Ouija Broads Episode 14: Five Ghosts of the Davenport Hotel

[theme music fades in: The House is Haunted, Roy Fox, 1934]

Liz: You're listening to Ouija Broads, this is Liz.
Devon: This is Devon.
Liz: Devon, we haven't done a ghost story for a while.
Devon: I'm so excited to do a ghost story. Are we going to do a ghost story now?
Liz: Yeah! No, I just told you that to tease you.
Devon: Yeah, well, that would be you.
Liz: [giggles]
Devon: It would be 100 percent you.
Liz: I get off on withholding, it's known.
Devon: Yeah, you do.
[both laugh]
Liz: I'm going to introduce two-parters to this, so
Devon: I love it. [crosstalk]
Devon: Liz, I had knock-knock jokes for you, but they don't have anything to do with ghosts.
Liz: That's okay. Bring them.
Devon: Knock, knock.
Liz: Who's there?
Devon: Touch my
Liz: "Touch my," who?

Devon: [laughs] Liz, "hoo" means vagina. That's it. That's the joke.

Liz: ...you're strange.

Devon: You don't have to use it. I don't care.

Liz: I'm going to tell you about ghosts. I'm going to give a little content warning because I like to do that.

Devon: Yeah, you do.

Liz: There are stories in here where people self-harm. And I also want to acknowledge that this is one, which I haven't done for a while, that relies heavily on Spooky Spokane by Chet Caskey. And I'm really excited because I think by the time this comes out, I'll have gotten to go on another Chet Caskey Haunted Spokane tour.

Devon: Yes!

Liz: If all goes well.

Devon: Yes.

Liz: Devon, I'm gonna tell you about the ghosts of the Davenport Hotel.

Devon: Liz, I've been waiting for this. Oh, my God, I'm so excited. I got chills preemptively. I stayed in the Davenport, so I've gotten a little bit of history from their website and their books and stuff just because I was really hoping to see a ghost when I was there.

Liz: Yeah. I'll give you a brief history on the Davenport because we got to get to the ghosts, right?

Devon: Yeah.

Liz: Now, I'm going to give you three guesses and the first two don't count. It was designed in 1914 by famous architect...

Devon: Okay.

Liz: Kirtland Cutter!

Devon: I was going to say Frank Lloyd Davenport,

Liz: Frank Lloyd Davenport. Tugboat Davenport!

Devon: Tugboat Davenport! By Kirtland Cutter, huh?

Liz: Yeah.

Devon: Our friend?

Liz: Good friend... trolley boot-ee... Corbin Corbin's daddy, Kirtland Cutter, who I think is just going to become... He's never going to get his own episode. He's just going to guest star on everybody else's episode like so much Hollywood Squares or something.

Devon: Oh yeah. Yeah.

Liz: He designed it in 1914 under the auspices of Llewellyn Louis Davenport. So Louis Davenport arrived in Spokane the same year as the Great Fire, 1889, and he ran various restaurants. According to Wikipedia, he ran Davenport's Waffle Foundry, which is a great name for a waffle restaurant.

Devon: Yes, it is.

Liz: Yeah, that's fantastic. A waffle foundry.

Devon: A waffle foundry. I love it.

Liz: But according to what I found, he ran a tamale emporium.

Devon: [laughing]

Liz: I can't decide which one I like better.

Devon: Oh, I want it to be both.

Liz: I want it to be both. He was a restaurant guy and his family were restaurant people. So the hotel was actually not his idea. He didn't move out here going, "I'm going to make a giant hotel and name it after myself."

Devon: Oh!

Liz: But the city founders, The Ring and the businessmen of the era wanted someplace to put up their out of town guests. And they said, "Okay, we're going to need somebody to build it and we're going to need somebody to run it." And they found Cutter and they found Davenport. They were their first picks and they got them.

Devon: Wow.

Liz: And this thing went up! Yeah! The hotel was lovely from the start. Like, they had the best linen, the best china, the best interior decoration. I'll put up some pictures because it's just a beautiful space.

