



The ghosts of Ohio® Newsletter

www.ghostsofohio.org

Volume 17 Issue 4

WILL EVEN THE PARANORMAL HAVE A “NEW NORMAL”?



This is easily the hardest Newsletter Introduction I’ve ever had to write. Knowing that many of our subscribers turn to the newsletter as a form of escapism, I initially wanted to avoid mentioning the current situation of our entire world due to the COVID-19 pandemic. But that quickly proved impossible as COVID-19 has impacted literally every aspect of how we go about our daily lives, including who we turn to in order to escape from the world for a bit. Here at The Ghosts Of Ohio, we have had to postpone public events and, like everyone else, we’re continually watching our calendar, hoping this will all be over before we have to postpone any more events.

So I felt the need to address COVID-19 right at the start of this newsletter. Easier said than done though. The entire situation is incredibly sad and overwhelming, with the only certainly being that everyone is filled with uncertainty.

The other night as I’m sitting on the couch watching detailed reports on how the number of confirmed COVID-19 cases and deaths continued to climb, followed by two opposing political figures shouting and blaming each other’s party for the whole mess, I saw something else. Something different.

Some people were actually being nice to each other. They were cheering on healthcare workers. Leaving giant tips on restaurant takeout orders. Donating blood.

Taking a cue from Fred “Mr.” Rogers’ mom telling him to “look for the helpers” in bad times, I started ignoring all the angry rants on social media and instead looked for the “helpers.” And there they were! Young and old, they were all doing things—large acts and small ones—to help each other. They were refusing to take all the groceries from the shelves, leaving more for others. They were waving to strangers they passed on their street (from six feet away, of course). They were taking the time to check on family, friends, and even total strangers, just to make sure they were ok.

As I was taking all this in, a line from Roger Waters’ song, *It’s A Miracle*, popped into my head:

*By the grace of God almighty
And the pressures of the marketplace
The human race has civilized itself
It’s a miracle*

However it happened, it truly is a miracle: Many of us have stopped thinking only about ourselves and are now taking the

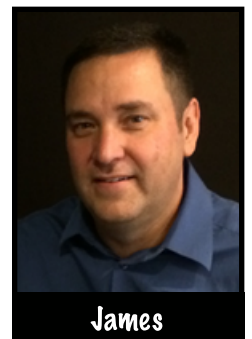
time to think about others. We’ve started respecting each other again.

And I can only hope that when we all finally emerge from our Stay At Home cocoons, that we continue to work on respecting each other. Who knows? Maybe some of that respect will spill over into the paranormal field. Perhaps instead of yelling and screaming at ghosts to “perform,” we take a kinder, gentler approach and talk to them more like friends. Even think that maybe ghosts don’t talk to some people because the ghosts don’t like them or how they are behaving? Perhaps changing the way we conduct our investigations and interact with ghosts will make a world of difference in the evidence we capture.

After all, how can we expect the dead to respect us when we can’t even respect the living?

Cheers,

James A. Willis
Founder/Director



James

I'M STILL THINKING OF A NUMBER



James

In the last newsletter, I mentioned that I was going to try a little experiment. Every day at noon EST, I was going to spend

5 minutes focusing on a number from 1 to 1,000. I asked that anyone who was interested to try and guess what that number was and to send me an email with your guess. I thought it would be a fun little experiment and nothing more. What I wasn't expecting was how many of you would choose to participate...or that some of you were close to guessing the number. Very close.

With that in mind, I am going to extend this experiment through June 15th, when the next newsletter goes into layout. Every day between now and then, at noon EST, I'm going to spend 5 minutes thinking about nothing but a single number between 1 and 1,000—the same number I've been thinking about since the last newsletter. If you 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 June 2020 newsletter, along with anyone who guessed the number correctly.

And a quick note on those who have already e-mailed me your guesses: None of you were correct, but several of you were actually pretty close. In order to avoid influencing anyone, I didn't want to email you back with a "you are close" or "you are not close" message, which left me feeling it would be rude to just write back and say "you are wrong." So I held off replying to any and all email guesses. Didn't want to risk people thinking I'm ruder than I really am!

With that out of the way, I am now going to reply to each and every email guess, even the ones from last month. Just know that I am really excited that everyone is choosing to participate, and please don't take the shortness of my response as anything except an attempt not to influence any future guesses!



THE GHOSTS OF OHIO NEWSLETTER ARCHIVE

We are currently in the process of revamping our entire website. One of the sections of our site that we're going to make available is a searchable archive of all The Ghosts Of Ohio Newsletters. And while it is nowhere near complete, with so many people currently searching for something to read, we wanted to let everyone have a little peek behind the curtain, so to speak. So follow the link below, where you will find over 13 years of our newsletters—close to 80 issues—all available to read and download for free.

[CLICK HERE](#)



MY FAVORITE PARANORMAL AND CREEPY SONGS



Josh

I think it's safe to say that we all remember our first love. For some it was a person, a sport, a pet, and/or a hobby. For me, it was music. I remember hearing "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry" by

Hank Williams at a very young age and remember thinking to myself this guy sounds so sad and it's so haunting, but why?

