

The Entity & The Throbblesfoot Spectre Present The Cobra's Ghost

Vol. 23

ESTHER COX YOU ARE MINE TO KILL

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The Ghost's Notes...

A few months ago, Mom was returning through Idaho from a summer retreat. She was probably not traveling as fast as she used to—her lead foot having been lightened somewhat by time and traffic tickets—but still I'll wager pretty fast, when she approached a flock of baboon-like creatures gamboling on the highway. She leaned on the horn and flashed the headlights of her pearly beige Camry. The creatures ignored her, so what could she do but plow through them? Nothing! Creatures who act in defiance of Mom must be plowed through! Most scampered out of the way at the last moment, but though she didn't feel a bump she saw at least one of them flip up into the air, as if propelled by a rear wheel.

Mom didn't perceive a percentage in going back to evaluate the carnage, and when she finally did make a stop the car was entirely undamaged. She couldn't help wondering what the creatures were, however, what they were doing on a lonely Idaho highway at dawn, and why they didn't injure her Camry to the extent that she could buy something new, or to any extent at all for that matter. She ran an account of the experience past her sister, my benevolent Auntie Jan, who promptly diagnosed the creatures as figments of sleep deprivation. So she tried again with her spiritual advisor who told her there were lots of strange, mystical goings-on in Idaho, and that the baboon things were just one example.

I tend to agree with the latter, being a fan of John Keel, *In Search of...*, (and oh my gosh, *Crossing Over with John Edward*, have you seen it?), and having visited the Adams in Idaho Falls. Baboon creatures? Sure sure. Couldn't be any worse than that orangutany feces flinger Empress @#\$\$ I avoid every work day. And the idea that you can drive over them without fear of harm or reprisals makes them that much more appealing.

I have always been fascinated with/terrified of the supernatural, likely the result of an uneventful and cowardly childhood. A Saturday afternoon showing of *Chariots of the Gods?* was enough to throw me into a giddy panic, and those goat parts we saw on the side of a road in Mapleton, Utah chilled me for years. Now other aspects of Mapleton do, but still I have a fond corner in my heart where those parts reside (in memory, smart guy). And even though I'd like to think I'm a reasonably skeptical person, I'm not, simply not. I'll read and believe the explanations of the debunkers, and it's fun to hear how a fraud or illusion is accomplished in a Scooby-Do finale sort of way, but my sympathies lie with the mysteries.

Which is why I'm going to tell my personal ghost story (I have two, but they are so similar that to tell both would be redundant) straight before I give the skeptical rebut.

I was drowsing in bed one winter evening after work. Shut up. This is my right as a single, childless person. The room was dark except for the cold light of my television which had the volume down low. Sleep was my goal and my brain needed a minimum amount of distraction to confuse and discourage wakeful thoughts. A *Friends* rerun was just the thing to induce a nice little stupor, but then I felt the bed gently dip



**An original Ghost Photo taken by Audrey St. Clair,
Mistress of the Scary**

as if Pat had come in and sat on it. I knew that had to be wrong because Pat never gently sits on my bed when I am in a stupor—he bounces all over it hoping to provoke some weird, polite outburst. I've heard I'm mannerly when suddenly roused, but you'd have to verify it with somebody who's been there. Anyway, Pat was supposed to be at work.

I opened my eyes and gazed down the length of my face in the direction I felt the pressure, and though I could feel the quilt that covered me pulled tight over my leg and hand closest to it, I saw nobody. Then I heard a rhythmic shuffling of the papers which ringed my bed—footsteps. Every molecule in my body felt too heavy to lift or even move, and you can hold the wisecracks. I could still breathe, so I focused on my throat, forcing out a gurgle and eventually a word. The pressure lifted from my bed and the litter on the floor lay quiet. After a few labored wiggles of the fingers and toes I could sit up.

