



CAYTE

The Seers' Tale



CAYTE, THE SEERS' TALE



By Sheila Berchem

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**In Memory of
Annette Martin**

Antigonish

**“Last night I saw upon the stair,
A little man who wasn't there,
He wasn't there again today
Oh, how I wish he'd go away...”**

Wm Hughes Means...1899

Preface

This is a faithful accounting of what we've been told by witnesses throughout the years and our collective experiences. You alone can decide its truth.

Cayte

Allow us to take you on a journey to a place where doors open on their own, names are whispered when no one is there and peals of laughter emanate from empty spaces. The Moss Beach Distillery sits on a bluff overlooking the Pacific and has for more than ninety years. Within that building, walls quietly meet and resonate with memories and secrets, and each new day is layered upon the dying echoes of the last. Like any foundation so built upon dreams and bones, it is unable to fully conceal what lies below, and thus The Distillery's past peers through, intruding into the present in the form of shadows, sounds, voices and movement. These spectral intrusions occur at times and in places where there should be none. They are telling us a tale of love, murder and of a ghost named Cayte.

Ghosts: Some people define ghosts as souls of the deceased who haunt either the living or specific locations for reasons known only to them. Some people don't believe they exist at all. And some believe they are spirits that have become entangled in the threads of an unseen veil and are caught between our world and the next.

There have been many stories told of Cayte, The Blue Lady. Some versions have partial truth and some have obscured the truth, but this is the story that comes from local witnesses, newspapers, historians and psychic mediums. Most importantly, this is the story told by The Lady herself.

A Girl from the Midwest

In 1897 the United States was swiftly moving towards the twentieth century like wildfire racing the wind. The end of the nineteenth century was known as the Progressive Era. In politics, the Women's Suffrage Movement was gaining steam and with it there was increased pressure for prohibition. Silent film was in its infancy and amid all of this, somewhere in Wisconsin, Elizabeth Claire DuPont was born.

Elizabeth's father was Belgian and her mother was of Russian descent. As a young child, Elizabeth followed her mother around the home as children often do while chores were carried out. Her mother, an overworked woman, had little time to play with her daughter, but she had a singular joy, singing Russian folk songs that she remembered from her own childhood.

I remember the smell of wet cloths and soap as my mother washed clothes or hung them to dry or when she washed the kitchen floors or dishes. The smell of soap always clung to her. I remember her singing or humming all the time when she worked.

In later years, when only the scattered outline of Elizabeth's childhood remained, music became an unconscious bond connecting her to her mother without effort, like a blanket that comforted and surrounded her once again. Elizabeth carried those songs in her soul, and they became the lullabies she sang to herself in the darkness of her fears.

Elizabeth's father cherished his only daughter, and she remembers a time when he would hold her in his lap. ***"He always had ink stains on his fingers. He worked in a bank and wrote numbers all day. His whiskers were always scratchy and his shirts smelled like starch. I loved it when he came home and hugged me."*** But, over time their relationship was progressively lost in the decaying world of alcoholism and the violence, abuse and betrayals that are often its companions.

Elizabeth was gifted with intelligence and she was educated beyond that of many rural children in the Midwest at that time, particularly girls. She was fortunate to have attended a secondary school, and whenever possible she had at least one or two books at her side to read. Reading became her escape from unpleasant situations throughout her life; books and stories were her freedom from the world immediately surrounding her and provided an education beyond her rural circumstances.

At school, she proudly wore colored ribbons in her light brown hair and often wore blue because she thought it matched her cornflower blue eyes. She was especially good at tilting her head the way girls do in order to get attention from boys, and it usually worked. She was an open, kind and trusting person. She was genuine in her communications with others and assumed the same in return. Elizabeth took compliments both at face value and to heart from her schoolmates and friends, especially since there were few kind words for her at home as she grew. Because kind words were in shortage at home, she did not see clearly if somebody used compliments to manipulate her. It was a blind side that would eventually haunt her.

Joe and Elizabeth

Elizabeth, as a young adult, worked for a local business doing clerical work until the age of twenty-two when she met a man who called himself "Joe". They met at a local church gathering. Joe was new to town, he explained, and such gatherings were a good way to meet new people.

It was a beautiful day and I had never met anyone quite like him. All the local boys were dull and had no ambition, but not Joe. He was exciting and knew everything, and he travelled all around the country as part of his work.

Elizabeth became smitten with Joe almost immediately. He told her he was a representative of some company she had never heard of, but she had never heard of a lot of things, and so she never thought to question it.

He was handsome and wore a Fedora. It was the latest fashion and he carried himself like he had a million dollars. His eyes and hair were brown, and he was a slightly older gentleman. He told me he was thirty-three. He asked me to share a picnic with him and I was so excited I thought I was going to faint.

Joe and Elizabeth picnicked near a copse of Willow trees as the afternoon wore on. The breeze, it seemed, carried murmuring whispers of warning to her as it wove through the leaves and gambled under a cloudless sky, but Elizabeth listened only to Joe. ***"His lies came easily and his smile was like sunshine. He could charm a spider right from its web"***, Elizabeth recounted much later. But at the time he certainly charmed her and she charmed him right back. By the late afternoon, Joe had it set in his mind that he wanted Elizabeth, and from that moment on she became his prey and an invisible noose began to slither around her and tighten, silent and deadly.

There were a few things that Joe did not share with Elizabeth that day. He did not share the fact that he carried both a gun and a dagger, nor did he share the reasons he carried those weapons with him. He did not tell her that the real reason that he was at that church picnic was to see if he could find people he could easily con, or that he'd been conning people for their money since he was young. Today we call people like Joe sociopaths and worse. They can be cold-blooded, yet mesmerizing. They have no conscience, but can fit easily into society with chameleon-like qualities that mimic charm and personality. They work for corporations, the government or at the local stores. When you first get to know them, you may like them until you find they've stolen someone's life savings.

Joe and Elizabeth's courtship was brief, and Elizabeth's mother did not approve. ***"There is something in his eyes that feels hollow,"*** she told her daughter. ***"It feels like there's a terrible presence that walks with him."*** Though her words were barely audible. It gave her mother the willies to think of her daughter with this man, but she knew too well her daughter's iron will. Elizabeth was in love and determined to leave her old life behind, so Joe and she married. Elizabeth spent many hours day-dreaming about her life to come and about the travel and excitement the years would bring. What she could not see on the road ahead were the things hiding at the edges of that road, obscured by the chiaroscuro, the interplay of shadows and light, and the things that lay waiting beyond, ancient tortured things, folding into themselves and beginning to take malevolent forms.

A short time after they wed Joe decided it was time for his new wife and him to leave. It would be harder to scam people in her small home town because it might get back to "the family". He was a con man but not a stupid man, possessing a quick mind, but not nearly as quick as his wife's. So, with kisses, tears and promises of many letters to come, they took to the road drifting around the Midwest for a while, Chicago, Milwaukee and eventually down through the Ohio Valley. Every now and then they would need to leave town quickly. Elizabeth was still under the impression that her husband was a salesman, though she knew there was something more going on, and so she started paying closer attention...to everything.

Joe began to drink more and she didn't like the people he was spending time with. Every so often he struck her when she annoyed him by asking too many questions, or sometimes just a single question. He always apologized

profusely but, ***"It seemed to me that he enjoyed it."*** Though the abuse began as the occasional slap, it slowly escalated.

There were times when Joe told Elizabeth that they had to come up with new names. In the beginning it was fun, and they made a game of who could come up with the silliest or strangest or most oddly spelled name. It also lent a sense of release from her life for a short while, a feeling of freedom from the Gordian knot she was bound with. She would once again return to this form of escape in her distant future, but in the present, she reluctantly understood the reasons behind the new names. That's when it began to turn darker and she began to resent what Joe was asking of her, and she understood why he resented her questions and comments. Over the next few years she saw with clarity who this man truly was. Between the lies and abuse, she knew that she had married a different version of her father. Her father was a drunk, and when he drank he was cruel to his family. Sadly, he was drunk often. She had grown up being slapped by her father from time to time, though her brothers caught the brunt of his cruelty.

When I was a child, I had a closet I would hide in on the mean days. It was hot and cramped and I would sit there for hours, but I would have to be quiet or else my father would find me. Sweat used to go down my face and my back, and sometimes I could feel cobwebs brushing up against me, touching my face or my hands. The wooden floor was generous with splinters that poked and stuck me. After I was married a few years, I realized that my husband was so much worse than my father. I finally understood what my mother was talking about, except by then it was too late and there were no more closets to hide in. I had to accept that. I had to survive.

Laisse Les Bons Temps Rouler—Let the Good Times Roll

Joe and Elizabeth had drifted down to New Orleans by the mid-1920s, where they were both now engaged in a variety of confidence scams. New Orleans was indescribably fun and they spent hours in the gambling houses, bars and music scene meeting new people, including jazz legend and unabashed self-promoter Jelly Roll Morton. Along with other musicians, they met another piano player named William Grosskurth, Billy to his friends.

