

THE GAB BAG

By
ALAN BROWNING, JR.



MORE ABOUT THE LADY GHOST

Bill Rutledge, who writes "Through the Keyhole" for The Yadkin Ripple, was one of us who were discussing ghost stories here at the office a couple of weeks ago, and being one of those types who likes to investigate things and run them to ground, he took two full days last week in an attempt to get the real low down on the story of the girl who thumbs rides at the underpass on rainy nights and then disappears to the utter confusion of whoever has picked her up.

Last week in The Ripple, Bill gave an accounting of his efforts in this direction, which turned out to be in all directions. And because we think you will enjoy his column and because it will save us the trouble of writing ours this week, we are passing it on, word for word, as he wrote it:

THE GHOST BREAKERS

It all started about two weeks ago while the office forces of the Elkin Tribune and the Yadkin Ripple were busily engaged in the task of wrapping and stamping and sorting out the Ripples as

they came off the folder. Arthur Laffoon, composing room foreman, somehow brought the conversation around to ghosts. Then, after he, Alan Browning, Howard Windsor, Albert Glover, your correspondent, and Fred Laffoon had each told one, printer Robert Windsor told the supposedly true tale of the girl who was killed at the underpass between High Point and Greensboro, and on several instances since has re-

portedly thumbed rides into High Point with motorists. En route, she would always disappear from the car, while still in motion, no doubt causing the driver no end of amazement. Several drivers, it has been reported, have proceeded to go to the address given by the girl, and arriving there would be told that the girl had been killed several months before in an auto accident at the underpass. We had heard the story several times before, and, after due consideration, we loaded our car with cameras, flash guns, range finders, and a typewriter, and with the possibility of writing the story for national publication, picked up R. L. West, Jr., Sunday and embarked upon our first ghost hunt.

First, let it be stated that searching for information on a ghost, especially a lady ghost, calls for a stout heart, perseverance, stamina, a sense of humor, and plenty of gasoline. Several days prior to Sunday we had written a gentleman in Greensboro who was supposed to know a gentleman who was supposed to know two gentlemen who had picked the girl up. Sure enough, he replied and stated that the gentleman, a Mr. Cheek, lived on the other side of Graham, N. C., and we could find him at his sister's home. So Mr. West and your columnist proceeded to journey to Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Burlington, and Graham, where, after inquiring around, we found that Mr. Cheek lived on the Graham road almost to Pittsboro. Arriving there, we found that Mr. Cheek had moved back to his old home in Greensboro only the week before.

So we turned around and came back to Greensboro, proceeding to his home on the High Point road. He was not there. After calling a hurried consultation, we decided to start from scratch, and motored down the High Point highway, passing through the underpass where the girl was supposed to have met her death. She was not thumbing Sunday night, so we proceeded to High Point, where we tried to get some definite information on the story. Everyone had heard something about the strange case, but knew only rumors. So we proceeded to Thomasville, where we ran into Louis Brumfield, Editor of The Thomasville Tribune, and a relative of L. P. Brumfield, of Yadkinville, who knew nothing of the case, having been there only a few months. So we three started canvassing the town in search of information. In a few minutes we were told that a member of the police force there might have some information on the matter. When we found him, eating a slab of chocolate pie in a cafe, he related how, several years before, a friend of his by the name of Byerly, who was now in Greensboro, had sworn to him that he stopped for her one night, opened the door of his truck, and the girl had disappeared. We made a note of this.

We then proceeded to canvass the fire department, and one of the members volunteered the information that a brother-in-law of his, while driving from Thomasville to his home in Virginia, had picked the girl up. He went on to say that his brother-in-law, knowing nothing of the case, swore to him that she had disappeared, and he went on to the address the girl had given him (in Virginia, this time) and was told that the girl had been killed previously. We made a note of this, too. And we called it a day, returning to Yadkinville.

Monday, we decided to continue the investigation, and drove to High Point, and talked with John Mebane, City Editor of the High Point Enterprise, who told us that he had written stories on the lady ghost at different times, but had never been able to get any really definite information on the matter. Mr. Mebane, who related that he had sat in his car near the underpass himself waiting for the girl to appear, said that when he would hear of anyone picking the girl up he would call them, but would always be referred to someone else, the incident always rotating around. But, the old Rutledge spirit of never giving up asserting itself, we motored back to Greensboro and searched for Mr. Cheek again. He was not at home. So we proceeded into the city and to a telephone booth, and dialed every Byerly in the telephone book, seeking information as to the whereabouts of the Byerly who picked up the girl. Finally, we were referred to his parents, who lived in High Point, and we made another note.

Then, to pass off the time, we took in a movie. When it was over, we called Mr. Cheek again. He was in! However, Mr. Cheek was very sorry, but he could give us no names, having just heard the tale several times around the vicinity. And so your weary ghost-hunter returned home again from a second day of searching. Resolved to run the story down to the last clue, we have written both of the men, one in High

Point, the other in Virginia, for verification on their stories. And, in the meantime, the story keeps popping up. While questioning the policeman in Thomasville Sunday night, a farmer who was present related that he lived near the underpass, and that his daughter-in-law had reported seeing the girl only last month, but when she returned with his son-in-law, there was no one at the underpass. Mr. Mebane told us Monday that it was reported to him only last week that the girl, dressed in a long white evening dress, had been seen there. Some day, maybe . . .

Do you believe in ghosts?

EAST ELKIN

The Loyal Workers team met at the home of Tommy and Jimmie Parker Tuesday night at 7 p.m. The meeting was presided over by Rev. Flincham, president. Jimmie Parker read the scripture and Jack Daye led the prayer. Tommy Parker told Bible stories. A gift was presented to Mrs. Nina Smoot. Dr. J. G. Abernethy was guest speaker and made a wonderful talk to our boys on "Thanksgiving." Refreshments were served by Mrs. Parker and we were dismissed by Dr. Abernethy. Friends of Mr. Walter Osborne will be sorry to learn that his condition grew worse and he was taken to the hospital where he is very ill. Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ellersedge spent Sunday visiting friends near Kapps Mill. The men's council held their

meeting at the church Monday night. Mr. E. M. Ellersedge was the leader and made a wonderful talk. Rev. J. L. Powers also made a wonderful talk. Mrs. A. A. Newman and son, Doyle, spent the holidays in Pinacle visiting her sister, Mrs. D. W. Culler. Rev. Claude E. Flincham spent the holidays in Mt. Airy visiting relatives.

For Circular Letters

He was showing a friend around his ultra-modern house. "There are lots of points about it that I like," said the candid friend, "and there are some that I do not understand. Why, for instance, the round hole in the front door?" "Oh, that's for circular letters."

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Vol. 12, No. 9

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