now explore his motivation for continuing the folk practice. It is fair to say that the stories are conflicted as to why such a fellow would choose to be a Sin Eater; he certainly did not need the money or food as he lived quite comfortably from the produce of his farm. Local stories suggested he did it out of kindness for his fellow man or perhaps for religious reasons. It is known that Richard advocated and resurrected this practice after it began to decline in the late 19th century.

If we dig a bit deeper, however, we may find a plausible answer as to why Richard became a Sin Eater. Richard Munslow's personal life was fraught with grief. Indeed, he lost four of his children when they were very young. Three of his children died in the same horrible week in May 1870. The scope of this loss is unthinkable, and I feel there are no words to describe the cataclysmic impact of such an experience. It has been speculated that Richard's call to Sin Eating came from a

place of grief and a means to heal. I certainly advocate this theory- I believe that having something to focus on, something tangible, would have helped him to navigate the emotional tumult associated with such a loss. Perhaps the Sin Eating ritual gave him a sense of agency or allowed him to confront his own mortality. Maybe he felt drawn to the role of Sin Eating through compassion- hoping no one would have to worry about their loved one's soul whilst he walked the hills. Whatever the reason, one can only feel for Richard Munslow, this fascinating, multifaceted man.

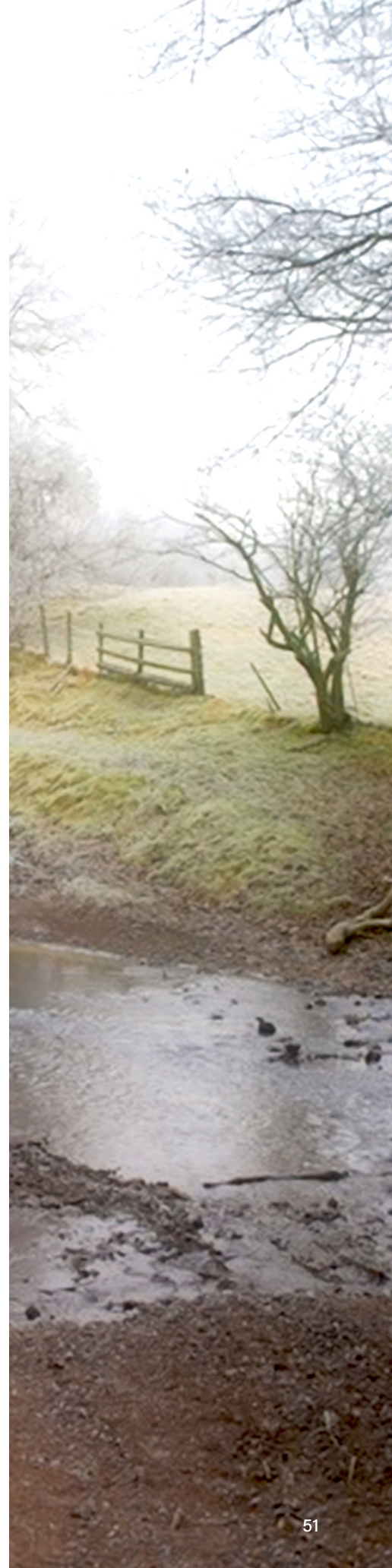
Indeed, it's comforting to know that he was very popular in the local area and kept the practice alive until his death. He became a well-respected figure and was said to have completed the Sin Eating ritual all over south Shropshire.

Upon his death, Richard Munslow's body was returned to the earth below the hills, and he lies in St Margaret's Churchyard in Rattlinghope, having been reunited with his children. I find it lovely that he returned to them. Richard has certainly gained an established place in the lore of Shropshire, existing in that marginal space where history and folklore entwine, which creates a composite that is not quiet either. He is a remarkable, almost shadowy figure whose story deserves to be told. In 2010, the local community restored his grave, and I am so glad they did. His grave is a tangible reminder of his legacy and the history of Rattlinghope, and the importance of folk customs. They played a crucial part in rural life, just as ghosts provide us with a window into the attitudes and fears of the past. You cannot help but wonder how many lives Richard touched and, even if he was able to ensure other parents didn't have to feel as he had, that they could be safe in the knowledge of their offspring's passage to heaven.

Suppose you ever find yourself in his quiet corner of Shropshire. In that case, I implore you to visit St Margaret's church and visit Richard Munslow (*keep an eye out for the phantom funeral on your way*), bask in the serenity of the churchyard, guarded by ancient yews, and consider the names of those he 'gave an easement to' as you walk. The lengths humans go to procure a good death and safe afterlife are incredible.

Perhaps, think about Richard's legacy and those less fortunate Sin-Eaters – whose names are lost to history. They deserve to be remembered.

Amy B X



HARRIMAN HOSPITAL:

A HAPPY HOLIDAY HAUNTED HANGOUT?

*It's November 2022 but whatever the season, Spring, Summer, Fall or Winter it's no secret that I have never met an abandoned hospital I didn't like...particularly if it comes with ghosts. So, when Ronnie, the owner of the old South Pittsburg Hospital (the subject of my book *Blood, Death, and Fears*), called me up to tell me that he had acquired a second hospital in Tennessee, it didn't take much in the way of arm twisting for me to hop on a plane to go and check it out.*



Harriman is known as “the town that temperance built.” This is because the town, now a city, was founded in 1889 on the credo that alcohol would neither be sold nor consumed within its boundaries. This aversion to alcohol became a deeply ingrained part of Harriman’s culture. According to the city’s website (cityofharriman.net), no liquor store existed until 1993. Although things are slightly different today, Harriman remains a polite and friendly town, based on my short time there. The historic Temperance Building still stands on Roane Street, just across the street from the looming brick edifice of the hospital.

Until 1939, Harriman had no hospital. If you got sick, you went to see the doctor at their practice, which was often little more than a back room at their home. This was a growing community, however, and there’s only so much you can do in the way of surgery when you’re working out of a private residence. For one thing, you can’t admit patients for longer-term definitive care; they’d have to be shipped out of town to a bigger facility. The initial drive for Harriman to get its own hospital came from the local Rotary Club. Funds were raised, and construction took place on what became, 16 years later, the Harriman City Hospital. As the city grew, the hospital grew along with it, its footprint spreading along with its bed capacity. It served the people of Harriman faithfully until 2011 before closing its doors to patients for the final time. A new facility opened elsewhere in town, while the old hospital sat silent and empty...or so it appeared.

“It seems that all hospitals have their ghost stories, and this one is no different. My team and I could hardly wait to meet them.”

Late November is an excellent time to visit Tennessee. Post-Thanksgiving, most folks are recovering from one holiday and preparing for the next. I’m joined by Erin, her husband Mike, Sarah, Erik, and Jill as my primary team, with a few special guests along the way. After spending a couple of nights at Old South Pittsburg Hospital as a warm-up, then a flying visit to the haunted Hales Bar Dam, my friends indulge me by letting me drag them around the Chickamauga Civil War battlefield for a day before the main event. It’s pouring down with rain as we pull into the hospital’s parking lot. As is typical when researching a new project, my deal with the owner is simple. No money is changing hands, which means I’m under no pressure to find ghosts or exaggerate matters. We will have the run of the whole place, accompanied by a dedicated team of volunteers who are instrumental in keeping the site running. Virtually nowhere is off-limits to us, and considering the sheer size of the place, the square footage alone is frightening. How are we possibly going to cover it all?

The answer is, of course, one room at a time. After getting the grand tour (which alone takes an hour), we get a feel for the place. It is both cavernous and labyrinthine, easy to get lost in. One turn leads to another, and by the time you reach the guts of the building, it’s hard to keep your bearings. A surprise awaits us on the 4th-floor nurses’ station: a female mannequin dressed up in nursing attire. Over the next few days, this silent, glassy-eyed supervisor will give us a jump scare or six.



“As we split up and explored the various 4th-floor rooms, Erin distinctly heard the sound of a cabinet door closing from somewhere behind the nurses’ station.”

We replicate the noise by doing exactly that — closing a cabinet door. It’s precisely the same. Except nobody was there to push the door shut. One of them may have been left propped open, and vibrations from our footsteps had nudged it into closing, but this seems unlikely. File it under “unexplained but not necessarily paranormal.”



Our group pulls up chairs and settles in to watch the 4th-floor hallways. At the far end, Erik catches sight of a shadow figure, which disappears as quickly as we can turn to look at it. My attitude toward such single-observer sightings is that they are often explained by the eyes playing tricks, though by no means always; it’s difficult to call them paranormal without a second set of eyes

to provide corroboration. Harder to write off the loud thud that comes from inside Room 408, which backs onto the nurses’ station. It was loud and clear, and there was nobody in the room to have made it. The more time we spend in the building, the better we become at differentiating the natural sounds of the structure contracting and settling at night from those more challenging to explain.



More shadow figure sightings happen over the following four nights. One of the more active areas is located on the second floor, the recovery room, where patients would be brought after surgery to wait for the anesthesia to wear off. We hear the sound of loud footsteps inside, although there’s nobody else in the room.

Operating on the premise that it’s unwise to go anywhere alone in a sprawling building of this size, Erik and I head to the lobby together and take turns using the restroom. I sit in one of the comfortable chairs while he uses the facilities first. The sound of the restroom door handle forcefully jiggling makes me look up. At first, I thought the lock had gotten jammed, and he was stuck

inside. A moment later, the door opens, and Erik emerges. He hadn’t touched the handle at all before that. It was almost as if an unseen somebody was trying to get inside. We’re unable to find a satisfactory explanation to debunk it.

“Returning to the second floor, a balloon is found sitting on Erik’s chair, which he left empty.”

Like most haunted locations, visitors leave toys and balloons for any child spirits to play with. Although the building has air currents, there’s nothing strong enough to waft a balloon along a hallway and deposit it in a vacant chair. Unfortunately, this part of the hospital isn’t covered with cameras; I have a feeling that footage of the incident would have been fascinating.

Our third night there promises to be special because it’s the night of the city’s holiday parade. By early afternoon, police officers are already cordoning off streets, and workers are setting up the parade route. We have a grandstand view from the top floor of the hospital. A thought strikes me as I’m standing there, watching the activity outset. Almost every vehicle in Harriman, along with a few marching bands and a whole lot of foot traffic, will pass right in front of the hospital. There are going to be huge crowds. How much potential energy is that — and could the spirits use it to manifest? **Then I have an idea: a Harriman Hospital haunted holiday hangout! A seasonal holiday party for the spirits. Who knows how they might react?**



Our first order of business is a shopping trip. We hit the Christmas aisles like a plague of locusts, buying colored lights, ornaments, and every imaginable type of decoration. Santa hats, reindeer antlers, you name it. I also purchase a pack of 100-holiday party invitations. When we get back to Harriman, my fellow investigators and I set to work diligently hand-writing each one, inviting the recipient to attend our holiday party, which will be held at the nurses' station. We run lights and tinsel along the countertops and walls to give the place a festive feel. Then we split up and went from floor to floor, leaving party invitations in each patient room, leaving nobody out.

By the time we get back to the nurses' station, a holiday music playlist is going at full volume, inviting us all to have a merry little Christmas, enjoy some jingle bell rock, and, most importantly, deck the halls — which we've done. I've also sent invitations to a few special friends. By now it's dark and we head up to the top floor to watch the parade. A constant stream of fire engines, police cruisers, ambulances, arm vehicles, muscle cars...you name it, they've got it, all festooned with twinkling lights. Cheerleaders, youth groups, businesses, and clubs walk between the vehicles, handing out treats and spreading good cheer. It goes on for at least an hour.

Once the last vehicle has passed and the police work on reopening the streets, it's time for our own party to kick off.



In addition to my fellow paranormal investigators on site, I'm hosting a Zoom hangout for my Patreon supporters and with some special guests. *John E.L. Tenney, Jessica*

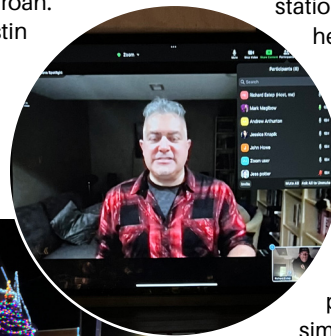
Knapik, and the fabulous *Toad* from the **What's Up Weirdo?** podcast are on hand, with the former delivering some of the most awful, groan-inducing, yet, somehow also brilliant dad jokes we've ever heard. We can see Jessica losing the will to live with each successive groan. TV's Aaron Sagers and Dustin Pari couldn't make the Zoom. Still, each has sent a video of themselves singing a holiday song dedicated to the spirits



of the Harriman Hospital, which helps keep the energy upbeat and cheerful. There's the closest thing to live music I can arrange when Mark Megibow of the Face Vocal Band joins Zoom, a professional musician and entertainer who is about to enjoy a career first: beatboxing holiday music to an audience that's made up mostly of dead people. It's so off the wall it's surreal, but Mark injects another shot of positive energy into the party with his vocal talents.

We hang out for a little over an hour and then get right into the investigation. The big question is: would the holiday party trigger any paranormal activity? Apparently so. Jill has deployed vibration-sensitive cat balls

around the party zone. We cannot identify why they go off several times when nobody is moving. One of the most maddening and contentious captures is a piece of video footage taken by Sarah's camera that covers the entire hallway from the nurses' station down to the exit doors. With



her unaided eye, Sarah sees what she believes is a shadow figure walking through those same doors. We all gather around the screen to watch the playback. Conditions in the hallway were dimly lit, but it did appear that something dark and shadowy passed through those doors, simultaneously raising a hand to wave goodbye to us.

“I’ve learned that if something looks too good to be true in the paranormal field, it usually is. After some initial jubilation and excitement, my rational brain kicks back in. Could this have a more logical explanation?”

Erik was standing in one of the doorways on the right side of the screen; Sarah was on the left. She is heard asking whether somebody was down at the end of the hallway. The more times we replay the video, the more I suspect that the waving arm in question was actually that of Erik, pointing toward the room occupied by Jill.

The low light conditions and camera resolution don't allow us to determine for sure either way, so I ultimately have to come down on the side of "if in doubt, throw it out," even though Sarah is adamant that she saw the shadow figure with her own eyes. I don't disbelieve her; I can't go out on a limb and call that particular piece of footage paranormal, not least because I really *want* to, and I have to be cognizant of my own bias. It isn't debunked either. It's a matter of opinion, up to the individual to decide.

We're joined by author and medium Sam Baltrusis, who, as a sensitive, is out to make contact with the spirits of the hospital. He can connect with them on a level that the rest of us can't. Sam certainly has his work cut out for him, encountering some intense energies as he moves around the building. The most intriguing development turns up in a picture Sam took while standing at the nurses' station, taking photographs down the same hallway where the shadow figure was spotted walking through the doors.

Standing at the end of the hallway, there is what appears to be that very thing — a shadow figure. Could it be the same apparition Sarah had spotted, a different one, or perhaps just a trick of the light? We attempt to rule out the latter by standing in the exact location and taking pictures of the hallway, using the same lighting conditions. This time, nothing like it appears at the end of an obviously empty corridor.

I like to think that the spirits of the Harriman Hospital enjoyed the party we threw for them and decided to put in an appearance for our cameras. As I work on my book about the location, combing through hours of audio recordings to reconstruct my team's movements and dialog and listen for EVPs, my mind is transported back to those cold winter nights in what I'm convinced is a genuinely haunted hospital.

What better Christmas present could I have wished for?

Richard

THE PARANORMAL



With
Dave Schrader
Paranormal news,
guests and chat!

Available from your
favourite podcast
platform and
YouTube! 



Find us on Facebook: Search Ames Slaney or RevenantResin
Email: gapparanormal@outlook.com

THE OFFICIAL US STORE FOR

HAUNTED

M A G A Z I N E

YOUR ONE STOP SHOP FOR
HAUNTED MAGAZINE IN THE US & CANADA



- ★★★ Subscriptions ★★★
- ★★★ Single Issues ★★★
- ★★★ Signed Copies ★★★
- ★★★ Digital Editions ★★★

<http://hauntedmagazine.shop>

*US & CANADA CUSTOMERS ONLY





Photo Credits: Belton House - @National Trust Images/Andrew Butler

BY CHARLIE HALL

THE MUSICAL MEDIUM

Sat on the bank of the River Thames near Richmond is an extraordinary 17th-century mansion dubbed one of the most haunted houses in Britain. Steeped in history, mystery and over 300 years of hauntings, the National Trust's charming Ham house is a rare and atmospheric treasure I had heard about and was so excited to visit.

The rooms and gardens are said to house at least 16 ghosts, including a scampering spaniel, a scheming Duchess, a broken-hearted servant and a nephew from the war, as well as many long-established, unexplained stories from both staff and visitors. It is a popular filming location and has featured in screen adaptations such as Anna Karenina and Daphne Du Maurier's Rebecca.

Naval Captain Thomas Vavasour built the house around 1610. Prince (later King) Charles gifted the lease to William Murray, the Earl of Dysart (term of Scottish peerage created by Charles I), in 1626 after he served as his whipping boy, taking physical punishments for his misbehaviour.

It was later passed down to William's covetous daughter Elizabeth who inherited the Dysart title.

Aspiring Elizabeth played a ruthless political game allying herself with King Charles II and Oliver Cromwell during a civil war. Marrying her first husband, Sir Lionel Tollemache, in 1648, he later became immobile, and suspicion arose re rumours of the Duchess having an affair with John Maitland Earl of Lauderdale, a member of the King's cabal ministry. Her husband passed away in 1669, a few years before the passing of John's wife in 1672. Very swiftly that same year, the Duchess and Earl were married, causing speculation surrounding the close deaths of both their partners, making some think they may have been poisoned.

A 19th-century story from artist Augustus Hare tells of a butler's six-year-old daughter who came to stay at the house and was awakened in the early hours by an elderly woman at the fireplace. Believed to be the apparition of the Duchess, she was scratching frantically at the wall, then turned as the little girl sat up and approached the foot of the bed. She stared at the petrified child, who then screamed, alerting

people to the room and leading them to inspect the wall. It is said that documents were found in a crevice that proved Elizabeth had murdered her first husband to marry the Earl (later Duke); this has never been confirmed despite rumours.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS SHARED A LOVE OF OPULENCE AND POWER AND STRIVED TO MAKE HAM ONE OF THE GRANDEST STUART HOUSES IN ENGLAND. THEY TRANSFORMED THE HOUSE TO MATCH THEIR STATUS, ADDING STATE APARTMENTS WITH LAVISH INTERIORS AND WORLDLY TREASURES.

Many have reported feeling a dark presence and being uncomfortable in the Duchess's elaborate bed chamber. She slept in the room for 21 years and died there after being bedridden with gout for ten years. Above the fireplace is her portrait, which people have said feels like she is staring and following them around the room. Two household cats were bizarrely affected by the picture, hissing and arching their backs when near it.

The attractive chamber does have an unwelcoming atmosphere. On a table sits a beautiful silver and ebony mirror that causes fear to all due to stories of it being cursed and a figure that appears behind you if you dare to look. I disappointedly didn't see anything other than my reflection (scary stuff!), and as I walked away, I clearly heard a child say Mama in my left ear when no children were in the room. Mum said there was an overpowering smell of roses where she stood opposite the portrait; a staff member overheard and informed us that this is a regular occurrence that many guests tell them of experiencing.

THE MISCHIEVOUS DUCHESS LIKES MAKING HER PRESENCE KNOWN BY SLAMMING THE DOOR AND STOMPING ABOUT THE ROOM WITH HER CANE TAPPING THE FLOOR.

Employees have heard footsteps in the corridor next to the chamber at night, and one was even too afraid to leave the office after hearing it in case the Duchess was pacing the walkway outside. It has become customary for the staff to say, 'Good morning, your ladyship', before entering the room so they do not upset her.

The grand baroque great staircase is utterly exquisite with its carved balustrade depicting various weaponry. Tour guides have been pushed, especially by the 3rd step between the first and second floors. Sounds of the Duchess's clicking metal heels, footsteps and cane have been heard, and over the years, glimpses of her in a black satin dress walking the stairs to the Chapel have been communicated. As soon as I ascended the stairs, I immediately sensed a male spirit energy coming up behind me; he was tall and slender, smartly dressed, and my mum, who is also a medium, felt he was a butler.

Elizabeth's King Charles spaniel is the other famous phantom at Ham House, who is regularly seen and heard. Spotted all over the house and gardens, scampering on the stairs and along the gallery, this little pooch caused complaint when an appalled visitor who encountered it could not believe that dogs were allowed in the house, which they aren't, (only ghost ones!). People are then stunned when they see the painting of the spaniel in the gallery.

ACCORDING TO STAFF, THEY OFTEN HEAR OF A DOG'S TAIL BEING SEEN AROUND DOORS AND SENSATIONS OF IT BRUSHING AGAINST PEOPLE.

In recent years workmen have unearthed the remains of a small dog in the kitchen garden; the bones were on display under the Duke and Duchess's portrait.



Great Staircase - @National Trust Images/Bill Batten

When I visited last year, I was walking alone across the hall gallery, looking at the marvellous paintings; I could hear my feet creaking on the old wood floor when suddenly I heard creaking behind me. It started slowly, then without warning, sped up towards me, I spun around expecting to see a child that had run up to me, but no one was there. I wish I could have seen the CCTV footage to see if anything otherworldly appeared.

I was recently a guest speaker at a mystical festival, and I talked about this experience to the audience; a lady came to speak to me

after, revealing that she used to work there. She and her colleagues heard this and all sorts of sounds often. She proceeded to say that I had experienced what people described as hearing of the spaniel running around up there, I hadn't thought of that and didn't know of the dog when visiting, yet it made total sense.

The Chapel is at the bottom of the staircase; as soon as I reached the doorway, I felt a very heavy, foreboding energy and a pressure in my chest that made my breathing funny.

Mum said she felt like something negative had happened there. When the Duke passed away in 1682, before being buried, his body lay in state there for a week whilst the Duchess stayed by his side, kneeling, praying and mourning her husband. Her ghost has been seen over time dressed in black, still praying at the altar. In the Duchess's box pew, a handprint and marks of a dress were found in plaster dust by workmen carrying out restorations in 1992 when no one had been there since the evening prior.

