



Meet The 2009 Officers
 Central Region Director: Open
 Director: Angie Miles
 Public Relations: Mark Campbell
 Treasurer: Rebecca Auker
 Secretary: Kelli McQueen
 Trainer: Chris Settles

Volume 2, Issue 11
 November 2009

Indiana Ghost Trackers Indy Chapter

Bobby Mackey's Music World

By: Rick Hinton

Bobby Mackey's Music World sat gray and forlorn in the setting sun of the Kentucky evening when we arrived. The graveled side lot crunched under our tires as we parked our three vehicles in the tree line near the banks of the Licking River. As we pulled the array of equipment from the trunks and made our way up the hill to the entrance of the bar, I could feel the isolation of the building. Time seemed to be at a standstill. For the moment, traffic on the winding Licking pike was non-existent. Silence hung in the air like a thick curtain. The bright red and brown in the Bobby Mackey's sign was the only wash of color to be seen in the darkening night.

As we entered the bar, the sign—**Warning To Our Patrons: This Establishment Is Proported To Be Haunted. Management Is Not Responsible And Cannot Be Held Liable For Any Actions Of Any Ghosts/Spirits On This Premises.**—drove it all home. Suddenly we were there; all of the history, all of the reported activity, the many film crews who had descended upon this place like a minor invasion. I wasn't sure what we

may find. From everything I had heard and read, it might not be pretty.

The site had humble beginnings as a slaughterhouse for over 40 years during the 1800's, supplying meat for south-eastern Indiana, southern Ohio and northern Kentucky. The slaughterhouse closed its doors in the 1890's and reports of satanic cult activity in the abandoned building started soon after. There are no parts of the original building still standing other than the *well* that formally carried blood and other fluids from the slaughterhouse into the Licking River. The well was eventually boarded over and forgotten until much later. Unfortunately, our group had arrived too late in the evening to push through the underbrush along the banks of the river to locate the well's outlet.

As we snaked cables for our live feed cameras down through PVC beer-chute pipes into the basement, I contemplated the murder of Pearl Bryan. Anyone familiar with the various legends surrounding Mackey's knows the story of the murder and decapitation of Pearl in 1896, and I won't repeat the details here. It's a hard story to listen to and, in my opinion, a bit of a stretch to connect it with Mackey's. It is true that her headless body was found in a field not far away, but purely speculation about the head being dropped down the well.

(Continues page 2)

UPCOMING EVENTS

October 23 and 24...Booth at Fright Manner

November 7...IGT Monthly meeting. NOTE: it is the first weekend instead of the third weekend due to the holidays.

November 14...IGT Banquet in Kokomo. Please see the Forum for details and RSVP.

December 12...IGT Monthly meeting. NOTE: it is the second weekend instead of the third weekend due to holidays. This meeting we will be voting on Board Positions for the next year. Please read the email Angie sent out about the positions and nominate. All positions are OPEN. This meeting will be a Christmas party.

Inside this issue:

Bobby Mackey, cont.	2
Bobby Mackey, Investigation	3
Bobby Mackey, Inv, Cont	4
Bobby Mackey Group Pic	4

Bobby Mackey's, Continued

There are too many discrepancies. Did the blood hounds, as reported, trail the scent from the crime scene to the well? There is another report that the scent carried the hounds to the Covington Reservoir in Ft. Thomas. It can't be both. It's just good old spooky lore to associate Pearl's head with the well at Mackey's even though there may not be an ounce of truth in it. As far as Pearl sightings, realistically, one would have to question—why would Pearl want to haunt a bar full of drunks? We do know, for fact, that Scott Jackson and Alonzo Walling committed the crime, were hung for the crime in May of 1897 without revealing the whereabouts of the head, and purportedly are two of the many ghosts haunting Mackey's.

Donna, the bar manager, spent the overnight with us. Something tells me she does this a lot with other groups. She promptly informed us of increased activity in the Bull Room that past week. Donna was friendly, answered our questions and generally stayed out of our way. She spent most of her time perched on a bar stool talking on her cell-phone, smoking, or getting some much needed shut-eye. Unfortunately, due to the tie-in with the security system, the lights in the bar area stayed on for the duration of our investigation.