Billy was a busy boy, dabbling in a lot of different activities, some less legal than others. Gold, jewelry and money scams were popular, and that is where Joe and Billy crossed paths. Billy, in addition to being a talented musician, was also a purveyor of alcohol during prohibition; Canadian whiskey was his specialty and part of the reason he spent time in New Orleans. The other reason was because the music that he loved and loved to play was centered in New Orleans.

William kept several establishments well-supplied with alcohol, and when Joe saw this up close, he decided that it was time to get into that particular game as well. He was thinking he just might become that salesman after all, albeit of illicit goods.

No introduction of Billy is complete without speaking to the larger-than-life nature that was Billy Grosskurth. For example, at the age of fifty-seven Billy tried to sign up for selective service after hearing that Pearl Harbor was bombed. By far, Billy's biggest foible was that Billy loved women. The fact was Billy loved a lot of women, and sometimes it caught up with him. From time to time he needed to re-establish his location because of that aforementioned foible. At one point, in the early 1900s, all of this relocating led him to purchase land with a hotel, but for some unknown reason, he called a tavern. And so, Billy became an innkeeper out on the California coast just south of San Francisco. It was a profitable business, made more profitable because in reality it was neither a tavern nor a hotel, it was a bordello.

Billy, being who he was, would from time to time invite friends to come and stay with him at his hotel for a brief visit. One particular New Year's Eve he invited his friend, a Mr. George Whitthall, to spend the holidays with him. Billy welcomed both George and George's "pet" lion with open arms, allowing George to wander the property with his pet in tow like a dog on a leash. How Billy's other guests felt about the prospect of meeting George in the lobby is unknown, but eventually George's lion did what lions do, and it bit somebody. It bit Billy. Billy claimed, in the inevitable lawsuit, that "the brute took an immediate dislike to me," never saying exactly why he thought the lion took such a dislike to him. Anyway, the suit was eventually settled for \$7000 and life moved on. That was Billy Grosskurth.

But back in New Orleans, between Billy, Joe and Elizabeth, there was plenty of easy money to be made, so for a while life was stable, at least by Elizabeth's standards. Because Joe was happy, there were fewer incidences between Joe and Elizabeth. She even grew to like Billy, and Billy liked her too.

Elizabeth knew that she was eventually going to have to leave Joe, but that time was not now. It took longer than usual, but once again Joe got into something that was a little too heavy; somebody died, and they had to leave town again, always in a hurry, and in the night, and they were back on the road drifting between big cities and small towns.

The Barbary Coast

The days of the Barbary Coast were officially over by 1928. That does not mean however, that San Francisco had left all of its wicked ways in the past. The city's Barbary Coast was named after part of the west coast of Africa, home of pirates, murders and slave-traders.

The San Francisco coast was born of the gold rush era, and the Barbary Coast referred to several streets located near the southern part of Pacific Avenue and Stockton Street. This area known for its bars, brothels, gambling joints, opium dens and groggeries constituted the "Red Light District". It was the place you went if you felt the need to indulge in a little debauchery, skullduggery and bawdy entertainment. Generally speaking, there was a little something for everyone.

Through the years, the police had cracked down on the more extreme areas of violence, nightly murders, graft and thuggery, eventually leading to the closure of most of the notorious businesses in the area. Sometimes places closed because of police action, but just as often they closed through questionable business practices or a fallout between business partners, often involving the dispatching of one partner or other, ala The Mitchell Brothers in 1991. The Mitchell Brothers, Artie and Jim, owned the notorious O'Farrell Street Theater in the 1970s and '80s. It was famous for its adult entertainment in many forms, also for its beautiful murals on the outside of the building. Their partnership came to an abrupt end when Jim decided to kill Artie by shooting him. Years later Jim's son (and namesake) James was sentenced to prison for clubbing his girlfriend to death with a baseball bat. Nice family. They would have fit right in, in the roaring 1920s.

After Elizabeth and Joe left New Orleans, they spent several years moving around the Midwest. They moved back to Chicago, down to Kansas City (the one in Kansas), even wandered down to Texas for a spell. Joe and Elizabeth rarely agreed on anything, but on this they were in full agreement, neither liked Texas. So, in 1928 they packed their bags once again, and this time turned their sails to The West and San Francisco.

By 1928 that "Red Light District" had become semi-legitimate, that is if you didn't count prohibition. But the Mayor of San Francisco, Sunny Jim Rollins, was a staunch anti-prohibitionist, treating prohibition more like a suggestion than a law. That lack of enforcement was the enticement for Joe and Elizabeth to make their way to the California coast around 1928, one year before the great stock market collapse.

Joe had left behind the con jobs and was now utilizing his sales skills around alcohol distribution and gambling. There were plenty of speakeasies and connoisseurs along the California coast and in San Francisco. The market never closed for his services. Joe, however, was growing ever more violent and unstable, or so it felt to Elizabeth. She knew she was either going to leave or she was going to die at Joe's hand. He had already tried to kill her once before by pushing her head in a barrel of water in a brief attempt to drown her. She quietly responded by stashing away small amounts of cash whenever possible.

Elizabeth knew she had long passed the point where she could ever return to her family, and it was then when she ran into a familiar face one day on a street in San Francisco. That face belonged to Billy Grosskurth. The encounter reminded her of The Marine View Tavern, the one he told her about back in the days of New Orleans, a twenty-room hotel in a small place tucked away on the coast just south of San Francisco in a town called Moss Beach. That encounter with an old friend was nice for Elizabeth. She rarely had the opportunity to make friends moving from town to town as she did. She had no friends that she could speak with, in depth anyway. That encounter had another effect as well for Elizabeth. She started to dream of possibilities; possibly of another way of life.

At that time, the direct route from San Francisco to Moss Beach would take you over the treacherous San Pedro Mountain Road, an inland route from what is now Highway 1. There are still accounts that speak to the conditions of this road: "Numerous accidents occurred on this dangerous road and some of the wrecked cars can still be found in ravines below the route," stated one local newspaper. In addition to the rough terrain encountered on the road, there were the occasional shoot-outs along its course, due to robbers wanting to relieve bootleggers of their wares. There are several well-documented incidents in various newspaper articles of the day.

The San Pedro Mountain Road, with all its charm, was later replaced by a road known as Devil's Slide. You know it had to be bad when a route called Devil's Slide is the preferred road. California eventually gained its sanity on this issue, and there is now a safe road between San Francisco and Moss Beach that doesn't include at least one slide into the ocean every winter. Devil's Slide is now part of the Coastal Trail where you can walk and hike while taking in the view at your own pace. In Elizabeth's day, however, traveling to Moss Beach directly from San Francisco was not something that was taken lightly.

Not long after that chance encounter with Billy, Elizabeth once again found herself trapped with Joe in the back of a bar in the old Red-Light District. Joe was in a drunken state, having lost money in a gambling debt. He was full of rage at the world, but directing all of it at her. His intent was to inflict as much of that fury and violence upon his wife as he could.

I knew the moment had come. I knew I could not absorb another blow and that I would not survive another attack from that man. I got away and ran from that room as fast as I could. I made it back to our hotel room where I took the cash I had stashed away and some of the cash Joe had stashed too. The only other things I grabbed were my books. I knew what I had to do.

She prayed that Billy had told her the truth and that he would be good to his word to help her if she ever needed it. She certainly needed it now. There were men she had met through Joe's business who traveled that route to

Moss Beach for a variety business purposes, people who liked her but weren't particularly fond of Joe, men who knew how to keep things to themselves. That was important. It wasn't an easy trip, and it cost her a lot of money, but to her profound relief, just as advertised:

There was Billy's Marine View Tavern sitting next to a place called Frank's Roadhouse; and there was Billy, and he greeted me with open arms. He kindly offered me a room and a job working at his hotel. Finally, I was going to be free. I was going to be safe. For the first time in years I cried.

Frank's Roadhouse

Resting on the same bluff with an infinite view of the Pacific Ocean were Billy's Marine View Tavern/hotel/brothel and Frank's Roadhouse. Both overlooked what is today's Fitzgerald Marine Reserve. The Roadhouse was originally built as a private residence and was soon converted to a prohibition speakeasy sometime between late 1927 and early 1928, according to county records. Right next to the Roadhouse sat Billy's Marine View Tavern. The boundary between the two properties was always a little muddled, and there was an uneasy current between Frank Torres and Billy regarding this point, but for the most part they ignored that little issue and got along well.

