



The ghosts of Ohio® Newsletter

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www.ghostsofohio.org

BUT IF I HAVE TO ASK IF I'M PSYCHIC, HAVEN'T I ALREADY ANSWERED MY QUESTION?



James

For 2020, The Ghosts of Ohio have embarked on conducting a series of experiments (more on those in a future newsletter) that, while not directly related to proving

our psychic ability, certainly dance around the idea of being able to pick up on intangible things. In essence, we want to see if it is possible to open ourselves up more to the idea of having a paranormal experience. We are trying to put ourselves into a relaxed state of mind in order to clear away any potential barriers. Put another way, if you've ever been on a ghost hunt, you know they always begin with hours of mass chaos—setting equipment up, touring the building, figuring out where the snacks are. The list is endless, and all of it, in theory, has the potential to become a barrier. For example, a ghost is standing behind you, but you don't see it because you're too busy changing batteries in your camera and wondering if you started the DVR before you left the Command Center. Our experiments are simply attempts to see if we can re-focus ourselves.

Those of you who know me or have been reading this newsletter for any length of time know that when it comes to psychic ability, I'm incredibly skeptical. It's not that I don't believe. Far from it. In fact, I believe everyone is psychic to a certain extent in that we've all picked up on

"vibes" at one time or another. It's just that I feel that today's psychics/mediums/channelers are following the same path that paranormal reality TV is currently traveling down—exaggerate to stay entertaining. And as far as my own psychic abilities go, let's just say I've always felt they were non-existent. I've tried almost everything to make myself able to see or sense ghosts, but nothing ever seemed to work. That's why I was as surprised as anyone else when the first of our experiments seemed to reveal that I had some psychic ability.

Well, maybe not. Long story short, for the first experiment, we were put into a relaxed state and then asked to describe what our "sender" was doing (she could have been holding something, tasting something, writing something, etc). When all was said and done, it appeared as though I had some "hits"—meaning what I described was close to what the "sender" was doing at the time. The skeptic in me feels the need to say that I did not get a single one exactly right. Of course, the believer has to admit that some were pretty darn close. Enough that it made me start wondering if perhaps I did have some psychic ability. Then came the second experiment, and I bombed it. Didn't even come close a single time.

So what does it all mean? Here comes the answer I love to give: I don't know. If you were to take only the results from the first experiment, one could argue that I do have some psychic ability. Take just the results from the second experiment, though, and it looks like I'm about as psychic as a

6-foot hoagie. Yet somewhere between those 2 experiments lies the truth, which will only be revealed through more experiments, data collection, and review. And that's where the fun is!

You see, this all goes back to what I said in the last newsletter: No one has all the answers. And since that's what we're all looking for—answers—it means we have to keep trying new things in order to get those answers. New methods. New equipment. New state of mind. The possibilities are endless. That should be the most exciting news of all.

Until next time, I'm thinking of a number from 1 to 1,000. Seriously, I am. And every day at noon EST from February 29th until March 31st, I'm going to spend 5 minutes thinking about nothing but that number. Think you know what the number is? Shoot me an e-mail at jim@ghostsofohio.org and let me know your guess. I'll reveal the number in the April newsletter, along with anyone who guessed the number correctly.

Cheers,

James A. Willis

Founder/Director



PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

Something's on the Stairs

—Name and location withheld by request

Thank you for letting me share my story. I'm 16 years old, and I moved into this house about a year ago with my parents. The house was built in 1996, so it's not really that old. It is in a neighborhood with houses on both sides and behind us. Just an average house. But I am convinced that it is haunted by something that walks up our stairs at night.

I don't remember the first time I heard it, but it wasn't like it was the first night we moved in. It was probably like a month after. My bedroom is on the second floor, and I remember waking up and hearing what sounded like someone walking up the main stairs in our house. I thought it was just my mom or dad, so I ignored it. I didn't hear it again for like a month, but it was the same thing—I woke up hearing someone walking on the stairs. I think it was around that time that I noticed the footsteps sounded different than a regular person. It's hard to explain, but they sounded slower and louder. Like someone was sort of stomping on the steps slowly and one at a time. It would be like a stomp, then a second or two, and then another stomp. I don't remember which time I heard it, but I went out into the hallway and looked at the stairs, and there was no one there. Every time I looked, no one was there.

