



# The ghosts of Ohio® Newsletter

[www.ghostsofohio.org](http://www.ghostsofohio.org)

Volume 23 Issue 1

## HAPPY HALLOWEEN!



JAMES

Hard to believe, but the newsletter you're about to read marks the first edition of our 23rd year. Twenty-three years! When I went back and looked at the very first one we ever sent out, I had to laugh—it was five short paragraphs, sent in the body of an email to a grand total of eighteen people. Twelve of those were members of The Ghosts of Ohio, which didn't exactly make it a viral hit.

But here we are all these years later, and that little ghostly dispatch has grown into a multi-page, full-color PDF with more than 4,500 subscribers. That still blows my mind.

I tried to remember why I decided to release the very first edition on

## HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!

Halloween. If I'm being completely honest, I think it just sort of happened that way. A happy coincidence, maybe. Still, having our anniversary fall on Halloween feels like one of those little cosmic winks that always makes me smile.

So thank you—to everyone who's read, shared, contributed, and kept this strange and spooky ride going for more than two decades. Here's to the next chapter in our haunted history.

Cheers,

James A. Willis  
Founder/Director



## HAPPY HALLOWEEN



## PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

## SHE NEVER LEFT

Lisa J., location withheld by request

You know how sometimes you get to talking about “old ghosts” from work, and you’re not sure if you mean the people or the memories? I’ve got one that’s a little of both.

Back when I was still working at the retirement home—well, *you know* the one; I’d rather not name it—I took care of a woman named Elizabeth. She’d been through a lot. Throat cancer, emphysema... she was on oxygen pretty much around the clock. You could always tell when she was coming down the hall because you’d hear that steady rattle of her tank rolling along behind her, like a little metal shadow that never left her side.

She had this awful, raspy cough that echoed through the place at all hours. Some nights I’d be charting after midnight and hear it through the walls—hack, hack, pause, then that faint wheeze when she tried to catch her breath. It broke your heart, but she never complained. She was always smiling, always had a kind word for everyone. Said she was just happy to still be here.

Her favorite thing in the world was that tiny little garden behind the building. It wasn’t much—just a few benches, some roses that never wanted to bloom—but she loved it. Every afternoon, no matter how bad she felt, she’d drag that oxygen tank over to the old elevator, ride down, and park herself out there to “get some sun on her face,” as she put it.

When she passed, it hit us all hard. Even the grumpiest aides got quiet for a while. I still caught myself listening for her cough. But after she was gone, the weirdest thing started happening.

That old elevator—God, it was ancient—started moving on its own. Up, down, doors opening and closing with no one inside. Maintenance

checked it more times than I can count. Said it was fine. Perfect, even. But every so often, I’d hear that familiar ding on my floor, walk over, and the doors would slide open like they were waiting for someone.

And I swear to you, on those nights, I could hear the faint *clink, clink* of metal wheels—just like her oxygen tank. Sometimes I even caught a whiff of that sterile, hospital-oxygen smell, the one you never quite forget.

We all heard it, too. The other nurses, the night janitor, even the cook once said she heard a woman coughing in the hallway when no one was there. Same cough. Same rhythm.

So, maybe Elizabeth never really left. Maybe she just takes her elevator rides when the halls are quiet, heading down for one more visit to her garden.

Anyway, that’s the story. I’m not saying I believe in ghosts—after all my years in hospitals and nursing homes, I’ve seen plenty of things that can’t be explained and plenty that can—but every time I hear an elevator ding in the middle of the night, I still half expect to see her smile, oxygen tank in tow, asking if I’d like to join her for a little fresh air.



## PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

## DID IT REALLY ONLY WANT TO PLAY?

Nate B., Wellsville, OH

I don't really tell stories much. Never been any good at it. But every now and then, when I'm sitting out back or can't sleep, I get to thinking about something that happened when I was a kid—six, maybe seven years old.

Back then, I'd sometimes spend the weekend at my grandparents' place. My mom's parents. It was the same house she grew up in, old two-story place out past the edge of town. I liked it there, mostly. Big yard, woods out back, that sort of thing.

Anyway, this one summer—I think it was summer—I started waking up in the middle of the night. I'd open my eyes and there'd be this shape in the corner of the room. At first, I figured it was the light from the street, or a coat hanging funny. But it wasn't. It was a boy. At least, the shadow of a boy. Looked about my age, maybe smaller. He didn't have a face or anything, just... a shape, darker than the dark around it.

