Here's a Real Haunted House

By DONALD WAYNE

ON A LONESOME hilltop road near this little New Hampshire town, an old man was taking a midnight walk. The trees cast shadows—long and gaunt—across the front windows of an old house.

Suddenly the old man stood rooted in terror. A phantom coach drawn by four horses was coming. It halted by the old house. Out stepped a stately woman in white.

The spectre hurried to an old well, hurled in a bundle then hastened back to the carriage, which vanished as it had come.

HENNIKER, N. H., Oct. 17—There was something eerie about the night of October 16.

This was back in the 1880's. The man's story spread far and wide, reaching—years later—the skeptical ears of Scott Rogers, a Concord, N. H., cop.

Police Investigate

A scoffer, Rogers was determined to see for himself. With friends he drove up to the old Ocean-Born Mary house. Again, it was midnight. Minutes later they were back in town banging on doors. No more frightenings than Rogers and his pals could be found in all of New England. White-lipped and visibly shaken, Rogers gasped, "We seen it!"

Today the legend that a ghost returns to Ocean-Born Mary House still sticks, and if you have your own doubts you can go some midnight and see, by moonlight.

There was the big fire that happened in the big cane of 1933. At the front of the house—on the side of the house—lived an old woman and her son Gus. One day, she was being blown from a window and the woman suddenly rushed out to pull her son's side.

The newcome was Gus. When Gus moved her arms were under his head. Rosamund had died.

The Ocean-Born Mary house was to be the last of New Hampshire's haunted houses. It proved to be the last swept hilltop, ghostly home.

"There's a present for Gus Roy, who will be 67 next month. It's a -20 expert, and you can hear it from the rain out there."

Gus (full name: Gus Roy) has lived in his house since the late 1920's December. But Butterfield, former owner of Ocean-Born Mary House, said: "I'm not psychic, but my place is a wreck."

A Ship from Ireland

The story of the famous English pirate, Edward Teach, who sailed from Ireland in 1720, when a ship called the 'Queen Anne's Revenge' was lost at sea. They never found their destination, as the vessel never reached the coast, she was found.
The Neolithic Mary house, on wind-swept New Hampshire hill, was built by a pirate captain in 1760.

All night, for yourself, the thing that happened in New England hurri-_chance, two people named Mrs. Roy and Roy were in the house. Gus Roy had a wall that opened to a sail. Watching Mrs. Roy materialized at her bedside, she moved, and raised protectively over her head. The house may have been on a wind-lass, a faint and austere experience here," asserts a bald, mild-mannered man. "Everyone feels it."

The owner of the house, Louis Maurice, lived alone in the house that his mother never saw. He says, a little.

The ship, the Wolf, drew sail, and in a little while pirates clambered over the side. Their leader was Captain Pedro. A swarthy buccaneer, who ordered everybody to prepare for death.

But at this juncture, Captain Pedro was told, a passenger named Elizabeth Fulten was giving birth to a baby. The pirate's glittering eye softened. He growled, "If you are all," he roared, "then the new-born babe is named Mary—for my mother, you can imagine how quickly the mother consented. Pedro sent back to his ship for a gift, a bit of rich brocaded silk.

"For her wedding gown," he said.

After that he sailed away. The promise made by Mary's mother was kept. All her life the child was known as Ocean-Born Mary. She grew up a tall beauty, and at 22 married a lucky swain named Tom Wallace. And she wore a wedding dress of green brocade.

Captain Pedro somehow kept track of her, and fate brought the two together again. In 1760, too old for the sea, he retired (she story goes) to the peaceful New Hampshire hills to be near his mother's namesake. Slaves and carpenters he brought to build on the hilltop at Henniker, the once-splendid house that you see today.

**Treasure on the Grounds?**

Then one day there was a new development. Mary Wallace was suddenly widowed. The old pirate sent for her. Move in with him, he proposed, and be his companion and housekeeper and have a home for her four fatherless sons.

To everyone's surprise she accepted. So Ocean-Born Mary wound up with her pirate godfather, mistress of his house with servants, slaves, wealth, and a fine coach-and-four.

Captain Pedro, of course, lived on his loot, which was buried on the grounds. Mary outlived him, she returned one day to find him slain with a cutlass. But why she comes back, (and what is in the bundle she throws in the well) no one knows.

There are scoffer in Henniker. But the believers won't be discouraged. Not even by the fact that prospectors with mine detectors explored the grounds for treasure last year. After a while they unearthed six old pieces of iron and—a stove lid.