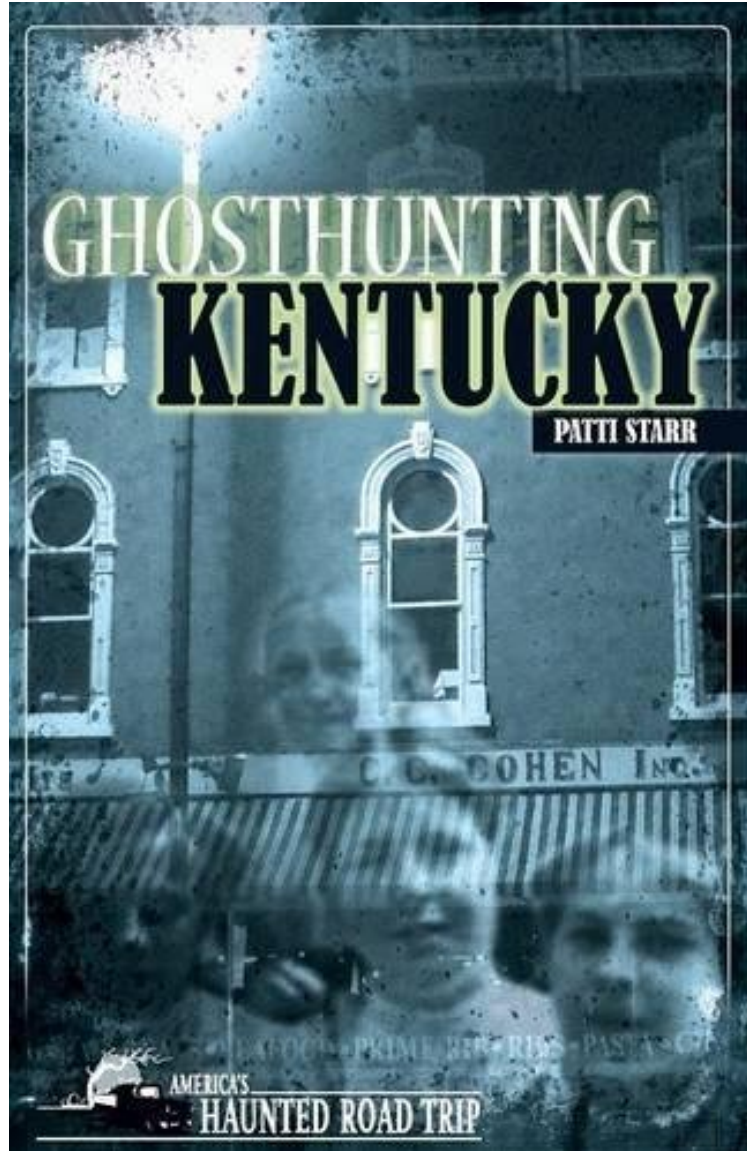


[Download free pdf] Ghosthunting Kentucky (America's Haunted Road Trip)

## Ghosthunting Kentucky (America's Haunted Road Trip)

*Patti Starr*

*audiobook / \*ebooks / Download PDF / ePub / DOC*



DOWNLOAD



+

READ ONLINE

#1259320 in Books Clerisy Press 2010-09-14Original language:EnglishPDF # 1 8.50 x .67 x 5.50l, .65 #File Name: 1578603528256 pages | File size: 29.Mb

**Patti Starr : Ghosthunting Kentucky (America's Haunted Road Trip)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Ghosthunting Kentucky (America's Haunted Road Trip):

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five StarsBy EGreat book0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five StarsBy Preston HalcombExcellent book, I highly recommend it.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Entertaining!By becky bliffenInteresting and Entertaining! Lots, of history that feel the pages! Step,

back in time to the tales of yesterday, that fill the pages of the haunts of days gone by!

The hills and hollows -- and cities -- of the Bluegrass State offer excellent opportunities for the ghost hunter. Guide Patti Starr leads readers on a tour of 30 legendary haunted spaces in Kentucky. She snoops around creepy farmhouses and grim garrets, eerie rooms and dark corners, exposing the ghosts and recording first-hand accounts of terrifying encounters. Clear maps and photographs help readers locate each dire destination, while more sensitive souls can enjoy experiencing these visits from the other side from the safety of their armchair.