The part that really started to freak me out was that each time I heard it, there were more steps. I could tell that each time it was coming up more and more steps. I've even counted the steps we have (12), and then tried to listen and count the stomps when I heard it. The first time

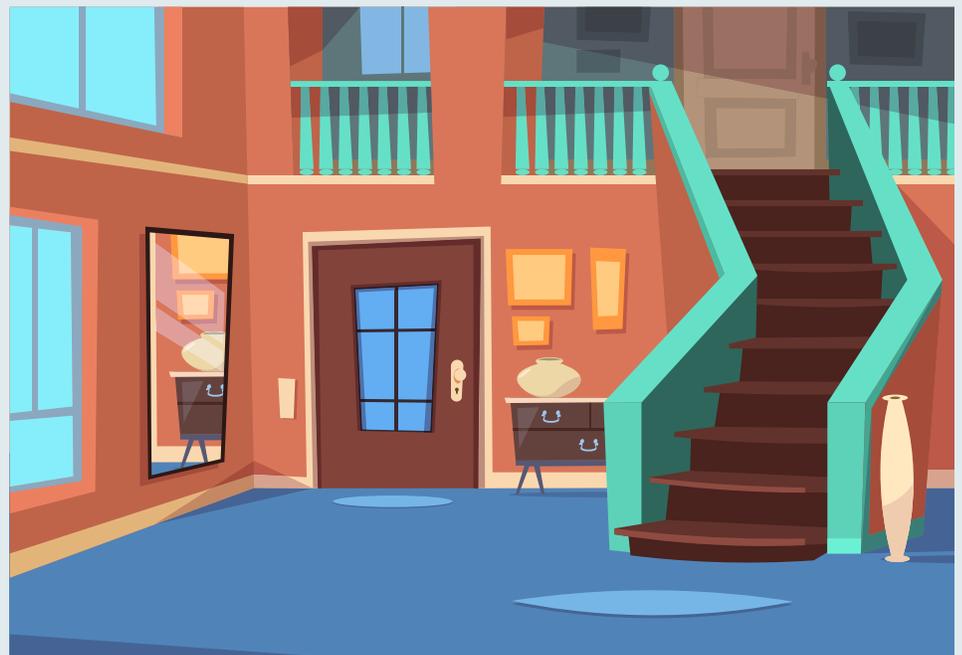
I thought to count them, there were 4 stomps. The last time I heard them (about 3 weeks ago), there were 9 stomps. So whatever it was, it was getting closer to me.

I'm not sure what to do. I haven't told my parents because they are both very religious and believe that when you die, you either go to heaven or hell. They believe that ghosts are bad because they are either lost souls who couldn't go to heaven or hell or else they are evil spirits trying to trick you into talking with them so they can possess you. I'm not sure what I believe except that whatever is stomping on my stairs at night is almost at the top of the stairs. I still don't see anything when I hear the footsteps. I don't know if that makes me happy or not because when I don't see anything, it is easier to convince myself it's not real. I don't know what I would do if I peeked out of my room and actually saw something standing there.

GOT A SCARY STORY TO TELL?



Have you had a ghostly encounter in Ohio? Want to see it featured in a future issue of The Ghosts of Ohio Newsletter? Then here's all you have to do: Just write down your story and send it to info@ghostsofohio.org with the subject line "Newsletter Ghost Story." Be sure to also include your name as you'd like it to appear with the story. We'll take it from there and send you out an e-mail letting you know which issue it is going to appear in. That way, you can get all your friends to sign up for the newsletter so they can see how famous you are!





DVD Review:

UFO FILES Hangar 18: The UFO Warehouse



Mark

©2006 A&E Television Networks.
Sponsored by: The History Channel
Color and B&W, Approx. 50 min.,
Documentary, Cat#: AAE-76924

Six years ago, the History Channel joined forces with The Mutual UFO Network (MUFON) to

produce two seasons of “Hangar 1: The UFO Files” in 2014-15, available on Amazon Prime or through a HISTORY Vault subscription. Over 30 episodes in that two-year series cover a rich history of research into astounding variety of UFO encounters and government concealments alleged to hide the truth. However, this is not a review of that far-reaching series.

