



The ghosts of Ohio[®] Newsletter

www.ghostsofohio.org

Volume 23 Issue 5

CLICKS, LIKES AND ANTI-SOCIAL MEDIA



JAMES

I've been thinking a lot lately about what paranormal research and investigation has become. Or at least, what a big chunk of it looks like from the outside.

Somewhere along the way, it feels like the field turned

into a contest to see who can rack up the most followers, likes, shares, and views. Honest investigative techniques and process have taken a back seat to content designed to send click rates through the roof. And the problem is, a lot of that content has gotten so far out there that it strips away the very thing that makes ghost stories so powerful in the first place: the personal element.

Ghost stories used to feel like a shared experience. Someone sat across from you and told you what happened to them. Maybe their voice shook a little. Maybe they laughed because they still didn't know what else to do with the memory. Maybe you believed them. Maybe you didn't. But either way, there was a human being at the center of it.

Now, too often, those stories are packaged up with third-person reaction shots, jump cuts, booming sound effects, and captions screaming at you to keep watching. Social media has become anti-social media. The story is no longer something shared.

It's something processed, branded, and optimized.

And to be clear, that's entertainment. Plain and simple. Nothing more, nothing less. And honestly, that's fine. I've watched more than my fair share of those videos. Probably more than I should admit.

Where I take issue is when evidence is clearly exaggerated, manipulated, or outright fabricated, then presented as legitimate paranormal research. That's not investigation. That's not documentation. That's not an honest attempt to understand someone's experience. That's content. And I think there's a difference.

James A. Willis
Founder/Director



PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

STAIRWAY TO NOTHING

Kevin K., Athens, Ohio

I grew up in Athens, Ohio, and spent most of my teenage years wandering around the woods in and around Wayne National Forest. I say "around" because the woods that were not technically part of the national forest were usually the best ones. Fewer signs. Fewer rules. Fewer people who cared what a bunch of teenagers were doing out there after dark.

Back then, if you knew where to go, you could get deep enough into the trees to have a bonfire without anybody bothering you. I am not saying that was legal. I am just saying it happened. A lot. Somebody would bring a cooler, somebody else would bring a radio, and the rest of us would show up acting like we had important things to do when really, we were just standing around in the woods trying to look cool. That was where I first heard about the staircase.

It was late fall, cold enough that everybody stayed close to the fire. The music had gotten quieter, and people had started telling ghost stories, which was pretty common once the night got late enough. Most of the stories were the usual stuff. Dead hitchhikers. Old cemeteries. A friend of a friend who saw something with red eyes. I probably would have wandered off if there had not been a girl sitting near the fire who I thought was cute.

I do not remember her name now. I wish I did, considering how much trouble her story caused me. I remember she had dark hair, a big coat, and a way of talking that made everyone else shut up for a minute. So, I sat down near her and pretended I had been listening the whole time.

She said she had been walking alone in the woods one night when she came across a stone staircase in the middle of nowhere. Not a few steps from an old porch or the remains of some cabin. This was a big staircase, wide and old-looking, rising out of the leaves and going up at least forty steps before it just stopped in the air.

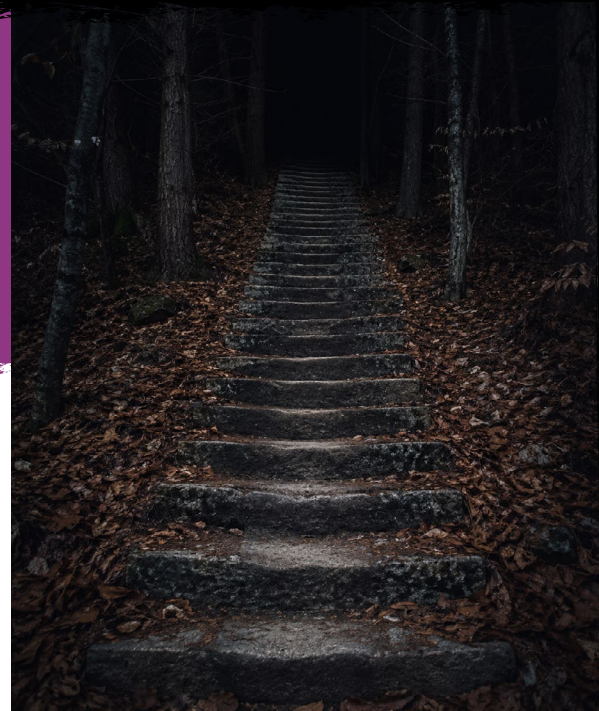
No house.
No
foundation.
No walls.
Nothing.