I a-hemed a few times, then called Pat and told him what happened. "Terrific," he said. "You invited an entity into the house." A skeptic with no investment in being a sarcastic punk would say, "You had a hypnogogic hallucination." That's the psychiatric term for what I just described. It happens to people all the time, always with the same psychological and physiological responses and that's how skeptics know it's your mind acting up and not ghosts. I'll buy it whole. "Fascinating—I'm having a hypnogogic hallucination," is a far more comforting thought when it's happening than, "There is a Presence in my bedroom and it's crushing me." But neither explanation satisfies. What would be the evolutionary advantage of your brain inflicting a series of cogent, convincing, and scary impressions upon your unwitting consciousness? Then again, why would a ghost? I might understand if I were constantly haunted, but absent that it seems like quite a meaningless extravagance.

Enjoy the stories within and speculate amongst yourselves about their Rational Explanations, and if the mattress by your head is struck on either side by an invisible force (that's my other story), you can take comfort in them then. Happy Halloween!

Sharon C McGovern
Editor/ Publisher/ Future Ghost

Kelley W'se Pointe Ghosts

It was the evening of Sheila and Dave's rehearsal dinner. I know, I know, you're saying, "An Arredondo family function? Certainly you along with the rest of your family were drinking up to the usual standard." It's a hard rep to hide from. However, this particular night was very tame; we didn't want to ruin our potential for the wedding day. I had maybe two glasses of wine, MAX! That was about nine years ago and at a point in my life where my tolerance for alcohol was pretty impressive. In other words I was not drunk nor even buzzed that night. Sadly, I have found it necessary to clarify this point in order to give my sighting more credibility to those who were not there.

I know *he* was there. I looked up straight into his eyes and he looked right back at me. To this day I am sure of what I saw and the passing of time has given me a single shred of doubt.

As I mentioned, it was the evening of the rehearsal dinner which was held at A Pointe in Tyme restaurant at the Pointe South Mountain resort. To more easily keep a watchful eye over her clan, Mom decided to book rooms for all of us at the resort. After dinner it was late enough to call it a night so we went to our room. Ron, Kerrie, Treves and I were sharing one. Usual bed prep and we were asleep within an hour.

I don't know what time it was or why I woke up, but I did and looked straight into the eyes of someone. I figured I was seeing things so I closed my eyes and reopened them and saw the same picture. I was beginning to shake a little and even as I write this now I can feel butterflies in my stomach. I just stared a little while and blinked hard to clear my eyes occasionally but he was still there. I say "he" because he looked to be a male Native American, older with head dress and all. He was beautiful.

I was determined to convince myself that he must have been some kind of optical illusion, so I reached for him and *he backed away!* I realized there was definitely someone in the room and that is when I began to freak out.

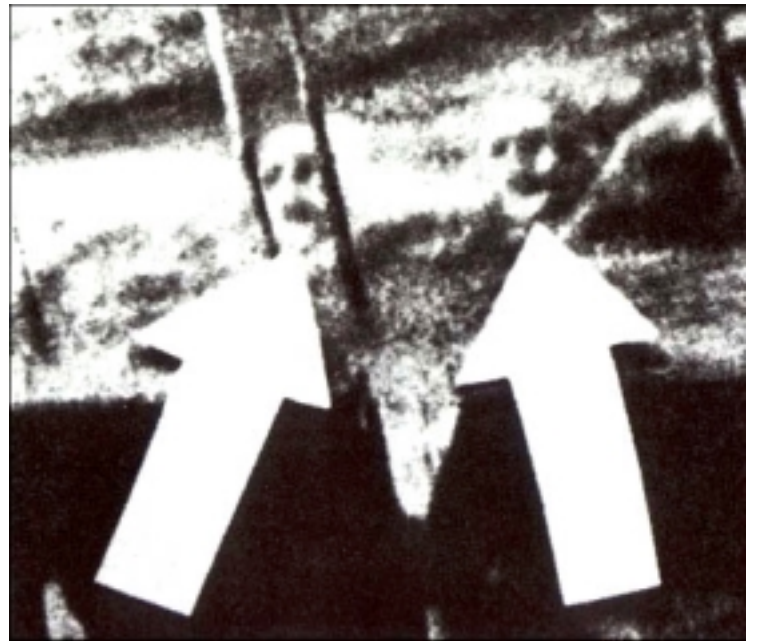
I began shaking uncontrollably and told Ron to wake up because someone was in the room. He told me to go back to sleep, but realized that the situation was more serious than he thought when he felt the bed trembling. I asked him if he saw the man and he said no but he would turn the light on if I wanted him to. Kerrie and Treves were just mumbling and telling me to be quiet. The lights came on, there was no Indian Man. I was kind of sad.

