

Personal Stories



The following is a collection of personal stories from the archives. Some material may be incomplete such as associated photographs or videos. All stories are listed in alphabetical order.

This guide contains the entire list of personal stories pertaining to the subject of Bachelors Grove. It was created using Google Documents and is designed to be exported as a PDF. Do not change the format of this guide if viewing it as a Google Document. Exporting it as a PDF will create “pages” for it to be read easier and will create a personal copy with all associated photographs.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Aaron

Year? - Aaron ?'s

April 7th, when it was full moon, my friends and I went out there to see if this place was really haunted or not. When we walked down the path, my friend pointed out to me a light out on the deeper side of the woods. He faced me directly where it was showing; our words... "oh it's nothing, probably just porch light or something for a house". Then as we went into the cemetery, there was a deer struggling to get out(since we had come in). It was at the west end of the cemetery as we entered, trying to get out. We tried to get closer, but it ran right past the pond entrance to the EAST end of the cemetery. Now what was strange is that after the deer had gone that way, we watched both entrances, and walked towards the east end. NO! sign of the deer. Freaked us out cause we know that deer didn't hop that fence because of its height and the barbwire. So the whole night we wandered around (BORED), trying to scare others. Though every time we were standing/walking/running back and forth down the path, something kept making us look back to down the path. We knew nothing was there; we thought the place was a joke, but it was as if something was triggering our reflexes to look down the path. I don't know why we kept looking; we weren't scared of anything except the lookout for deer because there was plenty that night. So we left around 1am. As soon as I got home, I read this book of haunted places in IL. Well supposedly for bachelors grove, there's a phantom house, and it specifically listed that people even see a burning lantern in a window. WHOA! Next thing you know we're back at Bachelors Grove, checking out whether or not the light was still there. It was... but this time it was very dim, like as if it was turned down or it was running low. About 4:30 in the morning and we're still just looking at this light. We had to stand completely motionless in order to see it. It was more focused on the light, but we had to concentrate on it, or we'd lose it. We were gonna head towards the light as soon as sunrise, but we were getting tired so we left. I don't know about all these people saying they see this stuff and make them never come back, but we plan in the future to camp out and do some research on this. It's not only haunting, it's interesting.

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Aaron Johnson

Sent in via email February 21, 2004

Credit to Dale Kaczmarek of Oak Lawn, IL for sending in this material.

Hi Dale and Matt-

I spoke briefly on the phone with Matt, and he suggested I send the attached photo to the both of you for your input as to whether it appears to be genuine, or an artifact of the digital camera that it was taken with.....

I'm aware of the anti-digital stance of most ghost photographers, however, the info I could find about the 'orb effect' seems to indicate that this problem tends to occur with night photos, and not daylight photos.

All best,

Aaron Johnson



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Aaron Schults

Sent in via email June 21, 2011

Recently, my friends were at the Bachelor's Grove Cemetery with hopes to explore the paranormal and perhaps have something wild happen to them. One of my friends took an old film camera and took two pictures of this guy, Mike. He took the two right after each other, merely seconds apart. I have attached the pictures, but as you'll see, one is perfectly fine and the other has an unexplained blotch on it. The blotch on the second picture seems to be covering a grave that is not visible in the first picture. I'm not one for paranormal stuff, but it creeps me out a little! Also, the next day after my friends left Bachelor's Grove my friend's camera stopped working. I have no idea if this is any relation to this, but I figured I might as well throw that out there! I saw this site and figured I would send in what he gave me!

Thanks!



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Story sent in via email March 29, 2010

My name is Abrar, and I was at Bachelor's Grove cemetery one week ago.

Somebody left an impaled turkey on one of the headstones just by the right side of the entrance. So I took it off, and threw it into the trash bin by the entrance.

By the way, your website looks a lot better.

Abrar

The image below, captured on April, 2, 2010, is of the item mentioned. Upon inspection it appears to have been a real animal but was put through a taxidermy process.



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Adam Lucio
Facebook.com Messenger
April 8, 2019

Archive Notation: A followup is required for possible photographs and other details. The complete conversation was not saved and is missing from Facebook. Adam runs the following Facebook Page: <https://www.facebook.com/aerostorms>

Message sent to Adam

Bachelors Grove Cemetery

Adam, I would love to hear more about your experience with the rapid forming "fog" at Bachelors Grove and possibly add it to the archives for others to learn from. As always, you can keep your name private if you wish.

"The mysterious mist that appears at the entrance to Bachelors Grove cemetery is a common experience for visitors. Some people see it, while some at the same moment can't see it. It is also known to swirl like a tornado around the entrance and then travel east down the old Midlothian Turnpike." <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0LtXsBiyuk>

Thank you!

Adam

It's been many, many years since I've explored the cemetery, especially at night but like many area teenagers my friends and I used to sneak in there after dark. I've had a lot of crazy experiences there.

The one thing I remember most about the fog is one time a group of 6 of us were walking down the main path near dusk and as we got closer it rapidly just formed and circled around us. It was the only time we turned around and didn't go in. It freaked us all out way too much

Bachelors Grove Cemetery

How many feet in front of you did the fog first start to appear? Was it slightly off the path to your right or left or directly on the path? Also, how many seconds do you think it lasted when it swirled around you. I take it the fog moved away from you after swirling around you or did it fade away? Maybe it was still swirling when you all decided to leave? I'm trying to get a detailed

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experience as you are not the only group that the "fog" has swirled around when on the path itself.

Adam

I don't recall it swirling per se, but it sort of developed from both directions and stayed there as if to block off the entrance. We retreated and when we got off the path it was gone. It seemed like it started out as a pillar and sort of expanded, it was definitely more intense from the right side, coming from the direction of the cemetery

I have some really, really insane pictures of the fog from different nights I would love to share. One of them it actually is shaped like a human with their arms reaching out to grab me

I posted the image on fb several years ago so I'm trying to scroll back and find it

Bachelors Grove Cemetery

Very interesting, I would love to see the photos

Bachelors Grove Cemetery

Your experience sounds like mine, it covered the entire entrance and you couldn't see through it. It started from an elevated position between the gate posts then it "grew" down to the ground forming a sort of wall. Then it began to swirl with a helix shape in the middle. The thing then "jumps" onto the main path and takes off east.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery

But others have experienced being surrounded by it, then it swirled, then took off toward the cemetery.

Adam

wow thats wild, ours didn't move that erratically but it formed so fast and was so concentrated it was freaky

I'm still scrolling searching for those pics. I have the actual photos back home in Chicago but unfortunately I am out of town for about a month

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Bachelors Grove Cemetery

You mentioned that it "circled around us" so I interpreted that as it swirling around you guys.

Adam

My bad, I guess a better description would be surrounded

Bachelors Grove Cemetery

I suppose when you said it felt like it was blocking your path that is what you meant?

Adam

Yes, it developed in seconds which is what made it so freaky

Bachelors Grove Cemetery

Yes, it does form very fast indeed

I know you have some night-time photos but did this particular experience happen during the day-time?

Adam

Yes it was getting pretty close to dusk, right about sunset

Bachelors Grove Cemetery

Ok, got it

Bachelors Grove Cemetery

If you can find those photographs I'd really appreciate it. If you need to wait until you get home I completely understand.

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By the way, about what year did this experience take place?

Adam

1999/2000ish. I was in highschool at the time and graduated in 2000

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Sounds good, at least we have a basic idea.

Adam

I have all the dates written down in the photo album too

Bachelors Grove Cemetery

Nlce

Adam

we've heard the fence clanging too. It seemed like it would follow us around, then id see dark shadows moving along the ground out of the corner of my eye

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The fence clanging was the same night when you took these photos?

COPY OF CONVERSATION INCOMPLETE

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Aiden

September 23, 2006

Back on October 15, 2004, my girlfriend thought it would be a good idea to take me to Bachelors Grove Cemetery, a week before my birthday, as one of my presents. I am really into the supernatural, so I was really excited about it. I even went and bought a digital voice recorder, and got out my digital camera. We left that Saturday, at about 12:00p.m. I live about an hour and a half away, so I wanted to get as much out of this as possible. When we arrived, we parked across the street, in the forest preserve parking lot, then walked across the street (there is nowhere to park other than there, and if you try to park elsewhere, you will be towed, and get a ticket.) The walk from there is not very far, but as we got closer to the gate, it started to feel really odd. I turned on my recorder, and it would skip from 17 seconds, to 23. I kept it going, and we took a whole bunch of pictures. It was about 42 degrees that day, and it started raining, so we hurried it up, and took as many pictures as we could. While we were there, we noticed a really bizarre feeling of being watched, and I kept getting the feeling something was breathing down my neck. We decided to leave after being there for about 20 minutes. It was creeping us out, and we were the only ones there. I left the recorder going till we got to the end of the trail leaving the grounds. Once we got to the car, I replayed all of our footage. I almost literally had a heart attack at what I heard. I heard a voice whisper to get out, and other things, like at one point I said to my girlfriend, take a picture of me next to here. Then you hear, almost in a taunting manner, yes go ahead take a picture. The really freaky stuff started happening after we got home.

That night, (now keep in mind, I am extremely healthy, and I never get sick.) I felt perfect that day, and out of nowhere that night, I got a bad cough, and sore throat. There is no way possible, I could get that sick, for being in the cold, dressed as warm as I was, for 20 minutes. Anyway, the next morning, when my girlfriend came over, I was worse. I had a fever of about 101, and I had been having diarrhea. I was so sick, I could barely move. She brought her laptop over, and we viewed the pictures together. We got a lot of things on camera. We got a picture of a man by a fallen tree, a full body apparition of a woman floating, holding what looked to be flowers. Lots of other pictures were of faces, and white mists. After that ordeal, things got worse. About a month after that, we moved into an apartment together, and after only two months, we were in a car accident. A month after that, she lost her job for no reason, followed by me losing mine. No matter how many interviews we went on, we could not find a job! That whole year was bad luck. We got sick all the time with flu bugs, and had problems with our apartment. We lost our place after barely a year! We had to move in with my parents, and it was months before we found work again. I really believe the cemetery had something to with it, because before that, we were happy, and healthy. I will never go back there again. My friends want to, but I tell them they are nuts. There is something more to that place than people think. I never believed in curses, or anything like that, until that happened. Things have gotten a little better for us, but not perfect. It's been two years. I still have my voice recordings, and pictures, and I listen to the strange voices still. I show my pictures to people, and I have tried putting them on ghost sites, but they have never been displayed, like I hoped they would be. To all of you ghost hunters out there, I

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would highly recommend you never go there. That place is haunted, and a good find, but it's better to just leave those spirits in peace. They obviously don't want people there. Thank you for reading this.

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Ann Murphy
March 30, 2013
www.facebook.com

Ann Murphy

Hey Chris, I used to go there all the time to get scared. Then, one day when I was about 22 I was at a coworkers house. Her son was 16 at the time, and had never gone. So I decided we should remedy this. She, her son and I went to Bachelors Grove, and right b4 the graves smelled what seemed to be formaldehyde. Needless to say, her son jetted with myself and his mom close behind. We got to the car and took off. The next day in the newspaper there was an article of a lady's body found (not 10 mins after we left) dumped at the path of Bachelor's grove. So glad we didn't stick around to see that!

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Anne Jay
May 2020
www.youtube.com

Archive Notation: In response to the following video:

Video: [You Tube](#)

Video: [Archive](#)

My friend said he heard children playing in the woods in summer 2018, but I didn't hear it. We were walking together. I thought maybe he was trying to spook me. Do you believe in psychic abilities? That was my friend's claim as to why he could hear it and I couldn't. IDK

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Annmarie Crawford

Sent in via email February 09, 2005

I took this photo in October of 2002, it is a shot of the path that leads to the cemetery. You can see that there appears to be a figure dressed in black walking on the path. When I zoomed in, I saw that there appears to be two figures. Please let me know what you think.

Annmarie Crawford



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Anthony Alvarez

Inquiry sent in via email March 27, 2011

...I will finish the story on the site if you give me a chance to tell it in depth. We did not vandalize the Grove, nor damage it in any way. I am now 62 years old and have had this on my mind for many, many years now and it's time to get it off my chest. It is a haunting story and I know it will be read by many. I can give you the names of people that were there that day if you need collaboration to the story. I swear on my mother's grave that what I am about to relate in the story is 100% accurate and true.

Story sent in via email April 1, 2011 - Not supposed to be an April Fool's joke.

The year was 1991 and July was the hottest it had been in the past few years. One Saturday evening many of the guys were standing outside our usual waterhole the Zero In on the east side of Chicago. There were probably more people standing outside then customers inside. A friend of mine and I were discussing how hot it was that day and came up with the idea to get the hell out of there, so I asked him what he had in mind replying back, "what would you say if I told you to let's go to Bachelors Grove". He claimed it was far from the southeast side and out in the boonies as he put it. We were ready to take off when a car pulled up, it was my brother and a friend so David told them that the bar was somewhat empty and we were thinking of taking off. My brother said he was only going in for a cold brewski so David yelled out to him to meet us at Wally's as we drove away.

David and I arrived at Wally's and it was the same as the bar was. Everyone was outside just standing around. Wally's brother Joe was standing out there with a few of the guys so we got out of the car and began to shoot the breeze with them all. We asked where Wally was and Joe said he was inside watching TV. My brother decided to show up since there wasn't anyone around to speak of. Wally and Joe's youngest sister and a few female cousins of theirs came out to join the gathering out in the middle of the street. The conversation between David and I was the same, keeping up with them wanting to go to the Grove. Somehow, the girls got wind of the conversation and one of them said out loud that if we were planning on going to the Grove they would love it if we could take them. Plans were made now and we are ready to pull out when along comes Luxie on his Harley so we stopped what we were doing and told him to get into my brother's car. So he did and we were able to take off. The first stop was going to be 71st street, there Dave knew of an all night liquor store. He would run in there and get a case of cold Millers for the evening. We take off directly to I-57 not too far from where we were at the present.

We reached the Grove and David made a move with his car cause he planned to park it pointing out in case we had to make a quick escape. My brother arrived a few minutes after us and did the same with his car. We all got out of our cars and began searching for a place where we could make ourselves comfortable to shoot the breeze and have a few beers as we rattled away passing the hours. David and I stayed behind with the girls, as to keep our eye on them as the

guys disbanded going in different ways exploring the grounds. A few minutes later one of the guys comes back to tell us that he had found the perfect spot for all of us to sit down and enjoy the evening. It turned out to be an open grave. We positioned ourselves all around it and took a step down in it and sat around the entire length of it. The other guys kept coming back and forth from their little excursions. Dusty and my brother had gone to the creek that runs on the side of the grove, or behind it, no matter, they had found some wood, yes wood that glowed green in the night. Another friend was amazed at the dates he had seen and read on the tombstones. This went on for nearly 2 hours before we saw a light like from a flashlight coming at us. The man presented himself as a local policeman asking us what we thought we were doing there telling us to leave immediately. We were not to argue with the badge so we trickled out as he told us to.

Later that week the temperature remained the same and it was the same for us seeking a place to cool off for the evening so later on in the week, maybe a few days later we were back at our local hangout and one of Joe's cousins, not the same one that had gone with us the first time commented that she wanted to visit the Grove and if we would take her. David discussed it with a few of us asking if we would want to go back. My answer as well as the rest of the guys all shouted yes in approval. So again it would be the similar routine except this time before midnight. Nearly 2 hours after making the decision we were at the Grove again. This time, we could not enter. The surrounding property of Bachelors Grove had a fence completely around it. So one of the guys yells out that he was going to go by the little canal to find an opening. Cars kept passing that evening so David flagged down a passing car and it stopped. David asked him if he knew when the fence had been put up. And when the guy told him that it had been up for quite a while, none of us could believe it. We had been shooting the breeze less than a week earlier inside the Grove.

Anthony Alvarez

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Aphaythea Owens
2009

I also saw the foundation once but I didn't see it on my way back to the cemetery. I had no idea it was anything special and had written it off as just going in the wrong direction until I looked down and saw my own footprints so I knew then I had gone that way. I mentioned it to another visitor I saw there and we went back to look, as they asked me to show them where I saw it. I was able to follow my prints the whole way (there was snow on the ground) and couldn't find the spot again. It was very small but not so small as to be missed, even with the snow it had been obvious from several feet away.

On our way back, a branch broke as if it had been stepped on with a loud crack. There was no way it could have happened by itself. There was no wind and the branch had been about a half foot off the ground, we had both just stepped over it. I went and took a look and it was a clean break, no signs of wear or teeth marks from animals or anything.

Another time I went and took friends, we saw a glow under the (very clear) water in the pond that kept moving and we took a ton of pictures. In almost all of them there were mists and orbs. In one shot, a little girl is clearly visible, standing between two of my friends with her hand reaching up as if wanting someone to hold her hand. If I ever get a scanner, I'll put my pictures up here if I can do that. (haven't checked yet)

We went back one last time before I moved out of state (All our trips were in the daytime and only the second one was anytime near Halloween. The first one was in January and the last time I went it was summertime) and this time we took our dog, a pug. BIG MISTAKE. She was so upset by the time we reached the gate that she couldn't walk back to the car and we had to carry her violently shaking little body back and cover her with a blanket. We did not leave right away however, as it was a very long drive for us to get there (We came from Skokie which is the north side of Chicago.) but one by one the five of us began to freak out.

It was a super hot summer that year but we all were freezing cold. I had walked through cold spots before but never anything like this. It was as if starting at the trailhead which was across the highway from where we parked, through the whole cemetery, and following all the paths passed the cemetery and all around the pond (which was like thick pea soup that day) the temperature dropped 50 degrees.

Every single picture we took that day came out completely blank but the tape recorder my friend had brought had the sound of a woman crying on it, the sounds of a horse in distress and the shouts of a man who seemed to be in a panic but his words were unclear.

Arvo Zyló

Sent in via [Google Groups Forum](#) October 11, 2021

OK, I wrote it up. *** Submitted to Coast to Coast AM.

I'd like to share a number of little anecdotes from my dozens of times being at the notoriously haunted (and long abandoned) cemetery, Bachelor's Grove. I think they rival a lot of the stories to come out in the last 20 years, about experiences in that cemetery.

For one, among the first times I went to the cemetery, which is situated in the middle of a forest preserve, it was with friends, and we saw the notorious disappearing house (or at least one of them). We didn't even know it wasn't supposed to be there.

Once we had spent our time in the cemetery, we continued walking west, past a stream that ran through the area. We walked for some time, and I even took a photo inside of a nearby well where this house apparently was (attached). This was in approximately 2001. The house that most people have reported is said to be white, but what we saw was brown. It did look like it had candles lit in the windows, and it had a sheltered porch area. The more we walked towards it, the more it stayed the same distance from us. We were so preoccupied with looking for ghosts, that we did not even realize that the house wasn't supposed to be there. And we didn't put it together for some years after, including several other visits without consequence, and one with an especially large amount of consequence, at least for me. After I heard about the disappearing house in 2004 or so, I brought multiple friends back to try to find it, and we never did. One time in 2014, a friend and I walked for 5 hours in the thick of the woods, off the paths, past the cemetery, past the nearby stream, and the more we walked, the more the view of the Midlothian Turnpike IE the end of the forest preserve stayed the same distance from us. Finally, we gave up and turned around, and we got back to the cemetery entrance within 20 minutes. That forest preserve is about a three block radius if you look at a map, there is no logical way we walked for that long without coming out the other side.

On Friday, June 13 of 2003, I was still something of a skeptic. I went to spend the night at the cemetery by myself, because I thought I'd never see anything. I snuck into the forest preserve area past a small radio antenna/tower, because I knew there would be police stationed at the main entrance to prevent trespassers (and there were). By this time, I'd been there so many times, I knew the place by heart. I quietly snuck onto the main path just past the entrance, once I'd walked through the woods for long enough, dressed in all black, and with a good deal of adrenaline. I didn't even have a flashlight, but I found that I didn't need one. The moon was so bright and full (yes, it was a full moon on Friday the 13th) that I didn't need a flashlight. I walked around a fair amount. I was thankful that for some reason there was no mud and no mosquitos, and the weather was a bit brisk, but not too cold.

I'm pretty sure that I arrived at the cemetery around 11pm, and not a thing happened until about 2am, but at that time, everything happened, and it was beautiful. I sat at a grave that had been dug up in the 60s, so it was a bit of a pothole. I believe it was the Newman grave. I tried to settle in, but I was on high alert for the entire time, until I did actually start seeing things.

A lot of people have horror stories of shadow figures and deep negativity, but what I saw was so blissful and warm, it made me really happy, and I've always associated that warm feeling with the place since then. It began with me seeing two people slow-dancing in a circle, patiently, gracefully, and almost menacingly. It was a bride and groom in old-fashioned regalia; the groom with a top hat and coat tails, and the bride with a white wreath on her head. They were too far away to see too many details, but the intensity with which they gazed into each other's eyes was not only implicit, but undeniable, so much so that I felt I could hear the music, although I knew I couldn't.

It is natural for a skeptic to assume that this was merely a mirage, the eyes playing tricks in the moonlight, but it's hard to explain how bright everything was. The moon was not only luminescent, but everything had a slight glowing hue to it, which allowed me to make for certain that this couple in the distance, dancing their mesmerizing dance near the entrance to the cemetery were not my eyes making something out of nothing. The more clarity I felt, the more happiness I felt. I felt as if I was connected to all of the families who had come to have picnics and visit their loved ones, since this was, after all, referred to as "the cemetery in the park" at one point.

White orbs began to float around in the area, and they didn't seem to be representative of bodies, but they were smaller. They looked like what Disney movies portray lightning bugs to be, basically clusters of white superballs floating in the air. There was not only a glow, but a sort of fog in the trees, and most of the orbs that I saw were up in the trees with what looked like light mists of glowing white smoke.

To my left, a large glowing red light crept up over the lagoon, and the nearby Midlothian turnpike. It looked like red spotlights were coming up out of the lagoon, lots of them. The side of the road next to the lagoon was immersed in red light going straight up to the sky. I kept waiting to hear an ambulance, but I heard nothing. I didn't even hear crickets for a while. Combined with the moonlight, these new red lights gave me even more light to see, and on the ground, I saw a broken carriage and a dead horse. I want to be clear that it was bright enough to make these things out clearly. The carriage was pretty smashed up, but it was still recognizable as a carriage. I did not know of any sort of history where a horse and carriage ran into the lagoon and both died for no apparent reason. I heard that years later.

Another thing I will say, there are stories of a "yellow man", which is to say, apparently some Dick Tracy type of character walks around in a yellow overcoat. I did not see that exactly, and I never heard of it until recently, but what I did see, was a glowing yellow humanoid figure that would walk for a few steps and then explode into pieces, then reform as a bunch of orbs that rapidly coagulated, walk a bit more, then explode. All of this happened in a manner as if it were

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indifferent to me. This stuff continued to go on, uninterrupted, for at least 2 hours. I sat in the moonlight and sketched what I was seeing at one point, and that was just as things were beginning to develop. What I did sketch also were potential mirages, to be clear, but that was before the red light really kicked in.

It was not all peachy keen throughout the night, though. I had heard of the shadow figures and hooded figures, and naturally I was worried about ritual abuse and devil worshippers that are rumored to be around the area. What I did see was hovering hooded figures moving back and forth about the fence area, paying particular attention to the entrance. They zoomed back and forth over and over, and that made me pretty nervous, but they seemed more like guardians than antagonists. What made me more nervous was that I began hearing animals screaming. I specifically heard a dog screaming in pain, and it felt like it was very close to me, but I could not see it. The dog didn't seem to want to hurt me, but I did not move from my spot at that gravestone until the sun began to come up. Just before that happened, it was as if a dimmer switch had turned everything down, and it all faded from view as the crack of dawn only slightly began to creep through the moonlight, at which point I walked to a nearby diner, had breakfast, and came back to the cemetery to take pictures with a disposable camera. Naturally, not one photo came out. They were all completely black.

I would like to add that this experience was so profound to me that it slowly became the impetus for me to become a psychic as well as a certified hypnotherapist, essentially because the trance state that was involved on this night was so extraordinary and undeniable.

For reference, I am attaching a photo by Edgar Amaya of me at the cemetery in 2009, as well as the drawing I did in the cemetery on that night in 2003, and the photo of me in the well in 2001 (by Chuck Barcik).

Thanks for your consideration!

-Arvo Zylo



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AudreyMae

Sent in via Facebook 2021

This might be tmi, but, my husband & I were visiting/having a picnic there last fall driving through, he was walking about 20 ft. Ahead of me because I like to look around & be a putz, he started screaming bloody murder & crying, so I rushed to him thinking he stepped on something or what ever would make a grown man cry & scream... he was screaming he stepped on a bloody finger on the road, I am frantically getting ready to dial 911, he lifted his foot, it was an over engorged tampon.... he is like omg I can't believe its some ones finger... I put my phone in my pocket & started laughing hysterically, he thought I was the most terrible person till I pointed out its a used tampon... he stood there beside himself as I laughed.

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Barbara Liepold
October 24, 2018
www.facebook.com

That is creepy.. last year when Sean and I were out there with a group, I had wandered away from the group to take pictures. Sean heard me yell his name as if I was standing next to him... I was all the way across the cemetery and never said a word to anyone.....

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Beef

July 16, 2002

It took us some time getting there, since we really didn't know exactly how to get there. The directions were sketchy, so we made do. We stopped in search of green lollies (we intended on taking a photo of at least one of the graves with a lolly for the big contest) and flashlights as the sun was saying its final adieu for the night. Finally, after what seemed hours of driving around in circles, through side streets, around and around, we found the entrance to the cemetery. Parking was another issue. Cops were spotted in the parking lot of the forest preserve across the street and we didn't want to get busted, so we parked in an apartment complex lot on the other side of the preserve the cemetery is located in.

We walked for about 25 minutes to reach the path to the cemetery. It just was so much darker than I'd ever anticipated. The tiny flashlights we all carried were hardly a comfort.

We trekked the path to the gates to find a trash bag hanging from the broken fence. Of course, we thought a body was inside, so we made a spooky look. Nope. It was nothing more than Busch (beer). Tentatively, we stepped through the gates.

I'm not sure what everyone else anticipated, but I personally was overwhelmed. The place was so unkempt and wild. Grass in some areas was almost as tall as me. The stones we encountered were somewhat sombering.

Soon after our arrival, we heard some noise, Ham insisting he heard voices. My scared level rose. You couldn't see much through the thick tall grasses. We continued on through the small place, stopping to inspect and pay respects to the assorted grave markers.

Suddenly, we spotted a blue light flashing through the trees. Our first thoughts were that the cops had followed us in, but none of us understood why the light was blue. I then remembered that one of the phenomena of the site was glowing orbs of light, some of them blue. I suggested quietly it was these.

By now, we were all on edge. We made our way to a large stone, the Fulton stone. At the front of the stone was a smaller marker with the words "Infant Daughter" carved into it. Someone had recently laid flowers and a small toy bear on the lip of the marker.

There was a sound we'd been hearing since entry, a sound almost like a duck. As we rounded the path past the Fulton stone, it grew louder. Frogs, we all figured, and the infamous pond must be just beyond another broken gate. My nerves had become almost shot, due to more blue lights and the very loud sound of the frogs. I didn't want to see the pond. The pond itself is supposedly to be haunted as it was reportedly a dumping ground for the mobsters' murder victims.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Of course, I didn't want to see this pond, but I didn't want the boys to leave me outside the gate. The water was entirely covered with a green scum. The trip threw a stone in, disrupting the surface of the scum. We were shocked at how quickly the scum filled in the hole. In seconds it was back as it was before we'd disturbed it.

We were pretty much all scared at this point, and decided it was time to leave. As we made our way back to the entrance, it became clear that we were dealing with other living humans in the cemetery, which didn't ease my fear. The humans fumbled up when they tried to make scary noises. We knew more or less what we were dealing with.

As we made our way out of the cemetery and back down the path, two boys revealed themselves behind us. spooky gave them a "B" for their efforts, and they joined their girlfriends waiting outside the entrance to the path.

Slowly, we made our way back to our distant parking spot, laughing.

Does this mean the place isn't haunted? No. Does it mean it is? No. It just means that tonight, our ghosts were a couple of kids. It also means that I forgot all about the green lollies in Ham's pants and that we were not to face evil death in the cemetery this night.

Regardless, it was a splendidly unnerving place to be at night. I'd long wanted to do something like this, but was unable to find anyone to join me. While excited, I was also terrified, so for me, this was a big step. I'm glad I had Sissies to share it with.

Thanks for the fun night!!!

- Beef

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Bill Morton

Source: <http://www.meetup.com/Chicago-Ghost-Hunters-Group/files/>

Uploaded by: Bill Morton

Bachelor's Grove Investigation: Midlothian, Illinois

Saturday, April 11, 2009

9:50pm

Chilly, clear, about 40°F

7 people: Bill, Nina, Amelia, Dani, Gabby, Brian, Lenny + Roger in getaway car

9:50 Dropped off at the side of the road near cemetery following a prayer said in the parking lot of a nearby Starbucks

Strong smell at beginning of path of fungus or mold

Walked perimeter of cemetery

10:00 Laid the bones to rest that were previously taken from the area on a different investigation

10:15 Large cold spot located in center of the cemetery, no headstones nearby, after Dani had been trying to communicate in German with the spirits and took an orb photo in that area; everyone confirmed the cold spot; Gabby noted that her flash had stopped working when she tried to photograph that particular area

Around the same time Bill's camera and battery stopped operating properly

Around 10:30 Everyone generally calm, Dani noted a "creepy feeling" near the entrance to the cemetery while she was walking by herself; everyone convened after a while near entrance and also noted having a strange feeling, except for Gabby

Dani noted her camera battery had gone from no bars, to one bar, to two bars, and back to no bars of power throughout the investigation

General complaints of flash and batteries not working properly or fluctuating oddly

10:35 Left cemetery to follow a mysterious light that had appeared in the woods and at first appeared to everyone simultaneously to be the tall rectangular window in the second story of a house; we followed the light and watched it change shape, color, and luminosity until we discovered that it was the moon!*

10:45 Investigation ended

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*Interesting to note, at our meeting on 4/17/09, others in the group confirmed a feeling of being lured out of the cemetery. We noted that we all left without protesting, did not discuss going back, and our ride happened to pull up at the exact time we were exiting the trail. We don't doubt that we experienced a mass hallucination, but it is worth noting that we all confirmed the same type of hallucination and "trance-like" state.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Bill Woodier

Sent in via email November 9, 2010

I was looking for a place to park one night in the summer of 1966 with my girlfriend (she would later become my wife of over 41 years) when we found the cable not hooked across the entrance to the cemetery access road. I would be leaving for the Marines and Vietnam in a little over a month, which is why I remember the time period so well. Anyway, we drove down the road in my dad's 59 Impala Sport Coupe and parked at the very end of the old road, right up against the bushes and the berm (for lack of a better term) near where the old bridge was.

After about 10 minutes or so, it sounded like something hitting the car. I thought it might be acorns falling off the trees and I got out of the car to check it out. I walked right up to the ravine where the creek ran and looked down into it but it was very dark and I couldn't see anything. I was going to work my way down into it but since I had no flashlight and nothing but an old ice scraper in the car, I thought better of it.

I heard another "tick" on the hood of the car and looked up toward the top of the trees when something hit me square in the lower chest. I realized instantly that nothing falling from the tree could have hit me there and that someone was throwing something at us. I got mad and started down into the ravine calling out for whomever it was to show themselves but no one did. My girlfriend was freaking out now and called me back to the car. I had just turned around at the top of the ravine and started walking back when a good sized rock (about an inch in diameter) hit me square in the back...I saw it hit the ground. I realized that whomever it was down there was not intimidated by my display of bravado so I picked it up, threw it back in the direction I assumed it had come from, ran like hell to the car, and we left.....quickly. As I recall, I backed all the way to the main road (143rd st) before turning around on the main road and leaving.

I never knew what it was and didn't go back again to look. It was probably some pervert hiding in the ravine getting his kicks from harassing lovers. It worked on me as it definitely raised the hair on the back of my neck. I think that was the last time I was down by the cemetery until we took the kids back there one afternoon in the summer of 1996.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Bill Woodier

Sent in via email November 9, 2010

Archive Notation: In response to the original fence that surrounded the cemetery and the original bridge that crossed over Tinley Creek near the southwest corner of the cemetery.

I do remember the fence. I can still picture that day in my mind....funny how some things stick with you. It was the first time I was ever there and we went by school bus from the Orchard Hill Kindergarten. The access road was still open then and the bus drove right down to the cemetery.

I remember a sort of parking lot at the end of the road but it might just have been where the old road ended and the bus parked there. The wrought iron fence was actually across the front of the cemetery. Some sections were broken or rusted out of the bases but it was still basically still standing. The fence on the sides and back (toward the pond) was more of a farm wire type fence (about 4' high, if I remember correctly) and there were a couple holes in it, at least one I remember distinctly in the back fence near the pond.

The fence I was originally thinking was wrought iron could have been something less substantial (but still metal) as I think of it more. I remember leaning against it to eat my lunch and it was sturdy enough that it didn't move. I remember it running parallel to the front entrance of their cemetery and near where the old road was. It was across a grassy strip of grass that looked like a lawn of sorts from the front entrance of the cemetery. I can't remember exactly how wide this grassy area was but my 55 year old memory tells me it was about 20-30 feet wide (between the two fences). Running sort of east-west it ran from almost the western edge of the cemetery to a point well past the entrance gate....maybe 60-70 feet (or more??). The first time I saw the tall chain link fence was when we took our kids back to Chicago to take care of my mother's estate in 1996. When I get a chance I will try to draw a rough sketch of what I remember.

As far as the lovers lane in the mid 1960s goes....getting in there was rather hit or miss. The access road was starting to get overgrown a bit on the edges and the brush alongside the road was really thick. There were two sections of what looked like a railroad tie embedded in the ground on each side of the entrance to the road from the Midlothian Turnpike. Sometimes there was a cable or chain stretched across the opening, secured to the ties with large eye bolts and a lock. Just as often as not, though, one could find the cable lying on the ground instead of being locked across the entrance. I remember that there wasn't a lot of room to park there and only 3-5 cars could get in there on the sides of the road back by the cemetery. Sometimes when you went in there, you'd have to back out on the road and go somewhere else because there was no room to park. It was pretty desolate back there, particularly at night, and dead silent except for the occasional car that went by on the Turnpike...a 2-lane almost country road with no street lights of any sort.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

I remember the bridge you mention but as I remember it had dirt piled on it and it was very overgrown. As I remember (again, 45-55 years old memory) that bridge was made of brick sides and had at least one, maybe two, arches across the creek. I seem to remember the top of the sidewall of the bridge had a substantial (like 6-12" square) stone or concrete cap on it. It was quite overgrown with bushes and vines. I remember during a Boy Scout bicycle hike along the Midlothian Turnpike (143rd st) we stopped at the cemetery and explored the bridge. It was really creepy as the other end (west end) of the bridge was so overgrown that it was hardly visible and you couldn't even walk up that side of the creek bank.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Bill Woodier

Sent in via email October 22, 2010

I was raised in Midlothian and have fond memories of visiting Bachelor's Grove cemetery as a kid (and as a teen). When I was 5 years old and attending the old Orchard Hill Kindergarten, we went on a field trip to the cemetery in September of 1951. After a walking tour we all sat down against a 3-4' high black wrought iron fence that was between the parking lot and the cemetery then to eat a picnic lunch before going back to school. When I was in my early and mid-teens, some buddies went to the cemetery each year on a night close to Halloween. We would sit there in the dark and tell scary stories to each other until we couldn't stand it anymore and ran back to the car (one of my buddies was just old enough to drive at that time).

Even then, in the early 1960s, we saw signs of vandalism and a general lack of respect by nocturnal visitors and it always upset me to see that. I must admit that I was one of those who used the old road leading to the cemetery as a "lover's lane" from time to time when the access road was left unchained but we never went into the cemetery proper. It was a pretty spooky place and even then there were an abundance of "urban legends" about disappearances, murders, and such.

When my wife's mother died, we brought the family back to Chicago and I took the kids out to see the cemetery that my wife and I had told them so much about (and that they'd seen television programs about). Of course we couldn't get down the access road with a vehicle as it was chained off by a heavy steel cable. We parked across the street at the Rubio Woods preserve and walked down the access path. When we got to the cemetery itself, I was disappointed to see that the entire cemetery had a tall chain-link fence around it so we couldn't take the kids in to see it close-up. It didn't take but a minute to see why the fence was up, though. I was shocked by the amount of damage and desecration that took place since the last time I was there in 1966.

Anyway; I'm thrilled to see the old cemetery finally getting some positive attention. Please keep up the good work!

Best regards; Bill
Lt Col (ret) Bill Woodier
Secretary of Defense Office for Prisoners of War
And Missing Personnel Office

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Bob

Year? - Bob ?

I was out at Bachelor's Grove on 14MAR00, and experienced something that I cannot explain. I walked into an area of the grounds and found an extremely cold spot and where there were no birds chirping. As I proceeded around the grounds I felt as if someone or something was watching and/or following me. Before long I noticed something staring at me with these glowing yellow eyes. This "thing" was near the water's edge and I'm not ashamed to say this, it scared the hell outta me. I have read many books and articles on the subject of Bachelor's Grove but can someone please explain to me what this could have been? I am not a firm believer in ghosts and enjoy the ghost tours however, I may have just become a believer.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Bobby R

Sent in via YouTube October 15, 2022.

So I went here with a few friends at about 1am. We were completely sober and very quiet walking into the cemetery. We walked around the first bend of the path and heard a noise in the trees behind us. We walked back and a deer took off into the woods. We stayed there looking into that direction and all of the sudden there was a tall glowing figure hiding behind a tree. As we stood there and looked, the figure came from behind the tree and slowly got lower to the ground moving towards us. We finally just got out of there. It was the most unbelievable experience I've ever had in my life and changed my perspective on everything.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

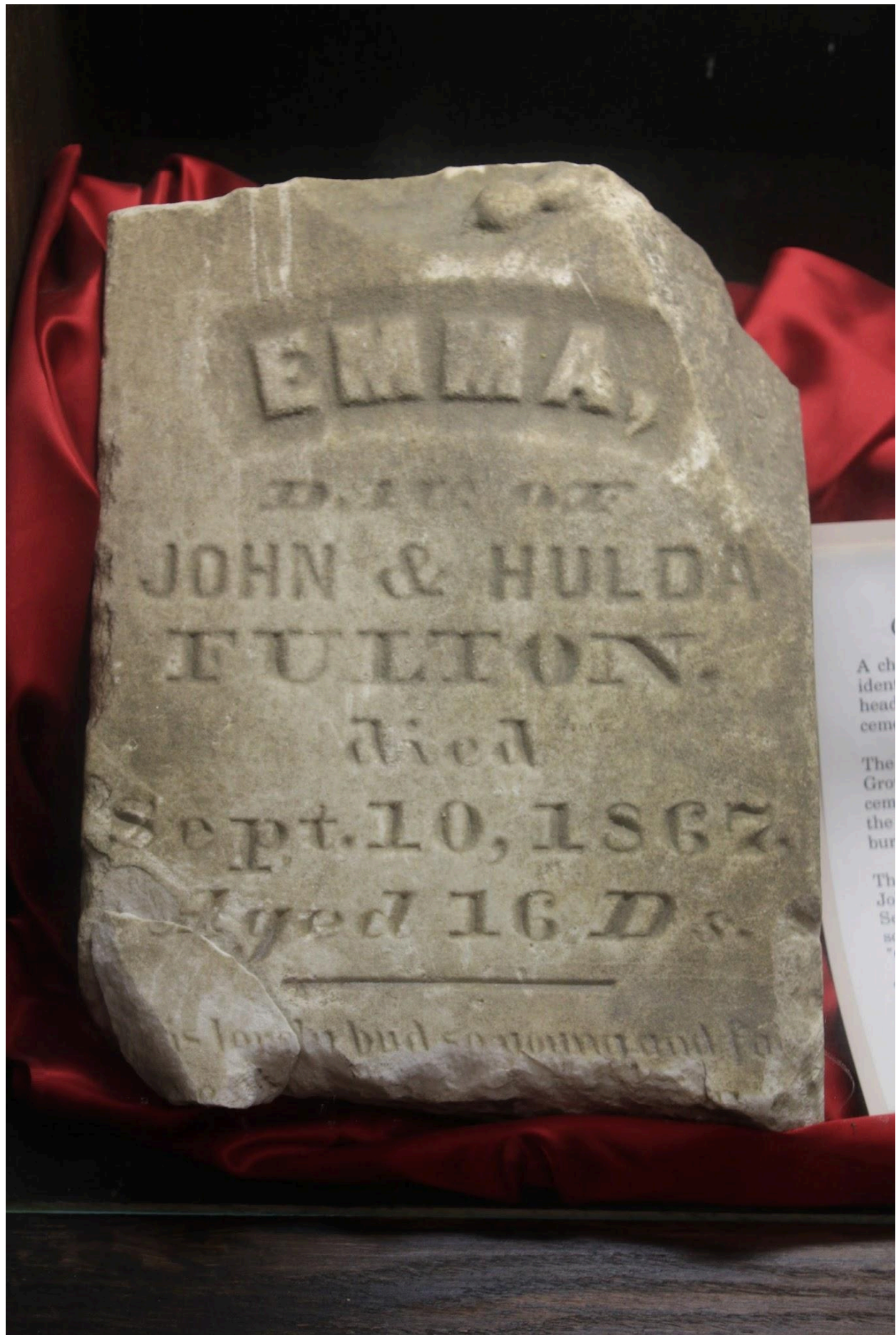
Brad Bettenhausen

October 23, 2020

The Infant Daughter headstone is a replacement for the original that went missing. The original, shown below as Emma, was recovered in June of 1990 about five miles from the cemetery and now resides at the Tinley Park Historical Society. Bottom of the original stone reads, "God's lovely bud so young and fair...."

Video: [You Tube](#)

Video: [Archive](#)



Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Brandon Oconnor

Sent in via email November 28, 2006

My friends Eddie, Jess, and Bryan went to Bachelor's Grove at noon on Saturday, November 25, 2006. As we walked into the cemetery all of us had this eerie feeling of being watched. So we went through the cemetery for about 5 minutes and we decided to go through the forest. Anyway, after about half an hour of wandering, we found two wells and the remains of a house. After we say that we decided to go back to the cemetery, to see the "sinking grave". My friends told me the story about it, and went towards the back of the cemetery. We went back there and we're looking around and my friend Eddie says, "where's the king's grave?" After he said my friend tapped him on the shoulder, and they told Bryan and I to look at our feet as we walked out, as we were leaving they told us to not look behind us. they told us not to run, but walk fast. After about quite a bit of fast walking, they said lets run. So we crossed the street to our car, and when we got in the car, we asked them how come they told us not to look at our feet or look back. Well when Jess tapped Eddie on the shoulder, they both saw the old farmhouse, right where everyone says it is. Also as we were walking out, they said a black hooded man was following us. We all thought we said things, but we went on this site and we read stories and saw pictures about the black hooded man. Later that day at 4 pm, it was now dusk, we went back, nothing happened but we snapped pictures and tapped a video and found orbs, a ghost family, and other ghostly anomalies. We plan to go back there later next year.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Brandy S.
September 16, 2010
www.yelp.com

I went there for the first time yesterday. My fiance told me he wanted to take me and our 3 year old son to a historical cemetery. Having never heard of Bachelor's Grove, nor the stories about it, said ok.