Billy's Tavern and Frank's Roadhouse were sheltered from the road behind a large copse of Cypress trees. The trees were originally planted by Jürgen Weinke, founder of Moss Beach. This coastal hideaway was the ideal location for a weekend get-away for politicians from the now newly-elected Governor of California, Sunny Jim Rollins, on down to local judges and sheriffs. Celebrity elites also made regular visits to Frank's—like Charlie Chaplin, Bronco Billy and Dashell Hammet. Dancing between the two buildings on a daily basis was Billy Grosskurth, who played the piano and held court at Frank's.

The beauty of this location could not be overstated. The majesty of the views over the Pacific and the ever-changing kaleidoscope of sunsets can only be experienced, for they are beyond the ability of words to describe. Frank Torres, originally from Peru, was proud of his establishment and was always looking to provide his patrons with fun and memorable experiences. The area was surrounded by ranches and cattle, reminding him of the large ranches of home. Early on, he wanted to build a bullring outside The Roadhouse complete with a bull and matador for the entertainment of his guests. He never quite understood why the idea was not met with the enthusiasm he had hoped for. Eventually, he settled for a painted bull with matador on the ceiling of his roadhouse next to the bar.

Billy, on the other hand, was the consummate piano player, just as he had been back in New Orleans. He was now married to a woman he actually loved, but that only slowed him down. Billy felt he had more than enough love for one woman, especially now that Elizabeth had left Joe. In Billy's mind, things were looking up. Elizabeth's days were filled with bookkeeping and a variety of other clerical duties for The Marine View Tavern. Her evenings were spent socializing at Frank's, listening to Billy's piano playing along with other local and visiting musicians who came and went.

Among those other musicians was another young local piano player named Charlie Donovan. The musicians, the bartenders and employees of both establishments (including the day-to-day delivery and service people who came to Frank's and Billy's for various reasons) and even some patrons, became Elizabeth's family of sorts. It was the first time in her life she was on her own and finally living on her own terms (mostly), away from the

dangers of her husband's abuse or her father's anger. She no longer needed to run from people and situations due to her husband's actions, and she was able to start testing her own wings.

Elizabeth had gathered some survivalist wisdom along the road with Joe. She had learned to be more observant and to use those observations to her benefit. To that end, ***"I kept a leather-bound journal that contained some of the dealings of Frank, Billy and others that went on from day to day."*** Elizabeth recorded hushed names, dates and goings-on in her journal with the thought that someday she just might need to use the secrets of others in order to protect herself.

I kept that journal well-hidden. There used to be stairs that went from the water's edge to the top of the bluff and there was a small cave in the side of the cliff where they hid the rumrunner's goods that came down from Canada. That is where I last saw my journal, but there have been so many changes since then. I wish somebody could find it.

Today in 2018, anything that once resembled a cave or cove or even a hole has since been filled in. The bluff is stable and safe and anything that might have been carved into its side, either by water or man, is no longer there and there is nothing to be gained by searching that area.

Elizabeth's memory of those days living and working at the hotel/tavern and spending her free time at Frank's were the happiest and most carefree days of her life. Interesting and prominent people came to Frank's, and Elizabeth was always the life of the party. She had a natural charm that drew people to her, or so we are told and we believe it was true. At night in her aloneness however, the mere thought of Joe's reappearance poisoned her sleep and tortured her into a cold sweat. Sometimes she could be heard screaming by others while she dreamed.

Elizabeth often wore blue clothing, a habit from her childhood, because she still felt it matched her eyes. The people who worked at and around Frank's, including John Contina (The Roadhouse manager and local bootlegger) who knew Elizabeth, were protective of her because they knew her background with Joe, and even if they didn't know Elizabeth, Joe's name carried with it its own reputation. Billy in particular kept a watchful eye over Elizabeth, for he was deeply fond of her. Perhaps he loved her. We will never know exactly what he felt.

Charlie Donovan, the local piano player, was born in 1907, making him a young man in his early twenties at the beginning of The Great Depression. As many musicians do when first starting out, Charlie played for tips and to have a good time at Frank's. The piano sat in the corner of what is now the main dining room to the left as you walk into the restaurant. As the days and weeks rolled on at Charlie's new favorite place to play, Elizabeth too could be found sitting in that same corner most evenings, and Charlie soon became a regular fixture at Frank's.

The atmosphere at Frank's was bewitching. Conversations and laughter rose and fell like the cadence of musical notes. During the evenings, the light from outside illuminated the speakeasy, and patrons often got there just in time to watch the sunset over the water and have a drink as the stars came out for a spectacular show. There were colorful Tiffany-styled lamps over the bar and cozy corners for a quiet discussion or two.

Whether it was through true love or because of the times and circumstances, Charlie and Elizabeth, now in her early thirties, became a couple. Because she was almost ten years older than Charlie, a few tongues certainly wagged, but no one really minded except perhaps Billy, but being married himself he could hardly say much. One of the things Charlie and Elizabeth liked to do was walk down to the beach after Charlie finished playing his sets at Frank's.

And so, life went on as the decade turned from the roaring '20s to the '30s in Moss Beach. Prohibition was slowly coming to a close, the depression was in full swing, the Golden Gate Bridge would soon be constructed, and movies were becoming ever more popular. Elizabeth loved movies, at least the few she had seen. She was mesmerized with the thought that you could play at being one person one day and entirely different person the next. There were several actresses she came to admire over time, even identify with even if it was only a little. Elizabeth's absolute favorite was the ingénue, Kate Hepburn which poses a puzzle because Hepburn's first appeared in the movies in 1932. This begs the question, do ghosts go to movies? On this point, we can only speculate that at least one ghost has.

Charlie and Elizabeth were delighted to have found one another, and for them time had slowed down so they could enjoy each other's company. Elizabeth's time in the winter of '29 in Moss Beach had been just short of a year. She had made the most of that time making new friends and a new family and finally put down her roots.

The spring of 1930 was beautiful. The financial crash of '29 had little effect on the community of Moss Beach, for few had stock portfolios to worry about. Money was held in the land and ranches and other types of investments. Every day posed new possibilities for Elizabeth and her fears and worries withered a little with each passing month. By late summer she no longer held her breath when new faces appeared in town, and by early fall a full more than a full year had passed since her arrival. Having spent a lifetime of being on guard for any sign or sound of danger, there were moments now and again when Elizabeth allowed that guard slip. Like a feral cat catching a moment in the sun and spreading its limbs to fully enjoy the warmth, Elizabeth began to stretch and feel the comfort of her friends and her surroundings. She started looking forward to the next adventure no matter how small, the next celebrity to come to The Roadhouse, or the next idea Frank would have to entertain his guests.

And then there was Charlie, who made her laugh, made her feel safe in his arms, and made promises of castles and clouds and things lovers say to make the other smile. Elizabeth had no warning of the events to come on a November night in 1930. A night that turned souls inside out, ended some lives and forever changed others. Elizabeth has told us some of what happened on her final night at Frank's, and the tale has been consistent through several mediums.

The evening started as a typical night at The Roadhouse. Charlie was playing his usual set and conversations were in full bloom. People were coming and going when a man wearing a Fedora entered Frank's. Anyone near this well-dressed man felt a spark of violence move through the air and they shifted accordingly. This was no random visitor, this was Joe, and Elizabeth saw him the moment he entered.

The normal crowd was in attendance, including several local law enforcement gentlemen, perhaps an attorney or two, as well as others who witnessed this ugly intrusion upon their favorite haunt. Conversations changed to murmurs and glances signaled to those with instinct, some new danger had emerged from the darkness. There was a crack that went through the atmosphere, putting some on high alert even though they did not yet know why. Guns from under the bar and elsewhere were rapidly but quietly accessed.

Frank and Billy, who also knew Joe, saw him at the same moment. They scanned the crowd for Elizabeth, who sat frozen near the piano. Frank and Billy, along with the bouncer and the help of a few guests, swiftly ejected Joe from the building, escorting him to the parking area. With few words, they explained to Joe exactly how unwelcome he was and that he should not return.

Everyone suspected there would be more trouble, but for the moment it had been abated. The evening's laughter continued, but was subdued as guests left soon after. There was a tension that remained from Joe's

brief appearance, and was felt to the very foundation of the building. It is safe to assume Elizabeth was quite shaken from that encounter, her worst fears now realized. She knew that air of danger Joe carried, and she knew at times it was mortal. Joe had become a contorted mixture of rage and depravity, whatever humanity he ever owned had been discarded.

Despite the evening's events, Charlie and Elizabeth went for their walk on the beach knowing their world had changed. Their conversation must surely have reflected the surge of fear that filled her inside and the reality that her sanctuary had been invaded.

