

FREAKY LINKS



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MONDO OCCULT

A Holy Pane in the Butt



Reverend Franklin

Youngstown Ohio - The Reverend Philip Franklin first observed the crosses on his church windows in early September. A maintenance man was cleaning the exterior of the Saint Joseph's Catholic Church when he noticed the image of a cross that had formed on the center stained glass window in a set of 3. He went and told Reverend Franklin who came out to take a look for himself.

"The cross was a small one about 4 inches high," the Reverend told me over the phone. "I climbed up the ladder that the Bill (the maintenance

man) was using and looked closer at it but couldn't see any natural reason for it being there. It was not etched into the glass. There wasn't any staining visible and the cross remained even when I cupped my hand and put that section of the window in shadow. You could not see the image



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when you were standing inside. Still I put it down to some sort of microscopic algae growth or something of a similar nature. I don't think vandals created it since the window is so high off the ground. I thought it was a nice coincidental touch but I did not take it as a miracle."

The Reverend continued to look at the window from time to time and was shocked to find that four more crosses were forming on the same pane of glass in November. Like the first cross these could not be easily explained. By this time local church goers had heard the rumor and one woman, Linda Hrabal, went so far as to take pictures and publish them on the web.

"That story made things a bit more busy around here," says the Reverend. "After it came out people started coming by to look at the window. It started as a trickle but by early December there was quite a crowd coming by and leaving hand written prayers and flowers by the side of the church. On December 10th someone stole one of the holy water basins out of the front room of the church and we were forced to hire a security guard."



Arrows mark the 5 different crosses that have formed

The local Diocese stepped in at this point and asked Hrabal to take down the website for legal and safety reasons, which she did. Other than this action the Catholic Church has refrained from commenting on the appearance of the crosses and if they are a miracle but some people have decided for themselves.

"God has used the church window to remind us that he is watching," says Linda Hrabal in an e-mail interview. "The Lord works in mysterious ways."

This is not the first time a Catholic icon has appeared on a window. A 60 foot tall Virgin Mary appeared on a Clearwater Florida business office in December of 1996. Skeptics of the Clearwater event claimed that it was nothing more than an oily film on the window. But even if the Youngstown crosses can be explained it wouldn't let the faithful stop their belief.

"So what if it is just oil and water," says Linda Hrabal. "Isn't oil and water a part of nature and wasn't nature created by God?"

A similar event occurred nearly 30 years ago. In 1971 Florida resident James Cain heard about a cross appearing in the window of a small church in Apalachicola Florida. Intrigued he went to the church and saw it for himself. He

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This cross of light formed in a church window in 1971

reported that a light from behind the glazed glass of the window was causing a reflection. The interesting thing was that this window was the only one to cause the reflection to be cross shaped. Other windows of the same material simply showed a slight halo effect around the bulb. The cross image could also be seen no matter which direction or angle you looked at it from.

sources

phone
interview
with Philip
Franklin,

January 20th, 2000

E-mail interview with Linda Hrabal, January 21st - 22nd, 2000

phone interview with James Cain, January 22nd, 2000

photo of Reverend Franklin courtesy of the Ohio Theology Institute

photo of window with crossed courtesy of Linda Hrabal

photo of cross of light courtesy of James Cain

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Does the Anti-Christ Like Chocolate Chip Cookies?

Port Orange, Florida - Sarah Mervelle (69) is similar to a lot of retirees in the Sunshine State. She enjoys visits from her grown son, likes to socialize with others her age in the suburban community she lives in and loves to talk about her grandchildren. What makes her a little different than the rest is the altar to the anti-Christ she keeps in her living room.



Sarah Mervelle is ready to offer the antichrist milk and cookies.

"One day I was watching TV and I heard a preacher talking about how the world was soon to be destroyed when the anti-Christ made his self known to us." Mervelle told me. "Now I haven't got a darn bit of use from those slick TV preachers, I think they're just trying to get your money, so I turned him off. But later in the day I was thinking about what he said. Now if the anti-Christ is

coming then doesn't it make sense that someone needs to be welcoming him? If I showed up at a party and no one was expecting me, I'd be upset to."



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To help smooth things over for the transition Mervelle decided to have a little shrine put up in a bookshelf in her front room.

"Now I'm not real religious so I just kinda made it look like things I saw in the movies. It does look like his sort of thing though, doesn't it? I found the cross at a thrift store and repainted it myself. I think it looks nice. Sometimes I'll put a little plate of cookies in there for him as an offering. I think he'll like it."

Some of Sarah's neighbors have a rather dim view of the new centerpiece.

"Oh I think she's terribly misguided." says Roberta DuClane. "She's a wonderful person but I don't think she's thinking this whole thing through. I'm thinking about talking to Reverend Louis down at the Baptist church about it but I don't want him to blame me since I'm still fiends with her."

Sarah's son, Jonathan feels the same way.

"Mom was very demure when Dad was alive. He was always the decision maker in the house. Since he's passed on and Mom lives by herself I worry about her. I mean she doesn't do anything crazy like keep the oven on, or leave the door unlocked at night but. .well I guess you could say having an altar to Satan would be crazy."

Sarah feels like her neighbors and son just don't understand her. "Those old biddies from the macramÉ club came in here, took one look at it and started raising up a huge fuss. Didn't even want to see the plant holder I had spent all week in making. Johnny's a wonderful son but he's busy making a living. He hasn't got time to think about spiritual things."



Derek Barnes; cookie monster

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sources

interview with Sarah Mervelle, November 8th, 1999

interview with Roberta DuClane, November 8th, 1999

phone interview with Jonathan Mervelle, November 9th, 1999

photo by Derek Barnes

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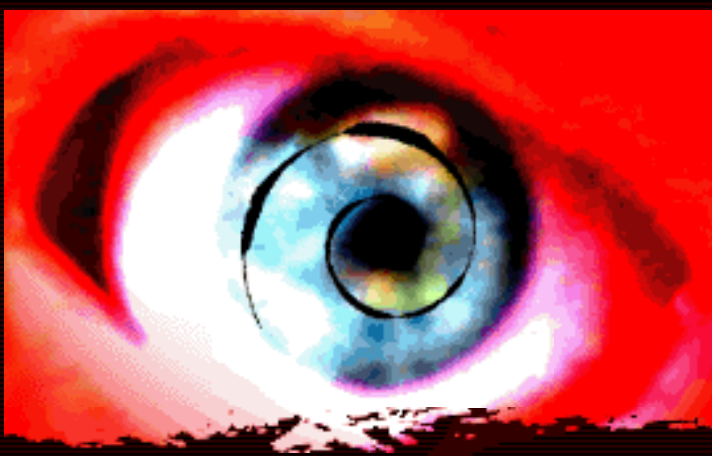
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MONDO OCCULT

Drunken Interview with a Vampire

On a hot, humid, July night Jason and I found ourselves in New Orleans faced with a dilemma of epic proportions. The problem? Jason wanted to drink and I wanted to go find a vampire (Or at least someone who thought they were.) After a bit of haggling I found a solution. We'd go vampire hunting at a bar. Since I'd heard that "The Dungeon" was a favorite spot for the children of the night we headed there. But on arriving we found out the place didn't open till 11 pm so we hung out at another bar drinking until just about the witching hour. Finally we got into vampire central and I wasn't disappointed since it looked like every extra from a Bauhaus video had set up shop in the place.

As Jason got us two new rum and cokes at the bar I asked around if any of these black clad Goths were vampires and if they wanted to be interviewed. Sure I got a lot of mean stares through mascara caked eyes but I finally found one girl who said yes. (or at least she didn't say no) She looked the part, with jewels on her face, a ponytail of fire red hair and a pair of sunglasses to shield her eyes. She said her name was Madeleine and as Jason arrived back with the drinks I set up my tape recorder on the table and started asking the questions.



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- [Gathering of the Coven](#)
- [Drinking with the Dead in New Orleans](#)

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Derek: So you're a vampire?

Madeleine: Perhaps, let's just say that I'm about a real a vampire as you're going to meet at this place. I adhere to the code and do what I'm told by Lady Kim.

D: Who's Lady Kim?

M: She's is the current ruler of the vampire community of New Orleans. She was born in the early 1800's and was turned on

her wedding day. She's been the top Vamp here for several years now.

D: Any chance I could meet her?

M: (laughs) Oh, I don't think you're ready to meet her . . . Besides she hardly ever comes here this early and sometimes you people...bother her. You'll have to satisfy your mortal curiosity with me. (laughs again and drains her wine glass) I'll be right back.

Jason turns to me looking a little bugged out. "You see her fangs?"

"Yeah I saw them. But she had her mouth closed when I took her picture. Take the camera, turn the flash off and try to get some more when she's not looking." I turn to see if Madeleine is watching us but she's at the bar flirting with the bartender. Quickly I shove the small camera in Jason's hands.

Jason: I don't know why you gotta get me involved in this crap

D: Shut up, here she comes

Madeline arrives back, places 2 fresh drinks in front of us and sits down with her back against the wall. She sips from her glass and gives me a look like she knows what I'm thinking. Jason and I mumble our thanks.

D: So why did you agree to talk to me? Are you afraid Lady

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Kim won't like it?

M: She hasn't told me I couldn't talk to you and you know how the devil is in the details! (laughs again) Besides if there is a problem I think I can take care of it. You two don't look threatening to me. I think I can handle things.

D: Oh yeah we're your basic non-threatening type.

J: Vampires and us are just like this (crosses fingers)

M: Glad to hear it Drink up boys! Don't you know you should never experience New Orleans sober after dark?