Upon arriving we walked around just looking at it all and thinking how beautiful it once was. What a shame for it to not be taken care of anymore. We were walking and our son decided to sit on a gravestone, it was quite an interesting one with "bumps" all over it.

We were going to leave but he wanted to go into the front-left corner. He refused to leave till he went there, so following behind him, we walked. He started walking down a little 6 inch wide path surrounded with weeds, some taller than him.

When I caught up to him, he was standing in the middle of a little clearing, there was nothing growing, just packed ground. He then turned around, looked at me and said, "Mommy I'm cold." He was wearing jeans and a long-sleeved shirt. It was like 74 with minimal wind.

We left right afterwards. I've heard enough about paranormal activity to get out "fast" and my fiance was already out of the cemetery, walking away.

After returning home, I was looking at the web sites of bachelor's Grove. That's when I saw the same tombstone in a picture, my son sat on. It apparently is a favorite for the "White Lady."

I don't think I will ever forget what happened, but would love to go back again. Maybe this time, without the baby though.

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Carmen Ceballos

January 2020

Google Reviews

This place is definitely haunted. I went with a group of people who were attending a seminar about the history of bachelor's grove. While there, all of our charged phones died. When I got home, I saw a hooded dark figure in the corner. Very cool if you would like to experience something, I won't be returning though. We were clearly unwelcomed.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Carol

The following was extracted from Legends And Lore Of Illinois Volume 1 Issue 1 January 2007

You might not believe this experience! My boyfriend and I were cycling through the Rubio Woods Forest Preserve in Midlothian when we ran out of trail at 143rd Street. But my boyfriend noticed that there was another trail across the road near some kind of tower. After we crossed the street, we found that the trail was closed. But my boyfriend, he always wants to get us in trouble! He suggested we go anyway.

So we went down the trail and suddenly we came upon this cemetery. Immediately I said we should leave. I have a bad feeling, and my pastor had told me that bad feelings are Jesus' way of telling us that God disapproves.

Bret, I mean, my boyfriend, insisted though. The hairs were sticking up on the back of my neck and I had goosebumps! I knew something evil happened here! I insisted that we should turn around and we did. I know something bad would have happened if we stayed!

Carol, 34, Oak Forest

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Cathy Wagner

Sent in via email September 29, 2009

Hello there,

I found your website, and had to share my story of when I had gone to Bachelors grove about 5-6 yrs ago. My friend and I had gone to this cemetery a couple of times, because of what we had heard about the history and it being haunted. The couple of times that we went, I had one of those "eery" feelings. Almost like, I didn't belong there. But I stuck it out. We wandered around, looked, NEVER took pictures though (I just wasn't comfortable with it.)

But the last time I had visited Bachelors Grove will definitely be my last, and here is why. My friend and I parked in the parking lot across the street one night, and proceeded to go across the street to the path, then to the cemetery. This time, she had her camera. Just walking onto the actual path gave me the chills. I got that same "eery" feeling I always got. This time, we started walking on the path. I kept turning around, because it felt like someone/something was watching or following us.. it was that "feeling" I got. We were about 30 feet from the beginning of the path, when I swear on everything, I seen 2 figures to the side of the path up ahead. They were very tall... at least 12 feet tall. And they looked like monks almost. I just remember 2 tall ass 'things' with it looked like they had hoods on.. and that's all I saw.. and I turned around and ran as fast as I could back to the car. As soon as my friend got in, I just told her to drive, and didn't say anything yet til we left.

I explained to her what I saw, and she tried to reassure me "oh it was probably trees in the wind, or an animal, or shadows, etc. etc" She told me that we would go back the next day during daylight to see what it was. Next day comes.. we go to the path again.. walk about 20-30 ft and stop to observe. There was NOTHING even CLOSE to the image I saw that day. Sure there were trees, but not the height/width/stature of the things I saw. And nothing IN those trees resembled a "hood" or something to give the effect of a long robe. Whatever I had seen the night before, was enough to tell me to stay away. I'm not sure what exactly it was, or if other people have seen this, but it scared the shit out of me. I just wanted to share with you my experience at Bachelors Grove, and I will probably never go there again lol.

I wanted to know if you, or anyone you have talked to about paranormal experiences have seen anything like this? Or something similar? I would be really interested to find out what other people may have seen, or if these "hooded figures" have some kind of history. Thank you for your time.

Sincerely yours,

Cathy Wagner

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Chris Fleming
August 3, 2000
www.unknownmagazine.com

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

Bachelors Grove, Midlothian, IL - Investigation with Haunted Chicago website members

[bg8300-1.mp3](#) - "Growl" or metallic sound

[bg8300-2.mp3](#) - "Williammmm"

[bg8300-3.mp3](#) - "I Adjust the light" or "I just the light"

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Chris Fleming
November 2, 1999
www.unknownmagazine.com

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

Bachelors Grove, Midlothian, IL - Investigation w/ WJOL The Bus 100.7 FM

[bg11299-1.mp3](#) - Weird Voice (Diff Language?)

[bg11299-2.mp3](#) - "yep!"

[bg11299-3.mp3](#) - "hang time?"

[bg11299-4.mp3](#) - (Chris?...do you believe there are evil spirits here? No, I don't sense it at all...they're very curious) "Curious" (sound is behind my voice-very soft, mimic)

[bg11299-5.mp3](#) - (what is your name?...T?) "Now they know my name"

[bg11299-6.mp3](#) - (Do you want to ask any more questions?) "that was what I was gonna ask you!"

[bg11299-6x.mp3](#) - (Well something) "You will not move it!"

[bg11299-7.mp3](#) - ("I couldn't move it...(talking) ".....it works better with a female?") "Sure....I am"

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Chris Fleming

Bachelors Grove Cemetery, Midlothian, IL - October 18, 1998

Ghost Voices Caught on Tape

Photos of Investigation and Mist/Orbs

October 18, 1998 This was my first investigation with the Ghost Hunters Society. After doing an interview with a Purdue University film crew I began walking around the cemetery hoping I would get some voices on my generic tape recorder.

Having had many experiences as a child I believed that my contact with ghosts would assist me in picking up their presence. Maybe even bring them out. As I walked around I felt nothing, until I got closer to a corner of the cemetery. The fence was peeled back to expose a small pond near the highway.

As I looked in that general direction I started feeling as if bodies were dumped in the pond. I stopped and focused. As I remained quiet, gazing ahead towards the pond, Bob Madia, Unknown Magazines assistant editor and full time police dispatcher noticed my stare and said to me. "You know, rumor has it that Al Capone's Men used to dump bodies in that pond." I leaned over, "Oh my god, you are kidding me!!" I fell to my knees in shock. I told him what I was just feeling. We walked over there and noticed a consistent drop in temperature. I felt strongly that this is where the ghosts people have been photographing were coming from.

I called over some of the investigators and told them to use their equipment and see what they could pick up. One of the detectors picked up a decrease in temperature, this was about the same time that I recorded a voice. We also felt cold spots moving around us.

I sat there staring out to the pond, and as best as I could pick up. 4 bodies were dumped there that stood out the most. Each on one of the 4 corners of the pond. A man, short, scrawny, red haired, slightly bald, with a white tank top on. A woman. associated with the mob, most likely one of Capone's assistants or secretaries. Two men. One not associated directly with capone. Just a guy who knew too much or caused too many problems. The other one of Capone's hitmen. He had gotten involved with something outside the group and to be eliminated. He didn't know when he went with the three other men to dump one more body that he would end up being the 2nd body that night. He ended up being the last one to fill the pond.

These bodies, if I am correct on what I picked up that night, should still be at the bottom of the pond. Their ghosts have been haunting Bachelors Grove. They are the specters that have been recorded and seen over the years. They were murdered. Never had a proper burial and were dumped right next to a cemetery. No one knows they are there and that they are saddened that they are right next to a place where people are laid to rest. They feel they never received the same treatment. A proper burial.

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The only part of the investigation I focus on is to try and make contact with the ghosts, pick up any possible information, and hopefully record their voices. The other members of the group take photos and use some amazing equipment beyond my expertise. I hope to have them submit a summary of what they came up with as well.

In the future, I hope to go back to Bachelors Grove in the future with a Ouija board and see if I can get any names or dates to identify these ghosts.

Note: John has a photo of some fog that was no present at the time near the pond when I first walked over. Tim Harte of G.E.I.S.T. had taken a few rolls of film. The only picture that came out was the one you see here of me and some other investigators. We were startled in the dark as the flash from his camera went off. I am the one with the flashlight, which didn't last very long. It seems that batteries tend to be drained of power very quickly at Bachelors Grove.

-Chris



Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Chris Fleming
October 18, 1999
www.unknownmagazine.com

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

Bachelors Grove, Midlothian, IL - Investigation with the Ghost Hunters Society

[bg101899-1.mp3](#) - "Yes, I'm here"

[bg101899-2.mp3](#) - "Who are you?"

[bg101899-3.mp3](#) - Static during cold spots

[bg101899-4.mp3](#) - "What.. do you want...this is Bachelors Grove Cemetery"

Ghost Hunters Society Investigation 1999
Chris Fleming - www.unknownmagazine.com
September 18, 1999

Recorded on a General Electric microcassette recorder.

Model: 3-5329A

Media: Microcassette

Captured during an investigation with the Ghost Hunters Society and archived with permission.

TRANSCRIPT per Chris Fleming

"Right here, right here"

- Pause with general noise in the background

"Right here, you feel that?"

"Yea, I can feel it all around here."

- Brief normal voice states "shit" or something similar.

- Person holding a recorder is walking toward the cold spot.

- Static noise is now fading in as the person holding the recorder is approaching the cold spot.

"There's a cold spot right here"

- Amplitude of static noise appears to be staying the same with some rising and falling fluctuations.

- unintelligible normal voices

"...right here, this one, (unintelligible normal voices)."

"It's moving..." - "No, we're not getting anything (unintelligible normal voices)"

- Static noise is fading fast and then can no longer be heard

- unintelligible normal voices

- unintelligible normal voices

- unintelligible normal voices

"...it tends to move, it won't stay in the same spot, cause the whole things movin. (unintelligible) was right here... "

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Chris Fleming
September 17, 2000
www.unknownmagazine.com

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

Bachelors Grove, Midlothian, IL - During Real Scary Stories Shooting For Fox Family Channel

[bg91700-1.mp3](#) - "It gets..better" (weird shout)

[bg91700-2.mp3](#) - "yeahhhh...." (scream/yell)

[bg91700-3.mp3](#) - ("kind of hard to see" -walking towards cemetery) "Here he comes"

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Chris Fleming

Video: [You Tube](#)

My Experience On "Real Scary Stories" Bachelors Grove Segment Shot on 9/17/00

If you haven't seen the first segment of "Real Scary Stories" on Fox Family Channel, you don't know what you are missing. It is about time someone put together a real life show that gave people the opportunity to share their paranormal experiences. While I wish a show like this would be based on all age experiences, Fox has decided to limit this series to the 13 and 19 age level.

If you didn't see the first episode, it was great. It held my interest and the editing was perfect for this. Going in and out of interviews, scenes, and building up the suspense. I think they have put together the right formula to make a very successful show. I wish them the best.

If you didn't already know on September 17, I ventured out to Bachelors Grove Cemetery to be a part of this new Fox program "Real Scary Stories." They were shooting a segment about the legends of Bachelors Grove and I had been asked to contribute by discussing the legends and show three teenagers, who were selected for this segment to investigate it, around the cemetery. Two other friends of mine were also selected to give their side of what goes on at Bachelors Grove; Monty Tobin of Haunted Chicago and Mike Komen of The Ghost Hunters society. Together with our knowledge, we helped piece together for the viewers what this incredible place is all about.



Not to take away from the show, but the segment I originally was apart (Bachelors Grove) was edited out. To be honest I am getting fed up with all the Hollywood BS that goes on. They get whatever they can from you and then leave you high and dry. I could have put better time into something else if you ask me. I drove out there on a Sunday, for two hours, waited around from 4pm til 11:30pm. I was peeved when I watched it and saw not one shot of me talking about the

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

grove. I gave them a lot of evidence and people to use and fortunately Monty got on showing his great photos, but they hacked the heck out of what really goes on at the Grove.

They didn't talk about the great history to it, barely any of the legends, no reenactment, instead they left the poor kids out there by themselves.

And the flower thing!!??? There aren't any legends I am aware of about a darn flower being left on Tombstone. Hmm, I wonder who put it there....Trust me, it wasn't a ghost. What could have been a great segment about Bachelors Grove was poorly done.

The best part was the kids crying, I don't know if because they wasted their homecoming weekend doing this or they felt bad for filming the car headlights that drove by. (Did anyone notice that???)

Having documented some great ghost voices and being witness to some exciting paranormal experiences in my life, I was more than aware of how active this place is when it comes to the supernatural. You can really feel the energy when you walk towards it. They didn't even get into that. It became more of a Blair Witch plot reaction then anything else.

You might ask, did anything happen? that we'll never see??

While I won't go into all the details, you'll have to catch the segment. I will say the following:

As usual, I taped whatever I could with my tape player to see if I would pick up any ghost voices. While I was only in the cemetery during daylight (most activity has occurred for me during dead night) I did get to venture in for 5 minutes to pick up some equipment before I left. The most interesting voices I got were actually not in the actual cemetery but half way down the path in between the cemetery and the highway.

Here are two things that I got on tape.

While talking to one of the film crew I was explaining to him how I have captured a lot of ghost voices here. He was amazed and said, "really, that's incredible." I said, "yeah, they'll just appear while we're talking." Right after this a voice appears on the tape with a distinct breathing sound of, "Whuh, whuh". I then said right after "you'll know it's not our voices." It was amazing how this appeared during my explanation to him that the really neat thing about capturing EVP's (Electronic Voice Phenomena) is that the voices will sometimes appear the same time you and others are talking. This is significant because, you will hear everyone else's voices, and when you hear the voice from nowhere you realize that there was no possible way it could have been anyone else in the room. The voices don't match up!



Earlier on the recording there was a scream "Yaahhhhhhh!" that appeared out of nowhere! I have no idea what it was, but it definitely wasn't anyone there.

Probably the neatest thing I saw was when the three kids walked back from the Cemetery (around 10:30pm), they had left them alone in the Cemetery allowing them to investigate on their own.

They were carrying a lantern and the illumination of it was the most eeriest thing I had seen at this place before. At first it freaked me out. From a distance I wondered, "what is that??!!" It actually sparked the camera crew to run over and film it asap!

The three kids came out and sat down talking to the crew and camera about what they had witnessed. While I was not able to hear everything, the power generator was so loud it was hard to even think, I noticed how one of the girls was so upset she was crying and her makeup was flowing down her face. She was definitely spooked. It seemed as though she had seen and felt something unlike anything she had experienced before. I felt really bad and wanted to talk to her. Hey I know what it's like to be scared.



One of the kids, Mark, was believed to have been seen by her at a certain spot of the Cemetery, when in actuality he was in a completely different location. The figure she saw resembled him but seemed to have a glow around it or behind it. It will be interesting to see what she really says and what their responses are, as well as what really happened.

Probably the only thing that made me mad about this whole ordeal is, having been around paranormal activity all my life I would consider myself a professional on what we are dealing with. How to protect one's self, how to be aware of it around you, what it wants, and so on. As well as giving strong advice.

Upon playback of my tape one of the walkie talkies captured the kids calling back to the crew from the cemetery that they were seeing something and feeling really spooked. NOTE: It is known that some people who enter Bachelors Grove can sometimes go through complete emotional changes. This is believed to be brought about by the spirits attaching themselves to the individual or making their presence known. You end up experiencing the emotions of the entity. Whether it be sadness for being dead and not moving to the next plain, or being lonely. It really messes with your emotions, because they are not yours, they're some else's.



I believe this is what the one girl was experiencing. I listened as she asked, "Where is the guide?" In the beginning of the shoot I acted like a guide walking them around the cemetery answering questions for their investigation of the place. I told them about the different things that could happen and the legends that surround it. After that shoot I was taken out of the picture. My job was done. The boy, Mark, responds, "I don't know and says "Chris are you there?" It was obvious things were going on and they wanted to know what. But, I was not allowed to talk to them.

I was not allowed to talk to them after they entered the cemetery nor afterwards because of some damn law that states an adult cannot counsel a minor unless you are a practicing legal psychologist or minister and have a license. I fully understand Highland entertainment's force of this issue, which I had to/and gladly abided to. But, as an editor and publisher I have the right to express my opinions at the state that enforces this. For this is my webitorial, isn't it!

Like anyone with a license is going to know what to say to a kid that has seen a ghost or experienced their emotions? Give me a break. I can understand to some degree the state's enforcement of this but we are dealing with something here that is gained by experience, not by a degree!

Unfortunately, I was not able to answer any questions nor offer any counsel to these three kids, Because I don't have a license. (I knew I should have taken 2 more credits in college to get my major in Psychology!!! I only ended up with a minor.) No matter, I am currently applying for a minister's license. I believe my experiences in my childhood happened for a reason, and it wasn't to sit on the sidelines.

I often have people call me with bad ghosts in their homes or their children who talk to angels or ghosts that visit them in the family's house. Parents don't know how to deal with this, so they come to me because I was that kid they are raising now. I know what they are all going through.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Back to that night of the shoot. I watched as the panel asked questions to the three kids, and while I wished I was a part of it, to add any help or understanding to what those kids were going through, would have been great and eventful. But, that wasn't the case and I have to watch the show like anyone else to learn the outcome.

As it neared 11pm, I had to say my goodbyes and thanks and drive home. It was fun and tiring.

The Bachelors Grove Segment aired on the following dates on the FOX FAMILY CHANNEL:

Tuesday, October 24, 2000 @ 5:00 PM ET

Friday, October 27, 2000 @ 5:00 PM

Sunday, October 29, 2000 @ 1:00 PM ET

The best part of the show was the second half about three kids who visit a vortex and man did they get some great stuff on tape!

I plan on posting the audio clips of voices I got in the Phenomenal Audio section soon. Once I get the software and time to upload them.

-Chris

Publisher Unknown Magazine

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Chris Siwek

Sent in via email July 3, 2012 (full conversation not available for confidential reasons)

Pete, Thank you so much for sending me the pics I requested. I'm in the first one. That's my back. Three of my friends and I were in the cemetery that night investigating. My friend, Henry (ghost hunter), has all the equipment and he and my friend Bridget were at one end of the cemetery and Michelle and I were at the other end. That grave illuminated when I walked on it (as you can see in the picture) as I was walking towards this shadow-figure type man I saw. Michelle was taking pictures when I was seeing things. She didn't see anything and was actually scared and grabbing onto my coat. Thanks again for sending me the pictures.



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Chris, Mike and Jordan (private)

Sent in via email August 14, 2006

so we went....and at night..it was the scariest thing i have ever experienced....seeing what we saw couldn't be explained by a person doing it. we went around 5, and took a lot of pictures, and as soon as we are walking to going down the path that leads to the cemetery, immediate drop in temperature, we all felt heavy, light headed, scared, and felt like something was watching us, and we were like 600 ft. away from the cemetery. you could tell it was pure evil. these spirits have been bothered for a long time, we just aggravated them more. so then we took a lot of pictures and walked around, just looking for stuff...and the whole time we felt like we were being watched until we walked out of the cemetery. and while we were taking pictures, our cameras kept saying that it had a low battery, but when we would go to the car, they had full battery, our videocamera died right away, so that wasn't any help. We came back around 7:45 because this place was supposed to be the scariest at night. we went back and took some pictures, and all of them have orbs in them.it was around 8:15 and we turned on our flashlight, and these rocker people came, so we grouped with them, and they wanted to go by the old moss graves and then go see the old well, where some girl supposedly drowned or something. now, at bachelors grove, there's patches everywhere, and they all criss cross and stuff, so we all go to the well, and we start to see pieces of the house, me and my girlfriends cousin(there was 9 of us)saw the window panes of the house, then my girlfriend yells, i see the light! and were looking and sure enough, the lights from the house, the lantern, and the fire looked liked it was dancing, and it was very faint, we go to the well and as soon as we start to walk away, we start hearing children's music, not like realtone music, it was something you would hear in a jack-in-the-box, or in one of those dolls you would press and would make music. i was like do you guys hear that, and the people with us were like, it's probably an ice cream truck, its like 8:45 at night...i doubt that, then it stopped, so we start walking fast back through the trail back to the cemetery, and 5 seconds after the music stopped, it grew louder, and was on the side of us other than behind us as it was before, so were all freaking out...and we run across the stream my girlfriends other cousin is leading the way with the flashlight, so we all just start to regroup by the cemetery gates, and then we decided to stay for a couple minutes. we walk back in, and i took a couple of pictures, both had orbs in them, which i will upload. and then the 4 of the kids and jordan(cousin with flashlight) go to the famous place where the girl is sitting on the grave, and they took pictures, as they are doing that, me, my girlfriend, her younger cousin(mike)and one of the rocker kids stayed by the gates, and we were just talking, and we had that presence that something was watching us, so we all regrouped and 3 of the rocker kids start to walk to the fulton grave, and jordan(cousin) is leading and we went half way when is said, "is that a chic?" as jordan was moving his flashlight across the graveyard, and then he puts his light on the spot again, and i saw the faded little girl in the distance, and then i scream, "there's a f**king shadow moving!" and the kids walking to the grave stop, and they said it's our shadows...but then i said no it isn't, and jordan kept the flashlight still, and everyone is still, and where the flashlight was and where i saw the shadow, you saw a like 6 ft. black humanoid, it was tall, and everyone screamed, and you saw it moving, and you could see everything about it, the hands the head, his body, but there wasn't a certain look to him, it was just a figure, and all of a sudden it darts

up the path, and the weirdest thing, no sounds at all, no brush moving, no bugs making noise..nothing, so we sprint up the path, and everyone just keeps running until we are close to the street, we all got in a circle, and then jordan shines his light back to the cemetery, and you saw the figure run across the path, and no sound once again. so we said hell no are we going back. so we got in the car, and the younger cousin, mike, said did you see the girl sitting on the log, and i said the young girl? and he said yeah, the one in the plaid dress? and i had goosebumps, because i didn't say anything about the girl, i only asked if it was a chic...so we both saw it, and as far as going back, we are going back this week, and with new batteries and more flashlights

Chris, Mike, and Jordan

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Christopher Koladycz

Sent in via email January 28, 2007

Well everyone hears of stories of unexplainable acts and such. Well my story starts like this one day on December 17, 2006, me and my friends Matt, and Jimmy were bored, and I was looking around on the computer for ghost stories and such, and came across the bachelors grove stories. So I told Matt we should go check it out at night time, so we went around 2:30 am. When we got there we parked in someone's driveway, so we didn't have to walk too far. We got pumped up to go then we started off going slow towards the woods, and trail. Right when we enter the trail right away we hear weird sounds, and we all get some goose bumps. We went slowly but surely to the grave site. We went to the grave site and right away we saw a candle light went on, and I swear on my life it wasn't lit before we entered because we would have noticed it. Then we started walking around and seeing if we would encounter anything, and what we all saw was really freaky. We saw about 5-6 shadows just walking around far left to the grave site, we took a picture of the area. Then while we were there I wanted to hide somewhere, so they thought where I went then popped out of knowing where to scare them. But while I was hiding behind a tree I felt like a strong wind hit me, and it was strong enough to push me back. It was really weird I never felt a wind this strong in my life. Then while I was freaked I left the tree and caught up with Jimmy and Matt. They asked me where I went and I explained to them what had just happened and then we just walked around a little bit more nothing more was happening, so then we were leaving. When we got back on the trail we started to go back to the car, we were about half way back and then me and the others just stopped dead in our tracks and we couldn't move no where like we were getting held back by a force. About 30 secs later we could move again. Then we ran back to the car and we went home.. We are thinking about going back there to camp out to see through it the whole day.... Well I can't explain what happened but there's a lot of unexplainable things out there. I am just happy to experience something like this..

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Colleen

© ? - Colleen ?

I have always been interested in ghost activity and have experienced it before, so when my older sister suggested we visit Bachelor's Grove Cemetery at around 3 in the morning, I was in. I had been there before in the daylight and nothing had happened, so I wasn't really expecting to see anything. According to local legend, orbs and ghostly touches are felt there.

When the three of us (my sister, her friend Julie and myself) arrived at the cemetery, everything was normal. We passed some others walking out of the wooded area, saying they had seen nothing. We kept on walking because the thrill of being caught by the cops was still in us.

We entered the cemetery and took a look around. It was much overgrown since the last time we were there and much more vandalized. Broken beer bottles and cigarette stubs were everywhere.

We noticed a headstone with three or four tea light candles on top of it and nothing else. We walked around a bit with my sister claiming to feel a touch on her neck and begging to leave. I thought nothing of it. I was thinking she was just playing a game with us. So we went along with it and walked to the gate. I looked at her and I could see her breath. Now, since it was 75 degrees that night, I was a bit curious. She got more freaked so we kept on walking. I looked to my left and saw these beautiful tall orange tiger lilies almost in bloom, and commented on how pretty they were to Julie. She agreed and we walked on.

When we passed the first headstone with the tea lights, we noticed something was placed in the middle, something that wasn't there only minutes before. It was one of the orange tiger lilies. I stared at it for a second and asked Julie if it had been there before. She shook her head. So we hurried out and my sister took a picture of Julie by the gate. In the flash I saw a figure standing beside Julie with his hands in his coat pockets. After the flash, Julie screamed, but the figure was gone. Julie said she felt someone brush her neck.

I keep wondering about that flower, and who was buried in that grave. No one else was there with us to put it there, and neither of the two girls I was with could have put it there either. And I'll never forget the image of the figure standing next to Julie with his hands in his pocket - the figure that was visible only during the instant of the flash.

Perhaps the legends of ghostly touches in Bachelor's Grove Cemetery aren't merely legends - but fact?

Colleen

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Cook & Lake County Ghost Hunters
June 6, 2018
Facebook.com

In July of 2011. Me and 3 other members of the group decided to plan a late night trip to Bachelor's Grove Cemetery located in Midlothian Illinois at 3am. We originally planned to enter undetected from the back part of the woods. That didn't work out as we were getting stuck between different branches and vines. A bat flew out of the trees in the darkness almost hitting one of my crew members. That's when we decided to exit the woods and risk entering from the main entrance on the Midlothian turnpike.

We decided to park our car in a residential neighborhood on a side street. From there we walked in the shadows all the way up the Midlothian turnpike as cars on and off passed us by in the darkness. When we reached the main path entrance another car was approaching us. We had to make a run onto the main path.

Once we reached it there was nothing but darkness and sounds of whatever was close to you moving in the woods. Once we reached the cemetery we saw a fence appear on the right side of the trees. The path led us straight into the main cemetery entrance.

Once we walked inside we shined our flashlights to the right and saw 3 disfigured graves lined up in a pattern between a small path which leads you in a circle to every headstone in the cemetery. We felt changes in temperature by certain gravestones. You can hear the sounds of birds and bats flying above within the dark trees. When we reached the back of the cemetery there was a large headstone still standing and mounted into the ground.

There were small headstones in front of it which one of them was written as Infant. People were leaving all kinds of children's toys and flowers there. Not far down the path was another cemetery entrance. The path turned into a small stairway that led us straight to the Bachelor's Grove Lagoon. That was where supposive Chicago Monsters use to dump bodies in off the turnpike

As we walked back into the cemetery we could hear the sounds of footsteps walking through the grass on the opposite side of the cemetery. There was nobody back there but us. We felt like we were being watched all of a sudden. We started hearing splashing sounds and crying coming from the lagoon. It was too dark for us to see what it was even with flashlights. As we started walking out on the main path you can see that it was all lit up by moonlight.

As we got close to halfway we saw what appeared to be an older woman wearing a dress standing in the middle of the path looking directly at us. We suddenly stopped to get a closer look at her but she turned around faded and then disappeared into the darkness of the secluded woods. It seemed like she was there to warn us not to come back because we were disturbing the peace of bachelor's grove. That was the scariest experience that we documented from

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there. This was our noted experience visiting bachelor's grove cemetery at night for the first time.

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Daborah Rieks

Sent in via email August 20, 2001

Hi my name is Deborah, last June my husband and I took a vacation to Chicago. I'd planned in advance that I wanted to visit haunted places in Chicago since I've always been interested in ghosts. I found out about Bachelors grove cemetery on the Internet. The second day in Chicago we decided to find Rubio woods. At about four o'clock in the afternoon we found our designation. I couldn't wait to get out of our vehicle and start our adventure. With video in hand we entered a narrow path in the woods, the whole time I kept asking my husband if we were on the right path, he didn't really know so we proceeded on. What happened next scared us both so much that seeing a ghost instead would have been much better. As we were walking down the shadowy path all of a sudden there were three bald headed teenagers and an older bald headed adult all males sitting on a bench alongside the path. The older man said "sorry man" I said, "why"? He said " sorry they didn't mean to call you that" I said "call us what?" He said "they called you a faggot". I said in nervousness "that's okay" and my husband and I kept walking. My husband said they never called us that and I asked him what do you mean, he said, the guy lied and when I said that's okay all four of them started laughing. That made both of us really nervous cause here we were in a strange place with no protection except my camcorder. We just kept walking down the path to our designation, the cemetery. My husband told me later that he was really worried about my security because he felt that we were going to get mugged, raped or whatever. I at the time felt the exact same way we both felt a terrible sense of fear. I just wanted to keep walking straight because I didn't want to turn around and have to walk past those people again. We came to a clearing in the path, I was getting really scared but tried not to show it to my husband, he later told me he was feeling the same way. We walked further on, in the distance we could see that the path was again leading us into a dark area again we entered the dark area of the path and we both noticed the damp feeling in the air and the coldness even though it was 90 degrees out, we also noticed all the tracks on the ground what looked like dog and a woman's high heel shoe marks there was also places here and there where someone lit small fires. I stopped and told my husband we have to go back, that I wasn't feeling right about the place at all. We turned back, I really wanted to run in a different direction to avoid going past those guys again but realized we'd get lost and that would be worse. With my camcorder by my side now because I really didn't care about video taping anything we just wanted to get out, we walked on and when we entered the area before the clearing in the distance about 30 feet in front of us we saw the older 35-40 yr old man walking towards us, my husband and I didn't say a word but I know we were both thinking the same things. When the strange man saw us he turned around and started walking slowly back where he came from. So now he was in front of us and we had no other choice but to follow him, he kept looking over his shoulder at us the whole way and not saying a word. The other guys that were with him were gone; the question is were they behind us getting ready to jump us? Is that why the guy kept watching us so closely? My husband later told me that he looked on the ground for a big stick for protection, I was at the time doing the same thing. Then the older guy suddenly stopped and walked to the side as if to let us go by. This made me really scared because he acted so strangely and bizarre I knew he was planning on doing something to us. We walked quickly by

him, I felt like I should make small talk to break the tension so I said to him as we passed "nice path through here" He responded with "that wasn't in my plan, that was 20 yrs ago, that hell doesn't exist anymore". When we got past him my husband whispered to me, "Is he behind us"? I turned and looked and yes now he was following us. My husband and I were walking very fast this time trying to get back to the safety of our vehicle. The strange man was now directly behind us walking just as fast, I whispered to my husband "get the keys out and open the doors fast, do you hear me fast" we made it to our vehicle and after a few minutes of trying to start it we sped off out of Rubio woods forest preserve and as far as I was concerned id never ever come back. The whole time the strange man got into his car which was parked next to ours and he followed us out and down Midlothian Turnpike. I could see him right behind us in the rearview mirror. We stopped at the first lights and we went forward when I again looked in the rearview mirror he was gone, just like that vanished.. My husband and I stopped at a rest stop to get our nerves back. We were really shaken up badly. When we watched the video later a lot of strange things were present, first off in the beginning before we headed down the path I walked past an older well dressed man to my left, he never showed up on film even though id seen him in my camcorder at the time, second as we first headed down the path I told my husband "look there's people down there" people id seen in the distance in front of us, probably those strange bald guys, but it never recorded me saying that. Remember the camera is recording the whole time there is no pauses I never shut it off or paused it, and at the end when we got safely back to our vehicle I sat the camcorder between us I was not interested at the time in shutting it off but it shut off by itself as soon as we were safe. In the video you can see the strange man in front of us though. There's probably a lot of misspelled words here. I'm sorry but it's been about a month since this happened and I'm still very upset about it. Please let me know your opinion...

Deborah Rieks

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Dan (private)

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

Sent in via email September 21, 2012

My name is Dan ***** and I'm contacting you because I just discovered your website today. In a conversation over lunch today Bachelors Grove became a topic. Having visited there many times in my teens, I quickly Googled Bachelors Grove on my phone.

The Forest Ranger in the photos (1966) happens to be my grandfather!!! He is my late mother's (Kathryn) father. He was my confirmation sponsor and I took his name (Francis) The last name is actually spelled (DeInagro). Needless to say, I was shocked and excited to see his picture. I have already contacted many family members who might not have ever seen these pictures. So far, no one has, including my Aunt, his youngest daughter.

I was born in 1961 and when we were kids he worked out of the ranger station at Wampum Lake in Thornton. We would go with my grandmother on weekends to pick him up there. He would drive us around Wampum, Jurgensen and Sweet woods before heading home. Great times for us kids back then!

I just wanted to thank you for posting a great memory for me and my family! I've been through all of the older galleries and see that there are no more of my grandfather posted. If by chance any more pictures of him are out there, we would love to see them. Or if you might know, through the source of these photos, where others from his Forest Ranger days might be, I would love to explore the possibility of finding them. If not, then we'll just enjoy these!

Thanks again for making my day! The rest of my family feels the same way.
Sincerely,

Dan *****



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Dan Jungles



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Daryl Darko
September 27, 2010
dylanbarrett.blogspot.com

Chicago, so far...

Definitely less ambitious this year than i was last year, but that's only because i'm a year older and have less physical energy. it just seems like i was a little more excitable last year about being here. i don't know if that is really true though. The photo shoot I did today was unique and unusual, even for me. but I was a little bit off. I had some different ideas going into the shoot than i actually remembered to execute, which is probably ok, but i think it's a sign of my mind and body aging. Regardless, it was still an epic shoot with some remarkable models in a place where I'm pretty sure not too many shoots like this have been done before.

Speaking about the location, yes, Bachelor's Grove Cemetery in Midlothian, Illinois. reputed to be the most haunted cemetery in the United States. It just seemed like the perfect place to take my project to. And I think this shoot ushers in a new level of depth and commitment to my vision. my models were a couple, young lovers and i will title their photo set "Sarah and Ian – Cemetery Lovers". I've been contemplating this new direction for a while now and this is by chance, the first couple that I've actually photographed. well, darn it, that's not true! there was "Jesse & Avital" a couple of years ago, but at that time i was still green and they were a chance meeting. Now I really do want to focus more on shooting pairs of models. sisters, lovers, girls, boys... boys are new, different and a little unusual for me to envision, but i want to start to "see them" too. and there are some great lads out there that i know of, Bunny's friend "Kenneth" for one. I'd really love to photograph him and have already let him know this. not sure what it's going to take to snag him.

I was a little spooked about shooting at Bachelor's Grove today before I got there. i shot some video before Sarah and Ian arrived where i talked about those feelings, but nothing spectral seemed to occur during our shoot. In fact, the weirdest things that happened today were encounters with two strange men that were hanging out in the cemetery. The first man, I actually later realized was a county "mosquito controller", but he looked and acted weird. He may appear on my video, not sure. The second man must have been a local and was acting like a snoop, but didn't really bother us that much. What was really cool was a band of musicians showed up. 5 or 6 hippie boys with guitars and tambourines wandered into the cemetery like minstrels and sang some songs at the "infant daughter's" gravesite. I included them in some photos of Sarah and Ian's and we got to talking with them at the end of the shoot. Anyway, during the shoot, and after, all the nervous, spooky energy I had been feeling had dissipated. In my opinion, it's not a place haunted by the dead. The lingering energy there is from those that come and try to stir up negative energy, and I am sure, if the dead could sense what goes on above ground, they would be very displeased with the disrespect shown in this place.

One thing that has occurred in several of my most recent shoots is the burning of sage. and i really, really like this. It is not only a great visual effect but it is an honorable gesture to offer

before the dead in these resting places of the dead. too late today i remembered the idea of obtaining some sage, after i had just left Whole Foods, but oddly enough, when Sarah and Ian arrived at the shoot Sarah said that she had brought some. you'll see the images. really fantastic effects.

Ok, the rest of this trip. not sure what is going to happen. I have a test shoot set up for Thursday afternoon that I am probably going to cancel, and another full fledged shoot scheduled for Friday that should be as epic as today's. totally different type of cemetery and totally different type of model. I am going to need to rest and recuperate as much as I can between now and then to be able to do that shoot. two epic shoots in one week is unheard of for me anymore. and this is what i was talking about earlier in this post. i don't have the energy this year that i had last year. i also have another shoot scheduled for Sunday, but i am positive that i'll have to cancel it.

What else... The light here is different every single day. which amazes me. just subtle differences in what is in the sky, namely clouds, but what elevation they are at, which directions they come from or are moving towards, their density – the light changes noticeably all day long. and today, when I drove across a distance of only about 40 miles the light changed in fantastic ways. To live here and be a photographer here would be an exciting thing. There were many moments today when I just wished I could pull the car over to the side of the road and jump out to shoot scenery; whether it were cornfields or office buildings or neighborhoods.

And yesterday the way I just accidentally discovered the Trolley Museum in Elgin, amazing. i really hope that i'll feel good enough to go there on Sunday with Sarah W. and no, she is not the model i need to cancel on Sunday.

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David Poninski

Photograph captured by David Poninski on June 17, 2006 at 12:41 P.M.



The images below are zoomed in versions of the original.

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Captured using a Kodak CX7430 with no flash on digital storage media.

June 17, 2006 - 12:41 PM

File information

Dimensions: 2304 x 1728 pixels

Color Space: sRGB

Components Configuration: YCbCr

Contrast: 0

Customer Render: 0

DateTime Original: 2006:06:17 12:41:40

DateTime digitized: 2006:06:17 12:41:40

Digital Zoom Ratio: 0

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Exif Image Height: 1728 pixels
Exif Image Width: 2304 pixels
Exif Interoperability Offset: 2696
Exif Offset: 506
Exif Version: version 2.21
Exposure Bias: 0 EV
Exposure Mode: 0
Exposure Program: Program
Exposure Time: 1/90 sec
FNumber: f 4.6
File Source: Digital Still Camera
Flash: Flash, Auto-Mode
Flash Pix Version: version 1
Focal length: 16.8 mm
Gain Control: 1
Light Source: Unknown or Auto
Make: EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Max Aperture: f 4.6
Metering Mode: Multi-Segment
Model: KODAK CX7430 ZOOM DIGITAL CAMERA
Orientation: Normal (0 deg)
Resolution Unit: Inch
Saturation: 0
Scene Capture Mode: 0
Scene Type: Directly Photographed
Sharpness: 0
White Balance: 0
X Resolution: 230 dots per ResolutionUnit
Y Resolution: 230 dots per ResolutionUnit
YCbCrPositioning: Center of Pixel Array

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

David Wencel

Sent in via email March 23, 2010

I have some things to also share with you about bachelors grove cemetery. I first went there in the late 60's. So yes, I am old. The place was loaded with headstones. Many are very old and almost unreadable with angels on top of them. I remember some of their birth dates. Some were born in the early 1800's and some late 1700's. Their deaths were in the mid 1800's. Many had Irish sounding names like MacMurray, and with rather newer looking headstones. And what I could not understand was that there were headstones which had the date of death as 1965 or a lady being buried there in 1966. Now I don't remember the fence going around the place at this time. I remember the road leading to the cemetery from the highway was still in excellent condition.

Next, the story about the caretaker was told to us by a retired Cook County Sheriff Police Sergeant. At the entrance was the remains of a house. The story we were told was that the caretaker of the place lived there and that he killed his wife in the house with a knife and then burned the place down to cover the crime. Then he decided to take his own life with that same knife. So he burned with the house and with his wife. The story was that he was still there keeping an eye on the place which is why he sometimes did things to people when they came there. Bruises on their body or scratches on their car because at that time, you could actually drive to the cemetery itself.

He also told us that they got lots of calls in the past from a bar near 143rd and Harlem Ave, remember there were no cell phones at the time, from people saying as they were driving, they saw a small man walking near the the entrance to the cemetery drive on 143rd street heading west covered in blood looking dazed and confused and perhaps he was the victim of an auto accident. At first the cops thought it was from someone who had one too many but they always sent out a patrol and found nothing. But they always saw him in the evenings. He said they associated him with Resurrection Mary since his police station was on Archer Ave not far from Resurrection cemetery itself and they also got a lot of calls on her too.

I did have a friend who had his vehicle horribly scratched there. He had a beautiful 1968 Chevy Impala, painted a beautiful black color. He went there with his date on prom night in 1971. He said he turned off his headlights but left his parking lights on. But he remembered locking his car doors and leaving the engine running so they could listen to the radio. He and his date were making out and having a few drinks when something covered his car windows, like with a big sheet. Then it appeared to him that a bunch of people were trying to get in his car by playing with the door handles. Then they were banging on his car all over. He said he threw the car in reverse and took off. Shortly after they pulled away, this sheet came off. He did not see who had done this to him. But the next morning, he saw his car and I admit I saw it too, and it was scratched all over to include the roof, hood and trunk lid.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

I remember once when I left there with some friends and we went to my home to watch creature features on television, my mother woke up at night to use the bathroom and saw what she thought was a cloud of white smoke in her kitchen. She started to scream fire! We all ran into the room and saw that nothing was there. I was told later by some older friends that this was the old caretaker giving me a warning to stay away.

This was also a dangerous place at night because drug dealers would meet there and sell their drugs. I remember you would always find drug paraphernalia lying around everywhere. It was sort of a big thing with the hippie generation at that time getting high in this place. And the Cook County Sheriff's police would patrol there often. Also you would find lots of dead animals as dogs and cats horribly mutilated laying about because the black occult would meet there on their Sabbath's and sacrifice their animals on the headstones. Witchcraft was also popular at that time. And they would also have a bad habit of attacking anyone who would come there and disturb their ritual. These were the folks who wore the black robes and hoods. You would also find used condoms laying around because they would have sex as part of their ritual and also lots of burnt candles and incense.