She said she walked around it and even looked behind it. It was real stone, not some trick of moonlight. It looked like the staircase from a building that had disappeared, except there was no sign a building had ever been there. She thought about climbing it, but when she put her foot on the first step, she heard a low growling sound from the top. She took off running. The next day, she went back with two friends, and the staircase was gone.

Everybody had something to say about that. A couple people laughed. Somebody said she must have been drinking. She did not laugh with them, and that stuck with me.

It should have ended there, but I was seventeen and stupid and trying to impress a girl whose name I did not even know. I decided I was going to find those stairs, climb them, and then somehow casually mention it the next time I saw her. In my head, this was a solid plan.

For the next few weeks, I searched every section of woods I thought she might have been talking about. At first, I went during the day, which I told myself was the smart way to do it. I found old beer cans, rusted farm equipment, a busted washing machine, and a small family cemetery where most of the names had worn off the stones. I did not find any stairs. Eventually, I figured that if she had seen them at night, maybe I needed to look at night. This made sense to me at the time.

*(continued on page 3.)*

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

STAIRWAY TO NOTHING continued

The woods are different after dark. During the day, you can tell yourself you know where you are. At night, every tree looks like the wrong tree. Every sound seems closer than it should be. Still, I kept going out there with a flashlight, a pocketknife, and way more confidence than I deserved.

The night I found the staircase, I had already given up. I had been out for a couple hours, scratched up by briars and mad at myself for wasting another night. I was heading back to my car when I saw something pale through the trees.

At first, I thought it was moonlight on a rock face, but there was no rock face there. I had passed that same spot earlier. I remembered the fallen tree across the path and the little stand of pines nearby. There had been nothing there then.

Now there was a staircase.

It rose out of the leaves like it had always been there. The stone was gray and rough, worn down in the middle of each step like people had been walking up and down it for years. It climbed into the dark between the trees and then stopped, clean and sudden, with nothing above it but black air.

I walked around it because I wanted there to be an explanation. Some old foundation. A wall. A pile of bricks. Anything. But there was nothing. No boards, no glass, no chimney stones, no pieces of whatever building it should have belonged to. Just the staircase, standing there where I was sure no staircase had been an hour before.

I touched it. The stone was cold. Real cold. At that point, I should have left. I knew that then, and I know it even more now. But I had spent weeks looking for the thing, and the whole reason I had been looking was so I could say I climbed it. So, I stepped onto the first stair. Nothing happened.

I stepped onto the second, and my whole body started to tingle. Not like my foot had fallen asleep. It was more like a vibration under my skin, moving through me all at once. Then I got this feeling, stronger than anything I had ever felt before, that I

did not belong there. That is the only way I can explain it. I did not belong on those stairs. They were not meant for me. They were not meant for anybody like me. If I kept climbing, I was going to end up somewhere I could not come back from.

Then I heard something above me. I do not know if it was a growl, exactly, but it was low and alive and coming from the top of the stairs. That was enough. I turned around, stumbled down the two steps, and ran. I ran through branches and briars and probably made enough noise to wake up half the county. At some point I dropped my flashlight, but I was not about to go back for it. I ran until I hit the road, then kept running until I got to my car. I drove home with the doors locked, which makes no sense now, but made perfect sense then.

I went back a few times after that. During the day at first, then later at night. I never found the staircase again. No stones, no marks in the dirt, no place where anything heavy had been sitting. Nothing.

Over the years, I have tried to explain it away. Maybe I got turned around. Maybe there was some old structure out there I did not know about. Maybe I had heard that girl's story and scared myself into seeing what I wanted to see. I would like one of those to be true.

But I know what that stone felt like under my hand. I know what it felt like standing on that second step, with my bones humming and every part of me screaming that I needed to get down.

A while back, I noticed someone started building a house not too far from that section of woods. It looks nice. Big yard, lots of trees behind it. The kind of place people move to when they want quiet. I hope they get it. But sometimes I wonder if they have ever looked out their back window after dark and seen something that was not there a few minutes before. A giant stone staircase, rising out of the yard and climbing up into nothing.