Everyone else was satisfied that all was well and went back to sleep. I couldn't—not because I was scared, I wasn't anymore. I began to feel badly for the way I had reacted. I laid there and kicked myself for being so

Reth Ghost Photos

Ever your willing servant, I pillaged the web for suitable illustrations to accompany the horrifying true stories contained within The Cobra's Ghost. If you think this was an easy or rewarding task you are wrong wrong wrong. I'm not saying all or even most of the ghost photos to be found there (or anywhere else for that matter) are phony, but they are mundane and unconvincing. This is especially true of the "orb" photographs, of which there are thousands, all looking like the result of having out of focus crud on the camera lens. I'm not saying that's what it is—could be ghosts, what the hell—but boring film none the less. On the other hand, there is an internet award given to paranormal sites of distinction which shows several orbs floating around a cemetery which I wouldn't mind getting one day because it looks so cool. Frankly, it doesn't appear to be too hard to win—a few lousy scans with mysterious spots and blurs on them, a few original ghost stories (correct spelling, punctuation, and grammar optional), and you've got a decent shot. What you will find here are some classic pics which have never been proven to be out and out frauds. And let me tell you, the intentional recreations and documented fakes are so incompetent that you begin to understand why people get worked up over those dumb orbs and bleary mists.

By the way, Audrey St. Clair, photographer of this month's cover ghost, claims that when she enlarged that photo the human shape was revealed to be nothing more than a fortunate trick of light. It's so much more compelling than most of what I found in my research, however, that I am going to submit it everywhere and see if I can make it famous. 📷



This photo was taken in 1924 by the captain of the *SS Watertown*. The faces, which were seen in the ship's wake for hours, allegedly belong to two crewmen who succumbed to toxic fumes in the ship's cargo tank and were buried at sea the previous day.

rude. I didn't even give the guy a chance to try to let me know why he was there and looking at me. I guess I just wasn't prepared for such an occasion. Until then, the notion of being prepared hadn't struck me. As for the other people in the room, they are all pretty sure I saw something. I'm not sure that they believe it was a spirit, or specter, ghost or anything of the like. I AM.

I really, really, really look forward to a second chance. I hope the first didn't completely blow it for me and that there will be a second. I certainly feel more prepared. 🙌

Sue Z's Lake Incident

One time Bill and I were canoeing on a lake in New Jersey, and we went into this little cove where no one could see us from shore. All of a sudden our canoe stopped in the water dead and we could not move it at all. Then it started going around in a circle and rocking hard back and forth. Water started to flow over the edge...and then it stopped again and the boat would not move for about three minutes. Then we lurched forward about 100 yards like the boat had a motor. Then it just let go, whatever it was. We rowed out of there fast and never returned to that lake. It was wild; it was a man made lake and should not have had anything in it, especially not anything big enough to do that to a boat. 🏠

Evelyn & the Good Ghost George

George was the benevolent ghost who haunted the Old Wardman Gym at Whittier College. As the Performing Arts Building was under construction at the time, it was here that the sets for all the plays were built and rehearsed upon until one week prior to the productions opening when everything was transported to a rented space. George, it was rumored, had been an aspiring actor but his father forced him into a more practical major. In despair George killed himself *a la Dead Poet's Society*, though I heard nothing about George being as handsome as Robert Sean Leonard.

