



The Ghosts of Ohio[®] Newsletter

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Volume 9 Issue 1

From the Spooky Desk of James Willis: I Do Not Rock, But I Do Recycle



Last month, I got my very first official hate mail. Well, perhaps “hate” is too strong a word, as this person was merely taking issue with some of the articles from the August newsletter. In particular, the ones

pertaining to Zak Bagans and his show, Paranormal Challenge. The author claimed that Ghost Adventures “rocks” and that I was disrespectful because I was jealous and/or envious of Zak and his shows—implying, much to my chagrin, that I do not “rock.”

I’ve since come to terms with my inability to rock. What’s more, I couldn’t have been more excited to have

received that mail. I even went so far as to invite the author to write an article for this newsletter. My request has, as of this writing, gone unanswered. A shame, really, because while I stand by what was written in the August newsletter (and all other issues of the newsletter, for that matter), I think the fact that someone disagreed with what I have written there proves exactly what I have been preaching for years—when it comes to ghosts, no one has all the answers.

Does that mean that Zak Bagans is an investigator that should be taken seriously? Absolutely not! But please, disagree with me! Argue your position with me and see if you can convince me otherwise! I’ve yet to find my personal

proof of existence of ghosts, so clearly I still have a lot to learn.

When all is said and done, we here at The Ghosts of Ohio want you, our readers, to snatch up every issue of our newsletter and devour it. And when you’re done, sit back and slowly digest it while pondering all you’ve just enjoyed. Nod in approval with the points you agree with and disregard those you don’t. But above all, think about what you’ve read. Because as long as we’ve made you think, we’ve done our jobs!

Cheers,
James A. Willis
Founder/Director

SYFY Show is More Scare Than Snooze: “Paranormal Witness” Review



SyFy’s new show “Paranormal Witness” does what many other paranormal reality shows have not been able to do in recent years: create a unique paranormal show concept. However, it does borrow its format

from the classic reality television of the 1990s, imitating shows like “Unsolved Mysteries” or “Rescue 911.” The hour-long show takes one or two paranormal experiences, ranging from hauntings and UFOs to Bigfoot and Ouija board experiences, and explains the experiences of the eyewitnesses. The show smoothly combines witness interviews with actor reenactments to tell the story. It weaves the dialogue, which will sometimes include actual 911 call tapes, home videos, or personal photographs, with the story in a seamless way. The storytelling and interviews are engaging and interesting. The witnesses seem sincere and believable. The reenactments are

suspenseful like a horror movie, with dramatic scenes, music, and sound effects. Some footage even resembles the very haunting “Paranormal Activity” movie’s style. The only issue that

piques my curiosity is why, after over 13 years conducting private investigations at some of the country’s most haunted locations, has The Ghosts of Ohio never encountered activity even remotely as dramatic as the stories on this show? In addition, shows like “Ghost Hunters,” “Ghost Adventures,” or “Paranormal State” never collect solid evidence that could even hold a candle to the dramatic events that are replayed on this show. Oddly, the majority of the incidents on the show occurred primarily in the 1990s. One may wonder how much detail of the story you could possibly recall after over a decade of time has passed. And, how much of the story had



to be embellished for dramatic storytelling purposes? Because, as we all should know by now, there is no such thing as “reality” television; it leaves me wondering how much is real and how much of it is for entertainment purposes. Overall, “Paranormal Witness” is a combination of the most frightful parts of “Paranormal Activity” with the intriguing storytelling of “Unsolved Mysteries.” It’s refreshing that SyFy was able to break out of the cookie-cutter ghost mold with this new show. I recommend watching this one with the lights on!

Rating:

The Ghosts of Ohio Go “Old School” at Waverly Hills Sanatorium



It was a dark and stormy night. Suddenly, a woman screamed. That was me, trying to find my way to the Sanatorium whilst dragging the following group of cars behind me as I toured the lovely homes built along

the golf course, cursing out my Magellan Roadmaster. Well, at least the views were pleasant. And it wasn't stormy...it was clear and humid. A nice thunderstorm would have been wonderfully atmospheric, but sometimes you just can't have your cake and eat it too.

On Tuesday night, August 23, The Ghosts of Ohio invaded Waverly Hills Sanatorium for a private night of “old school” investigating. We went in without plug-in DVR systems and sound systems, and left the Vernier Lab Pro back in Columbus, preferring to tackle the massive structure with only our hand-held devices and senses. After everyone else who got lost arrived, we ran around taking pictures of the outside of the building before heading in for a tour given by our volunteer for the evening, Tiffany. Once our tour was completed, we gathered at our “base camp” in the museum/gift shop for some final words from Jim and to grab some equipment. Taking a look around, the equipment pieces of choice were digital voice recorders and cameras. Several



people took along camcorders and EMF detectors, but I think the bulk of the investigating was done simply by walking through our assigned areas and watching the shadows. Sometimes it is good to just let all the equipment go by the wayside and just sit, look, and listen. You also don't spend three of your precious investigating hours running setup and teardown.

My group consisted of fellow Ghosts of Ohio members Jeff Craig and Tina Ferris, along with two of our contest winners, Penny Brown and Tiffany Mingus. After showing some handhelds to our winners, we headed off to our first assigned spot, the second floor. Here the ghost of a little girl is seen, although her name is unknown. We sat in the area where she was last sighted for a bit, and then did a walk through of the rest of the floor. All in all, nothing much happened there. We headed back to base camp for our between assignments rendezvous, where we could grab a drink, a munchie, and discuss with the whole group anything we had experienced, and to give the next group in that spot a heads up as to possible activity.