And if they have, I hope they were smarter than I was and left it alone.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

MY CREEPER STORY

Maria S., Clintonville, Ohio

I recently came across James A. Willis' creeper story at Waverly Hills, and ever since then, I haven't been able to stop thinking about something that happened to me a few years ago.

My boyfriend has always been into urban exploring. He loves old buildings, abandoned schools, hospitals, factories, houses, anything with broken windows and a good story attached to it. I do not love those things. I'm not saying I hate them, exactly, but I'm the kind of person who can appreciate an abandoned place from the outside, in daylight, while standing close to the car. Still, when you've been with someone for several years, you sometimes end up doing things you don't really want to do just because it matters to them. So, every once in a while, I would go along. That is how I ended up at the Demon House.

That wasn't its real name, obviously. At least I don't think it was. But that's what everyone around there called it. The story was that some guy who lived there had been messing with things he should not have been messing with. Satanic stuff, rituals, spells, whatever version depended on who was telling it.

Supposedly, he got possessed and killed his whole family with a hammer.

After that, the house sat empty for years. People would buy it cheap, thinking they could fix it up, then move out almost immediately. They all said the same thing. There was something evil in the house.

I also know that every town has a place like that. The one where kids dare each other to go. The one where everybody swears they know somebody who went inside and came out crying or bleeding or speaking in a different voice. I always figured the Demon House was just ours.

I don't like to admit this part, but the house was posted No Trespassing. It had been abandoned for a long time, and from the outside, it looked like nobody



had touched it in years, but the signs were still there. My boyfriend said we would just look around, take a few pictures, and leave. He also said there was no way we would actually get inside. He was wrong about that.

There was a side door that had been kicked in or rotted open or maybe both. It was hanging crooked, with just enough space for us to squeeze through. I remember standing there for a second, looking at the black opening, waiting for him to say never mind. But he didn't and in we went.

Inside, the place was destroyed. Not haunted-house destroyed. Just ruined. Trash everywhere. Beer cans. Fast food wrappers. Old clothes. A broken lamp in the middle of the floor. There was graffiti on almost every wall, most of it stupid stuff. Names, dates, bad drawings, pentagrams that looked like they had been made by people who had only ever seen pentagrams in horror movies.

Almost every piece of furniture left in the house had been broken or smashed. A couch had been gutted, its stuffing pulled out and spread across the floor. Chairs were overturned. A kitchen cabinet had been ripped off its hinges. There were holes punched in the drywall. Seeing how trashed it was made the house seem less like the scene of some terrible evil and more like a place where bored teenagers came

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PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

MY CREEPER STORY CONTINUED

to drink and scare each other. It was still creepy, but it was creepy in a regular way.

We hadn't planned on getting inside, so neither of us had brought flashlights. We had to use our phones. Mine was almost dead, of course, because it always is when you need it. My boyfriend's had more battery, so he led the way, sweeping the light around like he knew what he was doing.

The downstairs was mostly what you would expect. Empty rooms. Broken glass. A smell like mold and wet wood. At one point, something small moved in the kitchen and I almost had a heart attack, but it was just a raccoon or possum or something climbing out through a hole under the sink.

I told him I was done. He said, "Let's just check upstairs." The stairs creaked so badly I was sure one of us was going to go through them. There was old carpet on the steps, but it had gone stiff and gray with dirt. At the top was a long hallway with rooms on both sides. The air felt heavier up there. I know that sounds like something people say in ghost stories, but I don't know how else to explain it. Downstairs had felt gross and abandoned. Upstairs felt like we were somewhere we had no business being.

My boyfriend went first. I was right behind him, holding my phone up over his shoulder so we could get more light. We were maybe halfway down the hall when he stopped so suddenly, I walked into his back. At first, I thought he was messing with me, but then I looked past him.

At the far end of the hallway, something was crouched on the ceiling.

I know how ridiculous that sounds. I know people will read that and picture some movie monster hanging up there with glowing eyes and long claws. It wasn't like that. It was shaped like a person. That was the worst part. It had arms and legs and a head. But the way it was positioned was all wrong. It was on its hands and knees, only upside down, pressed against the ceiling like gravity had nothing to do with it. Its back was arched up toward the floor. Its head hung low between its shoulders. It was dark. Not

shadowed. Dark. Like a person-shaped hole cut into the hallway.