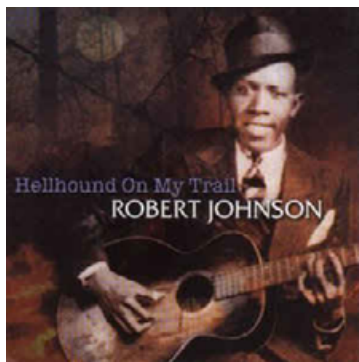
I think that set a spark off in my brain, and I became obsessed with not only music

and playing music, but wanting to know the stories and inspirations behind songs. I believe music has a way to connect with us all on such a raw and primal level. We all have suffered heartache or some sort of tragedy, and I would be willing to bet that you had a song/album that helped you. We have also encountered moments of joy and bliss, and yet again I am sure we have something music related that ties back into that. To this day I can hear certain songs, and I am instantly transported back to my youth or a certain memory that I hold near and dear to my heart.

So in the midst of all the craziness that is going on in the world, I've found myself rediscovering a lot of music in my library. And let me tell you, I have one of the most

random collection of music you'll ever see. I listen to everything from bluegrass to Norwegian black metal and everything in between. Trust me, when it comes to music, I am prepared to kick out the jams. I thought putting a list of some of my favorite paranormal and creepy songs together would be fun. While some might not have a true story, they still might tie into a legend or some sort.

Again, this ties back to me wanting to know about the inspiration people have to write songs and/or where that creative spark comes from. I hope that you, the reader, are familiar with a few of them, while others I doubt you know. Or maybe you know the artist but didn't know about the song or the story behind it. Let's get started.



Hellhound On My Trail

Robert Johnson

You can't write any article like this without mentioning Robert Johnson and his song "Hellhound On My Trail." If for whatever reason you don't know who Robert Johnson is, I suggest taking the time to research the guy. But this song in particular adds to his legend. And besides it's long been suggested that he sold his soul to the devil anyway. Now, by today's standards, this might not be the darkest or most menacing song in the market. But, the first time I heard Robert Johnson sing the line of "and the days keep on worryin' me, There's a hellhound on my trail," I was instantly hooked and had goosebumps. Hellhounds, you say Mr. Johnson? This began my research into the man and trying to learn more of his legend.



When A Demon Defiles A Witch

Whitechapel

Next on the list is one of my favorite bands, Whitechapel. Yes, they are named after the district in which Jack the Ripper committed his murders. The band recently released an album called *The Valley*, which states it is based on true events. The opening track of the album is "When A Demon Defiles A Witch." The first time I heard the name of the track I was thinking to myself, "Could you have thought of anything a little longer guys?" But upon seeing the music video, which in ways is almost a mini horror film, I knew I had to learn more. Lead singer Phil Bozeman based this song on a journal entry from his mom, and the title of the track came right from an entry as well. This song was about his mom seeing a demon outside or by the fireplace inside. Upon seeing the demon, she would know it would be by her bedside that night. He goes on to explain that her handwriting in this journal would change from time to time, and the terror was absolutely real for him. I give him major kudos for wanting to take such a topic that most people wouldn't believe or even give a second thought about and just opening up about it. For a disclaimer if you aren't into really heavy music, this probably is one you want to skip, but at least give the music video a watch. Great band with another killer album!

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MY FAVORITE PARANORMAL AND CREEPY SONGS *continued*



Lycanthropy *Six Feet Under*

One of the first albums I bought on my own (and I am sure my mom was thrilled with my choice) was Haunted by Six Feet Under, another band that's on the heavy and scary side of the music spectrum. I could review this whole album and probably list just about every song on the album in the article, but the one that stands out the most is "Lycanthropy." Who doesn't love death metal songs about werewolves, right? I think this song really grabbed my attention at the time because I had been reading about the case of The Southend Werewolf, which was investigated by the Warrens.



The Ghost Of Floyd Collins *Black Stone Cherry*

The next song is another based on a true story. "The Ghost Of Floyd Collins" by Black Stone Cherry. The song tells the story of Floyd Collins, a famous cave explorer in the central region of Kentucky. I won't ramble on much about this one, but it has everything. He was stuck underground, he was interviewed, and it became a media circus. The tunnel he's in finally collapses, and he's unreachable. Later on, it's been rumored he's not really laying at rest where many think. His corpse was even dug up and placed in a glass top coffin. Are you interested enough yet? Does Floyd still roam? Listen to the song and see what you think.