Devon: Isn't it gorgeous?

Liz: Such nice pictures of it. But it was not a sure thing. Louis died in 1945. His wife died in 1967, and after that things went really downhill for the Davenport.

Devon: Yeah.

Liz: By 1985 it was closed, and it was actually scheduled for demolition.

Devon: Oh, wow.

Liz: They were like, "We can get this block of downtown back. If we dynamite it, the whole thing will be gone in twenty seconds." But the problem is, it was full of asbestos.

Devon: Okay.

Liz: So they were going to have to-- if they wanted to strip it and salvage it and do all that, it was going to cost more money and nobody really got around to doing it.

Devon: Yeah.

Liz: In 2000, Walt and Karen Worthy bought it. They paid 6.5 million, which on the one hand is a lot of money... And on the other hand, is not for a giant, beautiful old hotel.

Devon: Gorgeous building.

Liz: They put 38 million dollars of their own money--

Devon: Oh, my!

Liz: --into redoing the Davenport, which is why it's so nice now. Just a gorgeous space.

Devon: Yeah, it is.

Liz: And they keep expanding their brand, too. So they've got other hotels downtown that they've taken over and they say, you know, it's the Davenport this and the Davenport that. So they're not original Davenport spaces but they're under the Davenport brand.

Devon: Yeah.

Liz: And they also have, when you go in there-- [laughs] We stayed there for Matt's birthday, I think, and they had a peanut bruttle [pronounced like brutal] on the, on the bed, in a little bag.

Devon: Yes.

Liz: It is so good, like a soft peanut brittle, so delicious.

Devon: Yes.

Liz: But they were also like, "Did you like the bed? You can buy one! You can buy a Davenport mattress, you can buy Davenport sheets, you can buy everything."

Devon: They marketed it so well. I love that you can buy there-- it's like three grand for their mattress, but you can buy it!

Liz: Listen, if you're the kind of person who impulse-buys a bed based on sleeping in a hotel, three thousand dollars is completely reasonable.

Devon: Oh, yeah. Ain't bad at all.

Liz: Yeah!

Devon: I will say, I think it's interesting that the bruttle [pronounced to rhyme with scuttle] that Davenport has is not the original bruttle it had when it reopened. Do you remember that, like, kerfuffle...

Liz: No. There was a bruttle kerfuffle?

Devon: There was a bruttle kerfuffle. There was a little gift shop, if I remember correctly, a little candy shop in the Davenport. They had bruttle. It was delicious. And they supplied it to the Davenport. And then the Davenport decided they were going to make their own original bruttle. And I don't remember if this lady-- There was a thing in the paper at the time, but I was also buying a whole lot of bruttle. So I got this from the lady who owned the shop. She now has a little independent candy store across the street. Or she did back when I was living in Spokane, what, like four years ago, now. You can buy bruttle from her, that was originally supplied to the Davenport, or you can get the Davenport's bruttle. They no longer have business dealings together. There's some animosity, if I remember correctly.

Liz: I'm going to need both of them to send me a couple pounds of samples.

Devon: I'm thinking that whichever one wants to advertise with us? Just get at us because I'll eat both.

Liz: Let me cut to the chase. It is lovely and it is haunted as hell.

Devon: Yes, my two favorite things.

Liz: Yes, it has everything going for it. There are five ghosts I'm going to tell you about.

Devon: Five? You're going to tell me about five?

Liz: Five, five ghosts for the price of one! Which is zero because this podcast is free.

Devon: Free, my friends.

Liz: One of the ghosts is actually Louis Davenport himself.

Devon: No way!

Liz: Because he used to live in the hotel and he was kind of a micromanager. Which I say with affection, because I, too, am a control freak, ghost of Louis.

Devon: [laughing]

Liz: And if I had a place that beautiful, I, too, would wake up at 3:00 in the morning and go out in the hallway and make sure people were doing things the way I wanted them done.

Devon: 100%.

Liz: Yeah. I don't know that I would still do it, which is what Louis does.