I comply, killing the new drink with one swift gulp. Jason just sips from his.

D: Let's get back to the questions. What's your schedule like? What's it like to be a vampire in New Orleans?

M: My schedule? (laughs) You think I have a schedule?

J: How do you make money?

M: Well I do work occasionally at a members only club down here in the French Quarter. Perhaps we could go there later. You would be my guests of course. (She finishes the glass, pushes it to Jason, and caresses his hand) Now won't you be a dear and get us more to drink? Tell the bartender it's a refill for Madeleine. He knows what I like.

Jason grabs the 2 empty glasses (his is still full) and goes to the bar, I watch Madeleine as she follows Jason across the room with her eyes.

M: Your friend just radiates energy. He must work out quite a bit to have such strong arms.

D: Yeah, he does....So what's up with those fangs of yours? Are they real?

Madeline turns to look at me.

M: Of course they're real.

She opens her mouth to reveal them to me and as I stare at them she draws her tongue across her lips. It's the first time I've ever been flirted with by a vampire.



D: (trying to stay professional) So you drink blood?

M: Oh yes, sometimes, when the mood suits me. But don't get the wrong idea. I don't tramp around in the streets with

a cowl over my head looking for some unsuspecting tourist to yank into a darkened alley. All of my "donors" are willing ones. They appreciate a good bite now and then.

D: (still trying to be professional but losing fast) What do you mean, "When the mood suits you?" I thought you had to drink blood to stay alive.

M: Oh I do have to refresh myself from time to time but blood isn't the only way I can do it. There's all kinds of ways to receive life force. I can take psychic energy without leaving a mark on you. And of course there's sexual energy.....

But Jason arrives back with the drinks and I don't have to give her a follow-up question on that one. I take a gulp from my glass to calm my hormones down.

D: So do you sleep in a coffin?

M: (laughs) Excuse me for laughing but you seem to have gotten all your information from watching old movies.

D: Well yeah, as a matter of fact . . .

M: No I do not sleep in a coffin. Have you ever been inside one of those things?

Both Jason and I shake our heads in unison

M: Well I have and it's way too small to be comfortable. Maybe I would if I could have one custom built but until then I make do with a luxurious king sized bed.

D: Oh yeah I bet it is. . . .

I sense Jason staring at me but I ignore him.

D: So tell me some more interesting things about vampires (I lean over the table hoping to get another look at those strange pearly whites of hers)

M: Well there are all kinds of secrets I could tell you but it's getting so crowded in here. Why don't we go to the club where I work? (She leans into my face) It's very quiet there and I'll tell you everything you want to know.

D: (swigging the last of my drink and spilling a little of it down my chin) Oh yeah, that sounds like a wonderful idea to me.

J: Well it doesn't to me. Derek we gotta hit the road early tomorrow.

I just sorta wave my hand at Jason and continue looking at her Madeline's mouth. How does she ever get those teeth so white?

Jason grabs my waving hand and uses it to yank me up into

a semi-standing position.

M: Are you sure you have to leave?

D: Yeah Jason, are you sure?

J: I'm sure, wave goodbye to the nice vampire.

I sorta try to get out of Jason's grasp but it's useless. I turn back to Madeleine and give her my best smile and wave while Jason grabs the tape recorder.

D: It's been nice meeting you Madeleine.

M: And you too. You should be thankful you have such a thoughtful friend with you.

D: Oh yeah....

Jason guides me out of the bar, down a small alley and into the street. Even at 2 in the morning there's still plenty of frat boys roaming around looking for fun. I sober up some in the open air. Jason hails a cab and we get in.

"So why'd you yank me out of there so fast? She was coming on to me!" I ask Jason as we ride back to the hotel.

"A girl with fangs who says she's a vampire was coming on to you...Dude just think about what you're saying," he replies.

I mull it over in my semi alcohol-hazed mind for a second or two. Maybe he's right.

"Besides," Jason says, "When I went to the bartender and told him Madeleine needed another drink I got sorta freaked out."

"How's that?" I ask.

"The bartender grabbed the glass but he didn't go to the wine rack. He reached under the counter and pulled out a two liter cola bottle. It was half filled with that "red wine." When's the last time you ever heard of somebody using a



old soda bottle for wine? Gave me the creeps, man."

I slump back in the seat trying to think of a reasonable explanation. Nothing springs to mind.

sources

Interview with Madeleine by Derek Barnes and Jason Tatum

Photographs by Derek Barnes and Jason Tatum

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FREAK-O-PEDIA MONDO OCCULT

Harbingers

This article was supposed to be about the strange goings on in the weird little town of Casadaga Florida. Casadaga was established over a 100 years ago by psychics as a "spiritual center" and their annual psychic fair this week seemed like the perfect time to visit the town. But the story became a lot bigger than that mainly because I wasn't the first Barnes to visit Casadaga Florida. Adam beat me to it. Just 2 weeks before he died Adam spent a few days in the town searching for some answers. I think I found out a few of the answers that he was looking for. But now I'm trying to unravel what the questions were. It's obvious that Adam knew a lot more then he ever told me.



Casadaga Florida



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- [Harbingers of Doom 1](#)
- [Harbingers of Doom 2](#)

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On the surface Casadaga looks normal. Or just about as normal as a town full of psychics can look. It's only when I started poking around that I discovered that the town ain't exactly what it seems. I've always taken psychics and their ability with a grain of salt. Now I know different. Because for whatever reason the founders of the town settled down smack dab in the middle of some of the strangest stuff ever to grace this ball of mud we call planet earth. They drew up their plans, built a town, and never even knew they were right on top of a fight between good and evil.

Oh it seems like some of the citizens knew what was going on. Resident author Wilson Ashcroft certainly had his ideas inspired by the local version of reality. He even wrote a horror novel called "The Harbingers" that was based on what he was seeing. You could call it an expose of the evils that surrounded the town. Unfortunately, the rest of the reading public called it trash and it was soon forgotten by everyone but Ashcroft. Before his death he use to stand outside on the streets of his beloved town and give away Xeroxed copies of the book to anyone that would take it. Ashcroft was convinced the book was important and tried to keep it words circulating in the minds of readers until he died. Adam was also convinced that the work was important. So important that he promised Ashcroft that he would help him get his work out on the World Wide Web. Course those plans got put on hold when Adam decided to commit suicide.

I know this article seems rambling so let me acknowledge the problem right here. It's not easy for me to discuss this one with you. This subject was important to Adam and whenever I think about him I get all angry and upset at once. The facts tend to get blurred and hidden behind a veil of emotions and I don't think too straight. Maybe I should try and start over again and tell exactly what happened.

It seems like Adam knew about the existence of these invisible creatures that Ashcroft has labeled the Harbingers. Don't ask me to explain what they are, I really can't tell you. Are they from another dimension? Are they from hell? I dunno, but it's evident that they were up to no good in Casadaga. The long and the short of it is that Ashcroft's book was based on fact. That these Harbingers aren't part of the local flora and fauna and when they cross over from where ever they come from the first thing they do is hop onto someone and act as a combination parasite and controlling force. They make you do bad things. All kinds of bad things from fights with your significant other all the way up to attempted murder. As long as it's evil it doesn't matter to them. I'm not sure what the purposes of these evil acts are. Maybe they feed off of the emotions that are based in evil and misdeeds. Again, I dunno. I was never much good at science and I didn't stick around them long enough to dissect one and see what makes it tick. All I can tell you is that these invisible creatures are real and that Casadaga has a severe case of Harbinger infestation.

But what could I do about this? Something like this was

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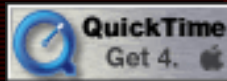
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more along the job descriptions of quantum physicists and Catholic priests instead of a guy that runs a website based on the wacky happenings of the paranormal. But even convincing my friends of what I was knew was hard enough. I can't even begin to imagine trying to explain it to the real adults of this world. Nope, if something was to be done then it was going to have to be done by me. (As stupid and silly and self pompous as that sounds.)



Adam's old night vision video camera revealed the presence of the Harbinger creatures to me.
[Click here to see the movie \(496K\)](#)

(movie not working for you? you probably need to [download the QuickTime software](#))



But just like he used to do when we were kids, Adam was there to give me a hand. He must have had the same thoughts as I about the invasion force of these Harbingers and he had snooped around until he met Ashcroft. For whatever reason Ashcroft knew of the existence of these creatures as well and he had published his findings in that god-awful horror book. The funny thing is, the book acted as a weapon against these things. The mere knowledge of their existence acts as a weapon against them. By publishing his book, Ashcroft was able to keep the creatures at bay and keep the town safe. That's why even after the book went out of print you could still find him out on the streets of Casadaga giving Xeroxed copies of it away. As long as the knowledge was held in the public's mind then the creatures have no power over us. But now that he was dead, the creatures were once again able to roam free. The book no longer bound them because the information it contained was no longer known.

But Adam had a plan for that and Lan and I took up where he left off. We got the knowledge out to the world. Not by issuing a book that no one will read. No, we transferred the power of the written word straight out in the Internet, just like Adam wanted. Even as you read this there's a computer server dedicated to sending these words of power out to the World Wide Web where they are transferred in an endless loop. The knowledge is out there and it's enough to stop these Harbinger suckers dead in their tracks.



From Adam's research tapes of Casadaga

I know this all sounds crazy and I don't expect most of you to believe me. In some ways that's ok cause the story is really a personal one to begin with. Adam had this knowledge right before he died and I know that it relates to his suicide in some way. Looking over Adam's reference video tape about the town gives me the feeling that these creatures are just the tip of some paranormal iceberg waiting out there in the darkness. Maybe Adam was able to look further and see what the rest of the iceberg was made of. Maybe the knowledge drove him over the edge. Still for some reason I don't think that Adam killed himself for no reason at all. He had some dark purpose behind his actions and I've only scratched the surface of what he was up to.

