

YANKEE ORACLE GAZETTE

Extra Edition Winter 2013

The Yaha Effect

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From The Editor -1/03/13

Working today with an eye on multiple time zones. Putting together the logo and pre-PR for my new play "The Cherry Vanilla Rehearsal Chamber "and an extra edition of "The Yankee Oracle Gazette" containing my 1990 article "The Yaha Effect" which came into discussion about Elven phenomena in the Native American culture day before yesterday on a restricted Internet list. As I began to do this, I realized that the "Yaha" backstory is also of note. "The Yaha Effect", which had been accepted in 1990 by Dennis Stacy, then editor of the MUFON Journal in Texas, was suddenly shelved due to trumped up stories about UFOs over the sea at Gulf Breeze, Florida and the End Of The World predicted by a military project on the occult which had then gone AWOL. also into the scene in Florida.

It was said these sudden new stories needed space in the Journal and that "The Yaha Effect" would be published in the future. Yes: in 2013. But I never saw the article in the MUFON Journal and my article and the copies of photos accompanying the article were never returned to me. Fortunately, the original photos & negatives were not sent to Editor Stacy at that time. They are in the Yankee Oracle files in Woodstock, NY and will be added when the article can be copy edited and issued as part of a book.

A list of the photos discussed in the text is at the front of the original text. This is not printed from a Word file and so the text flow cannot be opened and a jpg inserted. Also, this is typewritten by the author without the "spellcheck" we now take for granted. But this makes the Extra Reprint here evidential.

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THE YAHA EFFECT

concerning unusual pictures
taken in Vermont and Pennsylvania.

by

E. Macer-Story

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"No way of thinking or doing, however ancient, can be
trusted without proof."

H.D.Thoreau

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These photos--with the exception of the magic coin without flash, which needs very special duplication--were sent by Galowitz Photographic through the ordinary print to print and negative reprint enlargement process, without directions to the technician as to the nature of the photos. Photo 8 is the original.

The Nex Perces Indians have a legend about a race of dwarves they call the Stick Indians, or Its-te--ya-ha. These Ya-has, like certain much publicised "ufo" aliens, are reputed to be able to rub themselves with grass and become invisible. People who disappear suddenly are often thought to have been taken by the Its-te-ya-ha. These Stick Indians are supposed to be quite strong. They can cause strange illnesses and carry off livestock.

Certain places, of course, are more apt to be visited by the Its-te-ya-ha. The Indians have legends about dangerous lakes and stretches of woods, where a traveler might meet a ya-ha or be lured to death on a treacherous climb or foolish trip out onto the lake during a sudden storm.

I had always thought that these tales of the Ya-ha effect paralleled assertions by ufologists and others that there are certain areas on the earth which are geo-magnetically strange and more conducive to sudden disappearances, blankouts of mind, and interdimensional contact.

It is an old bit of Indian wisdom that the path your feet have paced out you will possess and know more clearly than hearsay gained through the treacherous medium of stories or books. This is also in the spirit of enlightened scientific inquiry, which takes nothing for granted but that which has been directly demonstrated or experienced--direct experience being the only same method of ya-ha validation.

So, I made two journeys during March of 1980 to seek out places where ufo and supernatural manifestations were reported to have occurred more than once.

My personal theory was that if the ya-ha were intelligent in some respect (even as projections of my own or a collective psychic subconscious) they would, if addressed, reply in some intelligible way.

I attempted to remain at all times respectful of the sensibilities of the ya-ha and of their right to inhabit the area in which they had been active. I asked them simply for ya-ha effects on my photographic film, and safe conduct while in their area. In return for this, I promised to tell the truth about my experience, to the best of my ability.

Before I left New York, ufologist Harry Lebelson gave me the unusual advice that even if nothing seemed visible in the area, I should just point my camera into midair and take pictures where ufos and spirits had been sighted. Lebelson must have some sort of direct line to the ya-ha

central registry division, because this proved to be very good advice. Some of the effects which occurred on the film during my visit to these locations were not perceptible to my eye as I looked through the viewfinder of the camera.

I simply went to places where the ya-ha had been sighted before, acted like a freaked-out tourist, and snapped Polaroid pictures of any objects, areas of sky or water, rooms or markings about which I felt the ya-ha vibration.

I was guided on my visit to Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania by Rebecca Normaine, who had witnessed odd effects there during a brief residence in the Tobyhanna apartments, and was anxious to have someone else verify these phenomena.

Rebecca had come up to me after a talk I had given on ufos for Spiritual Frontiers in Salem, N.H., and I became interested in possible ya-ha activity around Tobyhanna simply because some of the effects she described dovetailed in an uncanny way with an unpublished APRO report I was currently using as source material for a multi-media show on ufos.

