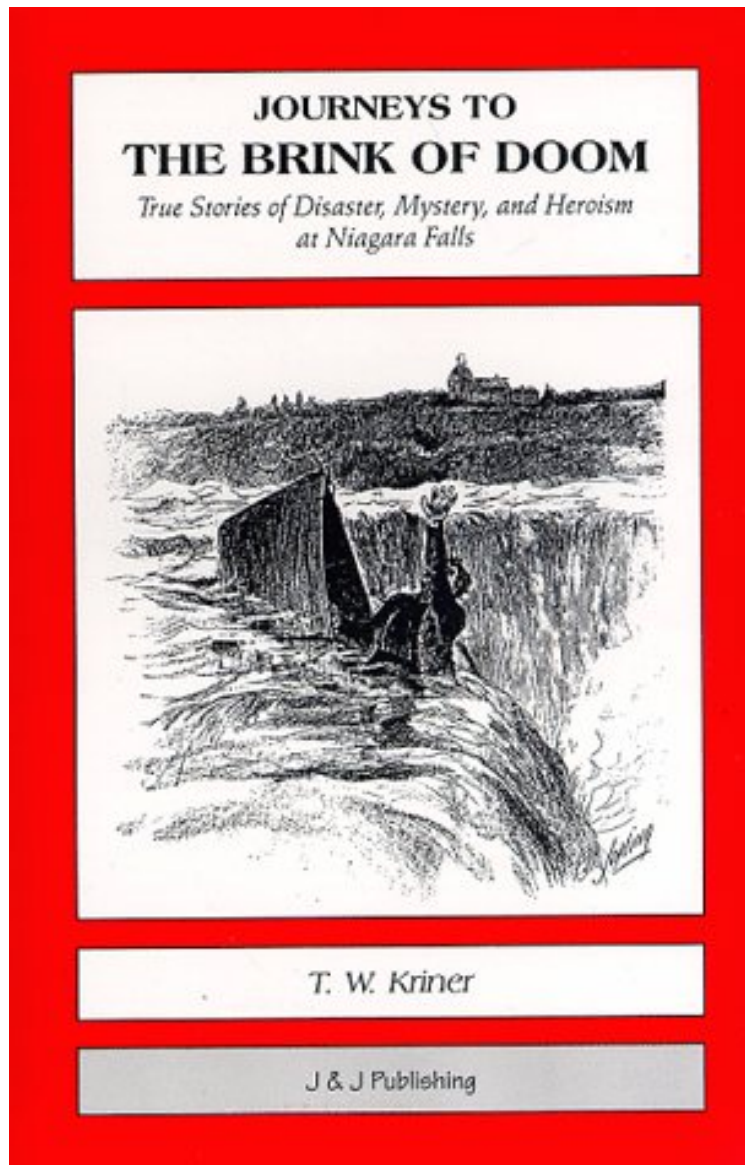


[FREE] Journeys to the Brink of Doom

Journeys to the Brink of Doom

T. W. Kriner

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T. W. Kriner : Journeys to the Brink of Doom before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Journeys to the Brink of Doom:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five StarsBy Mama BGreat book about my hometown.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. book thoughtsBy Schafer, PatriciaI have read this book a long time ago and whenever I find someone I think would like to read it I purchase a copy for them as when I have lent out my copy it

seems to disappear - sooooo3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. Five stars! Once you pick it up, you can't stop reading!By A CustomerThis is an extrodinate book. Once you pick it up, you can't stop reading it. When I started to read the book, I right away became more interested in the Niagara Falls. This book kept my imagination going the entire time. I recommend this book to anybody who is facinated by mystery, heroism, and tragedies of one of the most breath taking places on earth.

This is a tour of the dark side of Niagara Falls--a book that penetrates the mists shrouding a national icon to reveal grim secrets and forgotten horrors. Suicides, murderers, star-crossed lovers, heroes, villains, madmen, and a demon out of the mythic past come together in this gripping collection of tales. If you're looking for Marilyn Monroe or the Love Canal, you won't find them here. You will find mystery, terror, and death. Beware: this is not a tour for the squeamish. Journeys to the Brink of Doom contains dozens of maps, illustrations, and rare photographs.