Besides the obvious question is; where did these creatures come from and what else is out there with them?

sources

Still of Adam Barnes by Adam Barnes

All other photos and video by Derek Barnes.

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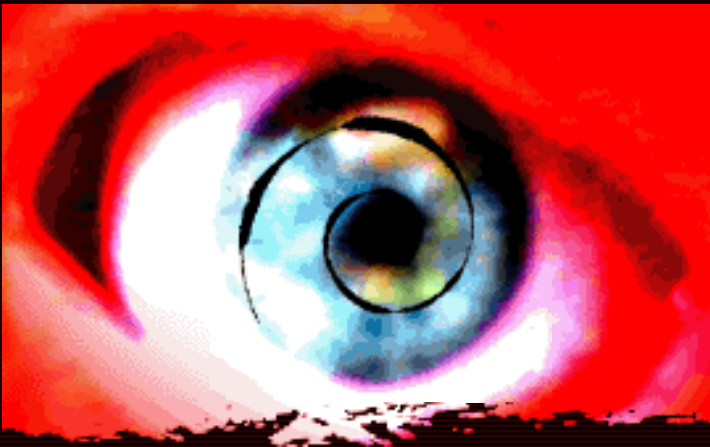
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MONDO OCCULT

Hey Waiter, There's A Demon in My Soup

Los Angeles California - Lee Wong has owned Wong's Restaurant ever since 1984 when his father passed away. Lee and his wife Emily are the only employees in the small cafe and have worked hard to make it stand out among the 100's of other restaurants in the Asian district of LA Lee has done battle with corrupt health inspectors, racist produce salesman and even the introduction of a fast food take-out place that opened next door. That's one reason why he was prepared when a demon materialized in his kitchen on one June night.

"It was a Gui." Wong told me through his nephew who acted as an interpreter. (Lee speaks very limited English) "I was cleaning up after we had closed and all of sudden a pot of water tipped over from the stove. I turned around and thats when I saw the spirit and knew we had a Gui in the



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Lee Wong displays the finger he cut off the demon that attacked him in his kitchen

restaurant."

According to Chinese mythology, a Gui is a spirit made up of the negative yin components of a dead person's soul. They are characterized by wearing unhemmed clothes and not having a shadow.

Usually Gui can only be seen as a transparent shape but the one that attacked Wong was a little more serious.

"It approached closer to me and I could see that it was getting more solid.", Wong continued. "It's eyes were turning red. I screamed for Emily but she was outside sweeping. I knew I was in trouble so I grabbed for my knife and yelled at it to go away, that we had no money to give to it but we would have a feast next month"

It is traditional for people to burn special paper money in religious ceremonies as a gift to the Gui. Also the Feast of the Hungry Ghost is performed in July as an additional appeasement of particularly violent Gui.

"It did not listen to me but instead kept coming closer." Wong said. "It raised one arm back and swung it toward me. As it did I saw that the arm was becoming solid and I sliced at it with my knife. I cut it's finger off and it howled at me. Then with a poof it disappeared."



Wong motioned for his nephew and I to get up from the restaurant booth and follow him. He lead us to the kitchen area, opened the freezer door and pulled out a Tupperware bowl. Opening the container he grabbed a larger finger

- [Encyclopedia Mythica](#)
- [chinesefood.org](#)
- [SinoMarket](#)

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shaped object and handed it to me.

"Claw of the Gui." his nephew told me solemnly.

The piece of meat I held in my hand certainly looked like it came off something evil. It was approx. 6 inches long by 4 inches wide and 2 inches deep. It had 2 claws which extended for approx. 2 inches and there was a soft bone sticking out of the back where the item has been neatly lobbed off. The flesh was drying out from the freezer but still had a very strong odor. It looked and smelled bad.

"Claw of the Gui." I told Wong and handed it back to him.

Wong plans to burn the claw in a religious ceremony later this month. "If I burn it" Wong told me. "Then maybe Gui will get it back and be thankful. He will not come around here no more or I . ." Wong made a chopping motion with a butcher's knife. Then he smiled at me and put the claw back into the plastic tub and sat it back into the freezer.

"You write story. You tell everyone that Wong's is still open for business."

sources

-interview with Lee Wong on July 11th, 1999

photo by Derek Barnes

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FREAK-O-PEDIA MONDO OCCULT

It's a Small, Vampiric World, After All

Throughout history many different cultures have had a common theme to their myths and legends. Monsters seem to have a similar nature no matter if they arise in the jungles of South America or the plains of Siberia. They all possess a singular gift of evil that pervades their makeup regardless of their origins. But although their monstrous genes may be from the same supernatural DNA, the differences in their appearance or attitudes can be used by a willing observer to shed new light on other theories. Like a botanist who can superimpose the behavior of one genus of flower on another, the student of worldwide myths can extract a greater truth from these far-flung siblings that helps to neatly tie together these common themes.

Take the vampire for example. Stories of vampires and vampiric creatures exist all over the world. From the Ekimmu of ancient Babylon to the Mexican Cihuateteo, no other legend seems to be as persuasive as that of a creature that preys on humans. Although European legends tend to make this monster a blood sucker, other cultures have vampires which deal with more esoteric matters of the human psyche. A Polynesian monster called the Talamaur thrives by stealing "life force" of dying men. The Indonesian Pontianak is said to be less interested in blood and will actual steal men's masculinity if it is successful in it's seducement. Regardless of origin these vampiric creatures stay true to their roots. They prey on humans and feed on us like we would feed on lesser animals. Indeed a common theme to vampire myths seems to be that we ARE cattle to these creatures. That the human race is simply a source of food for these creatures who seem to be higher up on the evolutionary scale than us.

One of the most interesting examples of lesser-known vampire myths comes out of the Philippines. For many years the natives of these islands have spoken in quiet voices of a vampiric creature called the "Tatagong." The Tatagong differs in some respects from most vampires in that it has no substantial body. Instead it can only be seen as a shadow and, instead



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of being able to move on its own, it requires a host to carry it from one place to another. The Tatagong acts much like a parasite in this respect, latching onto a human's shadow and using it as a shield against detection. Its human host is said to be aware of the infestation but is unable to do anything about it and is instead somehow commanded to seek out other humans for the Tatagong when it needs to feed. Instead of sucking blood the Tatagong sucks at the "life essence" of these other humans, killing them in the process. It is only at this point, when it is cleared of it's host's shadow, that it can be seen by others. It is also reported that this is the only time that the Tatagong can be captured and its host can be rid of the infestation. Capture seems to be the only option with a Tatagong; no record exists on how to kill it.

But what are the origins of this peculiar monster? Belief in this creature can be traced back as early as the early 16th century where it is possibly mentioned in the notes of Antonio Pigafetta who was the chronicler of Magellan's expedition across the world.

"We strayed not far from the village after the Islanders made it known that there existed creatures on other islands that would not take lightly to being disturbed. When we tried to get porters for a trip elsewhere in the chain we were met with wide eyes and shaken heads. The village leader used drawings and signs to explain of the evil that walked the other islands. An evil that used men to whet it's hunger."

The Jesuit historian Pedro Chano who visited the Philippine islands in the years 1608 through 1610 and learned the native language of Tagalong recorded a clearer report of this "evil". He wrote of his experiences when he returned to his native Spain in 1621 in the book "La Gente De Las Islas."

"The numerous islands are host to a surprisingly peaceful group of natives who have accomplished themselves in many ways. They have developed the skill of writing and use small knives to record events on specially prepared bamboo paper. I was honored by the local chief and let to examine several such documents but since I could not read the language as of yet I asked for him to read one such scroll to me. The Chief acquiesced and related a tale to me that I still find chilling in it's Godlessness today.

It concerned a village deep in the heart of the thick jungle where no living man dare go. This village only appears at night and there is a full moon forever over the place. Inside the village live spirits and shadows of things that look like men but are not. These shadows spend their time in wait for a man to pass by and then attack them as a bloodtick would place itself on a cow. These creatures will then use the man as a beast of burden, taking it to other men where it will attack them and steal their soul. In this way it feeds on men. The scroll recorded the events of one such possession and stated that the attack was finally ended when the possessed man was burned alive during an attempt to capture the beast.

I thanked the Chief for the reading but hid my true thoughts from him since the tale had chilled me to the depths of my soul. Surely these people are in need of the Lord's guidance to lead them away from such ungodly thoughts and ideas. I believe there is much work to be done here."



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Efforts by such Europeans as the Jesuits and others to "westernize" the Philippines worked to a certain degree. Although the Filipino's embraced the Catholic Church readily, it seems that the native beliefs lay dormant just underneath the new social and religious values juxtaposed over the Islands. Belief in the Tatagong and other native monsters has been kept alive and survive even to the present day. The evidence of oral histories could explain reasons for the continuation of these beliefs away but it might be a bit presumptuous to put all explanations neatly into this category. Could it also be possible that the beliefs were continued because of the simple fact that they are true? On the surface such an assertion would seem preposterous but some facts seem to support this hypothesis. Take for example this peculiar event that happened during World War II.