Floor number 3 was next for us, and this is where “Timmy” supposedly comes out to play. So we grabbed a green rubber ball, and kicked it down the corridor as we made our way through the building. We (and the ball) stopped at a double door opening, and hung out there, trying to get EVPs. Jeff and Penny headed down the hallway to continue investigating. At this time, I kept feeling like something was coming up behind me, but could see nothing. I asked Tina to stand next to me and see if she could feel anything. She was undecided, so we walked into the room next door to investigate some light flashes (another group in the other wing of the building). Next, Tina, Tiffany, and I crossed the hall into another room and out onto the portico for some air. We came back into the hallway, and there at our feet was the ball, approximately five feet from where we had left it.

As we questioned each other, “Did you kick it?” “I didn't move it.” “Where was it?”...we re-established the ball's initial resting spot, and then attempted to recreate movement. The floors in Waverly are not flat, so the balls have a tendency to roll quite a bit. We set it back in its original position against the double door, and then walked past it without brushing it. No movement. I then walked past, brushing it with the tip



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My Personal Experience: Waverly Hills Sanatorium

By: Oliver L. & Lady D, Cincinnati, OH

It was Saturday, July 19, 2008, when the following took place at Waverly Hills Sanatorium. Oliver and I had planned an outing to visit one of the most haunted places in America, Waverly Hills Sanatorium. We drove down from the Greater Cincinnati area to begin our tour at 10 p.m. that night. Two extremely knowledgeable guides conducted the two-hour long tour.

The tour began at a little past 10 p.m. They split the initial group up into two smaller groups of approximately 20 to 30 people each due to the large amount of people booked for this particular tour. Our tour started in the first floor of the building and the plan was to travel up until we reached the most notorious floor, the fifth floor, which contained Room 502. During one of the brief stops in one of the rooms, Oliver was able to capture on his digital camera what appeared to be an orb. Both tour guides confirmed that it was indeed an orb. Oliver was extremely excited that he had caught this phenomenon.

The tour proceeded up to the fifth floor. The tour guide briefly gave a history of what had occurred outside and inside of Room 502. Once she had given her brief history, she allowed the group to proceed into the room. Oliver and I hung back as he felt it would be easier to capture something in the room if it were not so crowded. I proceeded into the room before him. I walked into the room very briefly and turned to walk back out, passing Oliver and another one of the group members in the doorway. I briefly stopped to check out the outer room and it was at that time that I heard the other group member ask, "You okay dude?" With this, I turned around and saw him holding Oliver up by his left arm and Oliver nearly on the ground. I

immediately requested that he lower Oliver all the way to the ground as he had an injured shoulder and I did not want it injured further. I got onto the right side of Oliver and started to speak to him. By this time, he was almost all the way to the ground with his head hanging very low. He was extremely limp and when I could get down close enough to him to look into his face, he appeared to be almost in a trance-like state. The remainder of the group had moved on, but the "back" tour guide was standing just out of the line of site of what was going on in the room. The other group member requested him to come into the room to assist us. He came into the room and started asking Oliver if he was okay. The only time Oliver ever responded coherently up to this point was when the group member had asked him if he was a diabetic. Oliver had responded with a very strong "NO" to this question and I did confirm that he was not a diabetic. The tour guide continually tried to get Oliver to drink some water I was offering, but he refused. He also continued to talk to Oliver in an almost soothing manner as if he did not want to startle or frighten him. It was during this time Oliver started speaking very incoherently, almost as a person would if they had just had a stroke. The group member then started talking as if he were speaking to another person in the room asking "it" to release their hold on Oliver. I was still attempting to get Oliver to recognize me, but was being unsuccessful. He was still in a very relaxed state, but was close to being fully on the floor. At this point, he started moaning and I could feel him starting to get rigid. I decided the only way to get him "released" from whatever had him was to get him the

heck out of the room. I started pulling him to his feet almost begging him to get up so we could get him out of the room. The other group member was still talking to whatever had a hold of Oliver. When I finally was successful in getting Oliver fully standing, the other group member heard a whisper and what he described as a sinister laugh in his ear. I started pushing Oliver to the door out into the hallway and almost as if he had stepped through some magical curtain, the trancelike state left his face and he started speaking coherently asking what had happened. This whole episode probably only lasted about three to five minutes, but it almost seemed like a lifetime to me. He drank some water and took a bit of time to catch his breath. By this time, the rest of the group had continued out onto the rooftop and was taking a brief break. The tour guide continued to ask Oliver if he was okay, and Oliver stated he was. It was at this time, the other group member stated that upon entering the room, he had noticed three people reflected in the glass, which was directly opposite the door. He stated that all three people reflected were male. As the tour guide was outside the room and around the corner from the door (I know this because I was facing that way), and I am not male and was also not in view of the window, speculation was that whatever got a hold of Oliver within seconds of the two of them entering the room was what had been reflected in the window.

The tour guide directed us out to the rooftop where the remainder of the group was milling around. He did tell us that in the tour group before ours, the exact thing had happened to a young girl upon entering the same room.