What is thought to be the Duke's chaplain, dressed in a black robe, wanders into his dressing room through a secret servant's door and mystifies stewards by crossing the barrier ropes and disappearing through a door. The Duke loved to smoke his favourite sweet Virginia tobacco, mainly in the marble dining room where they liked to hold parties. The overwhelming scent of pipe smoke still lingers in the room, and visitors pick up on it immediately. Smoking is prohibited in the house, so there is no explanation for the phenomenon. Firefighters who previously dropped by thought someone had been smoking and stressed that it should not be allowed in such an old building, even the Mayor of Richmond commented on the aroma when in there. Two pipes have been found in an alcove that may have belonged to The Duke.

There is a heart-wrenching tale of a 17-year-old servant, John Macfarlane, who fell in love with a lady's maid; he showered her with gifts and proposed, but alas, she did not feel the same. Rejected and heartbroken, he etched his name and the date, February 1780, into a second-floor window with a diamond ring and jumped to his demise. On the day of his death, guests



Duchess bedchamber - @National Trust Images/John Hammond

and staff claim to have heard a chilling scream outside the window and say he has been seen walking the terrace. Talking to a tour guide in the servant's quarters, she told us of the screaming boy they assume is John in despair and the random barking of dogs. Sobs can be heard in the garden, and a woman is seen crying on a bench, rumoured to be the distraught maid.

HAM'S CHEERIER GHOSTLY RESIDENT IS THE 5TH EARL'S BEAUTIFUL WIFE, CHARLOTTE WALPOLE, NIECE OF GOTHIC NOVELIST SIR HORACE WALPOLE. A DELIGHTFUL PORTRAIT OF HER HANGS IN THE GREAT HALL WHILST SHE STANDS IN AN EXTRAVAGANT GOWN, HAPPILY WAIVING FROM A FIRST-FLOOR WINDOW, WHICH IS BELIEVED TO BE A GOOD OMEN.

Her uncle lived across the river; he visited the house and was daunted by its gloom, so he wrote, 'Every minute I expected to see ghosts sweeping by; ghosts I would not give sixpence to see, Lauderdales', Tollemaches' and Maitlands'.

In 1917 a gardener encountered the unexpected spirit of the 9th Earl's nephew Leone Sextus Tollemache, in the cherry garden. The Earl had no children, so he regularly had his beloved nieces and nephews stay. He was especially fond of Leon and hosted a party for him to propose to his girlfriend. Many young men, including Leon, were called to fight in the first world war. On 20th February, the gardener was surprised to see Leon wearing his uniform in the garden and rushed excitedly to the house to inform everyone of the excellent news of his return but was told it wasn't possible. Shortly after, a telegraph was received to say that Leon had been killed in battle on 20th February 1917, the day he was seen in the garden.

THE EARL HAS BECOME A CHRISTMAS GHOST AT HAM HOUSE FROM WHEN HE USED TO VISIT MR ALLEN, HIS CHAUFFEUR, AT THE COTTAGE. HE WOULD TAKE HIS FAMILY GIFTS IN A BASKET EVERY YEAR, AND THE APPROACHING SOUND OF HIS TAPPING STICK WOULD BE HEARD BEFORE HE KNOCKED ON THE DOOR.

He passed away in 1935, but that Christmas, the chauffeur heard the sound of his stick and knocking on the door, with him nowhere to be seen, and they claimed that it continued to happen.

Later in life, the Earl struggled with mobility and sight and sadly ended up confined to a wheelchair after a hunting accident.



Hall Gallery - @National Trust Images/John Hammond

The wheelchair is still in the house, and for years countless people have said it allegedly moves about and changes positions, which baffles staff as the alarms don't detect the movement. Same with the loud bangs, footsteps, doors slamming and dragging that appear to come from the attics; no one can explain it.

THE LEGENDARY GHOST CLUB, ESTABLISHED IN 1862, HAVE CARRIED OUT SEVERAL INVESTIGATIONS AT HAM HOUSE AND DOCUMENTED LOTS OF EVIDENCE OF PARANORMAL HAPPENINGS.

Club Chairman Alan Murdie shared some memories of their experiences there:

'Thanks to the then custodian of Ham House, the late Anne Partington-Omar being a Ghost club member, we enjoyed several visits from 2003 to 2008. Several nocturnal visits were held, which indeed proved atmospheric nights for those involved. From what I can recall, what was noted in particular were the movements of a

wheelchair and sounds. My experience at Ham House was around 9pm one Friday night in November 2003 when we were standing by a staircase with Anne, the late Lance Railton, and nine other Ghost Club members. Suddenly, there was a strong smell of roses, seemingly flooding down the staircase. All the party except Lance could smell it, and given the time and season, it was something of a mystery.

Ghost smells are rare; about 5% of ghost reports involve an olfactory experience. I have only had one such experience before in Fisher Lane, Cambridge, in July 1999 (an opium-like smell). They are one of the most ephemeral and difficult experiences to verify and describe, and the sensitivity of individuals' sense of smell varies. It was certainly unusual and recurrent on that staircase. It is possible there may have been a physical explanation, but if so, it was not identified to my knowledge.

In the Duchesses chamber, the club logged smelling rose essence and burnt ash, a feeling of uneasiness and footprints that appeared between the window and fireplace. In the Chapel, a member felt they were being watched

and that someone walked behind them, and another had the sensation of being pushed on the first-floor landing and saw footprints on the stairs. Other phenomena included temperature drops, orbs and being touched'

www.ghostclub.org.uk

Ham House definitely lives up to its haunted reputation and is a must to visit for any paranormal enthusiast and investigator. I thoroughly enjoyed my time and the unexplainable experiences I had there and will undoubtedly return.

To find out more about visiting Ham House, Ham, Richmond, Surrey, TW10 7RS, go to www.nationaltrust.org.uk/visit/london/ham-house-and-garden, contact 0208 940 1950 or email

hamhouse@nationaltrust.org.uk



SCAN ME



SCAN ME

Charlie X

BRITISH COACHING INNS

providing

luxurious stays

oozing with *history*

and a whisper of the

haunted



In association with Alehouse Haunts



THE
COACHING
INN GROUP



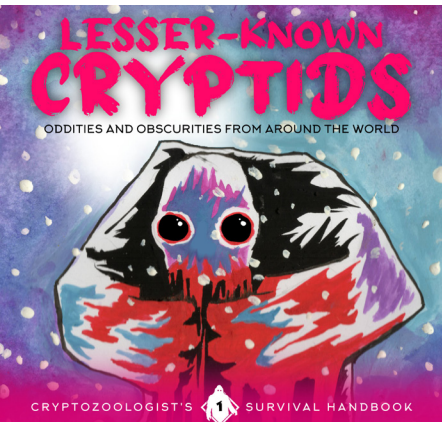
www.coachinginngroup.co.uk

The Talbot Hotel - Oundle



THE GRAMPUS

DEMONIC DOLPHIN OR CRYPTID CON?



A veritable hotbed of cryptozoological activity, the county of Hampshire has seen more than its fair share of inexplicable creatures. From oddities like the New Forest Gorilla to terrors like the Odiham Boar - with multiple sightings of ghosts, UFOs and fairies to boot - this ancient county is a bountiful treasure trove of strange stories and tall tales.

Perhaps one of the most obscure and extraordinary cases of cryptid activity in British history, the story of the Grampus originates in Highclere, a small village and civil parish in the Basingstoke and Deane district. Many who hear the name will associate Highclere with the eponymous Highclere Castle, a towering stately home which has appeared on our screens as a part of the set for several television shows and movies; most famously, Highclere Castle was the primary filming location for ITV's *Downton Abbey*. Interestingly (and perhaps inevitably, considering the building's thirteen-hundred-year history), the home is also the site of its very own haunting: Lady Fiona Carnarvon, the owner and current resident of the enormous building and grounds, claimed in an interview with *Radio Times* in September 2019 to have seen a ghostly figure haunting the corridors, whom she believed to be the manifestation of a footman who had killed himself there in the nineteenth century. Much lesser-

known, however, is the parish church of Highclere, the churchyard of which is the site of our elusive - and remarkably unique - Grampus.

The Grampus is a creature of Highclere lore about which very little written record survives, save for the eyewitness accounts of those who claim to have seen the bizarre creature firsthand.

This isn't the monstrous Krampus of darker Yuletide traditions, though its name is similar; no, the Grampus is far stranger indeed. Many terrifying beasts more commonly associated with cryptozoological study - for example, Goatman or Bigfoot - have been recorded so widely and varyingly that it is largely understood that there cannot be just one specimen of each species. The Bigfoot has often been seen in groups or packs: in 1924's "Battle of Ape Canyon," miners were alleged to have been attacked by multiple "ape-men" throwing enormous rocks at their cabin. However, the Grampus that exists in eyewitness accounts from the late nineteenth century is believed to be the same that appeared in those reports from as far back as the ninth. How can this be? How can an oddity of nature that appears centuries apart from its predecessor be anything but an ancestor - or something entirely different? The answer to that question, as strange as it may seem, lies in the events of the first encounter.



The Grampus' first appearance, well over a thousand years ago, is essentially the subject of oral retellings, and little written evidence survives. However, according to the stories passed down through generations of locals, the creature first appeared in the Highclere Churchyard in the knotted grasp of an ancient, titanic yew tree. Incidentally, the yew is not only an incredibly long-lived tree that can grow up to twenty metres tall but is well-known for the toxicity of its leaves; eating even a tiny amount can be terminally destructive to livestock and humans. One can imagine looking up at this tree with some awe - even before the appearance of a wheezing, porpoise-like creature within its branches.

SO WHAT WAS THE GRAMPUS?

According to eyewitness accounts, it was a creature similar in size and appearance to a dolphin or porpoise. One might imagine that it had limbs more suited to walking or climbing since it had gotten itself into the tree (and would later come down and re-climb it multiple times). Perhaps the fins evolved for some arbitrary form of movement like the modern-day Epaulette shark, which can "walk" short distances across a reef when the tide has lowered and needs to return to the water. Perhaps its fins were not fins, but fin-like legs or other appendages utilised for climbing. It is also entirely possible that its means for propulsion were somehow otherworldly in origin; after all, there are two main possibilities to consider here: the seemingly-marine creature might have been some evolutionary offshoot which had adapted itself to live in a tree, or it was something else entirely - perhaps even something from a dimension not of this earth.

The Grampus was additionally discernible by its behaviour, much of which was strange and even aggressive. Many accounts of the dolphin-like creature mention the chilling "wheezing" sound and another grunting, guttural noise it may have made from its raised position in the tree. These noises would frighten passers-by, seemingly targeting young women most of all. Anybody who came too close to their new home was assaulted by a barrage of distressing and repulsive noises - some, however, were even less lucky. Not only would the Grampus emit these strange sounds, but when particularly threatened, it would come out of the tree and is said to have chased people away. While these accounts do not detail the Grampus' pursuit methods, it is quite possible to imagine any soul unfortunate enough to be turned home

by a flapping abomination of pink-or-yellow-fleshed scales and flubber - in a British churchyard, no less - might be terrified sufficient to omit such details.



Naturally, the locals saw no other possibility than the idea that this unusual creature must be a demon or some different kind of Hellspawn. A local clergyman was quickly enlisted, and though he remains anonymous, it is said that he visited the churchyard and, upon encountering the creature for himself, agreed to exorcise it. This method seems to have been successful, and the terms of the exorcism provide some explanation for the creature's centuries-spanning appearances: the exorcist, using the traditional tools of the ninth-century clergy, banished the Grampus to the distant Red Sea (a good three-thousand miles across the globe) for a period of one thousand years or more.

*While the exorcism was successful, the Grampus returned - no less than a thousand years after its watery exile. In 1890, Andrew Lang printed one of the first written records of the Grampus in his *Life, Letters, and Diaries of Sir Stafford Northcote - First Earl of Iddesleigh*.*

Northcote, a significant parliamentary figure and keen enthusiast in the supernatural, was known to have a gentle temper and enjoyed hunting - though he may not have been particularly talented in this area. Staying briefly at Highclere, he was disappointed in the day's shooting (which Lang reported as "execrable"), but the ghost stories of his host quickly eased his dismay.

She spoke of the Grampus, who had reappeared in Highclere and begun to wheeze at harlots and young folk in much the same manner as before. While this incident offers precious little new information, we can extrapolate. Though we do not know the exact date the creature first appeared, we can assume that it was at least one thousand years before 1890 and therefore place its first appearance at the end of the ninth century.

Interestingly, the Grampus' name is so similar to another folkloric beast, the Krampus, who steals through Christmas night to punish bad children; however, there is no relation: the name "grampus" seems to refer to the creature's marine appearance; in 1893, writer William Nicholson used the word to describe orca (killer whales) in his document *A Journal of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry and the Arts* (Volume 21). The Grampus' porpoise-cum-dolphin build may have contributed to its terminology, as well as the heavy breathing or wheezing, which some attributed to the puffing of a whale's blowhole.

Indeed, one of the more significant possibilities is that the Grampus is a vestige of some ancient evolutionary offshoot. In the late Devonian period, many marine animals began to evolve out of the water and onto land, like the *Acanthostega* and *Ichthyostega*. Closer still in characteristics to the Grampus is the *Ambulocetus*, a once-marine animal which could even be a distant ancestor of the cryptid. As aforementioned, even the water-dwelling *Epaulette* shark has developed a capacity for a crude method of "walking" when forced to. It is not outside the realms of possibility to imagine that some prehistoric creature evolved similarly and that the Grampus was an extraordinary specimen - and potentially one of the last of an undiscovered species - but without being able to study such a specimen, and with so little written evidence and, of course, no photographic evidence, it is difficult to allow speculation of this kind much weight.

It is also possible, and perhaps more likely (despite being ordinarily quite unreasonable), that the Grampus was simply a dolphin or porpoise put into the tree to scare and confuse locals. Hampshire is situated upon the River Enborne, and though the most accessible oceanic coast to Highclere would be Southampton - a staggering eleven-hour walk for any potential pranksters - it would not have been impossible for a person, or group of persons, to have fished a live specimen out of the nearby river and planted it in the tree. A dolphin can live out of the water for hours if kept cool and wet. Though it would have been in agony, it is not unreasonable to assume that the kind of person determined to partake in a practical joke involving placing a marine animal into a tree would also have been cruel enough

to keep it alive and in a great deal of pain. The creature may even have been an unusually large fish or any bald, vaguely-porpoise-shaped animal; if we assume that it was placed there by pranksters, we could also assume that it may have been dead and that the noises and movements it made were artificially installed.

Could it be possible that the Grampus was precisely what the people of Highclere thought it to be: a spectre of the underworld, a demonic beast sent by the Devil himself? Centuries before the era of prevalent and widespread witchcraft, the religious spectacle was often presumed to be the work of Satan, and many occurrences of the time were passed off as hellish manifestations. It is impossible to prove a negative. Therefore, we cannot say that the abomination was not the work of the Devil, particularly if it was successfully banished for a millennium. This involves supposing that the creature which appeared in 1890 was the same as that which was first sighted, and of course, takes the events reported at face value. One must also consider the significance of the yew tree in which it was found. Yew trees have often been regarded as both symbols of immortality and omens of impending doom. Furthermore, many have been planted across England atop the graves of plague victims, believing that the wood might purify the dead beneath. The poisonous leaves, dark symbolic nature and location of the tree (being planted on the site of what some might consider a gateway to the underworld) all lend some credence to the idea that the Grampus was sent up to our dimension from somewhere beneath; however, we must also remember that a dense, large tree like this would be perfect for any ninth-century prankster looking to terrify the local youngsters by planting a strange, half-dead creature in an unusual position.

While we may never know the origins or factual nature of the Grampus, one thing is certain: where British - and perhaps even global - cryptozoology is concerned, this is one of the most unusual and difficult-to-define mysteries of the world. Hoax or Hellspawn; either way, one might avoid Highclere Churchyard on nights when the whistling of the wind sounds more like wheezing.

Derek



Derek Heath is the author of *Day of the Mummy* and other works of horror, as well as the upcoming *Cryptid's Handbook* series, beginning soon with "Lesser-Known Cryptids: Oddities and Obscurities from Around the World".

HIGH STRANGENESS IN ARIZONA'S TONTO NATIONAL FOREST

By Molly Briggs

Khayman "Khay" Welch and his uncle pulled off the side of the road at mile 203 near Tortilla Flat, Arizona. After a long day of work, Khay's uncle found a parking spot inside Weaver's Needle Vista viewpoint in Arizona's Tonto National Forest. Keen to get the best view of the sunset, the ambitious young man set out on what should have been a short journey. Khay was looking for a sight most people only dream about, but instead, he found himself in something deathly reminiscent of his worst nightmare.

25-year-old Khay set out on a short hike starting from Weaver's Needle Vista viewpoint, an area also known as the Superstition Mountain Wilderness. Alone, he began to walk southeast through the parking lot toward Weaver's Needle. Khay's uncle thought nothing of his nephews' solo hike because he was an outdoorsman; however, Khay had no food or water at the time of his departure. Unfortunately, his uncle's decision to let Khay travel on without him would be one he would soon regret.

Restless and eager, Khay Welch scrambled up and over the dry mountain terrain, and within a short time, the young man disappeared into the distance. After he failed to return, an extensive search turned up nothing. The searchers never found Khay's remains, belongings, or clothes. He simply vanished. Even though he was hiking in a moderately traveled loop trail that was not in a "remote wilderness" area, Khayman Welch would never be seen again. Could he have been a victim of what we understand to be alien abduction?

At the core of the forest is the Tonto basin, which gives the forest its name. The Superstition Mountains are to the south of the basin, the Mazatzal Mountains are to the west, and the Pinal Mountains are to the southeast.

It is the largest of the six national forests in Arizona and the 5th largest National Forest in the United States.



MISSING
KHAYMAN WELCH



25 years old
6-feet tall, 200 pounds, brown hair and hazel eyes
Last seen wearing a black T-Shirt with "Ghostbusters", black jeans, Army-style boots, full-sleeve tattoos on both arms, short buzzcut hair
Last seen Aug. 12 around 7:15 p.m. at Weaver's Needle Vista Viewpoint near State Route 88 and Milepost 203.5 in the Tonto National Forest

MARICOPA COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE
CALL 602-876-8477
12NEWS



KHAYMAN WELCH'S DISAPPEARANCE IS ONLY ONE OF MANY EXAMPLES OF HIGH STRANGENESS THAT CONTINUE TO HAPPEN WITHIN THE TONTO NATIONAL FOREST. WITH OVER 2.9 MILLION ACRES OF LAND, IT'S AN AREA LARGE ENOUGH TO HOUSE ALL THINGS CONCERNING CRYPTIDS, UFOS, GHOSTS, AND ALIENS VERY COMFORTABLY, WITH PLENTY OF ROOM LEFT OVER.

The Superstition Mountain range is an area that lies within Tonto's National Forest. It is one of the most mysterious mountain ranges in the country and is synonymous with a curious legend about a Dutch gold miner who isn't Dutch. Although there are many versions of the infamous gold miner's tale, this is a simple version of the most popular one.

A gold miner named Jacob Waltz, or as the Indians called him "Snowbeard," learned of a great vein of gold within Superstition Mountain in 1868. For the next 20 years, Waltz continued prospecting around the mountain in search of the infamous gold until he met another miner named Jacob Weiser. Soon, the two men began mining together, and eventually, the pair were seen, side by side in town, handing out gold nuggets for payment of supplies and alcohol. The two men seemed to be without care, spending money like water.

Legend says the men achieved their wealth with the help of a map. The map was a gift given to them by a man whose life they allegedly saved, and it would lead the two men to a location inside Superstition Mountain that had copious amounts of yellow gold lining the walls of the hidden mine.

Over the years, many explorers have ventured out into the rugged, unforgiving territory of the strange mountain range to try and locate the lost mine themselves. In 1910 the skeletal



remains of a woman were found inside a cave in the mountain. Upon discovering the unfortunate woman, the only thing found in her pockets was a small sack of gold nuggets. Sadly, many would bear the same fate as the woman in 1910, ending up missing or dead. At least 12 people have officially perished on Superstition Mountain. Jacob Weiser was also one who fell victim to the legend of the strange mountain range, having suddenly disappeared without a trace. However, whispers of wrongdoing by the hand of Jacob Waltz, relative to Weiser's disappearance, have crossed the lips of many men since then.

UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS OCCUR IN MORE THAN JUST THE NATIONAL FOREST'S DRY, RUGGED, ELEVATED PARTS. MANY HAVE SEEN GHOSTLY APPARITIONS IN THE MORE DEVELOPED PARTS OF THE FOREST AREA. A RECENT SIGHTING HAPPENED ALONG THE WIDE-OPEN HIGHWAY OF SR 87 NEAR MILE MARKER 200.



On March 11, 2023, a trucker said he passed a transparent figure standing in the road while he made his way down the highway at 2:30 am. The driver's dash-cam captured the spooky ghost figure standing near the road's edge.

The trucker spoke of being able to "see the lines of the road through the legs that made up the figure." He said it was definitely in the form of a human, and no other cars were in sight.

As I said earlier, there are many unusual happenings within the Tonto National Forest, and this story is one some may find slightly unsettling. On December 30, 2013, an email was sent to all US Service Forest Rangers by the US Dept. of Agriculture. The email stated that there had been an incident regarding a call by a man claiming to be 60 years old, drug-free, and mentally stable. But isn't that what they all say?

The man shared his experience of seeing man-eating aliens and the construction of a secret government installation somewhere within the far stretches of the forest. The official email also mentioned the man had seen construction cranes from the side of a cliff, miniature stealth planes, and UFOs. Oddly, the caller said that the man-eating aliens and the human men were working together. I don't know about you, but I draw a line in the sand regarding cannibalistic coworkers.

A report called "Filer's Files," composed by George A. Filer, reveals disturbing mentions of UFOs, man-eating aliens, and strange stories of many people disappearing within the Tonto National Forest. Filer is allegedly a former US intelligence officer who claims that aliens continue to help the US. Allegedly, the United States solicited support from the ETs during the Vietnam War.

No literary paranormal buffet is complete without a story about Bigfoot. Payson is an area within Tonto National Forest rife with paranormal activity, and it's also the same area where the trucker, as mentioned above, saw the lonely, late-night humanoid apparition on the side of the road.