Being drama geeks, we ate this kind of thing up, but didn't really buy it. However, Wardman Gym was a condemned old building with a dark loft space and a tendency to creak at odd times, thus fortifying the myth.



The above were taken in Culver City, CA during the 1974 "Entity" investigation. In part because the arc of light above the woman on the bed (who was the subject of the case) does not conform to the angle of the wall and the smaller arc on the left is in front of the investigator's head, this was the first and only image ever published in *Popular Photography* as an authentic ghost photo.

One dark and stormy night (really!) in January, we were in rehearsal for *The Real Inspector Hound*. That was the night before we were to move into the theatre, and crucial because it was the last "actor" rehearsal. After moving to the stage everything is about technical aspects. The director was stressed because we were behind schedule due to a cast member's illness, and the Gym had a tendency to lose power in any kind of wind. The wind was howling.

We were absolutely certain we would lose power and be screwed. We ran all the weak spots first. The lights stayed on, so we proceeded with a full run-thru. It was well after midnight when we finished and sat down for notes and the director was visibly relieved.

Just as he said, "Great job everybody. See you tomorrow night for tech," there was a flash of lightning and a huge gust of wind outside, and the lights went out. We all laughed and groped our way across set-pieces and props to the doors. Not surprisingly, the whole campus was engulfed in darkness and I stumbled across the quad to my dorm.

When I opened the door into the lobby of Johnson Hall, I encountered a group of about eight girls, all from my wing. "Oh my God!" they said. "We were just about to go looking for you. Where have you been?!"

I explained about the rehearsal, and laughed about how the power had gone out in most dramatic fashion. None of them laughed with me. In fact, they looked at me with various expressions of shock and confusion.

"What?" I asked. "What's wrong?"

Marcie, the resident senior, answered: "The power went off at quarter past ten everywhere else. The whole city of Whittier was knocked out and has been for over two hours!"

Hmmm.... 🤔

Adelle's Benign Ouija Board Prophecy

When I was in college, a small group of roommates were using the Ouija board as a game. We were all sitting there asking the board about if we were going to marry and what our future husband's name would be. When I asked the board it said I would marry a man by the name of Norm. At the time I didn't know anyone named Norm so I just figured the whole Ouija board thing was a hoax.

Several years later when I was in graduate school, I met a man named Norm and within 9 months we were married! We have been married for 30 years. I certainly believe that the Ouija board does tell the truth! △



This picture was taken by the Rev. Kenneth Lord at Newby Church in Yorkshire, England in 1963, who claimed not to notice anything out of the ordinary at the time.




The Devil Baby of Hull House

The photo to the left, purportedly of black robed monks, one headless, was taken in 1980 at Hull House in by paranormal investigator Dale Kaczmarek. I don't see much of anything here either, but I include it because I know a scary story about Hull House.

In 1889, Jane Addams founded Hull House as a shelter for hapless women and children in one of Chicago's worst neighborhoods. A rumor spread through the Italian immigrant population that a devout Catholic woman hung a picture of the Virgin Mary on her wall and her atheist husband tore it down, proclaiming he'd rather have the devil himself in residence. Soon after, the woman became pregnant and gave birth to a hideously deformed child—some say with scales, horns, and cloven hooves. To spare it from community torment, she left the creature at Hull House.

Here the stories diverge. One claims members of the Hull House staff took the infant to be baptized, but that it danced and laughed and broke away from the priest before the ceremony was completed. Thereafter it was incarcerated in the upper floors of the house, where its ghostly image can still be seen in the upper windows. Another version states Addams herself planned to baptize the baby after the priest refused, but when she turned her back on it whilst making preparations in the church it vanished and was never seen again.