Fourteen years ago, in 2006, the same History Channel, then better known for award-winning nonfiction documentaries, produced a single stand-alone episode titled “UFO FILES Hangar 18: The UFO Warehouse,” a DVD-version that can still be purchased on Amazon.com. Though significantly shorter than the two years of season episodes that came later, this one documentary certainly helped clear the path forward!

The very first narrative statement in the documentary begins with “Is the government hiding crashed UFOs beneath Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio? Are there declassified government documents that prove that UFO wreckage was secretly flown to the base?” The MIB would prefer I didn’t comment either way, of course.

This 50-minute A&E History Channel documentary on a subject like UFOs was really quite interesting and well done. Historically accurate details, original imagery, and documentation trails appear interleaved with recreations of supposed events involving crash retrievals, alien bodies, and alleged eyewitness accounts documented by early UFO researchers. And in this DVD, all paths connect back to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base (WPAFB) as the key site involved with all

of the early UFO reports— dating back to the 1947 Roswell, New Mexico, saucer crash reported as front-page news one day by the Army, then denied the next. Not to mention WPAFB’s role in Project Blue Book investigations of all things UFO related.

Curiously, this 2006 documentary and the 2005 publication of *Weird Ohio* (another book you might be familiar with co-authored by our own James A. Willis), both hit upon an often-overlooked truth. At least with regard to the Roswell incident and other period reports in that time frame, declassified documents clearly indicate the transfer of material of some kind to “Wright Field” in 1947, which is presently Area B of the modern base and a major engineering powerhouse of the Air Force Research Laboratory. Wilbur Wright Field and Patterson Field only merged together to form WPAFB in early 1948. But in 1947, Wright Field had three active runways and extensive infrastructure supporting those active flight lines. While it is well known that no hangar facility at WPAFB has ever had the number 18 assigned to it, UFO researchers too often leap to conjectured locations in Area A, nearer the top secret Foreign Technology Division (FTD), as it was known in its earlier days, and this UFO DVD is no exception.

However, whether by chance or guided insight, the Hangar 18 Warehouse DVD and *Weird Ohio* both visually highlight one unique, historic, and large complex in the old Wright Field area without further identifying it or exploring the historic relevance. It just looks old, and cool, and compellingly like the kind of place you might imagine could easily conceal a



flying saucer! The Hangar 4 complex in present-day Area B was built during the height of World War II, finished in 1944, and was designed originally to protect state-of-the-art B-29 Superfortress Bombers. The complex was specifically built away from the other flight-line hangars for heightened security reasons. The DVD documentary shows B-29 aircraft when they talk about transferring materials from New Mexico to “Wright Field” in July 1947, a historically accurate reference for that time period. So to state the obvious, it would have been trivially straightforward in 1947 for a B-29 to land and immediately access the Hangar 4 complex, which is located near the end of two of the three original landing strips. If B-29s were transporting anything secretive, it would not have been obvious to anyone working in that area. However, the trailblazing 2006-era UFO Hangar 18 Warehouse DVD gets tantalizingly close to this conjecture, all without realizing how to best connect the dots it so otherwise diligently places on this map of mystery. At least, that’s all I’m allowed by the MIB to say, and even that took some convincing!

WHAT I WON'T WRITE ABOUT



Samantha

One of the great joys of writing for this newsletter is the fact that we have the freedom to cover any topic we want. Over the years I've submitted articles about the Missing 411 phenomenon,

book and movie reviews, ghost tour recaps, research articles about trends in the paranormal field, and so much more. My goal has always been to inform and entertain, all while being true to myself and The Ghosts of Ohio.

Unfortunately, my experience in the field has shown me that there are certain stories that should never be shared in this newsletter. Of course, it goes without saying that we will **never** write about our private investigations. Period. But there's more. I will personally never write about the paranormal experience I had in college that started all of this for me. And, relatedly, I will never write about "haunted locations" if those locations haven't already outed themselves.

Here's why those topics are taboo. If we publish specific information about places or individuals (even changing certain details), there is a

high likelihood that someone reading the story will start doing research to discover the locations or the people involved, possibly to score their own paranormal investigation or, in a worse scenario, to harass them.