It is hard to explain why Elizabeth chose a stroll to the beach on that particular evening, knowing Joe was so near. She understood the danger she was in. It might appear to some that she didn't care, but that was not the case. After Joe made his appearance, Elizabeth looked around Frank's and all of her friends who reassuringly told her that they would protect her. Charlie in particular, filled with brash bravado explained to Elizabeth, as if she were a child, that Joe's threatening presence meant nothing. She should leave the problem of Joe to others who would handle it. Elizabeth's deep insight of Joe told her better. He had found her. Her nightmares had finally reached out becoming flesh, and with cold tendrils, enveloped her. Primal fear flooded her every cell. At her core, she felt beyond broken. Any spark of hope she ever had died the moment she saw Joe walk in. It was time to accept her fate. She couldn't run anymore. She wanted only one more moment with Charlie.

The lovers were unaware that Joe had lingered in the darkness by the building, waiting for Elizabeth to depart. He had eluded detection by those who scanned the area looking for him at the evening's end. He was good at hiding. Charlie and Elizabeth made their way down the path towards the beach, unaware of Joe's presence as he made his slow decent towards them under a diminishing moon. Silently he hunted them down to the beach as the light from The Roadhouse receded. They carefully made their way down the rock-filled hillside to the narrow beach below. The beach itself could be called cozy. Its smallness is due to land jutting out to the sea on the north side of the beach and a steep hillside to the east. To the west is the Pacific Ocean, leaving only a small opening to the south. At high tide the shore narrowed to a finger's width. As Joe approached the couple in the darkness that evening, the sounds of his breath and footsteps were absorbed by the waves.

The late fall air, chilly and damp, was filled with the briny scent of the sea. For the last time winds whispered desperate warnings in Elizabeth's ear, but she listened only to Charlie's naïve sentiments of safety, wanting them to be true. But the moment Joe stepped out of the darkness cutting off the narrow path of escape, Elizabeth understood the bill for her life's choices had come due. Though she never understood that fortune had made her childhood's choices for her before she was born, and having been caught in the unrecognized cycle of abuse had condemned her to the rest.

What may or may not have been shared in those final intimate moments of murder, remains forever between Joe and Elizabeth, but Joe eventually drove his dagger into Elizabeth's back, through her flesh and muscle, twisting the hilt as blade struck bone and his knife found its final purpose.

Elizabeth's remains lay fallen on the beach below Frank's, bloodied and cold but not entirely alone. Shadows stood by her side patiently waiting for her in that timeless moment of dying, while the unseen web that connects us all spun its silvery threads to cradle her soul for the journey to the heavens above. Elizabeth, however, had other ideas.

The body rested that night on the beach under the cold night sky, while small crabs and insects scurried to and fro in waves that washed along the shore taking with them blood, footprints and that monstrous act out to sea. She says she does not remember the details of her murder, and The Lady refrains from saying more.

There are generally two stories floating around about Charlie's part in all of this. One version has him knocked unconscious on the beach, another has him running away. After all, he was young and inexperienced with the type of man Joe had become. Whatever part was his in that three-person *Danse Macabre*, this was the last we ever heard of Charlie, until the notice of his passing appeared in the local Moss Beach newspaper, in July of 1986. Charlie was seventy-nine at the time of his passing. And Joe? When Elizabeth's decision to remain on the Earth became clear, the shadows turned their attention towards Joe.

The Lady in Blue

Dark conversations filled Frank's as the next morning wore on. Convulsive sobs and futile attempts of consolation by staff members and patrons could be heard throughout the building. Elizabeth's body was found at dawn and removed from the beach, leaving her soul and silenced screams behind. Cars went in and out of the parking area as men gathered in clusters. Even the crows, like little old ladies mantled in black shawls, huddled about in small groups cawing about the heinous act.

They found Joe's car where he had parked it the night before. Its engine had refused to come to life, and had destroyed his chance for a quick get-away. Without transportation, Joe was forced to cower in the cracks and crevices of the Moss Beach community, crawling into hiding holes with the putrid stench of his actions still clinging to him as he continued to search for an escape, knowing that he was the one now being hunted. No newspaper writing, public notice or police report has ever been found that bears witness to this murder. No grave yard or headstone with Elizabeth's name has been found. It is suspected that her body may have been buried in a private gravesite, though we may never know. Publicly the murder was never acknowledged, no police investigation brought to The Roadhouse and no list of witnesses who might have been present was ever officially compiled.

In the days that followed Elizabeth's murder, people in and around The Roadhouse started whispering stories of seeing a woman, dressed in blue clothing, disheveled, bloody and wet, walking around the beach. Within a few weeks and following months there were similar reports of a woman up by The Roadhouse and on the bluff, though she now appeared in better shape, her clothes were dry and the blood no longer appeared on her attire. This spirit seeking shelter eventually made it into both Frank's and The Marine View Tavern. Years passed as the buildings sat side by side. The Roadhouse changed owners several times, living and growing with purpose, while The Tavern sat, decayed by rot, mold and neglect. In his final years, Billy could be seen rocking on his porch to the sound of the waves and gulls in the distance as he stared out to sea. The Marine View Tavern finally burned to the ground in 1958, the fire cleansing it of whatever secret sins it held. Billy died a year after the fire, but The Roadhouse is a different story in its entirety.

Disquieting tales of a haunting at The Roadhouse, now restaurant, have persisted since the early '30s. Though The Roadhouse has changed both owners and names over the years, the stories of a Lady in Blue being seen and spoken to have remained consistent in their description of her, and the stories constant. Stories of The Lady have been told and retold among the locals, and many were known to Pat and Dave Andrews, who purchased the restaurant in 1972 when the restaurant was renamed The Moss Beach Distillery. Dave believed in many things—good food, good wine, and well-run restaurants, but he did not believe in ghosts and simply dismissed the stories he had heard because, after all, ghosts were not real.

Pat and Dave lived in the rooms below the restaurant after they purchased the building. At first the high-heeled footsteps Dave heard at night over their dining room were just building noises, sounding precisely like footsteps, but it couldn't be because he and his wife were the only ones in the building. Pat was often in the same room as Dave when footsteps would be heard. Another peculiarity to the building was that Pat and Dave would often find themselves locked out of their own living quarters within the building...from the inside. It was annoying, and they couldn't exactly explain why. Also in the office, there were times when random papers moved around of their own accord. Well, papers are easily moved about by breezes, aren't they, except there were no breezes at those times. Then there were the pencils that seemed to jump out of Pat's hand. That was just weird, and when Pat told Dave about the checkbook that floated in the air, things were truly getting strange. Eventually, a waitress reported boxes of liquor stacking themselves directly behind the closed door of a storeroom that had only one way in and out. Things were getting a little out of hand. Add to that, female patrons were reporting that, when they were in the ladies' room, they were seeing a woman in a blue dress standing near them or next to them as they looked in the mirror, yet when they turned to look at the woman in person, nobody was there. There were two stalls in the ladies' room and sometimes, it was reported, when there was only one woman in the room, she could hear laughter coming from the other stall, even though it was clear to the customer that she was all alone in the bathroom.

When you get enough of these reports, at some point either one of two things are going to happen: You are going to believe the whole world is in on the joke except you, literally everyone, but that seems a little paranoid, or, you start to accept that something else is going on. It shouldn't be happening, but it is. Many female patrons have slept with their lights on after dining at The Moss Beach Distillery.

Eventually, Pat and Dave decided to retire from owning the restaurant and sold The Distillery in 1990 to John Barbour, a man with two feet on the ground, a solid, skeptical citizen who prided himself on excellent food and service, a pride well-earned to this day. However, just because Dave didn't believe in such things as ghostly activity, doesn't mean they didn't continue to happen. Oh yes, there was plenty of physical activity on display—phone systems that did things no phone system should ever do, security systems and lighting systems all running amok on a regular basis, so much so that eventually John called in a well-known local psychic.

She spoke with a deep rasp like a three-pack-a-day smoker and paraded around with dragon-length fingernails that would be the envy of any opium den. We'll just call her Sylvia. Now Sylvia had been around the block a time or two, and was accurately described as "con-artist" by some (police officers, district attorneys and fleeced victims for example). She'd previously been cited in the county of Santa Clara on eight counts of fraud and grand larceny in the late '80s. This included a gold scam (oddly reminiscent of Joe). Sylvia, for many years, financed her lifestyle working as psychic celebrity. She had appeared on multiple TV shows, and had written several books. In '92 Sylvia was putting on a pretty good show for John Barbour, three of them in fact, séances all, where she proceeded to conjure the names John Contina and Mary Ellen Morley. These two names had one thing in common, they were well-known names, easily researched by anyone with an interest in the history of the area. John Contina was the former manager of Frank's, and Mary Ellen Morley, whose name had been in the public eye in the past, was identified by Sylvia as "The Blue Lady". Morley's death was well documented from a car accident some miles away, and a full decade before Frank's ever existed. Sylvia rambled on with a confusing array of additional names and incidences over the three sessions, starting in the spring of '92.