Devon: Okay.

Liz: He died in '45, right?

Devon: Yeah.

Liz: He still appears to people when they are in the hallways of the Davenport, especially employees. He'll be wearing his pajamas. Wearin' his jim-jams--

Devon: Oh, precious...

Liz: --and wearing his housecoat and his slippers, and he'll just kind of stare at you as you go about your business.

Devon: Oh, precious!

Liz: Yeah. Still micromanaging.

Devon: I got the sweetest chills ever. If you've ever been to the Davenport, listeners, you know just how much goddamn carved wood there is there that needs polishing and dusting. So you kind of need a micromanager there making sure that you're getting in all the little cherub-y nooks and crannies.

Liz: Yeah, it's not minimalist.

Devon: Not even a little bit.

Liz: It was not a minimalist time. Oh, man, Devon... I've been looking at Victorian decor, because of the house? I was like, maybe we can do something, something that's inspired, but... like, it looks like Hoarders.

Devon: Doesn't it?

Liz: They loved cluttery bullshit.

Devon: I'm going to knit you so many doilies. Or crotchet you doilies or whatever.

Liz: Antimacassars.

Devon: Oh my God. I always thought it was an anti-massacre. I've never heard it said.

Liz: No, Macassar oil was like a thing guys would put in their hair and then you'd put the antimacassar on the chair so they wouldn't ruin your nice chair.

Devon: You are kidding me. I had no fucking clue that those were related.

Liz: [singing] The more you know!

Devon: How dense am I?

Liz: You're not dense. You just read a thing when you were a kid and it got stored in your brain.

Devon: Yeah, that's exactly right. Oh my goodness.

Liz: Happens to us all. That's ghost number one.

Devon: I'm making you some anti-massacres for your chair.

Liz: [laughs]

Devon: So Louis! Louis in his little housecoat and slippy-slips.

Liz: That's how he do. He was not... You know what, I'm not going to give him the personality defamation and talk about the other stuff. Let's just leave it at that.

Devon: I like it.

Liz: The only thing I like, actually, is he invented--- and I'm standing by you, Davenport, I say you invented the Crab Louis salad.

Devon: Yeah?

Liz: I like Crab Louis. I think it should be everywhere. And it's not super common outside the Northwest. It's like--

Devon: What kind of--

Liz: It's kind of a composed salad? Like a Cobb salad, except it has crab and green onions and eggs and... What else... Yeah. So it's kind of like a Cobb salad in that it's got the greens and then like different, um... Amounts of ingredients on top.

Devon: Okay.

Liz: I like it. And it's got sort of a Thousand Island-y type of dressing? A sort of creamy, Russian-y dressing? It's good. I believe he would do it because he was a restaurant guy. He had a tamale emporium, goddammit.

Devon: He had a tamale emporium! He had, what was it, a waffle empire or whatever?

Liz: A waffle foundry.

Devon: A waffle foundry!

Liz: They just have their little, you know... Their big welding masks down. You know, sparks flying as they make their waffles.

Devon: [laughing] Love it.

Liz: Yeah, people were hard as fuck in those days, it was great.

Devon: Dude, yeah.

Liz: Ghost number two.

Devon: Okay.

Liz: I had to go upstairs when I was researching this and go to my husband and my mother and say,

"Hey, English majors, how do you say this name?"

Devon: Nice.

Liz: Because I had never heard of this guy. But his name is Vachel Lindsay, the great American poet.

Devon: Can you spell Vachel for me?

Liz: It's like Rachel with a V.

Devon: Oh, that's weird.

Liz: Yeah!

Devon: All right.

Liz: He lived in the Davenport from 1924 to 1929. He got married in his suite; Suite 1129, if you're ever there. He got married. He brought his newborn child home to that room. Mr. Davenport was into it for a while because he was like, "Oh we'll have an artist in residence."

Devon: Yeah.

Liz: "This will be great for the hotel's prestige." It turned out to be more like when somebody crashes with you for, like, just till they get on their feet and then years later, it's still not happening.