I wish this wasn't true. But we're living in an age now where people want attention and their 15 minutes of fame. Just look at the plethora of paranormal shows that keep popping up! People will do and say anything it takes to get noticed, regardless of who gets harmed in the process. We've seen this happen right here in Ohio. So for example, if I write an article about a local establishment's supposed haunting, even simply from a historical research angle, it's highly likely that the establishment will begin getting flooded with calls and visits from people who want to look for ghosts and include them in their book/show. It would be like vultures swooping down to devour a carcass. This kind of result could cause harm—psychological, financial, physical—and it could forever change the legacy of that place so that it's no longer known for its historical significance, food, etc. Instead, it's known for an urban legend. Its reputation is damaged.

I don't ever want to be responsible for ruining someone's life.

Endangering people in this way is unconscionable. It is absolutely wrong. And it's no wonder that when clients contact us, they're concerned about their privacy. We're committed to protecting them, as well as others whose stories are not yet public. We're here to help, not to hurt.

I encourage everyone reading this to think about how actions can have dire consequences. What if you were the owner of a building that you believe to be haunted? What do you think would happen if your story got out, but you weren't the one who told it? What would you say to people who knock on your door, asking to come in and investigate your ghosts? Would you welcome them, or would you be blindsided by their request? And what about those people who don't ask but instead trespass onto your property? What measures would you have to take to stop them? How would all of this affect your life and livelihood?

The bottom line is that actions have consequences. I'm not religious, but the Golden Rule is a pretty good idea. Let's work together to be more mindful of it. In the meantime, I'll keep trying to come up with interesting topics for you, our readers.

SECRET SYNCHRONICITY

The following is a work of fiction. All characters and incidents are products of the author's imagination and any resemblance to actual people or events is coincidental or fictionalized.



Mark

CHAPTER THREE: Reid Hall Insertion

An older, red-brick dormitory

from a grander era graced the eastern side of the iconic Miami University campus, but Reid Hall sat vacant on this gorgeous spring day. What had been a vibrant hub of student life activities had ceased months ago, and a metal fence barricade now surrounded the aged and forlorn building. Signs posted along the fence warned trespassers “Danger – Keep Out!” Slated to be razed to the ground to make way for an expansive new academic building, the dormitory’s now silent rooms and empty windows lay in quiet reflection of its many freshman year memories from decades long past.

Reid Hall was not exactly empty even now, though only one group, the three official visitors, believed they were the only ones walking the halls that sunny day. But hidden in the darkened shadows of the dusty dormitory attic, two dark-suited, definitely unofficial visitors sat quietly watching multiple video consoles and biometric-scanner readings at a portable command-center console. Advanced high-capacity batteries powered the entire instrumentation suite. These Men in Black, the established guardians of deep extraterrestrial secrets, waited patiently and kept

notes of the various conversations between The Ghosts of Ohio paranormal investigation leader James, his girlfriend Steph, and a university official. No mention of UFO topics here, just some peculiar story about a bloody handprint on some unknown door. The older MIB, code-named Arcturus, keyed in a remark, “Subject JAMES – level 1 biometric identification scans completed.” Then he chuckled and added to his notes, “A little overweight for a man of his age and build, but he seems mostly harmless,” thinking about the Earth’s modified listing in the *Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy* by Douglas Adams. Turning to his younger assistant who went by the code-name Orion, the older MIB handed him a small metallic object and nodded toward the stairwell door, whispering, “Move silent. Stay hidden!” Grabbing his uniquely enhanced sunglasses along with his vintage 1940s black fedora, Orion purposefully walked to the stairwell and descended to the third-floor dormitory entrance.

Having oiled the old hinges on their way up to the attic floor, the access door opened quietly enough and led out into a darkened hallway. With



demolition approaching fast, the electrical lines had been cut, so only secondary natural light spilled in from the open dorm rooms. Orion melded into the shadows and moved quietly along the hall, peeking around corners as he went. On the second floor, he found his intended target, James, walking in and out of abandoned rooms at the end of the long central hallway. Since the group was already walking this way, Orion only needed to wait in the shadows. But he was younger and a little less patient than Arcturus, only now remembering to put on his MIB glasses.