Midnight In Montgomery *Alan Jackson*

"Midnight In Montgomery" by Alan Jackson, (told you I listen to everything) is about the songwriter stopping by to pay his respect to country music legend Hank Williams, Sr. (see how it all comes back full circle). Upon visiting his grave, he has a run-in with the ghost of Hank Sr. I remember talking about it nonstop at the age of 6, and I was then told about the song "The Ride" by David Allan Coe. Another Hank Sr. ghost song? My child ghost-filled mind was blown away. I found an interview later on in life from Gary Gentry who wrote the song "The Ride." He goes on to admit seeing the ghost of Hank Sr. on his couch and having a conversation with him. Now, he does admit to drinking at the time, but for me, it doesn't take away the value of the song or story. I still have high hopes of visiting Nashville and trying to have my own conversation with Hank at the Ryman Auditorium.



BOOK REVIEW:

MISSING 411 CANADA



Samantha

This ninth installment of the *Missing 411* series focuses on mysterious disappearances in Canada. If you're familiar with David Paulides's other volumes, then you already

know what to expect. Each chapter focuses on a different province, highlighting cases of missing people that fit the profile points he has discovered through his extensive research. These profile points include:

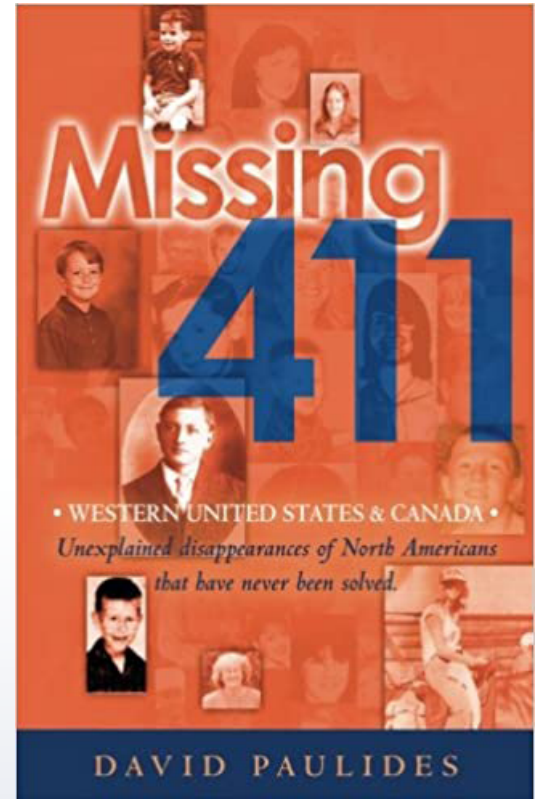
- Canines are unable to track the missing person.
- Bad weather hampers Search & Rescue efforts.
- Victims are often found in areas that have been previously searched.
- Victims are often missing articles of clothing, like shoes.
- Many victims have physical or mental conditions or illnesses.
- If anyone is found alive, they usually have no memory of what happened or they have wild stories that seem inconceivable.
- Alive or dead, many victims are found in or near bodies of water.
- Rock outcroppings and boulders are often present.
- If two or more people are traveling together, whatever happens to victims happens after a Point of Separation, where one person splits away from the group. That person seems to be targeted. This includes children who, when a parent looks away for a moment, simply go missing.
- Engine and equipment malfunctions sometimes happen, causing someone to become lost or hampering Search & Rescue efforts.

It's important to remember that Paulides screens all cases according to these profile points. If there is a likelihood of foul play, a victim disappearing voluntarily, having a history of mental health issues that would lead to self-harm, or if there's evidence of an animal attack, then those cases will not be included in the *Missing 411* research.

It doesn't matter how familiar I've become with reading these books over the years, I always discover something new and thought-provoking. This time around, I was particularly struck by three different notions:

1. People hear cries for help, but despite extensive searches, victims are not found.

I remember a case at Mesa Verde that Paulides covered in a prior book where a man vanished on a trail. Other hikers reported hearing someone calling for help, but a search of the area turned up nothing, and the man was never found. In this latest book, a man named Charlie Musso went missing on a hike on Mount Seymour in British Columbia in 1987. Shortly after the disappearance, two separate groups of hikers heard a man crying for help. Despite the efforts of Search & Rescue, Musso has never been found. This phenomenon is both intriguing and heartbreaking. How is it that witnesses can hear cries for help, but Search & Rescue efforts can't find any trace of the victims? Is there some sort of barrier between witnesses and the missing people? It's a terrifying concept, especially if you imagine what it would be like to be the victim.



2. Some victims are found (alive or dead) thanks to a hunch, premonition, or dream from a family member or searcher.

This seems to happen time and time again. In this book, a child named Florence Spence was found alive after a worker had a dream about where to look. And a woman named T.H. Vigfusson's body was found after her son awoke from a "fitful sleep." He said that he'd had a dream in which voices told him to go to the beach. When he woke, he ran there and discovered his mother. As if that wasn't weird enough, on the day of the disappearance, Vigfusson's husband was napping when he suddenly woke to see his wife calling to him for help. When he moved toward her, she disappeared. When it comes to missing people, it's apparent that hunches shouldn't be dismissed or ignored!