Devon: Oh, dude.

Liz: Because he kind of went off the rails a little.

Devon: Okay.

Liz: Let me pull up a little bit of his poetry because I think I sent you some of it.

Devon: You did. I want you to read it to me.

Liz: Yeah, here we go. So, first of all, he did a poem about Lincoln, which I thought was very good. It opens: "It is portentous and a thing of state / that here at midnight in our little town / a mourning figure walks and will not rest." That's good!

Devon: That's very good!

Liz: That's very ghostly.

Devon: Yes, it is very atmospheric.

Liz: Now, his most famous one is The Congo, which goes: "Whirl ye the deadly voodoo rattle / Harry the uplands, steal all the cattle / Rattle-rattle, rattle-rattle bing / boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom," et cetera.

Devon: [laughing]

Liz: And I was telling this to my mom and she was like, "Yeah, there's a reason they only quoted two lines of that in Dead Poets Society."

Devon: That's amazing.

Liz: Let me see, can I find any more of it?

Devon: That's amazing.

Liz: The Congo. Well, his deal was that he was like, "You should sing it and have rhythm and everything." And it's kind of unfortunate because, uh... He thought he was helping Black people and African Black people with the stuff.

Devon: [apprehensively] Ohhh...

Liz: He had good intentions. But, you know, good intentions don't stop you from producing horribly racist poetry.

Devon: Okay, yeah.

Liz: So you know what? I'm just trying to look through The Congo here to find something other than "Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom" to read to you? It's all racist.

Devon: Oh, dear. It might as well be an old Disney movie.

Liz: Yup. Yup. Oh, boy. Yeah, I'm bailing out. I'm pulling the ripcord. I'm getting out of this poem.

Devon: Boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.

Liz: Okay, so Vachel's deal was, um... You know how high school teachers love poetry?

Devon: Yeah.

Liz: They love poets, too. So he married one Spokane high school teacher

Devon: [intrigued hum]

Liz: --and he had an affair with another one.

Devon: He boomlay-boomlayed them both!

Liz: He boomlay-boomlayed like nobody's business!

Both: [laughing]

Liz: And he kind of went off the rails, um...

Devon: Okay.

Liz: And I don't mean to mock mental illness, but I would find it perturbing if I were having my grand-- my Crab Louie salad at the Davenport restaurant and Vachel was there with his two large dolls that he used to dress and bring to the table to sit with him.

Devon: Ew. What.

Liz: He said they had to be served alongside with him.

Devon: Ew. Vachel. Come on, now, Vachel. Get it together.

Liz: Louis was not into this, and he said, "You got to get out of here." And here comes the self-harm thing, because Vachel takes the train back to Springfield and drinks a bunch of Lysol.

Devon: [hisses] Vachel...

Liz: Yeah...

Devon: It doesn't clean you.

Liz: Yeah, that's not a good way to go. It's not a good way to go!

Devon: [negative hum]

Liz: So there are apparently still ghostly vibes there. I don't have any concrete sightings, but...

Devon: Okay.

Liz: I gotta say, that is a strong personality to imprint itself.

Devon: Is it centered around that room?

Liz: That's what they say. Although there are still fans of his poetry who come together to read his poems at the hotel. So that's probably also a good way to summon him. Or, get some large dolls.

Devon: Really? Well, why not both? Teddy Ruxpin a big old doll and have the doll be reciting his poetry?

Liz: Yeah.

Devon: Don't you just want, like an American Girl doll walking around going like, [eerie robot little girl voice] "Boomlay."

Liz: "Boomlay!" We are not English majors.

Devon: No, no, we are not.

Liz: I'm sure I would understand it if I were of that era and had heard it in context, but...

Devon: I like that he thinks it should have a meter and a-- I mean, it's like spoken word poetry or beat poetry. There should be a force behind it, and I appreciate that.

Liz: Yeah! Yeah.