Part of Rebecca's experience had to do with a couple in the area who claimed to have been aboard a ufo, and also had a magic coin which had been given to the woman by a ya-ha years ago in Salem, Massachusetts--when it had seemed to appear in her hand after touring one of the witch trial locations.

It seemed to me that in traveling to Tobyhanna it was necessary to separate the local ya-ha from any influences which might have been transported there by Linda Lara's strange coin. Therefore, during my visit to the area I wore around my neck a rosary which had been blessed by Pope Pius XII. Better safe than sorry.

I draw a line between the local ya-ha and experiences related to Linda and Victor Lara. The reasons for this will emerge during my visit to Lake Willoughby, Vermont. However, at the time I met Victor and Linda, this was in the future.

We were delayed a bit in getting out to the Holiday Ponano residential development where the Laras have a cottage due to the fact that--after talking with friends about ufo phenomena--Rebecca had discovered a mutilated chicken in the coop of a farm where she was staying on Friday morning, and subsequently had experienced alienation from these friends, who became angry at her for abusing their hospitality. Incredibly, Rebecca told me that for some reason she felt that she wanted to minister to

the chickens--she is an ordained Pentacostal minister--and took her Bible outside to do this early Friday morning. When she got to the coop, she found a dead chicken with the neck stripped of flesh and flesh taken off the shoulder in an unusual way.

By the sort of emotional contageon which prevails in witch hunts the world over, the owner of the farm--who was fond of his chickens--then became convinced that Rebecca had done this thing, since she had been discussing animal mutilations as connected with ufo phenomena, as well as other supernatural experiences.

Luckily, I was not staying at this farm, but met Rebecca late Saturday morning for breakfast--after she had moved into a local motel--and we drove out to Holiday Pocano.

This was during the early afternoon on March 8, 1980. Rebecca and I had to wait at the gate of the development since she did not have an access card for the automatic gate and Victor has no telephone. While we were waiting for someone else to go in or out of this gate, I took out my compass and handed it to Rebecca. Magnetic North was straight ahead of the car. She handed it back to me, and as I held it the indication for Magnetic North swung to my right. When a car arrived with access to the gate, I once again handed the compass to Rebecca as she started the car, and the needle returned to indicating Magnetic North straight ahead. I figured the ya-ha were telling us to continue in this direction.

When we got to the cottage, Victor--who told me that he had been born in the elevator of Bellevue Hospital in New York City--shook my hand and welcomed me warmly. I noticed pamphlets on ECKANKAR, the science of soul travel, on his bar and asked if he linked ufo contact to out-of-body psychical experiences.

He told me that yes, he did, but stressed that he and his wife had actually been aboard a ufo which was real and not a vision. He said that they were in a dreamlike state when this occurred, and seem to drift above the ground as if levitated. Since Victor has studied Eckankar, I have to take his word for it that he can recognize the difference between levitating while outside of the body and levitating while inside of the body.

He and Linda were both very congenial and taped a description of their experience for me. They both seemed to have been profoundly affected emotionally by their experience aboard the ufo, where Linda was examined physically and given a medical treatment for her ovaries and Victor was questioned on his knowledge of astronomy and the use of fossil fuels.

The complete story of this experience is fascinating, but it does not seem to have been the focus of the ya-ha effects which I experienced while taking pictures in the Lara cottage.

After we had taped the description of the ufo experience, I asked to see the magic coin which Rebecca had told me Linda had shown her when they met last year.

I was surprised to discover that the coin had appeared in Linda's hand, as my original impression was that this had been a talisman from a deliberate occult ceremony of some sort.

I held the coin in my hand, and I did not feel wierd or threathened in any way. I did feel energized and thought that I should get pictures of this object.

The pictures of this coin turned out very strangely. I had put it on a black plastic folder which I carry in order to get contrast, and found that what turned out in the ptotos seemed to be a "moon" or "ufo" object, in that the edges of the coin lacked definition, and it seemed almost to be spherical.

In order to make sure that this effect was not due to my use of the flash, I took off my Q light and photographed the coin on the folder in ordinary overhead light. It showed up in these photos half out of the picture--though I know it was centered in the viewfinder--and glowing with a sultry reddish light, like the sun.

Trying to nail this coin down realistically, I asked Victor to take a picture of me holding it in the palm of my hand. He did this, but the palm of my hand is unusually white in the photo and no coin is visible. Undaunted, I held out my empty hand and asked him to take a picture. This reverse psychology did not work with the ya-ha. Once again, my palm appeared empty.

So, I asked Linda to hold the coin, and took a picture of the edge. This photo of Linda holding the coin sideways came out normally, except for a few odd blue blips on her bosom, but the next photo--of her holding this coin in the palm of her hand--came out strangely, with part of the silver of the coin visible, but the rest seeming to blend into her flesh.

