



# The ghosts of Ohio<sup>®</sup> Newsletter

www.ghostsofohio.org

Volume 18 Issue 3

## So what now?

*The light at the end of the tunnel is just the light of an oncoming train.*

—Robert Lowell



James

Vaccines are being pushed out. The number of new COVID cases are falling. Curfews are being reduced or even lifted altogether. More businesses are opening back up. It would seem that when it comes to COVID, when all things are considered, we are starting to trend in the right direction.

So now what? More importantly, what does this mean to the paranormal community?

I think I can speak for paranormal enthusiasts everywhere when I say that we are all chomping at the bit to just get out there and explore/investigate/hunt. Sure, I've been keeping myself busy with all things strange and spooky during "lockdown." In the past year, I managed to whittle down the pile of "to read" books on my nightstand—OK, it was actually a pile that went across my nightstand and had a 2-stack-wide pile on the floor. Regardless, all the books are now neatly piled on my nightstand.

I've also been doing research on what turned into 6 different book proposals. I was even able to finally catalog and archive the enormous pile of data we've compiled from investigations—roughly 800 DVDs, 2,800 photos, and almost an entire terabyte of audio. Still, I want more. I NEED more.

For me, nothing beats doing research on a particular location and then going all boots on the ground and

spending time inside said location. I truly believe that one cannot fully appreciate a location until you've spent time inside it.

When I think of the fact that most of these locations have been sitting unexplored for almost a year now, I can't help but wonder what will happen when they are all open for business again. I can't help but think that as much as we've missed the ghosts, they've missed us almost as much.

Still, I could see us all rushing out, EMFs ablazing, and scaring the ghosts away. Who knows? Maybe they've gotten used to their ghostly isolation and have come to welcome it. Which is why my advice would be to tread softly. That's because I think the time we've spent apart from ghosts could make for some interesting exchanges. We've been away from each other for far too long, and I think if ever a time when ghosts might have something to say, it's now.

That's why when I finally get the chance to explore haunted locations again, I am going to announce myself like this:

*Hi, my name is James. I've missed you.*

Cheers,

James A. Willis

Founder/Director

# SURVIVING DEATH



Wendy

Surviving your death. One of the many debated life events. It is widely accepted that the human body is filled with energy; what many would term “the

soul.” One theory is that the soul is the brain, and when the brain dies, that is the end of that person. A competing theory is that the soul is contained within the brain, and when the brain dies, the soul, which is energy and cannot be destroyed, goes free and travels on. To what? Another realm of being, heaven, another dimension? The debate has gone on for probably as long as the creature we call human has been able to think and communicate. And the belief of where the soul goes is often attached to various religions.

Which brings us to reincarnation, the belief that a soul comes back to be reborn in a physical body after death. More widely accepted in Eastern religions, it is now becoming more accepted by western ones. I read about this back in the 1970s in the many unexplained mystery-type paperbacks that were so prevalent then. And I believed them heart and soul; I had been talking about a past life to my parents since I was 3 years old.

As we become more educated and open to more esoteric beliefs, the western world has embraced the concept. After all, if, according to the Christian religion, Jesus will come back. That is rebirth, right? From stories of people who die in hospitals, “see” themselves in the hospital bed, and travel around the hospital, only to be popped back into their body during resuscitation, to people who can remember living lives before, the subject is worth exploring.

Enter the book *Surviving Death: Evidence of the Afterlife* by Leslie Kean. This was recently loaned to me by fellow Ghost of Ohio member Frank Yensel. Leslie Kean is an investigative journalist probably most noted for her book *UFOs: Generals, Pilots and Government Officials Go on the Record*. Her new book now takes a look at near-death experiences, recorded past life investigations, and the attempt to contact the spiritual world. Some of the chapters in the book are written by the experiencers themselves. The stories are astonishing and exciting—I had no idea so many American children of the past 20 or so years had been studied so extensively.