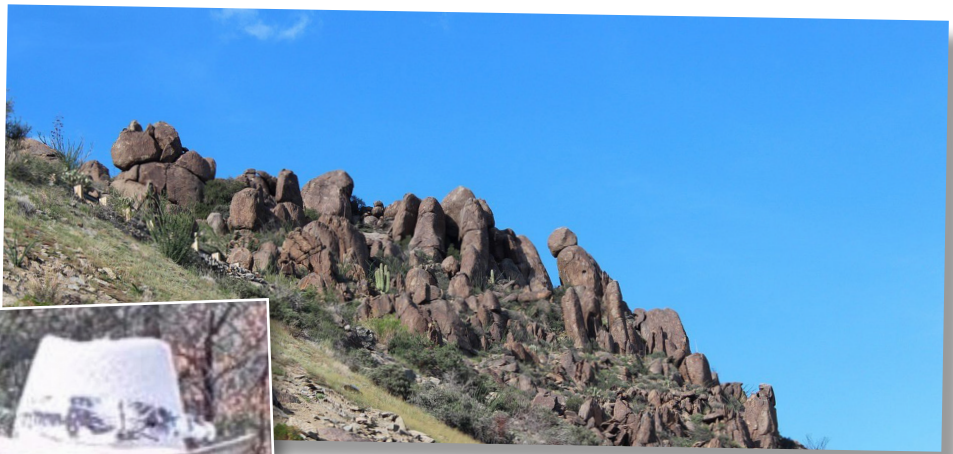
Don Davis was a Boy Scout during the mid-1940s when he and his troop were on a trip near Payson, Arizona. With a fair amount of certainty, I can say that these Boy Scouts were likely unprepared for what they were about to encounter. Don recalled seeing a massive creature with deep-set eyes that were hard to see but seemed expressionless.

The creature's face had no hair except for along the sides. Don had said that along with the body, its chest, shoulders, and arms were massive, especially its biceps. Another story comes from Marjory Grimes, who claims she had seen an enormous creature fitting the description of Bigfoot many times in an area not far from Don's location between 1982-2004. Marjory said the animal was covered in black hair, tall, and walked in significant strides.

A Bigfoot story of a much different sort comes from a self-professed cryptid couple. In June 2010, Bigfoot hunters Mitch and Susan stumbled upon a massive nest on the forest floor along the Mogollon Rim. They found the large nest buried half underground. It had a narrow entrance and was hollowed out inside. Regrettably, the nest did not provide any physical evidence of the monster.

For hundreds of years, instead of the term 'Bigfoot,' the locals in the area of the Mogollon Rim have called the giant, hairy, bipedal creature, whom many have encountered, the 'Mogollon Monster.' Sightings of the Mogollon Monster have been reported for years by cowboys, forest workers, and locals, some claiming to have seen the creature attack or even maul its victims. This is an excellent reason, while monster hunting inside Tonto National Forest, not to forget your bear spray.

A question often asked is why are these episodes of high strangeness happening so frequently inside our forests and rugged mountain ranges? Why not inside urban settings like South Central or West Palm Beach? Bigfoot and monsters aside, for obvious reasons, it may have something to do with the level of vibrational energy and noise within our urban spaces. Any parent will tell you it is impossible to think clearly in a room full of screaming children. Could it be that paranormal activity is happening everywhere, but it is only in the quiet of the



woods that the activity is undeniable?

It's during the quiet moments in life when we are able to tap into the

mysterious, often misunderstood side of the veil. With a clear understanding of our magnificent forests' fluid, natural, and instinctual cooperation, it is easy to see how its landscape could be a beacon for visitors from distant realms. Have our National Parks ultimately become a paranormal playground for bizarre creatures and cryptid beings who are as curious about us as we are of them?

From man-eating aliens to UFOs to ghosts and monsters, the Tonto National Forest has proven to be a winner in most paranormal circles. It is a high-strangeness, five-star, one size fit's all, investigative location. Whether you are looking for shiny round disks in the sky, 18-inch cryptid footprints, or looking to be scared out of your wits by a ghostly apparition wandering along Highway 87, the Tonto National Forest in Arizona is a sure thing.

The anomalous area offers us 2.9 million reasons why the truth about this paranormal hotspot is gaining attention

and how the things going on within the vast Arizona territory are likely much more than mere fantasy or fiction.

Molly x

Molly Briggs has had a successful and rewarding career working as a mom, stylist, author, and podcast host. She is the creator and podcast host of 'Weird Like Me UFOs and Other Phenomenon,' a fun, carefree podcast bringing captivating interviews with fascinating paranormal people, chilling real-life tales, and narrative snapshots of all things supernatural. Molly is a freelance writer and a regular contributor to Paranormality Magazine. She is a proud New Englander who now hails from southwest Florida.

NEW FROM RICHARD ESTEP

RICHARD ESTEP

THE GHOSTS THAT SAVED AMERICA

THE HAUNTING OF FORT MIFFLIN

AVAILABLE ON AMAZON
www.richardestep.net

sciretech.co.uk



MAGNOVEX

Magnetic Field sensor
Alerts at field strength spikes
Polarity shift detection



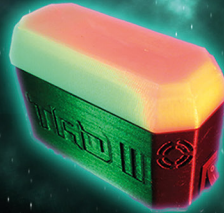
ACROFLUX

Air Pressure Fluctuations
Based on recorded evidence
2 levels of warning alarm



SIZMO

Vibration sensor
High sensitivity
Magnification chamber



TAD

Thermal Anomaly Device
Detects Hot / Cold Spots
Auto Calibration

Affordable Paranormal Equipment
built by investigators...

....for investigators



SCIRE

sciretech.co.uk

For customisation or enquiries email contact@sciretech.co.uk



The Ghost of Barton Blount Manor

By Eli Lycett

Back in 2002, a book was published by the French Catholic priest Father Francois Brune entitled *The Vatican's New Mystery*. It told the story of how in the early 1960s, Brune, together with Italian scientist Pellegrino Ernetti and a team that included the Nobel prize winner Enrico Fermi and V2 rocket developer Wernher von Braun, had created a time machine that was capable of transmitting the events of the past directly into the modern world via a system of electromagnetic engineering. This machine was known as the Chronovisor, and through it, Berne claimed to have witnessed both the crucifixion of Christ and life in ancient Rome. The machine, somewhat predictably, was reportedly soon seized by The Vatican; its secrets and mysteries, hidden from the world ever since.

Speculation on the existence of the time machine has been a constant feature of conspiracy forums ever since. Still, no matter which side of the fence you come down on, as a history enthusiast, it's hard

not to marvel at the idea of some such device. Ultimately, somehow bringing the past to life is the simple truth of what we're all looking to do. If there is one element of science-fiction storytelling that stays with us long into adulthood, it is probably the idea of time travel. From the adaptation of H.G Wells' *The Time Machine*, which was shown regularly on BBC2 during my childhood, to the eternally excellent *Back to the Future* film trilogy, the ideas these films placed in my mind are still very much with me today. It is a crucial component in the sense of endeavour that a healthy interest in history will bring to those enthused on the topic.

As yet (if 'yet' even exists, that is), time travel in a literal sense doesn't seem a likely reality; the classic argument is, if it had indeed become invented at some point in the future, why are there not time travellers amongst us right now? Well, I often say when that particular trope comes up in conversation, how do we know there are not? But if time travel by that classic meaning is off the metaphysical table for now at least (if 'now' even exists), the issue of 'time warps' and 'time-slips' seem to have plenty of testimonials available within the realms of the paranormal cannon. The idea that whilst we may not physically travel back to distant times, those same times may suddenly,



briefly become apparent around us in our momentary reality has plenty of witnesses who will avidly swear they 'know what they saw' no matter the doubters.

The case known as the Moberly-Jourdain Incident is likely the most famous such case, telling of how one August day in 1901, friends Charlotte Moberly and Eleanor Jourdain, both education professionals from England, experienced something incredible whilst out walking in the gardens of Versailles Palace in Paris. Briefly becoming lost whilst walking the guided trail, they noticed a deserted farmhouse that seemed out of place, whilst the trees around them suddenly appeared 'flat and lifeless'. They would later see many figures dressed in apparel from the late 1700s.

A bit closer to home, and more recently, there have been numerous accounts regarding visitors to Liverpool's Bond Street. Stories centre on how the buildings suddenly change to those present during the 1950s and how the cars, buses, and pedestrians all similarly appear dressed of that age too. There have been more than a dozen recorded instances of the phenomena, including two by 1990s on-duty police officers. This is the time slip, and for me, the accounts connected to it would likely require a large pinch of salt were it not for something I once witnessed personally.

For the first time, I am now going to share an experience I had when I was about ten years old. It was witnessed too by my father, who has kindly written a passage for inclusion in this feature by way of corroboration. It is a story that has stayed in my family since the weekend of its birth way back in 1993 and one that, to this day, we will discuss and ponder periodically. When I think about it, is it likely the moment that my interest in history discovered a new, esoteric lens (not that I would have known it last the time) because, despite my best efforts at times across the years, the truth is that both my father and I to know what we saw.

As a child growing up in Staffordshire, my interest in history was fostered by my father's willingness to take me venturing out to the castle sites dotted about the county. Chief amongst them were those in the towns of Tamworth and Tutbury. They were at least two very different places to my young mind. Tamworth is located in the heart of the town, dominating the modern landscape on its motte that was founded in the Saxon period. At the centre of Mercia's conflict with the Vikings throughout the ninth century, it would be rebuilt by Lady Aethelflaed she of The Last Kingdom fame - in 913. It would enjoy a rich and colourful history across the following 750 years into the age of the English Civil War. Its relatively complete state of repair today owes much

to its fortune in that conflict. Parliamentary forces occupied it from June 1643, helping it avoid the slighting and destruction heaped upon many Royalist strongholds later in the war.

Tutbury held a different sense for me than that of the day-tripper-friendly castle at Tamworth. It somehow felt wild and haunted, its ruined walls and towers holding my mind between fascination and fear. I liked that, though. I enjoyed the fact it felt less than safe to be there. With its origins as the regional headquarters of Henry de Ferrers, a Norman magnate who had arrived in England



following the conquest of 1066, Tutbury would play active roles in the 1173 rebellion against Henry II and the 1264 uprising against Prince Edward. Later, it would be prison to Mary Queen of Scots

in the late 1500s before being placed into its present ruinous state courtesy of the fate Tamworth had escaped, being slighted following a Parliamentary siege in April 1646. In retrospect, as a child, perhaps this darker history somehow conveyed its essence through the walls and into my sense of the place. Today, it is the same attraction I feel from reading ghost stories late at night, giving that certain comfort of the past through a controllable sense of terror.



Photo: Tutbury Castle

My father and I must have visited Tutbury 10 times in the early 90s. He would also visit the area regularly on business during the same period, noting any special events coming up at the castle in the process. As such, Tutbury itself, the villages around it, and the journey to the town from Stoke-On-Trent were all places my father knew intimately, and by 1993, he had been driving it at least twice a month for the previous 5 years. That makes the events of one summer's day that year so remarkable.

My memory of what happened is still laced with the sense of excitement I felt. The idea that what we saw was anything paranormal, completely lost against the basic reality as I saw it then, of discovering a 'new' castle. I remember to this day, the large, crenellated building that appeared in the fields along the roadside. I particularly remember asking why we had never been there on one of our days out. It was a legitimate question for my ten-year-old self. It looked brand new, vivid, and markedly different from any other 'castle' I had ever seen. How could I have missed it all these times? Why had my father never mentioned it to me? I asked him this very question as we approached the building in the car, and I can still remember the distinct confusion in his answer. 'Son', he said quietly as he slowed the car for a better look, eyes fixed on it, 'I've never even seen it before'.

Driving back from our trip to Tutbury later that day, he promised me we would take a closer look as we headed for home. But, despite returning, as we always did, along that exact same route, the building was nowhere to be found.

Here is my father's own account of that day:

'Eli was ten years old, and already into history, especially castles, and that was probably down to me as it had always interested me. I remember the year exactly, as I'd just had a new car, a Vauxhall Cavalier! Following the A50 from Stoke-on-Trent to join the A511 at the turn-off for Tutbury, right by the Salt-Box Cafe (a local landmark at the time), was a route I'd travelled many times, maybe twice a month over the few years before, to visit my customers in that area as I was an industrial sales engineer. As we approached the Church Broughton area, Eli asked me what the castle was in the field beside the road. I looked to see a large building built from brick and stone with a crenellated roof. I had never, ever noticed it before, which felt impossible, really. I promised we would take a closer look on the way home later that day, except on the way back in the late afternoon, it was nowhere to be found. I travelled that same route regularly over the years on my way to the Nestle factory and continued to do so in the following years, but I never saw

any sign of that building again. I can't explain what it was, even with a rational, analytical mind, but we absolutely did see it. It was there, real, in that field on that day.'

As he states, in the years that followed, and until relatively recently, my father would continue to drive the same route during his working day, literally dozens of times. Each one would bring a lookout for the vanishing castle (as we've come to call it), and each one would bring nothing more than the empty fields. He would take detours around the country lanes, ensuring no other explanation existed. He would visit in all seasons too. There was nothing to be seen, and for 30 years, there was no explanation.

Over the past few months, the subject of what we saw that day has become redressed with a fresh sense of intrigue, partly due to my father and I spending more time together than we have in many years: the memory, and the question, of just what it might have remained unfaded. Unbeknown to me, however, my father had taken on a little research project of his own, tracing the route and the surrounding area in a way that was almost impossible in the days before we had the Internet and Google Earth.

The area of the building we saw was near the village of Church Broughton, around 4 miles north of Tutbury itself. The local area's history contains a Viking massacre in the late 800s, but more intriguing was our discovery of the settlement of Barton Blount and its long-lost medieval village, which disappeared in the fifteenth century. This place, which had never crossed our radar before, was the seat of Sir Walter Blount, a significant figure in the support base of John of Gaunt in the late 1300s. Soon, we discovered that the current Barton Hall manor was not the original - Sir Walter's own manor house having vanished long before the new hall's construction during the 1600s.

All around the setting of the current manor are the remains of the old medieval

settlement, with earthworks to the northeast marking out plots of land on either side of the old sunken track that once marked the main road through the village. Records are scarce, but we managed to discover the setting of the earlier manor house, which is placed in the fields we were driving past on that day.

As I take a moment to step away from the emotion of the subject and, like my father, try to trace the whole affair with a rational mind, I am left with no alternatives. We saw a fortified manor house that looked 'new' compared to all I had seen before - and, to be fair, all I have seen since. A manor house that appeared to have vanished from the face of the earth just 5 hours later on our return journey, and one that we have now, three decades on, come to realise was in the very spot that there had once been the earlier, medieval hall of Barton Blount.

Make of that what you will, I am as mystified as anyone as to what we witnessed that day, but I am taking it to have been a clear instance of the time-slip phenomenon. It is events like this, for those who experience them, that can genuinely alter a life experience; if we can continually believe them. I have never really doubted what happened that day back in 1993, but naturally, over time, a person will question the possibilities, or rather the impossibilities, of the whole experience. Thanks to my father's unwavering account throughout the years, though, it has always stayed with me, shaping my opinions on such matters and, to this very day, ensuring I always have an open mind to such wondrous and wondrous and inexplicable possibilities. Now, as I look back, not only do I feel an appreciation for our experience that day, but I feel incredibly lucky that we experienced it together.

This feature is dedicated to the memory of my mother, Marion Lycett, who somehow never doubted us for a second.



FREDERICK TANSLEY MUNNINGS: ◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇ MEDIUM, BURGLAR, FAKE.

Written by Dr Kate Cherrell



As an older, balding boarding housekeeper from Lowestoft, Frederick Tansley Munnings was hardly the face of exciting mysticism. Born in 1875 to a Trinity pilot father, he enjoyed a varied career before the glittering lights of spiritualist mediumship tempted him. As a trumpet and materialisation medium, he was to make quite the name for himself in more ways than one.



Between 1896 and 1914, Munnings was a licensee of two public houses in Poplar, a member and later chairman of Poplar Guardians and would eventually move to Hastings to set up as a boarding housekeeper. While this sounds like a means to earn an honest wage, petty crime followed him throughout his life and varied careers, even when promoting himself as a gifted medium for hire. In 1917, Munnings stole a bicycle in Bournemouth and, in 1921, was charged with obtaining money by false pretences. However, in March of 1923, aged 47, he was convicted of committing a burglary at a house in Woking and sentenced to 9 months hard labour. This seemed to be the most serious footnote in Munnings' career, but it was also a crime committed at the peak of his paranormal popularity!

In December 1922, The Two Worlds magazine chronicled Munnings' arrest, reporting how 'we are chiefly concerned with the fact that Munnings has some local reputation as a medium for trumpet phenomena and partial materialisation.' They had long eschewed Munnings as a name to be printed on their pages, having been seen with props, including 'surgical rubber gloves' before a séance. The burglary conviction was but another

nail in Munnings' coffin. His results were unsatisfactory, and he was seen as committing 'the heinous offence of trading on the credulity of bereaved souls.' His lack of class status and wealth added to suspicions of his spiritual intentions, being 'a poor man... out for fame and money – two incentives which destroy mediumship more effectually than any others.'

Judging by his employment timeline, helpfully supported by court and newspaper records, he continued his life of crime coterminous with making a name for himself as a medium, both before and after his most serious conviction. He was recorded as operating as such a medium as early as 1919. He would travel around the country for a few years, specialising in direct voice and trumpet séances, which would excite sitters with disembodied voices from the afterlife.

A May 1926 case study from the Society for Psychical Research cites Munnings as one example of 'how easy it is at the present time for fraudulent mediums to find material for the purposes of their trade. Reports of his abilities seem to first appear in an issue of Light magazine from 1919, where a letter recounts a trumpet séance conducted by Munnings in London. Reportedly, the trumpet levitated in front of the sitter's eyes, shortly followed by a fully formed spectral materialisation that wandered the room, shaking hands with those assembled. As exciting as this account in Light reads, many other reports from sitters at such séances say quite the opposite, arguing that any phenomenon was brazenly fraudulent.



The Munnings photograph referred to in Mrs. Gilmour's letter, and which was not taken under test conditions as stated by Mr. Moon last week.

Due to these controversies, it appears that Munnings worked under the pseudonym of Mr Gaulton for a period in 1921. Giving séances at the Stead Bureau, he claimed to have channelled the spirits of the great and good of the time, including the music hall star Dan Leno, wartime actress Billie Carleton and fellow spiritualist Sir William Crookes. While glowing reports appeared from some quarters, many doubting voices came from official spiritualist and parapsychological bodies who were more than a little unsatisfied with these séances' notably absent 'test' conditions.

Munnings' mysterious phenomena took upon a rather more terrestrial form when sitters (one being Mrs Wells, who offered Munnings accommodation for his séances) found rubber gloves concealed about his person, and the 'spirit scents' that emerged from his sittings 'proceeded from a rag

which was accidentally dropped by the medium and was subsequently found by the sitters after the performance.'

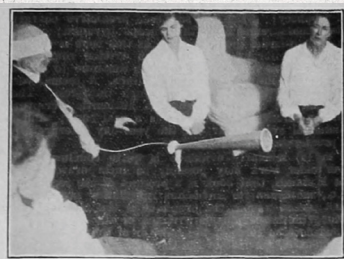
More evidence of Munnings' questionable abilities can be found in several later issues of the spiritualist magazine Light. A June 1921 issue includes photographs from a Munnings' séance, taken by Mr Moon, the President of the Hastings and St. Leonard's Christian Spiritualists' Society, of course, with 'kind permission of his [spirit] guide'. These striking

images show Munnings secreting ectoplasm and, later, a 'plasmic rod' supporting a spirit trumpet. However, Mr Moon was not writing to condemn Munnings (or 'Munnings-Gaulton' as he was named in the piece) but to confirm that his 30 years of interest in the field hardly made him a fool and that Munnings was legitimate! After attending about six three-hour séances, he was keen to 'testify to the genuineness of his direct voice phenomena.'

To our modern eyes, the ectoplasm may well look like a hair on a lens and the ectoplasmic rod, little more than some strong wire. However, the photographs are impactful, even with the addition of historical context. And while trumpets are broadly attached to Munnings' spiritual resumé, according to Mr Moon, this was a rarity in his Hastings seances as, 'while in the first, materialised instruments were supposed to play through the trumpet, this type of phenomena never appeared in the later seances.'

Quite amusingly, Munnings' spirit guides - or perhaps the medium himself, after a little lapse of concentration - could be easily

fooled. One sitter, who had offered accommodation to Munnings and his wife, refused to host any more seances after a (suddenly colourblind) relation of hers complimented her pink blouse when she had quickly changed it to a different one just before the sitting. Following this ousting from her premises, Mr Munnings and his wife were welcomed into the house of Mr and Mrs Wells at 114 Milward Road, Hastings.



As stated by Mr. Moon, these photographs of Munnings were taken at a Test Seance. Ectoplasm appears to be exuding from Munnings. In the small picture the Trumpet is apparently held in suspense by a Plasmic Rod.

Yet the steady stream of visitations from famous voices of yesteryear increased Munnings' popularity in the séance room. Emanating from his floating séance trumpets were the disembodied voices of famous spirits like Henry VIII, King Edward (who honoured the congregation with a 'very tasteful, pro-monarchical speech.') and Julius Caesar, each of whom delivered small, simplistic messages or songs. Other commoner spirits were also welcome in Munnings' world, such as infamous spirit buccaneer John King, who would speak 'with a voice like a Billingsgate fish vendor. He would also communicate with the deceased relatives of sitters, but many such personal messages have been since lost to time.

Munnings' spiritual doors were also cast open to deceased pets, where in one instance, barking sounded from the séance room, whereby a female sitter gasped, 'It's darling Fido; I'd know his bark anywhere.' Sadly, Munnings' skills as a passable mimic are well-chronicled.

Another letter to Light offers a somewhat different view of Munnings' spectacular claims. Mr Henry Bevis of 8, the Croft, Hastings reported that the medium's efforts were unconvincing. When channelling the spirit of W. T. Stead, his speech was far below the quality of what it was on

earth, and all sitters certainly did not spot claims of floating lights in the séance room. Similarly, the strong scents later linked to rags secreted upon Munnings' person were destroyed by believers, but only after marking the containers in which they were kept with a powerful, immovable smell. Most importantly of all, for Mr Bevis, he had to pay for the privilege too. Facing a bill of 5/-, he was not keen to return.