I then aimed the camera into midair and took a picture of the opposite wall. On the wall, just to the right of the flash reflection, can be seen a whitish pattern of squares and a striated pattern of lines, below which is written the name PAM. None of these markings were visible to me at the time I took the picture.

I took another picture--of the Lara's daughter Nadja standing in front of the wall--but no markings were visible on this picture. I did capture the coin, however, as it was resting on the coffee table and photographed--when it was not the center of attention--as an ordinary metal disk.

This leads me to believe--as the ya-ha know--that it was not the coin itself but an invisible presence or force of some sort which caused the previous odd effects.

On the lookout for interdimensional communication, I have looked up the hexagram of the I Ching corresponding to the top six lines which appeared on the wall. The seventh line is too thick to match these lines, and below the seventh line is a cross.

PAM, by the way, is the name of the woman who moved into the apartment in the Tobyhanna apartments which Victor and Linda had just vacated. It was in this apartment that they had experienced flying clothes hangers and other poltergeist phenomena which were upsetting, and which Linda had suspected might be evil. Immediately on seeing PAM written on the wall in the photo, she became concerned about Pam's future safety.

The lines of the hexagram, which show up more clearly under ultraviolet illumination than ordinary indoor light, indicate Ch'ien-Tui or category ten in THE BOOK OF CHANGES. This hexagram is called LU or Conduct and the judgement reads: "Treading. Treading upon the tail of the tiger. It does not bite the man. Success."

It is interesting that the usual way of receiving guidance from the BOOK OF CHANGES is not by reading spirit markings on a wall, but by six tosses of three coins, the heads-or-tails of these coins determining which lines shall be straight and which broken.

I thanked the ya-ha for their assistance in photographing the coin, and we left the Lara's cottage and headed for Pocano Pines Park, where Rebecca had once experienced some very odd phenomena near a circle painted on the cement abutment to a dam, which was marked with two intersecting perpendicular lines and the ordinary instructions, N, S, E and W. This is the reason I had brought the compass originally: to test out this particular circle. I had thought that some sorcerer might be conjuring the ya-ha. At a lunch break on the way to Pocano Pines, Rebecca ordered a middle eastern chicken dish, but then could not eat it because of her experience the previous morning with the mutilated chicken. Feeling that discretion was the better part of valour, I made a meal of string beans and Tab.

We got out to Pocano Pines about 5:15 in the afternoon, and Rebecca showed me the circle which had been painted on the dam abutment. I laid my compass on the cement outside the circle and found that it was aligned with true N,S,E,W. Then I put the compass inside the circle, and to my amazement- the needle reversed orientation. I then took some pictures from that location out over the circle toward the road and over toward the lake.

These pictures do show unusual markings. On some I found faint striations, such as had appeared in the picture of Victor's wall, and on one in particular there are unusual whitish blotches in the sky--standing out against the cobalt blue of an overcast late afternoon.

Pictures I took in a location across the road from the dam turned out unusually dark. Initially, I was discouraged about these pictures, but I have found that under sunlight and also under a mild ultraviolet light they do show highly unusual markings such as blue blips and striations. It is not possible to perceive these markings successfully without ultraviolet illumination, or sunlight-which has an ultraviolet component.

Rebecca had reported seeing "ufos come up out of slits in the ground" back of the Tobyhanna apartments, and I was intrigued by this possibility, so we drove up into a parking lot back of the buildings at about 2 a.m. Sunday morning to watch this field. Nothing happened in the field, but I felt a bit spooked and ill at ease.

Apruptly, Rebecca suggested we drive onto the military base across the street and watch for ufos there. There was no one in the guard booth, so we were able to drive down the access road with no problem. I noticed an odd mist out of the corner of my eye, but said nothing. Then Rebecca stopped the car and pointed at the mist, which was above and in front of a distant building with lit windows.

This mist seemed to have a central vortex nucleus which was darker than the major portion of the swirling texture. As we watched, it took on the form of a cloudy airplane and rushed toward us. I felt a primal fear, but just before it got to the area of the car, the mist relented somewhat and took on the shape of a vast double-winged thing attached to the nucleus as if to a small body. It then took on some other shapes. Rebecca suggested we drive around a small pond to see if it would come at us from the other direction. So we did. The thing was visible from this other direction, and after a moment of hesitation- did seem to focus into our direction on the other side of the pond. Just at this point, a truck from the base

drove by and doubled back and we felt we should leave to escape questioning. As we drove out through the gate, the guard booth was brightly lit and contained a human guard. This entire experience took not more than fifteen minutes.