Who really knows what psychic abilities, if any, Sylvia may or may not have possessed, but that old gravelly-voiced fortune teller got a couple of things right. Though she clearly had no clue of the identity of The Blue Lady or her actual story, and that portion of her pronouncements was a dreadful confusing mess, she did make references to a cave that Elizabeth (who by now was calling herself Cayte) continues to talk about to this day.

Sylvia also mention a problem with The Distillery's doors, locks and keys that the newest owner, John Barbour, was having problems with at the time, though he had spent many thousands of dollars on a new secure door system. Unfortunately, none of what she said was of any practical use to John in helping to solve the issues he was having at his restaurant, nor did it really answer any questions that he had. As for Sylvia, she worked hard using the story of those séances for every piece of publicity and penny she could squeeze from them throughout the rest of her life.

The Song of Mediums

There is a little-known organization in Arizona called The Windbridge Research Center where they study all aspects of mediums and mediumship. It takes a year or more of testing, including blind testing for accuracy of readings, psychological testing for personality traits and a variety of other aspects to become a "Certified Medium". Only a teeny, tiny percentage of mediums in the world live up to The Windbridge's criteria. The mediums discussed in this chapter either have, could meet, or exceed these standards.

In the early '90s, after Sylvia's séances, a Japanese television company wanted to bring a well-known psychic/medium from Japan, Mrs. Aiko Gibo, to film her in various haunted locations in California. The television company contacted Loyd Auerbach, a teaching professor and parapsychologist who lives in the San Francisco Bay Area. Auerbach, with a degree in anthropology and masters in parapsychology, had been studying hauntings and apparitions in the field (as opposed to the lab) for more than ten years in the early '90s. He was then, and is still considered by many, particularly by those who understand this work, to be the foremost authority in this area in the United States. Additionally, he had previously worked with Mrs. Gibo on other occasions, so he was the natural choice to call upon to help with this venture. The Japanese TV company needed him for two reasons, first to be the host, and also to add his expertise in this area, both literally and figuratively.

Now whatever you think of parapsychologists (if you've ever thought about such things), chances are you don't have all the information. Parapsychologists are a sadly misunderstood lot. Serious parapsychologists are a highly educated group of men and women, holding advanced degrees in physics, psychology, anthropology and other disciplines from some of the best universities and colleges throughout the world. They study little-understood events, which happen in everyday lives, in order to advance our knowledge of how these events work. These scientists conduct, evaluate and write peer-reviewed papers of their work, the same as every other physicist who has tried to explain, for example, gravity. Science, for all of its efforts, still cannot explain how gravity works at the quantum level, but we all know it exists. So too, parapsychologists study extraordinary experiences or "paranormal activity", as it is referred to by many. Parapsychologists study this so we can understand how these mysterious and sometimes frightening moments happen; just like those who studied lightning or any other naturally occurring phenomena in the last few centuries. Several hundred years ago you might have heard things like, *"What, the world is round? Who told you that? Is that science? Humbug beliefs, charlatans all, the world is flat and everybody knows it!"* Simply replace the word "humbug" with the word "woowoo", and you have precisely the same worldview. Popular or pop-culture beliefs die hard as science moves forward.

Auerbach chose to bring Mrs. Gibo to The Moss Beach Distillery, not only for its activity but also because of its majestic location, something TV shows like. He had worked with Mrs. Gibo prior to Moss Beach and had tested her abilities. What he found was she was not only a world-class medium, but she was also a world class shopper, something that oddly came in handy during the actual investigation.

Prior to Mrs. Gibo's arrival, Loyd dove headfirst into an extensive investigation at The Distillery. In-depth interviews with witnesses, historians and staff were conducted to make sure the reported activity was real and ongoing. Everything was covered from the electronic systems acting out in ways no electronic system should, chairs moving on their own, coffee makers turning on by themselves dumping water and coffee on the floor, and a newly-installed pay phone that the phone company insisted "could not possibly receive calls", yet rang at all hours. Oh, and lights that turned on and off on their own, just to name a few of the unnatural inclinations of objects at The Distillery. One of the managers confessed that she carefully turned all of the lights off when she left for the night and then tightly locked the door, only to turn around and see those same lights on when she reached the parking lot. Other recurring events have been female patrons losing a single earring, and employees hearing their names whispered when they were alone. Both of these events happened so many times that they became just another part of the work week. "The chair is upside down again, it must be Tuesday." From the number of lost earrings reported, you might think the restaurant was swimming in sea of earrings, but none were ever found.

As you might imagine, this is hardly a complete list of curious events that have occurred at The Distillery. As individual events, we could all be persuaded that this is just normal everyday activity, but when it's all combined, it becomes a bit more eerie. That ineffable feeling of "not being alone", even when you know you're alone is standard fair for this place, simply ask the staff; and when day slips into evening's shadows, when the whispers begin again, it becomes very real for some.

Loyd was the first and only person to chronicle a detailed account of events since the '30s. His methods have included both traditional and non-traditional styles of gathering and verifying information. What eventually became clear is something we already knew, that official records during the late '20s and early '30s are as scarce as hen's teeth where Frank's and other roadhouses were concerned. However, with a little luck and perhaps a nudge from the great beyond, information was confirmed, often from non-traditional sources.

Loyd's research discovered there was a pattern and personality that shone through all the tales. It became clear that the reported spirit was playful, intelligent and enjoyed some merry mischief, but was never mean or angry. He could never have known, however, that he would spend the next twenty-five years in a personal relationship with a ghost.

Mrs. Gibo had not been told about the stories from The Moss Beach Distillery. She had been purposely kept in the dark about all reported stories and sightings. Only Loyd knew the details, and he didn't share with the producers or with Mrs. Gibo. And there are two good reasons Mrs. Gibo could not have found out the details of this location; first, Mrs. Gibo spoke mostly Japanese, and second, it would have been unlikely, even if she spoke fluent English, because the same type of research that is done today was not available on the internet at that time.

The day of the investigation arrived, and Mrs. Gibo went to work after the patrons had left the restaurant. Sitting in the main dining room, she began a conversation with The Blue Lady. She spoke in Japanese with an interpreter during this communication. Mrs. Gibo's interpreter explained that evening that the communication was not so much in words but in images and ideas. According to Mrs. Gibo, The Blue Lady told the story of her life during prohibition and of her eventual death. She told Mrs. Gibo about her love for The Distillery and of the people there, both past and present, and she went on to say her name used to be Elizabeth Claire, but she was calling herself Cayte Donovan now that she was dead. This was not the only time that Loyd would hear the name "Cayte". During his interviews with other self-described witnesses, two different women had told Loyd they had each sat at a certain specific table and chillingly recounted conversations with a ghost; each had said the ghost called herself Cayte. So, there was information from two other independent sources.

As the cameras rolled that evening they captured Mrs. Gibo between takes, sharing a few jokes with the presumed disembodied-spirit. At one point during this conversation, cameras found Mrs. Gibo pulling out a fashion magazine to show Cayte what current fashion was like. Sometime after that, The Lady in Blue transformed into The-Lady-in-Whatever-She-Wanted-to-Wear. This magazine shopping spree was the first of many revelations for Cayte. Their conversation went on for a short while, and what Mrs. Gibo recounted that evening paralleled many of the reported details from the people of Moss Beach; the same tale as local folks who have spoken about the life of a woman who lived there briefly in the late '20s or early '30s, and who was brutally murdered on the beach below.

The night of the investigation was blustery outside of the restaurant, while inside Mrs. Gibo observed that Cayte was moving around the room a lot. That was when the first physical activity began. Mrs. Gibo said that Cayte was going towards the back door (one with a push bar on the inside and only a keyhole outside). Mrs. Gibo said Cayte was going to open the door, which was locked at that time, and that is exactly what happened. The door opened, and Cayte walked out (presumably). A few minutes passed and Mrs. Gibo said it was going to happen again. The door opened slowly this time, and Cayte came back in (presumably). Loyd then stationed a member of his team outside the door, making sure it was locked and nobody was out there with or without a key. Mrs. Gibo then described Cayte, who was inside walking towards the door once more. Those present watched as the bar was pushed down and the door opened one more time. By this time Cayte had changed clothes for the first time into a long black evening dress, according to Mrs. Gibo. Cayte then was reported to say, **"I want to look my best for you,"** a portent of future fashion events.

Mrs. Gibo was the first medium who worked with Loyd at The Distillery, but she would not be the last. A few weeks later he returned to the restaurant to propose an idea to Barbour for an evening's worth of entertainment at The Distillery, an event called *Séance Fiction Theatre*. According to Auerbach, *"While there, I sat at the table in the dining room and ordered a beer. One of the waitresses was relating a story of seeing a chair knock itself over and then summersault by the hostess station. As she was telling the story, our waitress came toward the table carrying a beer. When she got closer, the beer left her hands and dropped to the floor. One might say 'clumsy waitress', but the beer glass came horizontally out of her hands and then dropped straight to the floor. (The glass did not break by the way)"*. It was a memorable moment for Loyd, but it was only the beginning of many personal adventures with Cayte.