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Investigations and Consultations: Continued Scheduling for 2011

The Ghosts of Ohio is continuing to schedule investigations for 2011 and into 2012. 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 now 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 Go Searching for Mothman in Point Pleasant, West Virginia



In September, there were reported sightings of Ghosts of Ohio members "haunting" the area of Point Pleasant, West Virginia, at the weekend-long 2011 Mothman Festival. And, we can confirm that there was definitely some paranormal activity occurring in Point Pleasant this year!

The year 2011 marked the 10th anniversary of the Mothman Festival, a festival commemorating the feared and respected "Mothman," who was said to be seen hovering over the tragic Silver Bridge collapse in 1967, in this very location. Since 1967, sightings of the Mothman have been reported throughout the Point Pleasant area. And, one

weekend in September, the Mothman "sightings" were abundant.

This year, the festival continued the traditions of the Mothman Beauty Pageant, Mothman Karaoke, Mothman Pancake Eating Contest, and Live Mothman Music. As usual, they also had dozens of vendors on hand selling souvenirs of anything Mothman-related, books, maps, t-shirts, and artwork. There were also many presentations throughout the afternoon from experts on the paranormal, ghosts, UFOs, and the Mothman. Guests also got to see Scooby Doo's Mystery Machine up close and hang out with the Star Wars gang and the Ghostbusters. And, as always, the Men in Black were suspiciously lurking around the festival.

The fun continued into the evening

on Saturday, with a "haunted" hayride at the TNT bunkers. The hayride always entertains, keeping guests on the edge of their hay bales, as red eyes lurk in the trees, spooky screams are heard from the woods, and the Mothman himself makes an aerial appearance.

This was my second time attending the Mothman Festival, and it was great to return and re-live the exciting moments and memories. The weather was gorgeous—the sky was blue, the sun was bright, and the air was cool. It made for perfect memories of a fun, quirky, unique festival that should be experienced at least once for all fans of the paranormal. For more information about the festival, visit <http://www.mothmanfestival.com>.

Rating:



Local government officials conduct a scan to determine if our tractor was radioactively contaminated before granting us access to the TNT area.



Sheri has a chance encounter with Mothman on the streets of Point Pleasant while Adam redeems himself from his 2009 disqualification from the annual Mothman Pancake Eating Contest.



Mothman re-enacts his historic flight over the TNT bunkers during the evening hayride.



Adam and Sheri take a moment to hear more frightening Mothman tales from a local raccoon and his friends after the hayride.



The Ghosts of Ohio Go “Old School” at Waverly Hills—Continued

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of my foot. It moved, but not without the “pong” sound you get when you contact a rubber ball. It also didn’t move down to where we found it. We casually bumped and nudged it, but found someone would have had to use just the right amount of force to get that ball to where we found it...otherwise it overshot and continued rolling. Very odd. Plus, kicking it, even lightly, caused that pong sound, which we would have heard. So, coincidence, or Timmy? Hmm...

We headed down the hall to where Jeff and Penny had disappeared with our lights off. As Tiffany and I were discussing what had happened to The Ghosts of Ohio at Mansfield this year, and Tina, who was on the right end of our three-person walking brigade, stopped and let out a little gasp, stating something had touched her. Tiffany said, “I may have brushed your shoulder.” But Tiffany was next to Tina’s left shoulder, and Tina was poked on her back, right below her right side collar bone. I checked the shadow behind Tina to make sure it was hers while Tiffany took some pictures. By that time, Jeff and Penny had double backed and arrived to hear about the ball movement and the touch that Tina felt. It looked like the evening was picking up!

Next station: Floor 4, midnight. This floor is notorious for the crawling man, a shadow that is seen as a crawling figure, either along the floor or ceiling. (Yeah, I truthfully did NOT want to see that!) We used Jeff as our guinea pig, and set him in position at the bend of the building to see if the shadows would come out to see him. No luck. We walked over to Jeff and all five of us continued down the hall. We hadn’t gotten more than 20 feet further when we heard a metallic squeak that sounded like it came from behind us. We whipped back around, looking for a source, but came up empty. We took a couple more steps in the direction we were headed and a loud thump was heard right over our heads, followed by the sound of a very heavy wooden object being dragged. We all stopped dead in our tracks. While Jeff examined the immediate surrounding

area, I walked through to the portico and yelled up to see if the fifth floor group was above us. Nothing. We all collectively scratched our heads and sort of spread out in that general area, looking for any other signs that we were not alone.

At this point I also noticed flashes of muted light coming from a lot of the rooms to my left, as if someone was going from room to room and snapping a camera...but not bright like a camera flash...much more muted. Since all five of us were together in the hall, I thought maybe once again we were catching light from another area of the building, so I walked to a window to look out and see if I was right. I was wrong. The section we were in was four floors up, and backed up to trees. No light sources were directed to our area. So that was odd and seemed to be a frequent occurrence. Even if we had been in sight of the opposite wing and someone would have flashed a camera there, I don’t believe it would have caused a flash to be seen in the hallway. In the room you may have noticed it, but in the hall? We also tried to keep a lookout for moving shadows, but I have a doubt as to a lot of those stories. Whenever you are in a

dark environment your eyes are constantly adjusting and re-adjusting in an effort to see, which can cause shadows to look like they are “throbbing” or moving. Shadows tend to correlate to pupil movement and blinking like orbs correlate to dust.