In the early 70's I was a federal agent which meant I could carry a handgun. So my friends talked me into going there and of course bringing my handgun with me. When we got close, we saw strange colored blue lights flickering about. The evening news had a story on this place some months later and said this was swamp gas. And then we heard what sounded like a lot of people talking, as if they would be at a party. We had a full moon and our flashlights. I could see a lot of headstones were moved around and many were now missing. I heard it was a big thing to steal the headstones from here and use them for Halloween decorations. We then could see a fog coming from the pond and heading towards us. Then one of the graves, which my friend was standing on, caved in. Man did he scream. The square was about six inches deep and the perfect shape of a coffin. What was odd was that the fellow that this happened to, well, his father was a grave digger at a local southwest side cemetery and his dad said to us later, that probably one of the old wooden caskets of someone who was buried there that became rotten finally gave way because of my friends weight on top of it. He said that this happened a lot in his cemetery especially with their older graves that did not have the cement crypts.

So I had enough and this was the last time I was there until last August when I took my lady friend there because she asked me about the place. So many headstones are gone. Some of them were really very large because they had the names of several family members on them. Those things must have weighed a couple of tons so how they moved them I do not know.

Dawn Kloss

© ? - Dawn Kloss

Back in the 80's my sister and I went there during the day and noticed some odd things. not paranormal but odd. We saw a group of little boys and 2 men playing a game like duck duck goose or something to that effect. we could see them, but could not hear what they were doing or saying. it was very odd. It was around 11 am and we couldn't understand what they were doing or where they came from. We continued to walk around for a bit more but when we turned around to watch them again, they were gone.

Then about a couple of years ago, my mother and I went to visit the graveyard during the afternoon in the summer. one thing was very obvious as we walked down the path towards the graves.....there was not one bird chirping, not one cicada buzzing, no bugs flying around...nothing. very still and very quiet. We proceeded to the graveyard and heard voices but could not make out what they were saying. i kept saying to my mother "what did you say"? and she would tell me that she wasn't saying a word, that she thought i was saying something. it was like a group of people talking--especially a little girl maybe?

Dawn Kloss

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Deanna Veyette Vaught
December 2, 2009

Back in the 70s, I was riding in the car with my dad at night and saw a blue light in the trees. I asked my dad what it was and he didn't know. I later found out in high school that people have reported the same light in the trees. They believe it came from a house that was once there that took in travelers. Whenever I think about seeing that blue light, it brings chills down my spine.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Deborah Yager

Sent in via email October 10, 2011

Hello Pete,

I was browsing your Bachelor's Grove website and felt compelled to share some experiences. I grew up in Oak Forest and my grandma and aunt would pick up my brother, sister and self on a Saturday and we would go adventuring. This was in the 70's, when you could still drive down the road.

On one occasion when we were there on a sunny summer afternoon, we were all just walking around looking at the tombstones, observing many broken and moved headstones, even some areas which looked to be dug up, we stumbled upon some stepping stones, which since we were young kids...10, 9 & 6, we repetitively were skipping and jumping around them. We all noticed this dead dried up looking thistle plant near the stepping stones that suddenly started shaking violently and then vanished into the ground at our feet. My aunt and grandma could not get us all out of there fast enough! Who knows what it was...could have been some animal under the ground...or something that did not like us running and skipping around on that sunny day. Either way it freaked us all out.

On another occasion, again with my siblings aunt, grandma and also great-aunt...we were driving down the road to Bachelor's Grove cemetery when several teenage boys jumped out from the side of the road and were banging on and shaking our car and mooning us and acting all crazy...my grandma, so cute, whips out her tiny pocket knife and starts tapping it on the window...all of a sudden they all ran and disappeared into the woods. My aunt of course drove to the police station to report the happening and the next thing we knew, they installed a chain-link fence around the whole cemetery!

One of the older neighborhood boys told us he and a friend camped out there overnight once and experienced a blue glow in and above the water in the pond...which they referred to as the blue lady of the lake, I'm not sure if this story has any merit but I thought I would pass it along.

Kindest regards,

Deborah Yager

Hello Pete,

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

I'm so glad you enjoyed my stories! Well, I spoke to my Grandma and Aunt, they both think the car incident happened in about 1975 and yes we were driving down the actual small side road to Bachelor's Grove when it occurred, they both confirmed this as well. I am pretty sure we read about the fence installation in the newspaper and did see it on our next visit, probably the following spring or summer.

As for the stones we were skipping on they were somewhere within the center of the cemetery and they were in an east/west (same direction as 143rd) placement near some disheveled and broken headstones.

I am so sorry but unfortunately I don't believe we have any photos from those times, my Grandma said she will look though...she's so cute 95 years young and still as sharp as a tack!!!

Feel free to use any of the information I forwarded to you. Also if there are ever any restoration projects, my daughters and I would love to volunteer in any way we can.

Have a terrific week!

Regards,

Deborah Yager

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Denise Piotrowski

Sent in via email September 04, 2008

Credit to Dale Kaczmarek of Oak Lawn, IL for sending in this material.

Hi, I have been to Bachelors Grove many times and have taken many pictures but never picked up anything other than orbs until last year. Both of these photos were taken with a Sony Cybershot 5.0 megapixel digital camera in early October 2007. They were taken at some time between 6:30 and 7:30 pm. As you can see the sky in the one picture, it was not a very sunny day... sweatshirt weather, not hot nor cold. The picture of the tomb stone was just one of many random pictures we were taking around the cemetery. When I look at the image in the trees it looks to me as if we were being watched by someone in a white, possibly long sleeved button down shirt and I can almost make out a collar on the shirt. The face I can't explain, it looks like very large black eyes or just a lot of darkness in that area. My sister, Debbie Unger took that photo and I had a picture of her taking that photo, but I was not focused in the exact same position. I was focusing more to her left where there is another head stone along the fence just to the left of the entrance as you walk in. In the photo that I took there is a child sitting on the stone who appears to be wearing a red shirt. Unfortunately, I am unable to locate that photo right now but will send it to you if I do.

The other photo on the path was taken as we were leaving the cemetery. We took many pictures on our way in as we were hearing a strange growling noise but didn't capture anything. As we were leaving down the path, every 15 steps or so, my sister turned around and took a picture towards the cemetery. This is the only picture that came up with an image. It looks to us like a soldier, possibly in a civil war uniform. If you look close you can almost see the buttons down the front of the jacket. It also looks like he is holding something across his waist area... possibly a rifle. What is not circled in this photo though is what appears to be a head. It is just to the left of the top of the circle. We have never seen anything like this in any of our photos before and were very excited as you can imagine when we got home and examined them. Please take a look at them and let us know what you think. We are very eager to get your opinion. If you would like to use our pictures for your website, by all means do so. You may also use our names and post my email.

Thank you for your time, Denise Piotrowski



Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Derrell

The following was extracted from Legends And Lore Of Illinois Volume 1 Issue 1 January 2007

I went to Bachelor's Grove a couple of years ago and absolutely nothing happened, although we did find a bunch of notes someone left there and a sweet Disney gift card. It had \$50 on it! Can you imagine? Someone just left it by one of the grave stones!

Derrell, 23, Franklin Park

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Donald Davidson
October 30, 2019
www.facebook.com

This is the most creepy and weirdest place I have ever been. Both night and day. Seen burnt out cars at night that were gone the next day. Seen and heard a scream from what looked like a white shirt hanging from a tree 20 feet off the road into the woods in broad daylight. the scream happened when we went to the edge of the road. I have not been back since.

Comment Section:

I swear to God, all that I stated in the header happened to us (about 5 of us) and it made the hair stand on my neck. I normally do not believe in this ghost stuff.....but it happened.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Douglas Larson

Video: [You Tube](#)

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

Archive Notation: All missing material related to this encounter needs to be compiled on this page. A duplicate file needs to be created for Andy S.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Dreama

Sent in via email October 14, 2006

Credit to Dale Kaczmarek of Oak Lawn, IL for sending in this material.

I went out to Bachelor Grove cemetery Sept 30th of this yr and took some pictures. I'm not the type of person that goes looking for ghosts or haunted places, in fact I'm the one that always say I would never go to a known haunted place. So why I even agreed to go is beyond me still. My husband, daughter and I went out there and I took some pictures after looking around and cleaning up a bit of the trash there (you wouldn't believe how bad some people treat that cemetery). The weather was warm and the sun was out at the time of taking pictures. There was no fog or anyone smoking. I used a 35mm camera with regular 35mm film, the camera does not have time delay or any features like that. There were no other people around but my husband, daughter and myself also nothing that shows up on the film was seen by me or my husband. The film had 27 exposures and no more than 27 pictures were taken. I'm sending you three different pictures and I guess maybe I should say what I believe I saw?

In picture ending with 002, is one I am not sure if it is a trick of the eyes or not, but if you look to the left pass the tree it appears to be a man standing, well walking really, on my own computer (not pictures I am sending you) I enlarged this picture to see if I could find what could make it appear as a man stood there, I couldn't.

In the picture ending with 008 when I saw the mist I was amazed enough, but as I looked further I noticed what seemed to be eyes and even a face, again there was no fog to be seen and a picture taken right before this one showed nothing.

The last picture ending in 013, had everyone at the photo shop talking, they even gave me a blow of it at no charge. In this picture you can see the mist again except it is larger and at the right top of the mist, it really does appear to be a face, eyes and all.

I don't know if I should tell how I felt or how I felt at the time I took the pictures, I guess I should mention a few things when I took the picture ending in 008 I felt like a hand on my leg, but very soft and I dismissed that as weeds even though I was wearing pants. Also a few times it did feel like a cold draft, but I couldn't say if that happened at the same time of the three photos. Well I guess that is about all.

Thank you for taking the time to look at these photos, I know that you must be very busy, especially at this time of the year.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center







Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Eileen D. Mrumlinski

© ? - Eileen D. Mrumlinski

On my last trip to Bachelor Grove, I saw something that scared me half to death. As my group was leaving, I turned around, and to my horror there was something following us out. I turned back and started to run, and as I did I got my shoelace caught in a bush I tripped over. I was so terrified by this time that I was yanking my foot out of the bush, but instead of freeing myself, I was snagging it even worse. I was just about to take my shoe off when somebody got it untangled for me. I took off running again and didn't stop until I reached the street. If you don't believe me go see for yourself. And if you make it in all right, on your way out, don't look behind you.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Eric S.

Sent in via email April 12, 2010

Credit to Dale Kaczmarek of Oak Lawn, IL for sending in this material.

Nobody was smoking during the taking of these photos the temp was 65-70 mild spring weather it was taken on the last full moon at midnight was a very clear night no mist no fog no smoke a lot of the pictures came out regular until we got into the cemetery then strange fog mist and orbs one orb is blue... photos were taken with 2, 21 photo hd disposable cameras. i like to use polaroid and disposable cause they seem to work amazingly better than digital cameras. Thanks for looking sir.

Eric S







Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center



Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Evan Cohen

Archive Notation: Regarding "The Most Terrifying Places in America" Travel Channel series.

On 4/12/2010 11:03 AM, Evan Cohen wrote:

To Whom It May Concern,

My name is Evan Cohen and I'm an Associate Producer writing from Sharp Entertainment out of New York City. We're currently beginning production on a new Travel Channel series, "The Most Terrifying Places in America" and we were interested in featuring your hotel in one of our episodes. We'd be interested in shooting for a day or two in the next coming weeks (towards the end of April/early-May approximately) and would love to speak with you further on the possibility of organizing a shoot. Additionally, we'd love to have a representative of your organization speak on camera with our producers to retell some of the fascinating history, legends and lore associated with your business. Please let us know as soon as possible so that we might be able to start moving forward in this process, we appreciate your consideration. I can be reached via the contact information below.

thanks so much!

Evan Cohen

Associate Producer, "The Most Terrifying Places in America"

Hi Evan,

You inquired about a hotel for the series "The Most Terrifying Places in America" but I happen to be involved with a cemetery called Bachelors Grove which is considered the most haunted cemetery in America. I'm assuming the reference to a hotel was a typographical error but if you are interested in speaking about Bachelors Grove cemetery let me know.

Pete Crapia

www.bachelorsgrove.com

Hi Pete,

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Yes sorry about that it was indeed a typo, we're very interested in speaking with you further about possibly doing some shoots/interviews with you over at Bachelor's Grove, I'll be in touch again shortly to start figuring out all logistics and possible shoot days, etc. Thanks so much!

Evan

Travel Channel - Most Terrifying Places In America

© 2010 - Travel Channel

October 2010

Guest: Dale Kaczmarek

Guest: Jude Felz

Guest: Ken Melvoin-Berg

Other guests unknown.

Video: [You Tube](#)

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Frank Battaglia

Uploaded: October 18, 2018

YouTube.com

Video: [You Tube](#)

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Gary Myzyri
October 31, 2003
Yahoo Groups - bachelorsgrovecemetery

STORY CORRECTION/NOTATION: The cemetery is open to the public from sunrise to sunset. Reference to the cemetery being federally protected land and a \$1000 fine is incorrect.

Gary <myzyri@...> Re: the cops

--- In bachelorsgrovecemetery @ yahooogroups.com, Carole Brown <theatre_girl79@y...> wrote:

I was listening to US 99 (99.5 FM) on the way to school this morning and at 10:20 Lisa Dent was talking about Bachelor's Grove, how it's supposed to be so haunted. She had a Forest Preserve Cop on who says he sits in the Grove all night during October and he'll be there tonight. He said he gave away 55 tickets last night, and has used up 11 ticket books this October. he has three ticket books already pre-written (except for name and time) for tonight. How about that?

Cool! I wish I could have heard that! I'd like to see if it's the same voice that I have on tape. The guy on tape, I believe, says he's a state cop. However, it's a bit garbled and even after being face to face with him in the cemetery no one was sure what the hell he was because it was too dark to read his arm patches. He chain smoked 2 cigarettes in less than 4 minutes, but the cherry on a cigarette doesn't throw off much light.

Anyway, we ran into the cop who sits in there all night during October. No one in the group got tickets, but that was earlier in October. It's entirely possible that as the holiday gets nearer, he starts doling out tickets. On another note, since everyone denied having ID's, maybe that's why we didn't get tickets. Or another possibility is that it was a big scare tactic and he said all that on the radio to try to scare people away from coming out to the cemetery tonight, thus making his job a tad bit easier this evening. HOWEVER, I won't be the one testing that theory. Better safe than sorry!! If anyone is ballsy enough to head out there tonight, you could always try to make a run for it. He's a chain smoker, so I doubt he'll be able to keep up with you.

He didn't happen to say what the fine was did he?

The transcript of the dialogue is posted as "OCTOBER 10TH NIGHT VISIT RESULTS." I'm desperately trying to convert it to MP3... The cop starts out talking like a hard ass and then kind of turns into a "regular Joe." I know he said more, but it's not on the video. The camera did shut off near the end and then came back on. (It turned off between the "11 years" and "keep the secret" parts.) After the cop made his presence known, the camera was being held by the strap, so I'm still a bit puzzled as to how it turned on and off especially without out the cop knowing or even pausing because when it starts and stops recording it makes a "ding dong" kind of doorbell

sound. Anyhoo, I could SWEAR he said the cemetery, as of January 1, 2001, became federally protected and carries a huge fine. However, if that was the case, I'm thinking someone in the BG groups would have heard about it. Plus, you'd think he'd be handing out tickets left and right as the "perfect scare tactic." I've been looking for info on it being federally protected, but haven't found anything yet. Until I find something, I'm guessing it's a scare tactic. Mainly because if it was federally protected, wouldn't it stand to reason that a Federal Marshall would be out there as opposed to a forest cop or a state cop. Plus, wouldn't that blow his "ticketing" away due to jurisdiction? Then again, Dave's research shows that it's only \$150 for non-criminal trespass. I dunno. Maybe I'll see if we can interview him or better yet, maybe Dave can get one of his cop family members to talk to the guy on-the-level. You wouldn't happen to recall his name, would you?

I guess the "Mystery" of Bachelor's Grove will continue forever, proliferated by even the police! A cop talks about giving out tickets, threatens my group when we go there, but no one's ever been ticketed or arrested and knows of no one who has been (concerning the poll in the group). Ghosts scare us all and we see and hear things when we go out there, but some cop has the guts to be out there by himself at night? What happens to him? If anything does mess with his mind, he probably wouldn't say because he wouldn't want to attract more attention. Did the relocation of some headstones to the other cemetery lessen or remove the ghostly activity? Many people have said the cemetery seems more calm over the last several years. There are so many variables to the cemetery that I bet it will be attractive and mysterious for generations to come. It may even hold its mystery if/when it's dug up and removed/relocated.

Thanks for the input Theatre Girl! Keep it coming! And hey, did you ever get that article about BG published? I'd love to read it!

Gary

The following was extracted from www.angelfire.com

<http://www.angelfire.com/theforce/haunted/bachelorsgrove.htm>

We made our way out of the gates and down the path back to the car. By then it was almost 8:00. Just as we were about to cross the street we noticed flashing lights next to the car. T-Bone took off to make sure the car wouldn't be towed away. When he got there, he was greeted by an unfriendly cop. He asked for an id and then wanted to know what us "knuckleheads" were doing out here. We told him that we were just checking out the cemetery. He said well this place closes at sunset and you guys shouldn't be here. He told us to have a seat in the car before he arrests us. So we sat in the car while he checked our id's. About five minutes later he decided to be easy on us and just give a \$25 parking ticket.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

STATE OF ILLINOIS
COUNTY OF COOK

COMPLAINANT **FOREST PRESERVE DISTRICT OF COOK COUNTY**

CITATION

At the time and place shown below, you violated an ordinance of the above named District as described below. Unless you make payment in settlement of this violation claim on or before Due Date shown at right, a Complaint will be filed against you in the Circuit Court of Cook County.

- THIS CITATION MUST ACCOMPANY PAYMENT OR YOUR PERSONAL APPEARANCE -

on

DAY	MONTH	DATE	YEAR
11	20	20	83

at

HOUR	HOUR	AM	PM
4	25		

at RIVER FOREST in said District by (describe act) AFTER HOURS

You did violate SECTION _____ of the local ordinance as owner or operator of vehicle or property described herein.

MAKE _____ COLOR _____ LICENSE NUMBER _____ STATE and YEAR _____ VEHICLE TAG NO. _____ MUNICIPALITY and YEAR _____

for the above named District by: OFFICER _____ STAR NO. _____ its Agent _____

PAY THIS AMOUNT NOW
Penalty for this violation if it had been paid BEFORE Due Date \$ 25.00
Penalty for this violation if it had been paid BEFORE Final Notice Date \$ 50.00

P

DUE DATE

MONTH	DATE	YEAR
11	20	83

You may, BEFORE DUE DATE:
(1) Mail the amount indicated below in this envelope, or
(2) Pay in person at the location shown on the reverse side, or
(3) Appear in person at the location shown on the reverse side to request a Court Hearing.

AVOID ADDITIONAL COSTS - PAY PROMPTLY -

All penalties may be paid in person during regular business hours. Use this envelope for Check or Money Order.

- DO NOT SEND CASH -

FOREST PRESERVE DISTRICT
OF COOK COUNTY
536 NORTH HARLEM AVENUE
RIVER FOREST, ILLINOIS 60305

The following was extracted from www.youtube.com

Video Comments
Nefstead23

funny cuz you never mentioned how the cops say you can do 60 push ups to get out of the fucking ticket...thats bullshit. I guess its the people who are fucking assholes and vandalize the place that ruined it for us all. Still...don't see the push ups being advertised...weird.

GEIST

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

G.E.I.S.T. is a paranormal data logging system created by Stan Suho and Dale Kaczmarek of the Ghost Research Society located in Oak Lawn, Illinois. Developed in the 1990's, it is considered one of the earliest computerized data loggers for use in paranormal investigations. About a year after its creation Tim Harte developed his own system called M.E.S.A.

G.E.I.S.T. is an acronym for Geo-physically Equipped Instrument of Scientific Testing. The DOS software was written in a form of BASIC by Stan and primarily consists of logging date and time for events triggered by external equipment that interfaces to a laptop.

External equipment is first connected to a "polling" circuit that samples voltage from each device. Devices connected to the data logger consist of a Negative Ion Detector, Radiation Geiger Counter, Tri-Field Natural EM Meter, Hydrogen Sulfide Detector, Passive Infrared Motion Sensor, and will remotely trigger a camera upon any event logged into the system. Future plans consist of adding thermal and optical analysis to the infrared and ultraviolet spectrum. Stan suffered an injury so future developments have been put on hold.

G.E.I.S.T. was used at Bachelors Grove cemetery during a 2008 film documentary hosted by Troy Taylor which was conducted under a permit issued by the County. During production the crew experienced power failures causing many audio and video problems. Automobiles permitted to be parked outside the cemetery gates were available for charging batteries. Charging them, however, was futile and the problems continued. The crew even resorted to the use of flashlights in order to continue filming subjects. All video footage is said to be lost and any audio was "garbled" and could not be recovered. Results from G.E.I.S.T. did not indicate anything unusual but the system has proven itself useful at other locations.

The entire data logging system is a mixture of hardware and software. Below are files pertaining to its history. For example, some hardware used with the system was custom built or modified. Two such custom built devices are a Negative Ion Detector and Geiger Counter.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center



Photographs sent in by Jim Graczyk of the Ghost Research Society, Oak Lawn, IL.



Stan Suho setting up G.E.I.S.T.



Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

The following was extracted from www.ghostresearch.org

Follow-up investigation on August 10, 1991

GRS members present: Bill & Rochelle Zaszczurynski, Michelle Bradford, Howard Heim, Judy & Mari Huff, Paulette Stanek, Roman Klepczarek and Dale Kaczmarek.

Experiment: All participants were given a crude map of the cemetery with a predetermined route for each of them to follow. Each team was equipped with a clipboard and a transparency covering the map and were instructed to mark with grease pencils anywhere they have any paranormal activity or psychic feelings or if any of their equipment went off. Below are their impressions.

Bachelor's Grove Field Excursion Impressions by members

Rochelle Zaszczurynski:

1:58pm – Hageman, felt vibrations, energy pulling from left of me. Something on top of the fence line following me. Reached Newman, no more vibrations.

2:02pm – Deck, suddenly still and peaceful.

Bill Zaszczurynski:

#1 Feeling of anxiety, being watched and followed

#2 Slight humming feeling and sound, confusion, dizzy

#3 Light-headed feeling, same as #2 but weaker.

In general a feeling of being followed (this started before the next person started walking) and watched. This was very strong at the south fence-line near Hageman and Foskett. In the past on other trips, but here I sensed a large object at the southwest corner.

Michelle Bradford:

#5 As I looked across the lagoon, I felt as if someone was watching me. Walking through the cemetery in general, felt as if someone was watching or following me, but it was really strong by the lagoon like someone was in or by the water watching me. Felt anger. Whomever was watching me was really angry.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Mari Huff:

#1 Strange feeling like being watched and a buzz

#2 Strange buzzy feeling

#3 Buzz.

Jude Huff:

#1 Before Fulton, coldest temperature in the sun

#2 Pulling feeling by stone next to Deck

#3 Heavy pulling feeling by Moss area, depressive feelings

#5 Cold area down main strip.

Paulette Stanek:

#1 Sweet smell

#2 Sweet smell floral & buzzing sound

#3 Floral

#4 Smell of cigars

#5 Cigar smell

Roman Klepczarek:

#1 Headache near Newman then just went away

#2 Patrick is very cold but just might be in that area.

Several members marked on their map a checkerboard tombstone that had no name on it. So later we returned to that site and others within the cemetery for additional experiments and photography sessions. One member, Judy Huff, had a 35mm camera loaded with black and white infrared film that afternoon. She snapped a picture of the vacant tombstone and saw nothing out of the ordinary until she had the film developed.

Upon first glance, the uncropped picture showed nothing at all, according to Huff but when enlarged, a clear image of a semi-transparent figure of a woman dressed in a full-length white dress can easily be seen. She is sitting serenely on the tombstone facing to the right in profile with long brown or light-colored hair. Absolutely no one was dressed in that fashion in our group that afternoon and I can attest to the fact that the tombstone was unoccupied when the picture was taken. It is truly a remarkable photograph!

Upon closer inspection, parts of the woman's body, namely her head and knee are semi-transparent where one can easily see trees and bushes through those areas again indicating that she is not a real person but a ghostly image. This picture was widely circulated in both the Chicago Sun-Time and Tribune and featured in several documentaries including one from the Discovery Channel entitled Phantom Photographs. It has been shown to photographic experts from Kodak in Rochester, New York. While some claim that the image is nothing more than a real person sitting on the tombstone because you can supposedly see the shadow cast by the person on the ground around the tombstone. Actually the entire tombstone was situated in the shadows cast by the trees that afternoon and not by a real person attempting to hoax the photograph.

Some believe this could be the ghostly "lady in white" that allegedly roams the cemetery on moonlit nights. One thing is sure, nobody can be absolutely sure who the figure is to this day. There are some theories as to who she may be but then they are only allegations

The image below was scanned from a photograph that was printed from the original negative.

Provided by Kevin Watson of Illinois.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center



PLEASE NOTE: The high resolution images provided below are up to 300 megabytes in size. They are provided for non commercial use only and may take a while to download. File format is Adobe Photoshop Tif.

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

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The following was extracted from www.ghostresearch.org

Field Excursion on August 6, 1994

Participants: Lucy Solis, Kenneth Powell, Nancy Andrews, Tom Baker, Donna Boonstra, Denise Lewis, Barbara Huyser, Fran & Lisa Pizano and Dale Kaczmarek.

Object: To detect with the equipment and personal feelings anything out of the ordinary, then to register that on the enclosed maps and transparencies with grease pencils. Later to compare maps and observations and then to attempt photography at those areas which were hot spots.

Teams: Lucy Solis & Kenneth Powell used the Dr. Gauss Meter, Nancy Andrews and Barbara Huyser used the MFD-1 EMF Meter, Donna Boonstra and Denise Lewis used the Geiger Counter and Tom Baker assisted me and employed his camcorder and compasses.

Observations: Fran Pizano felt chills around the Hageman tombstone (#1), tightening in her muscles north of Mendenhall (#2) and a pressure in her chest around Mendenhall (#3) and the gauss meter reacted (2.5) around the tree near Fullerton's (#4).

Kenneth Powell and Lucy Solis' Dr. Gauss Meter also reacted near Fullerton with a 6.0 reading (#4).

Donna Boonstra felt a heavy feeling/depression like "a cloud hanging over me" near Newman tombstone (#5), she also felt shivering and chills in the open area before the hole in the fence and the clearing felt a scary feeling (#6). Donna sensed a pulling feeling in her chest near Deck by the two trees (#7) and smelled a moldy smell and uneasiness near Deck (#8).

Tom Baker, Nancy Andrews, Lisa Pizano, Barbara Huyser and I experienced nothing out of the ordinary.

Conclusions: It was interesting that the members picked out at two areas within the cemetery where they had similar encounters, near Fullerton and around Deck and Mendenhall. Fran felt a pressure indicative of a push while Donna felt a pulling sensation both in their respective chest areas. Besides this, the gauss meters seemed to be reacting to something around the Fullerton grave and in the area around Newman as well.

Photographs: To date, photographic documentation is inconclusive as there doesn't appear to be anything to verify the feelings or equipment reactions within the cemetery that afternoon. Further analysis is probably necessary.

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Ghost Research Society

The following was extracted from www.ghostresearch.org

The GRS first investigated Bachelor's Grove Cemetery on May 1, 1982 and the team included: Pat Shenberg and Dale and Wayne Kaczmarek.

Equipment used: Two Canon AE-1s 35mm SLR cameras, video camera and portable cassette tape recorder.

Film used: One camera was equipped with 400 ASA color slide film and the other was color Ektachrome infrared film which was pushed to 400 ASA.

Observations: Pat picked up a number of ghosts roaming the cemetery on that particular day even though she had never before visited the site and lived in Morris, Illinois. These included: a group of about thirty people all milling around the area between Newman's grave and the lagoon which included a baker dressed in baker's attire, a man that when first observed was dressed in monks robes with an animal-typeface who was always snarling and growling, a small girl near the Infant Daughter grave, a woman and a strange light near Newman's grave, and possibly the ghost of Hamilton near the outer fence.

The following is the never before released entire psychic transcript between Pat Shenberg and I and exactly what she saw and where within the cemetery.

(Near the Fulton tombstone)

Pat: This thing keeps switching between this hideous looking thing to a man dressed in strange looking clothes that looks like what I would think a saloon keeper would look like. Has a lot of money. He won't say what he did. Something very wrong. The little girl is his daughter who is now a young woman.

Dale: What style of clothing does he have? What era can you pick up?

Pat: He looks to me like a cross between a saloon keeper and an Irish dancer. He's got a loud, classy looking checkered vest on. Strange looking derby and a gold watch. He feels very guilty about something and cannot even leave this area. He complains that he's fenced in because of his deeds. I have to assume from what I have seen that there was a black iron grill fence here and he feels that because of what he did, he has to stay within this perimeter. I told him that he doesn't have to.

Dale: Can you pick up any names?

Pat: When you said that, the name John comes to mind. (John Fulton?) Whether that's accurate or not. John might have been the man that he committed the terrible offense against. I believe

that it might have been someone in his family. His daughter is not an infant anymore. She looks like she's about seven years old now. They call her an infant but she may have died younger and she died of some kind of disease. She is aging and she won't leave this place because he won't leave. She could leave, he feels he can't.

Dale: He's sort of dominating?

Pat: Yeah, but she was standing over here (indicating an area between a small tree and the Fulton tombstone) and trying to hide from someone. He was very bold and standing right out in the open. I don't get the impression of murder but he did something that was terribly wrong. It had to do with money. I don't know why he takes on the form of an animal, snarling and growling.

Dale: Any idea why only half the tombstone was finished?

Pat: No. You may find out later as we continue to work together that sometimes these things follow me around. (Laughs)

Dale: Is she still here?

Pat: She was still here when...she's trying to hide but it's very obvious that she's still here.

Dale: Is she a shy person?

Pat: Yeah. She may be shy because she's had no real contact with a lot of people, but she's had contact with this snarling man. I get the name Ann for her. (Emma Fulton?) I'm sure that's correct.

Dale: Ann?

Pat: Yeah. Anna. (While many today agree that the Infant Daughter is that of Emma Fulton. I found it interesting that Anna and Emma sound so much alike.) That little tree is where she is. I saw a group of about thirty people. I don't know how many stones you've got here but they were over here (indicating an area west of Fulton's tombstone and near the lagoon). I looked up to see why they would be over here. There's nothing over there.

Dale: Did something happen in that section?

Pat: There's a group of about, might even be more than thirty...

Dale: How are they dressed? Same era?

Pat: I don't know, I was just aware that they were there. I'll have to go into trance to see exactly what they look like. This other one though is – she – now the person that I feel is there isn't

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there but there is somebody there. Ok. I think the person that is there is...seems to be some sort of a guard over a body. It's a young woman. But you want to know about these people over here? I can go into a trance and find out about them.

Dale: Do you feel that they're on this side of the fence? Or on the other side?

Pat: This may be a wagon and a horse, fell into the water somehow. I don't know if I'm getting this from you or not (telepathy). Is that correct?

Dale: Yes. I wasn't thinking about that just now.

Pat: I didn't get it just now. (The area Pat was describing is often associated with the farmer and horse drowning in the lagoon. She absolutely had no prior knowledge of this story.)

Dale: Ok.

Pat: But that's alright, I can still use that. These people, I think, don't have anything to do with that action.

Dale: How are they dressed?

Pat: These people aren't dressed in any one time period and really they would not be seen in their dated clothes. They are more inclined to be wearing robes. The main complaint amongst them is that they must stay here. Wait a minute; I want to find out why. (Trance)

The reason that they must stay here is that no one has taken them away. Now I don't know why that is, why no one has taken them away. Some of these clothes could be dated I don't think any earlier than the 1890s. But they are really later than that, I would say between the 1920s and the 1940s is the time frame when most of these people died.

Dale: Do you feel that the people that you are seeing were buried in the cemetery?

Pat: Yes, Definitely! But I don't know...they're not Germans though. They're not all Germans.

Dale: Do you feel that they know each other?

Pat: Oh yes, definitely, by this time.

Dale: Do you feel that there are more men or women?

Pat: It's about evenly distributed and there's children there too. When looking at this, it almost makes us wonder about the idea that I had that a certain aspect of man cannot ever leave the earth and these are really bonded here for some reason until a certain time has passed. Then they are taken away.

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Dale: Do you pick up any names at all?

Pat: Strange name like Dorma or Dora; Dora Myers. (This is interesting as she was looking from across the cemetery at the Newman grave and the woman buried there is Dora. We know her maiden name was Flassig.)

Dale: Where do you pick up the most of them, by the trees there?

Pat: Do you see this tree right in the middle? They're more grouped in front of it. They're sort of wandering around aimlessly. I can sort of hold them in a suspended state, I think. There is a baker here saying, "You shouldn't be doing this."

Dale: Is he dressed in a baker's outfit?

Pat: Yes. In fact, he even has a rolling pin in his hand.

Dale: Did you pick these people up as you first walked in?

Pat: I just knew that they were there. I wasn't trying to pick up anything at that point. I have never just sat down and done this in a cemetery before. I did this at a funeral in a cemetery where I saw the person who had died. I never expected to go to a cemetery and find people hanging out in one specific area. The peculiar thing is that man doesn't leave that area.

(Near Newman's tombstone)

Pat: There's a woman over there that won't leave that area as well though I don't think she's the occupant of the grave.

Dale: Possibly the wife of the...

Pat: She might be. She looks sort of angelic; she might not even be a woman. She might be something that doesn't....she looks like a guardian type.

Dale: Like a guardian angel, almost?

Pat: Well, you know...I think I've seen angels but I've also seen angels that again have characteristics of animals. They don't have wings. I can't tell if that feeling is just from the fact that she is guarding that area. She wants to talk about something. I don't know what. There's a nice white glow around that area also.

Dale: Right near the tombstone itself?

Pat: Over the tombstone and in back of it a little bit. I don't know which is the front.

Dale: Well, that white smaller section is actually the tombstone with the name engraved and belongs on that pedestal.

Pat: No, it's behind both of those pieces.

Dale: Ok.

Pat: And it's...I mean I haven't looked at it. This is visually. Clairvoyantly, it extends about four feet high and three feet wide. Now what it really is – it looks like – a lot like that cloud over my sons. It's an energy. The apparition that I see is not a part of it. She's sort of standing to the side and I have to see her in my third eye.

Dale: Feel any emotions about the woman?

Pat: I wouldn't know until I went into some kind of trance. I don't feel the emotion yet, that I felt over there (indicating towards Fulton's grave). There was an immense amount of that child's crying on and off but I feel that the crying was due basically to the fact that she's staying there because her father is there. She doesn't know what to do about the situation. Where this sort of has negative vibes, that has more positive ones (Newman). This area here where they are (the group of people) is sort of neutral which is interesting.

(Walking over to the Newman grave)

Pat: Her name is Dora.

Dale: Do you think that this might have been the Dora that you picked up before?

Pat: I'll find out when I go into trance. She had been calling me over here, actually. She wanted to talk to more than him. He couldn't have cared less. He just (she snarls). He is not very friendly. This one was, but there's no man here. That is very strange. I don't have the sensation that there's a man here.

(A group of boy scouts begin to walk through the area of the Fulton grave)

Dale: Is she still there as well?

Pat: She tried to get away, fade away. He (scoutmaster) walked right on his feet.

Dale: I bet that he appreciated that.

Pat: It's fascinating!

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Dale: That particular tombstone always seems to draw people to it. It's always the first one that people go to. Even though there's so many, just as you walk into the main trail, that huge one always seems to draw people to it like flies.

Pat: It's a very negative thing too. When they're walking by they're all looking over there. There goes another one (indicating a small boy scout), he's about the size of the little girl.

Dale: But you pick up more of a negative vibration there than you do...

Pat: But the man causes it. I don't know if it's an action of reality. I think in order to see a lot of things; you have to be able to not be stirred up by anything you see. Now he's snarling at me and looks kind of beastly but, in other words, you have to be sort of accepting. If someone saw this character, a lot of people would just go screaming away.

Dale: Is it actually a human form that you are seeing?

Pat: It changes. It's pretty sad. No, what I saw originally was a monk with a dog-like face. Pretty sad. But then when I asked him to reveal himself as he was, what I saw was this man. It could be that his interactions with money with many people was that he was a crook.

Dale: Do you feel that he revealed his true self to you or that he was maybe concealing something?

Pat: No, he seemed very conceited really. I suspect that he really looked like him. He was sort of a chubby man, somewhat rotund, small, about five-three. When he's standing next to the tombstone, he's about three to four inches taller than the tombstone. He may have been a banker. Whatever he did, he did something that was crooked and I believe that it had something to do with a brother.

Dale: A swindle or something?

Pat: Yeah, I mean the big crime may have been against someone of his family. I think he was crooked all the way around. I feel that he committed what he feels was a really terrible thing. I try not to make any judgments.

Dale: Think it might have been some kind of swindle or something?

Pat: I think he constantly did things like that and I think he did something worse to his brother. I don't know what. Could have been...

Dale: Are they aware that the other people are here, though?

Pat: I think that they're aware but there seems to be this sort of contented motion to most of them. This one here, she seems very interesting though.

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Dale: When the young kid was walking around, was the little girl just sort of shying away too?

Pat: Yeah. I don't know if she wouldn't have done that with me. I had the tendency to try to hold her where she was. I feel somewhat bad about that.

Dale: Can't be any worse than her father holding her there. I think he's more dominant.

Pat: I don't think he's holding her. She just doesn't know what to do. Too bad. I told him I'd come back and see him tonight. (Laughs) He didn't seem to be happy or sad about that either.

Dale: Sort of indifferent, huh?

Pat: He seems almost sarcastic about anything you'd say about him but I think that may have been a life-long attitude about him.

Dale: One interesting question...I don't know if you can answer it or not...the same time that you were picking up the people by the tombstones, the people over here, were they – were both of them aware of each other?

Pat: I don't know.

Dale: Or are they on sort of a different plane from the others?

Pat: I think that he has set himself apart. I think that he's aware that there are others here, but he has no interest. In fact, the iron fence that is there may have been something that he contrived also to keep others away from him. To set himself apart. I'm sure there's an awareness between the two groups. I know there's an awareness between this one here (Newman), that she knows what's going on.

Dale: Do you want to try this one?

Pat: Yeah

Dale: And if you can, try to find out why she doesn't want to join the other group. Might be interesting why she, if she's aware of the other people, then why is she all by herself?

Pat: I never thought about...but now that you said it, I do not know why she is alone. This is the grave that we are talking about, that nobody (referring to the fact that this grave is in a section of the cemetery all by itself). This light that I see, I'm not sure that it has anything to do with her. There are two different kinds of phenomena here. (Trance)

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She knows they're there. She can go back and forth and she's waiting for her children to die. Her husband is gone. This is another interesting statement. She says that her husband is no longer here, so she's here alone waiting. I told her she's waiting for nothing.

Dale: Maybe her husband moved on?

Pat: Yeah. That's what she said. Now that's the first one that I've heard say that. That sort of discounts my theory that they have to stay here. If he's not here, she looks very happy, very content. (Picture with Pat touching my camera) There's no problem with her at all. You don't even have to hold her at all. She just stays there.

Dale: You said you, at first, saw a light?

Pat: The light is still there.

Dale: Is it surrounding her?

Pat: No, the light is really more of a high...right over...she's bright too but this is more of a diffused light. (Feels the ground) This is warm. To me to touch, this is warm. (Another area) This is cold, very cold. She's happy though. Strange.

Dale: Did she give you any clue why she was by herself, here?

Pat: I'll have to ask her, she's still right there. (Trance)

This is fascinating. (Feeling the ground) This is the head and this is the chest. She doesn't want to associate with them because they're...you see, she knows that you don't have to stay here. She doesn't have to stay here. To stay here is a form of self-punishment. In other words, they are staying here because they want to stay here. It's a sickness to a certain extent. To want to stay in a cemetery. She doesn't have to. So, she feels better by herself. I think there's a lot of interaction between her and those children there. She would be somewhat upset by the fact that those children are there and really shouldn't be there at all. But again, they have clung to a situation that...where their families are there and they don't want to leave. She doesn't seem angry about it but she just knows better. They don't seem to know better. They're more like zombies except for the few that are animate. They sort of mill around.

Dale: Do you feel she knows some of those people?

Pat: Oh yeah, now she does. Yeah. She has flowers in her hand; an Easter lily. It's better than the baker.

Dale: With his rolling pin?

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Pat: She's not an angel. She's just a person but she's waiting for her children. She's satisfied just to wait in spite of the fact that I tell her that they won't be coming.

Dale: How do you account for the glow? Is that associated with her? Or is that another phenomena?

Pat: I believe that's another person. That looks like an older stone and obviously it's been desecrated. I believe that may be a father. There is definitely a person in that grave. They're very highly evolved. Now why the energy would stay there perhaps the energy was so great from that person there, per se. There's a body there and there's an energy field around it. But there's no soul there.

Dale: Does the mist always stay in that one spot?

Pat: I believe it does. That it wouldn't change. Looking at all of these people, I would say that the most highly evolved person here was the woman.

Dale: Now that you were in trance, do you feel that she was the same Dora that you picked up before?

Pat: Yeah, In other words, she was over here (indicating Fulton's area), and when we went over here, she followed us.

Dale: So she can sort of roam free?

Pat: Yeah and I believe that she has more of the tendency to do that than the others.(Area near Foskett's tombstone which was partially dug up) This is fascinating! This ground here feels somewhat cold, yet whenever you get near a body, heat is much stronger. I'm sure these people have been dead...how many years? Fifty years? That's amazing!

Dale: What do you actually pick up when you go into trance?

Pat: When touching things, I can pick up images, vibrations which usually start telepathic pictures going. First of all, I look for heat to tell me that something's there. The tombstone is less helpful than the ground.

Dale: Do you ever get a numbing sensation?

Pat: Yes. It's like my hands are tingling.

Dale: Does the man react when people come in?

Pat: Yeah, he was snarling at that guy who was walking on his feet.

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Dale: Does he seem to be just limited to snarling? Or do you think that he's capable or more than that?

Pat: He talked to me but he didn't want to tell me what he had done. He seemed ashamed of it. I don't know why he would feel like that, particularly most souls usually realize that I don't make any judgments but maybe he did something that I would have made a judgment on.

Dale: Does he realize that he is dead?

Pat: Yes! (Emphatically) In fact, he's quite resentful of the fact that he is the way he is.

(Area near Hamilton's grave)

Dale: Do you pick up any date at all?