As for me, I began telling my mom about the Indian girl in my room when I was about 2 ½. After hearing me tell her about this again and again, she asked me who the girl was. My response? Me. I had memories I could not articulate other than to talk about stone walls and circles, but I was pretty adamant about what I was seeing and remembering. Then in a junior high earth sciences class, I saw a film that sent me crying to the girl's bathroom. As I watched the film, I



## SURVIVING DEATH

A JOURNALIST INVESTIGATES  
EVIDENCE FOR AN AFTERLIFE

LESLIE KEAN

New York Times Bestselling Author of  
*UFOs: Generals, Pilots, and Government Officials Go on the Record*

knew what was going to be shown next. It was like watching what I had been seeing in my mind playing out on the screen. It did not give me relief; it freaked me out.

The film was a new documentary about Chaco Canyon in the Four Corners region of Northwest New Mexico. What I was remembering in my mind is what is now called Pueblo Bonita, and the photograph of the doorways I saw again and again in my childhood in the sixties. To see it on

(continued on page 3.)

# SURVIVING DEATH continued

the screen was very, very upsetting. The culture there disappeared due to repeated droughts, fighting, and cannibalism. Once I saw this film and told my parents what the place I had been remembering since childhood was, I became obsessed with finding out more. Back then, doing research was harder than it is today. I was 11 years old, and resources weren't easy to come by. Chaco is in a deserted area of the country, and in the 1960s and 1970s it was pretty unknown. Even today you cannot get onto that site without working with the Indian nations that now live in that area.

As I've gotten older, the feeling of being there and seeing and hearing what went on there became a lot dimmer. Whereas in my 20s all I could think of was to get there and be there, today my interest in seeing Chaco has been dampened. Mostly because it is such a desolate area and hard to get to, but also because I'm afraid it may stir up things that I really do not want to deal with. Seeing Mesa Verde in Colorado gave me a small taste of what Chaco is, and who knows...it may become something I feel compelled to do in the future.

And how do doctors and psychiatrists view things like this? Is it really a remembrance of a past life? Or is it a

high form of ESP, with the child actually reading the thoughts of another person and creating a past life from that? Are some people more susceptible to energy history? Again, a highly debatable subject, and the book delves into chapters written by doctors and psychiatrists and their thoughts on the subject matter found therein.

*Surviving Death* gives a lot of details about the way the experiencers were tested, recorded, and interviewed and what these children went through due to having a past life interfere into a current one. What I experienced and remember is mild compared to what they went through. I don't find ESP being a likely answer for what they experienced. If it isn't a life they lived before, then were they being afflicted with some sort of memory download, and if so, why did they receive it? I found their stories, along with the stories of near-death survivors and the research into physical mediumship, compelling.



If you have an interest in this subject, this book is a cut above the rest due to how it was researched and written. With input from witnesses, professionals, and a stab at table tilting, *Surviving Death* just begins to quench the thirst for knowledge on the afterlife.

## 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](mailto: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!



# 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.*

## CHAPTER EIGHT: “FIRE AND ICE, PART 1”



Mark

Approaching the Hangar 4 complex along the old flight line, Darrin pointed to the wide expanse of concrete rising up the ridgeline to the

east, saying, “Surely, that is not what it looks like...”

“It is, in fact, exactly what it looks like,” Mark answered before Darrin could finish his sentence. “An aircraft runway running uphill. Though, downhill I suppose is the more technically correct description.” Jim and Darrin both expressed their amazement.

Mark continued, “I’ve seen old base photographs showing aircraft parked along those overgrown, adjacent concrete pads. For a brief time, it was known as the Accelerated Runway, as it provided some additional takeoff speed for heavy aircraft via gravity assist. Rapid development of powerful jet engine technology quickly made it obsolete. When I was a kid growing up in Dayton in the 1970s, the Air Force allowed Soap Box Derby competitions there. In my teen years, I sat on that very hillside along with thousands of Boy Scouts attending the 1976

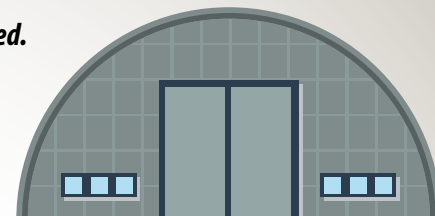
Wright-Patterson Bicentennial Jamboree during a ceremonial campfire program.”