"This is a great book. I got into work one of the mornings last week and I got this envelope and I looked inside and there was this book, Journeys to the Brink of Doom: True Stories of Disaster, Mystery, and Heroism at Niagara Falls. I picked it up during one of the news breaks and I didn't put it down. And then the next news break I picked it up and didn't put it down. And then the next newsbreak . . . you get the idea. Then I went to my office right after the show and I just read it from cover to cover." -- Tom Bauerle, WGR Radio[T. W.] Kriner takes a look at the dark side of Niagara Falls in this oddly disturbing little book, a compendium of tales of lives lost and saved amid the fury of the cataract. Actually, more are lost than saved in this book. Nearly 90 tragedies, some involving multiple loss of life, but many involving suicides, are collected here. So are about a dozen heroic rescues and a couple of mysteries. Kriner, a Niagara Falls native now living in Williamsville, is a polished writer. His reporting is to the point and his story telling is entertaining, but there's no mistaking the dark side here--a side this member of the Horror Writers Association can't resist attributing to Tawiskaro, a demon of Native American lore who demands at least four lives a year. -- Buffalo News, June 22, 1997From the AuthorIn 1836 Harriet Beecher Stowe visited Niagara Falls and contemplated suicide. "I felt as if I could have gone over with the waters," she wrote in a letter to a friend. "It would be so beautiful a death; there would be no fear in it." Harriet was a few chapters short of a finished book. To die at Niagara Falls is anything but beautiful. The cataracts are magnificent to behold, but incredibly brutal. Fail to respect them, get in their way, and they will hurl you into eternity--in pieces. The Falls have done just that to nearly five thousand people since Louis Hennepin became the first European to view them in 1678. Hennepin was afraid of the Falls. So am I. Twenty-two miles downstream from Buffalo and Fort Erie, the upper Niagara River splits into two channels at the head of Goat Island. It is here that the Deadline begins. That's what the old newspaper men called the beginning of the rapids above the Falls: The Deadline. The river drops fifty-five feet in less than half a mile and accelerates to twenty-five miles per hour. This broad, calm river suddenly narrows into a seething torrent of rapids and cascades then plummets 176 feet into the Niagara Gorge. This is Niagara Falls: three cataracts over which 3,000 tons of water plunge each second. The American Fall, which is about 800 feet across, and Luna Fall, measuring less than 100 feet, together account for about 300 tons of water per second. The remaining 2,700 tons go over the Horseshoe, a titanic cataract with a crestline of about 2,500 feet. The flow of water can be described in many ways, using various units of mass, volume, and duration. I prefer to measure the Niagara in terms of automobiles per second. It makes the power and danger of the Falls somewhat easier to comprehend for those who are not geologists or physicists. I drive a 1992 Pontiac Firebird that weighs, shall we say, 2,000 pounds--one ton. Imagine a cliff broad enough to line three thousand Firebirds hubcap to hubcap at the very brink. Now imagine these three thousand automobiles rolling over that precipice simultaneously. Now picture an identical line of vehicles rolling into the abyss immediately after the first. And so on. Three thousand Pontiac Firebirds every second. Second after second, minute after minute, hour after hour, day upon day, week upon week. Imagine it! Can you? Do you see it? I can see it. It's an awesome force. Dying at Niagara is no more beautiful than plunging over a cliff in a car. Decapitation, dismemberment, and disembowelment are the common results of a trip over the Falls. And if this weren't bad enough, there's a demon waiting in the depths below. Like I said: the place scares me.From the Back CoverLegend describes an evil place--the home of a malign spirit that devours human souls. A place where people die horribly. Niagara Falls There are others so constituted as to be fascinated by the spectacle to such a dangerous and overpowering extent, as to feel a strong desire to throw themselves into the abyss. --Walter Henry, 1833 The Great Cataract is black with death, and the Whirlpool is thick with the wrecks of more value than all the wealth of God's Universe. We shout, but you will not hear, and that dull, thrilling boom ever knells the lost. The waters of that Cataract gather from every part of the land. From twenty-five to thirty annually leap down there upon the begrimed rocks, or are swallowed in the waves and borne away! Look! Even woman is there, her long tresses mingling darkly with the foam. And they were all warned. --the American Courier, 1851 Of those who go over the American Fall the bodies are very seldom recovered, they tell me, while the bodies of those who go over on the Canadian side are usually found. This is because of the jagged rocks which lie hidden in the whirl and foam at the foot of the American Fall--these, grim teeth that they are, seize upon the victim delivered to them, and hold him in a grip from which neither bell nor diver can deliver him, a grip which shall not be relaxed until the sound of that trumpet at

whose blast the most inaccessible graves shall give up their dead. --John Paul, 1880 In some cases the effect of the falling water is so great as to inspire an almost uncontrollable desire to leap into the foaming tide. It is perhaps this power of the cataract to lure to self-destruction that the Indians tried to explain in their legend that the Falls demand four victims annually. --Charles Mason Dow, 1917 *Journeys To The Brink Of Doom* is the essential guide to the dark history behind the mists of Niagara. Read this book. Whether you're a traveler or an armchair tourist, you'll never think about Niagara Falls the same way again.