Pat: When you said that I got a 1907. Again I see an energy field here but it's not that strong. It was stronger, very strangely, when those kids (boy scouts) were there. Something's standing right by your camera.

Dale: On which side?

Pat: Right behind the camera. When I first looked at it.

Dale: Did it seem to notice the camera?

Pat: Yes.

Dale: Is that what you picked up before, when the cub scouts were here?

Pat: Yeah.

Dale: Let me try something. Let me move the camera back and see if it follows it. Is it still there?

Pat: Yeah. It's right behind the camera on the right side.

Dale: See if it follows the cameras. (Moves the cameras) Strange feeling!

Pat: Definitely interested in the cameras. I'll go into trance so I can communicate with him. He wants us to take his picture. He wanted to have his picture taken. He's straightening his hair. He looks like a farmer. He looks older. That says that he's around 38 but he looks about sixty. He doesn't like the sound of that because he thinks he's very handsome. He says he died of a heart attack.

Dale: Did he live around here?

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Pat: He was a farmer around her, small farmer. I don't know what that means, small farmer.

Dale: Maybe he had a small acreage. What kind of emotions does he have?

Pat: Very sharp. He seems very much alive as compared to those others. Very interested in your cameras and how they work.

Dale: Is it much more of a positive type?

Pat: Much more. He's a very vibrant individual. He says he wouldn't have anything to do with those other people over there.

Dale: So, he is aware of them?

Pat: Oh yeah. He'd like you to come back and show him your pictures.

Dale: Does he always stay in this area or does he move around a little bit too?

Pat: No, he says he can leave here.

Dale: Why does he stay?

Pat: Strange answer, I have no place else to go.

Dale: Do you know if he is related to anyone else here?

Pat: No. He says he's not.

Dale: Perhaps the farming took a lot out of him or something.

Pat: He's very tanned. His hair is almost completely white. He has a full head of hair though. He's very interested in our mechanical age. 1903? He hadn't even seen an airplane?

Dale: Nope.

Pat: He says it's a shame that nobody comes back here with those machines anymore. (Probably referring to when you used to be able to drive down to the cemetery in the past)

Dale: He would have been right off the trail then, if this is where he was.

Pat: I don't think it is exactly...I think it's closer to here. He said he wanted to be near the fence so he could see the road and there's nothing here anymore.

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Dale: So, he probably relates more to the horse and buggy days.

Pat: I don't think he does. He would like to know what the machines are all about.

Dale: Do you feel his grave is right here or where?

Pat: It's near the fence, he says. It's right around here somewhere.

We continued for a little while longer walking through the cemetery with Pat picking up psychic impressions. Pat did hit on a lot of interesting points having never visited this graveyard before and this being the very first time ever investigating any location with a clairvoyant. Needless to say, I was flabbergasted.

Graveside Paranormal
May 18, 2018

Video: [You Tube](#)

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Haunted Chicago
Investigation Reports
www.hauntedchicago.com

The following was extracted from www.hauntedchicago.com

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Heather

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My father had told me about this place many times, so of course I wanted to see it. My dad had brought my friend and I there, and as we parked across the street from Bachelors Grove, I started to get this strange feeling. We crossed the Midlothian Turnpike and headed down the path to the cemetery, all along the path you can see what the vandals have left, tires, beer cans, garbage all along the sides of the path. We made it down to the cemetery, stood outside the gate for a while, and just looked in. We went in and started looking around, all you can see is the damage that has been done to the land. I was looking around, just seeing if there was anything there. I was starting to get bored with being there. Then it happened, I saw a man there dressed in yellow. I told my dad and he didn't see anything, neither did my friend. I couldn't help but stare at it, it wasn't a solid form but more translucent in shape, although I did see it. I can't explain exactly what happened next, but I remember leaving the cemetery with my dad and friend. Then all of a sudden, I felt something cold rush past me. I started to run, I didn't care, I wanted out of there, I had enough. I have never had something like that happen to me before or since. I truly believe that Bachelor's Grove is haunted. Every time I drive past there now, I get this shiver up and down my spine, and I floor it away from there.

Heather

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Holly Regalado

Sent in via email March 27, 2005

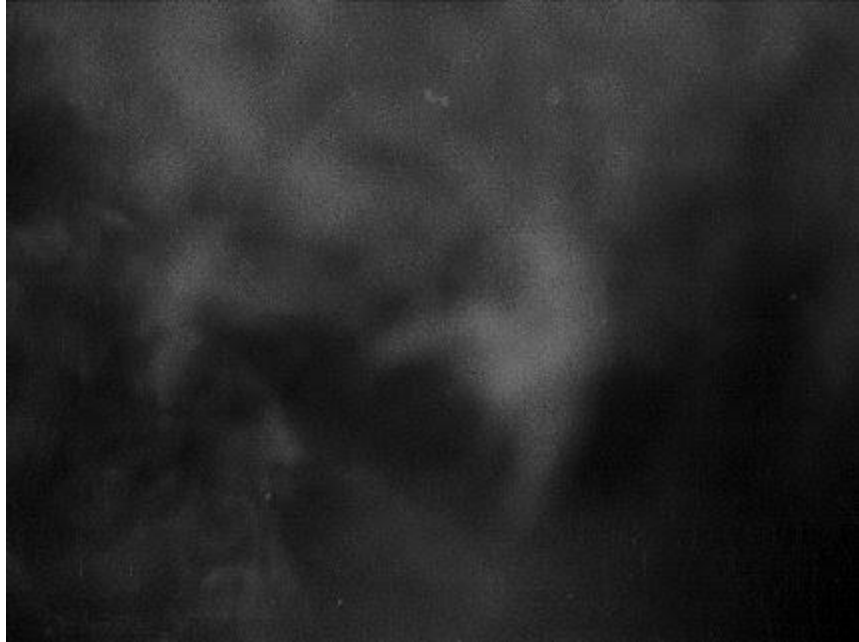
Hi my name is Holly. My fiance' Willie and my friend Michele and her boyfriend Jeremy recently went to Bachelors Grove to take some pictures. They went on Thursday night (March 24) and took some very weird pics. Michele had gone there before on March 24th and got weird pictures so decided to go back. I will include them and please let me know what you think. I did not go inside bachelors grove because that place scares me, I just drove the car and provided the camera!

Thanks for your time...hope u can make something of these.









Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

James Condon

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Sent in via email July 13, 2007

I too have a tale during a trip to Bachelors Grove. This happened about two years ago.

I have been going to Bachelors Grove infrequently for years now. Maybe 20-30 times in my life. Never once did anything remotely strange happen. Until the following two incidents. The first happened when me and two of my friends went there to just go there, since we had nothing better to do. We entered the cemetery and immediately went to our right and just stood around one of the taller headstones. After 10 minutes or so, we suddenly noticed two figures clothed in white right near the entrance some 20-30 feet away. Without hesitation, (and being the personable people we are) we acknowledge their presence with a few friendly hellos. (One of the reasons I like Bachelors Grove is the opportunity to meet other people to discuss the cemetery.) They began walking back up the path, we saw their progress as they passed to the left of us. We thought it was strange, because we had been in the cemetery 15 minutes or so and never saw anybody come down the path beside us. Then Randy quietly suggested that maybe they weren't people. We all looked at each other with bulging eyes, and ran out onto the path to see if we could catch up with whatever it was. But there was nobody there. And why anybody would wear stark white colors in a dark forbidden cemetery is beyond me. The following weekend we went there again, only there must have been 15 people there total. The same thing happened, only this time we started running after them as soon as the figures retreated at our calling. They went into the forest and we followed. I'll never forget what happened next, I heard the creepiest screaming. I can't even describe the sounds I was hearing from deep in the woods. They didn't sound human and they didn't sound like any animal. I must have told and re-told this story a hundred times, and felt it would be best to have it up on this website.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

James Ritten
Facebook.com
August 04, 2018

Back in the 80s on one of my excursions there a friend and myself saw a black shape that I could best describe as looking like a monk or hooded figure it was gliding about a foot or so above the ground and disappeared into the trees

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Jamie

January 25, 2003

This afternoon (1/25/03), my fiance & I drove past Bachelor's Grove. We noticed about 5 cop cars on Midlothian Turnpike right outside of the entrance to the path leading to the cemetery. We thought it strange. This was about 1:30. About 3:30 on our way back we saw about 7-8 cop cars. This time there were also a few ambulances. One was on the scene, along with a fire truck. One ambulance just left the scene. There was also an Animal Welfare League van. While passing over the "lake" you could see back towards the cemetery. From the road, you were able to see the fence of the cemetery. Inside the fence I saw a number of people (cops) and a large backhoe (dirt mover). By the time we were going home (8:00 PM) everyone was gone. I was just writing in hopes that someone might have some idea of what was going on. We watched the news thinking something might be mentioned, but it wasn't. Any ideas?

Jamie

My dad works for Crestwood Public Works & he ran into one of the firemen on the scene from last weekend. This is what happened: A woman was riding her horse in the forest preserve. She was right near the cemetery. Her horse stumbled then bucked, knocking her off of the horse. The horse then took off running. Sad to say, her dog was attached to the saddle. When the horse took off running, it ended up dragging and suffocating the dog. (so sad). The horse then fell and broke its leg.

Animal Welfare was out there to put the horse down. The large machine I saw out was used to lift the horse out of the cemetery.

How sad. The woman lost her horse and her dog in Bachelors Grove.

Jamie

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Jason C. Venckus

© ? - Jason C. Venckus

On Sept. 21st, 2002, I visited Bachelors Grove Cemetery for the first time. It being a Saturday night and a full moon, there were many people there so I thought nothing was going to happen. When I got there my friend and I ran into another group looking for the white woman and her baby as well as the house reported to have been seen in the 1950's. They told my friend and I that there were four men in black who claimed to be waiting for something in specific to happen. After some time the cemetery cleared out. My friend and I stood near the Newman grave and we noticed some kind of light coming from the back path that starts at the Moss stones and continues around the outside edge of the cemetery. At first I thought it to be a flashlight of someone that I didn't see come in. It's path was rather erratic and continued towards the Fulton Stone where some one had lit a candle in front of the infant stone. When the light got to the stone, the candle flared as one maybe two black, shadowy figures moved around the stone. I still figured it was just some people I didn't see come in. I kept my eyes on Fulton stone and all movement stopped. I side stepped to get a better look and saw nothing. I continued over to the Fulton Stone keeping my eyes scanning between the lagoon entrance, the stone and the main entrance. I never saw anyone leave or come in until about ten minutes after I got to the stone. I also received a strange reddish-brown mark on my hand after touching some of the stones. The Fulton and infant stones were extremely cold and the Newman stone was room temperature. I've washed my hands a few times, even scrubbing with a rough surface and it won't go away.

Jason C. Venckus

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Jason Close

Sent in via email June 2006

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

On Friday 5/26/06 from 5:30PM to 6:30 PM my brother, his wife, my girlfriend, and I went to Bachelor's Grove Cemetery. The temperature was in the mid 70's and was humid. I personally found the place to be very tranquil and calm, and did not have any foreboding feelings. My girlfriend said she felt a little "heavy" or "depressive" while in the cemetery. We walked around in the cemetery itself for about 25 minutes. We walked a little into the beaten path leading south into the woods and didn't see much. We walked west towards the creek and didn't see much. On the way back towards the cemetery we took the little path west of the cemetery that runs north, parallel to the fence and saw the little area with the stones in the ground.

It was here, looking into the cemetery that my girlfriend experienced what was a very cool (she estimates in the 50's to 60's) breeze, and found it refreshing since we were sweating from tromping around in the humidity. She then realized that the air was still and that there was no breeze at all, but the coldness remained. She said she was somehow compelled to keep staring into the cemetery for a few minutes. The temperature then returned to normal for her. She was kind of standing by herself at the time, and I later walked up and asked her what she was staring at. She only told me later, when we were alone, what she experienced.

I had an olympus WS-100 digital recorder with me, and a Sony HDR-HC3 hi-def camcorder with me. I did manage to capture a few evp's on the recorder, some of which are also barely audible on the camcorder audio.

I'll include the evp segments in the raw, unprocessed version, as well as cleaned, and slowed down versions. Here are descriptions of the evps:

1. sigh.wma: This one can be easily debunked, but I still have some doubt myself so I'll post it for review. I ask for a response early in the clip. In the long raw clip, at about 12 seconds there is a weird knocking sound and then at 15 seconds a long drawn out sigh/exhale/inhale. I think the knocking could be some vehicle on the nearby turnpike or something out in the woods. The sigh would have to be me, as no one else was nearby during this. I don't remember signing at all, and don't make it a habit to make this kind of sound. I have tried to duplicate both my inhale and exhale and can't get it to match this right because the sound is relatively long compared to my own exhale. The closest I can do is a very long inhale, but I have to exhale just as violently and as loud, and there is no second part to the breath on the recording. This is what makes me suspect it's an EVP.

2. teaching.wma: In this one I was by myself, inspecting some mossy stones in the ground just west of the cemetery fence. They looked like maybe some kind of old foundation to some structure. In the raw, you will hear some kind of out of place whisper towards the beginning of

the clip. I let it run a bit more to give you an idea of the normal background noises at that place and time. I think it says "its teaching them"

3. yes.wma: About 50 minutes into the trip, while walking outside of the cemetery fence, on the south side of the cemetery, my brother's wife got a piece of glass in her sandal. In the long raw version, you will hear my brother saying she needs to take her shoe off. You will hear me say, Ok, I'll go on. I then saw some more glass on the ground and said out loud, "Yeah there is a lot of glass around here, you gotta watch out." About the 20 second mark, right after I say there, there is a high pitched distorted "voice". I think it says "yes there is" when I slow it down and modify pitch. This one was also caught barely audible on the camcorder audio so it could not be microphone rubbing.

4. two_people.wma: In the raw one you will hear me ask, "Is there anybody that would like to say anything?" After a few seconds I start walking. About 29-30 seconds you will hear what I think is an EVP. It's an out of place whisper. I think it says "two people" really quickly.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Jason Nhyte

The following was extracted from www.sos-chicago.com

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

A particularly active night at Bachelor's Grove Cemetery - narrated by Jason Nhyte

This particular outing stands out in the minds of SOS. Many unusual events took place this evening as witnessed by nine people and later verified in photographs. Hear Jason Nhyte explain what people were seeing and how they were feeling while within the confines of one of the Mid-West's most haunted cemeteries on an unusually active night. (Please disregard the bit of cursing)

See file [bachelorsgrove.mp3](#)

The Girl In Blue - narrated by Jason Nhyte

Megan McGovern, a friend of SOS, reluctantly explains what she witnessed during the above evening at Bachelors Grove Cemetery. Interestingly, these two photographs were captured that night, coinciding with what we were seeing moving through the cemetery. Could these pictures possibly be the Girl In Blue witnessed by members of SOS and others? The first picture definitely looks like a form hunched over, and it is blue. The second picture speaks for itself.

See file [girlinblue.mp3](#)

See file [girlinblue1.jpg](#)

See file [girlinblue2.jpg](#)

The Girl In Blue is seen by more people - narrated by Jason Nhyte.

Brian Cumpton, a friend of SOS, witnesses the Girl In Blue as does Jason Nhyte, coinciding with the two preceding photographs.

See file [girlinblue2.mp3](#)

The Girl In Blue makes a final appearance - narrated by Jason Nhyte.

One of SOS biggest skeptics witnesses the Girl In Blue at Bachelors Grove Cemetery. Bill Mann, police officer and friend of SOS, was a believer that night. Coincides with the two preceding photographs.

See file girlinblue3.mp3

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Jayson Thomas

The following was extracted from www.yahoo.com

ARCHIVE NOTATION: The correct date of the recording took place on April 14, 2001

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

From: jaysonthomas02

Date: Mon Oct 21, 2002 7:08 pm

Subject: Hey all...

Hey all I usually don't post here, But I read all the posts from everybody. I'm here to write to you about an occurrence I had at Bachelors Grove in mid April of 2000. Just to let everyone know I also run a website called The Lost Souls of Bachelors Grove Cemetery. If you wanna check it out the website's address is <http://jaysonthomas.tripod.com/Main.html>. Anyway I was going to update my website tomorrow with this information but thought it would be cool if everyone could help me out on this. I'm not a ghost researcher, I just love to visit the cemetery and document my findings and etc.. Anyway back to the reason why I'm here..I was at the cemetery with my father, brother and good friend around 10p.m on a saturday night, The place was crawling with the teenage gang throwing stuff around and yelling through the trees and what have ya. I broke away from my family members and headed up to the "Newman Tombstone " On the way there with my video camera I started talking to myself and said "Neman I know you don't appreciate us here, but where are you". Don't ask why I said this..I was tired and with all the teens in there acting like animals escaping from the local zoo it pissed me off. When I got home and reviewed the tape to my amazement after I had asked this question I got a reply! I cannot understand what is said because the voice is low and has an echo. I was the only one around at the time so there's no way in this lifetime anyone heard me asking that question. I wish my capture card was working so I could show everyone what was going on. You don't need Real Audio or anything like that. It's a 115KB file that's only 4 Seconds long. A regular .wav file is all. Please listen and give me your feedback.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Jayson Thomas

Sent in via email July 23, 2006

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

Hey Pete.. Yesterday I visited Bachelors Grove for about an hour..During the visit I had my trusty voice recorder with me...While listening for anything out of the blue I heard this pop up...It sounds like somebody whispering "I was trying catch the ...(Can't make it out) then moments later you hear something else and then followed by the same voice saying "Hmmmmm"..Let me know what ya think!

Thanks.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Jayson Thomas

Sent in via email October 15, 2005

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

Hey Pete. This is Jayson Thomas (We've had discussions before about Bachelors Grove). I was inside the cemetery today for a little over an hour taking pictures and roaming the area. I brought in a tape recorder of mine that records on basic tapes that you can buy anywhere in an audio store. Anyway, I left the recorder on a tombstone after some visitors had left and walked away with my EMF detector and camera. 15 minutes later I returned to get my records and on the way home I decided to listen to it in the car. This clip that I sent ya is 9 seconds long and about 7.5 seconds into it you can hear a voice in the background. It sounds like someone says "Please Leave Us". Check it out and lemme know what ya think!

Thanks!

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Jeff Keveloh

Sent in via email May 26, 2004

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

Hey thank Pete, I would be happy to accommodate you on the viewing. The type of Camera is a Minolta Maxxum 400si AF/film Fuji 400/No flash. Date May 9th 2004, temp. 78 degrees, Time 1:30 PM. I am happy to submit any of my findings, I for one want to help the paranormal community with pictures such as these. I will hope to meet you soon, Thanks for the response.





Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Sent in via email August 29, 2004

Credit to Dale Kaczmarek of Oak Lawn, IL for sending in this material.

Hello Mr. kaczmarek,

My name is Jenna Mashak and I'm 19 years old. I live in Chicago and I live about 30 blocks from Bachelors Grove Cemetery. I am extremely interested in the Paranormal. I've always wanted to do Paranormal Investigation but many people say it's just a waste of time... but its interesting to me. I love Bachelors Grove as well. Last year in 2003 I did a research report on Bachelors Grove and I came across some strange information but what was even stranger was the event that happened to me in bachelors grove....

My father and I went to bachelors grove to take some pictures for my report. i needed to include some pics for my senior year research report so i took my 35mm manual nikon camera and we went off... now before i left i made sure i had brand new film in, i made sure i put brand new batteries in, made sure i cleaned the lens and made sure i put the cap back on... and my father saw me do all this because we were having a conversation about the "camera malfunctions" that happen there.... well when we got to bachelors grove, the path was a bit creepy... but was just another forest to me!

we got into the cemetery and i felt like i was in a room with hundreds of people... it felt like everyone at a party stopped talking and looked straight at me. well i tried to shake that feeling but it didn't work too well. i walked to the very west side of the cemetery and started taking pictures...i started at the headstone of NEWMAN... (first name i don't remember) well i clicked once.. twice... then my camera froze... the shutter completely shut and would not open... i have never had this problem before..... it was pretty close to brand new so i had never really had any problems that i couldn't fix... Well when i was trying to fix it, i tilted the camera so the lens was facing me and lo and behold, there were fingerprints on the lens! immediately i called my father over and he came and couldn't believe his eyes.... Then I saw another couple in the cemetery and I showed them... they couldn't believe it either... then I put my fingerprints on the camera lens to see if I had accidently touched it... and to my surprise they weren't only a different size but different prints! I'm convinced that there was some sort of presence not wanting me there.. the prints gave me the feeling of being pushed away... and after i realized it, as i was taking the picture it felt like there had been some pressure or force pushing me back away from that stone... who knows...

i thought i would share with you my experience and if you ever research bachelors grove and need a tag along :D let me know... im extremely interested... thank you

Jenna Mashak

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Sent in via Facebook.com October 15, 2016

That just confirms my experience even more! Back in 2004, I was a senior in high school working on my English/photography project where I wrote a whole paper on Bachelors Grove's history. To finish the paper, I was going to add pictures that I took and developed myself. So before my trip, I cleaned my entire Nikon camera top to bottom, replaced all batteries, changed the flash bulbs, etc. So my father and I headed to the cemetery and while we were walking down the entrance in broad daylight, I was snapping pictures. Once we got into the gates, I went right to the Newman headstone and started snapping pictures. I got one photo in and the shutter on my camera malfunctioned and would not open... So I asked my father to come over (since we had split up) and as soon as I turned around, my shutter opened back up. So I repeated the process and the same thing happened!!! Well at this point I walked away taking multiple pictures everywhere else in the cemetery with no camera issues. I made my way back to the southwest corner to snap a few more photos of Newman but still the same thing happened. Once I saw the shutter wouldn't open again, I got frustrated. I flipped my camera over and on the lens, plain as day, were three finger prints that looked like I was trying to block the camera!!! I placed my finger prints next to them and they were NOT THE SAME!!! When I developed the photos.... They were all distorted due to the shutter malfunction ... But there was a photo that you clearly were able to see 3 long, see through fingers!!! Most amazing experience of my ghost encounters!

Jenna Mashak

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Jennifer

© 2000 - Jennifer ?

It was approximately 8:00 p.m. on 3/11/00 when myself and a friend decided to visit the infamous Bachelors Grove Cemetery. Our purpose for being there was to see if we could pick up any paranormal activity on camera and for me specifically, I was trying to find out the intentions and needs of the restless spirits and bring peace in any way I was allowed to. While observing, something caught my friend's eye ... there was a tiny ball of gold light towards the left hand side (left from entrance). Immediately he caught my attention and when I laid my eyes on this BEING it ran from me! I saw it streak across to the pond bordering ... the strange thing was I saw the shadow of a man run with it! Now, I always trust my instinct when dealing with the unknown ... and seeing this I am convinced what I saw was something left behind from a ritual. By no means would a restless spirit move with such speed ... aside from this experience we did wind up with activity on film. We found two white orbs, red mist, a blue orb, an orange orb, and blue mist at my feet.

Jennifer

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Jennifer Napier

Sent in via email November 30, 2006

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

Credit to Bill Thomson for helping to archive this material.

Hi Pete, I don't mind sending you the negative, I did look at it and I can see the figure on it, I was shocked when I got the pictures back, there was a loud group of people there with young kids and I didn't expect to capture anything on film. I was randomly taking pictures. The one with the figure was taken I believe on the path by the pond. I got a couple of weird vibes in that area, but that was all. The picture was taken on Sat. Sept 30th around 4:30ish in the afternoon. The film was kodak black and white, no flash, with a cheap 35mm camera, Vivitar 270PZ, I can't find a model number on the camera. I went back last Sunday morning and took more pictures, I'll let you know if I come up with anything. I am very excited about this!

Thank you for your interest and submitting my picture.

Jennifer Napier



Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center



Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Jessica Barnes
August 04, 2018
www.facebook.com

In the early 90s, I was there on Halloween night with 3 friends. We had walked all the way in and then realized we forgot something in the car. I stayed behind alone and waited. A few minutes later, I heard them coming back. I walked out to the main path and saw a group of people in the blackness walking toward me. I could just see silhouettes of humans. I thought it was my friends, so I started talking to them and walking toward them. When I got to the point that we should meet, there was no one there. No footsteps running away, or evidence that anyone was there except myself. I was sort of shocked and humbled and confused. A minute after that I looked down the path and clearly saw my friends WITH FLASHLIGHTS, talking amongst themselves and coming back. It was so weird.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Jiggity

Sent in via YouTube May 2022

A blue orb was the first thing I saw when I was there. It appeared by the "Moss" headstone and disappeared across the path at another headstone. I've seen blue orbs near backyards along a creek while trying to find alternative entrances there many years ago. I have so many stories that were before video times!

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Jim Graczyk

Sent in via email March 24, 2010

[Download Map](#)

I found my Bigfoot Trail patches! Now here is what I recall and it's listed on the map I have of the trail. (Pete if you don't have a copy of that 13 mile hike, Dale and I have a copy for you. Just let us know!)

The patch was the first thing a Scout would get for hiking the trail once, we usually ate lunch in the Grove. (It was really kept good up in the early 80's). After each time they hiked the complete trail we got one of four segments. (No particular order, there were a total of four to earn.) After you hiked the trail five times your patch was complete. There were three additional rockers, which my troop never ordered. (Snow, rain, camping)

My troop used to camp at Camp Sullivan or Camp Falcon for the weekend and then we would hike the trail on Saturday morning. I hiked that trail in the rain a few times and it was mud and flooded sections of the creek. I camped at the above camps many times in the winter and always stayed in the cabins. (Too cold even for Scouts!) A time or two we even divided our troop into two groups and had each group go a different way on the trail. Of course, we were supposed to meet somewhere on the trail but someone always goes off the trail because of poorly marked trail signs. Some years those trails were marked good, other times they changed the trail marker color because of a reroute. (Many down trees or the trail flooded frequently.) The Bigfoot Trail was marked using a huge uppercase B that was spray painted on the trees as markers.

The highlight of the trail was the "old quarry area" which had these so called steps of stone and a few places held water. There was also a cable bridge located north of Rubio Woods when you hiked the power line part. The cemetery was nicely kept and of course nobody took pictures since we were hiking and young! Leaders never brought cameras too! We always talked about taking a night hike to the cemetery, but opted for a nice campfire every time!

Also, on some parts of the trail there were these softball size green melons with lots of bumps on them. We called them "swamp melons" and nobody ever told us the real name. I've seen them down 131st on the side of the road many times. Anyway, we used to burn them just for fun being kids and even had a few swamp melon fights! Those dang things hurt as heck even being tossed by a kid. Rookies always got the best of them! No face shots were the rules! lol.

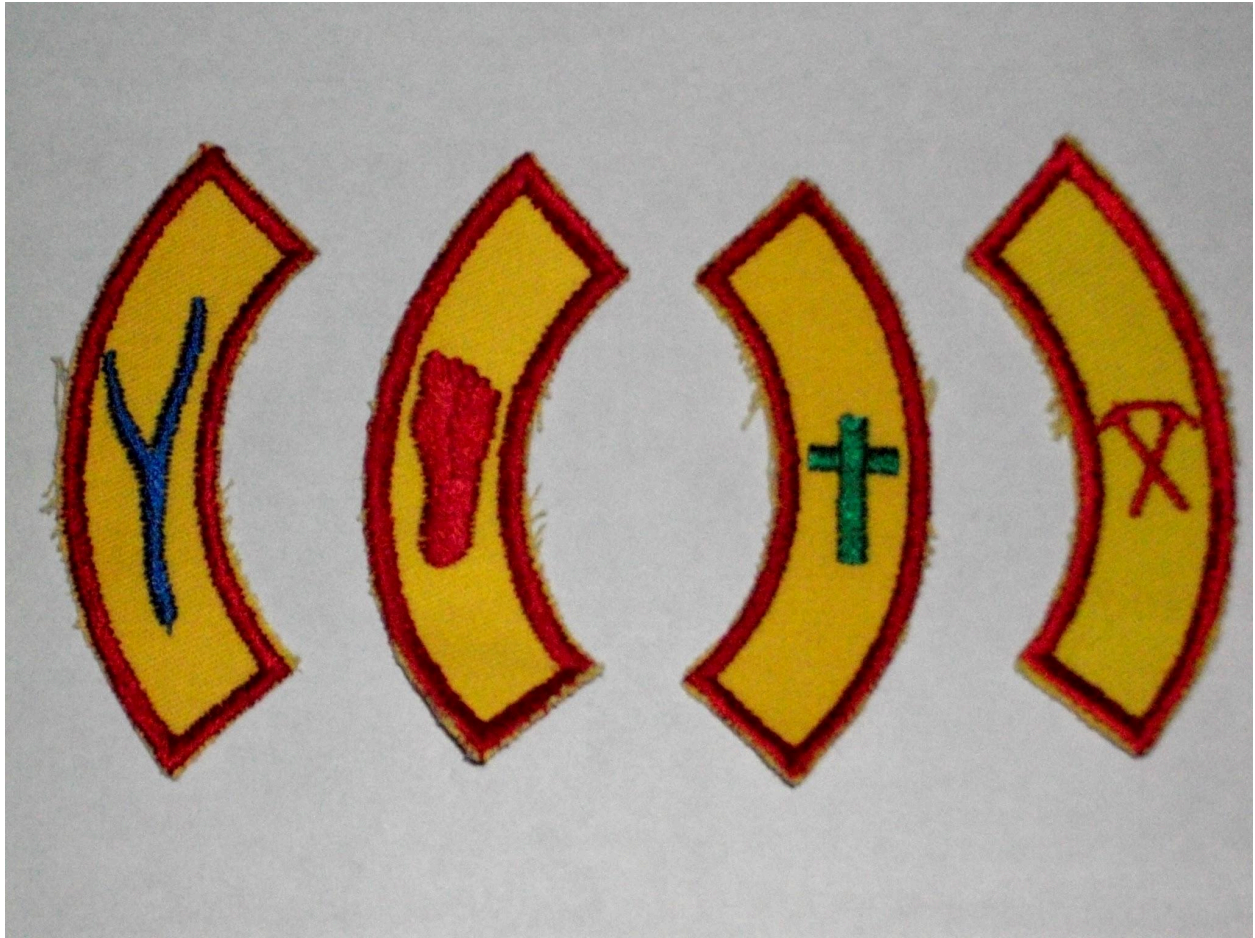
Here are five pictures for you to have and use for whatever you desire.

Enjoy,

Jim









TRAIL REQUIREMENTS

1. Axes and sheath knives are not permitted on the trail.
2. No fires are permitted on the trail.
3. Absolutely no wading or swimming in the creek.
4. Do not cut any living plants or trees. This is Forest Preserve property, respect it and help keep it clean for the next hiker.
5. Each hiker must hike the trail as a member of a unit. For every 10 hikers, there must be at least one adult, 21 years of age or older, and all members of the unit must hike together.

CAMPING FACILITIES

Overnight camping facilities are available both at Camp Sullivan and Camp Falcon. Permits must be obtained from the Cook County Forest Preserve General Headquarters, 536 North Harlem Ave., River Forest, Illinois.

HIKING AWARDS

Patches for hiking the trail may be obtained by mail or on the day of the hike if requested. Patch applications should be filled out and returned with your waiver. Patches are priced at \$1.50 each.

Repeats .50 each (four segments)
Snow segment .65 each
Rain segment .65 each
Camping segment .65 each

THE PATCH

The patch shows the Trail following the creek. The cross stands for the cemetery and the crossed hammers stand for the old quarry. The green for the woods and nature. The red foot for people not accustomed to long walks.

TRAIL COMMITTEE

All inquiries should be directed to:

INDIAN PORTAGE TRAILS
GENERAL DELIVERY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60655

or

R. E. EGGEN
11321 S. SAWYER
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60655

LOUIS J. GAAL
10941 S. ST. LOUIS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60655

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Jim Graczyk

ARCHIVE NOTATION: In relation to the Phantom Dog legend.

Sent in via email October 02, 2011

Pete,

The story stands correct and reads well. The dog was black and brown, we noticed off on the right side as we were walking out. I was the lead person walking into and out of that cemetery. The dog was just about up by that roped off with a wire entrance. It wandered off to the left once then back to the right as we were getting closer. Once we saw the dog walking to the left, we all stopped and picked up like rocks and decent size sticks for protection. After we got our weapons, we noticed the dog was back on the right side just like walking around and sort of sniffing as keeping its head low. As we got up to the entrance to the trail the dog was off and back into the woods just a bit as if allowing us to pass by without incident. Once we passed that roped off wired entrance the dog got in back of us, so we kept looking forward for traffic as well watching for this dog. Being about 1-2am, we had to watch out for the cops and dash to get our car down the street around the corner. All four of us were walking along the curb in the street at this time. The dog now was just slowly walking around in the grass, by the entrance very close to the road. As we got closer to the street we could still make out the dog walking and occasionally stopping and looking in our direction. We ran once we got to the corner and got into the car a few feet down the street. Now, I turned the car around and made a left(west) heading past the cemetery. Each and every one of us were looking for this dog as I drove by, but none of us could find the dog. We continued on to Ridgeland and made the right heading north toward our homes.

This event had to happen in 1988/1989 in about August or September. I didn't know about this so-called phantom dog sighting until I read about it much later after I joined Dales group in 1997. When I read the history and sightings about Bachelors Grove, I think in Troy's book or webpage, I was in shock. I swear this dog seemed real, but strangely it didn't bark or growl and I don't remember it making any noise as it walked around off the side of the trail. None of my buddies I was with knew the story since 2 of the 3 were new to that cemetery. I haven't spoken to them in years and have no clue on how to find any of them. Did we have a ghostly encounter or was it a real dog? My answer is I believe the dog was real, but it just doesn't make sense on how this animal was acting.

Jim

** I grant my permission for you to use my story and name in any way or form as you desire.**

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Jim Perry
© 2009 Jim Perry

My older sisters went ice skating there once in 1968. There is a small pond formed from the old quarry next to the cemetery. There were about 5 girls plus the father of one of the girls. They were skating for a while when one of the girls saw some people dressed in old 18th century clothing walking around one of the large tombstones. The father saw this also and decided it was time to leave. Creepy!

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Jimmy Kranz

Sent in via email March 21, 2010

Hi, my name's Jim. Today, I was at Bachelors Grove and photographed an orb. We used a digital camera and caught an orb similar to a picture taken from the Travel Channel special about the cemetery. I also zoomed in on two of the pictures and it appears to be two people sitting on a tombstone and another one with some sort of face in a tree. It could be my imagination but here are the pictures.



Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Joan Williams

© 2009 Joan Williams

November 14, 2009

well about 20 years ago i was traveling to work the midnite shift and heading east on midlothian turnpike i saw 4 illuminated lights on the side of the road. As I passed them they were 4 people dressed in black almost like pilgrim type clothing from the 17 or 1800's era holding lanterns. a man -a woman- and 2 children. I looked in the rearview mirror after I passed them and saw NOTHING. scared me to death and I never took that way again !!!!

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Joe

© 2012 Joe (private)

Interview via telephone conducted by www.bachelorsgrove.net on June 21, 2012

Joe was 16 to 17 years old when visiting the cemetery back in the late 1950s to early 1960s. One night he parked outside of the cemetery on the old Midlothian Turnpike with his girlfriend. At one point they both decided to walk the cemetery grounds and his girlfriend fell into a "sunken grave" where her skirt was pulled up by a root. Joe helped her out of the hole and they both went back to the car.

Once inside of the car Joe heard a noise to his left and as he looked outside the driver side window he witnessed a man with a "pistol." Joe opened the window to find the man asking why he was there. Joe responded by saying he was only there to check out the cemetery. The man identified himself as a caretaker and told Joe that he better not see his car parked there again and to never come back.

Joe states that he would visit the cemetery a few times per month and continued to do so even after the caretaker incident. He also stated that the only reason he would visit the cemetery was to bring his girlfriends back there to scare them and to use the old road as a lover's lane.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Joe Bansley

In December of 1999 me and three of my friends decided we wanted to go to Bachelors Grove one rainy night because we felt...Hey what a typical night to get a scare. When we got there we got more than we bargained for. Once we got close enough to the cemetery down the trail we noticed there were no clouds above the cemetery. As we approached the main entrance we stopped and saw a dark hooded figure. This figure was about as tall as the fence and resembled a monk. My friends did not notice this but I stepped back in shock because it seemed as if the figure approached me and pointed out its right arm then just vanished. My friends did notice the apparition but they did not see the latter of the events. Once we got into the cemetery we noticed a bunch of bright orbs floating around then vanishing. The final event of that night that scared us was we heard at first almost inaudible drums and males chanting. We first tried writing it off as trucks passing but the sounds became more pronounced within a couple of minutes. I know this sounds unbelievable but many times I have seen this hooded figure and a couple of times I have felt a dark presence follow us out of the cemetery. In one case on the road back to the car we smelled sulfur or rotting eggs and then a terrible cold came over us. As we ran back to the car we heard an extra set of feet following us at close quarters. I also asked a bunch of my friends if they have ever heard the drums before and some have heard them.

Joe Bansley





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John

Sent in via email October 13, 2003

Credit to Dale Kaczmarek of Oak Lawn, IL for sending in this material.

Yesterday Michael and I went to Bachelor's Grove Cemetery from about 1pm until 2:30. I used a digital camera with high 1600 X1200 with Hoya 72R infrared filter. Used just 1/3 second to take pictures. I reviewed many photographs until I noticed that two dark figures and I checked other photographs at the same location then figures are not there.

You can see two figures on the right side of a large tree near Fulton Tombstone!

Maybe I did the picture at the right time when they opened the door to our world.....who knows!





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John A.

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September 7, 2010

It was a hot summer day a few years back, I just purchased a new mountain bike and thought I would test it off road on the trails that lead to Bachelors Grove. It was a weekday and the trail was empty when I finally arrived at the Bachelors Grove gate.

I took a look around, and out of nowhere I hear this commanding deep male voice saying "GET OUT OF HERE!!" Instantly, every hair on my body stood straight up followed by goosebumps. This voice had a certain omnidirectional quality to it, I could not quite figure out exactly where it came from.

I looked, and looked diligently for some prankster hiding behind a headstone or a tree. There was no one there, only me, and believe me, I did not stay long, I got outta there so damn fast! Although I am right down the road on Central and the Turnpike, I will never again ride my bike alone down that woody path to Bachelors Grove.

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John F. Kroc

Source: <http://profile.myspace.com/firehawk674>

Copy of original audio file provided by David (private). Original author of the recording is known as FireHawk674.

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Many of us have heard the story. I returned to St. Laurence in 1995 or 1996 and I saw Mr. Kroc. He told me that the school asked him to stop telling the story to his classes. If you were one of those classes who didn't get to hear it, then today is your lucky day...

In 1993, I was a Junior. Mr. Kroc ended class one day by saying that he was going to tell us the famous Blue Light Story during the next class. I came prepared with a tape recorder. One night, I popped in the tape and transcribed it all... Enjoy...