Stories of the Devil Baby (which are allegedly the basis for the film *Rosemary's Baby*) persisted for years, people would come to Hull House demanding to see the child. Jane Addams devoted forty pages of her autobiography to debunking the story, but did report therein that footsteps were heard and an apparition seen in one of the upper rooms. 



This is an example of "orbs in motion," taken by somebody named Rebecca Burch. Told you orbs are weak, but the dog is kind of funny.

The Haunted Bag of Aureng Zebe

My encounters with ghosts have been few, questionable, and often absurd. The ghost that lived at my apartment on Marmalade Hill in Salt Lake City would turn the oven on when I was away, so I would return to a terribly hot house and would have to open the doors and windows—even in the winter—to restore a suitable temperature. I recall that one night the ghost repeatedly relocated a small nail from the top of the refrigerator to the top of my bedspread. I would no sooner return to my bedroom from the kitchen than I would spot that damn nail right back in the center of the bed. Fists on hips, and a harrumph from my lips I would march over to that nail and put it back on the fridge. This continued until the unseen presence got tired of that game.

These are the sorts of events that present doubts after they've passed. One can easily surmise that I left the oven on myself or that I imagined the nail episode after imbibing one too many gin and tonics. After all, stranger things have happened after I have consumed a few too many sips of gin—ask me about the time I returned from The Green Parrot Pub with the heels missing from not one, but both of my loafers.

I was somewhat prepared for these incidents by an earlier encounter with an otherworldly presence that caused me to question their ghastly motives. Some years ago while serving as a Mormon missionary in the small fishing village of Pichilemu on Chile's central coast, I visited a local drugstore to purchase such minor necessities as a tube of toothpaste and a coil of mosquito repellent incense. The clerk at that establishment placed these items in a small, semi-opaque, blue plastic bag. (I can see it as though it here dangling from my fingers!) My companion and I returned to the house where we rented a room. The place was filled with pictures of green-faced smirking saints; pitchers of dead baby birds floating in mysterious solution; and a crazy, cackling housemaid named Juanita, who on a nightly basis would turn her chair to face a wall and talk to it for hours on end. This was the *mise en scène* for that evening's startling event.

My companion was on his knees praying, and I was sitting at the edge of my bed—my prayers were always *lots* shorter than his long-winded orisons. Bored and listless, I stared at my shoes and waited for him to finish when I heard a strange noise emanating from the dressing table in the corner of the room. It sounded like the rustling of very thin paper, and when I looked to the source of this eerie sound, I beheld my blue plastic bag of toiletries writhing and squirming as though possessed of an unearthly force keen on wriggling! My eyes widened, my jaw slackened, my fingernails created little crescent-shaped impressions on the palms of my trembling hands. "What next" I wondered? As though in answer to my frightful query, the bag began to deflate and conform itself tightly around the items that rested within.

Soon, the bag had twisted itself around all the objects and the rustling stopped. I tip toed to my dressing table and pondered the plastic bound lump. My companion prayed silently through the entire ordeal.

I asked myself "What was that about?" And whenever I recollect that evening, I inevitably ask the same question. Other missionaries who had stayed in that very room had awakened to loud thumping noises coming from within an enormous wooden wardrobe that no one could ever wrest open, to bursts of electrical energy in the different corners of the room, to rattling locks, heavy footsteps, and any number of other legitimately spooky instances. I, on the other hand, encountered a possessed piece of plastic.

These and subsequent events have convinced me of a couple of things: 1) do not overestimate ghosts' ability to frighten nor underestimate their penchant for the ridiculous, and 2) it is comforting to know that sometimes the mysterious forces that lurk among us can come up with nothing more impressive than moving a nail around your house or making your plastic bags shimmy. In fact, such activities make ghosts seem like the sorts of folks you might even want to get goofy with over gin and tonics. Y Y Y



Need I say, this is my kind of ghost. The photo was taken by a woman in Southern Minnesota on Christmas Eve, 1968. The ghostly appendage also reportedly appeared the previous Christmas. You can't tell in this reproduction, but the TV is unplugged.