Devon: It's like my haikus. They don't translate to being spoken. I've been asked to read my poetry? It does not sound good. It sounds like half a thought.

Liz: Hmm. Interesting. Okay, I never thought about that, but yeah. Probably his stuff sounds great when it's actually read by somebody who knows where the boomlays go.

Devon: [snickers] Don't short-change yourself, my friend. I know you know how to boomlay.

Liz: All right. If you people are going to the Davenport and reading his poems, you got to invite me next time and I'll come listen to all of it.

Devon: Do you say three boomlays in a mirror with the lights off? And he appears?

Liz: [laughing] Only if you're a high school poetry teacher.

Devon: Well!

Liz: That was ghost number two. Ghost number three is a scary story. Ghost number three scares me, because I'm absent-minded and I don't have a good sense of direction.

Devon: Yes?

Liz: And this is what I'm afraid of. So August 17th, 1920, they're doing construction up on the third floor and around the Tiffany skylight. Ellen MacNamara, somehow I don't know how she gets out into the construction area. And because it's a glass skylight, they were using a catwalk.

Devon: [gasp]

Liz: She stepped onto the glass and plummeted through onto the marble floor.

Devon: Oh... oh, my....

Liz: Everybody rushes over.

Devon: Yeah.

Liz: She didn't die immediately. They took her back to a room.

Devon: Oh, wow.

Liz: I don't know why they didn't take her to a hospital. Obvious that nothing was going to work out with that. But she just, you know, she crashes through the glass and she lands really hard. And the last thing she says is, "Where did I turn? Where did I turn?"

Devon: Oh, wow, dude.

Liz: And that's what they say that you will-- you'll still see her ghost up on the mezzanine saying, "Where did I turn? Where did I turn?"

Devon: I got chills.

Liz: Yeah, that's an upsetting one, isn't it?

Devon: Yeah, it is. That skylight is above the lobby, is that correct?

Liz: I think so, yeah. The atrium.

Devon: Yes. Oh, dude, that one's freaky. Poor lady.

Liz: Poor lady, yeah! It's the kind of thing where you're like, well, on the one hand I like to think I wouldn't step out on glass, but on the other hand, there's a lot of situations in life where you just kind of trust that-

Devon: Mmhmm!

Liz: --that escalator is safe or this railing is holding or these stairs are up to code.

Devon: Wow, man. Yeah. "Where did I turn? Where did I turn?" That's such a haunting last word.

Liz: Yeah, I feel bad for her because it's like she's blaming herself. She's like, "Where'd I go wrong?"

Devon: Yeah.

Liz: And if her ghost is still there trying to put it together, it's like, no, you should never have been able to get out there.

Devon: No, you shouldn't have. Do you know how old she was? She was a grown-up?

Liz: Uh, she was a grown-up. Let me see if I could find that because I had a couple of articles here. [rustling]

Devon: Okay.

Liz: She was an out-of-towner.

Devon: Okay.

Liz: Oh, she was older. She was sixty-eight years old.

Devon: Well, okay.

Liz: She was a rich widow from New York and they were going to go to Glacier the next morning. She was touring the West with her sister and two cousins. So they were, they were touring the West and they stayed at the Davenport and she was very fashionably dressed. But yeah, I guess they say she wasn't feeling well and she was going to take some air on the third floor cement walkway while her companions

went to dinner. And for whatever reason, she went out into the pagoda that covers the glass skylight. And instead of going out on the catwalk, she goes on the glass panels.

Devon: Just the wrong part, man.

Liz: Yeah. Yeah. I mean, according to this, she says, "where did I go?" rather than "where did I turn?"

Devon: Okay, I mean, both of those are quite creepy.

Liz: Yeah. I'm not okay with either of them.

Devon: I don't want anybody asking me as a ghost, where did they go or where to. I don't want to answer that question literally or existentially or metaphorically. You're dead, you're supposed to know.

Liz: And I can so relate to that. That moment where you're just like everything is not what you thought was happening and you've got to try to reorient it. It sounds like she just never reoriented. In life or death.