My boyfriend whispered, "Do you see that?" I wanted to say no, but I did see it.

We both pointed our phones at it. That was when things got even worse.

The light didn't hit it right. It didn't reflect off it. It didn't brighten any part of it. It was like the thing was absorbing the light from our phones. The hallway around it would light up a little, the walls and ceiling and open doorways, but the figure stayed black. Then I noticed something else.

I had my camera open because I'd been taking pictures downstairs, and even though I could see the thing with my own eyes, it wasn't showing up on my screen. The hallway was there. The cracked ceiling was there. The doorway behind it was there.

The thing was not.

I don't know why I did this, because it was the dumbest possible reaction, but I took a couple of pictures. Fast. Just tap, tap, tap, like somehow having proof would matter more than getting out of there. It still didn't show up. I lowered the phone and there it was. Still on the ceiling. Still looking at us.

I say "looking," but I couldn't see eyes. I couldn't see a face. But I felt it looking. I felt that whatever it was, it knew we were there. Then it started moving. Slowly at first, crawling toward us along the ceiling.

My boyfriend made this sound I had never heard come out of him before. Not a scream exactly. More like all the air left his body at once. He backed into me so hard I almost fell.

The thing kept coming. It didn't scuttle like an animal. It crawled like a person who had forgotten how people were supposed to move. Its joints bent too far or not far enough. I couldn't tell. The hallway was dark, and my phone light was shaking everywhere because my hand was shaking.

Then, when it was maybe ten or twelve feet away, it dropped. It just let go of the ceiling. For one second, it was falling headfirst toward the floor.

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PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

MY CREEPER STORY *CONTINUED*

Then its body twisted in mid-air. Not like a person twisting. Not like someone doing a flip. It folded and turned all at once, too fast and too smooth, and landed on its hands and knees on the hallway floor, facing us. That was it. We ran.

I don't remember turning around. I don't remember making the decision. One second, it was on the floor. The next, my boyfriend and I were both screaming and shoving each other toward the stairs.

I fell hard against the wall on the way down and scraped my arm, but I didn't even feel it until later. I just remember the sound of our feet on the stairs and my boyfriend yelling, "Go, go, go," even though I was already going as fast as I could. We burst out through the side door and didn't stop running until we were back at the car. He dropped his keys twice trying to unlock it. I kept looking back at the house, expecting to see it crawling out after us, but there was nothing. Just the house, sitting there like it had been empty the whole time.

We didn't talk on the drive home. Not really. At one point, he said, "You saw that, right?" I said yes. He said, "It wasn't a person." I said no. That was the whole conversation.

Later, I looked at the pictures I took. They were exactly what I had seen on my screen. A dark

hallway. A cracked ceiling. Open doors. Trash on the floor.

But no shadowy figure. No proof we had seen anything out of the ordinary.

My boyfriend still does urban exploring. I don't understand how, but he does. Sometimes I still go with him, though not as much as I used to, and never without a real flashlight. But one thing is very clear between us: We do not talk about the Demon House.

Not when people bring up haunted places. Not when he tells stories about abandoned buildings. Not when someone asks what the scariest thing we ever saw was. He has his version locked away somewhere, and I have mine.

The only reason I'm sharing it now is because I read about that thing at Waverly Hills. The creeper.

I don't know what James A. Willis saw there. I don't know what we saw in that hallway. I don't even know if something like that can be attached to a place, or if it follows people, or if there is more than one of them. All I know is that, for a few seconds in that house, my boyfriend and I saw something crouched on the ceiling like a person-shaped shadow.

And then it crawled toward us.

WE WANT TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR GHOSTLY EXPERIENCES!

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!



Geriatric Stranger Things: The Boroughs Review



JAMES

Let's get this out of the way right up front: *The Boroughs* is not *Stranger Things*. But it sure does feel like *Stranger Things* moved to the desert, signed up for pickleball, and started worrying about its cholesterol. And honestly? That's not a bad thing.

Executive produced by Matt and Ross Duffer, better known as the Duffer Brothers, the creators of Netflix's *Stranger Things*, *The Boroughs* definitely carries some familiar DNA. The series itself was created by Jeffrey Addiss and Will Matthews, but you don't have to squint very hard to see the similarities.