Ultimately, over a six-week series of articles and investigations, the editors of Light deemed Munnings to be 'a sensitive of the lowest possible order, and his mediumship a real menace to the progress of true Spiritualism.' (June 25th, 1921) This conclusion mimicked that of many other outlets, who believed that Munnings was not only a criminal, but an unscrupulous and fraudulent medium, cashing in on the grief of others. Of all damning articles, Two Worlds was one of few to suggest that Munnings was pushed into such a position by the demanding attitudes of audiences. Suggesting that Munnings may have some abilities and should

have developed them further in a home circle before becoming a professional, the magazine argued that the audience's need for phenomena was damaging the field of mediumship. 'The average member of the public knows nothing of séance conditions. He doesn't care a straw about YOU, provided he gets the phenomena he seeks. He will suck you like an orange and, having got what he can, will leave you crumpled up on the mat.'

Munnings was a menace. So much so that in 1926, Arthur Conan Doyle and other prominent spiritualists issued a public warning to the press (in Light magazine) against Munnings' claims. Arthur Conan Doyle had studied Munnings's work for a long time, with his beliefs and concerns preserved in his substantial letter archive. Following a tour of America as a famous British trumpet medium, news of Munnings' sudden exposure went stateside. The Catholic Transcript used such an event to call Conan Doyle' sincere but deluded in his belief of spiritism'.

Munnings' reputation had been further damaged with an age-old method of exposure, turning the lights on. Julian Franklyn's A Survey of the Occult chronicles such an exposure as a warning to others wishing to fool their clients. During a dark séance where spirit voices emanated from a floating trumpet, 'the electric light was switched on, revealing Munnings holding

the trumpet utilising a telescopic extension piece.' Similarly, his deception was listed as thorough and practical; should he receive a request for a sitting that had been written headed notepaper, he would visit the address and gain as much relevant information as he could, all of which would be later passed through the now-infamous trumpet. This exposure was no regular séance, but one attended by some familiar names. Namely, Arthur Conan Doyle. In a letter to Light, Conan Doyle wrote:

"A party of us was sitting with Munnings in a private house, and as the electric lights had gone wrong, owing to a fuse, we were in complete darkness. We were getting messages through a trumpet which appeared to be suspended in mid-air and swinging around in various directions. Munnings was not near the trumpet. "Suddenly, the lights came on again. A thing nobody expected - and we all saw immediately that Munnings had an attachment which he was using to hold up the trumpet and move it. We upbraided the blackguard and turned him out of the house. When Munnings had gone, we agreed that we should have to expose him."

Despite a wall of criticism and exposure, Munnings continued to sit for doubters, even subjecting himself to study by famous paranormal researcher Harry Price. Using a piece of his own equipment, named a 'Voice Control Recorder', Price captured Munnings producing the voices of 'Julius Caesar, Dan Leno, Crippen and Henry VIII, but the Machine Proved that it was Munnings speaking. 'With Price's damning report, Munnings' tattered reputation was reduced to dust. At last, there was no one else to dupe.

Munnings' career in the heavens was done. He later sold his story and his 'confessions' to a Sunday newspaper before disappearing into obscurity on the south coast. Frederick Tansley Munnings died in 1953, yet for all of his wild claims and fraud, it cannot be said that the old man from Lowestoft didn't leave an impression on the world of the supernatural.

Dr Kate O

References:

- 'A Varied Career', The Register (Adelaide), 15/3/23
- 'Current Topics', The Two Worlds periodical, 8/12/22
- 'The Cases of Mr Moss and Mr Munnings', Journal of the Society for Psychical Research, 5/1926
- 'The Munnings-Gaulton Case', Light periodical, 11/6/1921
- 'A Survey of the Occult', Ed. Julian Franklyn, 1935
- 'Conan Doyle's Eyes Opened to Fraud of Noted Medium', The Catholic Transcript, 8/4/1928
- 'The Mechanics of Spiritualism', 50 Years of Psychical Research, Harry Price, p.199.

THE BASS STRAIT TRIANGLE

BY SARAH CHUMACERO,
HAUNTED MAGAZINE'S WIZARDESS OF OZ

The Bermuda Triangle is one of those mysteries that has intrigued me since childhood. I mean, who hasn't heard of the Bermuda Triangle? There is a plethora of books, documentaries, articles, news segments and the like, all delving into the mysteries surrounding the disappearances of aircraft and sea vessels in the same spot. It is a section of the North Atlantic Ocean off North America where over 50 ships and 20 aeroplanes have disappeared under mysterious circumstances.

Although the boundaries of this area are not set in stone or universally agreed upon, the area roughly takes the shape of a triangle. After many strange events, in 1964, Vincent H Gaddis came up with the term Bermuda Triangle in an article he wrote highlighting the pattern of the strange disappearances. What causes these disappearances? Is it bad weather and poor navigation? Paranormal enthusiasts suggest otherwise. From aliens to the lost city of Atlantis, they wonder if it is some portal or vortex. While the topic of the affectionately nicknamed the 'Devil's' triangle is a controversial one, it seems the phenomenon is not just isolated to the North Atlantic Ocean. Did

you know we have the same triangle right here in Australia? Inspired by the mysterious disappearances in the Bermuda Triangle and the worldwide intrigue surrounding the strange circumstances of a missing pilot Frederick Valentich in 1978, the Bass Strait Triangle in Australia has some strange mysteries of its own.

Bass Strait is a stretch of water around 300km by 200km from north to south, surrounded by the entire northern coastline of Tasmania and Victoria's central to the eastern coast. The stretch of water separates Victoria and Tasmania in the southeast of Australia. The westerly winds and currents make it an area full of unpredictable and unstable

weather, meaning its shallow water is full of tall waves with short swells. The notorious area of Bass Strait was discovered following the wreckage of the ship Sydney Cove in 1797. On a salvage operation to retrieve parts of the wreck, the Sloop Eliza went missing on her return voyage to Sydney. Since then, hundreds of vessels from small yachts, fishing crafts, bulk carriers and aircraft have come into distress in the Bass Strait, with dozens being lost entirely without a trace.

Some of the more significant disappearances over the years include:

In 1901, 22 crew members vanished along with the SS *Federal*. 5 years later, in 1906, the German cargo ship *Ferdinand Fischer* also disappeared without a trace.

In 1920 the SS *Amelia J.* disappeared shortly after entering the Bass Strait. The Australian military conducted an extensive search of the area; however, two military aircraft involved in the search vanished.

On Friday, October 19th, 1934, Holyman's Airways de Havilland DH.86 Express,

nicknamed *Miss Hobart*, disappeared over Bass Strait during a flight from Launceston, Tasmania, to Melbourne. 9 passengers and two pilots did not survive. One of those who perished would have an unknown connection with aviation forever. David Warren's father, who was aboard the flight, would never come home; David would go on to invent the Black Box recorder, now a standard issue in every aircraft.

Almost one year later, the airliner *Loina* would also go missing over the bass strait. None of the five people on board was located; however, three seats were eventually found, and a piece of flooring with burn marks only a few centimetres wide. Further analysis suggested someone may have tried to stamp out the flames.

While there was speculation that some of these vessels had fallen victim to pirates, the leading cause was more likely lousy weather and poor charting. At the same time, the aircraft accidents were put down to disorientation by inexperienced pilots unable to pilot the sometimes-horrendous conditions.



There were no links to supernatural forces or comparisons to the Bermuda Triangle until the disappearance of Frederick Valentich in 1978 became a Worldwide conspiracy.

On October 21st, 1978, at 6:19 pm, pilot Fredrick Valentich took off from Moorabbin airport in Victoria in a rented single-engine Cessna 182L with a proposed flight path to King Island, flying over the Bass Strait. Just after 7 pm, however, Valentich radioed Melbourne air traffic control asking if there were any other aircraft in the area. He noticed strange lights and weird speeds and felt the plane was playing games with him. After the transmission abruptly ended, Valentich was never heard from again.

"It's got a green light and is sort of metallic. Like it's all shiny on the outside, it's just vanished...." Frederick Valentich

Once people started to look at the area more, it seemed Valentich was not alone in his sighting. (Shameless plug time, check out issue 29 of Haunted Magazine, where I open the case file of Valentich's disappearance in the UFO Today pull-out.)

Strange sightings are often reported over the Bass Strait. On the same day Valentich disappeared, Roy Manifold captured a picture of an object in the sky over the

Bass Strait. Roy's son, Jason, was with his father at the time and said that while his father had gone inside their shed after taking the picture, Jason stayed outside to watch the sky. He could hear the sound of a plane engine overhead. Instead of gradually fading off into the distance, he claimed the engine suddenly came to a stop, and there was nothing but silence. They believe this could be connected to Valentich's disappearance.

There were also other reported strange occurrences in the area weeks before and after Valentich's disappearance along the coastlines of Victoria and Tasmania.

For example, on October 9th, a couple of weeks before Valentich went missing, a husband and wife witnessed a bright light above them. They said it came down to the same level as their car and was maintaining the same speed next to them as they were driving along for a short period. Exactly a month later (just after Valentich went missing), there was another sighting in



Hobart. A taxi driver was suddenly forced to slam on his brakes due to a strange green light in the middle of the road. His CB radio also lost communication. After checking his radio, the green light was gone when he looked back at the road.

The concept of a 'devil's triangle' has long been debated for decades and will continue to do so with its popularity and tall tales. Interestingly, however, we don't see the same level of disappearances today (or they are just not reported). So what do you think? Do these sea areas all over the World have the potential to hold supernatural powers, or is it just a bad stretch of the sea?

Sarah x

WOULD YOU LIKE TO ADVERTISE IN HAUNTED

M A G A Z I N E

WE HAVE SEVERAL OPTIONS AVAILABLE
1/4 PAGE, 1/2 PAGE, FULL PAGE, INSIDE COVER(S) AND BACK PAGE
BESPOKE DESIGN SERVICE AVAILABLE ON REQUEST

FOR MORE INFORMATION EMAIL: advertising@hauntedmagazine.co.uk

PSYCHIC PROJECTION AND THE PARANORMAL

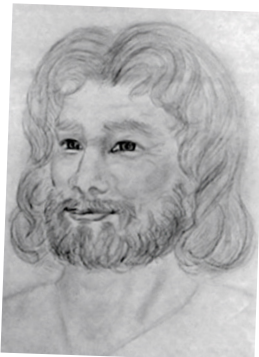
By Sarah Chumacero

Haunted Magazine's Wizardess of Oz



When it comes to the paranormal, while many people are trying to find or capture the phenomenon itself, we don't really get to the bottom of what is causing it or where it is coming from. For example, people generally think that a spirit is the soul or energy of a person who was once living. It is thought we are communicating with this energy, which is a large part of what the mainstream paranormal community do on investigations; they try to communicate based on this theory. What if, however, we are causing the paranormal phenomena? It is not that we are hallucinating, faking things, or making it up, but what if we create paranormal phenomena with our minds?

There is an experiment within parapsychology called The Philip Experiment. In 1972, a group of Canadian parapsychologists met every week for over a year with the thought that just by focusing on pictures and a story about a made-up ghost called Philip, they could manifest his ghost just by people focusing on this information. A self-proclaimed world-renowned poltergeist expert, Dr A.R.G Owen, led the experiment. His goal was to gather a select group of people (none of which were mediums or sensitive to the paranormal) and have them use their collective thought to see if they could conjure a ghost. After a year of failed communication, they finally made contact with the ghost of Philip. Paranormal investigators often refer to the experiment to demonstrate how our expectations and thoughts can create our own haunting.



With this in mind, I have to wonder about the times I have felt I have had the spirit of a loved one around me. It had always

happened when I thought about them or wished they were around. Anniversaries, birthdays, weddings, or special places are when we experience or feel them around us. What if we are making it happen just by remembering them? I am constantly using the example of what we do on paranormal tours because the more I think about it and witness it, the more it makes sense to me in many ways. You are on a paranormal tour and taken into a room. The group of 10, 20 or 30 people are told the story of the person that is significant to the room. You may talk about what they looked like, how they passed away, or what makes their story special. The group then focuses on the story they were just told and tries to communicate with their spirit. They will ask questions based on this story. To their surprise, they start getting answers to their questions. Are the responses they feel they are receiving a spirit communicating with them, validating this information, or is it that the collective focus and energy of the group on this story is unknowingly things to occur? Are they bringing their own version of Philip to life? Using this same concept, what if we applied this to other areas within the paranormal such as mysterious creatures like bigfoot?

Cryptids are creatures whose existence is not proven or unsubstantiated, much like a ghost. People believe in creatures like Bigfoot and Nessie in the same way they believe in ghosts, but they have never been proven to exist. There are

grainy photos and weird experiences with these sorts of animal-like creatures all over the World, and there is much debate as to what they could actually be. Are these creatures some form of an evolutionary trait, some mystical being or like Philip, are they a type of psychic creature created by us?

"they are psychic projections just as are **UFOs, miracles, and poltergeists**. Something from us "projects out, takes on a physical form and a vestige of intelligence, and then disappears as the force which gave it birth dissipates."

The Haunted Universe by Scott D Rogo (1977)

While the same could be applied to UFO sightings, Carl Jung had his own take. While Jung did believe in the phenomena to an extent, he also thought there was a psychological explanation to explore. Jung believed that some phenomena could be explained by the World's cultural needs, which manifested a psychic projection of what we would identify as a UFO craft. It is thought from a psychological standpoint that this explains why the typical UFO sightings allude to a silver disc-like craft. Research over the years has shown that our perception of UFO craft from reported sightings has changed to reflect our technological advancements, meaning how we see UFOs has changed over time as our technology has progressed.



If we can psychically project UFOs, cryptids, and ghosts, we have to entertain the idea that, just maybe, we are haunting ourselves! If we can leave an energy imprint behind and create something paranormal just by believing in it, we have to wonder what it is, haunting famous haunted locations. If you have ghost hunts occurring at a place each week with people leaving behind their energy imprints and their expectations and experiences, is what we are dealing with a haunting, or is it more a manifestation of all this collected energy coming in week in and week out?

It is naive for us to limit ourselves to just one possibility. As paranormal researchers, we need to step out of our comfort zone and out of the box we have confined ourselves to and start looking at other research areas. It is here that we begin to see connections in what we do. Every time I interview people and do surveys based on their beliefs; I am genuinely surprised. People can sometimes advocate for people to have an open mind but are quite close-minded when it comes to thinking outside their area of research. There are known and documented connections between the areas of Ufology and spirit research, yet people don't consider the bigger picture. We limit ourselves to just ticking one of those boxes. People will scoff at the idea of a bigfoot sighting but ask people to take their word for their own ghostly sighting.

What has become apparent once you start looking into all these areas is that paranormal phenomena are often connected, and we are the link. While we may go to haunted locations, sky watching or spend our nights in the woods to go and find the answers, maybe we don't need to go anywhere to get the answers we seek. The answer may have been within us all along.

Sarah X

HighStrange Magazine™

Will keep you up at night!

Writers around the world. All aspects of the paranormal and strange.

high-strange.com

Ghosts of the Holy Cross Convent

By Stacey Ryall



Daylesford is a small town in Victoria's high country, popular with Melbourne day trippers and famous for its day spas and natural mineral springs. It's perfect for a relaxing weekend away – or a charming place to call home – where you can curl up around a romantic open fire in winter, browse the bric-a-brac shops, or immerse yourself in the town's local art scene. A brisk saunter up Wombat Hill leads you to the stunning structure of The Convent Art Gallery. This building now houses a wonderful art collection, a busy café restaurant and picturesque event facilities. However, average tourists may be unaware of the deep history and lingering energy that remains. It can be felt in every room, all hallways, and up and down the old wooden staircases. It seeps through the walls and up through the original Baltic pine floors. Often there is a sense of being 'watched'. As the well-worn narrow wooden steps groaned underfoot, I couldn't help but imagine a foreboding nun suddenly appearing from around the next corner.

'The Convent is definitely one of the most haunted places I have been worldwide, and certainly in Australia', says Christine Ferris,

a clairvoyant medium and tour guide for the Daylesford Convent Ghost Tour. 'I find that Catholic sites can have very active hauntings. I believe this is because Catholics believe in purgatory, and when they die, if they do not move on, they believe they are where they are meant to be.'

The general assumption is that the Holy Cross Convent was purpose-built for the nuns. However, before their arrival, the building was home to several interesting personalities dating back to the 1860s gold rush. In 1864, William Drummond became Gold Warden in Daylesford and moved into a house on Wombat Hill.

In 1872, Irish pioneer John McGilliveray purchased the house. He made many significant alterations, adding a tower and giving it a castle-like appearance. The house began looking so grand that town folk referred to it as 'Blarney Castle'. In 1882, prominent landowner Richard Molloy bought the house. From 1886, the local priests used the house as a presbytery. Then in 1890, Father Michael Gough, Archbishop Thomas Carr and local pastoralist John Egan formally purchased the house for £3,000, and it continued

as a presbytery for some time. However, as the priests were being 'denied many things conducive to comfort', it was decided that a newer, more comfortable 'home' was needed. A new presbytery was built on St Peter's Church grounds whilst the old presbytery was being prepared for its new purpose.

The Daylesford Advocate reported on 25 April 1891 that: '... a community of nuns would shortly occupy the present presbytery, the establishment of which would greatly benefit Catholics and their children, as the convent would become a source of light and edification for them.' Extensive work began immediately to prepare the house for use as a convent and boarding school. As the Presentation Sisters were subject to the rule of enclosure, the local Catholic school also had to be relocated to the site. Enclosed religious orders or cloistered clergy are religious orders whose members strictly separate themselves from the affairs of the external world. A short walk from the Convent, a wooden school building was built. It housed three classrooms.

Mother John Byrne, accompanied by Sisters Alphonsus Southwell, Michael O'Sullivan, Gertrude Donaghy, Teresa Bourke and Angela Sullivan, arrived in Daylesford at the end of 1891. And so The Holy Cross Convent, Daylesford, was born.

Throughout the years, many extensions were made to the Convent in response to demands. In 1902 a new refectory and dormitories were added. In 1904 a new chapel and classrooms were completed, and in 1927 the north wing was built, adding a new parlour, dormitory and music rooms.



The Holy Cross Convent, Victoria Square, Perth, Western Australia, part of the Mercedes College.



The Presentation Sisters taught the children of the Holy Cross Primary and Secondary School, St Michael's Primary School and a few smaller schools outside of Daylesford. As well as teaching religious education, reading, writing, and arithmetic to all grades, the Sisters also taught sports, music, languages, needlework, woodwork and art. All accounts suggest they did a great job educating the students. They, in turn, experienced joy from the students' progress and achievements and pleasure in watching their beautiful surrounding gardens grow.

The 1960s saw a decline in the number of nuns entering the Convent and shrinking student numbers. This led to the boarding school officially closing in 1973. Reverend Mother Agatha suggested that the building be used as a Community Centre hosted by locals for locals and to share knowledge and skills. The Community Centre ran for many years before the decision was made to sell the Convent. The building lacked adequate heating and required a tremendous amount of maintenance. It was decided that more suitable accommodation should be found for the nuns. In 1981 the four remaining nuns moved to a newly built convent beside Daylesford's St Peter's Church.

Sadly, the Convent and its gardens were left to decline into dereliction. The nuns sought a new owner who would give the property renewed life. In 1988 the Holy Cross Convent was placed on the market. Ms Tina Banitska approached the nuns directly to discuss her plans for the majestic old building. The Presentation Sisters were moved by Tina's sympathetic vision to restore the building to its former glory retaining its religious and historical significance. The nuns felt reassured that Tina would love and respect the building they had called home for ninety years.

Over two years, the old Convent was expertly transformed. Substantial reconstruction was necessary along the north face of the building. The makeshift boarders' dormitories, as were some of the nuns' living quarters, were pulled down. This was replaced with a striking north-facing wall of Gothic windows and a glass ceiling, creating a light-filled atrium for the café. Not quite complete, but soon to be, the Convent Gallery opened its doors to the public on Easter Saturday in 1991, and over 5,000 visitors walked through the doors in one weekend. **Staff soon began reporting strange incidents.**

The Convent Functions Manager, Marija Fina, believes she has heard Mother Superior doing her rounds. 'My office is above the cafe. One evening, while I was working and an artist was hanging his work in the upstairs gallery, I heard footsteps walking down in the cafe. I ran down thinking the artist was in the cafe, calling out to him. As I was standing in the cafe, he answered from upstairs! We both left immediately after that!'



'Another night, whilst waiting in the car for Tina, I saw two figures – very much like nuns in habits – walk past me. I quickly locked the car and could not wait for Tina to return!'

Christine adds: 'A lady and her friend were having morning tea in the café. One of the staff had just delivered her cup of tea and walked away. A couple of minutes later, the lady and her friend were leaving. The staff member asked if everything was okay. The lady replied the place was haunted because they had both seen her cup move independently. They couldn't get out of there fast enough.'

Customers have also reported feeling followed, especially upstairs, where a narrow flight of stairs takes you to the very top as you emerge into a long and narrow room that used to be the nun's infirmary – the room 'closest to God'. Left in its unrestored state, with peeling walls, cracked ceilings and old floorboards, it is an eerie reminder of years past. The bell tower window also offers fantastic views of Daylesford and the Central Highlands. A beautiful room, but nevertheless a cold and dank space for the nuns to recover from illness... or not. Records suggest some nuns died at The Convent, and others died in hospital but – as Christine believes – returned to their home after death.

The small museum in the basement is one of the most active areas of the building. 'Many people find the energy in there unpleasant,' says Christine. 'A couple of months ago, we ran a tour and were down in the museum.

The museum had many new items, including a toy nun doll on the fireplace mantelpiece. We thought the doll was one of those motion detectors that moved when it detected motion in front of it. We thought this because it was dancing on the mantelpiece when we were in the room.' Later, after the tour, Christine asked Marija if she had placed a motion detector nun doll in the museum, mentioning the creepy dancing effect. 'She insisted it was *not* a motion-detected doll but a normal doll dressed as a nun. I was dumbfounded because the whole group had seen the doll dancing.' Sure enough, after closer inspection, Christine found it was a regular doll.