Devon: ...frick.

Liz: Which is something, because the Davenport actually went up when they constructed it without any major worker injuries or fatalities, which is pretty unusual for the time because they put it up really fast.

Devon: Yeah.

Liz: But, yeah, it still has claimed its share, I guess... that way.

Devon: Yeah.

Liz: Fourth ghost is the ghost bellman, and we actually don't know if this is one ghost or a bunch of ghosts because there's a bunch of stories that are kind of related.

Liz: And the idea---

Liz: [sotto voce, to self] I gotta stop flipping my papers all around.

Liz: [normal voice again] Or at least the experience... This reminds me of how you said if you haunted Jason, you'd, like, help him by finding his keys.

Devon: Oh, 100% percent I would, yeah.

Liz: Yeah. The bellman ghost. If you are-- if you're working there and you're carrying heavy stuff, he'll open doors for you--

Devon: That's so sweet!

Liz: And open gates and stuff and close them after you go through. Or he'll, like, help you pull luggage carts out of the elevators or push the-- push them down the hall for you.

Devon: That is so sweet.

Liz: Isn't that great? And you can kind of tell from that why they can't figure out whether this is just one guy or one bellman or a lot of them.

Devon: Yeah!

Liz: But this is a pretty consistent experience. Again, this is this is stuff that except for, um, I guess, Vachel and Ellen MacNamara, those you might experience as a guest. But the bellman and Louis, you're going to experience as an employee, which I think is very interesting. Like this Upstairs Downstairs thing.

Devon: Oh, absolutely. Isn't it? How cool. Do you know, are people seeing someone who looks like a bellman who does stuff or are they just experiencing a door opening?

Liz: Yeah, they're just experiencing the physical movement of, you know, the trolley moves by itself or the door opens and then closes for you and stuff like that. They don't see anything. But I think they work backward from that to say, well, who does this job? It's the bellhop, it's the bellman.

Devon: I like that one a lot. That's very sweet. Yeah, I'll be a helpful ghost when I die. That sounds good.

Liz: Yeah, I'd be a helpful ghost... I wouldn't want to keep doing my same job, though. I think that would suck. Not that my job sucks. But you know that, if you died and you still had to keep showing up to work...

Devon: Exactly, that's, no... I am retired. I'm going to go work at the zoo now or you know, whatever I want to do that's fun jobs.

Liz: Yeah. I could do what I want. Okay, the last one...

Devon: The final ghost? Is this your resting place?

Liz: The final ghost. Yes, it is my resting place for my voice and brain and my bladder.

Devon: I got all that too.

Liz: The Davenport opened for business September 1st, 1914, and Louis built what he thought was going to be the best nightclub in the West. He booked the acts for like two years in advance. Acts that would

play at the Davenport eventually included, um, the musician who would become Bing Crosby. At that time, he was a drummer, of all things.

Devon: Oh. Cool!

Liz: A waste. I don't know, maybe he was a great drummer.

Devon: Maybe he was, you never know.

Liz: But he was meant to be a crooner. Anyway, he builds his jazz nightclub. He's got everything booked up. He opens the newspaper sixty three days after the Davenport is open for business and finds out that prohibition has come to the state of Washington five years before it would come to the rest of the country.

Devon: Oh. man.

Liz: Yep. Well, he rolls with the punches. He's that kind of guy and he disassembles the entire thing. It was on the first floor. He disassembles it and he reassembles it in the basement with a dedicated entrance on the Lincoln Street side of the building to what's now called the Early Bird Club.

Devon: Yes.

Liz: And for 19 years, there was a tuxedo-clad doorman that would let you into the speakeasy underneath the Davenport.

Devon: Amazing. I had no idea.

Liz: Isn't that awesome?

Devon: I had no idea about this. All right.

Liz: That is some entrepreneurial spirit that he was like, "Well, okay... Fine. Fine! Move it one floor down and knock a door into the other entrance and we'll just keep going with what we're doing."

Devon: We can [inaudible] even more now, because it's illegal.