On December 15th the United States military retook the small Philippine island of Mindoro from the Japanese to use as a base to launch attacks against the bigger islands the Japanese still held. Resistance on the island was light and by Dec. 17th the US Army Corp of Engineers had been tasked to build several airfields on the island. In the days that followed 5 deaths of were recorded in Army logs and were classified as "enemy actions" even though the Marines had been over the island beforehand and had pronounced it cleared of all Japanese soldiers. Then just mysteriously as the deaths had occurred they stopped. The army record ends there but in the book, "Taking Back the Islands; a journal of the retaking of the Philippines Islands." I found what might be an explanation of the story. Sgt. Roger Edwards, who was an engineer on Mindoro, wrote of what he encountered.

"By Dec 16th we were all out in the thick jungle mess, hacking and slashing with everything from machetes and flamethrowers to bulldozers. It was a real rush job so it became a round the clock operation and my unit was given the graveyard shift. We weren't really that concerned about getting attacked since we were told the island had been cleared out and the kamikazes were after the bigger fish sitting off shore. That's one reason everybody was so surprised when we learned at our midnight lunch that 2 guys from our unit had been killed. The buck private that found them was scared out of his mind and kept claiming that there weren't any wounds on the guys. We thought it was just him getting a case of the jitters but we all started keeping our weapons closer after that.

Around 4 am there was a shout, and some gunfire over by the edge of the woods where the dozers were working carting off the felled trees. We ran over there and sure enough the dozer operator was laying there dead, slumped over his steering wheel. His pistol was still resting in his hands with 2 rounds missing but there wasn't a mark on him. The boys starting jabbering a lot of bullshit about how the Japanese were on the island and had some kind of nerve gas weapon set up but I personally didn't believe a word of it. We set up a quick perimeter but none of us were too keen on clomping off in that jungle in the middle of the night so the Lieutenant did the smart thing and radioed our problem back to the Marines. A squad of those hard asses came on shore about at about 1800 on the 17th just as we were getting off our shift. By the looks they gave us it was clear they thought we were crying wolf at nothing but I was happy to have them there.

I was happier still when we got back to the job that evening and learned that nobody had been killed. That feeling left me real quick around 9pm when we heard shooting coming from the edge of the jungle. A quick recon by the marines near us revealed that 2 of their fellow jarheads were just as dead as the engineers from the day before. And once again there wasn't a mark on them.



A Filipino strong box made to hold the shadow vampire?

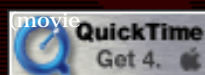
That's when the situation got real peculiar cause the Filipino attaché had a conversation away from the rest of us with the Marine lieutenant he was working for. Whatever he said had some kind of effect cause the lieutenant detached a Marine to go with him to the other side of the island where a little Filipino shantytown was. We all broke for another meal and by the time we were finished the attaché was back with this old guy from the village who looked about half dead from starvation. He seemed real keen to see us though and kept patting this ragged pack on his back and mumbling to us in Filipino.

I wasn't sure what was going on but the Marine lieutenant told us to stay on break and then tromped off into the woods with the 2 native guys and a can of diesel fuel under his arm. About 30 minutes later we saw there was a big fire out by the edge of the jungle break and then about 10 minutes after that there was a single gun shot. We rushed over there (letting the Marines go in front, mind you) and were surprised to see a Japanese soldier lying there in front of the fire with a bullet in

his head. The old native guy was saying something as he trounced around the fire and he was holding this wooden box that must have come out of his pack. The lieutenant holstered his pistol and told us that the Jap had been hiding in the jungle and that the danger was over and we could get back to work. The Filipino attaché translated that to the old man who smiled, nodded and patted the wood box in his hands. After that the attaché took the old man away, back to his village I guess, and left us there to get back to work. The lieutenant never did say what that native guy was up to and no one had a good explanation how a single Japanese soldier could have killed 5 of us. Even stranger was the fact that the Japanese soldier didn't even have a rifle on him when the lieutenant shot him."

Does this story relate another encounter with the Filipino vampire called the Tatagong? A clue that it does might be the box that the native carried away from the encounter. The legends associated with the monster relate that only a skilled Priest of the ancient Malayan religions can hope to release a man who has become a parasitic host to the beast. It is said that through the use of light and shadow the Priest can attract the monster and then capture it in a strong box when it attempts to strike. This box must then be kept in a secure place because the shadow vampire never dies, it just lies in wait for it's release.

And what's my take on this tale of a strange vampire who possesses no material body? As I'm sure you are aware, I'm not one to dismiss claims of the paranormal and this one has a special reason to hold my interest. Indeed this entry has served the double purpose of educating you while giving me a sense that recent events I have experienced aren't totally unknown to the rest of the world. I can't go into the specifics but I can show you a sample of what I have been up to. The QuickTime below was made from a videotape I acquired and it may be the first direct evidence of the Tatagong ever seen by western eyes. I'm presenting it here for you to view for yourself. Does a colony of vampiric shadows lie in wait in some deserted Filipino village? You be the judge.



not working for
you? you probably
need to [download
the QuickTime
software](#))

[Click here to see the movie \(500k\).](#)

sources

Vampires

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FREAK-O-PEDIA MONDO OCCULT

Praise the Lord and Pass the Earplugs

Adel Georgia - Ferrell Carnby has loved music since he was a child.



Ferrell recreates the day when God told him to shoot the sun with a gun

play but it was just too hard for me. I finally sat that guitar in the corner of my room one day and just cried my heart out.."

But Ferrell refused to give up.

"I've always wanted to make music. Ever since I was a young boy, I loved singing and would turn on the radio and sing along with it. I'd get my mamma's pots and pans and beat on them with spoons and just make the biggest ruckus you ever heard! I begged and begged for a guitar for my 9th birthday and when they finally got me one I near about plucked and strummed my fingers down to the bone. Problem was I just couldn't learn the notes. My parents couldn't afford no teacher for me but they bought sheet music and I tried my hardest to learn how to



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"I was at a blue grass show in Valdosta when I was 15 or 16 and was sure that the mandolin was what I was born to play. I got a job working at the Piggly Wiggly just so I could save up money to buy one for myself. After I got it I learned it was the same old story, I just couldn't learn to make music with it. I put that one away and about that time my grandfather and dad was killed in a car accident so I had to work on the farm with Mamma. My Grandmother came to live with us and she brought my granddad's old dulcimer. I tried it but it turned out just as same as the others. Finally I just gave up on all of them. I still wanted to play but I just didn't have the talent."

That all changed when Ferrell had a dream on his 30th birthday.

"I was asleep in bed but in my dream I was walking across a great big field of peanuts. I was all alone and as far as I could see there was nothing but peanut plants stretching from horizon to horizon. Well I decided to pick one so I could eat a peanut but when I pulled up the plant there was a guitar attached to it instead of peanuts! I pulled up another and there was granddad's dulcimer. I kept doing it and there was fiddles and guitars under each and every one of them. Finally I saw a tractor coming toward me and it was



plowing up the rows of peanut plants and leaving great big piles of guitars, violins, and banjos, behind it. It stopped right in front of me and God got out carrying a shotgun. He looked just like old man Grayson who lives down the road from us but I knew it was God. God walked right up to me and said 'What do you think you're doing tearing up my field?' I said, 'I'm sorry God but I was trying to find something to eat.' God said, 'You can't just pull up the plants and expect a harvest, you have to work for it.' And then God handed me his shotgun and said, 'Shoot the sun every day for six days. Rest and think of me on the seventh. On the eighth day you will have this field.' And then I woke up."

Not one to waste time, Ferrell took the advice he was given in the dream and shot at the sun six days in a row with his father's old shotgun.

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"I always shot it at high noon, cause that's when the sun is at it's fullest. On the seventh day I told Mom I was sick and couldn't work. I just lay in bed all day and prayed to God and thanked him for the gift he was going to give to me. I was itching to get a hold of that guitar laying in the corner but I didn't dare touch it. Finally I fell asleep and when I woke up the next day I grabbed my guitar that I hadn't picked up in 10 years and I could play it! I tried the dulcimer and then the mandolin and I could play them all. I went downstairs and told my grandmother and Mamma and played for them and they just sat and stared!"



Ferrell's determined to repay his gift from the Lord by spreading the good word whenever he can.

"Once a week they have that karaoke thing down at the bar-b-q place. I go there and sing and play and try to tell everyone how God will help you if you'll just do what he wants. I started going to grandma's church too and got Mamma into going. Some Sundays they let me get up and sing and play a hymn in front of the

congregation. Everybody says I've been blessed and I know it's true!"

editors note-

I had the opportunity to hear Ferrell play and sing. All I can say is that God has a weird sense of humor. - Derek

sources

interview with Ferrell Carnby, November 3rd-4th, 1999

photos by Derek Barnes

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FREAK-O-PEDIA MONDO OCCULT

Same As It Ever Will Be

Orlando Florida - Howard and Elizabeth Foxworth have been looking for the meaning of life for quite some time. They've tried Christianity, Buddhism, Tao, I Ching and Post Life Regression, all without finding inner peace. Finally they decided to find the truth themselves.



"With tried lots of stuff, but nothing really fit us,"



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Howard and Elizabeth are sure of their future

Howard, or Easy B as he calls himself, told me. "We've found little bits and pieces of different religions that we liked but nothing really seem to be the whole cosmic enchilada."

That's when Easy B and his wife decided to start doing things for themselves. Using hypnosis, Howard was able to put his wife into her subconscious and tap into what they call the "loop center" of the brain.

"The loop center is where all your memories are stored. Not

just memories of what was but memories of what is to be." Elizabeth told me. "To understand the loop you have to understand that time is just a big cosmic circle. Where you are right now is just one spot on this wheel. With the proper mind techniques you can move your loop center around the circle of time and experience what you will become. Life is never ending. When you die the soul simply shifts to another point on this wheel."

They call this "future life progression" and Howard put his wife under in my presence to show me what they are experiencing.