The construction of the present building had its beginnings in the 1920's, beginning a continuing cycle of speakeasy's and gambling establishments with strong mob connections. It is rumored that a brothel also played a part in the history of this building. In the 1930's the mob seized control of Buck Brady's Primrose Casino & Bar, contributing to Buck's deteriorating state of mind when he shortly thereafter committed suicide. The Latin Quarter in the 1940's and 1950's continued the trend of mob influenced control. This period introduced cabaret dancer Johanna who would factor mightily into the Mackey legend and gain a spirited immortality. There is speculation that Johanna was not only a dancer, but also a *working girl*. Love can bring the highest of highs and the lowest of lows. An interesting twist on a story culminating in the young despondent girl climbing a ladder to the catwalk above the stage, penning a rather prophetic love poem upon the wall of a cubicle sized room up in the rafters, and then taking her life, and the life of her unborn child. Sadly, Donna informed us that the catwalk was unsafe and off limits that night.

We sat in the former kitchen area and stared out over the sea of tables leading to the dance floor and stage. No longer walled off from the rest of the

large room it is now a small riser with tables and chairs in the main bar area. I knew that directly underneath me a set of stairs rose up from the basement, stopping at the floor—stairs that in the distant past had directed the working girls to dressing rooms below. When Bobby Mackey felt *driven* to buy the property after a series of fatal shootings in 1978 it seemed to be Janet Mackey that paid the price. In one instance she experienced blood bubbling up from the kitchen sink drain. Later she claimed to be pushed down a flight of stairs while pregnant. Up until the time of her recent passing she never set foot in the building again.

Donna told us that former live-in caretaker Carl Lawson would stop by occasionally. She said he still felt the presence of spirits in the bar and often spied Johanna standing by the stage when Bobby performed. Again, another blow for the evening—Carl's former upstairs apartment could not be a part of our investigation that evening. Bobby was in the process of converting the space into his office. I did try the door in the hallway, between the Pool Table Room and the Bull Room, knowing that the stairway to the apartment was behind it—it was locked.

It was Carl that re-discovered the boarded up slaughterhouse well in the basement during his caretaker days at Mackey's. To this day he regrets tearing up the lumber that covered the hole for decades, claiming that he had opened a *gateway to hell*. The building and tragic events from the past appear to have ingrained itself into Carl, to such a degree he was labeled *possessed*, and in August of 1991 was exorcised in the bar.

I made several pilgrimages to the well in the course of the night. The hole was filled with cement and dirt to just a couple of feet from the top. It was dusty and the air was thick. I waited, I watched, I listened. I didn't really notice or feel anything particularly hellish about it.

Kudos to Phil for spending most of his evening monitoring the live feed and chat. Angie would relieve him periodically so that he could participate in the investigation. It was a learning experience. We had placed two cameras upstairs and two in the basement. The next time we will work towards adding audio and roving cameras into the mix. We had several hits from the chat room throughout the investigation alerting us to lights and shadows in the Bull Room. A couple of die-hard viewers even stayed with us until the end. (Continued page 3)

Bobby Mackey's—The Investigation

We split the team into two groups: Doug, Elizabeth, Beth, and Rick as one; Kenny, Chatty, June, Kristi, and Phil as the other. Angie would float between the groups when not monitoring the live feed. Generally, when one group was upstairs the others were in the basement. We did band together for a session in the basement towards the end of the night.

As with any investigation, every member seems to have a different experience. Some will feel or experience nothing out of the ordinary. Others may have a monumental awakening. And there is that area that lies just in-between. For myself, I believe this was one of those in-between nights. Those of us who are somewhat *sensitive* had completely different experiences.

Early on in the investigation we noticed rather quickly that footsteps from a group upstairs carried very distinctly to those in the basement. I also noted that the floor throughout the bar was very uneven, playing with your equilibrium as you moved about, causing a general sense of unease. Some of the areas and experiences throughout the night were:

* The men's bathroom. I wanted something to happen in there after watching Nick from *Ghost Adventures* run like his tail was on fire. The warning sign as you enter Mackey's is a result of lawyer advice after a patron was accosted in this bathroom. There were still half filled beer bottles on the shelf above the trough and the room smelled of urine. * We ran EVP, used the K2, and tried the *TAPS* flashlight trick but got no response. Never the less, because of the reputation, I felt very uneasy whenever I used the facilities.