Does the bustling nature of The Convent now displease the nuns? The intended purpose of enclosure orders was to prevent distraction from prayer and to maintain an atmosphere of silence. An array of traditional and modern art lines the walls on each level, and one contemplates what the nuns think of the imagery as they roam the halls at night. So, do the spirits express feelings about The Convent's current incarnation as a busy gallery and tourist destination to Christine?

'The first time I visited in 2007, there was an exhibition of art that included paintings of naked nuns wearing priest collars. One of the first conversations I had there was with Mother Superior. She was very upset with the art. I explained to her that The Convent was now a gallery. To be able to preserve its history for everyone, Tina had turned it into a gallery. I emphasized the importance of telling the story of its past, and to do that, it needed to make money.'

The Convent ghost tours have been running since 2008 and remain as popular as ever. Christine explains that these tours are an excellent way to preserve the location's history and continue telling the story of the strong and influential women that once called it home.

I agree, and it seems Mother Superior is coming around too.

Visit <https://conventgallery.com.au/>

Thank you to Marija and Christine at The Convent Gallery, Daylesford, for assisting with this article.

Stacey X



Stacey Ryall is a writer and artist from Melbourne, Australia. She is the creator of the independent paranormal zine 'Unknowing' which examines the haunted locations, mysteries and dark history of Australia.

Visit unknowingau.com for more information

or follow

[@unknowingau](https://www.instagram.com/unknowingau) on Instagram.

CONJURING BATHSHEBA

Amanda R. Woomer



In 2013, horror icon James Wan (of the *Saw* and *Insidious* franchises) directed a film that shocked audiences just six minutes in with opening credits creeping up the screen and five simple words:

“Based on the true story.” For many, *The Conjuring* is one of the most successful horror movies of the 21st Century—it grossed over \$319 million, won multiple awards, including three Fangoria Chainsaw Awards, and sparked the *Conjuring Universe* franchise that continues today.

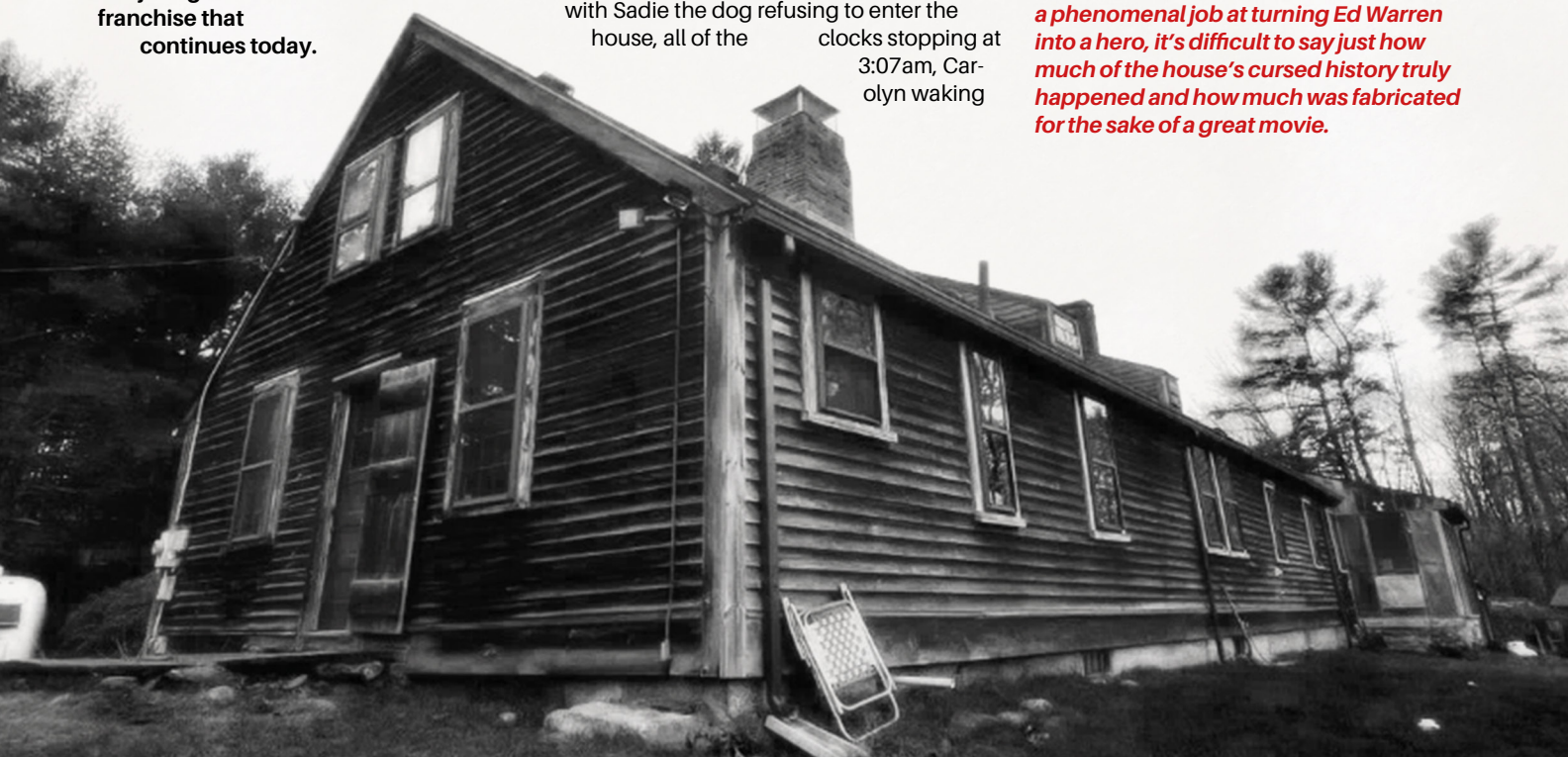
The movie starred Patrick Wilson and Vera Farmiga as the controversial Ed and Lorraine Warren. It told the story of the Perron family and their time in their Harrisville farmhouse—seemingly with the Perrons’ and Lorraine Warren’s blessing.

There’s no doubt that *The Conjuring* impacted the horror world as well as the paranormal world with the *Conjuring House* (as it is known today) bringing in ghost hunters and investigators hoping to experience the “portal cleverly disguised as a farmhouse...” but what happened in the innocent-looking farmhouse on Round Top Road that led to the creation of one of the scariest horror films in recent history?

The *Conjuring* follows the Perron Family—Roger and Carolyn and their five daughters, Andrea, Nancy, Christine, Cindy, and April—as they move into their new home. Strange things happen almost immediately, with Sadie the dog refusing to enter the house, all of the clocks stopping at 3:07 am, Carolyn waking

up with bruises all over her body, and the family finding Sadie dead in the yard. Carolyn seeks the help of demonologists Ed and Lorraine Warren, and the couple comes to investigate the house. After conducting a paranormal investigation, they quickly realize that a malevolent spirit has attached itself to the family. It’s revealed that the house belonged to a witch named Bathsheba, who sacrificed her week-old baby to the devil and then hanged herself at 3:07 am from a tree in the backyard. As Lorraine continues to dig deeper, she realizes that the evil spirit of Bathsheba intends to possess any mother who lives in her house and makes her kill her children. The film comes to a terrifying climax as Bathsheba possesses Carolyn before attempting to kill April, and Ed is forced to conduct an exorcism to save her soul and her children’s lives.

While it’s fascinating to see a depiction of the early technology used in paranormal investigations, and Patrick Wilson does a phenomenal job at turning Ed Warren into a hero, it’s difficult to say just how much of the house’s cursed history truly happened and how much was fabricated for the sake of a great movie.



We know that the Perrons lived in a suburb outside of Providence, Rhode Island, until 1970 when the family experienced an unfortunate bout of bad luck. To get a fresh start, Carolyn Perron decided to put a down payment on a 1736 farmhouse in Harrisville, approximately fifteen miles away. The historic home (also known as the Arnold Estate) was purchased from the Kenyon family, who had owned the house for over 200 years. While the Harrisville farmhouse was meant to be a new beginning for the Perrons, according to their eldest daughter, Andrea, it took about five minutes for strange things to start happening as they were moving in on a snowy January day in 1971.

Bethsheba, widow of the late Judson Sherman, died at her late residence on Monday morning last, from a sudden attack of paralysis, aged 72 years. The funeral services were held on Thursday, Rev. A. H. Granger officiating, and the interment took place at Riverside Cemetery, Harrisville. She was the last member of the Thayer family, once numerous and well known in this town, her son, Herbert Sherman, being the only near relative remaining.

All five sisters claimed to see a strangely dressed man standing in the dining room before disappearing. Cindy, one of the younger sisters, informed Andrea on one of their first nights in the house, "I hear voices in my room... They're all talking at once, but they're all saying the same thing: There are seven dead soldiers buried in the wall." The cellar door swung open on its own, people heard a mysterious baby crying, others smelled smoke, a gray lady was seen, claw marks appeared on Roger's back, and finally, Carolyn was seemingly stabbed in the leg with a needle by unseen hands.

After Carolyn's attack, something changed in her, and she became obsessed with the house. According to Andrea Perron's book series *House of Darkness*, *House of Light*, Carolyn began researching the

farmhouse's history. Through this alleged research, Carolyn learned of multiple suicides, murders, and drownings on her property. It was believed that members of the Arnold family lived and died in the house and then refused to leave. A little girl named Prudence Arnold was raped and murdered in the pantry. John Arnold drank horse liniment and died in the farmhouse. Mrs. John Arnold hanged herself in the barn. But the source of the fear and violence against the Perron family came from Bathsheba Sherman, a woman who had (according to Carolyn) been accused of witchcraft after an infant in her care was found dead with a sewing needle embedded in the base of its skull (much like the phantom sewing needle that stabbed Carolyn). Carolyn's interest in the house's history soon became an obsession, and she began speaking with old-fashioned phrases and dressing in vintage clothes. By 1973, the family was starting to grow concerned that the jealous spirit of Bathsheba possessed Carolyn, and then the Warrens arrived.

ED AND LORRAINE WOULD INVESTIGATE THE ARNOLD FARMHOUSE IN HARRISVILLE FOR OVER A YEAR. THROUGH HER CLAIRVOYANT PSYCHIC VISIONS, LORRAINE WOULD CONFIRM THE IDENTITY OF THE MALEVOLENT SPIRIT AS THAT OF BATHSHEBA SHERMAN AND EVENTUALLY INSISTED ON CONDUCTING A SÉANCE IN THE HOME.

With a priest and a cameraman, the Warrens and Perrons held a séance, resulting in Carolyn levitating in the air before being hurled back twenty feet. The Warrens were thrown out, the footage of the séance was somehow destroyed that night, and in June of 1980, the Perrons sold their house and finally moved out.

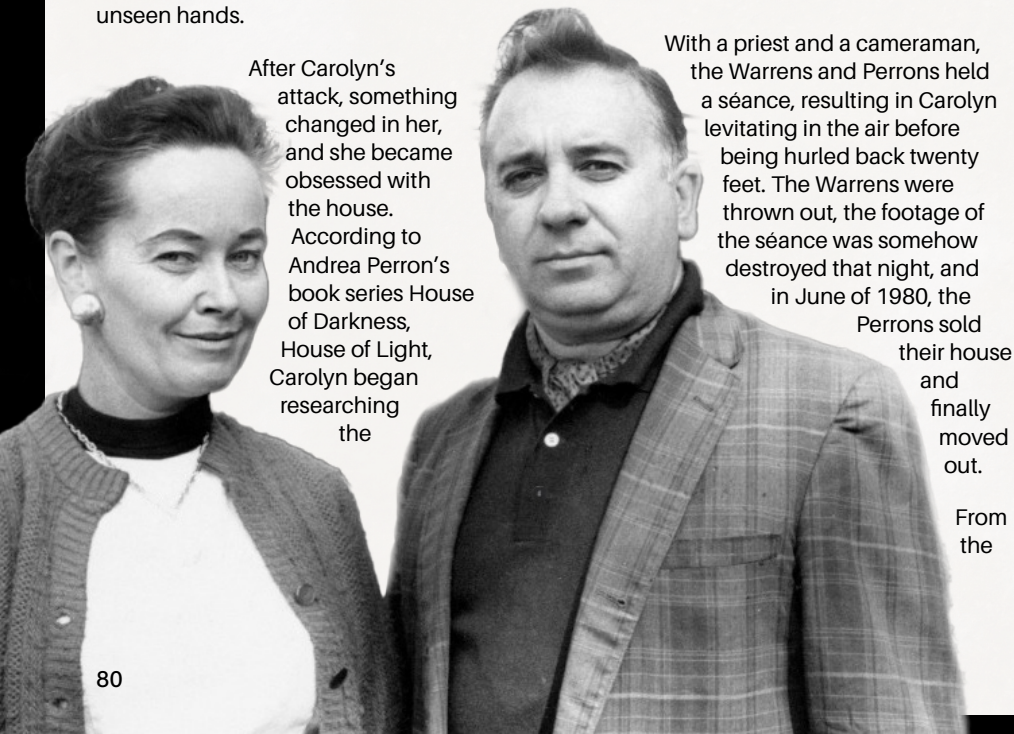
From the

1980s until the film's release in 2013, life at the Harrisville farmhouse was quiet, but that all changed when *The Conjuring* hit theatres and took Hollywood by storm. At this time, the current owner, Norma Sutcliffe, found strangers trespassing on her property, taking photos of the house, and even peering in through her windows to catch a glimpse of the infamous *Conjuring House*. It wasn't long before the nearby grave of Bathsheba Sherman was also vandalized by those believing the claims made by *The Conjuring*. Norma's world was turned upside-down and resulted in lawsuits against Warner Brothers and yet another deep dive into the history of the house that has inspired internet sleuths and historians alike, all in the hope of not just dispelling the myths surrounding the *Conjuring House* but also clearing the name of an innocent woman.

According to the urban legends surrounding the infamous farmhouse, there were at least two suicides by hanging, one suicide by poison, the rape and murder of an 11-year-old girl, two drownings, and four men freezing to death. Strangely enough, not only is there no evidence to support these claims but most of the historical documents we do have suggest a completely different narrative.

The first death that supposedly occurred on the property is that of Prudence Arnold, the young girl Lorraine Warren claimed was raped and murdered in the Arnold Estate's pantry. Prudence's murder is perhaps the best documented of the supposed deaths, known in the 19th Century as the Uxbridge Tragedy. According to Lorraine Warren, she died in the farmhouse in Harrisville, Rhode Island. However, we know that by the time Prudence was three years old (circa 1852), her parents had both died in Douglas, Massachusetts. Anan Richardson took her in as a foster child and lived in Uxbridge, Massachusetts (about ten miles north of the Arnold Estate). When she was 11, a 22-year-old man named William E. Knowlton murdered her on the second floor of Richardson's home. Prudence was found with her throat slit with a razor blade (nearly decapitating her). When asked why he had killed her, Knowlton claimed it was out of "love and jealousy." She had promised to marry him four months prior but then recanted. Despite the horrors surrounding this murder, there was never any evidence to support that Knowlton had raped Prudence before murdering her, making Lorraine's claims entirely off the mark.

The following death we see is that of Mrs. John Arnold, who supposedly hanged herself in the barn on the Perron's land when she was 93 years old.



The truth is that Mrs. Susan Richardson Arnold did hang herself in 1866, but in her own home when she was 50 years old and not 93. Her obituary appeared in the Pascoag Herald on April 13, 1866, and was reported again in the Evening Star on April 18, 1866. According to historical records, Mrs. Arnold put much thought into her death. She ended up hanging herself with a “very small cord” from a hook in a storeroom in her house but also had a loaded gun, a knife, and a vial of mercury nearby, just in case. When her husband found the door locked, he sensed something was wrong. According to the Pascoag Herald, he went “through a window into a shed roof and into another window” to reach the storeroom where his wife was hanging. This description alone shows that this did not match anywhere on the Harrisville farmhouse property.

The death of John A. Arnold (though not the husband of Susan Arnold) is thought to be the poisoning that supposedly occurred in the house. We have evidence that John poisoned himself—his obituary and the physician’s report claim that he took a dose of Paris green (a toxic substance used in paint); it also claims that he died in his home near Tarkiln, which is almost five miles from the farmhouse.



In these three instances, it seems as if anyone who died an unusual death immortalized in the Black Book of Burrillville with the name “Arnold” was placed on the Arnold Estate, whether or not there was any evidence of familial ties.

But Bathsheba Thayer Sherman is the one victim connected to The Conjuring and the Harrisville farmhouse that can't seem to escape the stigma placed upon her. According to House of Darkness, House of Light, Bathsheba is described as “Bitter. Vindictive. Hateful and Unholy.” The legend claiming Bathsheba was a baby-murdering witch in league with Satan seems to have started in the 1970s. There appears to be no evidence to support any of the claims against her.

We know that Bathsheba Sherman was born in 1812 and was the youngest child of Ephraim Thayer and Hannah Taft



(even though some claim that Bathsheba was born an Arnold, placing her in the house as a child, again, with no historical evidence). Bathsheba married Judson Sherman later in life (at the age of 32) in 1844 and moved to a farm just off Taft Road near Round Top Road. Together, they had four children—Julia, Edward, Herbert, and George. Sadly, only Herbert lived past infancy. Bathsheba spent her days running the Sherman farm, attended the local Baptist church, saw her only son marry in December 1880, remarried after Judson died in 1881, and died of a stroke (or a “sudden attack of paralysis” as her obituary read) in 1885. Bathsheba’s funeral was officiated by Reverend A.H. Granger from the Baptist church she had attended regularly and was buried in Riverside Cemetery (now Harrisville Cemetery). Her obituary never mentioned an accusation of witchcraft nor an inquest into the supposed death of a baby, though certainly, both those events would have been newsworthy. And it’s also important to note that if Bathsheba had been accused of witchcraft and ostracized by the Harrisville community, she would not have been buried in hallowed ground.

Despite the lack of historical evidence placing Bathsheba on the Arnold Estate and tying her to the devil and witchcraft, her grave continued to be desecrated and vandalized for years after the release of The Conjuring. Today, her gravestone has been removed due to so much damage, and several people connected with the Perron family and the Conjuring House have begun to speak out in the hopes of clearing her name. The Burrillville Historical Society hopes to one day restore the gravestone with a granite replacement.

While the legend of Bathsheba is nothing more than that—a legend that has damaged the reputation of an innocent woman—there is no denying that the Perrons spent a terrifying decade living in the Harrisville farmhouse (according to Andrea, only 1% of what happened to her family appears in the film). Today, the Conjuring House offers a safe environment for those curious about the house’s ghost stories to potentially experience the paranormal. They offer a variety of events and experiences ranging from daytime tours to paranormal investigations for novice and experienced investigators and even events with Andrea Perron in her childhood home. In addition to these unique events, as of 2022, the owner of the Conjuring House is trying to set the record straight regarding Bathsheba Sherman and the others wrongfully connected to the Arnold Estate.

It seems only fitting that one of Hollywood’s most frightening and successful horror films was inspired by one of the most haunted locations in the world. The tales surrounding the Perron family are enough to send a chill down even the staunchest skeptic’s spine. We will unlikely ever know why the Perrons were haunted, much less who (or what) was haunting them. Sadly, the sensationalism of Hollywood and the desire to tell a good story attempted to find a source for the family’s ghostly experiences, and Bathsheba Sherman became a voiceless victim. The Conjuring is an example of how much damage can be done when a person or a place is exploited for the sake of the almighty dollar.

Amanda X

HUBERT HOBUX & HIS HAUNTED HIGH HOUSE HIATUS

The exhibits are fascinating in the Ancient High House, worthy of lengthy study; expect to feel as though you are being examined too, though; something incorporeal was following me all over the upper floors.

September 2022: Whilst my Wandering Spirit Paranormal colleagues Sarah and Andy were fossil hunting on the Yorkshire coast, I chose to fill what would have been an idle weekend with a lone visit to the historic Stafford, the county town of Staffordshire.

Lucky enough to procure luxury lodging at the apparently very haunted Swan Hotel, I packed my overnight Gladstone bag. I headed for the reputedly ghost-ridden town of Stafford by diesel engine train, which disgorged me onto a typically grungy platform in the 1960ish brutalist construction. It does come with a haunted history as a railway enthusiasts forum recounted this singularly spectral travellers appearance:

A figure seen overnight at Stafford station when closed, seen on a platform, moved without using the bridges to the next island of platforms and glided without walking from one end of the platform to the other. The security guard was scared witless and threatened to leave his solitary post if anything else happened.

Exiting the station, I strolled into the floral splendour of Victoria Park, a verdant welcome for visitors since 1908 with the River Sow flowing through it. After a traumatic train journey, liquid refreshment was necessary [purely for medicinal purposes]. There are several apparent haunted drinking dens in this area. The most active one is 'The Noah's Ark', which became 'The Surgery' and is now a night club, comedy club, live music venue, and discotheque called 'Redrum' [which we all know is murder backwards] and is said by mediums to be haunted by a man who moves furniture about, aggressively barges into staff and makes "silent" calls to your mobile telephones whilst you are enjoying the entertainment and a woman is often heard weeping in the ladies toilets whilst they are empty.



Two Wetherspoon hostelries also offered an opportunely haunted drink. The Butler's Bell was possibly located on a Viking burial site, and loud shouts and banging had been reported emanating from the unoccupied cellars before the 'prison cell' themed pub re-opened and refurbished. The Picture House at the other end of town was an art deco cinema from 1914 until the 1990s, which still offers occasional

cinematic entertainment for the populace as the projection screen hangs on the stage area behind the bar, the projector room high in the balcony of the grandiose pleasure dome is the area that is haunted as apparently disembodied footsteps and voices are regularly heard in that part of the building accompanied by a reluctance from anyone living to approach the area.

What is it with old projectionists that brings them back in spirit to frequent their dark little domain in the afterlife? I seem to have spent more time investigating haunted projection rooms than Eskimos have eaten fish.