And he talked. Said he used to live in the house and wanted to play with me.

What gets me now is that I don't remember him having a mouth. Or moving when he talked. The words just came, like they were sliding right into my head. I didn't think much about that back then. Kids don't, I guess.

It didn't just happen at night, either. A few times I saw him out behind the house, in the woods. It'd be bright as day, but he was still just a shadow. No color to him at all. He'd wave or call to me, telling me to come out and play.

I told my mom about it once, asked if I could go out there with him. She got this look on her face I'd never seen before. Kind of scared, but mad too. She said there was no such boy, and even if

there was, I wasn't to go near him. Then she told me not to talk about him again.

So I didn't. Not for a while.

But one night, I woke up and there he was again, standing in that same corner. He said he was going to leave me something to play with, and that I should bring it with me next time so we could play together in the woods. Then he just sort of melted away, like smoke.

Next morning, I woke up and there was this old baseball lying next to me on the bed. All scuffed up and stained. Looked like it had been buried or left out in the rain. I remember thinking it was weird because I didn't bring any toys or balls with me that weekend.

So, I went downstairs and showed it to my mom. Told her the shadow boy left it for me. She got real upset—snatched it out of my hands and told me never to say that again. I started crying, and my grandpa came in asking what was wrong, but she just said I was overtired.

That was the last weekend I ever spent at their house. After that, Mom always said they were too busy, or I had things to do at home. But I knew better.

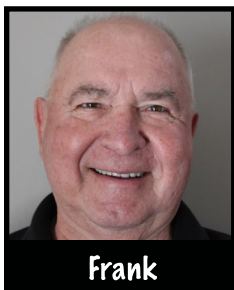
I never saw the baseball again. Never saw the shadow boy, either.

But sometimes—when I'm out walking by the edge of the woods near where that old house used to be—I get this feeling, like someone small is standing just behind the trees, waiting.

And I still wonder what would've happened if I'd taken that ball and gone to play.



# THE GABREIL DAVEIS TAVERN HOUSE



Frank

When you look for a paranormal location, you may be surprised, like me, to find they can sometimes hide in plain sight!

In mid-October, I went back to New Jersey to visit my daughter, who recently had surgery, to see if I could

assist her in any way. She had knee surgery and had some difficulty moving around.

I arrived on a Thursday afternoon and settled into my hotel. Since I had some downtime, I thought I would check out the paranormal scene in the Philadelphia-South Jersey area and see what might be interesting.

Much of what I discovered was related to commercial activity. There was a special VIP experience at Eastern State Penitentiary, including an Al Capone cell tour and a beer for \$99. I also came across various pub crawls and haunted tours in the historic district. However, it's not really for me. Then I found an item online about a historic building in Glendora, NJ, which is within 5 miles of where I grew up and lived for over 25 years. It was the Gabreil Daveis Tavern House, built in 1756, that served as a hospital during the war, and they had a limited tour on Sunday.

Well, forget Sunday. Even though it was Friday, I needed to check it out NOW.

After checking the address, I realized it's near my hotel. Although it was dark outside, I still planned to visit, expecting to see a structure that had withstood the test of time and weather. Boy, was I wrong. The house is behind a residential area, set back several hundred yards. There are historical signs



giving directions, security cameras, and a well-lit parking area. I was amazed by the cottage-like building. It was awesome!

I got out of the car and walked up to the back of the house. There was a well with a pump, some benches, and a typical rear porch area. I peered into the windows and had trouble making out much detail except for some old furniture. I then noticed an enclosed information board posted nearby. While looking for information, I saw that a Paranormal fundraising event was happening tomorrow night to support the preservation of the house. The cost was \$20: I'm in!



*(continued on page 5.)*



## THE GABREIL DAVEIS TAVERN HOUSE continued

Fast forward to Saturday night, and I meet Frank (not me) from NJROPE Paranormal. They were conducting tours and EVP sessions. He mentioned that reservations were required but kindly made an exception for a fellow investigator.