The Blue Light Story

As Told By John F. Kroc in 1993

OK, "The Blue Light Story." What I'm going to tell you occurred to me in 1963. It was the summer of me going from sophomore to junior year in high school. Now all this stuff ran in the papers; if you would bother to go back into the summer of '63, this stuff would be in the papers. So let me just give you the story and then I'll give you some documentation on it. It involves the area that is still known as the Bachelor's Grove Cemetery area. At this time, it didn't have any specific name. But it is roughly that area that is 143rd street bounded by Ridgeland and Harlem. At this time, this is 30 years ago, this was unincorporated Cook County. There was nothing out there. I mean it was all forest preserves. Trees all over the place. There were a few people living

there and they were extremely affluent people. Back then, if you had money and you wanted to escape the city, that's where you moved. It was unincorporated Cook County and there were just trees out there and a few expensive homes. In the summer of '63, they reported in the paper that three young boys are visiting some households in this area. Two of them were brothers and one was a buddy of theirs and they were like seven, eight, nine years old. Small kids. Because they are the sons of affluent people, the police automatically assume, and the press wrote it up as a snatch job for ransoming and everybody expected a ransom note to come down in a couple days. Days pass and there is no ransom notice. As a result of that, the police assumed and that press went along and printed terrible leads that there was a pervert running around the area and he snatched up these three kids and perverted them and killed them and then they'd find them someplace in a ditch dead. As a result of this, the people that are living down there start screaming they want increased police protection. I mean, the only police they have is the Cook County Police Department which wasn't nearly as large as it was today. And these people are high rollers, they're big tax payers, and when they screamed, the county listened. And the county did increase squad rolls in the area for the rest of the summer. About two weeks after the boys disappeared, one of these Cook County cops is driving down 143rd street, right around sundown, when he spots the three boys and they're kind of just mindlessly wandering up 143rd. He knows who they are, he gets them out, he gets out of the car, gets them into his car, and he tries talking to them and they're just out of it. I mean, they're babbling, incoherent, and the only thing that the cop can hear is "Blue Light, Blue Light." And he takes them to the police station, the police try to calm them down, but there's no calming down these kids; these kids have flipped out and the only thing that the cops could make head or tail of is they keep babbling about a "Blue Light, Blue Light." Whatever became of the boys, I have no idea. The article in the paper for that day ended with the boys being taken to Children's Memorial Hospital on Fullerton by the lake. Whether they gained their sanity or not, I have no idea. There was no follow up story that I was aware of. Anyway, as a result of that, the cops assume, and the papers go along with the assumption that there is, in fact, a pervert running around the area and he had these kids locked up in a room or a garage or something for the past 2 weeks and in the presence of a blue light, practiced his perversions on them and somehow they escaped and got away alive. As a result of that, the people screamed more and more, they want more increased police protection and the county maintains it increased the squad rolls through the area for the rest of the summer. Now at this point, I've got to draw you a map and let me just caution you that what I'm going to draw is the way I recall it 30 years ago, the summer of '63 and based on one of these articles I have, it is inaccurate. OK, but, keep in mind that 30 years is a lot of water under the dam. The area has changed considerably. So just be aware that this map will not be to scale and certain things that I point out to you, as I remember it, and they might be in error. In either case, there's Ridgeland, here's Harlem, here's the front, uh, here's 143rd Street. It curved and then went out beyond Harlem. Now, there was, and evidently still is, a cemetery here. Now, this cemetery had a gate made up of two big marble columns and there was no fence around the cemetery because it was unnecessary. I mean, you couldn't drive your car in here because you'd bottom out on a tombstone. The only way you could get into the cemetery was on the dirt road so they just had a gate. Now this gate was six-seven hundred pounds; iron gate, massive gate, welded into these marble columns. One night a cop was driving down 143rd street and he didn't see the gate and he assumed that the

gate had been left open. So, he parks his car, walks back to close the gate. When he gets there, he sees that the gate has been ripped out of its hinges, right here. And what he assumes is that some kids came along with their car, tied one end of a chain to the bumper and the other end of the chain to the gate, ripped the god damned thing off, and he expected to find it up the road a little bit. So he gets in his car and drives up 143rd and there's no gate. So he drives back assuming that they ripped it off in towards the cemetery and he starts walking in and lo and behold about two, three hundred feet into the cemetery, there is the gate. But what struck him as unusual... This is the dirt road. Here's this big ass gate, six-seven hundred pounds of gate. In order for a car to rip this off, there should have been tire marks, tread marks, something on the ground and there was nothing! I mean, it was like something had ripped this gate off and heaved it for the two-three hundred feet because there were no skid marks, no drag marks of the gate or anything. It was just ripped off here and placed over there. He starts walking into the cemetery and he notices that at first, just slightly, the cemetery has been desecrated. Tombstones knocked down, stuff like that. As he gets deeper and deeper in, the desecration becomes more severe until finally, he's in the heart of the cemetery and there's entire gaping graves dug up, caskets open, bones strewn all over the place and this is reported in the paper and everybody assumes that the pervert has really gone off the deep end now; he's no longer jacking little boys, now he's getting it off jacking corpses. Heh heh. For the rest of the summer, every so now and then for the summer, there were unusual articles in connection with this place and several times, County cops themselves had reported seeing a blue light. But whenever they chased it, it escaped and disappeared into the forest out there. Now OK, summer ends, I go back to high school and it becomes a big thing at my high school to go out on a weekend and try to capture the pervert with the blue light. If you whip the shit out of him, you get to be a hero, you get your name and picture in the paper, you go back to school Monday, and every broad wants to jack you. There's a motive for all this. So, one weekend, me and four of my buddies decided to go. We were in the habit of going regularly, once a month camping at Starved Rock in the Mississippi palisades. It wouldn't be unusual for me to go to my ma and say, "Well, I'm off for the weekend" and she'd let me go. I think it was the weekend of Thanksgiving vacation because it was late late fall, there were no leaves on the trees, OK, and that would have been a weekend that we would have went camping cause it was a three day weekend, but instead of going camping, we came down here. Now, for me, back in '63, this was as good as the boondocks. I mean, I grew up on 31st and Central Park and that was always the city and this was just out and out woods. So we drive down here and we start driving the area. Now the kick to coming down here... The only paved roads, once again, were 143rd, Harlem, and Ridgeland and if that's all you were going to do, that would have taken you 15 minutes and then you were finished. The kick of coming down here is, off 143rd and off of Ridgeland and Harlem, there were all kinds of dirt roads. You'd get on one and the sucker would fork, you'd take a fork, and then that would fork, and that would fork, and that would fork... Now what you'd do is keep taking these forks until you got yourself really good and lost. Then after you're really lost, you needed to find your way out of this maze and the worst that could happen is eventually you'd land up on Ridgeland, or 143rd, or Harlem. Now let me preface everything by saying we did have one six-pack of beer, but there were five guys, OK and I mean, five sixteen-seventeen year old guys are not going to get looped on a can of beer a piece. I mean, what we saw, was not the result of us being stoned on Old Style at the time. What happened was we got here

about eight o'clock and about two o'clock... Now we're driving all these dirt roads, having a good old time, smoking our cigarettes, talking about all the broads we're gonna bang when we finally get the Blue Light; all that stuff. And by two o'clock in the morning, we're driving back up 143rd, towards Ridgeland. Incidentally, in one of these articles, it claims the cemetery and lagoon is east of Ridgeland, over here, so if you're going there... As I recall, I thought it was east of Harlem, but according to one of these articles, it's East of Ridgeland so we might have been here instead of here, but this is the way I recall it. There was a lagoon right next to the cemetery and we're driving up 143rd street and it's time to take a piss. I mean, we'd been in here for 6 hours, got a can of beer in us, we been bouncing, we've got to all take pisses. So what we do is we stop the car on 143rd. There's an embankment, off of the asphalt, there's an embankment and then there's a lagoon here and there's a forest back here and it's Fall, there's no leaves on the trees or anything like that. So all five of us, we get on line, we pull out our dicks and we start pissing and having our old contest, "Who Can Piss The Furthest" and I always won because I had a six inch advantage. "Look at Kroc! He's cheating!" But you know that's how it is. They always got pissed off, but I couldn't help it; I was just the way God made me. But anyway, we're pissing there, I'm winning as usual, everybody's pissed off at me, when lo and behold we see a blue light. And it's going back and forth in the forest and it looks like someone is walking with a lantern, except instead of a clear globe, it's a blue globe. And what gave us that impression is the light bobbed. You know, like if somebody is walking back and forth with a lantern. So the first thing is I'm going to stick my dick back in my pants. Pervert sees that beauty, he's... heh heh Put that away! Heh heh We're yelling, "Hey! Perverted Mother Fucker, come on and get us!" Yeah, we're five macho guys, you're one lonely little pervert; we'll beat you. The light stops and it starts coming towards us. Well, that doesn't worry us. We're five guys; one lonely little pervert. The light continues across the lagoon; however... You know, it's a lagoon. It's a hole in the ground filled up with water. So if the guy was walking, as he's entering the lagoon, the light should be descending because he's walking down a hole, but the light didn't descend. The light was staying at exactly the same height as if this guy was walking on water. And I just know of one guy who walked on water; I'm in no rush to meet that guy. When it finally occurs to us that this light is coming across the water, as if a guy's walking it, we panicked. We run up the embankment, get in the car and haul ass. Now, the way it worked, I landed up in the right rear seat. So, they would look out the right window and out the rear. And what I see... We're ripping ass up 143rd Street. And what I see is the light cross the lagoon, come up the embankment, and it starts chasing us up 143rd Street. Now the other two guys in the back with me, they're watching and we see this god damn thing, and they're going "MOVE! MOVE! IT'S COMING! OH (garbled) KILL US!" And we're panicking like crazy! Well, the driver's got the damn thing floored, but then he's looking back and he sees the damn thing and he misses this turn! Now, at the time, this was a cornfield and keep in mind this is a November cornfield so all the corn stalks are down. All you've got left is the ruts from the plow and the little stubs of the corn chopping. What happens, he misses the turn, the car slides off the damn road and goes into the cornfield. We don't roll, we just end up; it stalls in the cornfield. I had my eye on the Blue Light all the way up until we went off the road. I mean, I'm watching him, seeing this damn thing come closer and closer and all of a sudden pa-doom boom boom! You turn around to see what the hell you're gonna hit and then by the time I'm around, I know what the hell's going on, the car has stalled. Everyone in the car is just dead silent. I'm sure it wasn't more than 30 seconds,

but it seemed like two years. Everybody is dead silent and we can't see nothing, just still darkness. And all of a sudden, a blue light appears off the right hand top of the car, like three feet above the car and three feet away from the car. And the best way I can describe it is a basketball sized blue light. You could tell it was not a beam of light, like from a high intensity flashlight because there was no beam and it wasn't focusing on anything. It was just a ball of blue light. You could see right through it and this ball of blue light about basketball size. It hovered around our car about three times and then just drifted across the cornfield, across 143rd, and then lost itself in the forest there. Well, what happened, we waited there about fifteen minutes until we were sure the blue light wasn't coming back. Then we pushed the car back onto 143rd and got the hell out of there and went to Starved Rock camping. Monday, I go back to my high school and I tell everybody we saw the light. They're (sarcastic) "Yeah, yeah, you saw the Blue Light." We went back there two more times that year before the snow set in. Because it was senseless to come here once the snow set in 'cause the only thing they plowed was Harlem, Ridgeland, and 143rd and as I said, the kick was going on these dirt roads. And then, the spring of '64, yeah this would have been the spring of '64. By this time, I had other interests, I was bored with this, so I have never gone back there. The last time I was in this area was sometime in December of '63. Now that's what has happened to me regarding the area.

I know of two other incidences involving the area and these were reported in the paper when I was in college. The first one had to be around 1969. There evidently is, although we didn't see it at the time, but there is a footpath somewhere between the lagoon and the cemetery and when you get to the back of the cemetery, the footpath forks; one fork going into the woods; one fork going behind the cemetery. What had been reported was, the people involved were described as three high school girls from some southwest side Catholic girls' school. They didn't name names, didn't say peace or McAuley; it's the only way they were described. According to the article, these girls heard stories of blue lights and all this stuff and they drive their car, park here, and take this footpath, take the right fork and are hiking up this, when they see in the distance a house. But what strikes them as unusual is they said they were able to tell that the house was not lit by electricity. It was an old house, rather than being an old house, and they knew it wasn't lit by electricity because the light emanating from the windows was kind of that yellow-orange light and also it flickered like it was candlelight or a kerosene lamp. And so they start walking towards it and after awhile, they realize that the house is like a mirage. The more they walked, the more distant the house is becoming. When it finally sinks into them that house is receding, they panic, they run back to their car, they go to the Midlothian Police Station. By this time, this area had become incorporated into Midlothian. And they tell the cops what had happened; cops say "Yeah, yeah, yeah, here's pieces of paper, draw for us what you've seen." And the three girls drew three identical pictures, but it was not unusual; they could have cooked the whole story up themselves. According to the article, what... Now, there is no house of any kind back there, according to the paper. Also, according to the paper, the cops claimed that other people at different times had come to the police station having reported seeing a house found back here and the cops had told them, "Redraw for us what you have seen." And according to the cops, the pictures that the three girls drew, were identical in nature to the pictures other people, at other times, have drawn regarding this house. And there is no house back here.

The other story involving the area occurred about two years later. I was in graduate school, so probably about '71, and the people involved this time were described as two male college students from the Chicago area. That's the only way they describe them. One begins, same pitch, they hear all the stories, they come here, park their car, they take this footpath and take the right fork. And they get on the right fork and they're walking towards it... They see a guy walking towards them and he's got a lantern, except a clear globe lantern. It's that yellow-orange light. And as he nears them, they can see that he's an old guy. They describe his as being early-mid seventies. I mean, he's obviously old. And when he's within shouting distance, he starts yelling, "What the fuck you doing?! It's private property, get out of here!" They wait for him and when he comes to them, they cool him down and they tell him, you know, "We heard stories about a Blue Light and a disappearing house" and all that. And the old guy says, "Well, that's all bullshit. There's no blue light and there is a house back there. And it's the house of the caretaker of the cemetery and that's me! I live in that house, and of course there is no electricity. I don't need it, I light everything by this kerosene lantern." But evidently, these two guys had given this old guy like the impression they didn't believe him, so this old guy finally says, "OK, why don't you get your asses up there, look at the house, see that it's there, and then get the hell outta there!" So these two guys go along with it and they start hiking up the road. According to them, the old guy was behind them. They knew he was behind them cause he's carrying a lantern and as they're walking, they can see the light from the lantern emanating all around. So, the three of them are walking silently up this path and once again, it was late in the year, late November, early December, when all of a sudden, the light goes out, they turned around, and the son of a bitch has vanished. Now, I mean, this an old man, it's not like he could take a swan dive and do a low crawl for 500 yards. I mean, they're walking, the light goes out, they turn around, no noise, no nothing, this sucker has vanished. Those are the three stories I know identified with the area.

Now, lest you think I bullshit, I tell this story every year to my classes. And in the course of several years, students have brought in articles. Normally, one of the papers, Chicago papers, will run an article on haunted areas in the Chicago area over Halloween. And in the course of years, several students have brought me in these articles and let me just read you a couple of them. They involve this area and a few others.

The first two are a pitch for a guy named Richard Crowe. Richard Crowe is evidently the big ghost hunter in the Chicago area. Oh hell, maybe fifteen years ago, I don't know, maybe he still does it. But fifteen years ago, he used to do something called "The Ghost Bus Tour." And what this was, he had a bus, like a CTA bus and you bought a seat on this bus. And at the time it was like 15-20 bucks back then. That was, I mean, that was expensive money back then. I mean, I guess it would be equivalent today like 45-50 bucks for a seat. And what you would do is you get on this bus and he'd spend all night taking you to various alleged haunted areas in the Chicago Metropolitan area. These first two articles are a pitch for his bus tour and they mention several of the stops that he makes on it.

This first one. "Bachelor's Grove Cemetery. A two acre cemetery nestled in a swamp in a forest preserve near 143rd and Ridgeland near Midlothian. A two headed ghost that guards the graves

is said to live in the lagoon along side the cemetery. In addition, a pale blue ghostly light sometimes appears in the cemetery at night and moves across the swamp, through trees, onto the higher ground." Well, it did a hell of a lot more than that. It moved onto the asphalt and chased us right up the damned highway. "And some people vow there is a disappearing house along side the dirt road at the entrance to the cemetery. People who don't know one another have drawn pictures of the house they saw and then didn't see even down to the lamp burning faintly inside."

Next one. This article is "The interest of Resurrection Cemetery, 7200 South Archer in Justice, where Resurrection Mary, a beautiful Polish girl, about eighteen, killed some forty years ago in an auto accident on the way home from a dance frequently appears as legend has it. She has flowing hair and still wears her white dancing gown and when she comes out of the cemetery, it's to hitch a ride from some young man whom she asks to take her dancing. After that, she's taken back to the cemetery entrance where she dances through the gates and vanishes in her dress."

Let's see, second article. Once again, Resurrection Cemetery. "This old cemetery at 7200 South Archer Avenue, Justice is sometimes home of Resurrection Mary, a beautiful young blonde girl who regularly hitchhikes along Archer Avenue and goes dancing at her favorite night spot, The Willowbrook Ballroom in Willow Springs. 'Mary has never been positively identified,' says Crowe, 'but can be one of three Marys in the Cemetery; all Polish, pretty, and blonde and all victims of car crashes at about the same time.'" Legend has it that Mary was killed in a car accident on the way home from a dance at the O'Henry Ballroom, now the Willowbrook Ballroom, in 1931. She was buried in her dancing shoes. But Mary is not the ideal date. A number of young men have reported picking up the blonde hitchhiker, some to the justice police, they take her dancing, usually describing her as 'a little chilly' and then head home. As Mary and her date drive past Resurrection Cemetery, Mary shrieks, jumps out of the car, and runs through the cemetery gates and disappears."

Bachelor's Grove Cemetery. "Crowe rates this desolate, abandoned churchyard and surrounding marsh in Midlothian as one of the spookiest spots around Chicago. A pale blue ghost light moves and flickers through the wooded marsh. A light shines on the crumbling tombstones and people have seen an old farmhouse with wooden railing, front porch swing, and a lantern that glows within. The house has been spotted on both sides of a dirt road leading to the cemetery entrance. People have drawn the house and, according to Crowe, they all sketch the same house. Yet, the house doesn't exist; the ghost house that appears and disappears and moves itself from place to place at night."

I'm just going to read the ones that are on the Southwest side here. He's got a whole bunch on the North side. Holy Sepulcher. "A good ghost inhabits Holy Sepulcher Cemetery at 6001 111th Street in Worth. Mary Alice Quinn who died in 1935 at the age of fourteen, is thought to have performed many miracle cures ever since her death, curing everything from cancer to infertility with special (garbled), according to Crowe. Quinn vows to her parents that she would someday help suffering people and reportedly said 'I will shower roses on the world.' An overwhelming

scent of roses, even in the dead of winter, a phantom scent oft is reported at Quinn's gravesite, says Crowe."

The incident I'm familiar with involving this particular gravesite. As I said, I tell this story to my Students every year and, hell, maybe 13-14 years ago, I had a student named Mark Zielinski who went on to graduate out of here and then he went to Northwestern. While he was at Northwestern, he bought a seat on Crowe's ghost bus tour and went on the bus tour. And it was just when Crowe was starting this thing and this thing went like wildfire. I mean, everybody wanted... I mean, Crowe had more business than he could handle. In the process of going on this ghost bus tour, Zielinski got the impression that Crowe was looking for some part-time help to help him with the overflow. So after the tour, Zielinski approaches Crowe and wants to know if he needs part-time help and Crowe did as long as it was reliable help. And the kid, being a sophomore at Northwestern, established himself as being reliable, so, Zielinski went to work for Crowe. And what his job was, whenever Crowe overbooked, whenever he needed a second bus, Zielinski would be the tour guide on one bus and Crowe would be the tour guide on another bus, and they'd go in opposite directions. They'd all stop at the same sites, but one would go forward, one would go reverse, but they'd still have a whole mob of people. Anyway, when Cro... Zielinski was on the tour and he went to Holy Sepulcher he said there was nothing at the site of Mary Alice Quinn, no smells, no nothing, and so he pretty much dismissed it. However, when he became a tour guide, every so now and then people would come to... Oh, that's right, I should have told you this, but if the tour still exists, if you go on this tour, when you get to Holy Sepulcher, the bus will not drive inside the cemetery because the cemetery doesn't want a busload of tourists gawking at graves. And so the bus parks outside the cemetery and you have to hike to the grave of Mary Alice Quinn. The tour guide will not go with you. They'll give you instructions to the gravesite and then you head out on your own with any other tour guys who want to go. The reason being, Crowe doesn't wa... On one of those infrequent times when the smell of roses is present, Crowe doesn't want the people to think that the tour guide, when nobody was looking, pulled out a can of rose spray and sprayed it in the air. To avoid all that, the tour guides don't go. They tell you how to get to the gravesite and then you go. Zielinski was taking a tour, and this was like in the dead of winter, end of January, beginning of February, foot of snow on the ground, twenty, uh, easily twenty degrees. They get to Holy Sepulcher and Zielinski tells them how to get to the grave and all that. And there's only like two or three people who want to take the hike. And so he thinks, "what the hell, I'll take a hike with them." And so, he does take a hike with these two-three other people. Now according to... He came back a year, couple years after that and told me about it. And I have no reason not to believe him. There's no reason for him to bullshit me; he was long gone, out of St. Laurence; he was already a senior at Northwestern. So, I take him at his word. According to him, what he claims was as they neared the grave, you could smell roses. And I mean, this is like January. As you got closer and closer, the smell became more and more intense. Well finally, when you were standing right above the grave, there was this overpowering, nauseatingly sweet smell of roses. So that you'd take like two-three breaths and then you'd have to back away to get some fresh air it was so.. and then you'd come back and smell it again. He also said that when he stood over the grave, he felt heat emanating from the grave. But the snow was as deep over the grave as it was anyplace else. He said he could feel it as you smell this smell and you step away for a breath of

fresh air and feel the sting of the cold weather and then come back and smell the roses and feel the heat. Now, whether it happened or not, I don't know. But I have no reason to doubt him. He would have had no reason to bullshit me.

The other one that they give on the Southside is Saint Rita's Church. "Twenty three years ago..." Now, this article is dated October 31st, 1980 so this puts the actual time in 1957. "In 1957, on All Souls Day, November second, a day when prayers are offered for the souls of the dead, about fifteen people were gathered in Saint Rita's Church, 6243 South Fairfield. Suddenly, the organ started playing by itself screeching out sharp shrill notes, the hands of the clock church... church clock began spinning in opposite directions as (garbled) congregation saw ghostly monks, three robed in white and three in black on either side of the madly playing organ. People raced for the doors, but they wouldn't open. The monks eased towards the cowering people, gliding through pews, floating in air, a ghostly voice said, 'pray for us,' the doors flew open and the congregation passed out in more ways than one. Or so goes the tale that quickly spread among parishioners." I reca... In '57, I was ten years old and I recall my old man reading me an article in one of the Chicago papers regarding... This was big news, this Saint Rita incident, it was... uh.. that Saint Rita's was haunted. The only thing I remember about the article is there was a picture that was run with the article. Somehow, this guy, the photographer, got permission to set up a camera in the church overnight and leave the shutter open to take a time exposure. And what he was what was run in the paper and keep in mind, it was a newspaper quality photograph, so it wasn't the clearest thing on earth. And it was also a time exposure, but what we saw were the pews and I don't remember any white-hooded monks, but there were about six monks in cassocks like floating up and down the pews. OK, now what was unusual about the picture is when a guy is in a cassock, you can see where the cassock ends and his shoe begins. You should be able to see the guy's shoes. But these monks, when they came out of the pews and they were up the aisle, you couldn't see their shoes. In fact, the cassock was chopped off like about here, like if they were walking through the floor. Now, what was explained in the article, is the church that is Saint Rita's today is not the original church. The original church burned down sometime the change of the turn of the century. And when they rebuilt Saint Rita's, they rebuilt it like about four or six inches higher than the old church. So, this building burns down, they rebuild the damn thing and now the floor is about four inches higher than the old floor. In the burning of Saint Rita's, several monks were supposed to be caught in the fire and burnt alive. And it was alleged that it was these monks that had been burnt alive in the original fire that were now haunting the existing Saint Rita's. And that was why. They were walking on the old floor, the floor that had burnt down, the floor that they remember from the old Saint Rita's.

The last article is and article that appeared last year, October 30th, 1992. And it's only got two on the Southside, two I already read, but I'll read it again just for your information. "Phantom house. Bachelor's Grove Cemetery. A small abandoned German graveyard dates to the 1830's..." So that sucker is like a hundred and sixty years old. "The last time people were buried there was in the late 1980's, Kaczmarek says." So, evidently, the cemetery was in use until recently. "Some of the sightings include, one, a light phantom farmhouse that appears and disappears along the road. 'The many people who claim to have seen it,' Kaczmarek says,

'describe it in the same way. Wood railings, front porch swing, and a lantern that glows inside.' Two, a pale blue light that moves through the wooded marsh and sometimes over the crumbling tombstones. Three, an apparition toting a baby. Four, disappearing cars along the nearby Midlothian Turnpike. Some say, they see a car on the side of the road and after they pass and look in the rearview mirror, it's gone. The cemetery is on 143rd, just East of Ridgeland Avenue in Unincorporated Cook County near Midlothian." So, this article puts it here. As I recall, it was over there, but once again, it was thirty years ago.

The other one. "The Dancing Hitchhiker. Sightings of the notorious Resurrection Mary at Resurrection Cemetery, 7200 South Archer, have been reported for decades. The beautiful blond apparition is said to hitchhike along Archer Avenue. Legend has it that people have picked up her ghostly figure and as they drive past the cemetery, she screams, jumps out of the car, runs into the cemetery, and disappears. Quote, "It's been said that she was struck and killed by an auto between 1931 and '33 and was seen soon after that," end quote, Kaczmarek noted. The most recent sighting I've heard about was in 1984. So, the last time she was seen was nine years ago. "Other people claim the ghost sometimes hitchhikes to Willowbrook Ballroom in Willow Springs and goes dancing."

That is it. If you do go to this area, I'd recommend you wait a couple weeks. I mean, Halloween just being over, everybody and their brother's going to be there and every cop in Cook County is going to be having a stakeout to bust you. If you go there and you get busted, you're on your own, I don't know you, you never heard it here, and take your lumps by yourself. But anyway, it is an interesting place and that did happen to me thirty years ago. And that is all.

John Sobieck
© ? - John Sobieck

It was just a few days ago when I went to Bachelors grove for a visit. It was an extremely rainy day and my brother, my nephew and me all spent a few hours in the place alone. I had already been to the place about a dozen times before, shooting roll after roll of film and not coming up with a whole lot. But I always felt like something was there. It was my brother's first visit there and he wanted to bring the ouija board so that he could attempt to make contact with someone. He sat down and attempted it several times, but the only thing the board would spell out is "FES". I also noticed that people had been burning candles on the graves at some point, as there was wax still present on them. At about four thirty in the afternoon we were filming videotape and taking pictures when a sudden fog came directly over the graveyard. I walked back out of the main gates and looked down the path to see if the trail had become foggy, but it had not. The only thing I could think of was that it came from off of the pond. There was no sudden drop in temperature to produce something like that though, and I thought it strange. To make a long story short, we returned home, watched the video, and saw nothing spectacular. So we figured we would return about midnight to have a look around at night. It had been raining all day and we walked down the trail on a moonless night. Immediately upon entering the main gates, a bolt of a deer running through the opening near the pond scared us half to death. Then after a few seconds, I noticed two green globes float across the graveyard. My brother says they were red, and it is a debate amongst us, but then again i have never heard of green globes in any ghost reports. The deer was already out of the cemetery so it ruled out any idea that it could be the reflection of its eyes. As we approached the middle of the cemetery I began to notice a loud steady beating of drums. At first my brother and I thought it was a car with loud music, but then after ten minutes it did not go away, the same beat and without any vocal music. It sounded like it was coming from inside the woods. I have heard about previous rituals that supposedly have gone on there and that worried me a bit. After leaving the place, we listened for music at the houses we passed in case someone might be having a party, but there was none. When we were in the middle of the grave yard, we all heard a distinctly human moan from where my brother was doing the ouija board earlier in the day. Then another one, and another one. All in all, three separate moans. By this point, the air was filled with mist or fog. It seemed like it was swirling and moving about. There was like this intense closing in feeling in the air. My sister (who was also there) had gotten very nervous by this point, with the drumming and the moans and she complained that it seemed like voices were being carried across the air. So we left and as we walked back down the trail, the cemetery seemed to light up brilliantly the further we got from it. It seemed like the fog was glowing. And as we came to the road, we looked back and saw a white figure dart across the path behind us, with the shape of a cloud like appearance. It was formless and white. I have not been back since, but plan on going back. I still need convincing as to if what I saw or heard was something extraordinary. Is it common for people to see this fog appear and disappear the way I have over my visits?

John Sobieck

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Jonny

August 23, 2000

Hey everyone. I used to post on a subsidiary of this board which has apparently disappeared. I have been to Bachelor's Grove uncountable times. I actually go in during the daytime, while at night I prefer just to drive by. I have some wild little theories and such about the whole area including "the woods people" that always come up in legends around Chicago, but I won't bore anyone with them just yet.

Drunks or not, whoever looks about in the cemetery at night is becoming very crafty. Being a gothic poet looking for some peace, I came to the woods one Sunday morning to find 2 burnt crosses; one near the entrance, and one on the Fulton marker. Although I'm an atheist, I still feel really uneasy, especially seeing as the crosses were upside down. I don't really know what came over me, but grabbed one and ran out of the woods. I keep it locked away in a store room, and to this day have no idea why I took it to begin with.

I guess that the whole cross incident might have been the result of some angry drunks, but later in the year, one night in December, me and my friends rode by and seen a procession of candles. 1, then 2 behind it, then 2 behind those; all going down the abandoned road leading towards the gates.

AS for why the spirits would be there; I don't think the ghosts are really happy there, what with the desecration and strange rituals and drunks and such. Many have considered the site to have once been part of Indian burial grounds. Maybe they're just trapped there. My evidence for this simple little theory is to walk into the cemetery itself, through the gates, and feel the change in temperature, and the sense of foreboding that comes and goes as you run back and forth through the gates.

I visited Rosehill a while back, maybe a month ago. People have always told me to go there, but after such hype, I still prefer its contemporary counterpart, Graceland on Clark and Irving Park. I used to be wiccan, and have always considered myself somewhat psychic. With even limited ESP, one can almost feel the dead speak out to you, more so than most cemeteries I've been too.

I love going to cemeteries around the city and make frequent trips to Graceland and Bachelor's Grove. Anyone, feel free to email me at JonnyOYeah@aol.com. I have a few weird Bachelor's Grove pictures I'm trying to get on disk.

Yours Always,
Jonny

Jude

October 31, 2013

bighoststories.blogspot.com

This story comes from a friend I went to high school with. I won't say his name as I don't want to get him in any trouble with friends. So unless he gets back to me and says it's okay, he will simply be known as my friend.

This story is a little different. It takes place in the 1970's, which was before the County fenced the cemetery off.

When I went to high school kids used to hang out there, have a drink or two, or even cause a little mischief. One of the heart breaking aspects of Bachelor's Grove Cemetery is that it was so sadly neglected, and so badly vandalized. On my one and only visit there in the '70's, we pulled off Midlothian Turnpike onto that cracked old road running alongside the cemetery and parked along the old gate. There were tombstones that had been overturned and broken up, and the old scummy pond had crept up to claim some of the graves. There were beer cans and other trash scattered all about. I couldn't help but feel a profound sense of sadness just because of the dire state.

Now I want to set the mood of this story by saying it was a 'dark and stormy night.' Truthfully I have no idea whether it was dark and stormy or bright and sunny. What my friend said is that two of his friends used to hang at Bachelor's Grove regularly. One day they decided they wanted a souvenir. Now how cool would it be to own a desk ornament or an ashtray, maybe made out of a real human skull?

The pair took off for Bachelor's Grove. They found a grave in the far southeast corner of the cemetery, and began digging. They got down so far that one actually stood on top of a coffin. It collapsed. The young man's feet sunk deep into water that filled the mucky and slimy box. The pair weren't deterred. They felt around, hoping to come up with something memorable, and eventually latched onto a handle, which they broke loose and brought home. My friend said that he saw photos of it.

The pair went to different schools, so did not have a chance to confer, or to congratulate each other on their conquest. One boy complained of having trouble sleeping at night. If he did fall asleep, he said that he dreamed of being locked in a room with these old people. They looked like they came from the '30's and '40's, and they were dressed to the nines. And they were far from happy. They got up in this boy's face, screaming at him in some unintelligible language. He got to the point where he didn't want to sleep. It was terrifying. After about two weeks of enduring dream after dream, the boys finally met up again. They compared notes. To their surprise they each described the same dream. Could it be paranormal? Maybe, they thought, these people had been buried at Bachelor's Grove, and were dressed so well because they wore the clothing they were buried in.

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As soon as possible, the pair returned to Bachelor's Grove, and dug up the same grave. They returned the handle to where they found it, and then reburied the coffin completely. The nightmares stopped.

Asked which grave, my friend said that originally, there was a gravestone there, but it has since disappeared.

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Kalista L.

© ? - Kalista L.

I went to Bachelors Grove 3 weeks ago (would have been early August, 1999) on a Thursday and we saw a black shadowy thing in there. We also saw it later on the trail, all 3 of us. We ran out of there as fast as we could--it seemed to follow us out.

Kalista L.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Karl Kochmann

ARCHIVE NOTATION: Circular anomaly starts at 1 minute and 35 seconds.

Video: [You Tube](#)

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Kate

August 01, 2003

Hi my name is Kate and here is my story....

Me, my family, and a few friends decided to take a little trip to bachelors grove to see what was up with it. We have already visited it before, about a year ago, and did not seem to see anything "special" or supernatural. But this time was a bit different. As we entered the cemetery, everyone began to get a sudden chill down their spine, as if something were there, but we couldn't see anything in sight. So we walked around a few times and took some pictures hoping to get something on film. As I walked around the infant daughter's grave, I noticed that there was a dead tree right next to it. It's odd knowing that it is the only dead tree by it. I also noticed that there were big patches of weeds all over that were bent over as if someone walked through them. My aunt suggested that there were probably some people that had a party in the cemetery, since there were beer cans all over the place. But as I looked closer I saw that there were no footprints in the dirt that was below the weeds. Then my cousin and I decided to take a picture of us sitting on the same grave that the girl ghost is sitting on in the picture that is on this website. As we sat, We suddenly felt very hot and it was hard to breathe. We tried to smile for the picture, but we just couldn't. We felt very weird and a little lightheaded. As soon as my aunt snapped the picture, me and my cousin frighteningly jumped off of the grave. After that, We knew we had to get something on film because we knew something, or someone was watching us. We took a picture of some graves and stuff. My cousin snatched a picture of a grave that said RIPPET, and then we turned around to go down another path. We found out that the path was a dead end so we went back up to the grave that had RIPPET on it. We found out that there was a dead flower laying on the grave!! There was NOT a flower on it before. And it was even scarier knowing that it was a dead flower. My cousin and I were the only ones by that area too so nobody could have put it there except, well, a ghost! This was all too much for me, so after that, we were all too scared to stay any longer, so we left.

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Katey

© ? - Katey ?

I have seen a red ball of light in the cemetery before. It was at least 6 ft off of the ground and floated around.

Katey

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Katie M.

Sent in via Guest Book March 25, 2002 03:38

Hey, I have a scary story! Sum time last year me and my friend walked up to Bachelors Grove from my house, it's about a 15 minute walk} It was during the day, we3ll more around like 5ish! alright there was no one back there when we went back there right? well we looked around the cemetery for a while then decided to walk around the pond! Well as we walked around the first time we saw a male and female duck sitting in the pond , and we thought 'awww', but that was very short lived. On our way back there was the Male duck sitting on the path with its head ripped directly out of its body, neck bone and all, still wet, it couldn't have been in animal, cuz it was in perfect condition, well except for the whole head thing, no one else was back there and we heard no noise!! Freaky?!

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Kelly Courtney
August 15, 2019

Sent in via YouTube September 2019

Appreciate the channel. I visited it for the first time in August. Amazing that most of the pics I took were blurred in some way. While I was taking them with my phone, I got a VERY distinct feeling of a presence standing to my immediate right. As I turned the phone off and put my hand down I saw what I could only describe as wispy smoke, moved past me and was gone just as quick. It wasn't a bad feeling. More of a benevolent yes I'm here and making sure you behave. If you want to see the photos and a video let me know.

Photograph Examples



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Photograph of the Scenic Overlook "Doorway"



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Ken Hill

© 2009 Ken Hill

April 15, 2009

Growing up in oak forest used to party there in the mid 70's. Pretty erie fell in a grave that had settled about two feet and the weeds had grown so you couldn't tell there was a hole what a creepy feeling it had chills running through my body.

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Kenneth Deheve
Facebook.com
July 11, 2019

A few years ago, my friends and I visited one of the most haunted places in the country, Bachelors Grove, and we took a photo of one of our friends, Heather Robson, standing under a tree. When we looked back at the photo, there was suddenly a strange fog that appeared that was not there when we took the photo. We played with the contrast a little bit in the second photo. Still have no idea where it came from but this fucked us up good.

Original Photograph



Contrasted Photograph



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Kevin Burk

© 2011 Kevin Burk

Sent in via email October 12, 2011 - Full conversation not available at this time.

And this one, this is the last image I got before my camera "died." We were on our way out and at the entrance, I turned around to snap this one last pic. Right after it saved, the camera just shut off without a warning message or anything, and I just replaced the batteries before going in. I couldn't get it back on (normally it says battery low) so I took out my phone to videotape what was happening, but that (fully charged) wouldn't turn on either. Now we're standing there confused, when our flashlight shut off too, so we then booked it down the path for the exit. After we got out, the flashlight, phone, and camera all worked again.



Lana Krushinsky

© ? - Lana Krushinsky

Anybody familiar with Chicagoland knows about Bachelor's Grove. Hands down, it's the most haunted cemetery in Illinois. And if you've got any smarts at all, you'll stay clean away from the place. Unless, of course, you're like my boyfriend and I who simply wanted to count the headstones one night. And then you're in for the ride of your life. I don't know what got into my head that July evening back in '89. My boyfriend (now ex-boyfriend) insisted we drive over to Bachelor's Grove and enjoy the nearby lagoon. The moment he mentioned the cemetery, my whole body stiffened into a giant goose pimple. To be honest about it, Gary was much more interested in watching the submarine races than nosing around gravestones. Not that I minded, but the thought of fooling around with a bunch of phantoms leering at us from their graves sent shivers down my spine. But true to Gary's persuasive talents, I slipped into his Charger and we fw off down the road towards our spooky destination. Bad decision. We parked the car and remained inside for a few minutes while Gary rolled his window down and listened to the oppressive quiet hanging over the place. I'd noticed that Gary was uncharacteristically moody and subdued all the way to the cemetery. Which was some cause for concern. I got anxious after a few minutes. "Gary," I said with a demure smile. "Are we going swimming or not?" Gary didn't respond. He simply stared out the window with a deepening glower on his face. "Come on, honey. Are we going to have some fun or what?" Gary cocked his ear and tilted his head in the cemetery's direction. "Did you hear that?" he asked with a frown. I was on to his game. He just wanted to scare me witless and make a big laugh out of it. OK, if that's what he wanted, I could play along. I rummaged around my purse and found what I was looking for. Then I got nice and close. I was about to plant a big one on Gary's lips when his eyes opened wider than pie plates and he froze into a statue. I thought this move was novel but cute, so I giggled and made like the whole thing was funny. But his heart-seizure look kind of scared me, and I turned to glance out the window toward the cemetery. At first I didn't believe what I was seeing. About thirty yards down the gravel trail boiled a cloud of mist, kind of like steam wafting in the moonlight, only more concentrated. But steam couldn't billow and coalesce into a central mass like this. The fog swirled and intensified and turned a greenish hue in the pale light. For a moment, I thought I saw something writhing in its center. All at once six black shadows emerged from the fog and advanced towards our car. It doesn't take a lot of time for the brain to snapshot certain images, and this was no exception. These personages looked more like shadows - jet black shadows. They weren't human. And I don't care how crazy this sounds, but their eyes glowed. Not green or red or yellow. They just glowed with evil, like some hellish fire raged within them and reflected through their eyes. The leader of the group pointed straight at me dripping with hate. And I screamed my head off. Where I got the courage to pull Gary's catatonic body clean out of the driver's seat and plunk my little fanny down in its place, I'll never know. But I slammed the pedal to the metal and didn't let up. The Charger exploded down the road all the way up the turnpike. By the time we made my apartment, Gary came out of his stupor. True to protecting his fragile macho ego, Gary denied the episode at Bachelor's Grove ever took place. And for all my trouble, I've gotten ribbed over saying it did for nine years now. But I know better. The funny thing is, Gary and his pals refuse to visit the haunted cemetery. Day or night.

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Larry A.

The following was extracted from www.coasttocoastam.com

Bachelor's Grove Apparition

Hi, my name is Larry and I'm an amateur ghost hunter in the Chicago Area. On Saturday the 28 of September 2004, I took my friends Hans, Alicia, and Mark to Bachelor's Grove Cemetery. I took Alicia and Hans because they have never been, and Mark because he likes it there and he wanted to help me impress Alicia. We sneak in and take photos. After making our rounds in the cemetery, Alicia starts to freak out and begins to cry, begging to leave. We comfort her and go take 2 more pictures. Going to take the picture, the camera dies twice after having full batteries. So I told my friends to stay there and not to move. I walk about 8 feet in front of them and quickly turn the camera back on and take a photo. When I see the photo, I'm slightly shocked. Mark sees I'm shocked and asks to see. I showed him the photo. Overhearing us talk and seeing the look on our faces, Alicia demands we leave. When I took the photo there was no fog or smoke...yet it came out like this. You can also see an outline in the photo of a woman. In the photo it's Hans in back, Alicia, and then Mark in front.

--Larry A.



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Larry Borkstrom
Spring 1986

Sent in via Facebook messenger and telephone April 08, 2022

Initial contact was through You Tube with a transition to Facebook Messenger for a conversation. Facebook conversation quickly developed into a recorded telephone conversation to help ensure that details of the event were documented correctly.

Multiple Light Encounter

Witness was approximately 21 years old at the time and decided to visit Bachelors Grove cemetery for the first time during the Spring of 1986. Time of day was just before sunset. Some vegetation was noted, possibly placing the visit some time between April and May. Witness was initially located outside of the cemetery at the pond entrance on the northwest side. Approaching the cemetery, the witness passed through the cut opening in the fence and was walking in a straight line toward the main entrance to the cemetery on the south side. Witness remembers a sign erected near the south side entrance stating "Bachelors Grove Cemetery" in a full upright position.

Not long after entering the cemetery, the witness noticed a light appear out of nowhere hovering approximately one foot above the ground and approximately five feet in front of him. The color of the light was described as being a mixture of white and blue, with a shade of blue being lighter than a rotating police car light. The light was also described as being round, and in his words the size of a 16 inch softball. A secondary light simply appeared out of nowhere next to the first one which was of similar color, white and blue, and they both performed a bouncing dancing effect with each other.

During this bouncing movement by the lights, the witness notices three teenagers walking on the old Midlothian Turnpike approaching the entrance to the cemetery on the south side. Witness then states that both lights started slowly heading in the direction of the south side entrance toward where the teenagers are also getting near to. As the lights initially approached the teenagers the blue color of both lights shifted to red. At times the color of both lights would alternate between being red and blue. If one light was red, the other was blue, and they appeared to randomly shift. During this color shifting both lights performed a "dance" around the teenagers as all three stood outside of the southside entrance watching the lights. The lights remained inside of the cemetery during this interaction. While the lights surrounded the teenagers the reporting witness was slowly walking toward the south side entrance. The lights eventually moved away from the teenagers and headed back toward the reporting witness as he was walking.

During the approach by the lights the witness states that both lights turned back to being a mixture of white and blue much like when they first appeared. The lights then headed back toward the teenagers after all three crawled through a hole torn into the chain link gate entrance

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to go inside the cemetery. During this return approach to the teenagers both lights turned solid red. The three teenagers then began running out and away from the cemetery heading east down the old Midlothian Turnpike. As this is happening the reporting witness is approaching the south side entrance and both lights simply faded from view. Total time duration of the lights interacting with the teenagers is said to be between two and three minutes. At no point did the lights ever leave the fenced in perimeter of the cemetery.

Lauren D.
May 25, 2022
www.youtube.com

So I live off the turnpike not far from the forest preserve. In 2001 I was driving my friend home (westbound) down the turnpike towards Orland Park. It was late, after 12am. We both saw bright floating, moving lights or orbs over the pond. 1 white. 1 blue. And I believe 1 red/orange. I slowed down and we looked at each other and said "what the fuck?!" I did a u-turn. We both saw them again. Did another u-turn. Still there. Then they zoomed off into the woods. We couldn't believe what we saw. Nothing like a flashlight or anything could've made what we witnessed. Fast forward to 2005. I met my now husband. I told him the story. He thought we were just making it up or seeing things. But about 6 months after we started dating we were driving home on the turnpike (late at night) and sure enough, we saw the lights/orbs. He was in total shock and disbelief. Same exact lights my friend and I saw back in 2001. We drove by them again and again until they disappeared or zoomed off into the woods. I said "I told you so!!" It was the greatest "I told you so" moment of my entire life.

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Laurie Lambert
December 4, 2009

In the early 90's, I was driving down Midlothian Turnpike in the afternoon. A man driving a horse-drawn cart pulled out in front of me. I slowed down immediately, he went a few feet ahead and turned off the road. I was swearing of course, freak on a cart, re enactment going on somewhere or something? Much much later I was attending a speech by Dale Kaczmarek an area ghost hunter and he talked about area police officers seeing a man driving a horse-drawn cart at Bachelors' Grove who would disappear! He got me.

Laura Simmons Lambert
October 14, 2020
www.facebook.com

I was driving past Bachelors Grove Cemetery in Cook County IL. It is famous for it's paranormal activity. A man driving a horse led flatbed cut me off! He was so slow I had to slam on the brakes too. He had dark, curly hair, a brown leather hat with a wide brim, overalls and a flannel. His horses were black. He turned off the road into a copse of trees. I thought maybe he was a reinactor.

Moving on to 2 years later, I was at a ghost seminar given by ghost hunter Dale Kaczmarek. He mentioned Bachelors Grove cemetery. Evidently the ghost of a man with a horse drawn flatbed spooked the cops! They tried to follow him and he disappeared suddenly. Didn't know he was a spirit until then.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Lidia Montoya

ARCHIVE NOTATION: Exact date and time to be added later.