I enjoyed the cheap and friendly ambience of The Picture House before walking back to the town centre to secure my hotel reservation and upon taking up my stately accommodation at The Swan, I took a ramble around the compact but oddly labyrinthian streets attempting to find my bearings both geographically and sensually, stumbling across several quirkily unmolested inns, refreshingly caught in a time warp from the mid-1980s almost. Ye Olde Rose and Crown is the second oldest ale house in Stafford and with much character within which I experienced a definite static electric fuzz from close proximity with an invisible entity or other [this would be my return venue for tonight, I decided] not before I popped into The Soup Kitchen for Staffordshire Ham Sandwich and Chips. This place deserves a special mention not only because the staff make you feel very welcome it has an oft-reported poltergeist called Ethel who teasingly turns off hot plates, throws small ornaments about and has been observed walking across the foyer of the quaintly furnished emporium of sustenance. She also gets a little boisterous if she doesn't like the looks of you, apparently. I am happy to report that no ornaments were hurled at me. The food is wholesome and excellent value. I will definitely be back!

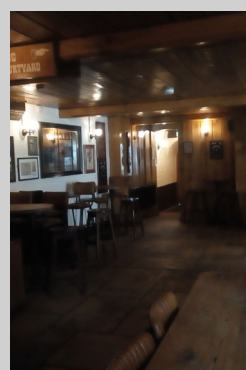
A rougher welcome was suffered though as soon as I returned to the Ye Olde Rose and Crown as I was on the receiving end of a phantom finger jab in the eye almost immediately upon waking in the place [this has happened to me a few times since getting ghost poked in the same eye at Howling Hill House some years back]. As I stood, dabbing at my running eye with a handkerchief in the bar area, I was told by the barman that the place is haunted, and whilst it may have been coincidental, an old regular to the pub who used to sit in that very corner actually passed away there. The barman [who was one of those 'I don't believe in ghosts but' sort] directed my attention to the portrait of an elderly, white-bearded, [maybe] Edwardian period gentleman

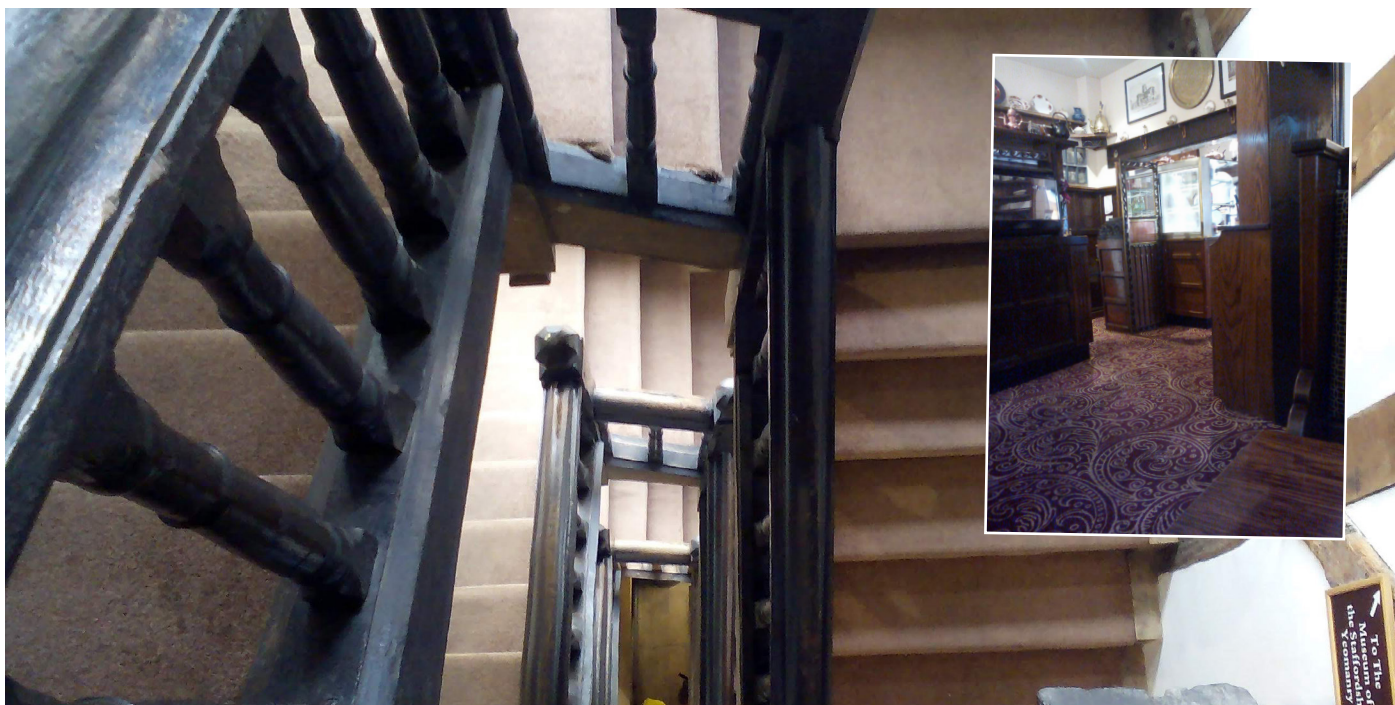
hanging on the back wall of the tap room and said that the framed painting always gave him the 'total creeps' and as we continued to chat about paranormal experiences I spotted the silhouette of someone large and shadowy cross the other side of the bar so I told the barman that he had another customer. He went over to check and said nobody was there, and the door hadn't even opened [we had been talking ghosts, and I find it usually brings them out].



I left Ye Olde Rose and Crown fortified by a foaming pint [or three] of Slumbering Monk. I took to my plush four-poster bed at my reputedly haunted hotel. The Swan Hotel is a four-hundred-year-old building that was once a busy Coaching Inn and is said to be beset with poltergeist activity; doors lock themselves, lights flick on and off in bedrooms, and items go missing and then turn up elsewhere, which is perhaps no wonder when you consider the historical foundations the place stands on starting life as a monastic college and built beside a murky pond which was used for witch ducking. There is said to be a tunnel that runs into the crypt of St Mary's Church behind the hotel. A priest hole found within contained human bones and the detritus of someone who once occupied said hole. The star attraction, though, is The White Lady Ghost, a desperate bride who hung herself in one of the bedrooms in grief after being rejected at the altar.

She haunted the hotel in the 1940s and 50s. Still, she made a startling appearance in the 1970s, when the then manager awoke in the dead of night to see her disconcertingly standing, silently watching him from the foot of his bed. Her presence was too much for one live-in chef who quit the hotel in anxiety of her regular interactions with staff members.





Sadly, I had the best night's sleep I'd had in a long time [potentially down to the Slumbering Monk]. There were no visitations, spirits, ghosts, or White Lady. However, I have, since my visit, found this comment about a haunted night a lady experienced as a guest at the hotel in 2019:

I have just spent 2 nights at the Swan Hotel in Stafford. I first stayed in room 204, which faces the front of the hotel. It was pretty noisy at night, but I felt uncomfortable like I was being watched. In the morning, I asked to be moved, so I was given room 211 at the back of the hotel facing St Mary's Church. I awoke around 1am as I felt as if I was being tucked up in bed, so I put on the light and then went to the bathroom. I assumed I had been dreaming. When I settled back down, just as I closed my eyes, I felt again like I was being tucked in bed and then felt something cold brush along my cheek and shoulder. I said Thank You. Then nothing, and I had a good night's sleep. I was told on departure about the two friendly ghosts which visit the rooms along the corridor of room 211 and also the not-so-lovely presence of something in the corridor of room 204.

The Swan is terraced alongside Stafford's Ancient High House Museum, a haunted museum I was off to once I'd breakfasted at The Swan. I made my way to the imposing wattle and daub, black and white timbered structure [it's the largest timber-framed townhouse in England, you know] and pondered whether the phantoms of that creaky old Tudor house had free reign to walk through the adjoining walls or not moving from hotel to museum and back again.

Strangely, I was hesitant as I crept up the wooden panelled staircases, a sense of foreboding came over me, and I paused on the first-floor landing, having to catch my breath in anticipation. A museum caretaker was doing his weekly fire alarm test that morning. He patiently explained the drill to those few of us who wandered inside early on, opening every door in the building to ensure the fire doors functioned correctly.

I found myself alone in the English Civil War Room admiring the spaced-out laid-back attitude of the Cavalier mannequins when I noticed that the door over the corridor that had previously been locked with a THIS ROOM IS NOT IN USE sign on it had been unlocked. I'd sensed something about this room prior and had pushed at the door to no avail. Still, I took a quick opportune peep in. It was just a junk room half filled with things draped in dust sheets when suddenly a cardboard box by the doorway flipped up as if someone had attempted to pick it up and then dropped it immediately. A gush of coldness flitted around the door. I literally jumped back as the fire alarm along the landing shrieked loudly. The door automatically closed itself, locking shut again!

The exhibits are fascinating in the Ancient High House and worthy of lengthy examination. However, do expect to feel like you are being watched, too. I felt that something incorporeal was following me all over the upper floors, primarily through the back room where the detailed models showing the house build in progression were. Apparently, the heavy oak doors on the top floor used to open and shut themselves, and a dark, tall shadowy silhouette of a person has often been seen.

At the furthest end of the museum, overhanging the narrow snicket that is Church Lane, is the Victorian room, which, as the name suggests, is filled with Victorian parlour furniture that felt quite thick with energy when I edged nervously in. You know, when you walk into a room and instantly get the sensation that someone is watching you, well, I think something, someone was sitting on a small wooden chair positioned strangely behind the door itself. I was slightly creeped out but thoroughly enjoyed my visit; I bade farewell to the ghosts and lovely museum staff and sought more Slumbering Monk to steady my shredded nerves.

Stafford is a great spooky town on the HHH scale [Hubert Hobux Haunted], which is hardly surprising with its lengthy history [Stafford had been a military stronghold and 'royal' mint for Queen Aethelflaed, daughter of Alfred the Great, who established the Burh of Stafford as a frontier post in the Mercian struggle against the Viking hordes, forming part of a chain of timber fortress defences which included Tamworth and Chester].

The area is definitely worth a visit to take in the haunted splendours of Shugborough Hall, Moat House, Weston Hall, Izaak Walton's Cottage, Stafford Shire Hall, Stafford Castle, nearby Cannock Chase and The Four Feathers Inn, to name but a few, if you spend a day, weekend, a week here this Summer, you won't be disappointed.

Check out <https://visitstafford.org/> for more info on Stafford, and don't forget to try the oat cakes [not as good as Derbyshire ones, but not bad]

Hubert.

RHODE ISLAND DREAD

July 2012, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, will forever be etched in my mind. It was the night I went to the **Slater/Wilkinson Mills**, and I've had nightmares ever since.



I was reviewing some EVPs [electronic voice phenomenon] when my phone rang it was fellow paranormal investigator and Demonologist friend of mine, Carl L. Johnson. It was always lovely hearing from Carl. He was a local historian at Slater/Wilkinson Mills and day, he would give historical tours to large groups of people who were interested in the machinery from back in the day to show how cotton was brought in, separated, cleaned and made into useful products like thread and materials but at night the mills turned into something much darker by night, Carl and his brother Keith gave paranormal tours through the buildings.

"This sparked my curiosity since I had just moved to North Providence, Rhode Island, only a year before; I had never heard of this place and wanted to come over and investigate it. Carl said to come over, so I packed up my equipment, laptop, and sage, said a quick protection prayer, and drove over. The paranormal evidence I was working on would have to wait another night."

When I arrived, a young man called James Anntito introduced himself. He was studying under Carl and Keith for paranormal investigating and Demonology. I thought to myself how cool to be that young and train under these two pioneers in the field.



I must admit, the anticipation of investigating and exploring these massive mills was building up, and I couldn't wait to get in there. I pulled Carl to the side and mentioned that I needed 10 minutes to read about this place to know what happened here; he said: "No need, I made a movie of this place."

Great! I thought to myself, easy night tonight. WRONG!

Slater Mill is a historic textile mill complex on the banks of the Blackstone River in Pawtucket, Rhode Island. Modeled after cotton spinning mills first established in England, the Slater Mill is the first water-powered cotton spinning mill in North America to utilize the Arkwright system of cotton spinning as developed by Richard Arkwright.

Samuel Slater, the mill's founder, apprenticed as a young man from Derbyshire, England, with was hired by Moses Brown of Providence, Rhode Island, to produce a working set of machines necessary to spin cotton yarn using water power. The machines and a dam, waterway, waterwheel, and mill were completed in 1793. Slater initially hired children and families to work in his mill. The cotton spinning continued until 1895, after which the mill was used for various industrial uses until 1923. Although the building had suffered numerous fires in the past, two

occurred in 1912, which precipitated awareness of the building and the need for its preservation, and in 1955, it opened as a museum.

Children aged 7 to 12 were the first employees of the mill; Slater personally supervised them closely. The first child workers were hired in 1790. There is mention of a "whipping room" but from his experience working in the mills, it is doubtful that Slater resorted to physical punishment, relying instead on a system of fines or having his foremen or older boys that worked in the mills deal out the discipline. He provided company-owned housing nearby and company stores; he sponsored a Sunday school where college students taught the children reading and writing.

"Wow, this sounded great for that time period," I heard someone whisper a few chairs down from mine. "Nothing is ever as great as it seems; if it's too good to be true, that there's something wrong," I thought to myself.

The children were also made to climb into the cotton machines while running to fix anything that may have been broken while in use. They had to quickly get out of the machine before the large teeth clamped shut. Some made it out; some did not. Some even lost limbs.

If the children became out of control, the foreman would get the older boys to help keep them in line by any means necessary. Sometimes the punishment reflected upon the whole family, not just the child.

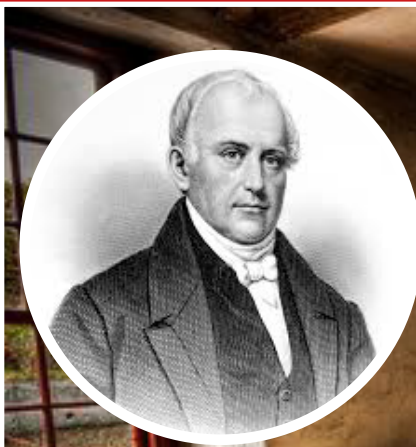
Samuel Slater decided to hire women to work in the mills to help control the children. This didn't settle well with the men that worked the mills. They believe that a woman's place was at home cooking and cleaning. As time went on, some of the men would sexually harass and abuse the women that worked in the cotton-spinning areas.

"As the movie continued, all I could do was shake my head in disbelief at how people were treated back then, and I couldn't wait to dive into all the leftover horror and despair that was still thick, like a dark cloud hovering right below us."

I looked over at James and suggested that we head downstairs and set up before the rest of them; maybe we might catch something while it's quiet, so we descended the old wooden spiral back staircase next to the ropes that pulled the massive work bell. As soon as we got down a couple of steps, the dense air changed in temperature and dropped 10 degrees lower.

All the hair on my arms and the back of my neck stood up. James was ahead of me and turned around; looking sheet white, he whispered, "I don't think we are alone anymore" I grabbed my MEL meter with a built-in K-2 meter to quickly catch a reading. It spiked! "James,"... I said. "you're right. Someone is here with us on the stairwell; I'm doing an EVP session"... I reached in and grabbed the recorder out of my jacket pocket to do a REAL TIME EVP blast. I put on my headset, held it up, and turned it on. "Who is here with us in this stairway?" "We can feel you trying to move past us. Can you tell us your name?" we waited a minute and played the recording back. A male spirit came over the recording snarling his words, "There you two are, get back to work, or you won't eat"...

We looked at each other and looked down the spiral staircase into the darkness, "I'm not going down there alone or without some sort of protection, forget that" I said to James. "Did you feel that energy? It's like a thick black tar". James said, "Don't worry, I have prayers, some holy water, and sage; we will be ok" I chuckled at all of his words, mostly because I've never seen any of that really work with my own two eyes, but I guess it's what one believes in. I was speaking more along the lines of the Ark of the Covenant or the Holy Grail type protection but "trust the process," people always say. As we made our way downstairs, we could hear the people moving around and talking loudly from the floor above us; the more we climbed down, the faint whispers of their voices seemed to disappear into quiet, muffled sounds.



I said, "Did you tell Carl or Keith we were going down here?" James responded, "Nope"... Oh boy, I thought to myself, they will find us eventually and kill us later. The Slater mill area was a long building with different sections and machines that are now museum pieces. The smell of old oil and old electric wiring filled the air. The mill was updated over the years and still used up until the 1960s. There were huge cotton bins still filled with unpicked cotton pushed off into the corners, rows of old machines lined up close to each other filled with razor-sharp teeth used to grab and pull cotton apart, old dressed-up mannequins wearing period clothing standing in the darkness next to different machines; I didn't like them, they gave the impression of not being alone to a whole new level. It was pitch black, with only the red light glowing from the EXIT sign above the door to the museum.

"Let's set up here," James said... It was out of the way of the group if they ever made their way downstairs. I could feel the energy that swirled around us, spirits that were curious why we were there, other souls that were still working like nothing had happened to them. We unpacked our heavy case that carried everything we would need and placed the equipment on an old worktable. We set up different recorders and sensitive light-changing equipment all around the mill and on

different machines. We set up a few night vision cameras and were ready to start. I grabbed my recorder and headset to record more REAL time and made my way through the darkness. "Is anyone here?"

I asked out loud, "Yes," was hissed back to me. "What do you want?" a male voice came through. "I'd like to ask you why you are here?"...I said loudly. No response, but my night vision camera at the other end of the mill went flying off the machine it was on. My eyes became wide in disbelief. "James, did you see that?" I turned to look at him; he was already reaching into his bag to grab his protection. We walked down to the other end to pick up the night vision camera to see if it was broken and what was on it. Did it capture what hit it off the machine? All of a sudden, a scream so loud came across the recorder I was holding. "I WANT MY MOMMA" from a child spirit that had experienced such terror; her scream carried across time to be heard 200yrs later. It went right through me and into my soul. I wonder what happened to that child, how the feeling of wanting to help them and the feeling of helplessness because I could not, and it overwhelmed me. This place had just too much despair, and I needed to keep reminding myself that there was nothing I could do.



James was walking around the mill saying prayers and trying to bring some peace to the children's spirits that were still there. I don't know if it was helping them, but hearing the lord's prayer was sure helping me. "Why are you here? Came over the voice recorder. To me, it sounded like a male voice. "I want to know your name," I said in response. This is not an ordinary spirit we have encountered, this is an intelligent male spirit, and he wants answers. "Hank," he whispered back.

Hank was the name of the foreman that Samuel Slater hired to work his mill. He wasn't a friendly man, according to the diaries of those who worked with him. He was quick to strike first and didn't want women in his area. I heard Carl and Keith coming down the front stairs with the group, and I was happy with the evidence we had captured so far. While I started walking away from the area the spirit "Hank" was, I felt something take a swipe at my back. It scratched me on my lower back and hip area. "don't you walk away from me," snarled Hank's spirit as it came through the voice recorder.



When Carl and Keith entered the mill, they turned the lights on to look at my injury. I had evident red scratch marks forming. I covered up quickly when the group gathered around, asking what had happened. We lied; no need to get everyone into a panic. Carl and Keith turned off the lights and continued with the ghost tour and I looked out of the window, lost in thought about what had just happened when SUDDENLY a small child-like cry could be heard, muffled at first, but it kept getting louder. I looked at Carl and said, "Do you hear that?" he said, "Yes, but I don't know where it's coming from" I took off the headset I was wearing and noticed the group hearing it too but where was it coming from?

One of the women in the group looked down at the floor and said, "It's coming from underneath this bin filled with cotton" "That's impossible," said Carl in disbelief. "No one can get down there". He walked over to the bin and rolled it over to the window to show a trap door on the floor. The voice was coming from inside and under the floorboards. Keith and Carl grabbed the handles on the trap door and lifted them open. A blast of icy air came bellowing up from below; the old wooden stairs that went down were unstable. It led to the river that ran underneath the mill. One could not go crawling around down there and get out with ease. The fear of being kept down there as a punishment was overwhelming. There is no proof it was used as a means of discipline to the children that worked there, but it wouldn't surprise me if it weren't.

As the group gathered around the opening of the trapped door, Carl and Keith asked aloud if there was any spirit still here and if they wanted to talk to us. A woman standing in the crowd said she could feel a child holding her hand;

it was freezing cold. Carl took out his temperature gauge and the laser beam from the gun zapped her hand and took a reading. It was 20 degrees colder than the other hand. Everyone stood in shock and asked the children to hold or touch their hands. Some people were saying that their pant legs were being tugged upon.

As lovely as it was to have a playful, child-like spirit interacting with us, I still couldn't shake the feeling that something sinister had happened to them and other people who worked here. Carl and Keith told everyone to break off into smaller groups so we could walk around and do our own little paranormal investigations. Nothing appeared to be happening, and it got peaceful as the air stood still; suddenly, a loud BOOM sounded off and echoed throughout the mill. The smell of smoke filled the air, but there was no fire. The group ran outside to be safe, and nothing was on fire. Was this a haunting of the fires that took place in the mill all those years ago?

Wilkinson Mill was known for being the 1st working mill that used a steam power engine. It was built in 1810. On the 1st floor was a working machine shop. This mill designed working parts for Slater Mill and other textile mills in the Blackstone River Valley. This mill was powered by a very large water wheel located at the bottom of the Wilkinson mill.

It was told to our group that others have felt cold spots near the machines, shadow spirits walking around, and hostility towards the women by scratching them. It was known that one of the younger boys playing on the water wheel fell and had his leg shattered, only later to pass away from his injuries. Another man working on the water wheel fell, was pinned by it, and drowned.

As the group started breaking off again into smaller groups to ask their questions, I felt the need to leave, but I knew I needed to stay. I don't believe the male spirits wanted us females in their area, so I walked down to the wheel area to do a reading. I needed to change things up; something was messing with me here.

I walked down the spiral staircase located in the back of the machine shop. The large door was open to the water wheel, so I walked into the area. The large thick wooden door shut behind me, and I was trapped in the water wheel area. The other door outside was locked with a padlock, and there was no way out. I tried to call Carl, but I had no signal. The mill walls were about 3ft thick, and a feeling of doom came over me, thinking to myself, I'm not going to be able to get out of here, and I also felt that I wasn't alone as it felt like whatever spirit that was messing with me upstairs has followed me down here and now has trapped me in here with it. The only way I'm going to hear it coming is to turn on the voice recorder; maybe I can talk to it and find out what it wants from me. I could hear Carl, Keith, James, and the group upstairs, so I called for them very loudly, no answer.