As to what the mist most closely resembled, I have no direct analogy--except in the picture taken out over the dam, which shows the whitish blotches overhead. If one of these blotches--which do seem to have a whitish central point of intensity in several cases--were seen in a large form, swirling and taking on shapes, it would look a lot like what we saw. I did not take my camera with me that night, because I felt that the type of energy I was trying to record would not come out at night. I was a bit discouraged by the darked out photos taken near the dam, which do show unusual patterns under ultraviolet.

It is possible that if I had just pointed the camera at the mist and taken a picture I might have gotten similar energy patterns, and I plan to return to the Tobyhanna area and try this.

Several local residents I talked to in restaurants told me that unusual "florescent" lights and mists had been seen by ordinary inhabitants of this area, and one sighting--by setwoal teenaged boys boating on a pond--was reported to me twice, from two different sources.

One of these sources was the mother of a boy who had seen unusual lights more than once. She also told me that the Tobyhanna Army Base, as well as being a reserve center, makes relay parts for satellites.

Perhaps it is a yaha joke then--to impersonate ufo-like lights so near an installation which is making parts for space research.

Faintly amused, I went out later on that Sunday morning to take broad daylight photos of the circle location I had photographed in the late afternoon the day before. Only one of these photos showed an unusual marking--a light purplish streak--and the compass aligned with the N,S,E,W marked on the circle both inside and outside the circumference.

This indicates that whatever affected the photos on Saturday afternoon March 8 was not localized to that particular dam abutment. Whatever changed the orientation of the compass was there on Saturday and not there on the following Sunday morning. Maybe the force knocks off after the two a.m. yaha vortex shift, and does not work on Sunday.

Since I was still--as you may remember--wearing around my neck a rosary blessed by Pope Pius XII, this may be possible. Perhaps we had contacted a born-again Christian ufo force.

I doubt this, of course--but it is the sort of borderline joke that a born-again yaha might appreciate. From time immemorial, these invisible stick indians have teased humanity, sometimes harshly.

In Ireland, the yaha force is known as Leprechaun. When I was young, I was given a Leprechaun named Melroonie by my Cousin Mary and have been getting into trouble ~~ever~~ since. If you do not believe this, ask Mary. I did not wear a rosary to Lake Willoughby, Vermont, since there was to be no planned meeting with people possessing a coin which might be attached to Satanic vibrations. The situation was different.

Years ago--while vacationing at Willoughby--I had seen an unusual light on the lake and had witnessed the electricity turn itself off and on without human assistance, as well as a chair rocking by itself.

I did not follow this up at the time, but learned last summer that a man staying at the same resort there had seen furniture fly across a room by itself, and that odd lights had been seen on the lake regularly--not every day, but consistently over a period of years.

The trip up to Willoughby on March 21 was absolutely uneventful. However, when I got to the cottage I had reserved, I found a Mt. Pocano, Pennsylvania knick knack on the counter facing the dining area.

Mt. Pocano is right next to Tobyhanna, and finding this object far away from Pennsylvania and in the exact cottage I had reserved gave me pause for thought on the supernatural and significant coincidence.

I decided to take a picture of this object, which is a small Bambi-like faun carved on two circles of wood to form a napkin holder, just to record its presence and to get a few test pictures.

The pictures I took on Friday of this object are strange exposures, similar to the yaha effects on the photos I took of the coin at Victor's on the Holiday Pocano property.

One of the pictures shows the circular knick knack glowing reddish, and the other shows the object seeming to rest on a very white area with flushes of purple at each end. In both of these pictures, the faun is distorted. On the reddish photo, which was taken without a flash, the cartoon animal looks decidedly demonic, with shadows around the head and eyes, and in the bright photo, which was taken with a flash, the back half of the little deer is obliterated, and the front legs seem to twist upward in a snakey shape to a distorted head.

Similar to the experience with the compass circle, I was able the following

morning to take a relatively ordinary picture of this object in the same room, resting on a coffee table. The faun is unusually white in this picture, but it is clearly a cartoon animal, and very different from the animal represented on the first two photos of the same object. I had felt on Friday afternoon, after wrestling with the faun, like taking an ordinary picture of an ordinary object, so I went into the bedroom of the cottage, aimed my camera into midair and photographed the wall back of the double bed.

At first, fortunately for my state of mind at the time, the photo looked like an ordinary picture of an ordinary wall and two ordinary pillows under an ordinary red bedspread.

However, when I got the photos back to my office and was routinely looking at all of them under mild ultraviolet light, I was astounded to notice a whitish square and the date 1897 on the wall, in a yaha effect similar to the patterning which had appeared on Victor's wall. I then looked at this photo closely under ordinary light, and the date and square are actually visible without special illumination.

The problem now is: how do I interpret a blank square and the date 1897? What might the yaha have in mind here?