“Well now, that’s a curious thing,” said Jim, then inquiring of Mark, “I’ll bet you had no idea then that your career path would lead you back here, working right next door?”

“Not a clue,” replied Mark, thinking of that long ago gathering of Boy Scouts and the vast layout of campsites and tents that sprawled across the old field. “Definitely an odd coincidence. Sometimes it seems like someone stealthily guided my destiny from the shadows, to end up here precisely when I did, all those years ago.” And that was true, thought Mark in more ways than one, wondering how far back in time the MIB truly began orchestrating timelines and event sequences.

Darrin pointed to the massive, multileveled concrete building near the base of the inclined runway. The huge hangar doors on its southern side stood over five stories tall. “Speaking of curious things, what pray tell is that?” he asked.

“Ah, Building 65,” answered Mark. “That’s the Static Test Facility, where engineers stress airframes to the breaking point. They tortuously hang airplanes



vertically in that giant space while simulating strenuous flight forces on the fuselage and wings. Army Air Corps completed its construction, like the Hangar 4 complex, during World War II, in 1944. Before that, they operated out of a much smaller facility in the north end of Area B, in Building 18.”

“Darn! Not Hangar 18?” Jim asked, a little disappointed.

“No, there is no such hangar at WPAFB. Not here in Area B, nor in Area A,” replied Mark.

“Nothing’s ever that easy, is it?” Jim noted with a small grin.

“Hardly,” chuckled Mark without missing a beat. “Building 18 did once have hangar doors, so I can see the confusion that could cause. But that was simply because it was built directly across from the aircraft assembly buildings, making it very convenient to roll production prototypes off the assembly line for testing. Sized for WWI era bi-wing and smaller aircraft in the 1920s and 1930s, they simply ran out of space, given the rapid increase in military aircraft size leading up to World War II.”

A minute later, the trio had returned to their starting point, parking on the now poorly maintained flight-line tarmac

(continued on page 5.)

## SECRET SYNCHRONICITY *continued*

spreading out in front of the Hangar 4 complex. Of course, the broken and dilapidated concrete beneath their lengthening shadows, covering acres of space, had once been freshly poured...

It was an overcast, rainy sort of day on Monday, March 5, 1945, unseasonably warm with a temperature hovering around 58° F at Wright Field. Hardly a year old that day, the expansive Hangar 4 complex presented five interconnected concrete arches to the western sky. Partially retracted hangar doors revealed ground crews tending the numerous aircrafts sheltered within. The 5th hangar on the north end sheltered a new B-32 Superbomber alongside a B-29 Superfortress and five other smaller military planes. An Army Air Corps soldier rolled up on a bicycle and leaned it against the flight-line management enclosure that extended between the nearest arch. A perfectly ordinary day, hinting at the coming spring. World War II still waged on in Europe and the Pacific, four long years after the United States had entered the conflict after the bombing of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941.

At the northern end of the triangular arrangement of interconnected runways, a large C-60 twin-engine cargo plane began rolling southward, picking up speed as it accelerated for takeoff. Inside, the young crew of five men went about their flight duties as the C-60 lifted into the air. Pilot Lt. Edwin Browner Jr., age 25, and his co-pilot Lt. Robert Jackson, age 24, watched the runway descend away from them as the aircraft climbed skyward.

Just an ordinary test flight on an otherwise unremarkable day.

All along the Hangar 4 complex, workers went about their daily tasks, scarcely paying attention to the drone of the C-60's props taking off to the west. Planes routinely took off or landed, and there was work to be done. Eyewitnesses who happened to look westward at this moment saw the C-60 struggling to gain altitude with a nose-heavy pitch only 100 feet above the ground. The frantic wobbling of the plane's attitude revealed the pilot's desperate struggle to maintain control of an aircraft that now careened southeast—directly toward the Hangar 4 complex at full throttle. Two crewmen on the doomed aircraft jumped from an opened hatch, dying instantly from the fall to the ground, likely a split-second decision on the better of two terrible and deadly fates. By this point, the young pilot had lost all

control of the aircraft, which now aimed squarely for the north hangar and its fully fueled aircraft and ground crew personnel.