A crisp vision of his stern-faced older partner suddenly materialized, projected within the high-tech glasses, making it appear as though his mentor were standing in the darkened dorm room closet with him. Momentarily startled, Orion flinched backwards and knocked against two long-forgotten hangers that loudly chimed their objection to

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SECRET SYNCHRONICITY *continued*

this intrusion. Down the hall, the interesting and clever-minded, brown-eyed Steph suddenly stopped and tilted her head down the hall in Orion's direction. "Jim, did you just hear that?" she questioned. "Hear what?" asked Jim, who had unfortunately been exploring the old green and white tiled communal bathroom area that echoed everything. "Well, it sounded like a wind chime but not outside. Like, really close!"

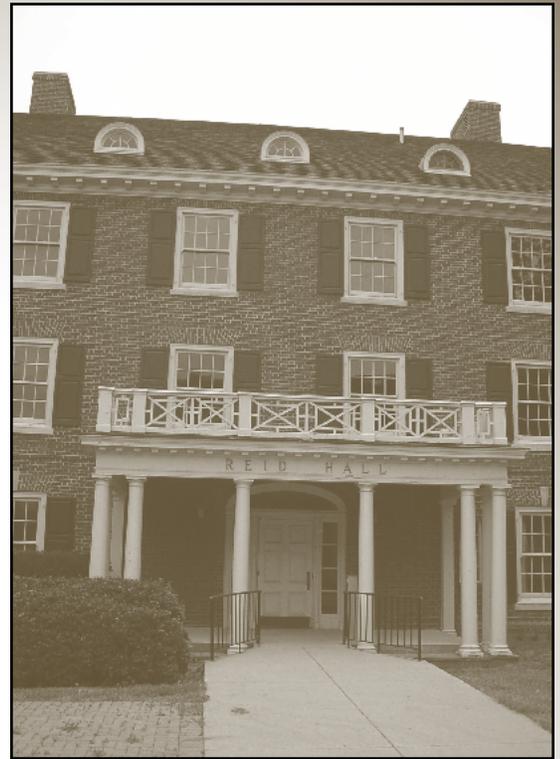
In the dorm room closet at the end of the hall, Orion sheepishly grinned back at the vision of Arcturus, who was clearly not happy with this new direction of events, based on the significant arching of his right eyebrow along with the drumming of his fingers on the console. Behind Steph, Jim poked his dark-haired head out of the bathroom doorway saying, "Cool! Where at?" As the group started moving down the dimly lit hallway, the older MIB quickly typed a number sequence into his cell phone, and the university official's phone began to ring. "I'll be right with you," he said to Jim and Steph, stepping away to take the phone call.

As the two members of The Ghosts



of Ohio walked slowly down the corridor toward the location of the sound Steph had heard, Orion could see Arcturus's virtual-self begin a conversation on the cell phone while simultaneously pointing at Orion and motioning for him to get out of there. Spying a small discarded nickel on the floor, he quickly snatched it up and tossed it into the empty dorm room across from where he stood. The coin rattled about for several seconds, as coins tend to do when pitched onto a bare floor, giving Orion just enough time to reposition himself as Jim and Steph walked into the opposite room investigating this new sound. Taking a now golden opportunity positioned behind their backs, as they cautiously crossed that room's threshold, Orion slipped silently behind them and tossed the small metallic device Arcturus had given him onto Jim's shoulder on his way down the corridor. The device quickly deployed tiny leg-like structures and moved into his jacket pocket out of sight, sensors and telemetry signals activated. But, as Orion looked back from the end of the corridor hallway, Steph unexpectedly poked her head back out of the room searching instinctively for something unseen. It was there only for a fraction of a moment and wrapped in darkness in the dimly lit hallway, but Steph was sure she had seen a shadowy dark figure looking back at her at the end of the hall with large dark eyes. And then it was gone, replaced by a cold shiver as she questioned her own experience. "Hey, here's a nickel!" Jim said excitedly, completely unaware of all that had transpired.