One source I consulted with this problem told me that according to a pamphlet once written on the history of the area the old Arcadia Hotel-- which had once stood near the resort where furniture flew-- was built in 1890, had no success, and was vandalized in the early 1890's.

Evidently, the current state of dilapidation of the haunted cottages is only one of a chain of business failures in that same area.

I might add here that--though my cottage did appear to be haunted--I was not staying at the officially haunted cottages, which were down at the other end of the lake.

I feel that--due to the similarity of the phenomena at my cottage to the phenomena I experienced at Victor's--the force which caused the odd photos on Friday was not local to the area.

I went over to the Westmore General Store on Saturday morning to buy some milk, and to talk to the proprietor, Beverly K. Ross. Karl Ross, Beverly's son, is the person who was sleeping down in the cottages at the other end of the lake when the furniture flew.

I asked Ms. Ross whether Karl had told her about any other psychic or paranormal experiences, and she was surprised about the incident with the furniture, which had occurred last summer. Apparently, Karl--though

he had mentioned the incident to his brother Warren--had not confided this experience to his mother at all.

He is just in the process of striking out for himself independently, so this is understandable. I asked his mother whether she or any other members of her family were psychic or had experienced unusual phenomena, and she told me that eighteen years ago--while pregnant with one of Karl's brothers--she had seen a ufo craft from an upstairs window. This was near Unkasville, Connecticut, a location just down the river from the submarine manufacturing plant at Groton, and adjacent to the Indian burial ground written about by James Fenimore Cooper in *THE LAST OF THE MOHEGANS*.

The craft which Ms. Ross saw eighteen years ago was disk-shaped and gave off a green light. Around the base of the upper dome, there were windows with normal yellow light shining through. This sighting took place at three a.m., when she had gotten up to go to the bathroom. The ufo craft hovered for twenty to thirty minutes as she watched, then abruptly disappeared.

Ross told me that she was frightened for a while after that, and even after the baby was born, did not want to go upstairs alone.

The craft had hovered above the Thames River. The Groton submarine works is not far away down the same river, and I was struck by the similarity between the circumstances of Ms. Ross's experience and Rebecca Normaine's experience with strange phenomena near the satellite relay works.

In no way do I connect these "ufo" experiences with a secret government project, taking place at the military bases near the manifestations. However, informationally, I am struck by the similarity between the incidents, both of which took place near important Indian locations.

The Delaware Indians, which are now virtually extinct as a tribe, had once found the Mt. Pocano/Tobyhanna location to be the right place to settle, and their artifacts are found at various locations in the Pocano Mountains. Similarly, the Mohegans lived near the Thames River in Connecticut, and Unkasville itself is named after Chief Unkas of the Mohegan tribe.

It is possible that the same environmental conditions which facilitate life and communication with the Its-te-ya-ha for a people living close to Nature also facilitate ufo and other supernatural manifestations. I noticed that the foliage at Lake Willoughby--which is largely pines and birches--is markedly similar to the foliage around Tobyhanna. Both locations are in the mountains.

I do not know whether Indians found Willoughby to be a sacred area of some sort, but just to be on the safe side I made an offering of my favorite food (peanuts) to the spirit of the mountains and of the lake.

I made myself particularly humble on this occasion and asked that Grandfather Mountain would guide my feet to the right location and send the power of the Great Spirit through the pictures I took with the camera.

It is necessary to be dramatic on such occasions. Nature spirits appreciate poetry, and they can be won over as a friend is won over. The Its-te-ya-ha can read what is written in the heart. This is why I had asked the yaha to be my guide in these investigations.

Ufologists are fond of talking about the concept of "more highly developed intelligence," yet what is intelligence cut off from a bond to Nature? There is no true higher state of consciousness without an awareness of the interconnectedness of all things : all stars, all planets, all peanuts, all military bases and the words which I use to write this article are part of one, developing live nexus of being--any small part of which can reflect the glorious unity of cosmic design, if this part is seen primarily with the higher affects of the heart.

Events have inspired me to communicate this philosophy. You can take it or leave it. Do what you want. But do not deny the following experiences. I have traces of the spirit presence as this was registered on my film.

Karl Ross arrived on Saturday morning, accompanied by Bruce and Mary Jo Scott, the couple who had been running the haunted resort at the time of his experience.

Bruce had been a witness of the experience, in that--though he did not actually see the furniture fly--he had heard Karl yell out and ran up the stairs to find him pale and shaking and the ashtray and nightstand in a pile on the floor at the other end of the room.

