

THE GHOST STORIES OF TERRELL, TEXAS

True and Amazing Paranormal Encounters:

**A Collection Compiled, Experienced, and Told by the Terrell Ghost
Walk Paranormal Investigators**

Second Edition (eBook)

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Brenda Newby and Mary Jo Woodruff.

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These stories are written from memory, recalling events, locations, and conversations as accurately as possible. To protect privacy and anonymity, certain information, including names of specific locations and personal details, may be altered. Every effort has been made to accurately convey the experiences described to us.

While the authors used Gemini AI as a tool to fix grammatical errors and smooth out sentence structure, the heart of this book is human. The AI served only to refine the readability of the text, leaving the authors' original words and ideas intact

Cover designed by Brenda Newby and Mary Jo Woodruff

All photographs were taken by Mary Jo Woodruff

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or learn more about the Terrell Ghost Walk at TerrellGhostWalk.Com

DEDICATION

Mom

It's been an incredible journey, and I cherish every moment. I'm thankful for our bond, seeing you as not only a mother but also a true friend and the remarkable woman I aspire to be.

Dayton, My Son

My profound love for you, far exceeding my expectations, has always been immense, despite my shortcomings as a mother. I only hope that I was a good enough parent that you'll consider placing me in a quality nursing home when the time comes.

Jason, My Husband & Best Friend

We've overcome unimaginable hardships together, as one. I truly lucked out with you, and it's undeniable—you're still an absolute smoke show.

Through all the highs and lows, I couldn't have asked for better company than the three of you.

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1

WHY IS THE CITY OF TERRELL, TEXAS SO DAMN HAUNTED?

"The city is a palimpsest, a parchment that has been written upon again and again, with the old texts still shimmering through."

— *Unknown*

TERRELL, LIKE MANY TOWNS WITH A RICH HISTORY, possesses a network of prohibition-era tunnels. These

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subterranean routes facilitated the illegal distribution of moonshine and supported the operations of organized crime. Similar tunnel systems are rumored to span thousands of miles across the United States, particularly in towns like Terrell, which benefited from railroads and a high volume of transient visitors. I've stood at the barricaded entrances, lending credence to the whispers of up to three miles of winding underpasses. It's believed these tunnels once connected key locations such as the town's bank, the infirmary, and the state-run psychiatric hospital, a subject we'll delve into later.

Intriguingly, these very buildings are often associated with reports of paranormal activity. Unbeknownst to many Terrell inhabitants, underground passageways were indeed built in older, developed areas, and they often facilitated illicit activities. The concealed nature of these routes was key, as organized crime thrived on the clandestine sale of bootleg liquor, a highly lucrative enterprise. Years later, these hidden passageways became secret playgrounds for local children. Many of our tour guests have fondly

recalled their youthful adventures exploring this underground city.

During the early 19th century, Terrell was a vibrant and prosperous city. Older residents still have vivid memories of Moore Avenue as a bustling hub of culture and activity. Over the decades, the street has been home to opera houses, billiard halls, general stores, candy shops, and even wagon shops. We've also discussed the numerous soda shops where younger generations socialized, and the many movie theaters that drew crowds. During Prohibition, a few discreet "underground" establishments offered a place to grab a drink at a local speakeasy. And as the stories go, if a gentleman desired companionship for the evening, it could easily be arranged on the east side of Highway 34.

The upper floors of the Anderson building have their own intriguing tales. Rumor has it that high-stakes card games were held there, with one particularly audacious story claiming the city's newspaper was once wagered on a single hand of five-card stud. Whether it was won or lost depended

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entirely on the cards dealt. These are the stories that echo the Old West days. In fact, if you were determined enough, you might still unearth some old bones, perhaps a little closer to the surface now due to soil erosion. Terrell is certainly not lacking in colorful legends and grand stories. While I can't always discern fact from fiction, ultimately, does it truly matter? These tales contribute to a small town's unique charm. One of the remarkable things about cities as captivating as Terrell is that a rich past only deepens its intrigue for future generations. However, our primary focus here lies in a different kind of story – the kind that can't be found on microfiche or through a quick internet search. We're interested in the things that go bump in the night, the stories that send a shiver down your spine. As naturally curious individuals, we want to explore the experiences that make us question our perceptions and the reality of what we've just witnessed.