End Ghost—

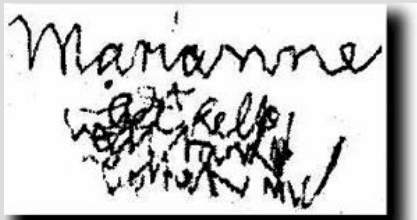
Quite a while back, I was interrogating my cousin Kristen Miller nee Adams, who is in astrophysics (for real, I'm not making this profession up), about something I had seen on PBS regarding outer space. She said, "The thing you have to imagine about the parts of the ISM, or general interstellar medium, is that it consists of only one or two atoms per cubic meter..." and I didn't hear the rest. In point of fact, I may have misquoted her here and if the above contains a grievous factual error about the ISM, the fault is entirely mine.

Now, I'm used to the thought that the matter we live with here on the surface of the earth is mostly empty space disguised by the tiny particles moving very, very fast—like the range of a spinning propeller, mostly empty space, but you don't want to go sticking your hand in there. One or two *atoms* per cubic *meter*, however...that's a hell of a lot of nothing.

Kristen, being from Idaho, is on good




This image of The Brown Lady (so called due to the color of her gown) of Raynham Hall, Norfolk, is one of the most famous ghost photos in existence. It was taken in 1934 by *Country Life* photographer Captain Provand, who in one account fired shots at the apparition. Though it looks fishy, decades of testing have never proved it to be a double exposure or other variety of fake. The ghost is thought to be Dorothy Walpole, the sister of Robert Walpole—England's Prime Minister in 1722. According to one story, she was imprisoned in Raynham Hall by her husband and forbidden to see her children after he learned she had been unfaithful to him.



A note left by the one of the incorporeal inhabitants of Borely Rectory (sometimes called the most haunted place in Britain) for Marianne Foyster who with her husband and daughter occupied the house between 1929 and 1935. During these years, upwards of 2,000 supernatural events were recorded. Now, don't you think you could follow that example and drop your good friend and Cobra a line?

Cobra Headquarters

 Sharon C. McGovern,
Cobra-in-Chief



thecobrasnose@yahoo.com

terms with the mysteries, but they bother me. I can't stand to watch a TV show about unsolved crimes and am certainly not up to contemplating the vast emptiness of space. I'm not comfortable with Lack.

Now before you pull out your pocket Freud and write to tell me why this might be, think it over for yourself, all that nothing between the atoms. Not to be touched, tasted, felt, seen—how do you even imagine nothing? Whatever you think of, nothing is not that. There's some pretty inscrutable stuff in the universe, but I'd say nothing takes the cake.

Ghosts come close, though. They fit into the spaces where knowledge isn't and have plenty of wriggle room there. Give me a good explanation for a plastic bag to spontaneously vacuum seal itself around Mr. Zebe's toiletries and I'll set you to work on what dragged Sue and Bill's canoe all over the lake. You get the idea. I don't know if I believe in ghosts, but it's a lot easier than believing in nothing.

If you want to believe in and even visit (!) something that is squeezed between that which is and is not—that is to say, virtual—might I recommend my web site www.thecobrasnose.com. You may remember I was flouting this as my **NEW WEBSITE** last month, but as it has since been battered by more than **TEN THOUSAND HITS** it is more like an old pro like the Drudge Report or the venerable Boobtropolis for that matter. So if you haven't visited lately go right now. Clearly that's what all the cool kids are doing. I will get to work archiving the stories in this issue so I can start campaigning for that Orb Award. The pictures will look even scarier on-line, and I swiped a couple of nifty animated gifs to accompany them for extra chills. But the pictures I want most are those pending of Lee and his lovely bride Tonya dressed as flower and bee.

Drive safely and enjoy the holidays. 