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MISSING 411 | CANADA *continued*

3. Children who are found alive sometimes have wild stories about what happened to them.

I have always found survivor statements to be the most fascinating parts of the *Missing 411* books. Victims have reported everything from simply blacking out to encountering strange people and creatures. In Canada, there are even more stories to add. Ten-year-old Hazel Scraba said that she drank water and ate berries, and she saw 12 small brown bears pass her, but “they didn’t even growl.” Four-year-old Betty Wolfrum said that she met a mother and daughter, a cat scratched her, and a man told her which direction to walk to go back home. Perhaps the weirdest encounter in the book was that of

five-year-old Myron Shutty. He said that a teenager found him deep in the woods, carried him all the way down the mountain and across a creek, then showed him where to walk to find his parents. The teenager also gave him 25 cents because he told the boy that everyone should have money when they’re lost. Bizarre!

The book is chock full of takeaways. Huckleberry pickers have a high likelihood of going missing, the most common time of day for disappearances being 4 pm, and I continue to be astounded by the many victims who leave behind personal effects like wallets, keys, and phones. And just as Yosemite National Park is the most dangerous place in the United States for disappearances, Paulides says the one Canadian province to watch

out for is, by far, British Columbia and the Mount Seymour area. “There are so many people missing in British Columbia, there are clusters within clusters.” That’s really saying something!

Overall, *Missing 411: Canada* lives up to its predecessors. I think David Paulides could use a proofreader before these books go to publication, but that’s a minor point when we’re talking about missing people. If you’re interested in purchasing the book, be aware that Paulides just moved to Montana, and he’s hoping to have his “store” open again shortly. Also, this latest book comes with a folded cluster map of Canada, which raises the cost.

I look forward to the next installment!

VISITING THE ST. AUGUSTINE LIGHTHOUSE



Frank

I finally had a chance to visit one of my Bucket List investigation sites, the iconic and allegedly haunted St. Augustine Lighthouse. My partner was attending a conference in Jacksonville, Florida, the second week of March, and I planned to tag along, which gave me the opportunity to extend our stay and travel down the coast, a little more than an hour’s drive to St. Augustine.

Getting into St. Augustine, I was surprised a bit by all the traffic. I did not realize St. Augustine resembled a smaller version

of Gatlinburg, Tennessee. Lots of things to do too, like the Ripley museum, trolley tours, several ghost tours, the iconic Spanish fort, (which I actually never got to enter), bars, restaurants, and Flagler College. As we crossed the Bridge of Lions on the way to our hotel on an adjacent island, I could see the black and white barber pole design of the lighthouse several miles away.

The next day, it was finally time for me to visit the lighthouse and maybe have the chance to see the phantom everyone saw on the episode of *Ghost Hunters* several years ago. I have been to many of the locations *Ghost Hunters* has investigated—Ft. Mifflin, Eastern



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VISITING THE ST. AUGUSTINE LIGHTHOUSE continued

State Penitentiary, The Stanley Hotel, Moon River Brewery, Trans-Allegheny Lunatic Asylum, Hillview Manor, among others—over the years. None has ever given me that ah-ha moment. They were creepy and fun places, and I met some very nice, interesting, and curious people like me, but that was it. No moment of nirvana, and I never saw a ghost. But now I was ready to try to confront the anomaly I saw on that *Ghost Hunter* episode. Guns up!

Getting on the right road to the lighthouse is a lot easier said than done, and it momentarily confounded me. I could see it, but driving directly to it was a challenge. I saw the sign and thought I made the correct turn, only to discover I was on the wrong road.

Eventually I got there, and even though it was only 11:00 am, the parking lot was jam packed. The lot itself is shrouded in a weather-worn canopy of leaning beautiful live oak trees, which would look very cool at night.

You enter the museum store for your ticket, and then you are on your way to the lighthouse. The lighthouse property is more than just the lighthouse itself and contains a number of buildings fantastically preserved through a historical preservation rally in the 1990s. At one time, they were going to bulldoze this place. What a shame that would have been.

I entered the garden area and immediately passed an ice cream cart, which merited a pause. But enough of the diversions. Time to go down the path toward the light tower and then, upward.

Upon entering the lighthouse, there is a building entryway. On either side as you walk through, there are tool exhibits and the large oil tanks for the lamp oil. They no longer use oil since the light was changed to electric in the 1930s.

Once inside the tower itself, I immediately noticed the center base that I recall Jason Hawes placing a camera on, looking upward. However, I see 3-4 foot deep pit in the center. I don't recall Hawes bending over and putting the camera in a hole, and it seems odd putting a camera in a hole, as it might have compromised the view and

made it look like the camera was in a tunnel. Perhaps they placed something over the pit for the camera to rest on, making it appear flat.

One more thing seemed different. When standing at the bottom of the tower and looking directly up, there were platforms and landings every so often. These obstructed my view, and I don't recall seeing any of the platforms on any of the footage from the *Ghost Hunters* episode. My bad memory, no doubt.

Time for the trudge, up all 217 steps.