One other question was asked by Mrs. Gibo, and by every subsequent medium who has since worked with both Loyd and Cayte, and that is, "Why is she still here?" The response has always been variations of the same answer. She's waiting for her lover, she's waiting for Charlie Donovan.

Through the years, there have been several other mediums who have worked directly with Cayte and Loyd, and several more from around the world who have had communications with Cayte and have reported their encounters. The next medium to visit with Loyd was Kathy Reardon, who had worked with him on a number of investigations. Again, with no information coming from Loyd, Kathy, working in a slightly different style from Mrs. Gibo, had silent conversations with the ghost and reported to Loyd the same history as Mrs. Gibo and the other witnesses who had been interviewed. Kathy was given more detail about the previous owners from Cayte, and Cayte also spoke of her interactions with workers, guests and owners, details of things she had done with objects and people. Ghosts, it appears, like to gossip as much as the rest of us. In this case, it was all verified by Loyd during additional interviews with Distillery personnel.

Early in 1997, The Distillery was remodeled in several places for safety, upgrades and to comply with the new Americans with Disabilities Act. One portion of this remodel was the ladies' restroom, a place where Cayte had

made her presence known to many patrons with a variety of results. There was some concern by Barbour, the owner, and Loyd that this may upset the ghost and perhaps she might not return when the restaurant was reopened. Their concerns turned out to be unwarranted. During the time of the construction, just like employees at the restaurant, the construction workers could feel her presence and would hear their names called by a female voice, though nobody could be seen...and the pranks continued. The plumber (Ah, plumbers!) was working on the pipes for the bathroom toilets. Both the plumber and plumbing were downstairs on the patio-level floor when he called upstairs to the dining floor for everyone to hear, "Nobody flush the toilets!" The words had barely left his mouth when the pipe burst and everyone could now hear the plumber screaming, "Who flushed the toilet?!" Since everyone else was upstairs on the dining floor, and nobody was on the patio floor BUT the plumber, dare to make a guess as to who flushed the toilet?

Annette Martin, a psychic medium from Northern California became the primary medium who worked with Loyd at The Distillery through the years. She had worked with Detective Richard Keaton, formerly of the Marin County Sheriff's Department, but he had retired.

Wit, intelligence and kindness were traits Annette and Cayte had common, and so they became friends. Through Annette, Cayte started providing information that she had not shared before, regarding the history of the restaurant and Cayte's life. Cayte would become emotionally upset when questions arose regarding her husband. This was reflected by both Annette and by magnetic field detectors placed near Annette, and supposedly near Cayte. They both (Annette and the field detectors) registered high readings whenever the subject of Cayte's husband came up, but not at any other time. Through Annette, the ghost also said her name was Elizabeth Claire but had since changed her name to Cayte. She made a point of spelling it out, "**C-A-Y-T-E**". Cayte added a new piece of information, telling Annette that she was able to leave the restaurant and go visit people. She said that she had visited the Japanese lady at her hotel years before.

Loyd reports that Mrs. Gibo had mentioned to him that she had been visited by the ghost the night after the TV shoot, but Loyd had never told anyone. Annette also reported from Cayte that she visits Loyd from time to time, but he said he was not aware of this.

Once Annette asked Cayte what she missed most from when she was alive, and Cayte said she missed interacting with other people, she missed food in general, she missed physical closeness, sex, and strawberry ice cream. As two of the three items missed most involve food, then haunting a restaurant might feel like a kind of torturous paradox, but Cayte seems to accept it, so who are we to judge? Loyd and Annette filmed several sessions communicating with Cayte, and Cayte shared many details with Annette.

If you come to The Distillery, you will find it's been decorated with Tiffany-style lamps in the hostess area and over the bar, and that they are fairly solid fixtures. During one investigation when a lamp over the hostess station began swinging to and fro of its own accord, the manager brought this to Loyd's attention. Loyd with a magnetometer in one hand, and Annette in the other hand, watched this swinging action continue for quite some time. Two measurements were taken, the magnetometer had much higher readings near the event than had happened either before or after the event, and Annette reported feeling a presence. I mention this particular action because swinging Tiffany lamps over the bar became a signature action of Cayte's, so much so that they became a bone of contention in the future when a group of self-trained hunters/plumbers came to The Distillery to investigate for TV. But we will get to that later. Sadly, Annette Martin passed from this earth in 2011, but communications have continued between the three of them, Loyd, Annette and Cayte.

In February of 1999, Loyd had an encounter of the most unusual kind with the ghost. Loyd, along with a small television crew and three mediums were shooting a segment that they spent two days working on. During the

second night, Loyd was standing alone in the bar area when the magnetometer went a little crazy for no apparent reason. "A few moments later," Loyd reports, "*I felt a tingling sensation on the back of my body, followed by sort of a rippling effect. The tingling sensation passed completely through my body, stopped, then returned from the other direction. There was a pause, and it repeated. I began timing the experience. As the experience continued, I knew that the Blue Lady was trying to get my attention by moving through my body. I even got a mind's-eye perception of a woman in her twenties walking back and forth through me, giggling. After several passes and about two minutes of this, Annette, along with Pam and Stache, two other mediums present at the time, entered the room and stopped, all staring at me. Annette began laughing, and either Pam or Stache said, 'Hey, she's walking right through you,' followed by more laughter*". So, in this instance, three mediums witnessed the exact same event while Loyd felt it simultaneously. The mediums were independently interviewed immediately following the event, all recounting the same thing. It sounds like a good time was had by all (probably best not to mention this event to Loyd's wife though).

One other medium who helped Loyd investigate during this time period was Ankhasha Amenti. Ankhasha worked with both Cayte and Loyd in a unique way. Ankhasha was able to allow Cayte to actually speak through her, and Loyd was able to have a conversation with The Blue Lady. One late morning on the patio below the restaurant, Loyd and Cayte talked about the ghost's views regarding her existence and interactions with the investigations. The information that Loyd received was very similar to things he had heard from Annette. It was then that Loyd suggested to Cayte, that through Ankhasha, Cayte might be able to experience tasting food again, and both Cayte and Ankhasha readily agreed to this. After fifteen minutes of conversation, the connection was broken as Cayte said good-bye and Ankhasha moved from her altered-state back to the present. Ankhasha then confessed to Loyd that it was a very rare occurrence going into this deep of an altered-state, and that she only remembered small bits of the conversation. She said it was like she wasn't even there. She then relayed to Loyd that, "Cayte is going to do something special for you today."

Loyd and Ankhasha climbed the stairs from the patio to the main dining room for lunch. As they ate, Loyd noticed that Ankhasha appeared to have lost focus and seemed distant as she started reacting more to her food. She started to nod and laugh and then began to cry. Ankhasha began to describe that Cayte was tasting the food through her. Ankhasha picked up on Cayte's emotional reactions throughout the rest of the meal, laughing and crying and filling the air with pure joy and tears of laughter, especially during the strawberry ice cream they had for dessert.

After lunch, and they returned to the patio to discuss what had happened, they were alone when Loyd, for the very first time heard his name called by "*a lyrical female voice about three or four feet away*". It was his first auditory experience with The Blue Lady and it was, as promised, very special. Of all the unknown pieces of history Cayte shared with the psychic mediums, it was information about government raids that Cayte had spoken of near the beaches below Frank's. Loyd wanted to know more about them, and wanted to confirm them as well. During prohibition, raids were common throughout the country. We've all seen clips from either movies or from actual raids of that period. The Marine View Tavern was raided once, according to the local newspaper, but that raid miraculously resulted in no charges. Frank's was better protected, and there were never any raids there, or so we are told. There were however, according to Cayte, three large raids on the beach below Frank's. These raids involved shootouts, and at least one or more deaths.

This was certainly worth investigating through records, but again nothing was found to even suggest any such event had taken place. It would have been nice to be able to confirm such a dramatic piece of history that only the ghost spoke of, but as we found out earlier, official records are practically non-existent. After speaking with The Distillery's owner, employees and local historian June Morrell, there was still no confirmation of any raids,

and so Loyd was reluctant to talk about this. He was simply out of luck, or so he thought at the time.

Postcards from the Great Beyond

The Moss Beach Distillery is certainly not the only location that Loyd Auerbach has spent time investigating. Along with Stache Murry, he began investigating the USS Hornet, a decommissioned aircraft carrier from WWII turned museum, now docked in Alameda, California. Though the Hornet was never formerly part of the Apollo Program, it did take a part in that program. On board, it has an official NASA test capsule on display from the Smithsonian that was used for testing. It is also one of the most haunted ships in the world, or so it's been reported by many.