A moment later, at 1:58 PM, a horrendous explosion rocked the Hangar 4 complex as the C-60 crashed into the northern hangar bay. Two workers inside the fuselage of the B-29 aircraft met different fates. One man escaped without injury; the other frantically leaped the wrong way into a pool of flaming gasoline. The fireball that erupted immediately upon the crash of the C-60 engulfed all the damaged aircraft laden with fuel and oxygen. Within seconds, flames and churning black smoke reached 300 feet into the air, while terrified screams of the injured and dying added to the chorus of chaos.

It took two hours and over a half-dozen fire trucks to contain and extinguish the raging inferno



*The Journal Herald (Dayton, Ohio). March 6, 1945, p. 12.*

## SECRET SYNCHRONICITY *continued*

that ate away at the new concrete walls of the hangar and broke every window. Many of the victims were burned beyond recognition, including the three remaining C-60 flight crew members and ground crew personnel trapped in the wreckage. In a few brief moments, this unprecedented airfield disaster took the irreplaceable lives of 8 men, with damages exceeding \$3,000,000 in 1945 currency value.

The tragedy that fateful afternoon soon receded into history, though, covered over and forgotten by a city and a world fiercely at war. Few now live who remember that sad day. But the universe has a peculiar malleability. Sometimes from such tragedy it creates an indelible imprint that captures an echo of strong human emotions that occasionally replay far into the future. And sometimes, it traps more than just emotions, etched-in scenes, or human struggles from the past. Sometimes, it traps the very spirits of those who have passed on...

Against this historic backdrop, the cracked and deteriorating tarmac once more stretched out beneath the feet of Jim, Darrin, and Mark as they stood quietly reflecting on that dreadful day and events long before they were even born. Time had erased all evidence of the disastrous damage to the Hangar 4 complex. Unless you knew this airfield history, mostly frozen in time in old newspaper accounts of the day, there really was no visual clue left. Though it took years, the most seriously damaged hangar had been repaired with as-new replacements for hangar doors

and windows ordered from then still recent architectural blueprints and construction efforts.

The line of five interconnected hangars solidly stood their ground as the decades rolled by on the calendars. While thousands of sunny days slowly faded the emblems of the Army Air Corps painted on the archway buttresses, to the outside world, the Hangar 4 complex aged very little. The once powerful B-29 Superfortress bombers once sheltered within soon gave way to newer aircraft, new missions, and new experimental repurposing of the cavernous chambers.

Tonight's off-the-record Ghosts of Ohio paranormal investigation focused on the March 5, 1945, air crash disaster. Both Jim and Mark had completed hours of historic research on the events of that tragic day and had prepared accordingly. While Hangar 4B had suffered some fire and smoke damage, the concrete construction and fire door separations had spared this area from the brunt of the massive damage that had occurred in adjacent Hangar 4A. Still, it seemed "close enough" for investigative purposes.

Besides, several odd events had recently occurred that supported that hypothesis in Mark's mind. One of his team's younger engineers had, in fact, observed something very strange indeed. While traversing an area of Hangar 4B outside the top-level laboratory walls, she had passed by someone seemingly dressed all in gray that she did not recognize. Noting the lack of required badge credentials, she turned to ask if she could help

him. And there was no one there. She had no knowledge of the airplane crash history either. Another story involved a seasoned technician encountering odd situations where his instrumentation equipment would physically switch off and back on, as if invisible fingers pushed the physically required buttons, and perhaps they had. And both this technician and Mark, working late one evening in the top-side laboratory, distinctly heard something heavy rolling just outside of the curtained partition around them. Opening the curtain there was nothing, and no one, there. That same evening, a fluorescent light illuminating the adjacent walkway around the curtains turned itself off too.