There's that same small-town—or in this case, retirement-community—feeling where everything looks peaceful on the surface, but something is clearly off. There's that creeping sense of dread that something otherworldly is lurking just beneath the everyday. And yes, there are creepy-crawly monsters, ancient legends, hidden lore, and authority figures who seem to be working overtime to make sure certain secrets stay buried. So yes, calling it Geriatric *Stranger Things* feels pretty fair.

But where *Stranger Things* focused on kids and teenagers trying to convince the adults around them that something very strange was happening, *The Boroughs* goes to the other end of the age spectrum. Here, it's seniors trying to prove they are not confused, not imagining things, and not ready to be dismissed. As one character puts it, "I'm not losing my mind. I know what I saw."

That line really gets to the heart of what makes *The Boroughs* work. Because for all the monsters, mysteries, and sci-fi weirdness, the show is also about ageism. It's about what happens when people reach a certain age and suddenly find themselves being talked over, brushed aside, or treated like they're no longer reliable witnesses to their own lives. And I'll admit, I was not expecting *The Boroughs* to hit me in the feels as much as it did.

Having personal experience with aging parents and relatives who can't get around the way they used to, or who are dealing with health issues that slowly start taking pieces of their independence away, several moments in *The Boroughs* landed hard. Harder than I expected. The show does not shy away from the fear of becoming invisible. Or the frustration of knowing you still have a mind, a voice, and a purpose, even when the world starts treating you like you're already halfway gone. That's where *The Boroughs* becomes more than just "old people versus monsters." It has some real emotional weight behind it.



It also helps that the cast is stacked. Geena Davis, Alfred Molina, Bill Pullman, Alfre Woodard, and Dee Wallace all show up and deliver. No surprise there.

(continued on page 8.)

Geriatric Stranger Things: The Boroughs Review continued

These are performers who know exactly what they're doing and watching them bounce off one another is half the fun. Although I have to admit, seeing all of them living together in a retirement community did make this viewer feel...old.

Oh well. Time comes for us all, I guess. Sometimes with tentacles.

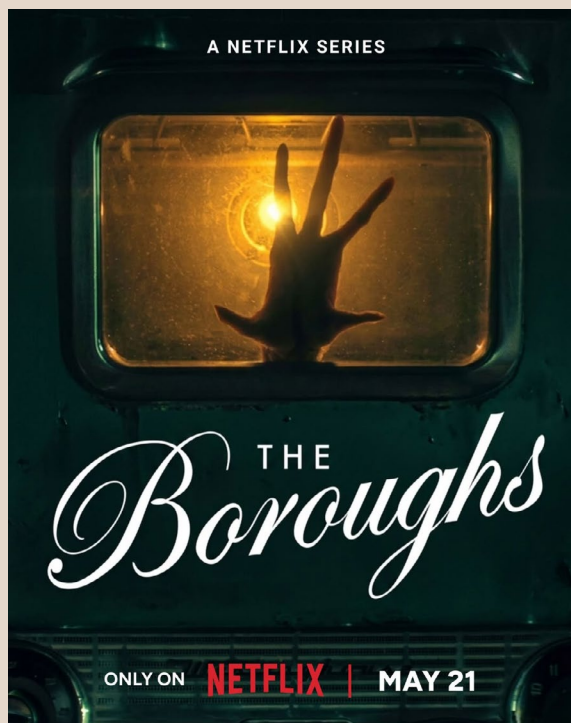
Where *The Boroughs* gets itself into trouble is in a trap a lot of streaming series fall into these days: trying to do too much at once. Since this is clearly billed as "Season 1," the show spends a lot of time tossing out symbolism, mysterious images, ominous clues, half-explained backstories, and hints that something even bigger and badder is waiting just offscreen.

At first, that's fun. I like a show that makes me sit up and start trying to connect dots. But about halfway through the eight episodes, I found myself asking, "Are they ever going to explain that?" Or, "When are they going to get back to that thing from two episodes ago?" And because I'm trying to keep this spoiler-free, let's just say there are several "that things."

To the show's credit, some of those questions do eventually get answered. Others remain a little more nebulous. And by the time the finale rolls around, *The Boroughs* has wrapped up enough to feel like you did get a complete season, while also leaving more than a few loose ends dangling in the breeze. It even introduces a couple of new wrinkles that are clearly meant to tease what's coming next. I get it. That's how TV works now. You want to keep the audience guessing. You want people to finish the finale and immediately ask when the next season is coming.