In truth, stories of haunted ships are as old as the sea, but on the USS Hornet, there seems to be more than a few ghosts aboard. Finding out the nature of these particular stories involved interviewing visiting guests, permanent staff, volunteers and docents. One of these interviews was with a retired Navy officer and Curator of the Hornet's museum, Alan McKean. Alan was not a believer in ghosts on the ship or elsewhere, but he did have an experience on the Hornet that he was unable to explain, and eventually found himself recounting that experience to Loyd. Interviews are also opportunities to get to know people, sometimes under unusual circumstances; so, after he talked about a figure he had seen on the Hornet, Alan, unprompted, shared another experience he had around the age of twelve.

Alan's father had been an attorney for the State of California during the latter part of prohibition. During that time, he had gotten to know an innkeeper named Frank Torres in Moss Beach, and subsequent owners as well. As Alan tells it, his father had met Frank when he was asked by the state to go along on three raids on the beaches below Frank's Roadhouse. Alan proceeded to describe the raids as they were told to him by his father—his account matched exactly what Cayte's description of the raids had been, almost word for word. If that wasn't enough to send chills down your spine, then consider this. In the mid '50s when Alan was around twelve, his father took the family to dine at The Distillery. They stayed late into the evening, and around midnight after most had left the restaurant, they saw the door to the kitchen shut itself. The owner said it happened all the time, and after that occurred Alan's mother pointed to that same door, and only the outline of a woman stood there. The owner appeared indifferent. Just another day in the life of The Distillery. As the family drove away, Alan looked back at the restaurant, and that same woman was standing at the window watching Alan and his family as they drove off.

Auerbach finally had his confirmation of the raid by an independent (and perhaps more critical) reliable source. This was far from the last time that Cayte or her story would be verified from an outside source. Consider the next incident as food for thought.

During the many investigations at The Moss Beach Distillery that Loyd conducted using different mediums, a variety of subjects had come up. One of those subjects was "how to travel now that you're a ghost". Cayte had mentioned that she always wanted to go to Paris and Loyd, being an obliging soul, suggested there were two ways that he knew of; first, he suggested, she could certainly travel by plane. She didn't need a ticket after all. She could go to the airport and get on a plane that went to Paris. The other way, as he understood things, was that she could just think about going to Paris, or any place for that matter, and she might find herself there. He knew that the plane would work, he wasn't sure about the other, but he left her to her own thoughts on this subject. Sometime much later he was contacted by email from a woman from Paris. She said she was a psychic medium, and she was able to get his contact information through mutual friends at the Institut Metaphysique in

France. She said a spirit had visited her and insisted that she find and contact Loyd. The medium said the spirit's name was Cayte and described her as being beautiful with blonde hair. The message for Loyd was, **"I made it"**.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that is the last time Cayte would make her presence known elsewhere. Oh no, she has (as they say) places to be and people to see. In 2005 Loyd attended a conference on mediumship in Charlottesville, Virginia. He decided to speak about his experiences working with mediums at The Distillery. While delivering his presentation on stage he got "The Blue Lady" vibe, the one that has been with him ever since she walked through him. Ankhasha, who was in the audience, also became aware of Cayte's presence and tried to get Loyd's attention. Since it was an audience filled with mediums, it probably won't surprise you that several people told Loyd that during the presentation there was a woman on the stage with him and then described, in detail, the same image as those who have seen her at The Distillery. Later that evening Ankhasha and Loyd had another session with Cayte, who told them that she had faced the probability that her lover would not come back, but it didn't bother her too much because she had suspected that for a long time.

The Birdcage Theater in Tombstone and the town in general have been attracting ghost enthusiasts for years, even before that theater was the subject of one of the ghost "reality" shows on television. So, it probably won't surprise you to hear there was a ghost conference around 2009 in Tombstone, and that the people who put on the conference brought in Loyd Auerbach as the featured speaker. Loyd came to the conference and gave his presentation (that probably included The Moss Beach Distillery, though he doesn't remember the specifics). But what Loyd does recall was dining at a restaurant with one of the organizers of the conference. He says it was a pleasant dinner and he and the organizer, a woman in this case, were sharing jokes and gossiping a bit as people do, and generally sharing their views on this and that when his cell phone rang. He answered the phone because the caller was a new medium he had just begun working with, and he was curious as to why she was calling. The medium, Maria, said she was calling because she had just had a visit from Cayte, and Cayte wanted to know WHO the woman was that he was sitting with and WHY was she talking to Loyd in the manner that she was. For some reason Cayte seemed put out by this dinner conversation. We only have our imagination to fill in Loyd's response, but it is one of the most memorable calls he admits ever receiving. The incident was a good reminder to all of us that we may not be as alone as we think we are, at least sometimes.

Two Plumbers Walk into a Bar

Ghost shows on TV can be silly and strange and fun; people run around in the dark and scream like little kids, and if a piece of paper happens to shift in the waste basket, it's pronounced as a paranormal event, or perhaps even demonic. They record random sounds, trying desperately to decode the noise as messages from the great beyond without explaining and, I suspect, often with little or no understanding of the underlying science or practical nature of acoustical recordings. Be that as it may, many of these TV shows can also be craptastic for all the same reasons. It's great fun to sit on the couch eating popcorn and making snarky comments for an hour, or better yet, make it a drinking game, a shot for every time somebody yells out in the darkness! Just make sure you don't have to drive anywhere soon after. It's all in fun, or at least it should be.

Unfortunately, the fun stops when some production companies or investigators, for the sake of drama, terrify the families they claim they are helping or defame people for no reason, or damage property and take no responsibility for their actions.

In 2008, the fine folks of a certain production company came to town complete with their own celebrity investigators. By this time many had heard of The Blue Lady because of *Unsolved Mysteries*, a show on NBC that

had featured The Moss Beach Distillery in a segment that aired several years before. The production company had contacted The Distillery with their plan to exploit The Blue Lady's haunted restaurant with their own investigation, a standard practice not only for this type show but for reality TV shows in general. And to be fair, many locations or people welcome this style of exposure for their own reasons.

This production company made a standard arrangement with The Moss Beach Distillery, and the company showed up with their producers and cameras and celebrity investigators, along with whatever information or research they had acquired on this location, and proceeded to film the episode. Part of the information available to these producers, or anyone interested in this haunted location, was that some of the activity The Lady was known for had, by this time, been recreated by mechanical means for the sheer delight of The Distillery's patrons. The local patrons all knew what was going on, for it was never intended to be a secret. If customers asked, the staff always told the truth. For example, there was a mirror in the women's bathroom that had an illuminated face which would appear from time to time, and certain Tiffany lamps over the bar would rock back and forth. What some patrons knew from actual encounters with The Lady is that the lamps rigged to move were NOT the lamps The Lady would actually move. This distinction was purposeful, so Cayte's real actions would be known. These general re-creations were very well-known because they had been announced by The Distillery in the press and on the internet, and the restaurant had even hosted a well-publicized event showing off the newly installed equipment.

If none of that was enough to alert this production company, Auerbach tells us he spoke by phone to one of the company's producers the week prior to their arrival and made a point to inform them of these re-creations. Common sense at this point would say that the two on-camera investigators would, or should, have had that information prior to their investigation, but what happened during that investigation has become somewhat of a legendary unsolved mystery itself. These on-air investigators claimed they had no idea of the re-creations. The reason for this gob-stopping show of ignorance by the celebrity investigators has never been, and perhaps may never be solved.

In the course of filming this episode, the production company used the two poorly-informed investigators, ignored seventy-five years of active history and more than a decade's worth of meticulous investigations, all while demonstrating a lack of foundational information on the nature of apparitions during the production of this episode. This resulted in some thirty minutes of a show that spouted horrendously wrong conclusions and damaged reputations (mostly their own) while impugning others, depending on one's point of view, of course. Additionally, wires were detached and equipment was damaged as spurious accusations were hurled by the investigators who falsely declared that The Distillery had perpetrated a fraud upon the public.

Now, the two investigators featured on this particular show are, from what I am told, genuinely nice people and serious in their desire to study ghosts and related topics, but they share with the production company, a pop-culture approach to the topic, as most of these shows do, which is fine for entertainment. The downside of the pop-culture view is this approach doesn't go very far, if you want to seriously research such an elusive subject as ghosts and apparitions. In fact, it makes it almost impossible to determine or even define the situation when you lack basic information or use poor information-gathering methods, given the ephemeral nature of a haunting.

In the end, this train wreck eventually aired sometime in 2008. The on-air investigators have stated repeatedly that they were never informed of the situation and I, for one, am inclined to believe their claims of ignorance, for ignorance is what they put on display. Wherever the truth lies, it left a wake of anger, mistrust, confusion and destruction.

You may be wondering what Cayte's reaction to all of this was. We don't know for sure, because she has never been asked, nor has she ever mentioned that event. Annette's impression was that Cayte stayed away from The Distillery during this investigation, and since she doesn't watch TV, Cayte had no further comment.