ARCHIVE NOTATION: The following photograph was presented on the [Travel Channel](#).
Photograph archived with permission of Lidia Montoya.



Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Lloyd Irving Bradbury

ARCHIVE NOTATION: The following is a second-hand story.

The following was extracted from lloydsart.blogspot.com

Ghost at Chicago Area's Bachelor's Grove.

Wednesday, October 19, 2005

A friend of mine took a picture of what she thinks is a ghost. Look carefully and you will see a faint face of a woman in the middle of the scene. My friend told me that when this picture was taken she began feeling extremely cold and heard faint sounds of what could be ghostly whispers. This picture was taken at Bachelor's Grove cemetery (One of the Chicago Area's most haunted places).

posted by Lloyd Irving Bradbury @ 12:59 PM



Lydia Wilcopolski

© 2009 Lydia Wilcopolski

I recently had a dream about the cemetery, it reminded me of when I was a suicidal depressed teenager and I went to the cemetery alone. I rode my bike there. Anyway, I remember I was crying and very upset. I heard a little girl's voice, first a giggle then her telling me not to cry. I then heard a woman's voice telling her not to talk to me. I looked around and saw no one. But once again I heard the little girl's voice telling me, not to cry, and that I should not feel sad, and to go home and kiss my daddy. I did just that. It was nothing I had ever felt before. In my dream the girl had long curly blonde hair, and the woman was beautiful, long flowing white dress, with long flowing hair that was brown. It was so real, it drew me to this page. I lived in Oak Forest most of my life and was a regular visitor to the Cemetery. My dad first took me there after he bought his home which was one of the original first homes in oak forest, in a new subdivision of Oak Forest and was built in 1942 I believe. My father bought it in 1962 and I believe no one lived there for many years till my dad bought it. I sold it when he died in 1999 and it is up for sale again. I so wish I could buy it. But my dad used to talk about things he saw at the cemetery as well.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Mark

© 2006 - Mark (private)

Sent in via email January 03, 2006

My friends, Mike ,Matt, Emily and Shaun and I (Mark) went to go sneak in the cemetery late at night. We were pretty young. I was 18 and so was Shaun and Emily, Mike was 20 and Matt was 16. As we came near the gates an older man walked out and told us that strange things were going on in their. We figured he just didn't want us to go in. We entered like idiots, Shaun told us he saw something move. Matt being 2 years younger then the rest of us, was already trying to get us to turn back. Matt felt something touch him and took off running deeper into the woods. Emily and Shaun told Mike and I that they'd go wait by the gates. Mike and I took off into the woods to find Matt. We found him deep into the cemetery. Matt pointed and started to shake. We looked were he was pointing and we seen a women sitting n a gravestone crying and talking about her baby and how it suffered. Matt quickly ran deeper into the cemetery now we were as far as you can go back. We saw on the other side of the woods there is a soccer field. We then heard a scream. It was Shawn's voice. Mike said follow him. Matt yelled "wait, I need to catch my breath." After we got our breath back Matt and I followed Mike. After we got to the gates, Shaun and Emily both told us neither of them screamed. After thinking about it now If you could think in scary times I would've known that We couldn't hear a scream from 1 side to the other. Now we all got in the our old beat up car and Matt tried to start it, it didn't start. And we lived far away in the small town New Lenox bordering Mokena Mike jumped out and popped the trunk, grabbed the jumpe and got the car going. We've gone back 3 times since then. Me and my four neighbors (Mike Matt Emily) my friend from school(Shaun) and I (Mark) Had entered it and more odd things happened But that's a whole different story.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Markus Sanchez
October 11, 2017
www.facebook.com

A reply In reference to a story about the legend of the blue ghost light.

We saw the light when we went years ago. We were in the cemetery at about 1am and something didn't feel right so half of us decided to go in deeper and the other half of us walked back down the path to leave. As we were walking down the path the light started following us and I stayed with my flashlight pointing at it. I turned around and all my friends started to run down the path and as it got closer to me I also ran and it followed us all the way out to the entrance of the path and disappeared. 10 minutes later the friends that decided to continue in the cemetery came out running towards the car because they heard a little girl laughing behind them but nobody was there.

Matt

© - Matt ?

ARCHIVE NOTATION: Second-hand story

Tuesday, May 20, 2003

Today My friend Matt told me a story of a tall cloaked figure he and 2 friends ran into on the trail into the cemetery. It was aprox. 8 or 9 yrs ago. Matt and his buddies on a freshly fallen snowy night, decided to visit the grove. It was about 9:30 at night. Now this was before the curb was built so you could park at the entrance of the main path. Matt, Chudy, and Ralphson got out to check out the cemetery. The only footsteps were the ones they left as they walked on the trail to the cemetery. After spending about 20 minutes looking at the graves they decided to go to the car. All three of them at the same time looked up and saw a very tall cloaked figure cross the trail in front of them left to right. As they got to the spot where they saw the figure there were no footprints in the freshly fallen snow, except the ones they had made earlier walking to the grove. When they got back to the car they asked the people who waited in the car if they saw anything? Everyone replied NO. When asked if anyone had gotten out of the car? Everyone replied NO. About 2 yrs later Matt went to a party and ran into another guy who talked of the cloaked figures aprox. 6 of them who circled one who they had almost hit with their car. Matt felt this guy's story validated his own, because the descriptions were so alike. Today May 20th, Matt and I were telling ghost stories over lunch and he took me to Bachelors Grove for my first time. I am very excited to say we are going back tonight after reading the "stories " on your web site.

MESA

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

G.H.S. has conducted several investigations of this location from 1995 - 1998 and remains top on our list of paranormal hot spots. Our first official investigation in 1995 yielded a single unexplained photograph of a large orb floating near a gravesite on the north-eastern side of the cemetery. The photo was taken to several photographic experts and has remained unexplained. Follow-up investigations yielded several results including odd equipment readings on EMF detectors, visual light detectors, infrared light detectors, ultraviolet light detectors, static electricity detectors and thermometers. The majority of this data was collected with the MESA system from our fellow investigators and teammates from G.E.I.S.T., namely Tim Harte, Michael Hollinshead and Dave Black.

Unexplained photographs have been obtained showing additional smaller orbs, streaking lights and a mysterious fog. It should be mentioned that the phenomenon was not visible at the time of exposure. In addition to the photographs, E.V.P (electronic voice phenomenon) was also recorded in the cemetery as well.

While we were shooting a documentary with Purdue University in 1998, G.H.S member and editor of Unknown Magazine Chris Fleming captured strange voices on a hand held tape recorder. Near the same area where these voices were recorded, G.H.S member Jonathan Murphy took a Polaroid shot during a cold spot encounter which yielded a streaking light on the film. Additional cold spots were experienced while in the cemetery on this investigation as well.

A mysterious fog was also captured on film during another investigation in August of 1998. The photo was obtained while experiencing a cold spot in the eastern portion of the cemetery. The fog was not visible at the time of exposure nor was there any ambient fog present in the cemetery that evening. In a follow-up investigation with Tim Harte and Michael Hollinshead later that month, we experienced the fog head on.

After we had collected data with the MESA system, Tim, Michael, Jonathan, and I decided to leave the cemetery after experiencing an unfriendly presence near the location of the first fog photo. Upon packing up the equipment, we headed back up the long trail leading back to the main road when we noticed a fog traveling toward us at a rapid pace. We immediately stopped in our tracks and watched as the fog seemed to slow down and envelope us. The fog remained still for about three to five minutes when it suddenly raced down the trail back to the cemetery. Unfortunately, our equipment was packed up and we were too awestruck to retrieve it in time to take any readings. However, this was our first actual sighting in our many investigations here.

The path leading to the cemetery has a history of being allegedly haunted as well. Phantom cars have been reported turning onto the path from the main road which would be impossible as there are concrete pillars prohibiting vehicles doing so. Also, the temperature appears to drop

while traveling closer to the cemetery, something we have also experienced even on the hottest days of July.

In July 1996, an impromptu investigation took place involving Michael Komen, Jonathan Murphy and a witness who claimed to have had an experience in the western portion of the cemetery. The witness claimed to have seen a white form traveling through the treetops just outside the western gates. Unfortunately, we did not capture anything while investigating that area, however we did have a rather interesting cold spot encounter near the front gates.

While "sweeping" the cemetery during this investigation, we felt a cold spot near the grove of trees by the front gates of the cemetery. Upon investigating it, we found that the cold spot would travel in and out of this area. One investigator would travel to the center of the grove of trees while the others would stand on the outskirts. We found that upon the investigator entering the grove, a cold "wind" would seem to travel through the outside investigators. Thinking this might have been a one time occurrence, we repeated the action several times. Surprisingly, the same thing would happen every time! However, future investigation would not harbor the same results. We may have just happened to stumble on a playful spirit.

Many other cold spots have been experienced by several people investigating this site. They appear all over the cemetery grounds never in the same place twice. The lagoon is another location that seems to be a somewhat active area. The lagoon is located on the northeastern side of the grounds and has a history of being a hot spot. We have never captured any data to prove this, however we have felt a strange presence near the gate leading to the lagoon. It should be mentioned that the lagoon area was reputed to be a favorite dumping ground for victims of Chicago's notorious gangsters of the 20's and 30's. Coincidence???

Bachelor's Grove remains one of our favorite investigation sites. If you do intend to investigate this location, be forewarned! Get the proper permission to do so before going in! The local police are also very aware of the cemetery's history and make it a point to check out any possible indication of trespassing.

The following equipment has been used in our investigations here:

1. EMF detectors @ 1-3 milligauss and 1-100 milligauss (analog)
2. MESA system (see the specs on the G.E.I.S.T./MESA web site)
3. Super 8 camcorders (w/ low light capabilities)
4. 35mm cameras (w/ infrared light meter and flash w/ auto and manual focus)
5. 200, 400, 400 Tri X, 1600 (professional print) speed films (color and B&W)
6. High end Polaroid professional camera
7. Digital cameras
8. Hand held (mini) and portable tape recorders (using high end 120 min. tapes)

Investigators:

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Michael Komen
Melissa Komen
Tim Harte
Michael Hollinshead
Dave Black
Jonathan Murphy
Chris Fleming
James Fraser

Michelle DeLuca





Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Mike

© 2003 - Mike ?

July 16, 2003

My friends and I rode our bikes into the cemetery. While in there we were just sort of looking around. When out of nowhere behind a tree came a dog charging straight towards us. We then began riding our bikes out of the cemetery. Then when we glanced back the dog had just mysteriously disappeared. I was scared and I plan on going back soon.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Mike D.

Sent in via Facebook.com February 1, 2010

Mike D.

A few years back, a buddy and I decided to check out the cemetery. It was during the day in the springtime. For anyone who has ever ventured to the cemetery, you know that as you walk down the path towards the cemetery gate entrance that it appears that the path and it's trees are narrowing in on you, almost as if the woods are swallowing you. As we approached the cemetery we noticed that it was surrounded by a chain link fence missing a gate at the entrance. In order to step into the cemetery, you had to walk on top of garbage that was left behind from punks that party in the cemetery after hours.

I remember walking across a broken down Miller Lite box in order to enter the cemetery. My buddy & I both study history. I was also an art student. I brought along some paper and charcoal to make etchings of the graves. We noticed something as soon as we entered the cemetery. As we were walking down the path to get the cemetery, there were birds, squirrels and other woodland critters all about. As soon as I entered the cemetery, there were nothing but gnats & bugs everywhere. Not a single critter in sight.

We stayed within arms length of each other as we ventured through the cemetery. Growing up in this area, you hear about satanic rituals and the sort. We didn't want to get jumped by any satanists and used as the day's next ritual. We had an overwhelming feeling that we were being watched too.

Time passes, the creepiness sensation begins to build. We decided to leave and chill out at Hooters. As we were about to step through the missing gate area, we noticed a rusty steak knife stabbed into that broken down Miller Lite box. Now, during the season we went to the cemetery, you can see the gate area from every vantage point we were at in the cemetery. Noone ever approached the gate area. We would have seen them.

So, I picked up the knife. Held it defensively. Yelled out to the woods that if anyone is messing with us, they better not. We high tailed our asses out of there, went to Hooters and called it a day.

That's my story and I'm sticking to it.

I am going back with a group of paranormal inquisitive friends over this summer. We are hoping to gather EVP and optical evidence.

Thank you for writing back. Have a great 2010!

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Mike Hurtuk
August 31, 2020
www.youtube.com

ARCHIVE NOTATION: In response to the following video:

Video: [You Tube](#)

Download: [Video](#)

I totally believe you. October of 2019, was leaving the cemetery, no one was in the cemetery, no one in the woods, it was around 4 pm. Walking a bit down the trail, I could hear kids giggling and playing, on the right hand side of the trail (south of the cemetery), looking over, nothing. I thought, odd, but it's Bachelor's Grove. Got that usual feeling of being watched, with some pressure on my chest, and the hair on my arms standing up, looked over into the woods again, this time saw a little boy and girl dressed up in Sunday church style clothes, but from many years ago. The girl had a little dress, the boy had dress pants and a dress shirt with a little tie. There was a tall guy with overalls, he was balding with glasses watching them. Older guy, but dressed like a farmer, which was odd considering the kids were all dressed up in dress clothes. They were in the middle of the brush, tons of poison ivy there, thorn bushes, no trail to or from the little clearing they were at. They were around 20 ft or so from the main walkway. I don't know who would play in this area, the kids acted like they didn't see me, but the older guy did. I kept on walking, turned around, they were gone.

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Mike Tomasek

Sent in via email September 9, 2004

During the last summer me and a few of my friends Jake, Morgan, and amira decided to go to bachelors grove. I'm not going to lie, we were going to go to sit by the lake and drink and of course freak each other out. i was horribly wrong on how i thought this night was going to turn out.

When we got to the trail I lit up a clove cigarette and everyone was freaking out because it smelled like a church. Suddenly as we passed into the grove it suddenly got extremely cold but we thought nothing of it.

We walked around and noticed the unfinished grave with the baby and father markers. I sorta got the feeling that this place wasn't haunted but just extremely saddening. I was really wrong. My friend Jake just said we should go to the lake and get out of the actual graveyard to drink because we all didn't want to be disrespectful. on the tree next to the unfinished grave I put out my clove and started to walk down to the lake. when i got down there a little i noticed a shimmering white reflection in the water, and i thought it was just a light post from 143rd street. I looked up and there was a woman floating dressed in white with black eyes. Of course i screamed and then backed up, i looked to my left to turn to my friends and a black figure ran from one tree to the other.

I then backed into Jake and Morgan and I was freaking out. i told them what happened and jake said his girlfriend Rose saw that same white lady. ok whatever i thought lets just read a few more graves and then get out. i lit up another smoke because i thought the ghosts might be afraid of the smell because nothing happened while i was smoking the last one. I also noticed that I had 2 smokes left. so we walked around a little bit and stopped at a marker as my friend amira was complaining about how she didn't see anything. as she said that the tree that had fallen over and crushed the fence on the opposite side of the graveyard we were on just started shaking and rattling on the fence. whole trees do not move! This went on until we all left the cemetery scared.

We got half way down the path and Jake asked me for my matches that I had. i had dropped my previous smoke when the tree freaked us, so i gave him my matches and we continued walking. i also noticed jakles backpack with all the beer in it was open and all of the beer was gone! we were all a little pissed off but we weren't going back for it. a little down i felt a cold breath on my neck and a growling sound, i slowly turned around and where the entrance of the graveyard was the same black figure walked out of the entrance stopped, looked at me and then walked into the woods. I turned and Jake saw what I saw and we just ran past Amira and Morgan screaming.

When we finally got back to the car I pulled out another smoke and I had one left and I asked Jake for my matches. He couldn't find my matches and said he probably lost them running. but

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then he pulled out a black lighter. previously when we decided to go to the graveyard i saw jake pull out all his pockets and him whining about not having a lighter. he then told me that his dead grandfather told jake when he was dying from lung cancer that he would haunt jake and give him black lighters if he ever took up smoking. weird but a coincidence. When we got back to the parking lot where my car was we all decided to go home. When I got into my car I wanted my last smoke so I got my pack out and opened it. There were 4 smokes in there. It was like i didnt even smoke the 3 in bachelors. I then threw the pack out the window and got out of my car screaming. jake pulled up and i told him what happened and he laughed from his car. he then put his hat on which he took off when he was running and drove away a little. he then slammed on the breaks and got out of his car screaming and then threw his hat which he was now holding over to me. my matches had fallen into his lap when he took off his hat. i laughed because i thought i was starting to go insane or something. I got my matches, my haunted smokes and drove home.

Later on when i told my parents about what happened my dad told me that 20 years ago when he was a kid he saw the same white woman that i did.

that is my story. i know it's long but that is the entire thing. and I still get goosebumps from telling it.

sincerely,
Mike Tomasek

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Monica

I took this pic at Bachelors Grove Cemetery in Midlothian, IL. spring 2003. It was a sunny warm day and we thought we'd take the dogs for a ride and a walk through the cemetery. One dog could have cared less (one in pic). The other dog however, DID NOT want to go past the entrance and stood there growling and backing away on her leash. I just started snapping randomly and the pic attached is what came back on one of them. I am not a photographer and was using my Advantix camera. We have been to Bachelors Grove many times through the years and only one other pic ever revealed anything that could be even considered strange. That pic revealed what might be an orb streaking up my pant leg. However, nowhere near as impressive as what I am submitting today. Hope you like it enough to share it with others.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Mr. Kite

September 6, 2017

www.darknessprevails.org

To start off with some background I grew up in Midlothian Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. When I was five years old I loved car rides, like any other kid. It started out like any normal day when my dad asked for Gyros for dinner.

My mom mentioned a new Gyro place that opened up so we drove to that. I was a talkative little rugrat and never shut up, but on this specific ride my mom said she noticed I was talking until we hit an overpass.

The overpass was next to the Cook County forest preserve. I saw an odd green body of water and parked next to it was a black car that I've never seen before. Standing by the car were what looked like two men; one in black and one in blue. I was quiet the rest of the way to the Gyro place, and on the way back I tried to see that body of water again but never could.

Anytime we drove past that overpass I would try to spot that green water but never could.

I told my mother about this story recently and her response was that I witnessed the Bachelors Grove Ghost Car.

Those trees and swamp were Bachelors Grove. I had goosebumps when my mom confirmed that to me. It made me a little frightened that a five year old saw a body of water that wasn't in its proper location. The proper name for what I have seen was the Bachelors Grove Ghost Car.

I never told my mom that story until recently and even writing this I have goosebumps on my goosebumps.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Nash Penrod
September 1, 2017
www.facebook.com

Boy howdy! It has been quite the day! So I went to Bachelor's Grove to take some shots for my photography class, right? I thought, hey it's usually vacant and it's an awesome place to get great photos! And, on a usual day it is.... but today was not that day. I walk in, round the corner and peer into the usually deserted cemetery, only this time it wasn't deserted, on the far left are what appears to be two teenagers being all touchy feely. Ugh, fine. Maybe when they see me walking around the perimeter, TAKING PICTURES, with my big obvious camera, they'll let up and leave. WRONG.

I go down by the creek and spend about 15 minutes taking shots there and around there, then I head back up thinking, "They've got to be gone by now, right?" WRONG AGAIN!

I peer over and to my horror realize that the woman now has her shorts pulled down over her ass. "Satan why?" I thought to myself as I walked back around, making loads of noise in the hope that they would be dissuaded from continuing their 'teenage' love fest.

I walk back up the incoming path and take a few more shots, but when I come back around the woman's pants have now come completely off and the man is all hands on deck... er, booty?

"Oh what the fuck?" I grumbled lowly as I then pulled out my cell phone, this has gone on long enough, nope I'm not letting you full monty in the fucking cemetery, hell no.

So it took me about 5-8 minutes to find the number to the right police department. I called up the county and told the dispatcher what was going down. She sent someone out and I stayed back by the creek waiting. But just as I put my phone away I notice that they are now up and walking out of the cemetery. "God damn it, I should have called sooner!" I thought, "Now they're gonna get away."

But they didn't leave, oh no. They moved to the entrance of the path that I was on and just stood there alternating between watching me and making out like one of them just got out of prison. I figured fine, let them stare, if it keeps them here until the cop comes, good.

But after about another 10 minutes, I decided there was only so much I could pretend to be interested in taking pictures of, and I started up the path towards them. I'll just wait for the officer to get here up by the street. So as I'm walking past them, my stomach lurches as I realize that these are not teenagers. I repeat these dirty fucks are NOT love hungry TEENAGERS. The man looks to be about late 20's early 30's, but the woman, who's ass and other bits I had bared witness too appeared to be AT LEAST late 50's early 60's.

"Hey!" she says as I pass her and him, still locked in each other's arms. *Gag*

"Hey." I said deadpan.

"Did you get some good pictures?" she asks loudly as she smiles at me.

I try not to shudder as I nod and say, "Yep." pushing past them and hurriedly stomping towards the exit.

To my relief as I am half way up the path I see the officer approaching. THANK THE GODS.

I point him to the couple and say they are up and getting ready to leave. He nodded and headed off to them.

By the time I crossed the street, lit a smoke and drove off, neither party had emerged from the cemetery. I hope they were at least fined, but I really wished I had called sooner so that she would have (literally) been caught with her pants down.

And that's my story, what a day!

Noah Voss

It's 1990 something and I'm driving through neighborhood after neighborhood. Chicago spreads out a bit for those who've never been. Dotted with very well-to-do homes, rolling forests crammed between rows of apartments filled with people who are not as well-to-do as some others are. This legend trip is taking me and my navigator to one of those dense groves of trees spread over uneven ground. Bachelors Grove Cemetery at this time had reports of nearly nightly glowing lights and unexplained sounds. Voices were continually reported, even moving earth in the cemetery itself. It wasn't too long ago that it was reported in the local paper how someone had been digging up graves. The evidence of this was still present. After all we are basically in Chicago, so most anything is possible and expected.

Before we can find the correct dot of forest we need to find the correct town. Easier said than done. See suburbs don't really have a defined border between towns around here. Pass by one strip mall through a stoplight by a bank and all of a sudden you are in a new town. Nothing changed but the name "Bank of" insert town. That is about as specific the directions to Bachelors Grove Cemetery used to be. In the town of, find this park by a big cell phone tower. Ahh the good old days.

Thankfully I had at least found what road the park was off of. Turns out it was a large park however. Many turn around later through suburban neighborhoods we end in a wide open parking lot in a wide open green park. Grabbing some equipment from the car we leapfrog across a busy highway on our feet and duck quickly into the woods.

You see back a decade ago, well it's been even longer now, things were different in the paranormal field. Not only did not everyone have an interest but this is back when you got that weird look from people if they found out about your paranormal interests. Used to not-so-warm welcomes we had slipping into town under the radar and back out the same way down to a science. Back to the woods, we are walking towards that "cell phone tower" the directions reference. There is a small road that is used to service the tower, overgrown in grass it really is more of a trail. We follow it past the tower.

Now I'm not saying we trespassed, that would be silly to say, even worse to write. But if there were no-trespassing signs we didn't see them. Further down the path and we can only assume we are on the correct trail to the cemetery. It has a well established reputation in the paranormal field at this time as one of the most haunted cemeteries in the country. We had high hopes for something unexplainable to happen, assuming we could find it.

We didn't have to wait long. As the woods grew darker, the trail narrowed to a footpath, we could see the unmistakable signs of a graveyard. A failing and vine covered fence, strewn behind with the silhouettes of various upright stones. We have arrived. We both walk towards the classic arch entryway stating the name of the cemetery.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

We document things as we go with 35mm photographs. Back then we seemed to put more effort into the scientific approach. Pouring our resources into a multitude of meters, cameras with four lenses, even infrared film in some. We take readings with the meters, and lots of pictures.

Image: Paranormal Investigator Noah 'Winchester' Voss investigates reports of paranormal phenomena

Documenting on paper the cemetery as a whole along with minute details such as coins left on some stones (a dime, a nickel and two pennies), beer bottles in this tree, 40oz bottle in that one and so on. We were fairly thorough. It paid off though, several of the photographs taken turned up some fantastic orbs, and flairs. The same that some groups today claim are ghosts or inter-dimensional portals opening and so on. Our documentation revealed that they were coins, more specifically the dime and nickel for the orbs. The classic inter-dimensional portal or more traditional gateway to hell, simply a reflective beer bottle in the not so traditional place. Not to sound like a debunker, because I consider myself an open minded skeptic, we did get a few photographs with the four lens camera that turned up intriguing data. One frame of four on a single exposure 35mm negative revealed a washed out blue. Another single exposure seemed to show a fog or mist in motion through all four frames. Though it was humid.

Indeed there is a small stagnant pond a stone's throw from the cemetery. Losing much of its spooky appeal just beyond the pond is a fairly busy road.

Moving from the cemetery and more importantly the busy road we head deeper into the forest. Finding some old structural remains only energizes the search for something unexplainable. We arrived in the daylight but as the time passes and the forest grows denser, it continues to darken.

There are more stories coming out of the woods than can fit here. We listen for phantom horses, watch for drowning farmers, and hope to be contacted from some greater entity from the great beyond. As I recall now, nothing but a slight smell of smoke in the air that's not from cigarettes. Knowing how things are in our reality, we stick to our science of staying unseen and unnoticed. We head back out through the cemetery and quickly reach the car. Back on the road we've got a four hour drive back to home and a lot of data to sift through in the following weeks. We had been hearing about Bachelors Grove Cemetery for at least a decade. It was worth the trip to see if we couldn't be the next adventurers with the next story. Nothing more to report other than another legend trip success.

Until next time, remember, adventures come to the adventuresome!

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Paisely

© ? - Paisely ?

I have been to Bachelors a few times this year. We ran into you (Stacy McArdle) in April there. We're the ones who saw the hooded white torso ghost by the fence at the pond. There were 5 of us who saw it and it was a ghost for sure. anyways, yesterday I met a guy there who saw that same image too! He saw it 2 years ago with a group of friends after their graduation.

Paisely

Bachelor's Grove Haunted Cemetery!

www.patmagazine.com

January 10, 2004

ARCHIVE NOTATION: This material needs to be formatted.

Part 1 (January 10, 2004)

Rich's Car 294-W November 28th, 2003 4:15 pm

(Patrick T. Fishbait --regular type): This is the second version of the Bachelor's Grove adventure, and I think we need to explain to the readers that before the Resurrection Cemetery adventure we printed in issue #13, we had an excursion in 1999 to the haunted cemetery of Bachelor's Grove in Chicago, which was scary, hilarious... (Richie Savage -- italic): and illegal. All in all, it was a successful experience, we learned a lot, we had a lot of good times, we saw a lot of ghosts, we might have not seen any. However, sadly, the robbers came back to my house and stole a bunch of stuff including my old mini-tape recorder, which had the first Bachelor's Grove tape inside. That's why we have to... "force the magic" ...this time around. We decided instead of cutting our losses and just letting go, we were going to re-do the whole fucking thing from start to finish and we were going to make it twice as good. Because, obviously, the Resurrection trip was far better than the initial Bachelor's Grove trip, and now BG version 2.0 will be better than Resurrection. Why is that? It's going to be better because a lot has changed since then. We can't really give away everything that has changed, but it should be come clear what we're talking about when we say "change."

Ok, now we need to recap what happened four years ago on the BG trip, starting with going to Barnes and Noble to research BG, and we did talk to the first female teenager we would ever interview on our ghost hunting trips. I don't remember what we talked to her about, but I know it was really funny and that I hurt her feelings. And she tried to kill us. She told us, "Oh, I've heard of Bachelor's Grove," tells us all this bullshit, basically that if we get lost in the grove, a ghostly curator will appear and we should follow him, because he'll lead us out. Well, we never found him, but we thanked her for the information, and... We almost found him. We probably almost saw him, but we didn't. Probably because we didn't get lost, we didn't try hard enough to lose ourselves, because I've never been lost, so it's kind of hard. Again, one of our curses as ghost hunters is that we're so good at it. It's hard when you're really good at something. Upon further research, we found out that if you get lost, the curator does not lead you to safety, he leads you to like, nowhere, and then kills you. He cuts your head off. So she tried to kill us. I think Pat shouldn't hurt teen girls' feelings before we get all the information we need to get out of them. That's what I've learned. On my behalf, I'd like to say I think she wanted to kill us before I hurt her feelings, just on principal. Ghost hunters are sort of regarded in a not very, uh, high regard by most people. We're kind of like your Fox Mulder from X-Files, or your Dale Cooper from Twin Peaks, --the type of people on the outskirts of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, even though we're not in the FBI, they regard us even less because of that. I would have to say that's true. I don't know where all the animosity comes from really, we're trying to do a service for people here, we're trying to help everyone, and they're trying to hinder us. So really, they're trying to

hinder themselves, which really doesn't make much sense. I think that says a lot about the human condition right there.

I also recall in the earlier trip, there happened to be some sort of Italian or Irish or German festival going on in a parking lot with rides that people pay \$4 for and the rides probably haven't been repaired or even checked since, I'm going to say roughly 1973. And if something were to go wrong, I don't think they make parts for those anymore, but I digress. The point here is that we were trying to get more interviews, and we happened upon a couple who Rich remembered from high school, and what happened then? That was really the birth of the idea for "Let's interview people." Let's not only ghost hunt, but let's ghost hunt with the intention of bringing other people into the ghosts' lives. Hence, the "starting up a posse" idea, which was a complete failure, in and of itself, but not in that it detracted any from what we were able to accomplish as researchers. No, obviously, we had a smashing success, as we had documented, but we can't show you now, because the documents are gone. Rousing success. The failure of the posse really led to the success of the trip, I think. But, truth be told, nobody wanted to come with us, did they? No, if we're going to talk truth here, nobody wanted to go with us. Eventually, it became painfully obvious that not only did the people Rich knew from high school not want to come ghost hunting with us, they didn't want us to be there talking to them. Which, I mean, it's ok. I'm not going to say my feelings were hurt. I honestly don't blame them. I guess I don't blame them either, but I have to look at myself in the mirror every day. Right, they don't. They don't. And I understand, being a person that looks at myself in the mirror everyday, I know why they don't want me around, and I'm ok with that, I guess.

Another exciting happening at that point, leaving the sausage fest or whatever, we saw a couple of younger kids who I knew from high school. Now, four years ago, we were age 21, these kids were probably 18. It was a girl and her boyfriend, and they had a stroller, so they were teenage parents. We were definitely better off than them at that point. Of course. That guy told us more about the disappearing house. I can't remember what he said exactly, but we'll say that he told us if you find the house and go inside, it disappears with you inside it, and you go straight to fucking hell. Was this Jae? This wasn't Jae. What other teenage parents did we know? It was just some girl and her boyfriend. So we know a lot of teenage parents, we're better than a lot of people we know.

The best point was at Yorktown Mall in Lombard. It was closing, no one was there, but we finally found a group of teenagers and told them we were going ghost hunting. One of the girls said, "Yeah, we'll go! Let's go ghost hunting!" So we stood there for another second, waiting for the others to agree, and then I believe the boys in the group... They were not really up for ghost hunting, I think they were threatened by us. I know they were threatened by us, because I was given a hard look. You were given a hard look? Was that before or after the girl went for your package? I think she was going for my package the whole time, so I imagine he was mad the whole time. So he gave you a hard look because he was afraid of what might happen. Long story short, they did not come with. As much as people look down on us, basically, they want us, and they don't know how to deal with those feelings. They want to be our friends, or they want us for a romantic liaison? Um, probably neither. There's no romance about it. It's just a basic

want. It's kind of a carnal lust. They don't know how to deal with their feelings, and so they come to hate us. I've noticed a lot of that throughout my life, people not being able to deal with their feelings when they're around me, which is why a lot of times people will act out physically, trying to hurt me.

We began our re-researching last night at Woodfield mall in Schaumburg. I think a lot of ghost hunters, including that bitch, Ursula Bielski, our arch-rival, don't realize the key to ghost hunting is going to malls. We didn't have the tape recorder last night, so we tried hard not to be funny or interesting, because when you force the magic, you don't want to start late on a Friday night and then get up Saturday morning having had that 12, 13 hour gap while you're sleeping where you don't have the magic being forced. However, I did have one really good idea. I'd like to preface this force by saying that one of everyone's favorite parts from the Resurrection Mary trip that we still get compliments on was when we ran into those kids in the park and we had just a great, lively conversation with them. Obviously, they loved us. At any rate, it's cold out now, it's November, there's not going to be kids at parks, so we're going to have to go door-to-door to conduct interviews with teens. We should try and get invited over to some teens' house for dinner, possibly meeting their parents. If worse comes to worse, we'll settle for dinner at the food court with teens. But they have to pay for it. We are going to put them in our book.

Do you remember anything else that happened leading up to when we first went to Bachelor's Grove, any other interviews or anything good? I think we left directly from Yorktown mall after we finally realized we were not going to be able to scrounge up a posse. But there were a lot of people at the Grove, a lot of kids like to go there because it's illegal, and kids like to do illegal things. So we're not only risking our lives tonight, we're risking our freedom. Lives, freedom, I might lose this new micro-cassette recorder. Let me just say, that's a really nice new micro-recorder you have. It's blue. Except that it's blue. It's the S702, from Pearlcor. I think I'm gonna hold out for the S703 myself.

Once we made it to Bachelor's Grove, we probably saw some ghosts, some glowing spherical orbs, and were probably attacked by the ghosts. I don't remember, it was four years ago. But I know it was great, and we did see these scary old dudes with some sort of ecto-plasmic recorders and/or testing equipment. They knew the name of one of the ghosts, I think they made it up, because they seemed kind of buzzed and they had a case of Icehouse. I think they had their tape recorder on a gravestone that said "Damien," who of course, everyone remembers from the movie The Omen. We assume the son of the Devil, Damien, is buried somewhere in Bachelor's Grove.

Speaking of being drunk, Freddy Freaker once went on a Saturday night, and he said there were people there with a keg selling cups. Before we had even started ghost-hunting, some other kids we knew had gone there, and one of them fell down and when he looked up, there was a gravestone right in front of him had his last name on it. That's kind of spooky. I don't think we got lost. Well, I know we didn't get lost, because I've never been lost. I don't remember much more about our trip, it was a while ago, and it was terrifying. I was basically in terror the entire

time. I may or may not have pissed my pants, I can't remember anymore. I remember a bad smell, but I don't think it was urine. I don't think it was urine either.

Now to the info part of the infotainment, these excursions provide a service to the reader that is both educational and entertaining. Rich is going to talk about the history of the grove and why it is considered to be one of the most haunted in America. Thank you Pat, I appreciate the opportunity to speak to the readership about such an important topic. I think we've touched on a lot of the history already, it's considered, I believe, the ninth most haunted place in the entire country, but the number one cemetery and the single most haunted place in the Chicagoland region. I would read from you out of the slut, Ursula Bielski's book, but we hate her. Her information is flawed, at best. She's never been to a mall. And I'm driving, so I don't think that'd be good. I do remember that some of our research, which may have come from that bitch's book, said that this was a "potter's" cemetery, where the poor would be buried, people who couldn't afford a real cemetery or a nice coffin, maybe some of them didn't even receive the last rights, or a proper burial, and that's why their spirits are so restless. That guy just cut me off. A van just cut us off, we almost became ghosts. I'm gonna look it up, while I'm driving. Rich is driving with his left knee while reading the index of a book that will go nameless. Yeah, that slut wrote it. Five guys at once I heard about her, by the way.

Upon some further research, other possible explanations for the walking undead in this area could be because it was built on a former Indian tribal ground. That's a cop-out, everyone says Indian tribal ground. Yeah, there were no Indians in America that I'm aware of. What I understand from an episode of South Park, the Mormons believe that the Indians were just Jewish people who were turned red by an angry god. That sounds likely, as does that fact that most Indians are alcoholics to begin with. I'm a little drunk myself. Another cause for restless spirits is possible dumping of corpses during the gangster era. Far more likely. And constant desecration of... Did you say defecation? Oh, desecration. Of the graves by hooligans... By defecation. Joyriders, out for a good time, or Satanic cultists... When you say "out for a good time" do you mean... are you, is that like a... are you implying sex? Not at all. Oh, ok. That's not my idea of a good time.

What are some of the other ghosts in the cemetery? I believe we heard something about a farmer who was plowing too close to the lake. I mean, who the fuck plows close to a lake? But I guess the horse got spooked and dragged him in there. What the hell are you plowing, the mud? I guess so, I want to know what's up with the two-headed man, why does the two-headed man rise out of the lake, and what does he do, is he like, just exposing himself to the teens? Does he get his jollies from that? If I had two heads, I would not want people to see me naked, especially teens, because they're prone to fits of name-calling.

There's also a ghost woman called the "Madonna of Bachelor's Grove," or "Mrs. Rogers," we don't know why she's called Mrs. Rogers. Or the Madonna of Bachelor's Grove, I mean, she didn't like, sing anything, did she? I don't know. The Madonna I know is kind of a giant whore. Maybe that's why Ursula included her in her sluttish book. You know Madonna? Who really knows Madonna? In the biblical sense, do I know Madonna? I would say, yes, you do. Please

note the hand (Rich makes an arbitrary gesture with his hand), I know Madonna. Also, the woman was carrying a baby. There are also figures in hoods, the disappearing house, and the ever-present glowing, blue orbs of light. Which are unlike normal ghost lights, which are normally reddish or yellowish, and they fly towards you and then poof, they're gone, whereas these orbs kind of do their own thing.

To be continued... (whether you like it or not)

Part 2 (January 15, 2004)

Mike's house, Lombard 4:49

(Rich --italic): Mike would really not want to see us right now, I'm gonna go out on a limb and say that. (Pat --regular type): He probably isn't gonna be there, but its worth a shot. This is his house. After talking it over, we think it's a really bad idea to ring the bell, but we're going to do it anyway. We're in the neighborhood is all I'm saying. When you're in the neighborhood, you drop by, that's how it works in America. I haven't seen Mike in three years. What if he's not there and his mom invites us in anyway? We'll say we have to go. (We ring the bell and Mike's brother Jon opens the door)

Jon: What is up? We were in the neighborhood. Mike's not here, he's in Poland. Oh. Mike's Dad: Invite them in. Jon: Come on in. I haven't seen you in forever Rich, you're looking a little gruff huh? Yeah, I grew a beard. Mike's in Poland for his Anthropology group. Will he be back today? He won't be back until June. I was close to Poland not long ago, if I had known I could've said hi. He'll actually be around maybe a little after Christmas. Mike's Dad: On the first of the year. Jon: How are you guys doing? Not too bad. How's your job? Good, still doing all kinds of crazy prototype stuff. What are you actually doing now? I'm in graduate school in Madison. Gotcha. You, Pat? I'm teaching Special Ed. in the suburbs. Good stuff. Are you living downtown? Yeah, we got broken into twice. I don't know why I brought that up. That's great. They've got this really nice gate with a padlock on it now. Well guys, this has been nice. Are you kicking us out? We're going to eat. Oh, we'll have dinner with you. No no no, we're going out for dinner.

Back in the car 4:52

We're gonna come back to Mike's house an hour before his plane gets in on New Year's Day, and the first thing he sees when he gets back home to Lombard from living in Texas and Poland for a year... Is gonna be us. It's gonna be a happy homecoming. Oh my God, this is the greatest thing that's happened so far. That was pretty uncomfortable though. I guess it could have been worse, if his mom were there, we'd be going to dinner with them right now, no ifs ands or buts. Well I kind of knew Jon from back in college, but it's been a while. He must not like my beard. This makes me more uncomfortable about having a beard for this project. But now we know where we're going to be on New Year's. Not having gone to bed from New Year's Eve, we'll end up in Lombard, with one of us having thrown up. Hopefully we'll both be throwing up, while we're in my car. "Mike's mom, I need to use the bathroom. Again"

It should be noted the reason this is all so funny is that Mike's been living in Texas for the past three years and last year announced he was getting engaged. I wouldn't necessarily say he announced it because I only heard about it through Pat, he announced it to Pat. Right, he announced to me that he was getting engaged and then he was coming up in the summer for a weekend for another kid from the University of Illinois' wedding. Another person I knew in college who's wedding I was not invited to. You were not invited. You're not invited to Mike's wedding either. Apparently not, I never even knew he was engaged. Did you get a wedding invitation? No, no invitation, I was not asked to stand up... If you are invited to the wedding, and you're allowed to bring a guest... I will probably bring a girl. I would like to throw my name in the hat. I'll consider it. I won't consider it a lot, but anyways, we were supposed to hang out that weekend, and the day I called him, he said they were too tired to come all the way out to the city. Which could be code for many different things. At any rate, I think it's our obligation, as old friends of Mike, to break up his marriage. At the very least, embarrass him in front of his family.

If he refuses to hang out with us when we show up on New Year's, that is an open invitation on his part for us to definitely try and stop this wedding from taking place, by hook or by crook. By hook or by crook. It would almost require us to drive down to Texas and become houseguests for a while. And while we're there, I'm sure Texas has a number of places where paranormal occurrences have occurred. That's a great cover story, "We need to stay at your house because we're ghost hunting for our book..." And if prostitutes should show up in Mike's room... Obviously that's not our fault. Prostitutes follow us wherever we go. And there's nothing we can do about that.

Gadzooks, Yorktown Mall 5:00

We pretty much got thrown out of Gadzooks because they no longer sell men's apparel. However, the people in Woodfield last night were way nicer about it, we had a good talk about numbers and what happened to the corporation. I asked them if they were throwing us out, and the girl said, "No, but since it's all girls' clothing now, I don't think you'd want to try anything on," to which I responded, "You'd be surprised," and that's when the girl with the tan-in-a-can face stared Rich down enough to make him uncomfortable to the point where he felt he had to leave for his own personal safety.

Uncertainty about our unnecessary assumed identities 5:17

I didn't mean it, I was just tossing it out there. Rich just stated that he's sorry to say, but at 25, we might be just a little too old for Yorktown. It should be noted that right now, Rich has a full beard, and does not look 22 ½ as his alter-ego, Ted McGillicuddy, is supposed to. I'm actually supposed to be between 22 ½ and 22 ¾. I'm wearing Converse, a red track jacket, and I shaved very closely. I do have a goatee, but I think I could pass for 21 years of age. However, no one will think I'm that young unless they hear me say, "Yes, I am Joe McGillicuddy, and I am only 21." I'm wearing a Brewers' hat, but only to show off the fact that I'm allowed to drink now.