Floor 5 is where we headed after the regroup...all the way up those never-ending stairs. By this time, I believe I wasn’t the only person who just wanted to curl up in a corner and take a nap. At the top of the stairs, we were presented with a small area which the nurses used (infamous room #502), with outside porches to each side. Across from the nurses’ rooms are apparently two other rooms that are currently boarded up. As we sat there, I looked over to where the wooden dragging sound would have needed to occur in order for us to hear it on the floor below. There is nothing there. It is covered brick flooring surrounded by exposed brick areas which end at a roof area that cannot be walked on, since it is not supported. You can fall right through to floor 4. So where did that sound come from that we heard when we were on the forth floor? There was nothing above us!

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My Personal Experience: Waverly Hills Sanatorium—Continued

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Once outside, Oliver sat on a low wall to catch his breath and reflect on what had just happened to him. Within minutes of this, the tour moved on. Since we had just gotten out on the roof, we lingered for a few extra seconds so that Oliver could take some additional pictures. Unfortunately, I did not think about taking any pictures while the incident was occurring in Room 502, as I was a bit preoccupied at the time.

The tour moved on, again with Oliver stopping periodically to take pictures. We finally got to the spot in the building where people report seeing what they call “shadow people” down the hallway. Our group broke up into a smaller group with half of us looking in one direction and the other half looking in the other. The guide that stayed with us was the same male guide that had helped us in Room 502. The guides instructed us to relax our eyes and look about naturally, not to stare. After what I would guess would be 20 to 30 seconds, almost simultaneously, Oliver, the guide, and I all stated, “right there” as we had all noticed movement to the left of the hallway in one of the doorways. The group got extremely quiet and started to watch for additional movement. I would estimate that almost 75% of the group eventually stated they were seeing the subtle movements of the “shadow people.” The tour guide then asked a female volunteer to walk down the hall. One of the younger female group members volunteered and walked down the hall what I would estimate as being a distance of 75 feet. The tour guide then instructed her to turn around and walk back up the hall, but this time with her arms stretched out. Halfway back, she became creeped out as she said she felt someone touch her. The tour guide asked for another volunteer. Even though I wanted to do it, I was extremely hesitant; however, Oliver encouraged me to go on and do it, so I proceeded down the hallway. All the way down, I could distinctly feel presences around me and at times from the corner of my eyes, I could detect movement. Once I got to where I felt was the point I should turn around I did,

but the tour guide insisted I go even further, so I again turned and walked away from the group. I had just gotten to a bend in the hallway and decided that was far enough for me as I was really starting to feel something around me—almost like that “hair standing up on the back of your neck” feeling. I turned and started back holding my arms out perpendicular. For almost the entire length of the hallway, I could feel something brushing against my fingertips. I also felt several times like something was nipping at my ankles, but there were no marks left. I had almost returned to the group when the most dramatic thing happened to me that night (except for the previous episode with Oliver and what was to occur in a few moments with him). I felt like someone had picked up a strand of my hair and played with it, and then briefly brushed their hand over my head. At this point, I had returned to the remainder of the group and everyone was in a state of excitement. Never once, walking back towards the group, did I feel frightened or apprehensive. It was almost as if I knew that whatever was in that hallway was not there to hurt me. Oliver then insisted on walking down the hallway. I kept telling him not to because I was truly concerned that he might have a repeat of what had occurred earlier. He stated to me that he really needed to walk down that hall and with that, he turned and started down. He had gotten to about the same point that I had when he turned around. At this point, two other women from the group started walking down the hall as well. I truly do not know if they experienced anything because within seconds of them passing Oliver he fell into the faint light that was coming into the hallway, and I could see that once again he was in a trancelike state.

As soon as he got within arms reach of me, I grabbed a hold of him and guided him into a room that was off the hallway. We no more entered the room then he started sobbing...uncontrollable sobs. The two women that had passed him in the hallway had just returned to the group, and it was at this time the

guide that had stayed with us instructed everyone else to move up with the others. The one group member who had been with us in Room 502 wanted to stay, but our guide insisted he go with the rest of the group and I am happy he did. The guide stayed with me while I tried to get Oliver to become coherent.

What I am going to describe next is hard to envision without being there, but I will do my best. Oliver was crying almost as if he had reverted to a child-like state. I recall times when my son would sob when his feelings had been hurt or he had fallen and hurt himself. It was those racking sobs that were coming out of this man's body. It ripped my heart out. I tried to comfort him as if he were a child and every time I would touch him it was if electricity were going through my body...I literally was getting chest pains every time I would touch him. His eyes were vacant and what life there was still in them were not the eyes that I am use to looking into. I was seeing a stranger! He, at this point, started to slowly sink to the ground. I really almost felt that I was losing a dear friend. I am not sure if the guide is not allowed to touch one of the group members, but he did not try to assist me in holding up Oliver at any point during this episode. I felt almost helpless. I felt that if he went all the way down to the floor, I was never going to get him up again. In desperation, I wedged his body up against the doorframe with mine and started talking to him almost as if he were a child. Now, in between sobs, he was trying to speak. He kept repeating over and over what I believe was “Please don't let them hurt him,” and then at some point he started saying, “Please don't let them hurt me.” The longer he said this, the more vocal he became until he was literally screaming these phrases out. I was still being “electrified” every time I touched him, but I knew I had to get him moving or something awful may happen to him either physically or emotionally! His eyes had again changed, and what I was seeing in them I did not like...they

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The Ghost's Scariest Halloween Moments

'Tis the season for spooks and scares! With that in mind, we asked some of the members of The Ghosts of Ohio what their scariest Halloween moments were. Here's what they had to say!