"The suit is heavy but not as bad as it would be on earth. I'm checking the outside of air scrubber number 4 for any cracks." Elizabeth spoke rather huskily as she laid on the couch with her eyes closed. She claimed to be a man named Nathan Correl who was working on Mars as part of an effort to terraform the planet in the year 2190. She went on for a half hour describing the different parts of her job and what it was like to live on another planet. Howard explained that she had experienced other memories up to around the year 2700 but after that her subconscious seems to have "shifted mental gears" and it was harder to transmit the information she experienced.

"My guess is that somewhere around that time humans make the next evolutionary step and the brain we have now has trouble dumbing down that info." said Howard. Howard has also used the technique for exploring his future lives and reports that he has been a travel agent in Moscow, a shuttle pilot for a space station based hotel chain and even an undersea farmer on a kelp farm in the Pacific Ocean.

Both Howard and Elizabeth are eager to share this technique with others but are a little wary of who they get involved with. "It may seem a little strange to people at first." Howard said. "If the wrong people heard about it they may think we're a little nuts."

sources

-interview with Howard and Elizabeth Foxworth, August 1st, 1999

photo by Derek Barnes

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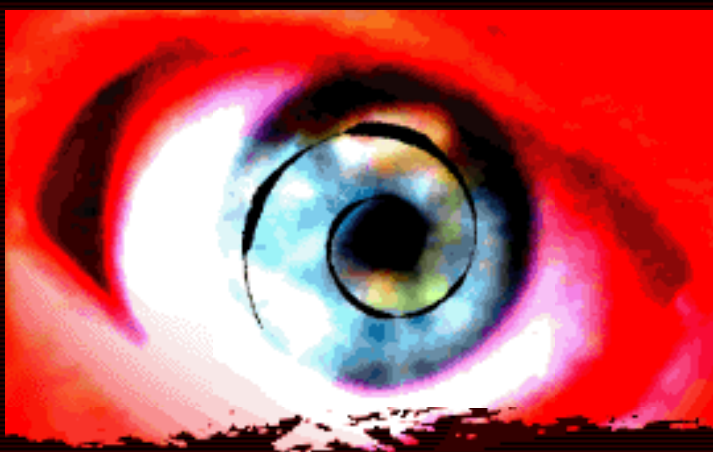
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MONDO OCCULT

Slime Time

It's been a long time since I've heard the work "Seance." Martha A., as she is known within psychic circles, has decided to give that craft a renaissance in this skeptical day and age. A practitioner of the lost art of the Seance, she allows herself to become possessed by certain "spirit guides" and on occasion produces ectoplasm. For those who believe ectoplasm to be the slimy substance seen in the "Ghostbusters" movie, I would recommend reading about Mina Crandon (AKA Margery), one of the most ballyhooed of all the ectoplasm-spewing psychics in the 1920's. Back then, ectoplasm was often the texture of cheesecloth or custard, and generally came in shapes such as human faces, hands, legs, and just about anything else you can think of.



Saving Face: Martha A. Spits Up the Other Side

Martha A. has resurrected not just the dead, but this lost of all psychic arts. Completely unable to vouch for the veracity of her claims or her photographs, I will just take this one at "face" value (pun



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- [Psychic Investigator](#)
- [Skeptic's Dictionary: ectoplasm](#)
- [Physical Mediumship](#)

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intended) and leave it to the reader to draw his or her own conclusion.

I was able to conduct a telephone interview with Martha A. while she was visiting a friend in the super-freaky town of Casadega - A town filled with mediums and psychics and witches, all a short distance from the tasty waves at Daytona Beach!

D: How would you describe your particular, um, talent?

M: It's not really a talent. It's more a way of seeing things, letting things see through you. Today, in this television age we call it "channeling" because that's what we do. We are nothing but a vessel. Way back when, it was called being a "medium." Here in Casadega a lot of people still call themselves that. Anyway, the way I work is this: I have a "spirit guide" named Simon. He was a watchsmith in England in the late nineteenth century. He died in a boating accident in the English channel. He tells me that he knew me as his daughter in that life, and never gave up his paternal instincts even on the spiritual plane. Simon and I have great communication together, and he is the source of whatever it is I know.

D: When did you first talk to Simon?

M: I was in my early twenties. It was probably 1962. I was attending college when I became interested in honing my skills psychically. I believe he was waiting for me all that time, watching me grow up, hoping I would contact him one day. One day I was meditating and we just started to talk, just like you and I are talking. He told me the whole story. At first I didn't want to believe it but gradually I accepted the fact that I could hear him talking, and he knew things. Instinctively I just knew it was right. It just felt right.

D: In no way am I trying to challenge the existence of Simon, but did you ever try to find him in any historical record?

M: What difference would that make? This works like everything else. On faith. Let's say I found Simon didn't exist - Records were kept very poorly back then and you could easily say his records were lost somehow. If I found



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that he did, then maybe he really existed and somehow I'd heard about him somewhere. I don't even know Simon's last name. I just know. I just know.

D: I didn't mean to challenge his existence.

M: No, I understand how you must feel. I just have to tell you how I feel about him. It's important that you know.

D: Tell me about the ectoplasm.

M: I wish there was another name for it. "Ghost-juice" or something! (laughs) I was conducting a Seance one day in the mid 1970's. Now you have to understand that I generally don't remember what happened after a Seance. I come out of my trance, which is like being asleep only Simon is there, and people tell me what I told them. I am sometimes completely amazed by what I've told them about. Anyway, I came out of a trance and there was a waxy kind of blob of something sitting in front of me. I thought somebody had vomited! But it didn't smell. Anyway, I looked down at it and saw a woman's face made of this kind of translucent jelly. It startled me and the guests told me that while I was talking it just came out of my mouth when I was telling them about a ring that had been stolen from one of the guest's mothers. Simon told me later that it was as if she was so mad that she clawed through the spiritual plane and tried to reach through my body. About an hour after the proceedings, the mass had just turned to dust. I can't explain it.

D: How often do you have these kinds of manifestations?

M: You can hardly set your watch by it. I think my sensitivity is such that certain spirits see a door and they try to go through it. They push, but they are on another plane. They can only push so hard. You could say it depends less on me than it does on the spirit.

D: How does Simon feel about this? Does he protect you?

M: Simon says that there is no way for the spirits to hurt me. If anything, it hurts them, robs them of essence.

D: How do you generally feel after one of these Seances?

M: Spent. I usually go to sleep for several hours after one of these ectoplasmic things happens. It can really take it out of you!

sources

Interview with Martha M. December 18, 1998

Photo's courtesy of Martha A.

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FREAK-O-PEDIA MONDO OCCULT

The Crybaby Bridge



Contractor James Farrell made a grisly find in the basement

Dayton was a wealthy man in Butler County Alabama with extensive land holdings in Greenville. When Taylor died in August of 1928, Travis, age 23, inherited the family fortune as sole heir. The burden of running the family business was a large one for such a young man and Travis confided to several friends that he was "at wit's end on what to do." Instead of bowing down to the pressure Travis went on a long vacation, leaving a hired foreman to manage his father's fortune. In January of 1929, upon returning from a trip to Mobile, he announced his engagement to

A building contractor in the small town of Greenville Alabama may have solved a 70-year-old mystery. During renovations to restore the Dayton House, building contractor James Farrell uncovered fragments of a human skull in the building's subbasement. The remains are suspected to be Lucille Dayton, the wife of Travis Dayton who built the house in 1929 as a wedding gift and who murdered his wife less than a year later. This 70-year-old murder is still the topic of speculation in Greenville to this very day.

Travis's father, Taylor



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Lucille Williams. The Butler County newspaper records the announcement in its society column.

"Girls all over Butler County are weeping bitter tears over the announcement that bachelor Travis Dayton is to be wed this fall! The bride to be is Lucille Williams from Mobile and although we are not aware of her family surname in that town's society we are sure it is an oversight. We wish the husband and future Mrs. Dayton the very best of luck!"

As is evident in the column's tone, the locals weren't very happy that Travis had found love outside the county line. What isn't reported is that Travis himself seemed to have been changed by the announcement. Gone was the nervous young man with a huge family business to manage. Instead Travis became silent and determined

And this determination manifested itself in a unexpected way. Travis immediately began building a new home for his wife in downtown Greenville and spared no expense in its construction. He alternated his time between overseeing the house construction, looking after his business, and traveling to Mobile to see his beloved who still hadn't set foot in Butler County. When asked Travis said it was his idea that his wife not arrive in town until after the completion of the new home. Of any other particulars he said very little.

Finally by September of 1929 the house was ready. The new home was the talk of the county with its ornate ironwork, wood detailing and size. Local's waiting to see the mystery woman who deserved such finery were disappointed when she arrived into town late on the night of the 12th and most had to make do with looking at the brand new Ford convertible that was parked in the garage.



The Dayton House

The wedding took place on the 15th and was held inside the



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home. Minister Franklin Jeffers of the Greenville First Baptist Church officiated at the ceremony and when later quizzed by the newspaper stated that the bride and groom were the only ones present and the ceremony was a simple one. He also said that the bride was intensely shy and that was why the ceremony wasn't conducted at a church and also why the new Mrs. Dayton had not shown herself to the town yet.

But the most curious aspect of the wedding was left out of the Minister's official report. Lena Baker, age 88, remembers hearing that Lucille wore a heavy bridal veil during the entire ceremony. "After the Minister told us that, everybody around town said that the woman must be scarred or disfigured in the face," said Baker. "That's why she wouldn't come outside or talk to no one. Even after they were married, she stayed in that house day and night."