Years earlier, Mark and a colleague working late one night both heard an enormous crashing sound out in the high bay area of the undeveloped hangar space that had no apparent source. That was very strange. Over the years when he found himself working alone late at night in his topside laboratory office, knowing he was indeed alone, Mark would occasionally hear doors open and close in the adjacent hallway. Whenever he investigated these sounds, the hallway remained dark and silent.

On the whole, something peculiar seemed to be particularly active and worthy of GOO investigation, and there was certainly historical evidence for why. Of course, Mark's only stipulation to Jim and Darrin was that this investigation remain off the books and certainly not discussed beyond GOO, the

## SECRET SYNCHRONICITY *continued*

same as any private client investigations. As he had told Jim, "Welcome to my world, a place where you can neither confirm nor deny anything you know." As the sun settled on the western horizon, bathing the concrete hangar arches in an amber hue, the trio walked inside of Hangar 4B to begin their adventure.

In the TANIS darkened control room deep underground, Mark's MIB managers quietly noted the trio's progress and entry. Orion unfolded his arms and checked off the second box on his list of objectives. Turning to Arcturus, he asked, "How long does the new neuromorphic brain scanner take to warm up?"

"Forty-five minutes," replied Arcturus, looking at his watch. "Proceed."

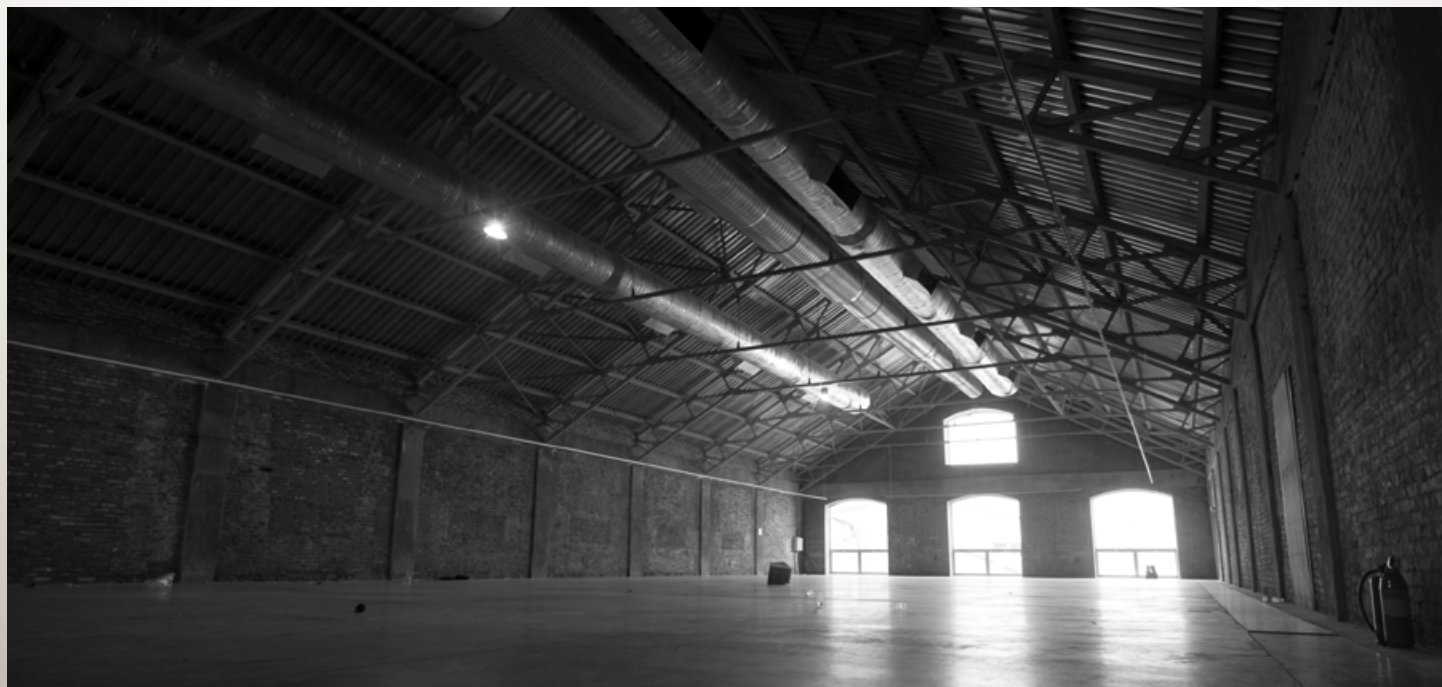
Orion touched a nearby security-authorization panel that responded with a deep blue glow to his handprint before speaking the