Mark

Long ago, but shortly after my wife, Barb, and I were married, I found an old Halloween mask packed away in a box in the garage. It was the kind that fits completely over your head and had holes for your eyes and a small opening in the mouth for breathing. It was probably the mask in our collection that transforms you into an ancient old man. With mischievous intent, I walked into the house wearing the mask, looking for Barb. She was on the phone in the bedroom, but I had to patiently wait at the door until she finally looked up. I thought she would laugh. Oh, no, she screamed bloody murder, jumped up, and yelled into the phone that there was a strange old man in her bedroom! She seriously contemplated jumping out the window before I managed to get the mask off to show her it was me. At the time, I thought the incident to be rather funny, though I don't think my wife shared my amusement. One morning a few days later, I was groggily standing under the shower slowly waking up. Barb had already left for work. Rinsing soap suds from my eyes, I hear this light knocking on the shower door. Turning around, I see a masked face plastered against the semi-transparent shower glass. Now it was my turn to scream like a little girl! And, it was a good thing that I was in the shower because I'm pretty sure that I may have wet myself sometime between the first and second scream. Then, Barb started laughing and took off the mask, jokingly adding that I deserved that bit of turn-about fun. She was right, of course!



Jeff

Halloween was not a scary time in the Craig household. The costumes in the 70s were masks that made it impossible to be worn with my glasses thereby making me blind to any scary happenings. The string always created burns and scrapes to the ears and back of the head which was much more traumatizing than anyone jumping out of bushes.



James

Since I grew up in a small town, all of our urban legends (Hookman, Bloody Mary, Vanishing Hitchhiker, etc.) all made their homes on one road: Felter Hill Road. There was even a story that said if you went out there on Halloween night, you would hear ghostly organ music emanating from an abandoned house along the road. One Halloween, a group of us decided to go out to Felter Hill Road and see if we could find the house. We drove up and down the road, and while there were only a few houses on it, all of them seemed to be occupied. Somewhat dejected, we pulled off at a particularly spooky and tree-lined part of the road, turned off the car, and sat there in the dark, trying to see if we could hear organ music. After about 15 minutes or so, honest to God, we heard the sounds of someone (or something) playing an old organ. It wasn't single notes, either. It was a song! It went on for about a minute, after which it just stopped. We couldn't believe what we had just heard! We stayed there a little while longer before deciding to get the heck out of there!

Years later, after one of my presentations, I would meet the organ-playing ghost himself. Turns out he was a musician who lived on Felter Hill Road. Having heard the stories himself when he was younger, every Halloween he would break out this old, portable electric organ, stick it in the window, and wait for a carload of unsuspecting kids to come along.



Steph

I remember actually getting a razor blade in my apple while trick-or-treating! But my parents say that isn't true, it never happened. In my mind to this day, the old man down the road gave me an apple with a razor blade in it.



My Personal Experience: Waverly Hills Sanatorium—Continued

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were cold—colder than anything I had ever experienced before and they sent shivers up my spine. Nothing during this entire night had scared me, until this moment. I grasped him by his right elbow and told him he had to start walking because we had to get him out of this hallway. He was extremely rigid and his posture was very distorted. He was crooked. His head was held rigidly forward, it was almost as if his spine were twisted to the left, his legs appeared to be very bowed, and he held his arms and hands at odd angles. When I grabbed him by his elbow, I almost had the feeling that he levitated. I am not a weakling by any means, but I still do not know how I lifted him so easily. It was almost as if I had help. I commanded him in the same parental voice I had been using with him to start walking, which he did. Again, I almost felt as if he were floating along. I was using no effort to move him...as if he was ethereal. He continued to move in the very rigid posture I previously described. This time, even after moving away from the hallway, he still did not appear to become himself. The guide did stay with us the entire time and was very patient. It was only when we got to the stairwell leading away from this floor that Oliver appeared to start coming around. He did still have a semi-vacant look even while standing in the stairwell, but as the front guide was telling another story, he eventually did start appearing as himself again. I cannot recall when he finally started acting like Oliver once again.

Later, he said “Walking down the hall, it felt like I was pushed from behind. It felt more like a cold wave hit me in my back.” He also kept telling the guide and me on the way back to the group that he saw a young boy who appeared to have polio. In addition, Oliver described to me the feeling that there were two people helping him walk down the hallway and they each had him under an arm supporting him. He stated that he could vividly recall this, but as I explained to him, I was the only person assisting him at that time. He told me he did not remember me at all, just these

other two people. Does this explain my feeling of him floating instead of walking?

Eventually the group worked its way down to the cafeteria area. It was here that something incredible happened. It was not until I was writing this recollection, that Oliver reminded me about it as we walked through the hallway to the cafeteria, there was a distinct odor present. What I smelled was cookies, and Oliver smelled fresh-baked bread.

The only other two incidents that set me on edge the rest of the evening were when we were walking down the “death tunnel” and he started to get that vacant look again, but that soon passed. The second time was in the parking lot as he was staring at the building and he started to sway and appear to be going into a trancelike state. I quickly opened the car door, grabbed him by the arm saying, “Not again, not here, oh no you don’t,” and I shoved him over by the car. He stated that he could see people up on the roof. What caught my interest about that statement was the fact that he had been almost childlike when he had his second experience and that the rooftop is where the children use to play.