We discussed other hauntings which had taken place in adjacent communities, and I told them that I had psychically picked up the impression that a girl about twelve or thirteen years old had been murdered thirty or forty years ago at the resort. Bruce became interested in this, and told me that another psychic, concentrating informally at a seance, had told him the same thing. This--of course--does not prove for sure that the ghost was a terrified teenager who had been dragged upstairs and raped, but it is a fact known to psychical researchers that violent emotion of one sort or another does often leave behind a powerful psychic remnance.

Apparently--as Mary Jo told me--it is true that young girls were employed at the resort during the summer. The man who owned the place years ago is dead now, so no one will ever know for sure.

At any rate, when we got to the main building of the resort--which is boarded up now, with a FOR SALE sign on the front--Karl showed me the room upstairs in which the strange event had occurred. When I entered the room, there was a white, wooden crucifix on a wall shelf.

I removed the crucifix and took a picture of the shelf. This picture shows an unusual, very definite streak of striations on the wall above the shelf, and another picture of the same location is missing the white streak, but shows unusual bluish forms near the ceiling.

I walked over to the door, which faces the window, to take the next picture, and my battery-operated Q light inexplicably failed, resulting in a brownish picture of my photo of the shelf--which was lying on the bed--backed by bright light coming in the window. There is a little blue blip right on the photo which was photographed.

I took my Q light off and put it back on again, explaining mentally to the spirit that I would be undermined by electrical effects to the camera itself.

The rest of the pictures I took in the room, and of the hall outside--where Karl had said he felt a presence start off to walk downstairs--all show unusual bluish blips of light.

I felt that I should also take photos downstairs. These do not show any readily visible spirit markings, except that in a photo taken of the resort office there is unusual purpling out of the white walls as they approach the ceiling. The office is beneath the upstairs bedrooms. This purpling effect is visible in several photographs taken the next morning of an area of the lake near the cottage where I was staying, and in one of these photographs there is an area of the water adorned by what looks like script written by hand. I showed this area of the water to several people, and they can discern without technical assistance the letter E, as well as words which are definitely there, but not legible. Blown up, this area contains gibberish. However, it is certainly unusual to find gibberish written upon the surface of the water.

Jesus is reputed to have walked upon the waters, and Belshazzar had writing appear on the wall at his feast. Both of these events definitely mean something comprehensible. However, the date 1897 written upon the

wall of a cottage and my first initial E traced in the waters of a lake do not hang together for me as a coherent communication, on the rational level.

Associatively, I can discern that the E refers me back to myself in some way. In PR literature I was given on March 27 by the Chelsea Theater Center, I found that Prime Minister Canovas de Castillo of Spain was assassinated by an Italian anarchist in 1897. This is supposed to be background information for one of Garcia Lorca's plays, but I record the occurrence of this date on my schedule as a matter of interest. Emotionally, the assassination of a diplomat in 1897 carries no personal impact for me, but it is true that Lorca was into the supernatural and gypsy lore. There were several other locations in the Willoughby area where residents had seen unusual lights. Roy Perkins guided me to two of these locations, and in both places there were unusual effects to the photos. These effects are subtle, but they are visible. In one photo taken over a field, there is a yellowish overlay which is streaked and has the effect of a view taken through a smoke or fog of some sort. There was no smoke in the field at the time the picture was taken.

Another photo, of a sunset over the mountains, shows a small whitish striation pattern similar to the patterns on the shelf photo taken at the haunted resort and the photos taken at the compass location in Tobyhanna. This photo was taken at a location where Perkin's uncle, Harvey Perkins, had seen a fluorescent globe pass over the backyard of his house. He told me that at the time he almost shot at this globe, but restrained himself. The light which Roy Perkins saw over the field where the smokey picture was taken was also a glowing "beachball-sized" globe of fluorescent light.

Perkins and his uncle saw these lights independently, and found out about each other's sighting only by comparing notes later on, several weeks after the incidents. This was in 1974 or 75, when a number of other people had seen unusual lights in the area. They cannot remember for sure which year it was.

Just before I was to leave on Sunday morning, Jeanne Perkins--Roy's mother--came by the cottage to tell me that Roy had seen an unusual light over the land on the opposite side of the lake the previous night, but did not come over to tell me because--why? I'm not sure why he did not report this to me, since we had just been out photographing ufo sites the previous afternoon.

Later on Sunday morning I ran into Roy while I was paying my rent on the

cottage (which is owned by his parents) and he told me that he had seen the reddish light over the trees at about 10p.m. before he went to bed and again at about one a.m., when he was wakened to do emergency highway work. He says she saw the light when he woke up at one, but after he returned from washing up in the bathroom it was gone.

Earle Perkins, Roy's father, commented that some people were burning cottages on the other side of the lake, but I do not see how this fire could have lasted from ten in the evening until one a.m., and then suddenly vanished. Maybe the yaha threw a bucket of water on it.