The lighthouse is 165 feet tall, and the stairs were a bit challenging. But the landings proved to have been well-designed for stopping points, both to rest and to let other guests who were going up and down pass.

On the way up, I noticed the window pane that *Ghost Hunters* had determined was the cause of the ghostly banging noises since it was so loose. At the very top, I examined the spot where the light sensor was placed for the show to detect any movement. There were also two doors—one that led to the mechanism and another that led to the walkway that went around the lighthouse itself.

Stepping outside, there was a very nice view. Up to 22 miles in fact. I spoke to the attendant stationed there and found he had worked in the tower for over 5 years. I asked him several questions, the big one being if he had ever experienced anything supernatural or had a ghostly encounter. His answer was a resounding "No!" He said many people come here to look for something but never find it. He also mentioned that the lighthouse has their "Special Evening Ghost Hunts" for a separate fee, of course.

With so many people around, I decided not to do any EVP sessions since it was very noisy. Instead, I made my way back down the steps and checked out the other



Lightkeepers House



Frank at the top of the lighthouse

buildings, which included the light keepers house, a simple structure well preserved with some artifacts. In the basement was an archaeological exhibit of a wreck that was being studied off a nearby beach. This must have been installed after the *Ghost Hunter* episode as I did not recall seeing it on the film.

Altogether, the park itself is done very well. They have picnic tables and things for small children to do. I thought the lighthouse was a good historical stop. But as far as ghosts go, no one seemed home, so in that regard, my trip to the lighthouse was a letdown, but that's the nature of this hobby.

Regarding the fact that the lighthouse offered a ghost tour, this is not really something unique. Many locations offer them, and I have been on dozens in many cities throughout the country. Personally, I believe you really need to regard them as entertainment or an embellished historical tour.



BREAKING NEWS: SAM DISCOVERS PODCASTS!



Samantha

We're living in strange times right now, so how about a couple strange, spooky tales to go with them? Before my library closed due to the threat of COVID-19, the only podcasts I had ever listened to were a few episodes from Bill Nye and Neil deGrasse Tyson, two of my favorite science experts. I am admittedly NOT well-versed in the wide world of podcasts, and it's simply because I usually don't have time for them.

I really didn't know what I was missing!

Two podcasts, or rather *shows*, I've discovered and thoroughly enjoyed these last few weeks are both produced by an L.A.-based audio production studio called QCODE. The company's goal is to create "scripted, narrative stories," and let me tell you, each episode makes you feel as if you're right there with the characters, experiencing everything they're going through. I've been listening to them during my hikes in the parks, and on more than one occasion I've found myself muttering out loud at protagonists, gasping in shock or horror,

and letting out the occasional "Oh noooooo!!!" when things don't go as expected. The company has produced five different stories so far, and all of them are weird and twisted. My kind of entertainment!



The Edge of Sleep (starring Mark Fischbach)

Dave is a night watchman who, upon completion of his shift, has discovered that everyone who fell asleep the night before has died. Fortunately, there is a handful of other survivors, but they're going to have to figure out what's going on before they, too, succumb to the same fate. After all, they can't stay awake forever.

If I had been sitting down while listening to each of the eight episodes in this story, I would have been on the edge of my seat the whole time. The acting and sound production are expertly woven together, and the story itself kept me in suspense until the very end. If you're a fan of *The X-Files* or *The Twilight Zone*, you'll enjoy it, too!



The Left Right Game (starring Tessa Thompson)

Alice Sharman is a journalist who is literally along for the ride during an extended paranormal investigation of the notorious "Left Right Game," an urban legend during which people get in a car and drive. They take a left, then the next possible right, then the next possible left, etc. Supposedly, strange things begin to happen, and not everyone who plays the game survives.

This podcast began on March 23rd, with episodes available every Tuesday. As I write this review, I've only heard the first four parts. However, I'm absolutely hooked on it! The characters are believable, and there's plenty of mystery to keep listeners guessing. And the suspense is killing me! I can't wait for part five!

QCODE has also produced three other shows—*Gaslight* (starring Chloe Grace Moretz), *Carrier* (starring Cynthia Erivo), and *Blackout* (starring Rami Malek). I'm definitely looking forward to checking those out in the near future!

Let us know what your favorites are! We'd love to hear your suggestions.

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 FOUR: Shadow at the Naked Leg Sundial



Months had passed since Mark had interviewed with, been accepted, and joined The Ghosts of Ohio paranormal investigation team. The uniquely talented personalities assembled by founder James Willis were really quite fun and interesting, and Mark found their company most refreshing. While a few of its members embraced UFO groups or event participation, namely Wendy and Sam (short for Samantha), on the whole the group had proven to have a broadly balanced perspective on many paranormal topics. Their interests included ghostly hauntings, psychic abilities, time-shift experiences, even the occasional Sasquatch inquiry, and he enjoyed all these weird diversions immensely.