I then turned and asked, "Spirit, why are you bothering me?" no response. I asked again, "Who is in here with me?" a male voice responded, "I am"... I'm used to being scared or a bit nervous going on paranormal investigations, but at this point, I'm in the dark, locked under the mill with a nasty male spirit that hates women, and I can't see him or fight him. This went beyond all of that. I was terrified!

"What do you want from me? Go away and leave me alone!!!" I yelled at this male spirit. A sinister laughter filled the room. I felt pressure around my neck, like I was being grabbed. I could feel a hand trying to slide up my shirt and between my legs. I felt a hand over my mouth. Whatever was going on, I was being messed with in a bad way. I started screaming and screaming and suddenly the door opened, and Carl grabbed me by the hand and pulled me out. James and Keith ran around me with holy water and sage to eliminate whatever evil spirit came forth. The women in the group took me over to the bench and asked if I was ok; they could hear me screaming.

My clothes were ripped, and I had a huge handprint over my mouth, like I was slapped or made to keep quiet. I had more scratches on my back and now on my lower arms. Did a ghost just assault me?

Among the ladies in our group was a psychic medium. Her name was Robyn Marie. She sat down next to me and told me how the women were treated here and how it went unreported back in the 18th & 19th centuries. Times were different back then. Men who worked these mills didn't want the women coming in and taking their jobs. They had no respect for them. As time passed, rules were enforced, and the abuse of women and children ended.



There was one more building to go into and

investigate. I wanted to leave and never return, but I knew the evidence I would collect here would forever change this historical location. After sitting for what seemed like forever, I stood on shaky legs and walked toward the **Sylvanus Brown House**. This house wasn't a part of the mill area in the 1700-1800s. The house was located down the road, about a mile away. It was later moved and relocated to Mill Park in the 1960s. It stood beside Sylvanus Brown's carpenter shop near Interstate 95. The house was initially built in 1758. It was roughly stated that 12 people or more lived in this small two-story home.

The whole group squeezed into the home and needed to spread out quickly because the July heat was overwhelming. There were no windows to move the air around, so Keith propped and opened the main door. The inside was very primitive, with a fireplace in every room. The ceilings were built lower to keep the heat from rising; the kitchen table held one small half-burned candle, and a white hand-stitched cloth covered the table. A small cradle was in the corner of the room, either made for a doll or used for an infant while the mother was cooking. The next room across from the kitchen was a bedroom with a queen size bed made from wood, rope, and a straw-filled mattress; a dry sink was in the corner with a wash basin and pitcher sitting on top. The next room had a very large spinning loom and other household items used for everyday living. I felt a different type of energy in this house. It was filled

with memories of love, sadness, happiness, and everything a family experiences. I was comfortable here. I wasn't afraid in here.

We gathered around the kitchen table, and some of us sat on the floor while Keith and Carl started the group investigation. We got our equipment out and were expecting the unexpected to happen. Carl started to play a recording from a music box to communicate with a small child spirit. She went by the name Sara and was seen and heard quite often in the house. As Sara's spirit came forward, she was playful and filled with wonder. She liked the music box and the toys others had left behind. She enjoys playing games outside as well. I caught Sara talking to me on the voice recorder, asking if she could wash my long dark hair down by the river. From what history claims, Sara was one of the younger daughters of the Brown family, and one day, when she was playing outside, she wandered down by the Blackstone River, fell in, and drowned. Her spirit wasn't stuck here; she chose to stay according to others who investigated before us. She was happy...

As the night was ending and the wee hours of Sunday morning came creeping in, the investigation was closing. Everyone looked tired and drained. I looked like and felt like I was dragged behind a truck through town. I had some serious battle wounds from entities I couldn't see that would stay with me for the rest of my life. I don't talk much about this experience since I still can't understand everything. Still, I wanted to share this experience with everyone so people know that paranormal investigation isn't all fun and games, and people can and will get hurt.

As I look back now after all these years have passed, my heart breaks that I couldn't help save any of the children's spirits that are still stuck there, and if I'm ever asked to return, I'll never go back. This is one of 3 locations that have scared me into never returning.

Ryleigh Black

You can find out much more about the history of Slater Mill, Wilkinson Mill & Sylvanus Brown House by visiting:

<https://www.nps.gov/blrv/>





Ashley Knibb

@ashleyknibb

Although by day I work in IT, at night I investigate and write about the paranormal. Catch my current blog post at ashleyknibb.com!

Hertfordshire, UK ashleyknibb.com

THE PARANORMAL POPULARITY PARADOX

Can paranormal fame make you untrustworthy?

Dakota Laden @DakotaLa... · 27/02/2023 ...
 Going to need ALL the love and support I can get in the coming weeks 🤞🙏

Rally the troops. It's about to get wild...
[#DestinationFear](#)

357 380 3,757 125K

Dakota Laden @DakotaLa... · 03/03/2023 ...
 Did Zak Bagans CANCEL Destination Fear?
[#DestinationFear](#)



Dakota Laden @DakotaLaden ...
[#DestinationFear](#) + [#GhostHunters](#) 🧛

THURSDAY we join the [#TAPS](#) team for an investigation!!!

DON'T MISS OUR FINAL CABLE TV APPEARANCE EVER @[discoveryplus](#) @[travelchannel](#)



18:01 · 10/04/2023 · 92.1K Views

413 Retweets 26 Quotes 4,773 Likes 26 Bookmarks

If you are, like me, someone passionate about the paranormal, you could not have missed the recent explosive statements made by some paranormal celebrities. Something which started with Dakota Laden and the Destination Fear team but spread to some hard-hitting statements from Nick Groff, which caused great controversy across the paranormal field. Well, across the paranormal entertainment field, perhaps. Still, whilst watching these 'statements,' I was beginning to find myself divided over the situation.

I have never been on TV for anything paranormal and certainly never been a part of a featured team on one of the shows, so I understand that I do not comprehend what it's like to be in that environment. In fact, my original, somewhat biased opinion of paranormal TV personalities was that they must be simply faking it for the ratings. After all, the logic is sound; if the ratings are good and the viewers are there, they continue to get paid. However, that opinion was forced to change when I met Brian Cano for the first time. Here was a gentleman who was passionate and knowledgeable about the paranormal yet had appeared on **Haunted Collector**. I was forced to rethink my clear bias toward paranormal TV personalities, which was lucky as I have encountered a few others over the years.

However, just because a choice few had me rethink my position does not mean I was entirely wrong. This has been confirmed several times over by specific reports of TV personalities attempting to investigate locations but causing more damage than good because they make rash unsupported statements about the potential source of a haunting. We find ourselves in a time when paranormal TV personalities are

seen as experts in their field. So much so that the public would instead reach out to them than reach out to an organisation like ASSAP or the SPR, who have years of experience, sound methods and academic support. The TV show approach has become the understood norm so much now that when people reach out for help, they have become expectant of the format they see on TV.

As such, whether some of us like it or not, TV shows and even ones found on platforms like YouTube have become the normality associated with the paranormal. For many who begin their paranormal intrigue as a hobby, the possibility of making that hobby their living is seen as an avenue they could pursue. When I first started my own overnight investigations with my paranormal friends years ago, my sister and I had the idea to film them and produce a series. My sister works in TV, so she knows the process. However, due to other life commitments, this was a path we never really followed completely, which is good because I prefer writing to appearing in front of the camera.

Since those early days for me, we have seen a relative explosion of paranormal TV shows hitting our screens, which have now elevated from Social Media platforms to lesser-known channels to more prominent channels like The Travel Channel and Discovery Plus. In fact, with the advent of streaming channels and the desire for more diverse content, the opportunity for paranormal TV shows is probably better than ever. However, like major drama series, these will only run for a while as they need to keep them fresh. That said, there are a few that remain constant. Perhaps it is this that partly fuels the fire in these recent online statements.



Home



Explore



Notifications



Messages



Bookmarks



Lists



Profile



More

Tweet

“Usually, I keep myself to myself and only focus on my paranormal research and writing so that I would have left these ‘paranormal spats’ well alone. The problem is that this kind of thing places us off course as a paranormal community. There is good work, proper research, and genuinely passionate people in the field, but these things greatly overshadow that with ego and controversy. So, considering that I may have it all wrong, I investigated this a little and was quite surprised.”

Let us begin with the conflicting and controversial claims bouncing around the Socials. Let’s dive right in with the claim that Zak Bagans has been responsible for forcing the cancellation of several paranormal TV shows, including Destination Fear, The Holzer Files, and Paranormal Lockdown, to name a few. While we cannot rule out the possibility that one person may have the power to do such a thing, I must follow the limited evidence available here. Dakota Laden clearly stated on Twitter on the third of March 2023 that Bagans did not ‘shut down Destination Fear’ or call the Network to make this happen. Whilst Nick Groff does claim it was Bagans that forced Paranormal Lockdown to be cancelled, this proceeds with the statement ‘I believe,’ which means he has no evidence to support this definitively. However, this does not mean he’s wrong about it. I contacted other sources to gather more information, but they were unwilling to go on the record, which is a real shame. However, those sources indicated that cancelling a few shows was a business decision. A point that Dakota Laden confirmed in his Twitter statement. Equally, these things are often business decisions with more than one determining factor. For example, more than good ratings is needed to keep a show running. Sometimes it can be as simple as budget; where several shows are running, a budget cut could mean a lack of finances to fund a show. There could be many factors at play to reason why a show could be cancelled beyond the opinion of one individual.

There is, of course, one angle here that could support Groff’s statement. He and Bagans created Ghost Adventures, worked on the original show together and evolved the concept. They were, at some point, colleagues at least, perhaps even friends. As with many ‘groups’ in the public eye, their split and different directions have left them with unresolved differences. All this could be the reason for the behaviour indicated by Groff, or it could be Groff’s perception of the events. This provides a straightforward question; is this Groff highlighting the poor unprofessional behaviour of Bagans to the community, or is he throwing his hat into the ring for the top spot?

I wanted to understand this a little more, so I sent a question on Twitter myself. I wondered if others thought that some people were hindering the advancements of others within the paranormal to push themselves forward. I received some interesting comments, albeit only a few. Some are clearly bored

with the subject but believe it to be a widespread issue. Access Paranormal made a valid point in my mind: “Those wise enough in the paranormal community would see it as a battle of entertainment programs. Those in the public eye may not be able to distinguish the difference. Those doing the research wouldn’t even notice.”

This is a similar understanding to my own initially, as usually I would not even notice and would focus on my research, leaving the paranormal TV programmes to fight it out. Sarah Chumacero made a hugely valid point, highlighting that this is not just a paranormal community problem; “It is human nature, sadly. I’ve seen it in the paranormal and various professional fields I have worked in over the years. It feels amplified in the paranormal field, but it is everywhere!”

However, as the Twitter comments may suggest, this is more than just an issue encountered by those in American paranormal TV programmes. I spoke to Danny Moss about his thoughts on the matter, and he indicated that he had experienced this in the UK himself. Expressing that he felt that his own progression was hindered by a specific individual, who also ‘bad-mouthed’ him to producers. It would not be the first time I heard of one person talking negatively about another in the paranormal field. Something which is a real shame, as there is just no need for it. I have been made aware of others’ negative comments about me in the past, which provided a potential understanding of why I may have lost touch with a few of my paranormal friends.

Again though, similarly to those I contacted in the States, few would go on record about this subject: the simple common denominator, fear of losing the contract they were currently signed up to. It is fair enough; it is not good business practice to speak negatively of something that may equally implicate your employer. Such things could see your employment terminated in any job. Something that also may provide a little truth to what Groff has been saying. Especially if you’re focused full-time on creating paranormal content, you will lose your livelihood if you lose that contract.

The Destination Fear team, or Project Fear as they are becoming known now, decided to tackle the cancellation of their show in a slightly new way.

Dakota Laden @DakotaLa... · 27/02/2023 ...
Going to need ALL the love and support I can get in the coming weeks 🤍🙏

Rally the troops. It's about to get wild...
#DestinationFear

357 380 3,757 125K

Dakota Laden Retweeted

Kris Williams @KrisWilliams ...

@DakotaLaden - you guys are killing it! 🤍👻

If you love the #DestinationFear crew, show 'em some love.

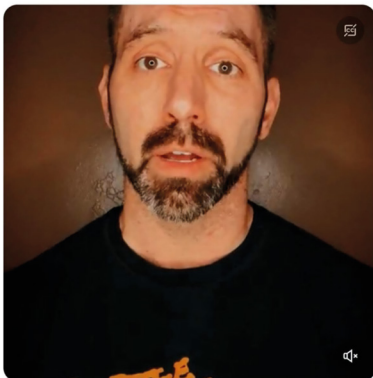
Dakota Laden @DakotaLaden · 19/03/2023

#DestinationFear has been CANCELED... 📺

youtu.be/m49_Jb-V3Sw

17:59 · 19/03/2023 · 34.9K Views

Nick Groff @NickGroff_ · 19/03/2023 ...
IT'S TIME FOR THE TRUTH



Dakota Laden Retweeted

Elizabeth Saint @ElizabethSaint_ ...

Make sure to support! Project Fear by Dakota Laden — Kickstarter



kickstarter.com
Project Fear

Dakota Laden Retweeted

Amy Bruni @amybruni ...

This is the future y'all! Love these folks and I know they will kill it 🤍

Dakota Laden Retweeted

Shane Pittman @StarringShane ...

I've known this crew for a while and know how great they are. So proud of them. If you haven't already, please go and support them. #ProjectFear

Although it could be said, it's more of an older approach, returning to YouTube. However, to help them fund their paranormal adventure's next phase, they set up a Kickstarter page asking their fans to support them. This would be known as Project Fear and received tremendous support from the paranormal community. In a short period of time, Kickstarter had banked a remarkable two hundred thousand dollars and was continuing to grow.

This approach placed me in a position where I admired the team for finding a way to continue to do what they are passionate about and deliver content their fans enjoy. However, on the other hand, it's a real shame that people are willing to fund entertainment with so much money, but if this were a piece of research, their appetite to back the project would be considerably less. To provide some contrasting numbers regarding psychical research, the Society for Psychical Research supports individual and postgraduate university projects. However, a successful grant from the SPR will typically provide you with no more than £7,000. Imagine the serious research that could be done with £200k. Equally, imagine the study in other areas, such as Cancer Research, which could be achieved with that sum of money. I am not knocking what the Project Fear team have acquired here; simply highlighting the greater value in what they have achieved and hope they realise that with these funds comes great responsibility. They have the freedom to push the boundaries and truly take those backers on a journey with them. It would be fantastic if they could expand their previous format to change both field research and paranormal entertainment for good. I would personally like to talk to them about their plans for Project Fear and their paranormal research in the future.

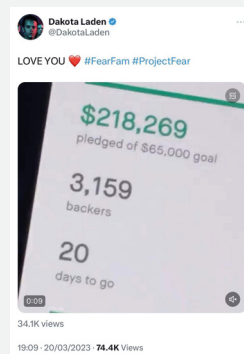
This has already sparked interest amongst other shows that have since been cancelled, as I saw a Tweet from Dave Schrader asking if anyone would be willing to donate to a Crowd Source fund like Dakota's. After being posted for three hours, a tweet seen thirteen thousand times was liked six hundred times and its hundred plus comments. Perhaps this is to be the future of paranormal entertainment; appear on a TV series for a couple of seasons, then use the popularity gained from that to kickstart your own fan-backed project that allows you to break away from the Network constraints and those big ego's that focus on rating rather than the paranormal answers we all seek. The question then

becomes; are the serious ghost hunters, the self-funded serious researchers, happy with this approach when it could mean that bias and fraud could slip in to keep those likes up and the funding coming in. Granted, I could be tarring all with the same brush, but I fear it is a valid point.

While I respect Project Fear and others in the field for finding ways to break away from the normal progression to TV and find their own funding, I am still struggling with the numbers in this story. So, fans of Destination Fear have stumped up £200k plus to help the team continue to deliver their content. According to the Project Fear Kickstarter page, they will provide their fans with four domestic road trips and one international road trip. It would also mean the team could begin setting their project up as a "self-sustaining show."

Looking for more information on what this kind of money would mean for psychical research, I spoke to Dr Callum Cooper, Senior Lecturer in Psychology at the University of Northampton. Cooper suggested that £200k may provide two to three PhD candidates to collect data on important research projects. Those candidates would be able to gain their doctorates, and in turn, about twelve or so peer-reviewed papers, various articles, and conference talks could be produced. It could equate to three- or four years' worth of funding between two or three people. There is no disrespect to Laden and the team or anyone considering doing something similar in the paranormal entertainment field. Still, I think I know where I would rather invest my money.

This article started by looking at the recent social media explosion from comments by Dakota Laden and Nick Groff; and the belief that some in the paranormal entertainment industry may be hindering the advancements of others. However, other than Groff's comments on Twitter, I struggled to find anyone to substantiate the claims towards Zak Bagan on this occasion.



Dakota Laden Retweeted



Chelsea Laden
@ChelseaLaden

Welp!

Safe the say the #FearFam are a bunch of rockstars! ⭐

I never thought an international trip would be possible with our new project, but that is our next stretch goal! 🤔

!! AMAZING !!

#ProjectFear

Thank you for all of your support 🙏



kickstarter.com
Project Fear

Dakota Laden Retweeted



Aaron Sagers
@aaronagers

Not surprised by how this is going but super impressed and happy for my #ProjectFear friends.

Dakota Laden Retweeted



MiParacon
@miparacon

#MiParacon #ProjectFear #DestinationFear #Paranormal



Dakota Laden
@DakotaLaden

Our goal is to start releasing #ProjectFear episodes by end of June 🤖

CAN WE HIT 100K SUBSCRIBERS BY JUNE??? GO SUBSCRIBE NOW!



However, Danny Moss did indicate that this was a real thing in the UK. It does not surprise me as the entertainment world and sometimes business often has similar characters that may be seen to command the script. Thinking of the industry I work in, Steve Jobs and Mark Zuckerberg spring to mind.

I would also like to add that in the realm of paranormal TV shows, if you manage more than two seasons, you have done well and been extremely lucky, especially as so many fail to be renewed after their first and only season. There may be some prominent characters out there calling the shots on who goes and who stays on our televisions, but that could equally be the need for more viewers.

One thing I have discovered while writing this article is how much a group like Project Fear can make to help continue their show. However, knowing what that money could fund regarding academic research is a huge eye-opener. Whilst entertainment is great, surely education is far better. Equally, plenty of good solid research to drive the field of parapsychology forward is a must, especially when we often hear how little the field has advanced. However, I am a realist and know how much people find their entertainment necessary. Hence the success of Project Fear.

Still, as someone passionate about the advancements of psychical research, I would like to see a balance between entertainment and serious research. It would be good to see more documentaries that work, like Netflix's Surviving Death. Perhaps Laden is correct, and the platform for all this is YouTube, away from the control of Network producers, which could work if we do not fall victim to the need for excessive likes.

What do you, the viewers, want to see? More importantly, do you trust that the delivered content genuinely represents genuine psychical research, or do you disregard it as entertainment based on a subject you are interested in?

Ultimately, whether a paranormal TV show is cancelled or moves to YouTube means little in the grand scheme of things. If we are to advance the paranormal truly, then we need to do the work, the fundamental research, and find real answers. Proving that you can spend the night in a darkened, purported haunted location does not answer the hard questions of psychical research. Odd unexplained noises and visions of strange shadows lack the quantitative and qualitative data to support survival after death. We need a paradigm shift to find answers to these complex questions truly. Without such a shift, we will continue to follow this Groundhog Day of investigation approaches dictated to many by TV shows without genuinely seeking something more.

As you read this, you may disagree with me or agree; either way, next time you attend an investigation, think about what you are doing differently. More importantly, see if you can implement something different within your investigation. If you do, I would certainly like to hear about it. Let us start a movement; let us all try something a little different and find more ways to move away from the approaches intrinsically linked to paranormal TV shows. If some of the paranormal celebrities see beyond the apparent reactive response methods used today, we could see that shift on our screens, too. There could be less trust paradox associated with being a little famous.

Ashley K

OWEN STATON'S SELECTION OF SUPERNATURAL SOIRÉES



There have been five times in my life where I'm convinced I've seen a ghost. Five times, I feel that something from beyond the world we inhabit has decided to attempt to interact with me. These encounters have varied in length and intensity, but all have left me shaken and unnerved well beyond the moment. I am, however, still sceptical about the existence of ghosts, but I find myself often unable to explain the contrary satisfactorily.

Delving into the dark recesses of my own experiences in an attempt to justify why someone such as myself have been lucky enough to be gifted with these encounters has brought me to a simple conclusion. Actively seeking the supernatural very rarely reveals it. The Supernatural is happy to show itself in places and at times where it is least expected. In short, looking for ghosts rarely gives you ghosts.

The first of the three instances I will indulge you with today occurred in the dark of the Swansea Valley on a still summer night in 2005. At the time, I was a couple of years into my career as a police officer and was tasked with helping to keep the peace in an area where it is very rarely unkept. Driving up the darkened valley toward the Brecon Beacons, with my partner soundly asleep in the passenger seat, I rounded a corner and approached an old breeze block bus stop on the right-hand side. Now, the time was just after 3am, and the sun was starting to peak its weary head above the mountains to my right when I noticed

an old lady standing at the bus stop, watching the car approach.

As I have gotten older, I have noticed that I have often found it difficult to lay in bed past daybreak, but I have never felt the urge to catch a bus at 3am. I slowed the car and looked at the lady, who was dressed somewhat akin to how I remember elderly ladies dressing when I was a child, with a housecoat and apron to the fore. She slowly lifted her right arm and waved to the car as if she was hailing the bus that may or may not pass in around four hours.

“I looked at her, and she looked at me. Our eyes locked, and I felt a shiver down my spine. I, of course, did not stop and rather irresponsibly just drove on by heading up the valley.”

Moments later, my conscience got the better of me, and I stopped the car and awoke my colleague with a gentle but urgent shove. I quickly explained what I had seen and was urged by my workmate to return to the bus stop as there may have been, in his words, “An actual old lady needing police help at the bus stop.” Of course, on our return moments later, we nervously explored the surrounding area and found no sign of the lady or evidence of her ever having been there. This was the first in a series of brief encounters with which I have had

the dubious pleasure of being associated over the years and one which profoundly affected me moving forward.