UNVEILING A CITY AND ITS SPECTERS: MY INITIAL ENCOUNTER

OUR PURPOSE HERE IS TO DELVE into the realm of ghosts and the unexplained. In a city with as many paranormal stories as Terrell, one is naturally drawn to the historic buildings, hoping to encounter something that might offer a glimpse into life after death. It wasn't until recent years that I became a believer in such things, sparked by my own first paranormal experience. It was an inexplicable photograph captured by my mother, with me present, around my 36th birthday. The picture was taken in another small city not far from Terrell. Initially, my discovery of Terrell wasn't tied to its ghost stories at all. In fact, I found Terrell in a decidedly non-paranormal way.

Like many brides-to-be, I became intensely focused on every detail of my upcoming wedding. My preoccupation reached a point where even my closest friend, my maid of honor, jokingly considered drastic measures to silence my incessant complaining. Despite my earlier vows to remain a calm bride, I

must now confess that I did, indeed, become quite frantic in the lead-up to the big day, expressing my displeasure rather loudly and colorfully whenever something wasn't exactly as I envisioned. My obsession had spiraled out of control. My mother, ever the pragmatist, seized this moment to gently point out the noticeable mustache that had been subtly developing above my upper lip for the past few years. I may have been a new bride, but I was an aging woman as well and "riper" than most. This was just another unwelcome sign of that, whether I chose to acknowledge it or not. It was clear something had to be done. The thought of walking down the aisle sporting a Fu Manchu was, understandably, deemed unacceptable. Discreetly, my mother made an appointment for me with a highly recommended electrolysis technician in Terrell.

The clinic is still on the main street downtown. Driving down Farm to Market Road 148, I turned onto State Highway 80, which then transitioned into a more intimate road, marked by intersections and stop lights. It was no longer a highway but a comfortable stretch of street - Moore Avenue. This area is

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lined with buildings dating back to the 1800s, and they retain a significant historic charm despite some attempts at modernization. This is the heart of the Small Business District. Today, the street offers a diverse array of unique shopping experiences to cater to almost any taste. It's an area that commands attention, even from the most inattentive traveler. Despite my overwhelming anxiety about the upcoming procedure, I distinctly remember a sudden and palpable heaviness in the air after crossing the intersection at Rockwall Avenue.

I had never considered myself to be particularly "sensitive" or "psychic," but I quickly recognized this sensation. I would later come to understand that this feeling is often associated with the presence of spirit energy. At that moment, the heaviness was so pronounced that my anxiety dissipated, replaced by an unexpected sense of calm. Years after that experience, I learned that many people are quite capable of sensing these echoes of the past. Mediums, who are more prevalent than one might think, can sometimes hear, see, feel, and even smell the energetic signatures left behind by ghosts. While I've

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never been able to consciously access these abilities, I can easily detect shifts in the atmosphere. If that shift is particularly strong, my old and worn-out joints might protest loudly, much like my Aunt Edna's famously unreliable knee. We all knew Aunt Edna's knee was more predictable than even David Finfrock, our most trusted Dallas meteorologist. Subsequent trips to the area yielded the same results. It seemed that at the intersection of Rockwall Avenue and Moore Avenue, this tangible sensation would immediately envelop me. It never occurred to me at the time that this might have paranormal or ghostly origins. Ghosts were, to me, a vague possibility, with most stories seeming to stem from overactive imaginations. There was never a sense of negativity in the area. Instead, it felt like stepping back into a simpler time. I often thought, "If these buildings could only talk, the stories they could tell." Something was undeniably different about this part of the city, and the increasing number of unexplainable experiences shared by those who frequented it began to feel less like mere coincidence. Eventually, a paranormal experience far from Moore Avenue would serve as the catalyst for my deeper investigation into

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the area. As my curiosity grew, fueled by my own encounter, I became something of a paranormal enthusiast. With the development of my skills as an investigator alongside a professionally assembled team, our focus naturally turned to Terrell. We all began to formulate various theories to explain the substantial number of reported accounts of perceived paranormal events in that unique area. Mostly, we just asked ourselves, “Why is Terrell so damn haunted?” Here are our theories.