



The "haunted" chair in Administration Bldg. Memorial Room. Who is Johnson?

Ghost of Behrend Haunts The Campus

Part II: Strange Spirit
by Charly Lee

It was stated in the last article, that Warren Behrend was killed on Station Road. However, upon researching this fact it was found that the boy was not even in Erie when he died.

Warren attended Deerfield Academy in New England. One Christmas he decided to visit his parents in their winter resort in Sea Island, Georgia, so he got in his car and proceeded to travel south. It was on this trip that Warren was to meet his fate. He was somewhere, presumably in Georgia, when in order to avoid a collision with a school bus and prevent possible injury to the students, he ran his car off the side of the road, sacrificing his life for the sake of the others. To honor their valiant son, the Behrend family had a cross erected at the site of the accident. Several years ago, it was necessary for the cross to be removed as the road was to be widened. The cross was then transported to Erie where it was re-erected at its present site in Wintergreen Gorge.

If there is a ghost that haunts the Administration building, the automatic writing that I received last Wednesday night hinted that it was someone other than Warren. To make good a promise that I made in the last article, I tried again to contact the spirit in the Memorial Room. Again I used automatic writing. This is a process in which a person goes into a trance, and holding a pencil lightly in one hand, lets the spirit, through psychic energy-release, write the answer to the questions the medium has asked. The spirit, you see, must use a medium because it is almost impossible for ghosts to engage in actual physical activity. It usually takes years of practice to become a good medium. As a beginner, I found it

rather difficult to remain in a state of deep concentration for more than a few minutes at a time. Being as it may, I spent an hour and a half in the room desperately trying to maintain a thought-wave link with the ghost. The writings were sporadic. As opposed to the first time I tried the communication, this time I received mostly scribbles. There was, however, one distinguishable word among the stray marks. After an hour of deep concentration, I was thoroughly exhausted so I decided to end the trance and look at the paper. Upon examining it only one word appeared. Right in the middle of the page were the letters

JOHNSON. This puzzled me. Why did I get only one word this week when last week I got six? Anyone who is familiar with psychic phenomena knows that it is often necessary to piece fragments of information together in order to get an understandable message. This is why the article did not appear in last week's issue; I just did not know what to make of it. But now I have pieced the information together and have come up with a suitable explanation of the two dangling communications. After finding out the true story concerning the death of Warren Behrend, I propose the hypothesis that a stray poltergeist is frequenting the building. He may have selected the Behrend House at random or maybe not. It is hard to say . . . Keeping in mind the questions that I repeated in the trance, I may have discovered the name of the real ghost that haunts the Administration Building. My questions were: "Spirit, what is your name? Who are you? Are there more than one of you." To these questions he has replied, in two separate communications: THE ONLY ONE THAT THERE IS—JOHNSON. Believe it or not the fact remains

The five Byrds were the first group anywhere to successfully do folk rock. In their doing so, they raised the level of rock from an adolescent life style to real pop culture.

Today the Byrds have only Roger (Jim) McGuinn left from the original group. Dave Crosby is working with Steve Stills, Graham Nash, and Neil Young, Gene Clark has a group with Doug Dillard, Chris Hillman is with the Flying Burrito Brothers, and Michael Clarke has run off to who knows where.

The Byrds have gone from a quintet to a quartet to a trio and back to a quintet. They have never equaled their first three albums, and as far as most people are concerned they aren't the Byrds anymore, they are McGuinn and who ever happens to be in the studio that day.

The current Byrds are McGuinn, Clarence White, John York, and Roger Parsons. It is a pity they don't have any of the old Byrds' "lets go out and stun the folks" style. (I remember seeing the Byrds when they were the trio of McGuinn, Hillman, and Clarke. McGuinn took a bit of time tun-

ing a string, and when the audience started to get noisy he said, "We tune because we care", that was a great statement.)

The discovery of anything that you thought couldn't exist but secretly wished for is a joy, so Byrd people you can rejoice. The first tapes the original Byrds ever made have been found and pressed into an album (PREFLYTE, Together Records STT 1001).

The historical perspective of this album, made from some August 1964 sessions is mind boggling. In mid '64 the Beatles were still doing their Everly Brothers' copies, the Stones were still doing their versions of Chicago blue, but the Byrds were locked up in the World Pacific studios singing music as complex and meaningful as anything that is being done today, or will be done in the future. Songs like You Showed me (For-

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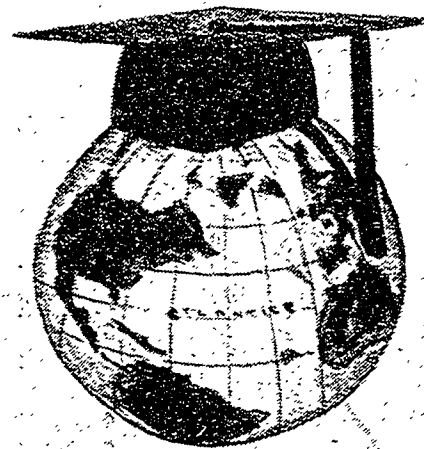
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get the Turtles Crumbly version **You Moving, She Had a W. About Her**, and especially **The A port Song** would have been electric in '64 that they would have sold (Perhaps that's why World Pacific never released it tapes.)

This album is a necessity for anyone who pretends to be a serious listener of contemporary music; I'd like to see it sell a million copies; Together Records deserves congratulations. In the days of pretentious Al Kooper and Mike Bloomfield garbage, oppressively heavy Led Zeppelins, and uninteresting Blind Faiths, hearing the old Byrds again is like finding out old friends you've thought gone for years have always been with you.

God Bless Jim McGuinn, Dave Crosby, Gene Clark, Chris Hillman, and Mike Clarke.

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