On the drive home, Oliver did become very emotional, which I took was over what he had just gone through. My last thought about the evening is I am happy we went down there and that I got to experience everything, the good and the not so good, with him. I am also disappointed that I did not think about taking his picture, especially during the second episode, as I would have loved to see if anything else showed up in the photograph besides him.

Speaking of photographs, the next day we were surprised to find that many of the photographs that Oliver had taken the previous night contained orbs. In addition, one of the photographs, after some lightening, appears to have at least two “shadow people” in it. Lastly, another photograph shows what appears to be a red streak of light at the top of the frame. As there is no electricity in the building, except in areas that have been totally renovated like the cafeteria,

there is no explanation for this phenomenon. What incredible finds.

After a couple of days and trying to get a semi-handle on what he experienced, Oliver shared these thoughts about the whole incident. When he was in the hallway, he had the feeling that HE was the boy and after discussing it, instead of having polio, he felt that maybe since this was a tuberculosis hospital that the child actually had tuberculosis of the bone. I asked him if he felt as if he had been possessed. He stated that he very well could have been, or was feeling a strong and close relation with the patients who had died at the hospital. Oliver stated that he sensed the presence of an adult while he was in Room 502, which would correlate with the fellow tour group member stating he had seen three people’s reflection in the glass of the window. Oliver stated that upon entering the second part of Room 502, he felt extremely sick and paralyzed from the waist down. He stated that he felt someone had a hold of him, but “they” were not going to do him any harm. Out of curiosity, I asked him about the final incident in the parking lot. He stated that he was able to make out figures when he looked up at the building, but since it was 12:30 a.m. and dark that was all.

Support The Ghosts of Ohio... And Look Good Doing It!

Have you visited The Ghosts of Ohio web store yet? If not, what are you waiting for? Our store has all your Halloween needs, from baseball caps and t-shirts to water bottles and mousepads. What’s more, everything we make from the sale of our merchandise goes directly to support The Ghosts of Ohio organization. In other words, you get to show off all your sweet Ghosts of Ohio attire while knowing that you helped us keep fresh batteries in our flashlights!



The Ghosts Take a Walk on the Spooky Side: The Delaware Ghost Walk



On October 15, The Ghosts haunted the streets of Delaware, Ohio, for the Delaware Ghost Walk.

The three-hour event put everyone in the spooky spirit for Halloween. The presentation and tours entertained attendees with ghost stories and ghostly evidence, and informed of the notable history of the town of Delaware. The event was sponsored by Delaware's Northwest Neighborhood Association (NNA), an organization comprised of over 180 homeowners of historic homes in downtown Delaware's northwest region.

To begin the night, attendees learned about the history of the NNA organization and of the Strand Theater, where the presentation took place. The Strand Theater, which is one of the oldest operating theaters in the country, has a unique history and spooky tales of spirits who remain. Next, The Ghosts of Ohio's fearless leader, Jim Willis, presented about current equipment in the

ghost hunting field, and shared our group's evidence—some potentially ghostly and some definitely not ghostly. He wanted to educate listeners on how to think critically about the evidence they collect when investigating.

Other Ghosts of Ohio members, Stephanie, Kathy, Darrin, and Sean, were on hand to share stories, experiences, and knowledge with eager fans. Finally, the night concluded with a tour of the downtown area. Ghosts of Ohio members Adam and Sheri joined other NNA members in leading walking tours past historic buildings, sites, and homes in town. Participants were extremely excited to get to go into the old county jail, where they got to go inside former prison cells. Tour guides also shared ghost stories and historical facts with their groups. The event coordinators and tour guides all received lots of positive feedback from guests. We all look forward to haunting some new locations in downtown Delaware for the next Ghost Walk in two years!

Rating: 🦴🦴🦴🦴🦴



Adam and Sheri served as terrifying tour guides for the 2011 Delaware Ghost walk.

Ghostly Fiction: *Wait Till Helen Comes* Book Review



Molly, the heroine of Mary Downing Hahn's *Wait Till Helen Comes*, is 12, and her brother Michael is 10. This seems to be the age-range the book is directed to, but this novel is no Scooby-Doo-

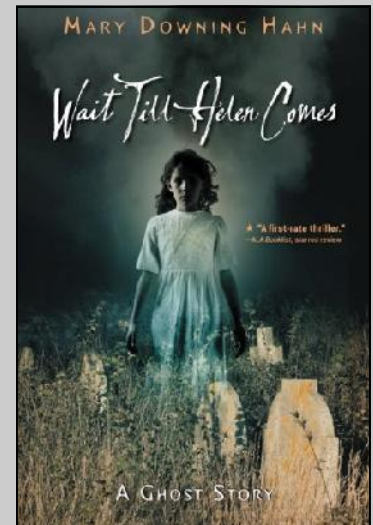
the ghost-is-really-a-guy-wearing-a-sheet adventure. It is seriously terrifying.

Molly's mother has remarried a man who has a seven-year-old daughter, Heather. The blended family moves to an old church which has a graveyard with it. The family begins to come apart because Heather doesn't like her two stepsiblings. The parents can't see it that way though. They expect Molly and Michael to look after Heather, but she doesn't listen and does nasty things which the older children get blamed for.