* We occupied the Pool Table Room (purported to be where Carl Lawson received his exorcism). Nothing particularly extreme happened, but the hallway leading off of it had a heavy feel like the air was stagnant. I didn't linger long in this hallway.

* We had several seemingly K2 responses to direct questions, especially in the old kitchen area..

* We did have a few battery drainage issues.

* Beth had the feeling of being touched and whispering in her ear throughout the night.

* The Basement was a different matter. Donna, the bar manger, made no secret that she would never enter this room under any circumstance. This lower section of the building has a lot of stuff crammed

into every nook and corner, and just emits a feeling of discomfort. Both groups received K2 hits to questioning in the basement throughout the night.

* The Well Room was quiet. The stairs leading up and stopping at the floor of the former kitchen lay off to the side of the well. Donna showed photographs another group had taken of the stairs with a colored mist forming about halfway up. I remember Zac Bagan of *Ghost Adventures* receiving the scratches on his back in this room. Nothing happened here this evening. The small dungeon like room to the rear of the Well Room was another matter. Both Beth and I sat in this small enclosure and felt really uncomfortable. I later learned that back in the day this room was used as a babysitter. The working girls would bring their kids to work (for whatever reason?) and basically lock them into this room until their shift was over. I can imagine the counseling these kids would need later in life.

* The Faces Room: It's a poured cement wall so I don't imagine it's ancient. You can make out the shapes of faces, but your mind can be quite talented it putting together something from nothing. We did, however, seem to have a lot going on in this room. Both Doug and I would occasionally catch a faint splash of color out of our peripheral vision—always in the same corner of the room. We were in total darkness when this happened. There were very strong consistent responses to K2 questioning, and when Angie was doing some provoking as to the nature of a big strong man picking on a defenseless girl, several of us heard an audible chuckle. Earlier in the evening when we had exited the room Elizabeth turned to the corner and caught a quick glimpse of a man—tall, thin, with grayish hair. It lasted less than a second. It was the same corner that Doug and I had seen color.

* The basement main hallway: The other group had heard footsteps approaching them in the dark, yet when the lights came on there was nothing there. We parked ourselves on the hallway floor outside Johanna's dressing room, sat in the dark and waited. We didn't have to wait long. Beside the sounds of minor shuffling in the corners we witnessed shadow movement. The heavy entrance door into the basement was framed by a thin beam of light from the street lamp outside. We watched the occasional shadow, low to the ground, break this beam. We were never fast enough with camera to capture the author of this shadow. (Continued back cover)

Visit us on the Web
www.indianaghosts.org



The Bobby Mackey group. From left to right: Kristy, Chatty, Kenny, Beth, June, Doug, Elizabeth, Phil, Angie and Rick.

Bobby Mackey's—The Investigation, Continued

The room grew steadily *heavy*, almost oppressive, and we all became uneasy. This was when Elizabeth spied the figure again for a split second, standing over Angie with his arms crossed and glaring down at her. Both Elizabeth and Beth felt it was time for them to leave the basement and they quickly retreated to the upstairs. Doug and I worked with the EMF and found extremely high readings at the electrical power supply coming into the basement. Time was drawing to a close and we left the basement to return to the bar.

All good things must come to an end. Bobby Mackey's continues to remain an enigma. I got no feel for anything *evil*, but who knows; maybe it was an off night. There is definitely *something* there that seems to lurk just below the surface—something just out of reach. And under the right circumstances, *it* will let you know. Unfortunately, we recorded no EVP or photo evidence. Maybe we were just being played with that night. Everyone has their own take on their personal experiences that evening at Bobby Mackey's Music World. Elizabeth

noted that she was very sensitive and tingling to the energy throughout the night. Beth would echo that statement. Doug felt very uncomfortable and unwelcome, and that was a first for him. I'll hold judgment until I return—in 2010.