Going inside, the house was amazingly well preserved. The room had period furniture, but most details were obscured by darkness. The stairway going upstairs was quite steep and required steady balance to navigate the hall. There were three rooms beyond the landing area, with separate bedrooms allocated for men and women. EVPS were occurring, and I was invited to participate. I didn't receive a successful response. We wanted to reach William Schuck, the former owner, who resided here from 1923 to 1976. Upon his death, he donated the building to the township for historical preservation.

I learned that the tavern actually dates back to the pre-Revolutionary War era. At that time, there were only four houses in the area. During the war, it also served as a hospital. From 1747 to 1767, Gabreil Daveis held roles such as Town Clerk, Constable, Tax Collector, Overseer of Roads, and Surveyor of Roads. He owned and operated the tavern from 1756



until his death in 1767. His widow, Sarah, continued running the tavern until 1769.

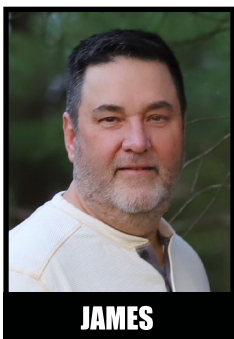
The Gabreil Daveis Tavern was strategically located along the Big Timber Creek to accommodate travelers coming from Philadelphia. The creek connects to the Delaware River. Due to significant commercial development upstream, the creek adjacent to the house no longer exists. It's more of a dried-up swamp.

If you ever visit Philadelphia, cross the river and head to Glendora, New Jersey to visit this fine house. It's only 20 minutes from the Benjamin Franklin Bridge. But don't feel like you need to go all the way to New Jersey to find haunted places. Take a look around your own town; you never know what you might stumble on!



# Movie Review:

## Good Boy (2025)



JAMES

I'll be honest—after years of sitting through what feels like the same horror movie over and over again, I didn't expect much this October. The genre's gotten a little too comfortable with itself: paper-thin plots, disposable characters, and enough jump scares to give a cat a nervous breakdown.

So, when I stumbled across

*Good Boy*, I wasn't expecting to find one of the most refreshing horror films I've seen in a long time. But that's exactly what happened.

Directed by Ben Leonberg, who co-wrote the script with Alex Cannon, *Good Boy* is proof that you don't need a massive cast, a bloated runtime, or CGI monsters to make something unsettling. The story itself is pretty simple: Todd (Shanr Jensen), dealing with a chronic lung disease, decides to move from New York City to his late grandfather's house deep in the woods. His sister Vera (Arielle Friedman) isn't thrilled—partly because she's worried about his health, and partly because she's convinced the old place is haunted. But Todd reassures her he won't be alone. He's bringing his loyal dog, Indy—a Nova Scotia Duck Tolling Retriever—with him.

That's all the setup you need, because *Good Boy* hits the ground running. And here's where Leonberg really makes his mark: the bulk of the film is shot from Indy's point of view. That's right—the dog's perspective. At first, I thought it might come off as a gimmick, but it's done so cleverly that I was pulled in almost immediately. You see what Indy sees, and sometimes that means you *don't* see everything—which, in horror, can be way more terrifying.

Leonberg goes all in on the realism of that low, canine-level viewpoint. Human characters' heads are often cropped out of frame, which sounds odd but actually works beautifully. It puts you right in Indy's world, where shadows stretch longer, sounds are sharper, and every creak or rustle in the trees could mean danger. There's even a moment



when Indy tilts his head, trying to figure something out, and I caught myself doing the same thing. That's how immersive it gets.

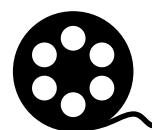
The acting is solid across the board—Jensen and Friedman both give grounded performances—but make no mistake, the real star here is Indy. I don't know how Leonberg got that dog to emote the way he does, but it's remarkable. There's a scene where Indy's eyes dart from a dark hallway to Todd's face and back again, and you feel the tension through that animal's expression alone.

If I'm nitpicking—and I am, because that's what horror fans do—the movie drags just a bit in the middle. It's only 72 minutes long, but a few of those minutes could've been tightened up. Still, that's a small complaint for something that manages to do what so few horror movies can anymore: surprise me.

*Good Boy* doesn't rely on cheap scares or over-the-top gore. Instead, it builds its tension the old-fashioned way—slowly, patiently, and with a creeping sense of dread that sticks with you long after the credits roll.

In short, it's a lean, eerie little film that proves horror doesn't need to shout to get under your skin. It just needs to breathe... or, in this case, pant.