After the marriage Travis remained silent and refused offers to join his workers for dinners or social events, instead retreating home to be in seclusion with his new wife. Five months or so after the marriage new rumors started spreading around town that Lucille was pregnant. The owner of the mercantile store reported that Travis had ordered a baby's bassinet along with new wallpaper and other furniture. When asked by Edmund Samsant, the local doctor, if the rumor was true Travis replied that it was and that Lucille's family physician in Mobile was attending to the pregnancy. Samsant doubted that a physician in Mobile was traveling the roads up to little Greenville to see after a patient but kept his opinions to himself. He was later quoted in the paper as saying, "If the Dayton's didn't want me involved then I wasn't going to insist, it wasn't my place."

Perhaps he should have insisted because on the night of June 10th, 1930, something terrible happened . . .

At roughly 12:30 am, patrons at a Greenville roadhouse named "Sally's" were surprised to see Travis Dayton walk through the door. Lena Baker says she heard that some even shouted hello to him before they saw his bloodstained clothes in the dim light of the bar.

"They said that Travis Dayton looked like he had seen hell," said Baker. "His clothes had blood all over them and he was carrying an axe in one hand and a pistol in the other. One old man sitting next to the door said that the blood was so thick on Travis's face that when he breathed a red mist sprayed out. I think that's a pile of crap but I believe what those drunks told me he said. They said Travis just looked around the room and whispered, 'I had to do it. It had no mouth but I could hear it crying.' And then he put the pistol to his head and pulled the trigger. He was dead before he hit the beer soaked sawdust on the floor."

Local men quickly entered the Dayton house and found a mess. Blood and birth fluids soaked the master bed, trailed down the stairs and even spotted the steps to the empty garage. Travis's vehicle was found parked next to a train trestle located about 1 mile away from Sally's bar. More blood soaked the upholstery and spots of it led to the trestle and onto the bridge itself. The Sheriff ordered that the swamp under the bridge be searched but neither the body of Lucille nor of a newborn child was ever found. After a week, searching was halted and the case was ruled a

murder suicide and closed. The city foreclosed on the house for unpaid taxes in 1931 and sold it to a local bank who tried to resell it with no success. The bank itself went bankrupt in the midst of the great depression and true ownership of the house became a matter of question.

Left alone and abandoned, the finest home in Butler County quickly became the source of ghost sightings. Jack Norvison remembers one such occasion.

"I was a boy of thirteen or so back in 1946 or 47 and my friends dared me to go into the Dayton house. I wasn't going to do it but I wanted to impress them so I climbed up on the porch and made like I was going to climb through a broken window. About as soon



Window where a mysterious light has been seen

as I put my hand on the windowsill my friends who were standing on the sidewalk all yelled and started running away. I thought they were trying to spook me but when I looked back into the house I could see a glow coming from the top of the stairs like there was a light up at the top of it. That did it for me and I ran out of there as fast as I could. My friends said they saw that light from the window up near the attic and that it was the ghost of Lucille Dayton looking for her dead baby. It might have been somebody up in there playing tricks on us but if it was then they played that same trick over and over cause other people have seen it too over the years."

And that wasn't the only location that gained a reputation as a haunted spot. Lena Baker recalls that the train trestle where Travis supposedly dumped the bodies is known to be haunted as well.

Lena stated, "If you're brave enough or stupid enough you can sit by the tracks and wait for a train to come. When it started tooting it's horn going through town people say you can hear the baby start to cry from underneath that bridge cause it's scared of the noise and wants it's momma. As the train gets closer to the bridge the crying gets louder and louder till the train passes over the bridge and then it stops. Some people also said that you could see a ghost light in the swamp water under the bridge but in 1967 that swamp was drained by the county so I guess we'll never know about that. County said they were draining it cause of mosquitoes but I think the real reason was that they were still looking for the bodies Travis threw in there. They never found nothing."



The train trestle where a baby's ghostly cries have been heard. The swamp that existed in 1930 below the tracks has since been drained.

The house set abandoned until 1999 when Mr. R B McCullough from Mobile finally bought it for an undisclosed sum and stated that he planned to bring the house back to it's former glory. Renovations began early in 2000 by local contractor James Farrell who says that he knew about the rumors of a ghost but noticed nothing strange as he began repairs. On June 18th Farrell and a worker were installing pipes in the home's dirt basement when they made the grisly find.

"We were digging pipe trench and I was using a pick. I swung it down and when I brought it up there was part of a human skull sticking on the end of it. When I brought it up, it looked like it's eyes were staring straight at me. So we stopped work and I called the sheriff on my cel phone. He came out and pissed around and then called the County guys out here to see what they could find. The whole shenanigans cost me 2 days downtime."

The skull was sent to Birmingham Alabama where it was examined, dated at approx. 60 to 80 years old and thought to be from a female of approx. 25 years of age. It was also determined that the skull had been severed by the blow of a sharp instrument across the neck. No medical records for Lucille were available but the time frame fits the crime and the local police state they believe the skull to be from Lucille.

The remains have been interred at the Greenville Cemetery with a simple stone marker that reads "Lucille Dayton." Contractor James Farrell reports that although he is still behind on work, he's still seen no ghosts on the property.

sources

[Interview James Farrell July 3rd](#)

[Interview Lena Baker July 3rd, and 4th](#)

[Interview Jack Norvison, July 3rd](#)

[Butler County Courthouse Records and Deeds Division](#)

[Greenville First Baptist Church 1925-1932 Marriage Ledger](#)

[Butler County Bulletin newspaper archive, various issues from Jan., Sept., and Dec. of 1929](#)

[University of Alabama Forensics Lab Report 3s-V \(Greenville Remains\)](#)

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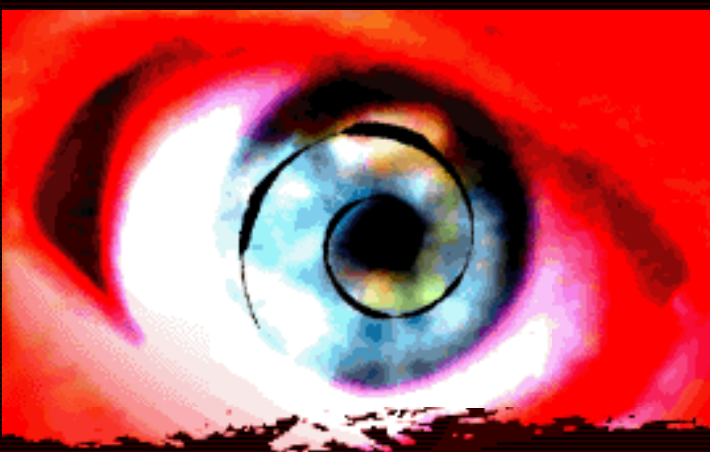
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FREAKY LINKS



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MONDO OCCULT

The Dark Gods of Jet Propulsion

BABALON is too beautiful
for sight of mortal eyes
She has hidden her loveliness away
in lonely midnight skies,

-Jack Parsons, from his poem, "The Birth of
Babalon"-

It's the summer of 1940. Three men are working out in the desert arroyo behind the Devil's Gate Dam near Pasadena. They help each other slide heavy equipment out the back of a pick up truck and carry it over to a test pit. As the conglomeration of metal is taken to the deep pit and carefully set up it becomes apparent that the structure is a small rocket. Ed Forman, the mechanic of the bunch, carefully locks each piece into place while Weld Arnold; a 40ish assistant carefully sets up a camera to catch the upcoming experiment. The third man in the trio helps them both but you can tell that he's the one with the most invested in the outcome. His nervous gaze at the metal finned ship betrays his feelings. He knows that the Army Air Corps wants a return for the \$10,000 dollar contract they bestowed upon the group for research into "jet-assisted propulsion." He hopes that this test of his newly invented red-fuming nitric solid rocket booster will be successful. Finally the rocket and amateur gantry have been assembled and the camera is ready to photograph the event. But before the test can begin the slightly nervous chemist strides over to the rocket and begins to recite a poem.

"Thrill with the lissome lust of the light,
O man! My man!
Come careering out of the night
Of Pan! Io Pan!"

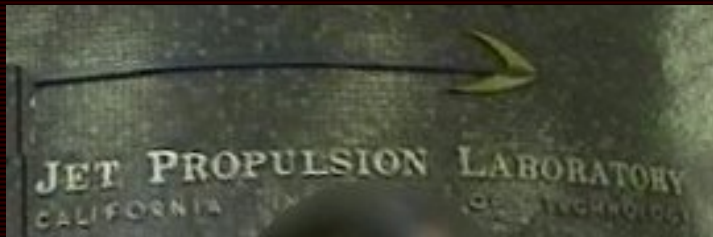


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- [The Babylon Net](#)
- [King of the Rocket Men](#)
- [Jet Propulsion Laboratories](#)

IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:

And on and on it goes as he recites the epic occult poem "The Hymn to Pan" by Aleister Crowley. Finally, having finished his ode to the fabled horned god, Jack Parsons takes his place beside the other men in the bunker and tells them to go ahead with the launch.



And that's pretty much the way it happened, time and time again back in the late 1930's and early 40's. Jack's fascination with the occult was overlooked by the rest of the small group conducting experiments out in the small canyons of Pasadena California. He was the brain behind the outfit. Without his knowledge and expertise the tests would not have even been possible, let alone successful. So what's a little magic between scientists when the future of rocketry is at stake?