The problem, of course, is that as I'm writing this, I just got an entertainment alert saying *The Boroughs* has been canceled after one season. Which means all those unanswered questions will remain just that: unanswered.

And that's frustrating, because there's a lot here I

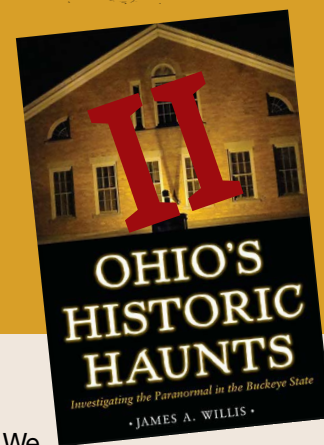


would have liked to see play out. The world of *The Boroughs* feels bigger than what we get in these eight episodes. The mythology feels like it was just starting to open up. And the characters, especially this group of retirees who refuse to be ignored, absolutely deserved more time.

So, do I recommend *The Boroughs*? Absolutely. It's a fun horror/sci-fi/drama mashup with a terrific cast, a great setting, and enough weirdness to keep you guessing through all eight episodes. It has monsters, mystery, heart, and just enough *Stranger Things* flavor to make the Duffer Brothers connection feel obvious without turning the whole thing into a retread.

Just don't go into it expecting all your questions to be answered. Because much like aging, streaming cancellations, and whatever the heck is crawling around that retirement community, some things remain deeply unfair and more than a little mysterious.

OHIO'S HISTORIC HAUNTS II UPDATE



Yes, believe it or not, there is finally an update on *Ohio's Historic Haunts II*. I know, I know. It's been a little quiet on that front lately. But in my defense, we have been just a tad busy traveling across the state, getting locked inside historic buildings said to be haunted, spending the night wandering around in the dark, and then coming home to review hours and hours of audio, photos, and video in search of anything that might qualify as ghostly activity. You know. Normal stuff.

But now we have a very big update to share: the full manuscript for *Ohio's Historic Haunts II* is officially due to Kent State University Press on October 1, 2026. Even better? The book is currently slated for a late summer 2027 publication date, which means it should arrive in plenty of time for Spooky Season.

Like the first *Ohio's Historic Haunts*, this new book will focus on historic locations across the state that come with their own collection of ghost stories, strange encounters, and unexplained happenings. But everything in *Ohio's Historic Haunts II* is brand new. These are not locations covered in the first book. This time around, we will be featuring 15 historic haunted locations, each of which we personally investigated after being locked inside for the night.

One of the things I'm most excited about is the amount of personal testimony included in the book. Across these 15 locations, we have gathered more than 200 hours' worth of interviews with people connected to the sites. Staff members. Volunteers. Board members. Former employees. People who know these buildings, love these buildings, and in many cases, have had experiences inside them that they still can't quite explain.

Those personal stories are a huge part of what made the first *Ohio's Historic Haunts* work, and they are once again at the heart of this new book. Because for me, the history of a haunted location is only part of the story. The other part is what people are experiencing there now.

Another thing that makes *Ohio's Historic Haunts II* different is that some of these locations had never been formally investigated before. So in a few cases, we were walking into buildings with very little in the way of previous paranormal research to lean on. No long history of ghost hunting teams coming through. No massive case files. No "everybody knows the ghost hangs out in this room" kind of setup. That made things exciting.

It also meant we had to let the buildings speak for themselves. We listened to the stories, studied the history, talked to the people who knew the places best, and then tried to build each investigation around the specific claims connected to that location.

We also changed up the way we investigated this time around. Along with using some new pieces of equipment, several of the locations were investigated on multiple dates. That gave us the chance to try different techniques, test different areas of the buildings, and build a more robust investigation log rather than basing everything on a single night.

And no, that does not mean we are claiming we "solved" anything. You know me better than that. But it does mean we are doing our best to dig deeper. To compare experiences. To look for patterns. To see whether certain claims could be recreated, explained, or at least better understood. The goal has never been to run into a dark room, yell "Is anybody here?" three times, and declare the place haunted because a floorboard creaked.

The real goal is to take these locations seriously. To take their histories seriously. And to take the people who shared their experiences with us seriously.