Back in the dormitory attic, Arcturus quietly finished his phone call to the



university official with bureaucratic pleasantries, as Orion sat down at the keyboard. Not losing a beat, Arcturus simply glared at Orion, but there was no time to discuss their near discovery. Tagging James with the bio-tracker had only been one minor objective today. Their real mission was about to unfold. Orion entered a short command phrase into the console, hit enter, and then placed his hand on a biometric scanner that glowed deep blue around his outstretched fingers.

Several miles away, along the noisy parental sidelines of a school soccer field, Mark sat in lawn chairs with his wife and two of their three young children nearby—Lauren, the oldest and boldest at age 14 and inquisitive Nathaniel (the youngest, age 8). Their middle child, Christine (age 12), ran up and down the field, her long brown hair tied into a ponytail that bounced joyously back and forth with the fast-paced action of the game. Loaned to him by the MIB, Mark wore matching dark sunglasses that worked rather well

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SECRET SYNCHRONICITY *continued*

on the bright spring day sunlight. Abruptly, a shimmering image appeared superimposed over the background of the field and players. Visible only to Mark, the high-tech glasses suddenly inserted navigational symbology and tracking metrics along with an overhead view of the Miami University campus, a defined walking path with timelines, and an endpoint that blinked red at Reid Hall. The timing of this “chance” meeting with James had been accurate to within about 1 minute. A timer in the upper right of this visual overlay began counting down from 2 hours. While Mark studied the mission timeline objectives, his daughter’s current tournament game ended, and the girls all ran to their coaches for drinks and treats. It was time to begin Phase II of the Reid Hall insertion mission.

With Christine’s second game not starting for another 4 hours, it was time to have a relaxing lunch at one of the university cafeterias, followed by a walk through the beautiful campus grounds of Miami University, where Mark had attended in the early 1980s. Gathering up the family, they drove the short distance to campus, had lunch, and then began their walkabout, with Mark painting word pictures to his kids of what the university was like “back then,” his studies in physics and college life. And all the while, Mark hit every key point along the virtually outlined path to within 10 seconds of the time relayed into his sunglasses by the MIB. As the countdown timer approached zero, he and his family arrived at the end of this path, standing directly in front of Reid Hall, surrounded by the construction fence and heavy demolition equipment.

Mark had been a freshman student here in 1980. In fact, the dorm room he had lived in with two other

roommates was directly visible to them on the third floor right above the entrance porch. It was, in fact, sad to see his old dormitory for the last time, regardless of why he was truly there at this moment in time. The sad, dark building seemed resigned to its fate. His daughter Lauren then said, “I wonder if we can go in there?” Mark replied “No, they are getting ready to tear it all down, so no one can go in there anymore.” But looking curiously at the silent main entry, Lauren continued, “But I see someone walking around in there!” And as she pointed toward the porch, the front door opened as if commanded by some unseen force, and out walked three people. “See, I told you I saw someone in there!” Lauren boasted triumphantly.

The navigational symbology displayed within his sunglasses abruptly changed over to identifying metrics that quickly pulsed around the man named James. On the side of the virtually relayed scene, Mark could see the MIB packing up the portable command console. One final message appeared from Arcturus before shutting down the telemetry data links. Floating in front of Mark as the three people exited the supposedly empty hall was the message, “The rest is up to you, for now.” Mark took off his deactivated sunglasses, stowing them carefully away in a side pocket and introduced himself and family to the three unusual visitors who were now at the end of the sidewalk.

“Hi, there!” Jim said, with intriguing enthusiasm.

“Hello!” Mark replied with equal enthusiasm, motioning to his family and kids. “We weren’t exactly expecting anyone to walk out of a building about to be torn down. So why are you here?” Mark asked.

“Well, that’s a bit of a long story,” said Jim hesitantly, “but I, and

members of my team,” motioning to Steph, “from The Ghosts of Ohio investigate historical places...and paranormal activities, and we were here just last night investigating old legends and true stories of Reid Hall before it’s gone forever.”

“That’s all very interesting,” Mark sincerely replied. There was something about this man James and his companion Steph that immediately fascinated him, which he had not expected.

“I might ask you the same question,” Jim cautiously advanced. “Why are you here standing in front of an old dormitory on a university campus that is...” stepping out of earshot of the university official, “... in the middle of nowhere?”