But who was this scientist who combined an intense interest in the occult with his desire to advance rocket science? Who exactly was Jack Parsons? Largely unknown in these days, in the 1930's and 40's he was the main man behind the United States aspirations into space exploration. Famed rocket scientist Robert Goddard once said that Jack Parsons, not himself, was the real father of American rocketry. His work with others at Caltech led him to become one of the founding fathers of the Jet Propulsion Laboratories in Pasadena. After his experiments with liquid and solid rocket fuel proved successful he went on to form the company Aerojet Corp. which is today one of the world's largest producers of rockets and even makes the solid fuel boosters for the shuttle.

But it was his interest in the occult and magical workings that makes him doubly interesting. For when he wasn't working with rockets you could find Parson's at his huge rambling mansion in Pasadena where he held court over an odd assortment of bohemians, misfits, and other freaky tenants. Within this circus of aberrant behavior Parson regularly held magical "workings" where he attempted to contact the dark gods written about by infamous occult headman Aleister Crowley. (Indeed Parson's referred to Crowley as "most beloved father" in his writings.) In his most elaborate ritual Parsons, attempted to contact the great [Whore of Babylon](#), and claimed to have been successful when a woman named Marjorie Cameron showed up on his doorstep a few days later.

His success in rocketry made him a rich man and when he sold his shares of Aerojet Corp he found himself with more money than he had ever had in his life. This new found wealth led him to delve deeper and deeper into the occult

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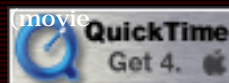
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arts till it overshadowed his rocket research. His mansion, already the epicenter of a bizarre crowd of neo-hippies and pre-punks, became ground zero for strange behavior. Visitors to the residence recounted that the order of the day seemed to be chaos. Residents wore outlandish costumes (or no costumes at all), imbibed large quantities of drugs such as marijuana, peyote, and heroin, and released their animal instincts at all night parties where "Do what thou whilst" was the rule of the land. Lording above it all was Jack Parson who threw himself further and further into the occult lifestyle. He became the leader of the Agapé Lodge of the Ordo Templi Orientis, the occult organization that Crowley began. At one point he even traveled alone to the Mojave Desert where he claimed to have invoked Babalon. The experience led him to write his epic poem, "The Birth of Babalon."

But word of Parson's late night parties and strange doings didn't escape notice of the "straight world." More than once police were called to his house to investigate calls about the wild goings on. Parson would politely answer the policemen's questions and explain that he was a famous rocket scientist. That usually did the trick but when word of his all night "sex parties" reached the government he was promptly investigated by the FBI and in 1948 he was stricken of his security clearance and fired from his job. Parson's wealth soon dwindled and he was forced to take whatever work came his way. In 1952 while working as a consultant on explosives, a mysterious explosion killed him in his lab. Conspiracy theorists claim that it was a murder since Parson's was too skilled a technician to be careless with the substances he worked with. Others say that Parsons had grown too obsessed with the occult and his vigilance with explosives had waned as a result. Whatever the case, the death was ruled accidental and remains that way to this day.

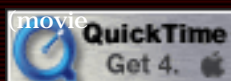
But what of the concrete achievements that Parsons achieved in science? Why have they been overlooked? Is his name still known at Jet Propulsion Laboratories, the lab he co-founded? Jason and I went to JPL to see if we could find out the facts. Here's what we learned.



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As you saw we were met with disinterest. Any record of Parsons seems to have been expunged from the current record. But then something freaky happened. As Jason and I were leaving, a man in a white sedan approached us. He had heard us asking around at JPL and said he knew some of the answers. He seemed nervous about talking to us on the laboratory grounds and insisted that we get in the car. Interested, we climbed into his car to find out what he knew. It proved to be a ride we wouldn't forget.



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So what is the truth behind Jack Parsons? Is he the half-forgotten founder of JPL whose memory has been exorcised because of his occult theories? Or is there still a group of scientists who carry on his work? Is the Hymn to Pan still being sung softly in the background at each shuttle launch? I don't have the answers but I will leave you with what may be a cryptic clue.

In 1972 American scientists named a crater of the moon after Jack Parsons. The crater at 37 degrees north and 171 degrees west can not be seen from earth. It is on the dark side of the moon.

sources

Sex and Rockets by John Carter, published by Feral House, July 2000

Interview with anonymous JPL Scientist, August 2000

Interview with lots of other JPL employees, August 2000

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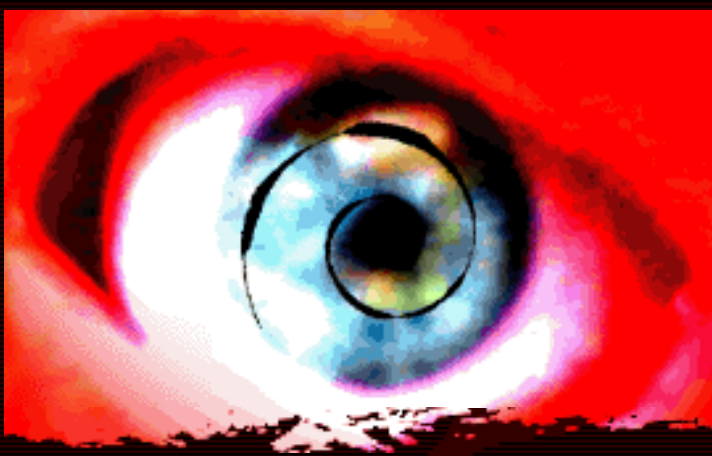
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MONDO OCCULT

The Devil Came Down To Georgia For Catfish

Clay County Georgia - Ray Jenkins, 51, was subjected to an unwanted visitor on the night of May 10th. Most visitors to Mr. Jenkins are drawn by the hand lettered signs which advertise his "U catch 'em/ I fry 'em catfish farm." In the off season Jenkins tends to his small farm plot and breeds his fish which are albino and live in a cave fed spring system. It was from this cave that Jenkins said the trouble began on the 10th.

"It was just about dark and I had just got back from town with some feed for the catfish and I saw that the spring was bubbling more than usual. The fish slither around the top a lot when it's time to feed them but this seemed like more than normal. So I dropped the feed and walked over there and saw that every damn one of those fish were floating belly up in the pool. Dead, every single one of them. I reached down to grab one floating by and then jerked my hand away cause that water was hot! I mean it was boiling, that why it was bubbling so."

That's when Jenkin's heard the voice of his visitor.

"All of a sudden this voice came into my head. 'What's wrong Ray? I thought you liked hot catfish!' And then it started laughing. I looked over in the field and then right under that big oak was this guy standing there. He was



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- [The Devil Went Down to Georgia](#)
- [The Catfish Institute](#)

IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:



Satan left his handprint on Ray Jenkin's tree.

a T-shirt and jeans. But the man didn't stay that way for long.

"He sorta leaned up against the tree, put his hand on it to hold himself and just kept looking at me and I could hear his laugh in my head. I was paralyzed with fear and that's when I noticed he was changing. His shirt and jeans sorta just disappeared and his skin started getting darker, turning red. I swear to you I'm not making this up but I saw horns start coming out of his head. Where his hand was smoke started coming up from the tree bark like he was so hot he was burning that tree. I knew I was seeing the devil."

That's when the figure spoke again.

"This time he opened his mouth and said 'I got plans for you Ray Jenkins.' and I knew I had to get the hell out of here so I just ran to the truck and hauled ass down to my brother Roy's place. I told him what happened and then proceeded to get stinking drunk."

Ray went back to his farm the next day with his brother but there was no sign of the devil. The fish were still floating in the now calm water and both he and his brother agreed they had been 'cooked' by heat. When they went out to the oak tree they found the only other sign of the visit. A charred 3 pointed mark on the bark that looked as if it had been burnt in.

I spoke with the brother Roy who was at a loss to explain it.

looking at me and grinning but I noticed his mouth wasn't moving. He was talking to me in my head!"

Jenkins described the figure as being 6 feet tall with a normal looking face and wearing

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"Ray drinks sometimes but I don't think he was drunk when he came over that night. Least not at first. I don't know why he would make up a story like this.

Why would he kill his

fish? There was at least \$300 worth of dead catfish we took out of that spring."



Ray has no plans to continue living on the property and has put it up for sale while he stays at his brothers.

"Ain't no way I'm living there. I'm leaving the state just as soon as it sales. Whatever it was is connected up with that cave system and I don't want none of it."

I spoke with Georgia state geologist Ray Archer who is aware of the cave on Ray Jenkin's property.

"It's part of a large system that is spread out through that section of Clay County. It's never been fully mapped and in 1978 2 divers were killed when they were failed to return to the surface on a diving expedition. Other divers went down to a estimated depth of 120 feet but were unable to find their bodies."

sources

-interview with Ray and Roy Jenkins May 15th 1999

-phone interview with Ray Archer on May 15th 1999

photo by Derek Barnes

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FREAK-O-PEDIA MONDO OCCULT

The Write Stuff

Ann Arbor, Michigan. Tim Bacard, age nine, hates to write. That's why his Mom was surprised by his recent attention to paper and pencil. "One day, I walked into his room and he was writing passionately, and I didn't know what to make of it. He was just writing, spasmodically, and I thought he had learned something in school that had excited him to the point where he had to write. Then I noticed his eyes were closed," says his mother, Jane (34). "I looked at one of the pieces of paper he had scribbled on, and it looked kind of like Spanish or something. I knew something was up."