The Chicago Store, Yorktown Mall 5:46

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Blonde Female Teen, With the Face of an Angel and a Vagina to Match: Hi. Pat: This is a tape recorder. Male Teen: Is it? P: You guys work at the Chicago store, do you have books on haunted places there? Teens: Yeah. P: Have you guys ever seen a ghost? Male: No. P: Ever? M: No. P: Have you heard of Bachelor's Grove haunted cemetery? M: Heard of it. P: What happens there? M: Don't know F: I have no idea either, I've never heard of it. P: We're doing research for our own book on haunted places in Chicago and we're trying to get legends from people on the street, even though we're in the mall. F: Um, no. Sorry. M: I've read most of those books though. P: Can you make something up? M: Make something up? About what? P: About a time you were in Bachelor's Grove cemetery and you saw glowing blue lights. M: Yeah, they were everywhere man. P: Everywhere? M: Yeah, the blue lights were everywhere. (Rich slowly slinks away) P: Who was with you? M: She was. P: What's her name? M: Jessica. P: What's your name? M: Brian. P: How did you feel? M: I felt scared. P: Why? M: Because my back was tingling. P: Did you have a rash? M: No, I didn't have a rash. P: Then what happened? M: Then I started sweating on my right shoulder. P: Why was that? M: I don't know, I think something might have been grabbing my right shoulder. P: Do you have a skin graft on your left shoulder? I'm wondering why there was no sweat coming out of the pores on that one. M: No, I've never had a skin graft, they were touching my right shoulder. P: Did you see a ghost touch his right shoulder? F: Yeah, it was huge. P: The ghost or his shoulder? F: The ghost. P: Did the ghost seem violent? F: It seemed angry. P: About what? F: I think he got killed. P: By? F: An axe. P: Who killed him? M: The guy with one arm. P: The one-armed guy? How do you swing an axe with one arm? M: I don't know. That's why he grabbed my right shoulder, because the left one was fine. P: Where's my wingman? M: He tried to rip my right shoulder off. P: Rich? He's gone. Ok. Now, you said you were being led by the ghost who had his head cut off by the one-armed guy to a mysterious house. M: Yeah. P: Can you describe the house? M: It was one story. And like, a cabin. Burned down. P: And then? M: And then we never found the house. We saw a silhouette, like a shadow, but it disappeared. P: Did it appear to get smaller and smaller as you got closer? M: Yeah. P: That doesn't surprise me. M: No, I didn't think it would. P: And the woman holding the baby? M: I don't know, they might have been his wife and kid. P: Is your shoulder ok now? M: Yeah, but every now and then I get the shivers. P: Will you be ready for the playoffs? M: Yeah. Asian lady who rudely interrupts my interview: Do you know where is Sears? M: Sears? P: Sears closed. M: Oak Brook. P: Three years ago. AL: Wasn't it here? P: They went out of business. M: That was Ward's ma'am. P: Alcohol. M: It's in Oak Brook. (She leaves) P: Was that lady a ghost? M: Yeah. P: Oh my God, the whole mall is crawling with ghosts. M: They like to play with our rubber duckies back there, every now and then they go off without anyone being around them. P: You know where the most ghosts are? Hot Topic.

To be continued again...

Part 3 (January 22, 2004)

The tension between our two heroes begins 6:00

(Pat --regular type): After the long pep talk Rich gave earlier about me being Maverick from Top Gun, who has to get it going while Rich is there as the wingman to back me up, what does he

do once I approach the people from the Chicago store? (Rich --italics): Look, I had to walk away. I was laughing. I lost it, I didn't have it together. You asked that guy to lie, which I can't support. And... really, I didn't even ditch you. It's kind of like when you're learning to ride a bike and your dad is holding the back and you say 'Don't let go!' and your dad lets go. And what happens? You ride the bike. Or like my dad, you throw a stick in the spokes, that's what you did. Sending the kid end-over-end into the sidewalk. Should I talk to that girl? You can.

Hot Topic, Yorktown Mall 6:07

P: Do you believe in ghosts? HT: Yeah. P: Have you ever seen a ghost? HT: Yes. P: Where was this? HT: At the foot of my bed. P: When was this? HT: This was actually when I was growing up. P: How old were you? HT: Um... thirteen? P: Would you describe everything that happened that day, from the time you ate breakfast until you saw the apparition? HT: It was more actually over a span of time. P: You saw the ghost for a long time or several times? HT: It started with bad dreams, like very vivid dreams where you don't know if you're dreaming or sleeping. I know I'm not crazy because my mom saw it too. Plus, my Grandmother lived in the house before us and she had problems also. There was a point that I got into uh, Wicca and Wiccan. That's the height that it like, it heightened that. And then when I got rid of all my books and quit practicing, it really helped to get everything out of the house, I felt. P: So you think your increased spirituality at that point drew them to you like a magnet, and then once you got rid of your paraphernalia the ghosts left. HT: Yeah. P: Did you ever do any research about your house or the neighborhood, if anyone else had seen ghosts, or if there were any murders, unsolved or otherwise, or suicides in that area? HT: No, we only heard about the murders that happened then. Yeah. R: Have you ever heard of Bachelor's Grove cemetery? HT: No. R: It's one of the most haunted places in Illinois. HT: Really. R: We're conducting research, we're writing a book about it. P: Our arch enemy, do you know who that is? Ursula Bielski. If she ever comes into Hot Topic... HT: Tell her to drop dead. R: We would appreciate it if you weren't polite to her. HT: No, I have some great stories like, what I went through, it was craziness. P: Will this stop you from having to do actual work? And if we hide the tape recorder down here, the manager thinks you're helping us look for pants. HT: I am the store manager. P: Throw down then, we're ready. HT: Basically, this happened over a month span. It was like restless night after restless night, I kept waking up with these horrid dreams where it would be like angels like screaming. (To customers) Bye guys! (She is able to tell this story whilst fulfilling her managerial obligation to the store made from Marilyn Manson's throw up) And you could actually hear their wings literally getting ripped off and like bodies, carcasses slamming. P: Nice. HT: And you know, you wake up where you're frozen, and you can't move because you're still in shock and you don't know if you're awake or sleeping. You tell yourself it's just a dream, wake up. They just kept getting worse and worse over a month, by the end of the month my dog started sleeping by me and it's my dad's dog and it slept downstairs and the dog would wake up in the middle of the night and wake me up or I'd wake him up. (Ed. Note: What?) R: Any growling from the dog? Any "grrrs"? HT: Well this happened later, but uh, no finally, the dreams kept getting worse and worse and like one night I woke up, but I don't it's I don't know if I was dreaming or sleeping but I was awake (Ed. Note: What?) and I just saw a man with blonde hair and blue eyes sitting at the foot of my bed, and he had on a blue button-down work shirt and khakis. I mean it, was so normal.

P: It was probably someone who worked at The Gap. HT: It probably was, haunting me because I work at Hot Topic. P: That's understandable. Where was your dad at this point? HT: My dad was downstairs, but I woke up and I didn't know if I really was awake or dreaming, I was basically frozen, I didn't know if I should talk or not talk. I was like, "Ahhh," and my dog was just growling and growling and so I just closed my eyes and kept saying, "Oh my God," and then I opened my eyes and it was gone. About a week later, (to customers) Bye Guys! My mom was home alone with the dog, and they were in the back room and my dog started barking, and instead of running out there, he actually ran and hid under the chair. P: So your dog is like a fraidy cat. HT: Yeah, well no, actually when people are at the door, he runs to it, but this time he ran and hid. (To customer) Oh I'm sorry! P: You just hit a customer. HT: I did, it's ok though, she wasn't mad. P: For now. You don't know, she might come back. So your dog is afraid of ghosts and your mom... HT: My mom went around and checked the house... Other Hot Topic girl who is not nearly as hot: I don't want to interrupt you... HT: No, what's up? OG: Oh, are you interviewing? P: No. OG: See that red-headed kid out there? HT: Yeah, the model. OG: He likes to go around and like, move everything in the store, and take shirts and knock them all to the ground. HT: Ok, so I won't let him back in. OG: Oh, I booted him out the other day, but just so you're aware. P: I'll give him a hard look. OG: He just likes to cause a ruckus everywhere he goes. P: I gave him a hard look and he looked away, I don't think he's ever coming back. HT: Oh, ok, we're all looking at him. P: We will beat the kid up though, 'cause we're pretty big and he's very small. HT: Well to finish the story, my mom locked our basement door in case anyone snuck in through the basement window, and she didn't see anyone and when she walked back into the room the dog was still going nuts, so she turned around and she saw a four foot shadow slide down the wall and around the corner and it was a black shadow. She's a very religious woman, so she got her book out, her bible, and was like, "That's it, you're getting rid of all your Wiccan, you are cleaning your room, you're changing your life." P: So you're a born-again Christian now. HT: Not really. It was just an interest at the time. R: You shouldn't maybe dabble around with that kind of stuff. HT: Yeah, maybe not. But actually, My grandmother who lived in the house before us, this was when my dad was a child so we're talkin' like sixty some odd years ago. They had a problem, they kept hearing banging on the door at three in the morning like pounding pounding pounding. They called the cops and everything, the cops decided to do a stake-out one night. When the banging started, they would tell the cops there was someone out there. The cops told them to put flour down on the doorway, that way they could see footsteps. Again that night, there's like pounding and pounding and pounding at three in the morning, the cops came and they didn't see anything. They did a stake-out again for a good week, every night, nothing. One of the nights, they turned on the lights and they actually saw the door bulging in and out, and even the cops told them to just start praying. You know, like, when something like that happens, the cops are just like, "It's none of our business, but just get down on your knees and start praying." And eventually, through a lot of prayer and belief, it finally stopped. So my parents house is very... it likes to attract 'em all. R: Do they still live there? HT: Yes, they still live in the house, which now has mice. P: Are those regular mice, or ghost mice? HT: Regular mice. Even to this day, I'm still very heightened and sensitive about it, like, I can't watch Exorcist, I can't watch, you know, possession movies. A little too close to home, like, some people believe it, some don't, but... I'm a true believer of it.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Parking lot, Yorktown Mall 6:31

Rich, after an hour of wandering around wondering whether or not Patrick T. Fishbait had completely lost "it," followed by two successful interviews, what do you have to say? Pat's back. He didn't really lose anything, he had it at Woodfield last night for sure. He just was, for some reason, today, what I'd call a huge pussy. I don't know what that was about. I think he was really thrown off by Mike's family. They didn't invite us along for dinner and that hurt. I'm gonna chalk it up to that. Would you say he's 100%? Has anything changed in his style or approach? Pat's back at about 90%, the thing that's changed is he's not quite as crude or rude, and he's scared of young people now. He only approached people who looked a little older, a little less intimidating. I would say he's scared of young girls, maybe to a phobic, manic level. And how would you describe your feelings toward 15 year old girls? I don't like people to begin with. They, I also don't like, I guess. They scare me.

To be continued even fucking more...

Part 4 (January 27, 2004)

Heading into Oak Brook 6:41

(Pat --regular type): How do you feel things are going at this point? (Rich --italics): If you asked me an hour into the Yorktown trip, I would have to say it was a disaster and there was no magic, we were forcing nothing other than my disappointment. However, Pat got it together after a nice motivational speech I gave him. He wasn't happy, but he doesn't need to be happy. He needs to be doing what he needs to be doing. I'm a professional and this is my job. We need to stay "on point," as P-Diddy said in "Making the Band II." That's what I'm trying to do, I'm kind of like P-Diddy in that respect. A little bit because of his ability to persuade people with his speech, but mostly because of his fashion sense, Richie Savage is the white P-Diddy.

Borders Bookstore 6:58

I'm supposed to conduct my first interview, but I don't really see how that's going to happen, because I've already explained I'm the wingman. I think you can do it. I think I can too, but the question is do I want to? We're staking out the "paranormal" and "local interest" sections of the bookstore, hoping to come across interested parties. It's not working so far. The only customer in the paranormal section, has been one very old woman. We're not interested in talking to her, we want to talk to young women. I'm becoming more and more tempted to buy 4 books in order to get the 5th one free. Pat? I am more and more tempted to watch you buy those 4 books. What are we waiting for now? It appears to be Saturday night, which in all Borders across America, is open mic night. What we have so far is a young girl with a purse who appears to be on lead vocals, and a dude setting up drums. I think he might drown her out. Drums? Is that normal at a coffee shop? It's not unheard of, but it's never a good idea.

The tension increases 7:43

So we've been at Borders for... A long time. Staking out the paranormal section has not worked because only crazy old people visit that part of the store. So we're gonna stay here and listen to the introduction of the "band" for open mic night. If it's good material, we'll throw it in there, but if not, we're going to Barnes and Noble, and we know something good's gonna happen there. Basically, I'm waiting to conduct my first live interview, but we have no target. No mark, or merc, if you will. I really want to hear this band so we can get the hell out of here because I'm getting hungry and cranky.

Back in the car 8:49

After having been at Borders for what we just realized was 2 hours, I'm taking the blame. Rich is very hungry. We realize that now the malls are all closed and we didn't achieve our goal of getting invited to dinner with any teens and/or their parents. Actually it's only 7:49. YOU STUPID BASTARD! What do you mean? It's only 7:49, not 8:49! So that's good. Yeah, I got upset for nothing! Do you think you can get a nourishing meal at Barnes and Noble? No! There's no meals at Barnes and Noble! What do you want to eat? I don't know, I was just about to ask you a question if you'd let me finish. Well I don't plan on eating again until we're done, because I have Chinese food at my house. Well, I'm sorry to hear that, but I'm really hungry. Now, where do we go to get invited to dinner with teens? Barnes and Noble. Barnes and Noble?! There are no teens eating dinner at Barnes and Noble!

Barnes and Noble 8:05

Would you like to describe to me how things are going Barnes and Noble? It doesn't appear to be a popular hangout for teens or any other people. There are at least 3 local interest sections here, so it might be hard to catch the locally interested person. We've hung out at each of the three. So far, the total customers at each area, is at, if I'm not mistaken, is zero. I think the count is zero.

Rich explodes 8:11

Why don't I deserve to go to dinner? I don't want to say it out loud. I want to hear it, and I want it on tape. You were hounding me for several hours at the mall about not getting the job done, and now that I've put the tape recorder in your hands, we've been to two different places and you have yet to acquire a mark, or a merc. In my defense, have we seen anyone up for being interviewed? Have we seen any potential marks? Rich, we were both terrified at the mall, lets call a spade a spade, but I pulled it out, I got my shit together. Terror aside, terror aside... You're not even terrorized right now. Exactly. That's because there's no one to talk to. There are no marks. You need to make a mark. No, you don't need to make a mark, we found plenty of marks at the mall but you couldn't interview them. I deserve dinner. In my defense, I'd like to state that you've been a Jackass for a number of years, and tonight's really my first night given the task, therefore, I think I'm doing pretty Ok.

Leaving empty handed (again) 8:27

We just walked out of Barnes and Noble shot down again. I still have no interview, but in my defense, I'd like to ask Pat a question. Who are our marks? There was the fat girl... No no no, what is the mark we're looking for, our ideal mark? Very young girls. Ok, fine... Preferably post-pubescent, but we'll take... Did either place have our marks? There were the Christian girls... I thought we decided not to interview the Christian girls because we were afraid of being converted. You were afraid of being converted. You brought it up. I'm already a recovering Catholic and I can deal with that. I'm also a recovering Catholic and I'm having trouble dealing with that! Ok, just hit these people with the car and we'll both feel better. You know, I think the real problem is you're getting hungry, you're a little cranky... I prefer crabby. You do have crabs right now. I think you need something to eat. I think I do too. However, are we, or are we not a team? I'm trying to be a team. By calling me out in the middle of a store? You were the one who threw your hat down, I merely kicked it. You said, and I quote, "I don't think you deserve to be invited to dinner." Do you think you deserve to be invited to dinner? Yes, I do. By who? By teen girls! (Rich slams his hat into the steering wheel 4 times, whacking his hand on it the third). That kind of hurt. I hope it doesn't affect your driving, because the last thing we need is for me to be in charge of driving and holding the tape recorder.

8:34

Maybe the dynamic between Rich and I is kind of dissolving right now because I said a couple things maybe I didn't mean back there. I think if we change the dynamic by picking up Jimmy Skullpuff, things might go a little more smoothly. What if he doesn't want to go? What if he isn't there? Then we may have to talk to his mom. Or molest one of his sisters. He has more than one sister? Yeah, and they both have... Nice teeth. And big boobs.

8:40

Rich, what would you say if I proposed going to, say, a funeral home, finding a wake that's going on, and try interviewing some of the mourners as to the fate, in their opinion, of their loved one, here at the end of the road, so to speak? I would say that's the best idea you've ever fucking had. I mean, wouldn't these people want to talk to their loved one again? What if we were able to provide a transcribed conversation with their loved one in our hit book? Do you have any experience in ventriloquism or voice-throwing? No, but I'm willing to learn on the job.

To be continued quite a bit further...

Part 5 (January 30, 2004)

Jimmy Skullpuff's house, Lombard 9:10

(Pat --regular type): I don't know what to expect at Jim's, we could be met by a very angry family. (Rich --italics): I don't know what to expect either, I've only met his mother once, Pat's got me worried right now. Jim can be a very volatile man, the smallest thing could set him off into a violent rage. We didn't call first. But that wasn't our fault. We don't have phones, we're out doing

stuff. We could catch him in the middle of a poop, which could upset him, or if he's trying to touch himself inappropriately. Also true, he might not be happy about that. Maybe both at once, knowing Jim. (Upon entry, Jim's Rottweiler, "Gator," pisses on Pat's leg, and Jim agrees to the join the adventure.)

A Lombard gas station 9:24

Jim, what do you think you bring to the table? (Jimmy Skullpuff --boldface): I am really worthless, there is nothing I bring to the table. I don't even know why you guys picked me up, I'm just dead weight. Pat picked a fight with me in the middle of Barnes and Noble. One of my plans for the night was to get invited to some teenage girls' houses for dinner. That was a good idea. Thanks. In Barnes and Noble, I said, "I'm hungry, we really need to work on dinner," and then Pat told me I no longer deserved to be invited to dinner. In my opinion, he did not deserve to eat with teenage girls at that point. Rich, what do you think Jim brings to the table? I think Jim brings a little bit of peace to both of us, because we've had some problems in the last couple hours. I told you I would be crabby on an empty stomach, and you kept me at Borders until that girl started playing, and she never did. So Rich is saying that he thinks with Jim here, it will be less likely for him to throw his tantrums because he'll be a little more inhibited around someone he doesn't feel as comfortable with. You kicked my hat. You kicked it. And you feel that I threw a tantrum? What else does Jim bring? I think Jim's pleasant demeanor might help us to get some more friendly ghosts. No one has ever used the word "pleasant" to describe the man in the back seat. It's true. Jim? It came as quite a shock to me. Would you say you're offended he would even think of you in that way? It's not offensive as much as I think it's just plain old ignorance. Ok, this is how it's gonna be.

Jim interviews a bunch of hippies at Borders 9:43

Jim: Have you guys ever heard of Bachelor's Grove? Hippie kid: I have a few friends who claim they've been there. J: What'd they see? Hk: Like blue orbs and mist and shit like that. J: Were they like, high? Hk: They probably were. J: Yeah, yeah. If I were to go there, would you recommend I got high first? Hippie girl: If you want to be scared. Hk: You gotta also be sure you don't get caught by the cops, or else you're kind of screwed. (At this point in the interview, the hippie girl loses interest and begins talking over Jim to another hippie, and although her conversation was mostly inaudible, slightly incomprehensible, and completely inane, it was definitely more interesting than what Jim was doing. Here is what we could translate from her rambling: "Have you ever eaten at Ostrich Burger? We had this whole thing with crazy-ass food we'd find on the road trip... Like, we'd go to odd out-of-the way diners and find like boiled cat's tongue... Yeah, I agree, just getting completely lost places... just wake up before the sun rises, take pictures of the sunrise wherever we are... yeah, true... oh, that'd be amazing... (giggling)... this one of 'em was like Barbie, like trying to become her, it's crazy... waitress... the one with the needle, that's a nurse there... (giggling)"

10:03

Jim, how would you describe your personality? I don't know what you mean. Rich? I think Jim just said that socially, he is a hatchet where a scalpel is needed.

A different Borders 10:22

Teen Girl #1: I just heard about something where there were bars that were bending at a graveyard... Rich: Resurrection cemetery, we've been there. Have you ever heard of Bachelor's Grove? 1: Uh-uh. P: What else did you hear about Resurrection? 1: I heard something about like, they saw something walking up and down the sidewalk. R: Is this a friend of yours, or just a story? 1: It was in a book, my physics teacher used to read sections of the book. P: Was the book, by any chance, written by a woman named Ursula Bielski? 'Cause that's our arch-enemy. 1: No, I think it was a bunch of different books. R: In Physics? 1: Yeah, my teacher was really cool. R: Did he relate ghosts to Physics? 1: It was like when there was five minutes left in class. R: So you've never had any runnings-in with ghosts? P: Or Ursula Bielski? 1: No. R: She stole the book idea from our dad, and now we're trying to finish the book that he asked us to write (a complete lie to elicit sympathy), so... All three teen girls: Awww... Teen Girl #2: Did you ever hear about the ghost story about the little kids on the bus, and they pushed a car across the train tracks? R: I think I have, would you mind telling me about that a little bit? 2: Mo, you know it better than I do. Mo: There was a bus that stalled on train tracks and the train came and hit it, and now if you go and put your car on the train tracks, and put it in neutral, something will come and push it and you can see hand prints on the back of your car. P: It's the ghosts of the kids. R: Helpful kids. Are there any ghosts at your school that you know of? 2: I heard that our theater's haunted, but I don't believe it. Mo: Have you guys ever heard of like, Camp Krusty, at Arrowhead Golf Course? R: No, it sounds like The Simpsons. Mo: Yeah, it's like, I guess there was like, this boy scout camp where this man killed a bunch of kids and they could never like, arrest him for it, so now if you go, you're like, haunted by the ghosts of the kids that went there. R: Interesting. Why is your theater haunted? 2: I have no idea, I just hear kids talking about it. It's St. Francis, you can go and ask kids there. P: St. Francis, is that a catholic school? Because that's a controversy, catholics typically do not believe in ghosts appearing to humans, but the ghost of Resurrection Mary, at that cemetery, the priest there, what's his name? R: John. 2: John? P: He believes in it too. At Borders, there were these Christian kids gift-wrapping.

They were scary and we were afraid to talk to them, because we didn't want to accidentally get converted. R: It was bad news. They had on lime green shirts with parrots on the back. Different Borders though. 2: Oh. P: Lime green's not a good color. Mo: Ha ha ha. R: So if you ever see a book by Ursula Bielski, don't buy it. 1: Ok. R: You're taking money away from its rightful source. P: Ours won't be next to it for quite some time. R: It's gonna be a while. P: Because we're slow and not very talented or intelligent. R: And our last name isn't Bielski, so it wouldn't be next to it anyway. P: We're the McGillicuddy boys. 1: All right.

Ed. Note: While reminiscing about this adventure, Rich revealed to me that before we interviewed these three teen girls, I was trying to coax a coy female Borders employee into answering a few questions, but as soon as the three teen girls appeared, I immediately turned my back on her and turned my attention on them, and she stormed away. Plus, it's not

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documented anywhere on the audio tape this text was transcribed from, but both Rich and I swear to god that we told them our father died in the great Ohio earthquake of 1989, in which 1/5 of the state fell into Lake Michigan.

To be way concluded...

Part 6 (February 07, 2004)
Cicero and 127th St. 11:35

(Rich --italics): We're about twenty blocks away. (Jim --boldface): There's a cemetery. I don't think that's the right cemetery though. I know it's not, but there might be spooky ghosts in there. Very possible. (Pat --regular type): The mood in the car has become that of a silent dread, almost a horrific terrification. Terrification? Jim is trying to keep it together, but we can hear him sobbing to himself as we approach.

11:57

So we saw deer and they ran away. I think there must have been ghosts near the car, otherwise, why would they run? Are either of you worried about deer attacks? No. No. Why? Deer are pussies. Deer are pussies except for the breeding season and it's not spring. What if they're hopped up? On crack? On coke. On meth, than for sure I'm scared. I'd only be afraid of a deer on PCP, actually.

A condominium parking lot 12:20 am

We are now going to walk very far down Midlothian Street, and I might fall down this hill. Spirits are somewhere between good and very bad. The cold is pretty much unbearable at this point. I think we're in one of the alleged "cold spots," that mean the ghosts are very close. Rich, what are you feeling right now? Cold, hard, dread. Jim? I have to urinate. I also have a full bladder.

Tresspassing 12:33

We just passed the "closed" sign on the trail to doom. There are definitely ghost sounds everywhere. Did you hear that? What was it? It sounded like an animal. Oh. I find myself stumbling over these ghost-rocks, and I think they're trying to make me turn my ankle. Comments? It's entirely possible. What did you call them, "ghost-rocks"? Yeah. This path is really long.

Bachelor's Grove haunted cemetery, in the belly of the beast 12:42

Well, getting through the fence is no longer a problem. It wasn't open when you came here before? We had to crawl through a hole before. There's the pond where the bullfrogs live. As far as we know, we're the only mortals here.

We've scaled a fallen tree to approach a lone gravestone which has sunken into the ground. Isn't that scary? That's pretty scary. It's a little scary right now. However, zombies do not rise from the grave because it only takes... (Pat's nerd monologue is cut off by an inhuman screeching) I'm officially a little creeped out right now. We just heard the door of the ghost house. No, it's two trees rubbing together, you guys have never heard that? Jim's trying to comfort us by telling us two trees are rubbing together above... I lived in front of a forest. ...the sunken gravestone, I'm not buying it. Like I said though, the zombie virus activates within at least 24 hours, so zombies can't get out of their grave. Were you guys creeped out by that sound? Yes. Yes. What about that one? Yeah, you like that? Heh, heh, heh. What is that sound? Just a tree? It's a tree. What's that? That is a weed. These are some creepy creepy trees.

Jim is investigating a fallen gravestone which we may have just walked on. A hand is gonna reach out and grab his leg. Jim's a little too close for comfort to that gravestone. Before, we were sittin' on 'em and taking pictures. I don't really believe in all that hokey-pokey stuff.

There's gravestones everywhere. Here's one, right here. I think Jim brings fearlessness to the table. Here's a couple... yeah, we are totally stepping on graves. Oh my god. But that's what you do when you come to this graveyard. It's important the ghosts know that it's not our fault, because we can't really tell... We can't see anything, we weren't given maps. We sat on these two.

I think one of these gravestones is the one the guys had their EKG meters set up on, or you know, whatever piece of machinery. We are recording everything in here, hoping to... what? This path leads right to this gravestone, people walk on this one every day. Jim's not doing anything to make me feel better about this. I think Pat's chewing of his gum is increasing, he's up to like, 50 RPMs, at least. Rich, stop touching my back. I'll do my best Pat, even though I'm standing in front of you. I definitely found some more mud. Here's somebody buried under a tree, so they must go out that way. You think so? No, they're buried... this tree grows into that dead body. Oh no, don't do that. He's taking a lot of chances. Jim is on top of the gravestone. If you look at the weeds, they turn into people.

Holy shit. What's on that gravestone, Pat? "Infant daughter," is what's right here. Jim, shine the light on the teddy bear... and suckers, that's crazy. Ooh, a little binkie. A pacifier... Golf tee... Are those batteries? It's suddenly a lot scarier when we're alone. Yeah, it's definitely not quite the same effect as the rolling party we saw last time.

We're as close as we can possibly get to the pond right now, there's a barbed wire fence blocking our path. The only thing that would creep me out is if there was a light coming towards us, and then we'd get arrested. I do like this grave though. Jim is now going to sit on a gravestone while he smokes a cigarette, which is also creepy. I think Jim is the ghost of Bachelor's Grove. I will say this for Bachelor's Grove, there is a decided lack of hot chicks here. To the best of our knowledge. We may have come here with the intention of scoring, I think we're going to leave a little disappointed. At least this reporter will. You're a reporter? Get anal on top of a headstone? Pat's now questioning my legitimacy as a reporter. I don't want to

receive anal from a ghost. From a zombie? No. They just try and eat you, they don't care what they're eating, what cut it is. I'm glad we've recorded all the verbal attacks Pat has made on me through out the day. All of which you deserved, probably more so. I would have to agree. With myself.

Jim is now starting a forest fire. Another cigarette butt in Bachelor's Grove. And some spit. I don't smoke. Until what year was the cemetery active? 1989 was the last time they buried somebody here? Yes. I only saw recent gravestones. Do you remember what year it started, Pat? No. I think 1942 was the first one we saw tonight. Pat doesn't remember the year it started, and he questions my legitimacy. I never questioned your legitimacy, just your... Journalistic integrity. Yeah, your integrity.

(We spot several figures coming towards us on the trail) What's up? (Teens pass us with no response) The only reason I was a little worried there was because I thought that jogging people in dark blue outfits meant I was getting a ticket. Thankfully, it was some punk kids going back there. You know what, I think those were ghosts, because they didn't want to talk to us. No, it was my beard. I think that what's gonna happen is we roused all the spirits by stepping on their gravestones, they were slow moving, because it's kind of cold... And then in the newspaper tomorrow, you're gonna read "Five Local Youths Disappear." And it's our fault. I was spitting pretty liberally. Those kids didn't want to talk to us, and I even said, "What's up?" That's how the young kids talk today. There's no respect for their elders. And I would also like to point out that young kids came to Bachelor's Grove, minus hot chicks again. So basically, there are still no hot chicks, which is the main sighting we were going for.

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Pat Meloy
August 25, 2017
www.facebook.com

Has anyone heard of stories of a man wearing a trench coat and hat walking the path to the cemetery?

When I was a kid we were on a Boy Scout trip at Camp Sullivan and while on a hike, stopped at the cemetery. We noticed a gold pocket watch on one of the graves. Our scoutmasters told us to not touch it because someone likely left it there. Shortly after, I noticed a man in a trench coat and hat standing outside the fence to the cemetery. It was a hot, sunny summer day. We started to leave and got back on the path but when we turned the corner to head toward 143rd street, the man was gone.

I always thought it was weird. I recently ran into a guy from that scout troop and he remembered it too. I tried to see if there were any other similar stories online and found a mention of a man in a trench coat on the following site.

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Paty

March 31, 2000

I have just returned from Bachelor's Grove, I went by myself looking for my keys that I had lost on a previous visit. Don't get me wrong I would never go to that place at night, I believe there is something there. Well, as I went down the trail, almost immediately whatever it is began. The bushes around me started to rustle and followed me until I arrived in the cemetery. Once in there I said a prayer for protection then I sat down to have a cigarette. As I sat admiring the day (it was warm and sunny) I heard strange sounds. I looked around to see if I was alone, and sure enough I was. (so to speak) Anyway, the sounds were coming from the west end of the pond. I believe they were horses hooves and what sounded like a carriage. It went on for about 5 minutes. I really wasn't scared, I blamed it on woodpeckers. So then I went down the trail to the creek and began to walk on the stones in the water. Well, needless to say I didn't last long, a gust of wind picked up and I swear I heard a voice in the wind say "Noooooo". It was really creepy, so of course I realized I didn't really feel like looking for my keys and fled out of there. It wasn't until I exited the trail that I had a sense of relief. I don't know for sure what is there, but there is SOMETHING out there. Even in the daylight that place is ominous.

Paty

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Pauly James

Sent in via Facebook.com August 6, 2019

One of my more memorable BG visits, get comfy...

In late 1990, on a friday or saturday night a couple weeks before Hallows eve, I was at home alone & drinking, thinking about going to my buds to hang since nobody good was playing the clubs, no concerts, no girlfriend at the time & my bud Bob Schultz called me around 8-9 PM and asked me what was going on & I said nothing special, that's why I was at home on a weekend night. He then said he & his GF were thinking about going to Bachelors Grove Cemetery, which was supposed to be haunted, would I care to come along ? I thought about it for a minute & asked him a few questions like who's driving cos I was already buzzing, who's coming along ectI agreed & a half hour later they picked me up & then we were off to the graveyard. I brought along some loose beers I had, I didn't feel like just going there & standing around in the woods without having a drink or six. I had been there previously a week earlier at night, my first time, and didn't see anything out of the ordinary & figured Ok why not do it again, it's a nice fall night out.

We had to park in some residential area that was about a half mile away then walk to the front entrance while keeping an eye out for the cops. I think we used a trail that was horizontal to the street, the Midlothian turnpike so nobody would see us trekking along the road. So anyways we are walking down the trail which was actually the remains of what was once the turnpike until they re-routed it, so it was a 10 foot spread of asphalt with serious foliage growing on either side that took up there. For protection, Bob brought his windshield wiper tool, the T shaped one that you can either scrape ice or brush off snow. I always carried a Buck knife. Bob was concerned about running into some assholes or Devil worshipers or something.

So when we get there, I see the graveyard is encased with a tall chain link fence with the gate ripped open. We walked inside and saw some folks near the back smoking & drinking, they appeared to be our age also. We went there & said hi & they seemed cool & we struck up a conversation with them. They apparently were regulars there, they all had stories to tell & would go there to party at night. We told them this was our 2nd time here at night & the first time there was nobody here at all. They explained to us that where they were standing was the safest place to party at because there was a hole in the back fence that they could run through if cops should ever come in there, because they occasionally did.

1 of them was a cool dude maybe a couple years younger then me, and I asked them all if they ever saw anything paranormal & took the 3 of us around the cemetery & showed us certain locations where he & others with him plus folks he knew that weren't there at the time saw/exp'd stuff. he pointed out what was supposed to be the active areas where things were seen. Then he told us his most vivid story, about the time he heard & felt someone approaching him as he was taking a piss near the gateway by the fence. We walked as he showed up & described in detail how his bud that was there with us was standing where we were & he said he clearly saw

someone, a shadow figure, walk right up to him as he was pissing. So we were standing there at that spot and he showed us where he heard the footsteps coming from & replicated what it would have sounded like by walking towards us. He said he originally thought 1 of his buds was trying to scare him by sneaking up but he looked up, nobody, nothing there & still heard the footsteps. I totally believed him, his story didn't sound out of the ordinary at all, if he wanted to spin some tall tale I'm sure it would have been much creepier than that. I think that was the only exp he had but also recall he said they have been there dozens of times & pretty much 1 out of 20 times would they see/feel something paranormal. 1 other incident was their pagers lost power then when they left the graveyard the power came back. I forget what the others said but that 1 story stands out.

We were there chatting for about 90 minutes or so, and I had to relieve myself once or twice. I specifically went to that spot where the dude had his incident & told him & Bob to keep an eye on the spot & see if it happened to me. I did my biz & nope, didn't hear/see/feel anything & walked back.

I do recall that, while we were there chatting, I kept occasionally looking at that area by the gate as I was checking for cops or new visitors. And then, I thought I saw someone tall walking the other way on the other side, away from us. Wasn't sure though (more on this later) but I was wondering if my eyes were playing tricks on me in the dark so I didn't say anything just yet. You see, my only fear/concern was getting caught by the cops, what I saw wasn't a cop, a cop would be walking toward us, this thing didn't and was gone. I went back to enjoying my beer and chatting.

As I'm finishing my last brew, this car passes the bridge over the creek which leads into the pond next to the graveyard, they slow down & they yell out "hey the cops are coming!" & the regulars questioned it, apparently they'd been pranked before this way. But we all agreed maybe we should bail, all of us had drunk the brews & it was nearly 11. So we said screw it lets leave.

We are all walking down the trail & I think it was suggested that we not only keep our voices down but also look for flashlights up ahead, or even someone dressed as a cop then back up & there was a certain area a little bit past the graveyard they would be able to hide since the cops never went further down the path past the gates. We continue walking down the path then we hear a voice saying YOU THERE STOP! Cook county Sheriffs, we have a canine unit , stand where you are or we will release him! We all froze, except for Bob, he took his windshield scraper & whipped it up & away into the woods as he raised his hands/arms up.

I forget what happened next but the cops were real hard asses, scolding us that we shouldn't be in there & we were all being quiet/polite/co operative & they got all our Identification then told us to walk with them to the entrance & don't even think about trying anything stupid. So all of us did & there was a squad there plus an SUV police vehicle with another cop inside. They made us all stand in the headlights & checked us over & then said we are all going to be charged with trespassing (misdemeanor) and given a ticket/citation to appear in court. So the 1 cop, who

looked like Fred Gwynn (Herman Munster) sat down in the SUV and the other cop sat in his squad & what they would do was pick an ID / drivers lisc then call you to come inside & they asked you questions ect and wrote you the ticket then you got out & they called the next. Bob was 1st, I was second. When the cop was talking to me he asked what I was doing there & I told him that I was never there before & honestly had no idea that going there after sunset was illegal, it was just a forest preserve, what's the harm ? He told me all forest preserves close at sunset & I said I didn't know & have been going in them after dark for years, never had any problems or have a cop arrest me for it either. He said it's posted on all the FP signs but now you know for sure, right ? Then I ask him, "so where's the dog ?" He looks up, gives me this smirk, and says something like he's at home & I laugh a little & things relaxed somewhat. So me & him are kinda joking around (the "bad cop" act was wearing off now, the cops were relaxed realizing we were just harmless young adults not there to vandalize or hurt anyone) and then it came up my father was a cop-the cop looks up at me, his expression changed-'why the fuck didn't you tell me this before I started writing the ticket ???' I looked at him & said I didn't know it would change anything ? I told him had I known it would have been the 1st words out of my mouth plus I don't really get into trouble so I don't even mention I have a father who's a cop, he then says oh well you shoulda said something, you would have gotten a pass....so anyways we were done & he called someone else inside.

Me & Bob were getting bored standing around waiting for them to finish writing the other tickets for the rest, so we went & stood behind the SUV with the lights from the patrol car illuminating us, both cops were looking away & also down at the ticket books, busy writing the tickets, rarely glancing up. As he's having a smoke when we're standing there, cars are passing by on the turnpike & folks are looking at what's going on with the flashing lights ect so we got the idea to stand there with maniacal wide eyes & smiles staring at the passing cars. Then we added synchronized waving with 1 arm. Then added our heads rocking back & forth, like we were some sort of Disneyland robots on some ride. Then the legs got involved, we'd pick one up & shake it around. Then somehow all this morphed into us dancing doing the twist every time a car passed by. Picture this: you're driving down a quiet empty street at 1130 PM, you see some lights from squads ect and people standing around all serious, then you see these 2 men with bizarre expressions waving/dancing in the lights. I think we were trying to cause an accident or create some sort of distraction for laughs. But what would you think if you saw that happening?

Meanwhile as this is going on, the other group of folks are standing over by the other car & they are watching me & Bob acting like goofs. Bob's GF also was watching us, and unbeknownst to us, was getting very annoyed. His GF was the last one to get a ticket-sort of. they ran out of tickets! So they gave her a pass ! they then told us to leave & never come back because next time we go straight to the lockup. So we all walked back to our cars (the other group had theirs parked closer but along the way) then we went back down Harlem but we were hungry so we stopped at PJ's Gyros. I forget what we ordered but they had a sign with interchangeable letters and me & Bob added some new items to that, like "A hot frog shrinks, a hot log & flies, sausage splatter" and some other gibberish. When we finished we decided to call it a night & went home & me & Bob were laughing about it all, then he dropped me off & he went to his GF's place. The next time we chatted he told me that she was annoyed at us because she thought if the cops

saw us acting like that they would have changed their minds & arrested all of us cos we thought it was a big joke then the PJs sign incidentthen he got bitched at because he was never going to grow up. "For god's sake Bob, you're 26, why do you act like a 5 year old all the time ect ".....

The next day or following day (I forget) I called Bob & we discussed what happened. That's when he told me about his GF being pissed off & pointed out what a bitch she was, she didn't even get a ticket ! He told me she said all the other folks who got busted with us saw us doing that & thought we were totally nuts & wouldn't come near us afterwards. But then the question came up, did I see anything when we were there or feel anything? I said well I don't know, I'm not sure if my eyes were playing tricks with me but I think I saw a very human looking dark shape walk across the path leading to the gate, they would be coming from behind where I was pissing at the spot the dude told us about. He said yeah, don't freak but I saw it too, what happened was I was chatting about something to him or the dude & was looking around & stopped mid sentence and was looking in that direction, so he looked where I was & saw the figure, but like me, wasn't 100% positive. Now we both were as we saw the same thing & do the same thing also. We also agreed that we really shouldn't go back there again after dark for a long time to let some time pass. Regarding our upcoming court date, I said I'm gonna plead no contest & see what happens.

(I am omitting the part about what happened in court, but we both got a \$40 fine)

Since then I've been back to the Grove 5-7 more times, all in the daytime. It's my understanding that its alot harder to go at night unless you have someone drop you off & pick you up. All the parking in the residential area is now private & tow trucks are ever so vigilant. Forget getting a mere parking ticket, you get towed & car impounded if it doesn't have a Midlothian city sticker on it. I doubt I'll ever go back there again at night but I can definitely say I'll go back there again during the day. I do have a reason why I've not been there since 2006, afterwards I started getting the Grove stuck in my head, like an obsession. Like it was trying to tell me something, call me, I don't know but it kinda scared me so I decided to not go back as i didn't know if it was a warning or something. That feeling lasted for nearly a year but has since passed. I think I'm safe now. But also this, I haven't had any paranormal exp's there since then. I wonder if spirits are more active at night than during the day ?

If you enjoyed this story then check out the one in my notes I wrote about my Resurrection Mary incident.

Cheers.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Pepper

Sent in via email August 11, 2008

Alright, so 8 of my friends and I took a trip to Bachelor's Grove cemetery yesterday (August 10, 2008) and what I saw? -Nothing. The graveyard was amazing though. Even if it was dark outside, I thought it was a beautiful place. Although I didn't see anything, or even think I saw anything, 3 of my friends did and it was all the same thing...a house with 2 windows. I couldn't see it and they said it would disappear after a couple of minutes, but before entering the area where they saw the house they started saying it was cold. Now even though I myself SAW nothing, I felt something. All night I was looking for a house, a man dressed in yellow, a hooded figure, a man pulling a horse and plow, but nothing...until myself and 3 of my friends (after the other 5 chickened out and waited outside because one reported unknown scratches on her knee...but we all did have to go through thorn bushes to get to the cemetery...) came across the checkered grave. We were almost leaving when I heard something that sounded like wind or someone blowing into my ear, but I didn't feel anything, and my hair was tucked behind my ears and I had a hat on...not 3 seconds after that happened, my friends yells "the checkered grave!" But that was it. And if anyone is interested in knowing how exactly to GET to the cemetery, it's NOT at the entrance of the Rubio Woods...it's across the street and I think my group and I devised a cop-proof plan. -7 of us were dropped off at the Rubio Woods forest preserve right before sunset and closing time while 2 others went to find a parking place. When the turnpike was clear, we ran across the street and hid behind a kind of power-plant looking thing, or like a cell tower power unit. While we hid there, the 2 others parked and walked to us. -Which looks much less conspicuous than 9 walking together. Anywho, right behind the cell tower plant, you can walk straight into the woods and will come across a trail...just watch the thorn bushes.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Pete Crapia - Bachelors Grove Network

The following is a collection of material related to the scientific investigation of Bachelors Grove cemetery. This list pertains mostly to hardware and software which was built and used for the "Bachelors Grove Network." Any and all material is for reference use only and does not necessarily function without modification.