That means looking at the legends, the documented history, the personal accounts, and the investigation results together. Sometimes those pieces fit neatly. Sometimes they don't. Sometimes they raise more questions than answers. But that's also what makes this kind of research so fascinating. And frustrating.

So where does everything stand now? Well, there is still a lot of work ahead, but the finish line is finally on the calendar. I'll be sharing more updates as we get closer, including additional behind-the-scenes looks at the process, the research, and probably at least a few stories about things that went bump in the night and made us all pretend we were much calmer than we actually were.

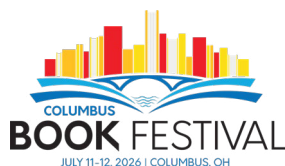
For now, though, I just want to say thank you. Thank you to everyone who has asked about the book, supported the project, shared stories, opened doors, answered questions, sat for interviews, reviewed audio, or simply said, "Hey, when is the next one coming out?" Now we finally have an answer.

PRESENTATION AND APPEARANCE CALENDAR

The following are the only confirmed dates...or just the ones we're allowed to talk about now! Lots more are in works, including an Adult Education class and a super-fun event for October where I will be speaking about a certain werewolf said to be lurking around Defiance, Ohio. Stay tuned!

Saturday-Sunday, July 11-12 Columbus Book Festival

Columbus Metropolitan Library:
Main Branch
96 S. Grant Avenue
Columbus, OH 43215



James A. Willis will be participating in the following Panel:

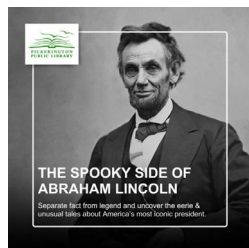
Midwest Murders: True Crime

Sunday, July 12th @ 12:00 pm in Room 3B

For more information, visit columbusbookfestival.org

Tuesday, July 28th The Spooky Side of Abraham Lincoln

Pickerington Main Library
201 Opportunity Way
Pickerington, OH 43147



Monday, August 31st @5:30 pm My Strangest & Spookiest Investigations presentation

Hillsboro Public Library
10 Willettsville Pike
Hillsboro, OH 45133

Thursday, September 3rd @ 6:00 pm Bigfoot & The Ohio Grassman presentation

Dayton Metro Library: Miamisburg Branch
545 E. Linden Avenue
Miamisburg, OH 45402

Friday, September 25th Meet The Ghosts of Ohio presentation

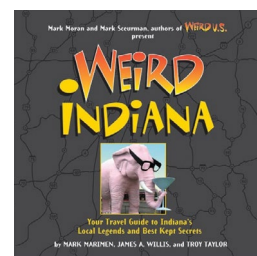
Institute for Learning in Retirement
(Oxford, Ohio / Miami University)
Presentation is part of their Fall Programming

[More information here](#)

Saturday, October 3rd @ 1:00 pm The Strange & Spooky World of James A. Willis presentation

Greensburg-Decatur County
Public Library
1110 East Main Street
Greensburg, IN 47240

[More information here](#)



Monday, October 6th @ 6:30 pm Ohio's Historic Haunts I & II presentation

Pickerington Public Library
201 Opportunity Way
Pickerington, OH 43147

Sunday, October 11th @ 2:00 pm The Loveland Frogman Amalgam presentation

Main Library: Lorain Public Library System
351 W. 6th Street
Lorain, OH 44052

Wednesday, October 14th Meet The Ghosts of Ohio presentation

Beavercreek Community Library
3618 Dayton-Xenia Road
Beavercreek, OH 45432

Saturday, October 17th @ 4:00 pm Weird Events in Ohio History presentation

Dayton Metro Library:
New Lebanon Branch
715 West Main Street
New Lebanon, OH 45345

Friday, October 30th: 5:00 pm – 11:59 pm Ohio Monster Origins: The First Howl presentation The Night Market: Wolfman Origins

629 Arabella Street
Defiance, OH 43512-2856

[More information here](#)



Investigations & Consultations

The Ghosts Of Ohio continue to schedule investigations and consultations for 2026. So, 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.

Are you unsure if you want or need an investigation? The Ghosts of Ohio also offers consultations. Let us discuss your current situation and what help we can offer. For more information, please visit <http://ghostsofohio.org/services/investigations.html>

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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Newsletter Staff:

Editor-In-Chief: James Willis
Designer: Stephanie Willis
Contributing Authors:
James Willis