The character Molly is brilliantly pulled off by the author, who has also written other scary preteen books. Molly

knows with every fiber of her being that something is most desperately wrong with Heather, and finally actually sees Helen, an evil ghost who speaks with Heather, but the adults won't listen to Molly as she tries to warn them of the danger. I actually felt physical nausea in sympathy with Molly while reading this book. It all seems so unfair. She bravely tries to help Heather, but her desire to help keeps getting turned against her. Molly, fascinated by the stones in the cemetery, is also becoming horrifyingly aware of her own mortality. The author, at one point, does say that some adults don't think death should be addressed with children. She obviously doesn't agree with that as this book is quite an exploration of death.

In the end, Molly must save Heather from drowning. That might be climatic enough, but Hahn doesn't even let Molly have a second of rest before something else happens. This book gets very dark, so dark, that, even though the situation is



well-resolved, I wouldn't recommend it to be read by anyone under the age of sixteen unless they were going to have the opportunity to discuss it with a thoughtful adult. It would be a great read for the adult—during daylight hours and in the company of others!

Rating: 🦴🦴🦴🦴🦴

The Ghosts of Ohio Go “Old School” at Waverly Hills—Continued

Continued from Page 5

We all pretty much hunkered down: Jeff laying on the floor of one of the roof top areas, and the other ladies investigating the nurses’ room. Then there was a loud sneeze from my left (my back was to the door of 502) on the opposing open roofed area from Jeff. I thought it was one of the other ladies until someone said, “Did you just hear a sneeze?” It wasn’t them. It wasn’t me. It wasn’t Jeff. Hmm...

After this, we headed downstairs for our final regroup before hitting our last assigned spot: floor 1 and the body chute. The first place we headed was the morgue, where Penny, Tina, and Jeff gamely took turns crawling onto a slab and being pushed into what was the refrigerated unit, to the horrendous accompaniment of loud screeching, as the old iron rails rubbed against each other. It actually made my fillings throb—it was so awful. We ran EVP sessions, and then pulled everyone out to head down the body chute. At this point, my poor legs were jello, so I only walked down three levels before setting up my chair. The rest of the group headed all the way down to the bottom. Cool and eerie, but no activity that we could discern.

With that final session ended, we now had an hour of free time to investigate where we chose. Several diehards headed back in, while the rest of us sat around and chatted before heading out to our hotel rooms. All in all, it was a very interesting place, and my group had some definite incidents happen that we could not readily explain. Did we see Timmy, the little girl, the creeper, the dog or the crawling man? No. And I did not hear that any of the other four groups had any type of experience of that magnitude. Then again, we still need to review all our cameras and voice recorders to see if we have anything else to add to the ongoing stories of the haunting at Waverly Hills Sanatorium.



My Personal Experience: The Tower

By: Roger D., Beaver Creek, OH

From September 1961 until March 1964, we lived in Wilmington, Ohio, where I was stationed in the Army at the Battery A, 56th Artillery Battery, Nike Missile Base and was part of the Cincinnati Air Defense. My Mother and Dad lived in Dayton, and my wife's family lived in Fairborn at this time. This was only about a 45-minute drive from Wilmington to both places, and we traveled State Route 68 often. You could say we knew every inch of that road. Then, around the month of February 1964, my wife, our toddler-aged son, Mark, and I traveled to Dayton for a few days' visit. Only a few miles outside of Wilmington, my wife and I both observed on the left side of the road a large tower with lights and a cinder block building at the base and fenced-in area. We were astonished, for the week before it was not there! At this time, I knew all about towers as my job at the Nike Base often had us climbing our two towers weekly to perform checks on our radar units.

We wondered how they could have built such a large tower in just one week's time. We told our parents about this, but we could not explain how the

tower could have been built that fast. After a couple of days' visit, we returned home and naturally looked for the tower, to see which company owned it. As we neared the location on Route 68 where the tower had been, I slowed down the car. To our astonishing amazement, we did not see it! Talking to ourselves, we decided that we had just missed it somehow and that we would check again the next week. Well, the next week came, finding us on Route 68 traveling to Dayton and looking for that tower. We arrived at my parents' home only to say to each other that we must have been distracted and just plain missed seeing it...a second time. On our return, we would surely find it, for we were driving slowly and with determination. But the tower had vanished without a trace.

When we arrived in Wilmington, we just could not believe that we had failed to see the tower again, an annoyance that was beginning to get to both of us. But, on many later trips, back and forth along Route 68, we never once saw the tower again. We talked about it often, for how could we both have seen it, described it in detail to others, and then it just not be there?!

The next three years that I was in the Army, I was stationed in Colorado and then Germany. We never went back to Wilmington until I was discharged from the Army. Settling down in the Dayton area, one day we made a trip back to Wilmington to see our old base and home. We were having a good time, talking about seeing where we had first made our home and where our first son, Mark, was born. Then, traveling on Route 68 near Wilmington, completely out of the blue, there appeared the tower, complete with a cinder block building and fence around it—just the like the one we saw on that road one night some three years before. It was really a shock to us as we drove past it. After touring around Wilmington, we headed north on Route 68 traveling back to Dayton, wondering if that tower would still be there. Guess what, it was! Of course, we had to tell our parents all about this curiously portended event. To this very day, that same tower is present on Route 68; a tower we saw one night some three years before it was ever built!

Got Ghosts? Request For More Information

From time to time, The Ghosts of Ohio learns about a haunted location that, try as we might, we just can't seem to dig up any additional information on. That's when we turn to one of the largest groups of Ohio ghost experts out there—our newsletter readers! That's right, we're asking you to let us know if you have any information (or better yet, have had a personal experience) at any of the following locations. If you have, shoot us an email at info@ghostsofohio.org. And who knows? You just might get the chance to investigate the location along with The Ghosts of Ohio!