The truth is--and remember, I did promise the yaha that I would tell the truth, no matter how ridiculous I feel about telling it--that I had seen an unusual light over the lake on Saturday night as well.

I was sitting on the couch dozing before going out to observe the lake, when I heard two sharp clicks and sat bolt upright. I felt a bit unsettled by this, and decided not to go outside immediately. Later, there was an odd electrical-sounding hum in the living room of the cottage. This was not very loud, and I did not think to record it--but I did go over to the window and look out toward the lake.

This was about eleven p.m. I lifted the curtain and saw house lights in buildings beside the lake. Then, one of the house lights seemed to grow larger. It became very bright, and I dropped the curtain.

I was stunned, and thought immediately of my experience in Ipswich in 1974, when I had seen--after my ufo experience--another unusual light through the trees near my house.

I cannot explain why--though I had come to Willoughby to investigate the paranormal--I did not go outside in order to see the light more clearly. I became very tired and went to bed.

I got up the next morning at 6:30a.m., and it was then that I took the photo of the lake which shows unusual purpling and gibberish script on the water.

I have taken a photo of the view down to the lake from the cottage in daylight, and I do not understand how I could see a large light on the opposite side of the lake through the trees. It is possible to see small lights through the branches, but not an entire light the size of a searchlight. Such a light would be crossed or shadowed somehow by branches, and the light I saw was entirely round.

Lake Willoughby is very deep, and--according to local residents--has

never been adequately sounded. It is supposed to be "dangerous," and occasionally people out boating have disappeared without a trace. It has been assumed that the people who vanished somehow capsized their canoes and precipitated downward into the unsounded depths. Sometimes boaters will report losing their sense of direction as they approach mid-lake, and Beverly K. Ross told me that she has noticed a certain stench on the waters which is unusual for a spring fed lake of that depth.

As in my visit to Tobyhanna, I felt that I had not sounded the depth of odd occurrences at Lake Willoughby, and plan further investigations in that area. Specifically--after the spring thaw--I intend to keep a vigil out on the lake in a boat.

Several local residents have told me that skindivers who attempt explorations below the surface of the lake often vow never again to attempt going down so far in that location. Why is this?

One thing that has particularly struck me about the customs in Vermont is that nobody knows what anybody else might be doing personally. This taciturn New England discretion extends from adultery to flying saucers, and I was astounded to find that though almost everyone I spoke to individually in the area of Lake Willoughby had either seen odd lights drifting through the air, experienced unusual "haunting" phenomena in their own or neighbors' houses, or heard tell of someone else who had been frightened out of their wits by such occurrences--no one had reported this to the newspaper or gotten together a community group to discuss possible invasion from Mars.

In other areas of the world--given such frequency of odd happenings--some sort of general panic might be expected.

Apparently, the residents of the Willoughby area--after several generations of oddity--have gotten used to the idea that they are living on the shores of an inland lake so deep that it frightens professional skindivers and on which (though it is small) there are sometimes twelve foot high waves and over which there break--at regular intervals--sudden and violent electrical storms. Nevermind the ufo, Ethan: let's have a beer. This is true Yankee stoicism. My first yaha thought on hearing the gossip about Lake Willoughby was that possibly below this lake there was an entrance to the center of the earth and that the reason these people all seemed so calm about floating ufo lights and so on--was because they were all actually alien beings trying to keep up their cool in the face of potential discovery.

All joking aside, though I was not really thrown by the phenomena I experienced at Willoughby and in the Pocano area--which were mild appearances and effects compared to other appearances logged in the annals of ufo investigation-- I was a bit spaced out when I looked at the enlargements of photos I had left at Galowitz Photographic to be duplicated.

I had chosen these particular photos--one from Vermont and one from the Pocano Pines area--to be enlarged because I thought the markings would be interesting for publication. Certainly, the markings on the enlargements are quite interesting--but they are slightly different from the visible markings on the original photos, indicating that something occurred to the original photo which affected the process of rephotographing this picture.

In order to make an enlargement, it is necessary to rephotograph the original Polaroid shot, make a negative, and print copies of this negative.

I examined the negative attached to the enlarged prints which were returned to Galowitz from the color lab, and the additional markings appear on this negative, not just on the print, indicating that whatever happened to the original shot continues to affect processing of the photo.

I had deliberately sent the photos through an ordinary photo service--to insure that none of the processing would be questionable--and so I was absolutely amazed to see two purplish streaks right in the middle of the Pocano Pines enlargement, and two beige things hovering in the air above the mountains in the Willoughby enlargement. Knowing the yaha sense of humor, I am not yet ready to call these beige fungoids "ufo"s, but they are unidentified photographic objects which became evident in the picture after it was enlarged.