“Do you see that room on the 3rd floor above the porch, just to the right?” Mark asked, pointing in that direction. “I lived there in 1980.”

“Really!” Jim replied, even more excited. “Well, do you happen to recall anything about a dormitory room with a dark wood-stained door, one with a pair of bloody handprints beneath the stain?”

“Of course. It was on the third floor when I lived there. I could show you the exact room,” Mark offered. Jim immediately smiled imploringly at the university official then at Steph, nodding his head excitedly like a kid in a candy store. Then they all walked back into old Reid Hall for one last time.

**COMING IN THE
APRIL NEWSLETTER**

**Chapter Four:
Shadow at the
Naked Leg Sundial**

A PEEK INSIDE THE STRANGE & SPOOKY LIBRARY



James

I don't remember much about kindergarten, but one memory that is forever etched in my brain is when I went with my mother to meet my teacher the

week before school started. I honestly don't remember the pleated dress shorts and short-sleeved striped dress shirt my mom made me wear to the event (unfortunately, there are photos to remind the world that it really did occur), but I remember the big, round table we sat at when I met my teacher, Mrs. Van Dusen, for the first time. I know she and my mom talked for a while, but I only remember one exchange: It was when Mrs. Van Dusen asked if I read books. I will never forget my mom's response:

My son doesn't read books. He devours them.

And while I'm sure my teacher-to-be immediately had visions of me sitting in the corner of the classroom, gnawing on the corner of *Hop On Pop*, the truth was that at the tender age of 5, I was already hopelessly addicted to books. The fact that I hadn't yet started kindergarten and was already reading at a 5th grade level certainly had something to do with it, I'm sure. But for me, books meant that I could go anywhere and do anything—I just needed to find the right book. Best of all, certain books, usually the faded old

ones tucked away on some dusty top shelf, held possible answers to life's mysteries. Those were the books I really craved. The ones I sought out every time I went to the library. I would grab one of those round metal stepstools on wheels (aka: childhood death machines), wheel it over to the tallest shelf in the library, and climb up as high as I could go. To where the Forbidden Books were. Because I needed to possess them all.

And that's how my Strange & Spooky Library came to be.

What started as a simple collection of books I'd acquired at Scholastic Book Fairs—books with titles like *Meet The Werewolf* and *Spooks and Spirits and Shadowy Shapes*—quickly grew...and grew. Presently, the Strange & Spooky Library consists of 1,869 books, all of which are somehow related to the paranormal. And that's just the books. There are also 312 videos and 456 magazines, including a 20-year run of *Fortean Times*.



Some of the first books added to the Strange & Spooky Library

Now before you go calling me a hoarder, let me explain something. Everything within the collection has been logged into a database, and everything is catalogued so that like books can be grouped together on the shelves, usually by topic (ghosts, UFOs, cryptids). So I might still technically be a hoarder, but at least I'm organized!

But there's a method to my madness that goes way beyond just wanting to be organized. The database I use allows me to sign books out to people, just like an actual library. And that's the part of the Strange & Spooky Library that I love the most: That I can share it with everyone.

Every member of The Ghosts of Ohio, as well as family and friends, can peruse my shelves and sign out as

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A PEEK INSIDE THE STRANGE & SPOOKY LIBRARY continued



Glimpse of some of the Strange & Spooky Shelves



Strange & Spooky State Books, Organized by State

many materials as they want for as long as they want. I can't tell you how many people have asked me questions about the paranormal, and I am able to respond with, "You know, I have a couple of books that discuss that very topic." And when *The Ghosts of Ohio* engages in one of our many deep discussions about communicating with ghosts, we find ourselves going back time and again to the Strange & Spooky Library to read up on how people in the past have tried to communicate with the other side. This will inevitably lead to an even deeper discussion as to whether there are new methods we can try. And of course, one of my favorite sections of the Strange & Spooky Library is the State Books. I collect paranormal books that focus on specific states (currently, I have at least one book from 47 of the 50 states). I can't tell you how many

times people (myself included) have used the State Books section when planning a family vacation!