Devil's Backbone
(Camden/Preble county)

Chicken Hollow Road
(Ripley/Brown county)

Little Sugar Creek Hollow
(Bellbrook/Greene county)

Coffin Road
(Paulding county)

Shades of Death Forest
(Cadmus/Gallia county)

Got a Scary Story to Tell?

Have you had a ghostly encounter in Ohio? Want to see it featured in a future issue of The Ghosts of Ohio Newsletter? Then here's all you have to do:

Just write down your story and send it to info@ghostsofohio.org with the subject line "Newsletter Ghost Story." Be sure to also include your name as you'd like it to appear with the story. We'll take it from there and send you an email 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!



Editors Note:

We had originally planned to bring you an article on Borley Rectory in this issue. Truth be told, we had so many spooky personal stories to share with you this time that we decided to move the Borley article to our December 31st issue. We apologize for any inconvenience and promise the article will be worth the wait!

A Horse-Drawn Carriage Ride and Spooky Stories: The Lima Lantern Tour



If you were in downtown Lima, Ohio, the weekend of October 22 and 23, you may have wondered who the "weird" people were riding a horse-drawn carriage down the road late at night? It was The Ghosts of Ohio and their 20 weirdest friends, of course! For the past several years, The Ghosts of Ohio has participated in the annual Lima Lantern Tour, complete with a horse-drawn carriage. The tour surpassed its expectations from last year, with all new stops. Attendees were treated to five different historic and haunted locations this year.

The tour began in Lima's Memorial Hall, where the tour guide shared history and spooky stories. The passengers boarded their carriage and then traveled

along the streets to the old YMCA and residence, the Masonic Building, the Argonne Hotel, and the old Pennsylvania Railroad Train Depot (now the Utilities Department building). The highlight of the tour was when Jim Willis and The Ghosts of Ohio members Adam, Darrin, and Sheri got out the temperature gauges and EMF meters for the guests to try in each of the haunted locations. Some guests even had fun with their ghost apps on their smart phones. No definite ghostly evidence was found at any of the locations, but some strange readings were measured at several of the stops. Most importantly, one meter definitely read off the charts—the fun meter! We always look forward to participating in this event every year and hope to see *you there next year!*

Rating: 🧠🧠🧠🧠🧠



Spend The Night with The Ghosts of Ohio in 2012

Did you read that right? 2012? Yes, believe it or not, we are creeping toward the end of 2011. But don't despair, because that means that The Ghosts of Ohio is already looking into renting out some of the most haunted buildings in Ohio (and beyond) for an entire night in 2012. Unlike traditional "ghost hunts," where you are often forced to share the location with total strangers, every building we rent out will be totally ours.

How do you get in on all this spooky fun? It's simple, really. All you need to do is sign up for The Ghosts of Ohio newsletter—which is free...and which most of you have already done!!

For each investigation, we'll be picking several names from our list of newsletter subscribers and giving them the first shot at spending the night with

us. All they need to do is pay the same registration fee that the members of The Ghosts of Ohio have to pay in order to rent out the building (dollar amount subject to change based on individual venue).

In addition, we'll be drawing at least one lucky Grand Prize winner who will get to come along for FREE!

That's all there is to it! Of course, we might want to take a few pictures of you on the investigation and post them on our site so you'll be the envy of all your friends. But hey, that's a small price to pay for the chance to spend the night with The Ghosts!

If for some reason you don't have your own subscription, what are you waiting for? <http://ghostsofohio.org/services/newsletter.html>.

Interact with The Ghosts

Need a spooky friend? If you have a MySpace account, swing by and add The Ghosts of Ohio to your friends list: www.myspace.com/ghostsofohio.

And for those of you who use Facebook and/or Twitter, you can find The Ghosts of Ohio on those sites, too:

Facebook

<http://www.facebook.com/home.php?#/pages/Columbus-OH/The-Ghosts-of-Ohio/60704381381?ref=mf>

Twitter

<http://twitter.com/ghostsofohio>



What Did Our Contest Winners Say About Waverly?

Tiffany Mingus: I had a lot of fun. The fourth floor didn't turn out to be as scary as I thought it would be. And the body chute also wasn't as scary.

Penny Brown: I really enjoyed the whole group. You do everything in a professional manner. We've done these things with lots of people where there is running around and yelling. We do our share of talking and giggling too, but it's hard to do anything when no one else is serious. I am so glad I got on the Internet and found you. And then to be fortunate enough to have been picked for this...I have wanted to come to Waverly!

Frank Yensel: I'm very grateful for the opportunity to go with this group. It's very hard to go on group activities by yourself, so I appreciated the invitation, and will welcome it at any time! I think generally this is a better activity than almost any that I've been on previously. Smaller groups in larger buildings are more conducive to trying to capture some evidence. In spite of the fact that we didn't get anything tonight, that doesn't mean that it was a bad investigation. It just wasn't our moment I suppose. It's a fascinating building, I'd like to come back sometime, or some other place in search of that ultimate experience, and we'll keep moving on until we find it.

Administration

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Coming Up—Next Issue: December

- Review of The Ghosts of Ohio Fall 2011 appearances
- Borley Rectory: The Most Haunted House in England?
- A Christmas Ghost Story