The markings which looked like "gibberish script" are still evident in the enlargement, though they are not actual writings of any sort, but an irregular rash-like texture on the water. The ariel fungoids resemble an unusual "popcorn" marking at the bottom of the picture, which is white at the interior and outlined in beige and red. Surrounding this popcorn marking and running the width of the picture there is an unusual purpling, similar to the purpling effects I have noticed on Polaroid film when taking pictures of "haunted" houses.

The enlargement of the Pocano Pines photo was cropped by the technician to show only the central area of the original picture. I understand that--

without any specific briefing on what I might desire from this unusual landscape--he simply reproduced the lightest and most intelligible part of the picture, which is very dark in the original. In doing this, he cropped off--hilariously--the ectoplasmic shapes in the sky which I had wanted to duplicate, leaving just one of these--a four part arrangement--visible above the tree at the top of the enlargement.

However, the purplish swathe of light which cuts through the branches of the tree like a vertical comet in this particular enlargement is not on the visible surface of the original photo, so he was doing me a favor to feature it.

Lateral striations to the left of the photo above the circle, where NSEW had been painted in white on the cement, and to the right of the photo in a parallel area are clearly visible as being somehow part of the picture, and different from the scratches which flaw the enlargement. Fingerprints had gotten on the dark surface of the original picture, and I must have scratched the surface when I wiped it.

It is interesting that--in the enlargement--the unusual striations appear to rise directly from the circle, and it is the four part whitish form which has been included at the top of the cropped picture. It is true that at the time I took the photo my magnetic compass registered a different direction for North inside the circle than outside the circle.

The concept of four as an important mystical number, the tetragramaton, is an important part of the Judeo-Christian tradition of communication with more highly developed intelligence--called in this tradition angels or Sephiroth. The Sephiroth figure in the Hebrew mysticism of the Kabbalah, from which originates the idea of tetragramaton as the name of god. I suppose that having read the I Ching in trying to understand the lines on the wall in the photo of Victor's apartment, I have been induced by the yaha to be ecumenical in my analysis of the Pocano Pines enlargement. Looking at the blips and blotches on my yaha pictures, I feel sure that--though I know that I have PK ability and have affected film in other locations--another intelligence was using my energies to--what? Play games with me?

I am not convinced that the angels fool around with Polaroid film, though the yaha spirits may have done this, or intelligences from another dimension. Some people might say that this was my own intelligence, manifesting on film from the superconscious. Of course, I have studied the I Ching and have even taught the basic concepts of the Kabbalah--so this interpretation

is possible, yet--when I looked at the duplicate of the photo showing the "hexigram" marking on Victor's wall--some of my misgivings about how people in general might regard these markings were relieved, once again by an anonymous technician.

This person, for whatever reason, cropped the edge of the photo where the hexigram I had originally read was shown, and slightly enlarged the center of the photo. Perhaps he felt that I wanted to show the living room, and that these strange markings on the edge of the picture were marring the view. At any rate, as in the enlargement of the view over the dam abutment, another hexigram appeared in the picture, over the picture hanging on Victor's wall. There can be no question that it is unusual to see a whitish box with six lines on the wall to the left of this wall hanging, and duplicated over the hanging itself.

I am not able accurately to read the hexigram over the wall hanging, as the top three lines are obscured by ladies dresses--the picture shows some sort of historical outing--but the bottom three lines are distinct. Beyond a reiteration of enigmatic markings on the wall, what might the yaha force have wished to communicate?--since I do feel that if a force causing unusual effects is intelligent it will communicate SOMETHING, no matter how silly, I have tried to interpret my two journeys in total. I did feel--particularly during my visit to Lake Willoughby-- a strong sense of mystical interconnection between Rebecca Normaine's taking me to visit Victor and Linda, who claim to have been aboard a ufo, Beverly K. Ross's sighting of a ufo eighteen years ago and her son Karl's frightening experience with flying furniture.

It is a fact that unusual photos were taken at the Lara's house, near a "ufo" site at Pocano Pines, in the hotel where Karl saw the flying furniture, and within a block of where Beverly K. Ross now has a small general store on the shores of Lake Willoughby.

However, a mystical experience is a sort of inner knowing which must "happen to" an individual, and which is difficult to communicate objectively. Someone else might decide that I had psychically engineered this interconnection by deliberately going to these areas, and using my PK ability to put images on pictures which show views of the lake and sky. Clearly, as the yaha know, if there is an interconnection between the ufo events I investigated, I myself have caused this to happen. Nevertheless, there seems to be one intelligent yaha communication, which is: the author of this article has taken pictures with Polaroid film which show the presense of unusual markings and energy blips. These pictures were taken in areas where "ufo" activity and "hauntings" have been reported, and may indicate the presence of anomalous geo-magnetic conditions.

END

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