I'm often asked which are the prized pieces of my collection. And while I have quite a few rare first editions, the ones I treasure the most are the ones I've been given as gifts. Nothing puts a smile on my face faster than someone saying, "I was out shopping, and I came across this ghost book. It made me think of you." In some instances, I've been given a copy of a book that I already own. In those cases, I will donate the one I already had and instead keep the one that someone thought enough of me to purchase. I've also had instances where people are downsizing or just cleaning out a relative's basement and they donate more than one book to the Strange & Spooky Library (the most

recent donation was 36 UFO books). When that happens, I am incredibly humbled, almost to the point of tears. To think that what started out as a simple thirst for knowledge has grown into something where others feel compelled to entrust me with their books—what an amazing feeling.

So if you ever find yourself on a paranormal Knowledge Quest and you hit a dead end, drop me a line. I'm sure I've got something in the Strange & Spooky Library that can help you continue the journey. And if you come across some paranormal books you no longer have a use for, I think I know someone who will give them a good home!

WE'RE STARTING TO FILL UP OUR CALENDAR

We know it's only February, but we've already started confirming presentation dates for October! What's more, we wanted to broaden our paranormal horizons, so to speak, so for 2020, we are looking to expand on our presentation topics. So in addition to the latest and greatest updates to our most popular presentations—Meet The Ghosts of Ohio and The Strange & Spooky World of James A. Willis—we are also scheduling some of our different presentations like UFOs Over Ohio! and The Strange and Spooky Side of Abraham Lincoln.

Unless otherwise noted with a "\$," our presentations are free and open to the general public. Of course, since seating for these are usually limited, we suggest contacting the venue beforehand to see if they require pre-registering.

We're still working on confirming a lot of new presentations and appearances, so if you don't see your town on the list below, hang in there! Of course, you can always go into your local library and tell them you want to meet The Ghosts of Ohio!

See you soon!

April 7th @ 6:00 pm

Something super cool
The Book Loft of German Village
631 S. 3rd Street
Columbus, OH 43206

Details soon!

Sunday, May 10th @ 9:00 pm

Fox Cities Paranormal Radio interview
Listen live or to the archived interview afterwards:
<https://www.paramaniaradio.com/SHOW.php?showid=82>

Saturday, June 20th @ 1:00 pm

Weird Ohio Road Trips presentation
Norwalk Public Library
46 W. Main Street
Norwalk, OH 44857

Thursday, October 1st @ 6:30 pm

Meet The Ghosts of Ohio presentation
New Lebanon Branch—Dayton Metro Library
715 W. Main Street
New Lebanon, OH 45345

Saturday, October 3rd

UFOs Over Ohio presentation
Lorain, OH

Details soon!

Saturday, October 10th

My Strange & Spooky World presentation
McConnelsville, OH

Details soon!

Wednesday, October 14th

The Strange & Spooky Side of Abraham Lincoln
presentation
London Public Library
20 E 1st Street
London, OH 43140

Saturday, October 17th

The Strange & Spooky World of James A. Willis
presentation
Defiance Public Library
320 Fort Street
Defiance, OH 43512



Investigations & Consultations

The Ghosts of Ohio are continuing to schedule investigations and consultations for 2020. If you or someone you know is experiencing something unexplained in a home or place of business, contact us at info@ghostsofohio.org or visit our website to fill out an investigation request. All investigations are offered free of charge, and confidentiality and discretion are assured.

Not sure if you want or need an investigation? The Ghosts of Ohio also offers consultations. Let us sit down with you to discuss your current situation and what help we may be able to offer. For more information, please visit <http://ghostsofohio.org/services/investigations.html>



The Ghosts are now on Instagram

It took a while, but The Ghosts of Ohio have finally stumbled our way onto Instagram. We're just getting started, which means you can start following us now, and years later, you can tell are your friends that you were one of the first Cool Kids who Followed The Ghosts of Ohio on Instagram.

Interact with The Ghosts of Ohio

In addition to our website, here are a couple of places where you can find The Ghosts of Ohio lurking online:



[FACEBOOK](#)



[TWITTER](#)



[INSTAGRAM](#)

Administration

The Ghosts of Ohio Newsletter is a free, bimonthly email newsletter. To subscribe, unsubscribe, or change your email address, please visit

http://www.ghostsofohio.org/mailman/listinfo/mailman_ghostsofohio.org

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