One Final Note

Sometimes a musical piece only comes together with the final notes. Those last touches bring everything into focus, and that is what happened at The Distillery in August of 2015. Annette's passing is still keenly felt within her community. What she brought through her love and readings is still guiding many forward, including Cayte. About the same time as Annette's passing, an unknown medium arrived in the Bay Area, at least unknown to Loyd and his team. She was a friend of a friend from Ireland, Sandra O'Hara. Now in Loyd's business, he meets people every day who think of themselves as mediums. One in a hundred may be decent or good, one in a thousand is better than good. It turned out that Sandra was one in a billion. She has accidentally outed a British spy (in public), accurately predicted events that changed people's lives and brought comfort to people whose children were murdered (many a box of tissues have been passed during her readings).

Sandra had been to The Distillery twice before, so she had met Cayte and had at least two conversations with her, prior to this warm evening in August of 2015. Those past conversations had always been lively and filled with fun. On this particular evening there was an anticipated crowd of about twenty people who arrived with hopes of meeting an actual ghost through Sandra to get answers to some of their questions. The guests were somewhat familiar with the basic story of Cayte's history. Most of the people present knew Cayte had been murdered on the beach below, probably by her husband, and now she haunted the restaurant. That was also what most of the staff knew as well, other than those who were privy to Cayte's antics around the restaurant from time to time. So, this story was more real to some of those who worked there, and if they hadn't experienced Cayte's pranks first hand, they knew somebody who had.

The first unusual part about that evening was that, besides Sandra, there was another special guest, Ankhasha, who had flown down from Seattle for the evening's event. She and Sandra had never met or communicated before that day, but they had met at lunch through a mutual friend, and again in the late afternoon on the restaurant's patio. Ankhasha was looking forward to hearing from Cayte again, as it had been some time since she'd had that opportunity. Ankhasha spent the day with a friend, and the only thing that interfered with that day was the name "William", which kept popping into her head. She had no idea why, or who William was. There was simply no context or reason for this, so she mostly ignored it. When Ankhasha arrived at the restaurant, Sandra was already on the patio. Pleasantries were exchanged all around, but Sandra was clearly uneasy about something. She said a man was there in spirit, somebody she didn't know. He was rather gruff and pushy and had already told her to "get out" twice. This did not sit well with Sandra. She certainly was not about to be intimidated by this spirit. "He calls himself Billy", she said, and it was a disquieting portent for the evening's events, or so she felt. Next to show up was Cayte. Now Cayte did not give any indication of being aware of anyone named Billy being there. In addition to Billy and Cayte, one more unexpected guest showed up. Annette (who was now on the other side) arrived soon after Cayte. This evening was going to be a full house indeed!

Dinner came complete with strawberry ice cream for those who wanted some. Sandra mentioned that she had never tasted strawberry ice cream that was so good, she just couldn't get enough of it. She did not know of Cayte's love of that dessert until somebody explained it to her. Sandra laughed with joy. Clearly, she and Cayte

were already connecting and Sandra was picking up on Cayte's emotions. The evening's event started out average enough as the guests asked questions. They asked Cayte her likes and dislikes and what she did when she wasn't there. It was all fairly routine, if there is anything routine about speaking with the dead. At one point Sandra pointed out that Cayte was dashing around the room, and it was hard to focus because Cayte seemed agitated. There were questions asked about Cayte's passing and about her husband. That was when Sandra heard two gunshots ring through the air and the room that was once warm, began to chill. Sandra knew the sound of the shots were not from the present but from the past and for the first, and perhaps last time, Billy Grosskurth stepped forward and began to tell his story though Sandra.

Billy, the former owner of The Marine View Tavern was there that evening to share the remainder of the events surrounding Elizabeth's/Cayte's murder. It turns out that just as he had run into Elizabeth on the streets in San Francisco, Billy also had also run into Joe up in San Francisco at a bar that both Joe and he patronized. This was only a few weeks prior to Joe showing up at Frank's.

Billy had never been known for his subtlety, and sometime during that conversation with Joe, he accidentally let it slip that he knew where Elizabeth was, or at least that he had seen her, but he refused to tell Joe where, or any other details. Billy, we believe, cared very much for Elizabeth, and was not pleased at all that she was now with Charlie Donovan, but never in a million years did he want to hurt her either. Billy knew he had said too much to Joe and left as soon as he could. He didn't want to have to dodge any more questions. A week or so later a stranger came into Frank's looking around and asking about Elizabeth. Billy knew Joe had sent somebody to find out if she was with Billy in Moss Beach. Elizabeth, not knowing any of this, tended to ignore Billy who had been agitated for days and continued to tell her to "get out" of Frank's for the next few nights. Billy was too ashamed to tell her why she needed to make herself scarce.

The night Joe finally showed up, Billy had again told Elizabeth to get out of Frank's. As mentioned earlier, many of the patrons at Frank's were members of the law enforcement community. The morning following Elizabeth's murder, judges, sheriff's officers, and lawyers, etc. did not want their favorite establishment to undergo an official investigation, but upon gathering the next morning, they also had no intention of allowing the murderer of one of their own go un-answered. And so, that same morning when Joe's car was found near the restaurant, they began a massive manhunt for Joe, and because they were professionals at this, they found him. Joe was dragged back to The Roadhouse, where a small group of patrons decided to save the State of California a costly proceeding, and an impromptu court was convened at Frank's. Joe was found guilty and sentenced to death. Billy, in his own honorable way, volunteered to carry the burden of being the sole executioner, since he saw himself as the reason Joe had found Elizabeth. Joe was walked to the water's edge and two shots rang out. Joe was never seen again.

Later during the same evening of Sandra's reading, Sandra realized that what she had heard from Billy wasn't Billy telling Sandra to get out, he was trying to tell her what had happened on that terrible November night so many years ago.

So now you know what we know, directly from Cayte and others. This is what she has told us about her life, her murder and the following years. She has also told us that she now knows Charlie Donovan is not coming back to Frank's for her, but she still loves the people that work at The Distillery, and those who come to her place to spend time with the ones they love or perhaps meet somebody new.

So, if you should come to The Distillery, take a moment and look up. Consider Frank's matador who has seen it all from the beginning. Who knows, maybe he's watching you. And don't be surprised if you feel yourself being touched by a note of warmth and grace when you arrive, it's just Cayte welcoming you to her place. You may

Cayte, The Seers' Tale

notice when you're at The Distillery that smiles are often a little brighter, laughter comes more easily and perhaps there's a wee bit of mischief in the air. That, too, is Cayte, playing the perfect hostess and weaving her own kind of magic; but if you listen quietly, you might hear your name softly whispered from nowhere, just before the wind catches it, and scatters it to the open sea.

Oh, one more thing...At one point when Annette was alive, she asked Cayte if the whole adventure she told was true. As Annette told it, Cayte merely smiled and replied, **"Even if it's not true, it still makes a good ghost story."**

PHOTOS



The Moss Beach Distillery 2018
Photo by Chandra Lewis



Moss Beach 2018
Photo by Chandra Lewis



Cayte's Table
Photo by Loyd Auerbach



Distillery Bar Area
Photo by Loyd Auerbach



Matador and Bull Painting on the Ceiling
Photo by Chandra Lewis



Loyd Auerbach and Annette
Martin
Photo Courtesy of Loyd Auerbach



Ankhasha Amenti
Photo by Loyd Auerbach



Sandra O'Hara
Photo Courtesy of Sandra
O'Hara

Cayte, The Seers' Tale

If you would like to read more about Cayte or mediumship here is a very short list of works:

Auerbach, Loyd. *A Paranormal Casebook*. Dallas Texas: Atriad Press LLC, 2005 (New version to be released soon)

Beischel PhD, Julie. *From the Mouths of Mediums Vol 1: Experiencing Communication*. Tucson, Arizona: The Windbridge Institute, LLC, 2014

Kean, Leslie. *Surviving Death. A Journalist Investigates Evidence For An Afterlife*. NY, NY: Crown Architype, an imprint of the Crown Publishing Group, a division of Penguin Random House LLC, 2017

O'Hara, Sandra. *From Spirit With Love*. Sandra O'Hara. Naas, Ireland, 2016

Radin PhD, Dean I. *The Conscious Universe: The Scientific Truth of Psychic Phenomena*. San Francisco: HarperEdge/HarperSanFrancisco, 1997.

For more resources on mediums and parapsychology:

The Rhine Research Center

www.rhine.org

2741 Campus Walk Avenue

Building 500

Durham, NC 27705

(919) 309-4600

Windbridge Research Center

www.windbridge.org

Forever Family Foundation

www.foreverfamilyfoundation.org

The Parapsychological Association

www.parapsych.org