command, "Activate the Daedalus device."

The ever-ethereal voice of the facility's computer control system announced, "Warm-up sequence activated. Portal telemetry feeds online. Memory matrix storage allocations completed. Neuromorphic interface setup underway and will complete in 45 minutes."

"And now, we wait once more," conceded Arcturus, sipping his third cup of coffee as he pondered his next critical moves from deep in the shadows. He wasn't sure there was anything to all that paranormal investigation stuff Mark had established, besides the realistic facade of truth it intended. But the subject intrigued him, nonetheless. After all, as Shakespeare eloquently wrote into Hamlet's soliloquy: "There are more things in heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

**Coming in the  
February Newsletter**  
*Fire and Ice*  
Part 2



# GHOSTLY SUPERSTITIONS



Samantha

When I was in college years ago, I remember riding in a car with my good friend Alex. As we passed a cemetery he said, "Don't forget to hold your breath." I had no idea what he meant, so I asked, "Why?" His reply: "Because it's not polite to breathe when others can't."

We both had a chuckle over it at the time. However, this memory has made me wonder what other ghostly superstitions might exist among the living. After a little searching, I found quite a few oddities that I'm happy to share with you here. Please be aware that I am not endorsing any of these tips. I simply find them highly entertaining. I hope you will, too.



- Ghosts hate the smell of garlic, so be sure to have some around all of your doors and windows to repel them from your home.



- Paint your porch "haint blue" to fool spirits into thinking they've reached water. Since they can't cross water, they'll stay out of your house.



- Since ghosts can only travel in straight lines, you should have a curved roof and/or driveway to make it impossible to enter your home.

- The Northeast corner of a building is most susceptible to ghost entry, so you should fortify it with a tall structure or avoid putting windows & doors there.

- Spirits are everywhere, so you should build special "spirit houses" to entice them to dwell there rather than in your home.

- If a spirit makes strange sounds throughout the night and knocks against the floor, replace the floor and the activity will stop.



- Ghosts only come out at night. To make one go away, pretend to be a rooster at daybreak.



- To keep spirits from entering through cracks in the door, sprinkle mustard seeds around the doorstep before bed, or place some sort of sieve on the doorstep. Before entering, spirits are compelled to stop and count all of the seeds or holes in the sieve. This will take so long that daylight will come and they will flee.



- Nailing a horseshoe to your door will ward off unwanted spirits.

- If you have a ghost you can't get rid of, hang something new over your door. After all, spirits hate things that are new.

- Ghosts are attracted to the sounds of wind chimes and singing.

- Don't walk on someone's grave unless you want to be haunted by their spirit.



- If you're walking in the dark, be sure to have bread in your pocket as an offering to ghosts.

- It's possible to harm a ghost by slamming a door. If this happens, that ghost may haunt you the rest of your life.

- When passing a cemetery or a place where someone died, turn your pockets inside out so that you don't bring a ghost home in your pocket.



- To avoid a spirit, turn your coat, pants and hat inside out so that you won't be noticed.

- If you want a spirit to go away, turn and address them by saying, "In the name of the Lord, what do you want?" The spirit will then tell you everything and never trouble you again.

- To make a ghost disappear, walk around it nine times.

What ghost-related superstitions have you heard? We'd love to hear them!



## Investigations & Consultations

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](mailto: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>

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