Highly recommended.

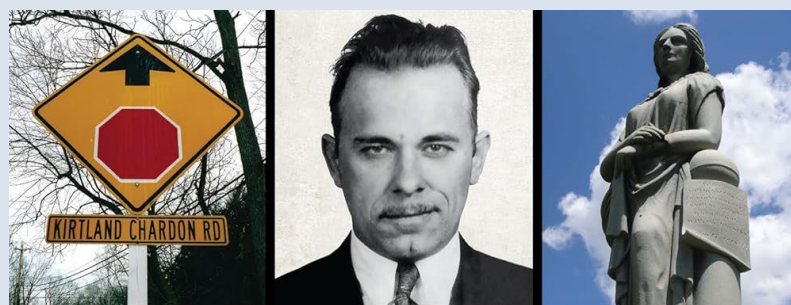




# NORTHERN OHIO LEGENDS & LORE IS NOW AVAILABLE

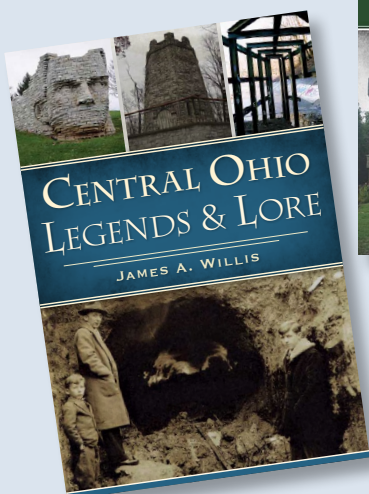
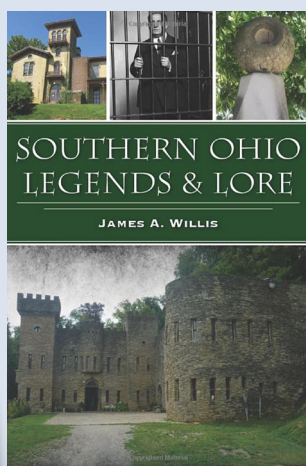
Technically, it's been out for a few weeks now, but it is finally making its way onto brick-and-mortar store shelves and will soon be popping up in most Ohio libraries. And if you were one of the lucky people who pre-ordered it online or managed to snag one at one of our October presentations, pat yourself on the back for procuring an official first edition!

We've still got a small stack of first editions and will have them for sale at the remaining 2025 appearances. But if you can't wait that long, it's up on [Amazon](#).



## NORTHERN OHIO LEGENDS & LORE

JAMES A. WILLIS





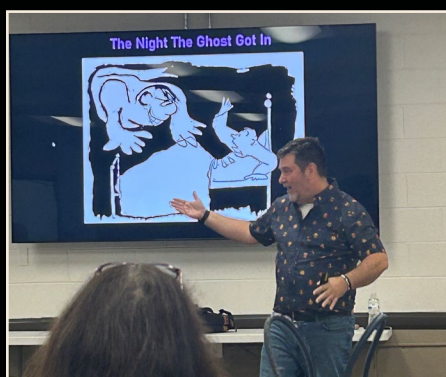
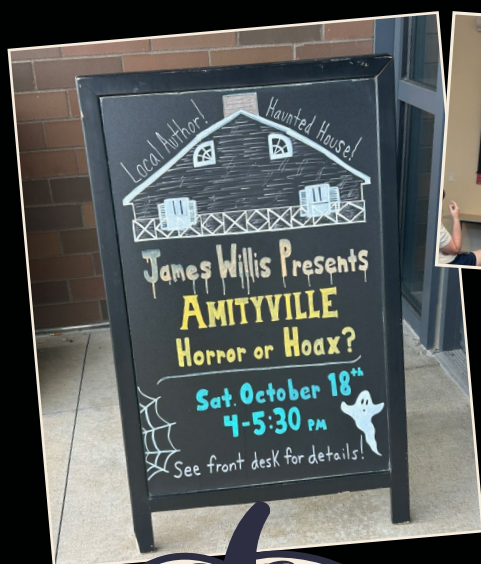
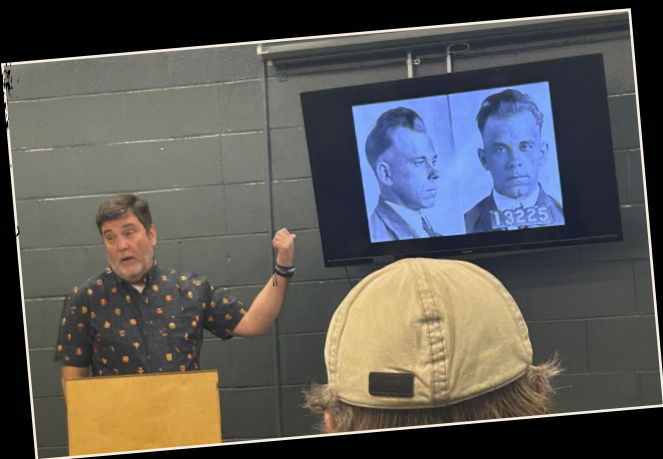
# WHAT A FALL TOUR IT WAS!