From the Inside Flap Bobby Mackey's Music World Wilder Campbell County, Kentucky One of the most frequently asked questions I get about ghost hunting in Kentucky is, Have you ever investigated Bobby Mackey's place in Wilder, Kentucky? Of all the sites that I have investigated, none can compare to the history of death, murder, and human sacrifice that is recorded at this locale. Over the years Bobby Mackey's Music World has become known as one of the most sinister and haunted spots in America. Its reputation for being inhabited by tormented entities derives from the bizarre history of the place and the surrounding area. For about one hundred and twenty years this building has gone from owner to owner while building a legacy that includes murders, suicides, demonic rituals, and slaughtered animals. I called one of my ghost hunter graduates, Susan Rushing, who lives within a few miles of Wilder, to ask her if she could help me get into Bobby Mackey's place for a ghost investigation and to interview some of the employees. Susan, a devoted ghost hunter herself, graciously offered to make arrangements but held me to my promise that she would be able to join the ghost investigation. She has a knack for accomplishing anything once she sets her mind to it. Susan, with her wit and charm, had no problems securing an appointment for our team to investigate this haunted Mecca. We also invited Cynthia Spicer, another one of my graduates, to join us. Even though Cynthia is a single mom raising two little girls she still found time to work a ghost hunt. Cynthia, Chuck and I headed out early in the day to meet Susan in Wilder before heading out for Bobby's by 3:00 pm. We came close to canceling our trip to Wilder. A few days before we were scheduled to leave, Kentucky had been hit by one of the most destructive ice storms since 2003. The roads were cleared, but the walkways and parking lots were still heavily covered in ice and snow. When we arrived in Wilder and got out of the car, we held on to each other as we started on the icy path to the front door of Bobby Mackey's. Before we had gotten too far, Bobby Mackey's PR/Marketing Manager, RJ joined us. He was bundled in his thick, red coat, black hat, and plaid scarf in an attempt to ward off the bitter cold. He was uneasy that one of us might fall so after a quick picture-taking session in front of our car we headed inside. RJ loved our vanity car license plate that sports the word, Ghosts, and made sure to get a picture of it for their website. As I entered the main doors of the famous honky-tonk I felt the energy crawl up my back and shoulders as if I was being greeted by invisible creatures of the unknown. I later explained that eerie feeling to another one of my graduates, JC Harris, and he told me about his own investigation at Mackey's a few months before mine. He felt the same creepy feeling, which prompted him to raise his camera for quick snapshots of the entrance straight ahead. He captured an interesting mist accompanied by a faint purple spirit orb as he walked down the foyer. Before continuing on into the building I looked to the right and saw a warning sign on the wall that stated the place was haunted and by entering at your own risk the club would not be responsible if you were attacked by unseen forces. I thought it was a great marketing gimmick, but JR told me that someone tried to sue Bobby because they claimed they were attacked by a ghost. The case was dismissed, but the management thought it best to warn others about the possible dangers. RJ shared with us some of the history of Mackey's as we proceeded into the belly of this haunted icon. Since the 1800s the building has sheltered many personalities, and some of them were not so good. RJ said that for over forty years the building served as an animal slaughterhouse where the blood of the animals would drain into a well under the basement that flowed out to the nearby Licking River. Some people believed that satanic worshippers performed sacrificial rites on the property because it was located near the Licking River. This river has been noted, with a few other rivers of the world, as flowing north instead of in the more common southerly direction. This may have been why the occultists were attracted to the site. Several different clubs and lounges have occupied the space. After the slaughterhouse closed it was not until the 1930s that another company opened for business. During the years that clubs and bars were in operation there were numerous fights, attacks, and killings that surrounded the Primrose Country Club, the Latin Quarters, the Blue Grass Inn, and the Hard Rock Cafe. It was Bobby's intention to change all of that by bringing in a better type of entertainment when he opened Bobby Mackey's Music World in 1978. RJ told us that Bobby gave up the chance to record songs in Nashville to put all his time and money into his new country music bar. Bobby was already a well-known country singer in Kentucky with several popular albums to his credit and was looking forward to having his own place to perform. As I was standing near the dimly lit bar listening to RJ recount the past I noticed a rather husky fellow, wearing a dark hood. He walked over to join us. He was Matt Coates, the building supervisor, but he sure looked more like a bouncer to me. I thought to myself, if there were any ghosts or demons haunting this place surely they would think twice before taking him on. I turned back to RJ to ask him more questions and he assured me that I would probably get a better account of the hauntings by talking to Matt. He had been with Bobby Mackey for five years and was there during most of the ghost investigations that had been performed