The



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Hooked on Classics: Bacard Scribbles Down Great Works of Literature

language was actually Latin. The phrases he was writing were found to be from a classic translation of Plato's

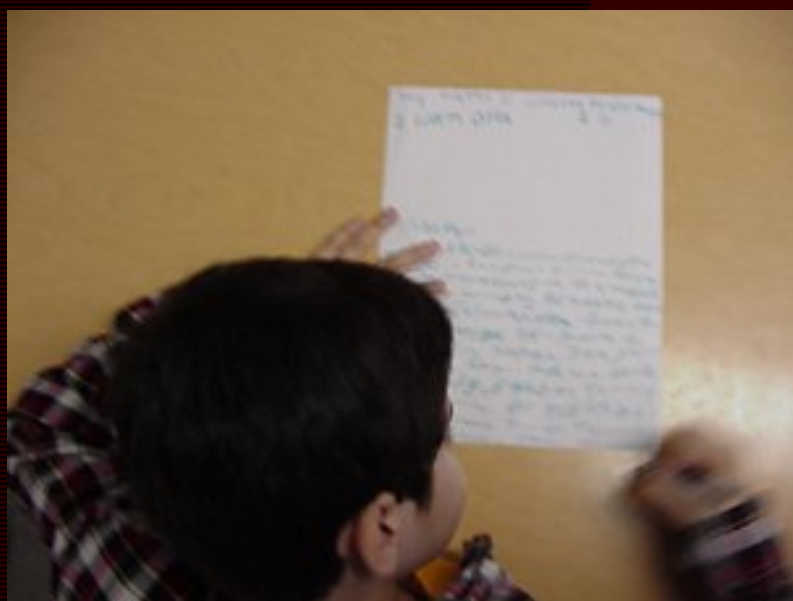
Republic, a book Tim had never read.

"I asked him what happened, and he told me that sometimes he writes in his sleep. He just needs to write in his sleep," says Jane. "I had to take him to a therapist."

In therapy, Tim was instantly given a clean bill of health. "He's a fairly normal kid, a little disinterested in academics, a little more interested in sports. All in all, I cannot explain what he does." Says Dr. Agnes Fielding of the Seventh Day Adventist Wellness Center of Ann Arbor. "I've seen what he does. He can do it on command almost. He goes into a trance like state and suddenly begins to write. The odd thing is that I've had handwriting experts look at the various things Tim has written, and they definitively say that each was written by a different hand. It's not Tim, they say."

Tim's writings seem to have produced the following languages: Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Slovakian. The content is usually the rewriting of classic texts. Often they are filled with questionable passages not in the original texts but consistent with the original writings, as if the writers themselves had written the scribbblings and wandered off the subject. In a French writing of what is believed to be Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "Kublah Kahn," for instance, the writing continues past where the original ended.

At the



moment access to texts are limited as an in-depth study is currently being conducted with Tim. It is to be determined how he is able to write what he writes, and Tim himself denies that "ghosts" are writing through him. The research institute at the hospital has requested that no further information be given about the content of Tim's "automatic writing," so as to not make the boy try to please those around him by trying to write. Techniques such as hypnotism have so far proven fruitless, but Dr. Fielding keeps up hope. "There's a rational explanation in here somewhere. I have no idea where, but give us time."

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sources

Interview with Tim and Jane Bacard October 19, 1999 and
Dr. Agnes Fielding October 18, 1999

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FREAK-O-PEDIA MONDO OCCULT

Unholy Toledo

New York City, New York - Singer Nicky Toledo first came into prominence in 1952 when he was touted by the famed New York nightclub The Rainbow Room as 'the next Frank Sinatra.' The Rainbow Room had him under contract for the next 6 months and Nicky proceeded to pack them in. Critics dismissed the singer as a "wanna-be" but his audiences came back again and again to hear what one reviewer called "a not so golden voice but one heck of a performer."

The



Does this photograph show 50's singer Nicky Toledo at a witch coven?

early history of Toledo is mostly undocumented. Born sometime in the late 1920's Nicky's real name has always been something of a mystery. Written accounts state that he was really Nicholas Grandy and was born in New

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- [Toledo](#)

IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:

Hampshire where he worked on his father's farm and learned to sing as a way to pass the time out in the fields. Other's insist that this is a false history created by the Rainbow Room and spread by reporters.

What is known is that Nicky was first heard by promoter Al Dubbins at the Hi-Hat club in Trenton New Jersey in 1951. In his autobiography Dubbins writes, "I knew the kid had something. It wasn't so much as his voice, which was so-so but his style. He could work a room like nobody's business. Every woman in the joint thought he was singing to her and every guy wanted to buy him a beer and call him a pal."

Dubbins quickly signed Nicky and got Ralph Norgate, owner of the Rainbow Room, to let him audition. He was hired on the spot as an opening act. By early 1952 Nicky had moved up to star status and was singing in the club 6 nights a week. In April of that year Dubbins got Nicky a slot on the Dumont networks "New York Nights" a locally televised variety show.

Dubbins recalled what happened in his book. "Everybody in the studio thought the kid was dynamite. He was doing the show stopper from his act and I thought he was better than ever. But then after the show the network started getting calls about how awful he was. Back in those days people didn't hesitate to call up and complain if they didn't like what they saw and with Nicky nobody liked what they saw. I couldn't understand it but the people spoke and Nicky was never invited to appear on the networks again."

Toledo was still selling out the nightclub so he continued to work there. Dubbins convinced a small record label named Pompadour to record his live act. The result was "A Night With Nicky Toledo " which had a modest run of 5,000 copies. Although the records sold well in the Rainbow Room's gift shop they failed to move when placed in Manhattan record stores.

Depression set in for Toledo who started abusing alcohol and, some say, harder stuff. In January of 1953, Toledo crashed his sportscar in Brooklyn Heights. He died instantly.

The story of Nicky Toledo would be delegated to the back pages of music history



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books if it wasn't for Alice Smithers who runs "Be-Bop-A-Lu-La Vintage Music" in Greenwich village. Alice was only 13 years old when Nicky died but she was at an age when girl's develop crushes and she had a huge one on Nicky Toledo.

"I was a big eyed slobbering fool over that man," Alice told me. "I lived with my parents just across the street from the nightclub where he use to perform and almost every night I would open my bedroom window and use my fathers binoculars to watch him sing. I was sure I was in love."

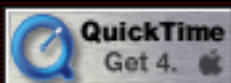
Alice remembers another part of the Toledo story that came to light in 1954. It was then that Samantha Hornbeck of Brooklyn Heights claimed that she was the mother of Toledo's illegitimate son. She threatened to sued Al Dubbins for moneys owed to Toledo by the club at the time of his death. The matter was settled out of court.

"The article about Nicky's love child was one of the last things I pasted into my scrapbook." Alice told me. " By that time I was moving out of my crush stage I guess. It wasn't until 1972 when I was co-writing a book with my husband that I came upon my old scrapbook and thought about Nicky Toledo again. That got me to wondering if Samantha Hornbeck was still around. If she was she might add an interesting spin onto the story. The book was a history of the New York music scene of the 40's and 50's and Toledo played a small part in it."



Nicky Toledo has a bone to pick with you.
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Alice and her husband traced Hornbeck to Gray Springs Iowa where she lived with her daughter. They flew to meet her but little new information was gained. Samantha even refused to speak of her and Toledo's son Arthur, who had been killed in Vietnam.

Alice recalls, "I remember at one point she looked at me and said 'The

Nicky I fell in love with was not the real Nicky. If you want

the real Nicky then you should listen to that God-awful record. Nicky Toledo was all smoke and mirrors.' Well that was interesting but hardly the thing we could put into our book. About the best thing that she did was give us an old photo album of Nicky's that she had kept over the years. It was in there that we found the photo stuck behind some old Rainbow Room publicity stills."

The photo Alice refers to is an old black and white that shows a group of people in some sort of ceremony. The participants are in robes and facing away from the camera..

"Now why would that be in Nicky Toledo's photo album?" Alice continued. "I mean look at the photo itself, it just looks evil to me. People in robes? I decided to do some investigating and with Nicky being a dead-end I focused on Samantha. I found out that in 1952 Samantha Hornbeck had been arrested by police when they broke up a meeting of 'witches' at an abandoned warehouse in Brooklyn. Oh the police didn't call them witches but from the written witness statements and old police reports you can tell that's what everyone was thinking they were. So I looked closer at the photo in hopes of seeing Samantha behind one of those cowls and that's when I noticed the ring on the person's hand. I had the photo blown up and that ring just happened to look exactly like the kind of ring that Nicky Toledo use to wear."

Toledo's ring is a matter of public record since he always wore it. Interviewed by one reporter he stated that it was his "good luck charm" A closer look of the ring reveals that it is a simple metal band with a pentagram engraved upon it. Alice and her husband now thought that they had a new spin on a old story but Samantha Hornbeck refused to confirm their findings.

"She just said that she did a lot of stupid things when she was a girl." states Alice "Well if you ask me there's stupid and then there's real stupid. Screwing around with witchcraft? Real stupid."

Alice's husband died during this time and their book was never published. But over the years Alice has come back to the Nicky Toledo saga and formed a theory.

"I know that this will sound crazy to you but I think that Nicky Toledo sold his soul to the devil for the gift of charm. It fits all the facts. He came out of nowhere and knocked everybody over with his act. He sold out night after night at the Rainbow Room for over 13 months! That pentagram ring was the focus of the powers and as long as Nicky wore it he was the shiny penny that everybody wanted. But I think the devil put a loophole in the contract. He made it so that Nicky could only work his charisma on you in person. That's why he fell so flat on TV and his record did so bad. That's why Samantha called him 'all smoke and mirrors.' Finally Nicky himself realized that and it drove him to drink. It finally drove him to death."

There's little evidence to fit the entire theory but when you listen to Nicky Toledo you have to wonder how he could have packed them in night after night. Perhaps he did have a little something extra.

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