Liz: Exactly! So that was for, yknow, better part of twenty years, they had this going on, but after prohibition was over they didn't need it anymore. So they created in the Davenport the Early Bird Ballroom which has part of the original dance floor and parts of the speakeasy. And you can still hear jazz music, laughter and the clink of glasses.

Devon: That's neat.

Liz: And on the other end of the hallway, there's the day spa and sometimes people coming out of the spa will actually see a tall, thin man in a vintage tuxedo who's going to the door.

Devon: Ooh! That's quite interesting. That's cool.

Liz: He's still ready to let people into the speakeasy.

Devon: I love that. Good man. He stayed at his post, dude. I love it. So when we're talking about these five different hauntings, something that I think is really cool is that you have evidence of residual hauntings, and also--

Liz: Which ones are the residual ones again?

Devon: Residual's where it's just like a tape playing itself over and over again. So that would be the laughter, the clinking of the glasses and stuff like that. But you also have, I would say,. The bellman is an intelligent haunting because it's interacting with things that are happening in real time.

Liz: How neat. What kind of haunting is Mrs. McNamara?

Devon: You know, that one I would also say is a residual because she's just replaying that same moment of death or high intensity emotion. But it sounds like they're seeing her on the second floor and not the third. So why would she be on the second floor mezzanine, which is not where she fell from nor where she landed?

Liz: I don't know. I might be telling it wrong. But with Louis, it's unclear as to whether he's just a residual, like playing out what he's doing or whether he's actually looking at the present day workers. I don't know.

Devon: Well, we're going to have to interview some workers and see if he's actually talked to them.

Liz: Yeah, you know, I-- Oh, man. At the Campbell House tour, if that tour guide who had been a little more down, I would have asked her about ghost stories.

Devon: That's right.

Liz: Didn't feel up for it.

Devon: Good for you. Read your audience, man.

Liz: Yeah. She was just--- she was patient.

Devon: Plus at the Campbell house, didn't you have your child channeling dead crazy people? So you had to work with...

Liz: Matt was like, "Oh, this says Snow White Soap!" And she went, "Shh! Never talk about that."

Devon: Creepy child!

Liz: She also got really freaked out by the icebox, like we told her what it was and she's like, "Aah, it's so cold. It's so cold, it's--" So, I don't know. I think this is as much time as the Campbell House is ever going to get. I'll probably just leave this in because, goddammit, there's no hauntings as far as I can tell. Well, there's like an urban legend that I think has just been passed on from busload of fourth graders to busload of fourth graders, that it's haunted by the spirits of all the children of the Campbell family who were murdered. That never happened.

Devon: I remember when that happened!

Liz: Did you hear that legend like that?

Devon: I feel like I heard that! Yes, ma'am.

Liz: No, it was just, um, Mr. Campbell and his wife came and lived there and had some servants and they had one daughter and she got married and moved out. And then when they died and she didn't need two houses, she gave it to the historical society and they used it for a museum.

Devon: Well, that's quite pedestrian.

Liz: I know, right?

Devon: Come on now. Give us some intrigue. We need some Raleigh up in this action.

Liz: Yeah, we need some death and destruction or prohibition flaunting or something.

Devon: Yeah, maybe a sea serpent. Cryptic sighting.

Liz: Jazz it up a little Campbell House], jeez.

Devon: Come on, man.

Liz: It is a cool place, it's very interesting to look at but it's not ghostly. In my expert opinion, it's not tremendously ghostly.

Devon: I love it. You can be expert on this.

Liz: I'm as much an expert as anybody. I say. All right. You've been listening to the Ouija Broads. You can find us on Instagram, Facebook, Twitter, iTunes. If you do find us on iTunes, it would mean a lot to us if you would rate, review and subscribe because that helps other people find us. And we would like you to live weird--

Devon: --die weird--

Liz: --And stay weird. Thank you for listening.

Devon: Thank you. [fading out as theme music fades in] I'm sorry I interjected with "please," I--