at the club. I figured now was the best time to grab my digital audio recorder to chronicle his accounts of suspicious ghostly activity. So Matt, I asked, tell me about what you have seen or witnessed here at Bobby Mackey's. Without hesitating Matt said, One night while I was standing over by the mechanical bull I saw a man sitting at one of the tables across the other side of the room. I started to walk over to see who he was and noticed that he was dressed like someone from the 1800s. As I approached him he stood up and even though it was dark I could see that he had a mustache. He then turned and walked to the back door where he vanished. What did you do next? I said. I packed up my tools and went home. Did you ever see him again? Yes, Matt admitted, but I guess I've gotten use to him and I don't pay him any mind anymore. I asked him if he had any idea of who the man might be, and he said that it might be Scott Jackson or Alonzo Walling. He told me the story of these two dental students from Cincinnati who were part of an occult group called the Seven Hooded Ghost Men in the late 1800s. They would secretly meet in the abandoned slaughterhouse and perform rituals where they would sacrifice animals and mentally retarded children. They also killed Scott's girlfriend, Pearl Bryan, who was five months pregnant at the time, and after severing her head they threw it down the well during a satanic ritual. They were both tried and found guilty of her murder and were hanged for this heinous crime. I gestured to my team, who were checking out the mechanical bull area for possible evidence, to go into the basement. We would proceed with the interview there. The basement was huge with many rooms to choose from but our interest was in the room that contained the foreboding well. This supposed portal led into the depths of hell where so many body parts had been banished during satanic rituals. Susan and Cynthia stopped immediately as we entered the room. I was already in the room when I heard Susan remark, Wow! I spun around to see what was the matter. Both women said they saw a thick mist, almost like a veil, before them, surrounding the room. Matt said that he, too, had seen this same phenomena many times, although at this particular time neither he nor I saw it. After Susan and Cynthia stepped into the room to join Matt and me the mist vanished. Matt pointed out a small room off to the side that he called the jail room. He said it was the room where the occultists put the children before they sacrificed them and threw them down the well. I went into the room and the others claimed that they saw a spirit orb fly around my head. Could this be a spirit from one of the children that had been thrown into the jail room? Then Matt guided us over to an open doorway on the other side of the room where stairs proceeded up to nowhere. I thought how bizarre that the stairs just led up to a plastered wall. It's possible that during Prohibition bootleggers may have used the stairs to bring liquor up to the bar. They probably brought it up from the river so no one would catch them smuggling the illegal booze. There could have been a door leading to the outside that had been closed off in later years. I saw that in one corner of the room the floor had been ripped up and the gruesome well opening was exposed. There was a barricade of wooden slats built in front of the well so no one would accidentally fall in. I asked Matt who ripped up the floor and as he lifted his leg to brace himself on the barricade he answered, Carl had a dream that Johanna came to him and pointed at the floor. She told him that if he would rip up the floor in the basement he would find the well and her diary there. Who are Carl and Johanna? I asked. Matt said that Carl Lawson was a longtime employee at Bobby's and that he was the maintenance man. He lived in an apartment above the club. He started seeing shadows and hearing disembodied voices shortly after he came to work there. It wasn't long until he started seeing a full apparition of a woman. Later, he claimed that he had conversations with her and that he thought the ghost's name was Johanna. She was a young woman who committed suicide after her boyfriend was murdered. She found out that her father, owner of the Latin Quarters, arranged to have her boyfriend, Robert Randall, killed so that they couldn't be together. She had met him while he was a singer at the club and had fallen in love with him. Her father begged her to forget him but she was bound and determined to marry him. Her father took things into his own hands and with his mafia connection had one of his gangsters kill him. After Johanna took her own life they found her body in the basement in the same room that housed the well. She was five months pregnant. Read the rest of the interview in Ghosthunting Kentucky"