The question about what they might know about flying saucers and WPAFB could wait a while longer. Pushing the topic would be counterproductive, in his view. Better to sit back and absorb their knowledge from a low-interest perspective, something the MIB actually agreed with. In fact, when an opportunity arose for Mark to go adventuring with Jim to a nudist colony to see some naked lady's sundial, or something like that, the younger MIB handler, Orion, was

enthusiastically in favor of this offbeat side adventure. He immediately volunteered to be the watchful shadow, leading older Arcturus to crack a tiny smile, signing the approval paperwork. Mark, on the other hand, a former Boy Scout and Eagle Scout poster child, found himself pushed flatly against his comfort zone envelope accepting the risqué expedition. At this moment, though, these thoughts were the furthest thing from his mind.

Deeply sequestered back in the underground TANIS laboratory, Mark calmly approached the glowing saucer-shaped hull along an extended crystal-clear corridor mated to the craft like a jet bridge. Its non-conductive structure maintained the electromagnetic field isolation between the hull and the laboratory. In the overhead control room, the command team grew silent and focused their attention on instrumentation controls and readouts linked to the new research at hand. Having finally broken the code of the quantum-entangled lock that had sealed the entry door to this likely interstellar craft for centuries, perhaps millennia,

today's opening experiment would be one for the history books, though only for the darkly veiled library shelves of the Men in Black. Two of those familiar agents, Orion and Arcturus, their trademark attire crisply delineated against the lab-coat wearing scientists and engineers around them, stood behind the control team with their arms folded and their full attention on the softly shimmering spacecraft on the laboratory floor below.

Taking his right hand from his lab coat pocket, Mark touched the control pad at the end of the crystal corridor. The gray screen erupted into a brilliant aura of rainbow colors around his outstretched hand.

"Command Sequence?"

questioned the recently updated human-like AI voice interface.

"Anyone who has never made a mistake has never tried anything new," Mark thoughtfully replied, quoting Albert Einstein, firmly hoping his next action was not an irrecoverable error.

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SECRET SYNCHRONICITY *continued*

“Alpha-Omega UNLOCK authorization accepted. Initiating photon-coding sequences. Deactivating protective stasis fields now,” the computer announced. A green laser grid then appeared on the hull area in front of him, outlining the cleverly concealed door seams across a 3-meter wide space.

“Activating quantum-entanglement keys in 5, 4, 3, 2, 1...” the computer’s voice continued, echoing in the large, cylindrical test chamber. Five optically encoded and brilliantly multicolored laser beams fired separately from precision-aligned, robotically held projectors, converging upon one subtly unique surface of the craft’s exterior hull. The normally placid, shimmering blue glow of the ship abruptly changed to golden white hues imbued with colorful golden flashes flowing randomly across the surface.

Beneath the green laser grid, the hull surface shifted, then folded backwards upon itself nearly instantaneously in all directions. The craft’s internal vacuum seal compromised, a sudden in-flow of air and immediate fog-like condensation occurred, induced by the large pressure gradient. Wind and fog pushed rapidly forward, forcing Mark to hold onto rail fixtures installed alongside the control panel. Roaring loudly over him, the imbalanced atmosphere vanished into the now-revealed entryway in one abrupt moment, only punctuated by its equally abrupt ending into silence and visual transparency once the pressure had equalized inside and out. Craft, or powerful artifact, or perhaps both—its creators had certainly prepared it for long-term sterile, clean storage.

In the overhead control room, several

sighs of relief could be heard. At least the ship had not killed Mark—or them for that matter—in one outright burst of technological ingratitude. The congratulatory murmurs could be heard beneath the impatient tapping on a microphone demanding attention.

“What do you see?!” interrogated Arcturus over the lab’s loudspeaker.

Mark did not—could not—answer at first. He was staring into something that seemed dimensionally impossible. Commanding the center of the softly illuminated interior, a massive golden ring floated tranquilly upright above a sea-blue dais that rippled ethereally, like gentle waves moving across a pond. Beyond the ring lay an infinite universe of stars...

Beep! Beep! BEEP! Suddenly, this mind-bending scene shifted out of Mark’s memory, replaced with a lifelike horse icon and a time of 1:55 flashing in sync with the annoying beeping coming from his borrowed MIB sunglasses. Farm-fields, fences, and telephone poles along the lonely country road all whizzed by the car at near highway speed. He was driving alone somewhere deep in the heartland of Indiana, distracted by recent work memories while his subconscious mind took the wheel and drove on for miles. Funny how that works sometimes. Good thing his subconscious mind could drive!