Every year, we think Ohio is never going to be able to top the fun and excitement from last year's fall tour. And every year, you surprise. This year, we made a point to try and visit all regions of Ohio at least once. We also made sure that we were offering a wider range of presentation topics and that all the standard "ghost" presentations were updated with new material.

It goes without saying that we were incredibly moved by the all the kind words and smiles that seemed to follow us around the whole month. We even had more than our fair share of repeat customers as some of you took in 3-4 presentations over the course of 2 weeks. Amazing!

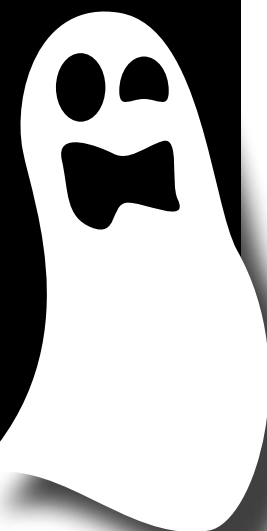
From the bottom of our ghostly hearts, thank you!





## WE WANT TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR GHOSTLY EXPERIENCES!

Have you had a ghostly encounter in Ohio? Want to see it featured in a future issue of The Ghosts of Ohio Newsletter? Then here's all you have to do: Just write down your story and send it to [info@ghostsofohio.org](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!



## EQUIPMENT REVIEWS

Got a piece of paranormal equipment you've always wondered how it works? Does it really do what it's supposed to be doing? Or maybe you've created some paranormal equipment you'd like field tested? Either way, let us know because The Ghosts Of Ohio would love to help! Drop us a line at [info@ghostsofohio.org](mailto:info@ghostsofohio.org) with the subject line "Equipment" and we'll take it from there!



# WHO SAYS GHOSTS ONLY COME OUT AT HALLOWEEN?

Sure, we're all ready to blow out the jack-o-lantern candle (just don't do it before midnight), but that doesn't mean you have to wait a full year to get your share of strange & spooky stuff. Not by a long shot. We've got a couple of appearances left before the ball drops on New Year's Eve. There's even a couple lined up to kick off 2026, with a lot more waiting in the wings!

Unless an event is marked with a "\$," it is free and open to the public. However, seating may be limited, so it's always a good idea to check with the venue to confirm if pre-registration is required.

**Friday, November 7th***Just How Weird Is Ohio?*

The Public Library of Youngstown and  
Mahoning County: Main Library  
305 Wick Avenue  
Youngstown, OH 44503

**Tuesday, February 17th, 2026 @ 6:30 pm**

*The Strange & Spooky Side  
of Abraham Lincoln*  
London Public Library  
20 E. First Street  
London, OH 43140

**Tuesday, December 9th @ 6:00 pm***Merry Scary Christmas*

Jackson City Library  
21 Broadway Street  
Jackson, OH 45640

**Saturday, March 7th, 2026***Frogman Festival IV (\$)*

Oasis Conference Center  
902 Loveland-Miamiville Road  
Loveland, OH 45140



[strangeandspookyworld.com/appearances](https://strangeandspookyworld.com/appearances)



## Investigations & Consultations

The Ghosts Of Ohio have begun scheduling investigations and consultations for 2026. So, if you or someone you know is experiencing something unexplained in a home or place of business, contact us at [info@ghostsofohio.org](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.

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

## Interact with The Ghosts Of Ohio

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



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