Before I describe the second such encounter, I must also tell you that as my colleague and I tentatively searched the area with our torches, a car pulled up alongside us filled with four young people who asked me for directions to a local castle. When I queried why they were heading there at such a late hour, they immediately replied that they were “looking for ghosts.” See, even the supernatural has a sense of humour sometimes.

The second encounter had the dubious honour of occurring within my home and had the most profound and lasting effect on me.

It happened in the autumn of 2009 when I was spending some time at home due to a broken leg that I had managed to achieve whilst filming a scene on a well know supernatural drama of the time. Before I describe the incident, I must point out that my home is a relatively new dwelling, having only been in place for around twenty years, and we have been the only inhabitants, having bought it from new.

My bathroom sits at the top of the stairs, with a bedroom to the right and a bedroom to the left. There is also a small office room next to the main bedroom on the left, which is important to the geography of this encounter. On the day in question, I was in the bathroom, and

it was around 1pm. I had just finished the purpose of my visit and was leaving the room using the crutches, which were my means of transport at the time. I hobbled out of the room to the top of the stairs when a sudden movement to my left caught my eye.

Emerging from the main bedroom and travelling across the corridor into the small office room was a small

girl of no more than three years old. Her journey only lasted seconds, but it has resonated with me to this day. Her hair was shoulder length and dark, and her eyes were darker still. I thought she was blind, for her pupils did not seem to react to anything, but she moved with purpose, slowly turning her head in my direction. She wore a sort of two-piece, what I would describe as pyjamas which seemed like something I would have worn as a child in the seventies. I looked at her, and she stared at me, and within what must have only been seconds, she slowly walked into the office room and vanished.

I can remember standing there doing up my belt with no emotional reaction to what I saw when suddenly my heart started to beat until I thought it would burst from my chest. As quick as my crutches could carry me (quite slowly), I hobbled down the corridor and slowly peered into the office room with more than a small hint of trepidation. Apart from the usual detritus, there was, of course, nobody there.

This encounter has had a serious, long-lasting effect on me. I have spent long hours wondering who or what the spectre was and why it chose to show itself to me in the middle of the day on that day in 2009. For a while, it unnerved me, but it seemed nothing if not benign, and as I sit here writing this in the room where it vanished, it has not really affected how I view my home or where I live, but it sure as Hell made me broaden my horizons and open my imagination and mind to the possibilities of there being something



deeper just inches away from us. She did not seem familiar, yet I felt incredibly strongly that I had met her before.

“It was a true brief encounter, and she has never shown herself to me again. I often wonder why.”

Why do spirits choose this moment of all moments to interact and show themselves? Do they have some otherworldly motive in just giving us a glimpse

of something beyond, or is it a process in which they have little or no control? I often wonder if they show themselves when nobody is around to see them, or are we wandering into the realm of trees falling in the forest? Most of all, I want to know what she was doing here on the second floor of a new build house in the middle of the day.

I wish I could see the young girl again. I wish she would choose to show herself to me one more time and perhaps stay for a bit longer. I wish I could ask her if she was OK.

The final encounter I want to share with you is both the briefest and most interactive of my experiences. It occurred in a local theatre, one that I sometimes direct plays at, and the year was 2019. It was late in the evening, and I was standing in the auditorium looking at the actors rehearsing on the stage in

front of me. They were doing well, and I was enjoying their performances. In my left hand, I held a small notebook to make notes on the production, good or bad. My young son would at the time often accompany me and would sometimes sit next to me when I was in the auditorium.

“Suddenly, something pulled at the notebook, causing it to drop open, and a few loose pages fell to the ground. I looked to my left to see who was doing this, but nobody was there. I turned back to the stage and felt the book being pulled again, this time with considerable force. I pulled back, and the invisible hand pulled against me in a strange game of tug-o-war.”

I looked around to tell my son to stop pulling the book and, to my surprise, found the seat empty. I lost my nerve and immediately bounded down to the stage to join the actors mid-scene. They, of course, stopped, wondering why their Director would choose to join them on the set in something of a fluster. Of course, there was nobody in the auditorium. Nobody at all. I blurted out what had just happened, and everybody started to panic. My son then entered the auditorium carrying a bottle of Coke that he had been and bought from the vending machine outside the corridor. Nothing else happened, but my reputation as a calm, measured Director took a little bit of a hit in this moment; I'm not going to lie to you.



There have been other occasions in my life where I have had similar experiences and even a couple where I swear I have seen something from the spirit world choosing to show itself to me again; as I stated at the beginning of this piece, I still consider myself a sceptic, but one who perhaps has yet to discover why this keeps happening to himself and what it all means. I also wish I would sometimes have a bit of a warning before these things happen.

People have asked me if I consider myself empathic or psychic. I always answer that I don't think I have any abilities above or beyond the average working-class guy from the South Wales valleys, who is quite creative and prone to whimsy. They also usually ask if these situations have left me feeling scarred or afraid if I consider them a curse or some burden that I am forced to carry for the duration of my existence, and the answer to that is no. I am just a guy who goes about his life with the best intentions, experiencing the highs and lows that anybody else encounters, but I perhaps occasionally see ghosts.

Do I consider this something difficult to live with? No, I don't. I find it interesting

and intriguing, and as I stated earlier, I don't go looking for ghosts, monsters, spirits, or anything beyond the veil. It just seems that, occasionally, they decide that they want to come and look for me.

Even though some of these have been quite frightening and foreboding, these experiences are something I am, in fact, quite grateful for, and I, for one, will always be glad of these meetings, these soirees with the supernatural—these Brief Encounters.

Owen

Owen Staton is a storyteller, actor and voice-over artist based in Wales. He hosts the Time Between Times storytelling podcast, where he mindfully shares the tales of Wales and beyond with the world. He also co-hosts and co-writes Spectre of the Sea podcast with Bethan Briggs Miller. He has appeared in Dr Who and Being Human, amongst other Tv shows and his one-man storytelling show won an award at the Edinburgh fringe festival many years ago. He is fifty years old and can do nothing with his hair.



Jenny Pugh Clairvoyant Medium & Psychic Artist

They say, 'The dead don't speak'... but they DO to JENNY PUGH!

As seen in 'Haunted Magazine', 'The Feminine Macabre Vol. VI' 'Chat-it's Fate' and 'Take a Break's Fate & Fortune' magazines.

Naturally psychic since childhood, Jenny is a talented clairvoyant medium with over 45 years of experience proving that there is life after 'death.' She is also a psychic artist, able to produce portraits of her spirit contacts. Jenny demonstrates her clairvoyance on stage, undertakes private readings and has been featured in the press. Her memoir is available now at Amazon. Connect with Jenny and her spirit guides and enter a realm of magic that's much closer than you ever imagined!



Jenny's memoir is available now from Amazon

Jenny is available for: • Clairvoyant Readings • Past Life Readings • Psychic Portraits • Spiritual House Cleansings

'After my reading from you, I am speechless. You are the real deal!' **Dylan**
 'An absolutely inspired reading from Jenny Pugh, still in shock from the accuracy!' **Sharon**
 I would definitely have another reading in the future from this lovely and genuine lady.' **Tiffany**
 I am absolutely stunned by the things Jenny told me!' **Bev** 'I would wholeheartedly recommend Jenny to anyone.' **Kay**



WWW.JENNYPUGHPSYCHIC.COM



@JenPughPsychic



@JennyPughPsychic



We are always amazed by how many various ways paranormal investigation teams report their findings whether to the person(s) who have called them in or to a wider audience. Is there a right way, is there a wrong way? Should teams share their findings, should they remain in house or with their 'client'. Is it important to document everything, the gadgets used, the dates, the times, the people involved?

Whichever way we love reading and hearing about them.



THE PARANORMAL DETECTIVES:

Detecting the paranormal...



On May 28, 2021, Phantom Detectives LLC's tech manager Rick W interviewed a client named John C over the phone for 30 minutes about his claims of paranormal activity in his apartment. According to the client, John C moved into his apartment in Philadelphia in August 2020. As the months started going by, strange ghostly phenomena started occurring daily.

Orbs began appearing out of nowhere, voices would be heard when no one else was around, and things would be moved around on their own. By November 2020, Mr. Carty had started documenting his experiences with his apartment security camera. As time passed, strange markings began appearing on his legs that defy explanation, orbs on camera that would change shape from aliens to demons, shadow figures were running around his apartment, and he claimed of being abducted by UFOs and much more. Mr. C was afraid to talk to his apartment landlord about the strange ghostly phenomena in his apartment. After speaking to Phantom Detectives' founder/case manager Joshua Chaires and talking to the team, PDLCC decided to take up Mr. Carty's investigation.

MEMBERS PRESENT

Joshua Chaires - Founder and Case Manager

Sasha Zahorcak - Lead investigator and team inventor.

Rick Warner - Tech Manager and Director of Client Relations.

Melissa Ferrazzano - Psychic Medium and assistant lead investigator

George Zahorcak - Sasha's father and honorary member of team.

John Carty - Apartment Tenant

The investigation was held on August 06, 2021, at John C's apartment in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The team safely arrived at John's apartment at around 7:00 PM EST. Due to John C covering all the camera angles, the team only brought smaller hand equipment to the investigation. During this time, the group began their investigation with EMF detectors, their mediums readings, and dowsing rods. Phantom Detectives LLC's medium, Melissa F, was picking up on an older woman who greeted her when she arrived. Over the next few minutes, the older lady started getting angry the team was there. Melissa F also picked up on a middle-aged woman who appeared to be the older woman's daughter. Several minutes later, a third entity was veering into the living room, and the team's medium was picking up on a suicide victim who was 19.

Lead investigator Sasha Z started asking questions on the dowsing rods first, tech manager Rick Warner second, and team

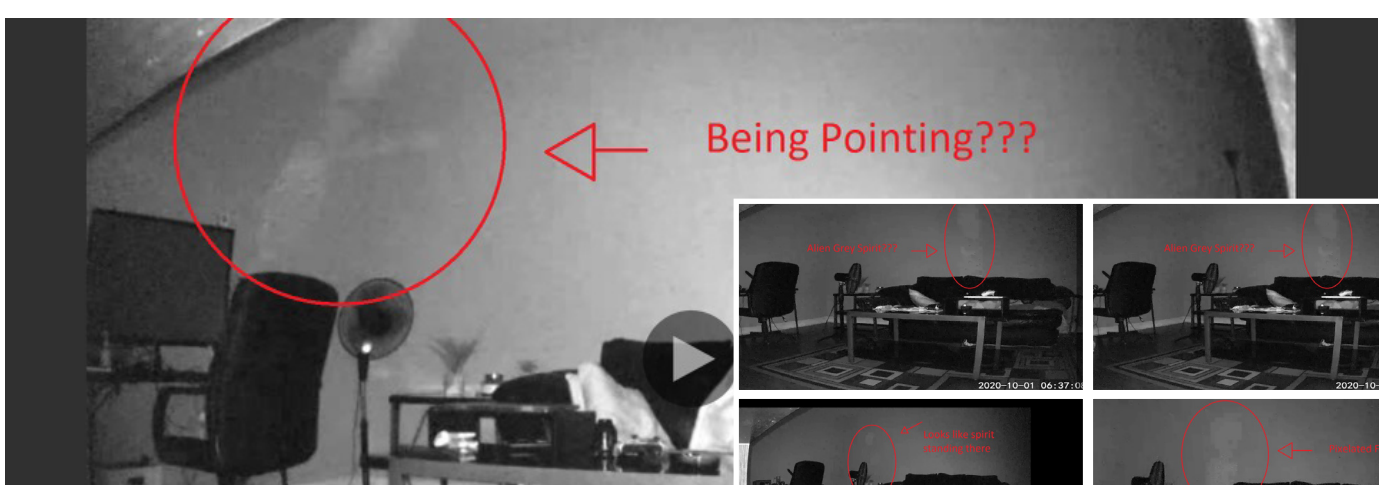
medium Melissa F third. Around this session, tech manager Rick Warner's K2 meter was lighting up a ton, as was the team's Mel-Rem SDD meter. Team founder Joshua C felt a temperature drop around this time. Rick W, Sasha Z, and Melissa F seemed to succeed with the dowsing rods. Right after that, something alarming popped up on the thermal camera.

This photo was taken right outside John C's room, and no one was near during this part of the investigation.

The 19-year-old who passed away on the property seemed to be checking in on the team as they asked questions on the dowsing rods. This image had a cold signature to it. If this were one of the team members, it would have been displayed as a hot signature. Joshua C had many of his friends in the paranormal investigation field that has investigated for many years and also believes that this image captured is 100% authentic.

During the second part of the investigation, the team moved from using the dowsing rods to bringing out their Ovilus 5b, which uses the EMF fields in each environment to capture words and responses that the spirits might be telling them.





In addition, the team started using the **Paranormal Puck 2** to run environmental readings in John's apartment.

During this session, tech manager Rick W used his new S-Box Ghost box, pairing it with lead investigator Sasha Z's portal box [which is modified with guitar pedals, a guitar amp, and white noise to allow the spirits to talk more clearly]. Psychic medium Melissa F started picking up on the older and middle-aged women. The S-Box is like the PSB7 with additional features that aren't on it. Rick noticed that listening to EVPs on a digital recorder vs. his new spirit box, he had to listen more carefully and ensure the voice wasn't coming from a song/talk/radio show. As the next few minutes passed, Rick W closed his eyes and tried to channel the energy by listening carefully to the spirit box.

Several voices began to pop up during the spirit box session as lead investigator Sasha Z constantly adjusted the portal box. Scanning the radio stations at a slower speed was helping the team pick up more defined spirit voices. During this session, Ovilus 5b picked up on many words from the spirit box that matched Ovilus 5.

From the words described on the team's Ovilus 5B, all three spirits haunting John's apartment seemed determined to make their presence known. All three spirits told team medium Melissa F it was their house. During the next few minutes, Joshua C, Melissa F, Rick W, and Sasha F felt like the freezer was coming on. The room temperature dropped from 77 to 70 degrees on the Mel Rem-SDD meter. In addition, the Rempod in John's room was going off by itself. At around 8:10 PM, the

team conducted an experiment known as The Estes Method, where an investigator will be blindfolded, place a headset on their ears, and start scanning AM frequency stations on the spirit box. Then another team member will begin asking questions.

During this session, tech manager Rick W asked the spirit haunting John's room why they were still there and what purpose do you have in haunting John's room? All the members felt very uneasy. Team founder Josh C noticed that his thermal camera battery was drained.

As the next 20 minutes went by, the words, **get out of my room** popped up on the spirit box as Sasha Z read the responses to Chaires, Ferrazzano, and Warner.

During the Estes experiment, Chaires thought he saw John's TV in his room move a few inches by itself. Psychic medium Melissa F also noticed that the words from her spirit app matched Zahorcak's responses with the blindfold. Whatever was haunting John C's room it was making every team member feel very nauseous.

At around 8:30 PM EST, the team regrouped around John C's coffee table and pulled out their digital voice recorders to ask various questions. Chaires gave his Olympus 852 voice recorder to team medium Melissa. Rick W pulled out his Sony Digital

Recorder, and Sasha Z pulled out her recorder. During this time, several members thought they caught a shadow on the laser grid light pen and reported feeling like two spirits were watching them.

During Phantom time, the team takes turns asking a series of 2-3 questions per person to capture anything that might come up. It wasn't until 20 minutes into Phantom time that the team caught their first EVP. Team medium Melissa F asked whether there

was an older woman there and if so what this her home. The voice recorder response was captured on Melissa F's voice recorder. That can be found on PhantomDetectives.org under EVPs.

The team officially finished the last part of their investigation by sweeping through John's living room and bedroom to see if anything was captured using Sasha Z's custom SLS camera. Unfortunately, nothing of interest came up on her SLS camera during this time. The spirits at John Cs didn't want to manifest themselves on the team's cameras.

CONCLUSION :

From the EVP captured saying right here, to the image on the team's thermal camera, to the pictures caught by Mr. Carty on his security cameras, his apartment appears very active. The most alarming thing is that the two female spirits and the 19-year-old man's spirit seem to have drained the life out of all four team members. All four members reported feeling tired after the investigation and needed holy water to purify themselves after the investigation. It is recommended to John C that he uses sage to cleanse the place or holy water to remove anything evil in his apartment. The apartment seems most active in John C's bedroom and living room. Phantom Detectives LLC will be available to come to cleanse the place anytime he needs it if needed. Until then, the team will continue monitoring John C's apartment and be on call if he needs it.

**John Carty's Apartment-
Phantom Detectives
LIVE Investigation**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SA7QmKCTqNU&t=1618s>



SCAN ME

HAUNTED MAGAZINE ISSUE 38: HOT SUMMER FRIGHTS

"Some of the best summertime paranormal memories are made in flip-flops"

PRODUCTION TEAM

Paul Stevenson (Editor)

@hauntedmagazine

paul@hauntedmagazine.co.uk

Andy Soar (Designer)

@thehauntedguy

andy@hauntedmagazine.co.uk

Belle Ward (Proofreader)

belle@hauntedmagazine.co.uk

ADVERTISING:

advertising@hauntedmagazine.co.uk

BRAND AMBASSADORS:

Lorien Jones lorien@hauntedmagazine.co.uk

Katie Waller katie@hauntedmagazine.co.uk

Amy Boucher amy@hauntedmagazine.co.uk

Charlie Hall charlie@hauntedmagazine.co.uk

WRITING TALENT:

Kate Ray, Katie Waller, Ulrich Magin, Morgan Knudsen, Sam Baltrusis, Emma Heard, Higgypop, Dr Peter McCue, Sarah Chumacero, Ryeleigh Black, Amy Boucher, Stacey Ryall, Ashley Knibb, Molly Briggs, Owen Staton, Dr Richard Sugg, Hubert Hobux, Charlie Hall, Jessica Cale, Lorien Jones, Richard Estep, Derek Heath, Amanda R. Wooner, Eli Lycett, Dr Kate Cherrell, Penny Griffiths-Morgan

Interested in being part of #teamHaunted in any capacity please email
teamhaunted@hauntedmagazine.co.uk

THANKS TO:

Lionel Fanthorpe, Mike Browne, Supernatural Circumstances, Hell House LLC, Jed Buttress, Steve Higgins, Living Life in Full Spectrum, Junior Paranormal Events, Harry Price, Chris Willcox, The National Trust, The Coaching Inn Group, Spook-Eats, Danny Robins & the #UncannyCommunity, Haunted Hinsdale House, Neil Packer, HAPRC, the madness, the bizarreness, the weirdness of the paranormal and the supernatural and all that are part of it and take an interest in it. To all our readers, supporters, advertisers & writers, thank you, thank You, THANK YOU. And if we've missed anyone off – SORRY!!

All the features remain the copyright of the writers. The views of our writers do not necessarily reflect the views of the Haunted Magazine editorial team; they probably do, but, hey, still worth mentioning to cover our own backs. All photos and images remain the property of the photographer credited, if we've missed someone off, please let us know. All rights reserved.

Haunted Magazine will return
September 2023
#dontbenormal - be Paranormal!

ALSO FROM THE HAUNTED MAGAZINE TEAM



"A lad and his dad chatting about movies they've just watched"

Available from

Apple Podcasts
Amazon Podcasts
Google Podcasts
Bullhorn
Podbean
Spotify

and more..

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVOURITE PODCAST PROVIDER



"Paranormal Matters will be a podcast that discusses matters of the paranormal because we know that the paranormal matters to a lot of people out there in so many varied and different ways. We want to try to bring something different to the already excellent paranormal podcast party.

We'll have guests, chit-chat, interviews, opinions, discussions, debates & probably disagreements."

Whilst language is universal, we know that certain words in certain countries are spelt differently. As we are a global magazine with readers and writers from all over the world, we have decided to keep the spelling of certain words the way the writer wrote it. We hope that this proves to be a favourable (or favorable) cause of action for us to take and it doesn't detract from the excellent words and features our writers put together for your enjoyment.

HAUNTED ON THE WEB www.hauntedmagazine.co.uk

BACK ISSUES /SUBSCRIPTIONS www.hauntedmagazineprintshop.com

MERCHANDISE hauntedhouseofcards.etsy.com

FACEBOOK GROUP www.facebook.com/groups/HauntedDigitalMagazine

FACEBOOK PAGE www.facebook.com/HauntedDigitalMagazine

TIKTOK [hauntedmagazineofficial](https://www.tiktok.com/@hauntedmagazineofficial)

Also available from the App Stores

INTERESTED IN BECOMING A STOCKIST?

Email stockists@hauntedmagazine.co.uk



SCAN ME

New from Haunted Magazine

DON'T FORGET TO LEAVE A REVIEW



Introducing Haunted Scarewear



Over 100
Unique
Card
Designs
Available
For All
Occasions



HAUNTED
HOUSE
OF
CARDS

GREETINGS CARDS WITH A TWIST FROM THE TEAM BEHIND HAUNTED MAGAZINE

Etsy hauntedhouseofcards.etsy.com

amazon For Haunted Scarewear
<http://bit.ly/3ZIWYYv>



THE LOCKSMITH'S DREAM

“A weekend of mystery awaits on the ancient borders between Wales and England” ~ No Proscenium

“ a trail of riddles, hidden keys and chess boards ... a doll's house, which recreates Treowen in miniature and,... a trapped soul.” ~ The Stage

Critically acclaimed, boutique, immersive experience in an occult Welsh Manor

Experience the Mystery



“We spent almost the entirety of the 24-hour period fully enveloped inside this rich world, this occult pocket dimension.”



“For those willing to ... engage with the mystical and the magical, to suspend disbelief and be fully immersed, it will be an unforgettable, bewildering, intoxicating dream come true.”



“... a liminal place, at the border of worlds. ... the story so perfectly meshed with the physical reality I was hard pressed to tell fiction from fact!”



“...an absolute rollercoaster ride of mystery and the craft of top-notch storytelling! Whatever you do - don't miss this.”



“Excellent storytelling, loved how it wove into the real history of the location and lore”

Use code HAUNTED for 10% off your deposit booking

www.locksmithsdream.com