Resuming conscious control of the vehicle, Mark remembered now where he was and why. He was meeting up with Jim, Steph, Julie, and Sam from GOO on a wild research adventure for a book titled, *Weird Indiana*. Double tapping the right temple of his specially made dark sunglasses, the beeping ceased. Then the overlay of the stoic semi-transparent horse in his sunglasses came to life. Nodding its

head and neighing loudly at Mark, the horse turned and began galloping alongside the road ahead of him, matching his incredible 60 mph speed with virtual ease. An update to the GPS navigation system, courtesy of Orion I’m sure, thought Mark. Following the horse as it turned left then right along the road ahead, the beautiful animal soon slowed to a trot before making one final turn to the right and stopping in front of a large white barn set back from the road. Against the dark-green shingled roof, letters in white script boldly proclaimed, “Home of Dan Patch 1:55.” The virtual horse looked back at Mark, neighed one last time while tossing its long, luxurious mane like a rock star, then it trotted toward the barn and vanished through the closed door, its mission complete.

A few moments later, a small blue four-door vehicle rolled through the roadside gravel. Jim and Steph smiled and waved quickly through the windshield as all four doors opened. Soon everyone had stepped out of the car, all stretching their legs and backs and laughing at something as they all greeted Mark.

“Well, here we are. Stop number one on this *Weird Indiana* adventure!” chuckled Jim.

Julie, a wonderfully boisterous middle-aged member of the team with a large heart, walked over to a nearby grave marker. Carved in profile on the granite gray stone, the head of a harnessed horse looked toward its name and the dates 1896-1916 bounding its 20-year lifetime.

“So, do you suppose they buried him standing up? You’d have to dig the grave a little deeper, but not as wide, of course” Julie commented, feigning seriousness. Her wavy auburn-colored, shoulder-length hair danced in the breeze.

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SECRET SYNCHRONICITY *continued*

"Oh, the horse isn't buried here at all," replied Jim. "What I've found out is that Dan Patch, who set the world record for horse racing in 1906, is buried in an unmarked grave on a farm in Minnesota. His owner, who cherished that horse, died less than two days later. But history tells us that Dan Patch was born here, in that barn, on April 29, 1896."

Physically smaller than the rest of the group members, Sam carried a high energy aura with her everywhere. Her background in the library arts added decisive clarity and focus when she engaged in conversations, and kind-hearted mirth was indeed part of her soul. Sam loved horses and owned one herself, adding "Yeah! I've read about Dan Patch. He broke the record for the mile run in 1 minute 55 seconds. All that happened over 100 years ago now. Yet, here stands this touching tribute to a bygone era and a long-forgotten horse."

Jim took a few photographs for the book, as did Mark, mostly because he wondered where Orion was now, and he was trying to spot him. But, the MIB had perfected the art of blending into the surroundings. Then, just as quickly as they had arrived, these members of GOO were back on the road traveling to the next stop on this weird tour of Indiana, Mark following closely behind. In quick succession, similar stops repeated at other roadside oddities off the beaten path, including a bridge supposedly made from the arcing trusses of the world's first Ferris wheel, a giant pink elephant with dark glasses holding a martini glass, a religious grotto built from geodes, and the Our Lady of Mount Carmel Monastery with its own religious grotto creations highlighted by fluorescent-neon rock murals revealed in blacklight illumination. By this point, Mark had decided that Indiana was indeed

home to many weird things, quite worthy of its own book!

Along another nondescript two-lane road hours later, Mark's cell phone rang. It was Steph, telling him their last stop was the Sun Aura Resort, and to watch for their turn signal. "Oh, boy," thought Mark. Originally a nudist camp started in the 1930s by a Chicago lawyer as Club Zoro then renamed Naked City during another owner in the early 1970s, the Resort was their last stop on this trip today. Inside the virtual world overlay of his special loaner sunglasses, a scantily clad babe materialized and provocatively began removing what little virtual clothes she had on. "Orion, cut it out!" Mark hollered out. He knew perfectly well that the MIB agent could hear him, wherever the hell he was. The virtually projected and now nearly naked lady just giggled, turned, and amorously sauntered off the edge of the dark sunglass lens. And then her bare leg casually reappeared, pointing toward the faded resort sign and turnoff coming up.

Following Jim's car nicknamed "Old Blue," Mark turned onto a road that had not been well maintained, winding through the heavy woods around them. Eventually, they reached an old gateway of sorts. Faded and rusty signs here communicated two distinct messages: "PRIVATE PROPERTY" and "CLOTHING OPTIONAL AFTER THIS POINT." Mark hadn't even thought to ask Jim about this little detail of their adventure.

Stopping in front of the gate, Jim hopped out of his car, and Mark rolled down his window. "This seems to be the right place," Jim said grinning.

"Umm... we can keep our clothes on for this, right?" asked Mark a bit hesitantly.

"Yeah! They're totally cool with that for this book-related interview. Sorry, I meant to tell you that earlier today," Jim responded with a grin, noticing the light red blush in Mark's face and questioning expression. Racing back to his car, the two vehicles rolled past the point of clothing no-return and, seemingly, into a different era of time.

If you could walk onto the set of a 1970s TV show, as Jim later quite accurately described, you might envision what Sun Aura Resort looked like. Well, all except for the naked people working their gardens, grilling out, walking or cycling along the bike paths, or rolling along in fast-moving golf carts that relayed every bump to the bouncier body parts of the various occupants. The resort members unambiguously featured both men and women, many of whom were far older than the young-swinging 1970s vibe of the place suggested they should be. Mark followed Jim's car and parked alongside a cylindrical windowed pavilion.

Getting out of their cars, the object of their investigation stood directly in front of them: an artistically crafted flat-profile version of a young woman's naked leg, painted in semi-neon pink, arcing above a dilapidated and oddly shaped platform trimmed in red, white, and blue. The sun cast a distorted naked leg shadow onto the ground pointing to...nothing. Not much of a sundial, thought Mark, suddenly wondering if nudists were allowed to wear watches. Sticking tightly together invoking the safety in numbers theory, these fully clothed GOO members walked up to the entrance to the circular building.

Beside the entryway, several mangled and broken cameras drew one's attention to an attached sign stating,

(continued on page 12.)

SECRET SYNCHRONICITY *continued*

“NO CAMERAS ALLOWED.” Mark looked down at the Canon One-Shot camera in his hand and nervously pocketed it from view. Suddenly realizing that this created the potential for an even more embarrassing problem, he took the camera back out of his pocket and promptly dropped it on the floor. Now beet red in the face, Mark picked up his camera and tried to conceal it as much as possible in his hands as they walked inside.

The mostly hollow interior of the cylindrical building wrapped away from them in both directions. A nearby sign pointed to the lower level touting spas and massage parlor rooms. Stuck in time as well, all of the interior décor matched the early 1970s colors and accents.

“James Willis, I presume?” questioned a suntanned man getting up from a small feast of rotisserie chicken and fixings sans utensils. He wore a somewhat longer than normal tie-dye T-shirt, flip-flops, and nothing else. Extending his hand, Jim seemed to move in slow motion as he took all of the scene in at once before shaking hands with the half-naked man in front of them.

“Yes, indeed. I am Jim Willis, and these,” said Jim, gesturing to Steph, Julie, Sam, and Mark, “are members of my book research team helping me.” Everyone nodded and waved to the nudist in the T-shirt.

“Alright, let’s head outside then, and I’ll tell you what I know,” said the nudist leader. Passing several scantily clad members lounging in the open pavilion staring inquiringly at these fully clothed tourists, he led the way to the next outer door. Once beside the sundial, he told what he knew of its history like a practiced museum docent. It all seemed rather ordinary. Jim, Steph, Julie, and Mark listened and made mental notes for later, something complicated by the

fact that they were trying to ignore all the naked people activities going on within the surrounding view. Mark nervously tried taking pictures of the sundial when naked folk were not in the picture. That’s when he spotted Orion in the distance, walking nonchalantly along a path, wearing only his signature black sunglasses and admiring all the scenery passing by.

“Everyone, please stand in front of the sundial for a group picture!” Steph expertly lined up the group against the neon-pink leg behind them. Smiling toward the camera, two things became simultaneously engraved in Mark’s memory for all time—something hidden behind their grins in that one picture and Mark’s red-blushed face. Firstly, it was really impossible to avoid seeing the oncoming golf cart of Lady Godiva look-alikes merrily driving along the path.

Secondly, the nudist leader’s T-shirt wasn’t nearly long enough when he lifted the camera up to take their picture.

Packing up to leave, Sam remarked “Well, that’s something you don’t see every day. Nor would I want too!”



Julie laughed and added, “Yeah. Maybe if I were in my twenties, I might have enjoyed it,” she mused. “But half the naked people here are as old as me! They really need to put their clothes back on.”

Checking his camera, Mark only then realized that he had forgotten to insert the digital storage card and did not have a single picture to show anyone he had ever been here. Perhaps that was for the best. On the drive out, they passed a sign at the Sun Aura Resort exit stating, **“YOU MUST BE DRESSED BEYOND THIS POINT.”** No problem there, thought Mark, looking down to reassure himself anyway this was true. He wondered if he should tell Orion they had all left, but then decided against it. He seemed to be having too much fun with the natives. Selecting a clearly appropriate classic song from his digital library, Mark began his long drive home to Ohio, singing “On a dark desert highway, Cool wind in my hair...”



Coming in the June Newsletter
Chapter Five: All the world is but a stage

A NOTE ON OUR APPEARANCES CALENDAR

At present time, all of the following appearances and presentations are still going to take place as scheduled. In the event that the rules and regulations regarding COVID-19 and the size of gatherings will make it so the event cannot take place as scheduled, we will take every attempt necessary to see the event is rescheduled.

As always, 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.

Hope to see you all 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

While The Ghosts of Ohio are continuing to schedule investigations and consultations for 2020, the current situation with COVID-19 has most certainly changed the way we conduct business. Until further notice, The Ghosts Of Ohio is not permitted to conduct investigations within private homes and businesses based on the current Ohio Stay At Home Order.

However, that does not mean we cannot conduct photo interviews and begin background work in preparation for the time when the Stay At Home Order is lifted. 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.

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 all of 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

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