[Earth Tone Natural Radio Receiver](#)

[BME680 - Gas, Pressure, Temperature and Humidity Sensor](#)

[DS3231 - Real Time Clock](#)

[LSM9DS0 - 3D Accelerometer, 3D Gyroscope, 3D Magnetometer](#)

[SPH0645 - Digital MEMS Microphone](#)

[TMP007 - Infrared Thermopile Sensor](#)

[TSL2561 - Light-to-Digital Converter](#)

[VEML6070 - UVA Light Sensor](#)

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Pete Crapia

If it wasn't for this group of misfits there would have been no Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center or the Grove Restoration Project. Secret beginnings to a great life at Bachelors Grove (Circa 1997 utilizing 35mm black & white film).



Visit Blogger to learn more about why Pete Crapia began to investigate the strange phenomena found at Bachelors Grove.

<https://petecrapia.blogspot.com/>

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Pete Crapia

The following video was captured by Pete Crapia during his first visit to Bachelors Grove cemetery in October of 1996 utilizing a Panasonic VHS Reporter video camera. The highest headstone in the center view is the Fulton family monument. During filming some sort of movement was witnessed in front of the monument while looking through the single-eye black-and-white viewfinder. Using the naked eye absolutely nothing could be witnessed. Dismissing the movement, the filming continued by panning around the cemetery. A black looking levitating mass was later discovered on the footage.

This particular video footage is primarily responsible for the future involvement of Pete Crapia investigating paranormal phenomena occurring at Bachelors Grove cemetery.

Video: [You Tube](#)

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Pete Crapia

The following video was captured by Pete Crapia during his second visit to Bachelors Grove cemetery in October of 1996 utilizing a Panasonic VHS Reporter video camera. The subject in view (nicknamed "crash") was being filmed from behind in case his film had captured any anomalous material. The video camera experienced electromagnetic interference affecting the video and audio circuits, as well as causing a disruption to the motor controls for the tape transport.

Video: [You Tube](#)

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Pete Schafer

Sent in via email March 16, 2004

Pete,

I want you to know that I have been a huge fan of your website for the last couple of years and access frequently for updates and for my personal research into the site.

I became aware of the cemetery back in 1998 when I purchased the book *Uninvited* by Sharon Jarvis. I have been hooked on the place since then.

In fact, in June of 1991 I had to pick my cousin Larry up from O'Hare, (I was living in Michigan at that time but currently I am enrolled at Sacred Heart School of Theology in Hales Corners, Wisconsin.) and anyway, I did decided to leave home early so I could make a side trip to the Grove and check out the place.

I arrived at about 11:00 a.m. and it was a hot, sticky day as I drove down the Midlothian turnpike. Apparently I blew right by the entrance to the cemetery and instead ended up in the parking lot of the preserve itself.

Not knowing exactly where the cemetery was I got out of my car and headed down a trail in the preserve looking for the place. (I should say that there were only a couple of empty cars in the lot at this time.) While wandering down this trail, I met a couple of guys who smiled and nodded as I walked deeper into the woods. I continued deeper in the woods and I was wondering, "where the hell is the cemetery?" I thought that maybe I started on the wrong path so I turned back and headed back to my parking lot. On my way back I met a man walking towards me and I asked him, "Can you tell me where Bachelor's Grove Cemetery is?" and he said, "I'm sorry friend, I've never heard of it." This guy kind of spooked me out and I thought, "How can it be this guy is near one of the most haunted cemeteries in Illinois, if not the world, and yet has never heard of it?" I thanked him and continued back to my car. By this time it was getting closer to noon and a lot of cars were pulling in and out of the lot and many people were milling about. I then noticed that it was all ...GUYS!!..."Yikes!", I thought. I quickly got back in my car and decided that is not a place I should be.

Not quite discouraged yet though, I drove around the area and stumbled upon a/the park ranger's station and asked a guy getting out of a county vehicle if he could point me in the direction of the location. He asked, "Why?" and I told him that I was from Michigan, was in town to pick up my cousin at the airport, had read about the place and just wanted to see it. He said, "Follow me." and got back into his truck.

As we drew near the entrance, he pointed it out and continued on. I parked in the car lot across from the trail entrance and was thrilled to be heading into this place that I had read about. I WAS JAZZED UP!!

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Well Pete, I remember reading in Jarvis' book that the interior of the cemetery is often 10 degrees or cooler than outside of the fence and much to my dismay, it was as hot and humid on the outside as it was on the inside. She also said that the cemetery is devoid of fauna that teems on the outside of the fences. Well, to be honest Pete, the squirrels and birds were present inside as well.

I was not completely disappointed though as I did see the Fulton/ infant daughter graves, the haunted lagoon, and evidence of people holding occult rituals and trying to dig up graves but, even back then in the summer of 1991, there was very clear evidence of the cemetery being abandoned and abused and that did sadden me. To me cemeteries should be places where one can relax and reflect on the meaning of life in peace while the residents of the cemetery can rest in peace.

The upshot of all this Pete is, that here at Sacred Heart, there are a few guys who are interested in making the hour and half journey from Hales Corners to Bachelors' Grove to check it and other haunts in that general area such as the cemetery on Archer Avenue where resurrection Mary has been spotted.

In fact, one of my mentors, Father Brian McCullough, who happens to be a native of the south side of Chicago, is really campaigning for the trip. I told him that if nothing else, we must spend time at The Grove and take pictures.

So hopefully I will be back in The Grove in the next few weeks with a camera or audio equipment!

Pete, keep up the interesting work on your site and know that it is appreciated. I always enjoy your emails informing of updates to your site.

Regards,

Pete Schafer
Seminarian and Ghost Hunter

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Peter Flecko
Facebook.com
June 1, 2018

My creepiest experience was a few years ago when my wife wanted to see it at night. I slowed down by the pond and you could see headstones and a blue orb started to float towards us. We took off and it stopped in the street behind us and disappeared in a blink of an eye.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Phil Brandis

Sent in via email December 31, 2001

Hello, my name is Phil brandis. I've been researching paranormal activity for quite some time now, and have just recently been completely serious to it!! Last night I had taken my first full moon night excursion into the grove. It was around 2 am and it was about 10 degrees outside. trying not to breath while shooting my pictures off wasn't too much fun, but I didn't want any unwanted exposures. I have been to the grove on several occasions and didn't feel any negative feelings at all!!! until last night! stupidly I went alone but that's ok, I'm usually not afraid of too much! it wasn't until I passed through the cemetery gates. That's when I felt the feeling of fear. it felt as though I was surrounded. again I've been there before and have never felt this feeling. could there have been some abnormal activity because of the illumination of the full moon? whatever it was I was scared. The audio I had taken didn't turn out so well seeing that after I finished shooting off an entire roll of 800 film, I ran out of there literally like a bat out of hell. the entire time it felt as though I was being chased! This was all too weird for me, but I am not going to let fear come between me and the knowledge of the truth! I hope you can enjoy my story because it is real.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Pricsilla
www.reddit.com
May 4, 2019

Has this happened to anyone else?

I've posted this story on another community page but i also wanted to post it on here to get more feedback about similar experiences. I'm really curious about it to this day. So here it is.

This occurred in July of 2017 and I still think about it often cause it was just so bizarre, scary, and amazing all at once.

One night a few months before July came, I had a dream. It was one of those specific dreams that would stick with you for no reason.

In my dream, I was in the car with a few friends and we were driving into this small town. Well all there was in this town was strip malls. The strip malls were specifically made out of brick. They ran along the street as you entered town.

One thing that I found odd and funny was that there was a giant Mario statue (yes the Nintendo Mario) standing tall outside of one of the strip malls. He was big enough so you couldn't miss it.

And then I woke up. I laughed about it because that was such a weird dream and I have a lot of weird dreams.

Well, July came. Me and my family decided to go to bachelors grove (a very popular haunted cemetery for those who don't know :)) for a family day out.

It took a while to get there but eventually we crossed a bridge to drive into a small town the GPS guided us to. As soon as we crossed the bridge, my eyes went wide and my heart dropped.

There was a damn inflatable Mario standing tall in front of a brick strip mall that welcomed you as soon as you entered! I freaked out and tried explaining to my family what I saw but they just brushed it off.

I'm very fascinated by this when it happened and would like to know if anyone else had a similar experience :)

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Private - Grave Digger
1976

Video: [You Tube](#)

Video: [Download](#)

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Private - July 30, 2018
Approximately 6:30 P.M.
(Private Submission)

Two different cameras record the same anomalous audio at the same time.

Part 1 of 3

Video: [You Tube](#)

Video: [Download](#)

Part 2 of 3

Video: [You Tube](#)

Video: [Download](#)

Part 3 of 3

Video: [You Tube](#)

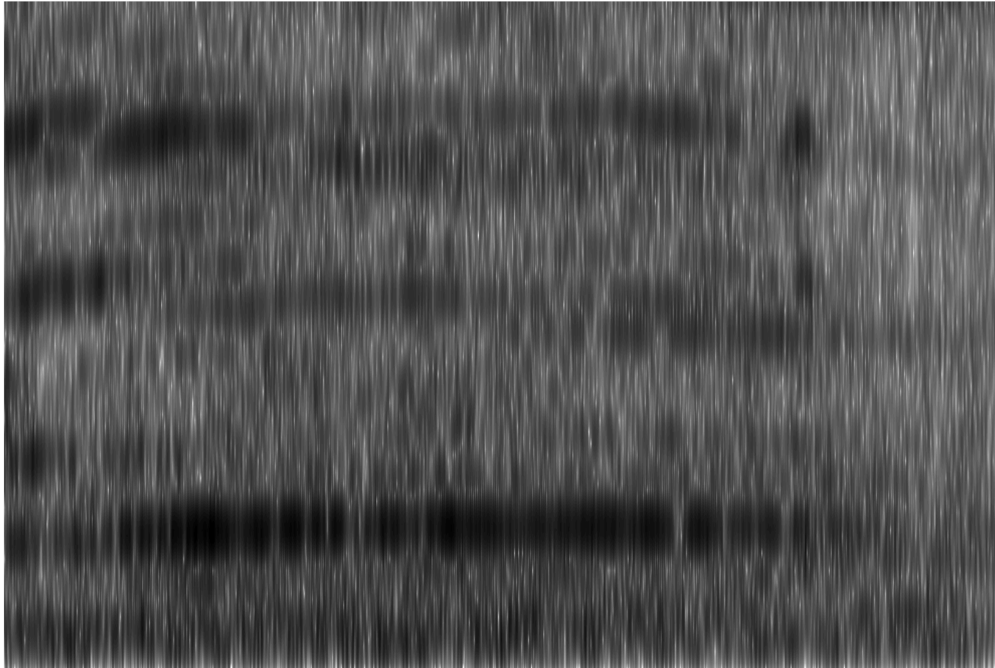
Video: [Download](#)

Original Video - Samsung Galaxy 6

Video: [You Tube](#)

Video: [Download](#)

Samsung Galaxy 6 - Audio Spectrogram



Original Video - LG K20

Video: [You Tube](#)

Video: [Download](#)

The following was extracted from the Samsung Galaxy 6

For research purposes the left and right channels were separated. Amplified audio is indicated by "12dB." Isolation of the 1 KHz tone heard within the audio is also available.

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Rachel Pursel

Sent in via YouTube September 06, 2022

I visited Bachelors Grove in 2005 with a few other people. We went late at night so we all had flashlights. When we were walking down that long path that leads to the cemetery all of our flashlights got really dim and as we kept walking towards the cemetery they completely died. There were five of us and it happened to all of our flashlights. That was it though, we had nothing else happen.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Refugio Alvarez
October 31, 2020
www.facebook.com

Went to the grove at 630pm when me and my wife found a young woman in distress... Apparently some nut job chased her out the grove as we found her in the parking lot scared to death. The guy was in a grey 4 door midsize car with no brake lights he waf caucasian about 6ft tall long dark wavy hair, be careful out there people

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Richard Stachowski

© 2010, 2011 Richard Stachowski - www.forgottenchicago.com

Re: Bachleores Grove

Posted by: kwilson55 (---.216.157.39.pool.hargray.net)

Date: October 06, 2010 09:17AM

My mother used to live on Long ave just a little ways down the road from Bachelor's grove in the 40's. The original old driveway was a lover's lane back then. She wasn't even aware that there were any ghost legends about the area until I told her about it in the 70's. She just said there was an old farm house at the end of the lane that an old man lived in and he used to scare them.

Re: Bachleores Grove

Posted by: Richard Stachowski (---.dsl.chcgil.sbcglobal.net)

Date: October 06, 2010 03:22PM

I saw that farm house at the end of the road in the 70's nothing spooky, just a house. Later on it was gone. That was like the 70's. Other people said it came and went . That's all I know. Strange yes but supernatural I don't know. You tell me. People said they saw it after that.

Re: Bachleores Grove

Posted by: Richard Stachowski (---.dsl.chcgil.sbcglobal.net)

Date: February 23, 2011 08:17PM

If you look at the historic aerals you will see two houses just a little south of the road. The one that is on top of the revine is the one that I saw that comes and goes.

Re: Bachleores Grove

Posted by: Richard Stachowski (---.dsl.chcgil.sbcglobal.net)

Date: March 16, 2011 07:59AM

I don't know about anything spooky or creepy but I did see the house in the late 70's. I didn't go up to it but should have and that would end a lot of controversy. It was near the edge of the ravine and a little south on the road which was at one time the Midlothian turnpike that went and stopped at Ridgeland. That's what I know. No spooks. No doubt the house was taken down after I was there.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Richard Stachowski

© 2010, 2011 Richard Stachowski - www.forgottenchicago.com

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Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

RJ Acosta

Sent in via email July 07, 2007

Three friends and I visited Bachelor's Grove Cemetery around Midnight a year ago. We brought with us two flashlights and our cell phones. I must first say that I do not scare easily and although I have an interest in supposed paranormal activity, I do not necessarily believe in ghosts or spirits. That is until this night. We entered the grove walking along the wooded path, using the moon to guide the way as we did not want to be seen from the road. About 20 feet from the entrance gate we decided it was safe to turn on our flashlights. However, to our concern, we found that the flashlights which shone brightly in the car previous to our arrival would not turn on. A little creeped out but not deterred we pressed forward assuming battery failure. We walked into the cemetery to eery silence, toppled trees, and cracked graved markers. Becoming slightly disappointed at the current state of things in the cemetery we decided to look around. Nothing Peculiar began to happen until we found the pond, which is now an eerily silent swamp. As we pressed deeper a frog began to croak somewhere on the far side of the pond. Moving slowly on the banks, we began to notice that what sounded like one frog was becoming an ever louder chorus of croaking and groaning. The sound was unlike any I've ever heard before. It surrounded us, deafeningly loud to the point where I had to plug my ears in order to continue. At that point we all started to get a little cold and a little creeped out so we decided to turn back. Stopping for a few camera phone photos with the gravestones, which did not turn out, we noticed as soon as we left that the croaking had stopped. Continuing our way out, just for kicks I decided to try out our flashlights, and at about the same point as before, the lights flickered and came on. After pausing for a second, we walked rather quickly out of the wood. As I noted before I am not necessarily a believer in ghosts, however there is no doubt in my mind that what I experienced that night was of the strange and paranormal.

RJ Acosta - Chicago, Illinois

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Rob

© 2005 - Rob (private)

Sent in via email February 03, 2005

Tonight, me and my friend visited Bachelor's Grove. I've been there before, and nothing too out of the ordinary has happened. Tonight was an exception. We went into the cemetery and down by the infamous pond. My friend immediately got a bad feeling with the chills, just as everybody else does I've gone there with them down by the pond. He was surveying the area by the pond, and as I glimpsed into the sky where I saw a white flash in the trees. It might have been my mind playing tricks on me. Who knows? We decided to leave, and as we were leaving I noticed something wrong with one of the tree's close to the exit. The tree had a white-ish glowing tint to it. To make sure I was not mistaken, I asked my friend if he saw anything and pointed in the general direction of the tree without mentioning what I saw. He said he saw the same thing I did, a glowing tree. The tree was glowing, without any light in the cemetery, among other regular colored trees. He also saw something I didn't see. In the branches of the tree he saw a figure, the same color as the glow, but it was slightly moving. He was freaked out so we left. As we were leaving, he kept glancing into the forest right outside the grove. He would put his head down and walk faster. Not until we hit the Midlothian Turnpike did he mention that what he saw was a figure of a girl in a dress appearing in the outside forest every time he glanced over into it. He also mentioned that the figure in the tree reminded him of when he was younger his father would put him in a tree and he would dangle his feet. Also, as we got outside the forest, the tree seemed to return to it's normal color of brown. As we approached the car we heard a dog barking in the forest. On the way into the forest, and our time spent in the cemetery, we heard no dog. By the time we exited the forest it was 11pm. Who would let their dog out at 11pm? Certain things may be explained, but this night was very paranormal.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Rob Anicich

© 2003 - Rob Anicich

Monday, October 27, 2003

My three friends and I decided to go to Bachelor's grove. We arrived at the Rubio Woods parking lot and then walked across the street to the entrance. As we walked down the path in the dark a squirrel ran into the path and gave us a good scare. That wouldn't even come close to what happened later. We made it to the cemetery and walked around for about two minutes. One of my friends claimed to see a house and he had never heard the stories about bachelor's grove. No one else saw it though. Then we decided to leave and meet up with our other friends who were yet to come. We left the cemetery and were about 5 feet from the gate when my friend Mario said "Holy S**t what the hell is that?" We all looked over to where he was pointing only to discover a figure standing there. It was dressed in white. I saw its upper body, an outline of its face and its two glowing eyes but could not see its lower body. (The eyes were glowing as someone's eyes would when you shine a flashlight in them) The spooky thing is, none of us had a flashlight, or any light for that matter. The figure scared the hell out of us. All that you could see was it, and the plants around it, and it was pitch black. The figure moved toward us either by hopping over a branch or walking I am unsure which. Anyway I know that we were not imagining it because when it moved branches cracked around it and leaves crunched under its feet. We all ran, the fastest I had ever run in my life. About three quarters of the way down the path I had to stop, I couldn't breathe. We met up with our friends by the van. They had just arrived. No one else walked out of the woods after us. We just stood in the parking lot for about half an hour telling our stunned friends what we had seen. I will never forget what I saw that night.

Rob Anicich

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Robert Bullen

© 2002 - Robert Bullen

Sent in via email June 17, 2002

This weekend we visited the infamous Bachelor's Grove. I am glad I went. I am expecting to get some pictures developed sometime in the near future. Maybe something will turn up?

It took us forever to find the place because it was on a small dirt path off of the main highway. We drove around in circles, and we thought it was the spirits creating our confusion like in "The Blair Witch Project" when they kept going around in circles. That is how we felt, and we laughed at ourselves. When we finally found the trail, we walked down it and my heart started pounding. After about five minutes of walking, I looked up and there it was: An abandoned and legendary cemetery. When we walked through the busted fence into the cemetery, I felt very odd. The place just had a feeling of creepiness and a sort of sadness. Even though it was a gorgeous day out, I still felt like something was amiss.

There were remains of ritual activity around the cemetery such as candle wax and beads and such. Because it is widely known as one of the most haunted spots in North America, it attracts all kinds of people. There was one part of the cemetery that made me feel very odd. Every time I looked in that particular direction, I felt unease. There also seemed to be a sort of slight haze over that area, which did not make sense since it was a perfect day outside. It is very hard to explain. I decided to walk through the overgrown weeds and check out what was over there. Those that are familiar with the cemetery, it was the area to the left of the family burial plot. By family burial plot, I mean the stones that say "infant daughter" and "father." It is off of the path a couple of feet next to the chain link fence. I stood in the spot that made me feel the oddest, and I looked down. I was standing in the middle of an old burial plot: I was surrounded by 4 stones in a rectangle that formed around me. I was just freaked out and jumped out of there. I could not see the burial plot before then because it was covered with weeds, but I felt something there. We took several pictures hoping to have caught some spooky activity from the film.

I took a couple of rocks from the grounds. I don't really know why. I think I wanted to do some sort of séance. But, now I am not so sure. I just know that whenever I hold the stones, a cold chill runs through me. I also feel very uncomfortable in my apartment now. I keep seeing things out of the corner of my eye when I least expect them. I am not sure if it is just me being dramatic, or if taking those stones was a bad idea. Perhaps I should get rid of the stones?

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Ryan

www.mysticalblaze.com

Below is an unedited true story of a visit to Bachelor's Grove submitted to us through email by Ryan. Thanks so much, Ryan - this is a great account that helps verify that this is indeed a very haunted place!

Hi Folks,

I recently took a renewed interest in the occult when talking with my friend about some strange experiences he had while visiting Brazil. I came across your website today and I find it very interesting. And so, I have had one indisputable paranormal experience I'd like to share with you and also send you the pics, which (in my opinion) are sort of amazing.

My experience took place at Bachelor's Grove cemetery here near Chicago where I live back in July of 01. I'm sure you know about Bachelor's Grove, since it's in your database, so I won't explain anything about the location.

Anyway, I had been a total skeptic all the way up until the moment of my experience. Now I'm sure that Bachelor's Grove is a special place, but I'm not sure what exactly the deal is, the how and why. So, here's what happened:

A group of friends and I had decided to go up there one night to check it out and have a good time. One of my buddies claims to be a ghost hunter, but even though I have seen some pictures of his where they have that kind of white mist surrounding objects and people, I figured it just as easily could have been one of them smoking a cigarette or something. He's the one who knew about the place and brought everyone up there.

So, there were about 12 to 15 of us there that night. We all walked around and explored the place for about an hour. It's a fascinating place to explore, but nothing unusual really happened. I mean, some that were with us were saying they were seeing strange objects and whatnot, but I just figured they were trying to just scare us, because I never saw anything.

So, after about an hour of this, I was quite relaxed, and decided to wander a bit by myself. But, Bachelor's Grove is actually a very small cemetery, so I wasn't exactly too far from my other buddies. Now, what happened next I will try to explain as clearly as I possibly can, although it is difficult. I was walking with the flashlight and I suddenly had sort of like a premonition to look to my left. It was kind of like when you, for no apparent reason, decide to look in some direction, and there's somebody there who's been staring at you, and you kind of catch them.

It was just like that. Except, there was no person there, my eyes fell directly on a small headstone in the ground. (You will see this stone just to the left of me in the picture.) So I had the notion of curiosity to just walk on over there. (It was about 40 feet or so away from me when I noticed this stone.)

As soon as I got to the spot you see me standing in the picture, I stopped and turned my flashlight off. And that's when it happened. Nearly immediately, I began to feel a very strong tingling entering through the top of my head. It was moving kind of fast, about an inch a second I wanna say, and seemed to be taking the path of nerve bundles through my body. It was moving down my neck and down through my spine. After not too long, it felt like it was in my whole body! Needless to say, I was extremely scared at this point. But I do believe it was my willingness to be open that allowed it to continue. I stayed my ground and yelled for my friends, something like, "Hey, hey, come here - something's happening to me! Help!". It was at this point that my friend began to try and take a picture. He later told me that his camera had initially jammed for a good minute or so. A few of my friends who heard me came by and stood around me. My ghost hunter friend was saying that he was feeling it too. All of a sudden, things got even weirder. I was looking at my one friend when it seemed that (for lack of a better way to explain it), my visual perspective was changing without my permission, and without me moving anywhere! As I looked at my one friend, it was as if there were two cameras set up next to each other about 3 or 4 feet apart, both looking at the same thing. And someone was like toggling between the two cameras. My vision was instantly flickering - Camera A, then Camera B - back and forth a few times. This was too much for me, it felt like I was losing control of myself, so I walked away from the spot. Well out of the way. Then, slowly the feeling started to go out of me until I was back to normal - weak in the knees for a while though I might add. It was amazing! The feeling was so strong, it was a tingling like electricity was flowing through my body! As this was happening to me, my friends said I looked pale and completely in shock - which I definitely was. Nothing I have experienced at any other point in my life could even compare to this feeling. I have no way of explaining it at all. From reading your site, it sounds as if I had done some inadvertent channeling. I don't know if I can verify this, but my ghost hunter buddy told me later that I was standing in the exact same spot that he and another guy had seen a pentagram of stones on the ground apparently left by some occultists or whatever.

As to the photo below, you can see that it was taken from a considerable distance away. The main thing you will notice is that my eyes appear to be glowing in the photo! Not just the retinas as usually happens in redeye photos, but actually the whole eye sockets. After jamming for about a minute, the camera was only able to take one picture of me. The camera used was a disposable which, of course, uses actual analog film. Which is a good thing, because my father, who works for a printing company was able to blow up the photo in analog form, and so there is no rasterization in the enlargement.

The photo directly above is a scan of the actual photo itself, and the photo at the top of the page is the enlargement that my father made. The bluish line across the original is not in the original, but a product of the scanner I used. (Not a flatbed.) The enlargement scan looks pretty much exactly like the paper that I have here.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

This experience has changed me and my beliefs forever. I welcome anybody who wishes to debunk or otherwise analyze my photograph. It's the real thing. I get the feeling that whenever I tell someone this story, they think I'm a nutjob. Hopefully, you guys won't.

Keep up the good work.





Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Ryan Hemphill

Here is a picture that I took at the cemetery about 3 years ago. I have never shown it to anyone other than friends, but we were talking about it and I decided to ask you what you think. This picture was taken on the path to the road as we were leaving the cemetery. I took a lot of pictures inside, but we didn't really see anything too astounding. However, as we were leaving I just felt something behind me, not really touching, just had a sudden urge to turn around and look for some reason. I saw nothing but quickly snapped a picture. I attached it for you to see.



Santo - Unknown
www.everything2.com
May 08, 2007

The funny thing is, it was Mom that brought it up. You'd be as surprised by this as me if you knew my mother, but since you don't, you'll have to take my word for it. She knew we had nothing to do that night, and mentioned the cemetery as though making casual conversation. Said something about it being the most haunted place in Chicago and among the most haunted grave sights in the country. The smirk on her face said that she knew we wouldn't be able to resist. We knew exactly where it was, and she knew that. It wasn't more than a twenty minute drive away, and pretty soon we were off. Never mind that it was located on a protected forest reserve regularly patrolled by cops. Never mind that it was supposedly the site of occultist and Satanic rituals in the 60s and 70s. We wanted to see ghosts, dammit!

We parked in the general lot for the forest preserve. The small gravel road leading up the cemetery was just across 143rd St. With nothing but a couple flashlights, the surrounding woods were already creepy as hell. Growing up in Chicago, it was never really "dark". But here, here it was pitch black. The trees seemed to swallow up the light from our flashlights. But the cemetery was up ahead somewhere, so on we pressed.

We had only walked perhaps a thousand feet when the lights came up behind us. Turning around, we found ourselves staring into headlights. We were frozen like deer for a few seconds, but the vehicle was quickly approaching. Cops regularly patrolled these roads, and at this distance, they must have seen us. Off go the flashlights. I'm not really sure what we were thinking, but we ran off into the woods flanking the road. We couldn't have been more than twenty feet in when we heard the car come to a stop behind us on the road. We dropped to the muddy earth and waited, silent.

A spotlight passes over our heads once, twice, three times. I hear a twig crack not ten feet away. My heart is pounding like a jackhammer, but somehow I stay silent. We don't hear another noise or see another light. Silently we lay like this for at least five minutes. I reach out and touch my companion's hand... it's shaking. And then I stand up.

The car was gone. Neither of us heard it leave. When we walked back to the road with our flashlights, there was no sign a car had been there to begin with. No recent tracks, no gravel dust in the air. Pointing our flashlights up and down the road we saw nothing. It's a gravel road, for God's sake, we should have heard the car leave! It was too much; we didn't go on to the cemetery. We just headed back to the car without saying a word.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

The preceding story of supernatural encounter was related to me by a friend, reproduced here with only minor artistic interpretations. It took place near (never quite within) Bachelor's Grove Cemetery near the Chicago suburb of Midlothian. All that business of the most haunted place in Chicago, one of the most haunted graveyards, and Satanic rituals is true. For that matter, yes, the part about the ghost car is true, too.

After she told me this story, I went and looked up some information about Bachelor's Grove. As it turns out, the ghost car is a common occurrence along the gravel road and nearby turnpike. Although my friend couldn't tell what kind of car it was, it is usually depicted as an early 20th century gangster car. One couple even claims to have been in an accident with such a vehicle. Although the ghost car vanished, leaving the couple's car without a scratch, sounds of twisting metal and breaking glass were heard. There is a small lagoon just beyond the cemetery grounds which, supposedly, was popular with Chicago mobsters of the Prohibition era as a dumping grounds for bodies. And apparently the cars have kept driving along that gravel road for the past eighty years, dumping more and more bodies...

My friend claims that she didn't know about this particular story before visiting the cemetery, and I'm inclined to believe her. However, this is not the only story of strange phenomena at Bachelor's Grove. There have been more than a hundred reported unusual sightings and occurrences. Perhaps the most famous "evidence" is this photograph ([external link](#)) from the Ghost Research Society which appeared in the Chicago Sun-Times and the National Examiner. It was taken on August 10, 1991 with an infrared camera of a supposedly empty tombstone. What showed up on film was an image of a young woman in an outdated dress seated on the stone with parts of her lower body appearing semi-transparent.

There have been numerous other sightings at Bachelor's Grove. A phantom farmhouse has been seen, always appearing the same but always in a different location. A woman in white robes appears on full moons, (perhaps the woman in the above photo), sometimes carrying an infant child. This "White Lady" is supposedly buried in the cemetery next to her young son. A farmer, pulled into the above mentioned lagoon by his plow horse in the 1870's, was seen plowing land over a hundred years later. There has even been a mysterious two-headed creature spotted.

The cemetery has been treated poorly by time and vandals. The gravel road leading to it was a popular "lover's lane" in the 1960s. As a result, the secluded site was discovered by rambunctious teenagers. Since then, most of the tombstones have been stolen or destroyed, and several graves have actually been tampered with. It has also been a popular locale for occult rituals, with remains of disturbing ceremonies being left behind. All this has led to regular patrols by local authorities.

Bachelor's Grove Cemetery was officially closed in 1965. The most recent burial was the spreading of a local resident's ashes in 1989.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Scott Markus
Internet Live Stream
April 05, 2019

Video: [You Tube](#)

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Scott Markus
July 09, 1999

Video: [You Tube](#)

Video: [Download](#)

ARCHIVE NOTATION: A light anomaly is photographed after a cold spot is encountered.
Photograph presented in the book [Voices From The Chicago Grave](#).





Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Sean Abou

October 18, 2020

www.facebook.com

There was a time when I was around 16yo and I'm now 31 I was in the cemetery at night walking around. I was the only one there. My father had walked away and was standing outside the cemetery. I felt a hand grip my upper bicep area and I ran as fast as I could out of the cemetery. I cant really chalk up the experience to anything other than a spirit grabbing me but I too have had that happen to me before.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Sharon

© 2009 - Sharon (private)

Sent in via email January 16, 2009

In the winter of 2002, my friend, her boyfriend, and I traveled to Bachelors Grove. It was a cloudy Saturday in February, around 1 in the afternoon on a rather mild winter day. We entered Bachelors Grove but the graveyard was cut off. We chose then to walk along this one forest path instead, which was eerie as I remember all these "satanic" symbols and words being spray-painted to the trees. That was my biggest worry at the time; running into any gangs there.

As we walked, we noticed that every ten feet or so, branches would be down, lying in the middle of the path. The branches ranged from small piles of sticks to several large tree branches that we assumed had been dragged by people. We laughed, believing it was a trick to make people feel freaked out.

However, as we continued...it began to take on a very strange and eerie nature. The branches got bigger and bigger...until we basically came across a fallen tree, lying in the middle of the path. I remember my friend wanting to turn around then, but her boyfriend insisted we keep going, so we climbed over the tree and continued onward. We continued to come across large piles of fallen branches, and eventually another fallen tree, this one even bigger and making it even harder to climb over.

Was something trying to keep us from continuing our journey? I think yes, because after climbing over that tree, and seeing yet more and more fallen branches and tree limbs littering the path, we stopped dead in our tracks as we looked up...and a good 50 feet in front of us, was a pack of what looked like wolves, stopping and staring right back at us. Now they could have been dogs or even coyotes (I know wolves are critically endangered in Illinois, especially in the Chicagoland area), but whatever they were, I didn't care. They were staring right at us...and I took that as a sign that we needed to turn around right then and there.

So without any argument, we did just that. We climbed back over the fallen trees, stepped over every pile of branches, limbs, and twigs, not once looking back to see if we were still being watched (or worse, followed), and went straight to the car.

I'm not a disbeliever in ghosts or the paranormal, but I do think that nine times out of ten, "haunted" experiences can be debunked. Yet this was one experience that I can't explain. Sure, someone may say "two trees had fallen and obviously to create a spookier atmosphere, people had littered the path with branches and sticks." But how does that explain the animals? They were real, and they were staring right at us. Coincidence? Perhaps...but even so, a very freaky one at that!

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Shaun David Perz
Facebook.com
February 2020

When I first went to Bachelors Grove cemetery. This person was over there wearing the same thing, red shirt blue suspenders. I asked him why do you always wear the same thing and he looked at me and said next time when you come here I will have something different on and I was like okay. A year later he had on a silver and blue sports jacket and he looked right at me when I walked in the cemetery and said hey I got something different on now. I was like, wait a second you remember that for a whole year, wow that freaked me out. And the other thing that happened to me with him is me and my friends went through the creek to go up the hill, and I'm telling you right now there's no way to get up on top of the hill because there's chain link fences going through the cemetery and everything, you had to walk up there by yourself and he was in the cemetery talking to some people. Then as me and my friend left the cemetery he appeared on top of the hill saying I don't know why you guys are coming up here there's nothing up here, and we just told him we just want to see what's up here, he said there's nothing here and then I told we are the clean up crew he said that's my job and then we went down the way we came up and I don't know but this guy disappeared. There's no way you can get from up the hill he's a cemetery in like three minutes this guy was at the tippy top of the hill and disappeared. I was like where did he go that was quick so he's a ghost. He is called the gatekeeper I guess.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center



Siana

© ? - Siana ?

I first heard of Bachelors Grove, in Midlothian, Illinois, through some friends, many years ago. I heard all sorts of stories about this cemetery, ranging from floating orbs and floating houses, to a witches cult that practiced there. Being open minded to the experience, I soon checked it out for myself. The first time, I had gone with two friends, late at night. While nothing out of the ordinary happened, I did feel unusually scared, I felt there was pure evil in that place, and vowed never to go back. I guess you can say, I still remained curious, as I went back several times after that. However, it was the last time I actually SAW something. The last time I went to Bachelors Grove, I went with two other friends, it was springtime, a really nice day, and it was still light out. There is a path in a forest you have to walk down before you actually get to the cemetery. We did not make it that far. Half way along the path, I was looking straight in front of me, when I noticed something whitish and blurry. I stopped in my tracks and just kept staring at the same spot. This ghost that was blurry, slowly seemed as if he was coming into focus. It was a man, he had an intense look on his face, his brows were tight, as if he was concerned or thinking hard, he had a hat on, a coat, a shirt, but it all appeared somewhat old fashioned, as like something out of the 1920's or 1930's. I could see the top of his legs, but they kind of disappeared, right above his knees. He didn't move, he didn't say anything, he just stood there, looking at me very sternly. I have to admit, considering this was the first ghost I ever saw, I was very scared. I pointed in the direction where I saw this ghost, I asked my friends if they saw it, they said no. I can't explain why I saw it, and they didn't. All I can tell you is I know what I saw, and I saw a ghost. Even though my friends didn't see the ghost, I asked one of my friends to take a picture in the area where I saw the ghost. She took two pictures and we left. When we got the film back, we noticed something strange. The two pictures from Bachelors Grove weren't there. We looked through the negatives and noticed that the two pictures we took, were completely white, which means the pictures we took in that forest path, came out pitch black, and that's why the photo developer didn't print them. Also, every other picture on that role, the ones before those two pictures, and the ones after, were perfectly fine, and no abnormalities whatsoever. My friend and I did speak with the photo developer, and asked him for any reasons why those two pictures came out black, but we didn't tell him WHY we wanted to know. Every possible explanation he came up with, was ruled out for one reason or another. I truly believe those pictures came out black because of the ghost. Even though the ghost didn't say or do anything to me, I strongly sensed he didn't want me or my friends there, and obviously, he didn't want to be photographed either. Since that time, I have not been back.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Sophia Evans

Video: [You Tube](#)

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Southern Wisconsin Paranormal Research Group
© 2001 - Southern Wisconsin Paranormal Research Group

Date: September 1, 2001

Location: Midlothian, IL

Investigators: Jennifer Lauer, Laurie Ginter, Shanon Mattingly, Donna Garcia

Equipment Used: 8mm Camcorder, Cassette recorder with external Microphone, two 35mm cameras with flash, two disposable cameras, Non-Contact Thermal Scanner, Gauss Meter, Phantometer

Film Speed: 800 ASA

Rolls Taken: 8 Rolls of 24 exposure

Moon Phase: Full

Start Time: 4:10 p.m.

End Time: 9:30 p.m.

Temperature: 59 degrees

Solar X-Ray Activity: M Class Flare

Geomagnetic Field Activity: Unsettled

The Investigation: We stood near the entrance of the trail that leads to Bachelor's Grove Cemetery and said a prayer of protection before starting down the trail. We walked down the trail a quarter of a mile until we came to the cemetery entrance. The group walked all the way around and throughout the cemetery before choosing a location to investigate. We chose a location next to a headstone that read "Newman". The grave looked as though someone had tried to dig it up at one time. I drew a map of the cemetery in my notebook, while the rest of the group walked the grounds.

The cemetery was full of people walking in and out throughout our entire investigation. We took out some of our equipment and began taking readings. Shannon took the non-contact thermal scanner, I took the Gauss meter and Laurie took the Phantometer. We walked the grounds taking readings. Shannon noticed that in the southeast end of the cemetery near a grouping of trees the temperature would rapidly rise and fall. The temperature would go from 65 degrees to 35 degrees within seconds and it did this for around ten minutes or more. After Shanon told the group of her readings, I took the gauss meter and walked through the trees where she was getting the readings. Laurie was taking pictures of the area at the same time. My gauss meter did not detect anything in this location, but Laurie got some excellent photographs.

As the investigation went on, we found a suspicious looking bone under a pile of twigs outside of the cemetery on the Northeast corner near the fence. There was an old blanket found on the ground next to the pile of twigs, and we found plastic bags buried there as well. We were unable to dig up the plastic bags, but we did take pictures of the bone and the blanket.

At approximately 8:00 PM I began taping, using the cassette recorder. First, we began asking questions while waiting for replies. We did this for about 10 minutes. After everyone left the

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

cemetery, I left the tape recorder recording as I walked around the cemetery. I kept the tape recorder in sight the whole time. While we were reviewing the data collected on the tape, we discovered moans and heavy breathing during one segment of the tape. We didn't detect any actual words, but we still get chills when we listen to it.

Conclusion: This investigation was a success due to pictures and audio that was retrieved that cannot be explained. We will be going to Bachelor's Grove again very soon to do more research and also so that the spirits of Bachelor's Grove can get to know us better and vice versa.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Southern Wisconsin Paranormal Research Group
© 2001 - Southern Wisconsin Paranormal Research Group

Date: September 29, 2001

Location: Midlothian, IL

Investigators: Jennifer Lauer, Donna Garcia

Equipment Used: 8mm Camcorder, Cassette recorder with external Microphone, two 35mm cameras with flash, Non-Contact Thermal Scanner, Gauss Meter, Phantometer

Film Speed: 800 ASA

Rolls Taken: 2 Rolls of 24 exposure

Moon Phase: Waning Gibbous

Start Time: 6:00 p.m.

End Time: 7:15 p.m.

Temperature: 62 degrees

Solar X-Ray Activity: (unable to collect data)

Geomagnetic Field Activity: (unable to collect data)

The Investigation: As we walked through the entrance of Bachelor's Grove Cemetery we could tell there was something not quite right. We both had a very weird feeling of being watched.

The air was really thick with energy, we could just feel it. We had never had this feeling at Bachelor's Grove Cemetery before.

We sat down our equipment at one end of the cemetery and began our walk on the grounds. Donna took the Non-Contact Thermal Scanner and I took the Gauss Meter. At our previous investigation of the cemetery, we picked up temperature variations at a specific location. Donna had briefly picked up these readings again in the same location as before. We noted this information and went along.

We noted several instances where we would hear sounds coming from one specific part of the cemetery near the entrance where a dead tree had fallen. We took several readings of this area, but were not able to get any conclusive results. At one point, we noticed someone walking down the trail to the cemetery. We could only see parts of them as they walked down the trail in back of the fallen tree. We waited for a few seconds but no one ever came to the entrance. We went to the entrance ourselves and looked down the trail but no one was there.

Later, I took the camcorder down the trail where we were experiencing some temperature fluctuations. As I walked down the trail I noticed the figure of a small boy standing to the right of me. He looked to be around 8 - 10 years old. He stood there looking at me while I continued taping. After about 2 minutes he seemed to fade into the background and I couldn't see him anymore. I continued down the trail, turned around and went back up the trail. As I was walking up the trail I noticed the boy again only this time he was sitting next to a tree with his arms around his legs and his chin on his knees. As I continued watching him and taping he would

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move his chin from his knees and put his forehead on his knees as though he was trying to hide from me. After taping him for a few minutes I continued up the trail. As I moved past him, I noticed that he faded away again. That was the last time I saw him until we reviewed the tape. The tape did not reveal the boy very well while he was standing up, but you can see him very good on the second encounter.

Conclusion: While we were there we felt like guests who had overstayed our welcome. We were only there for an hour and fifteen minutes, but in that time we caught more on video and photos that we had on other investigations here so we felt we should leave.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Stephanie Blum

© 2007 Stephanie Blum

Story sent in via email September 08, 2007

I live about 25 minutes away from Bachelor's Grove. Well, the first time I went was Tuesday September 4th, 2007 at around 7 PM.. We walked around the cemetery and stuff, and on the path to the back, I took tons of pictures, wherever there was a noise I'd snap a picture. We all heard different noises.. Well I went home and looked at my pictures and one actually has a transparent face in it. There are TONS of Orbs and random Lights... It's very weird. Well I liked it so much that me and 2 of my friends decided to go again on Friday, the same week. We were walking down the path and I got this REALLY bad feeling, my friend (who loves the whole creepy ghost thing more than anyone ever) even had a bad feeling. There were footsteps following us but we all pretended not to hear it so we could actually make it to the cemetery. We got in, its broad daylight. I was VERY creeped out in there, we walked about 50 feet in on the path and everything seemed okay.. Then to the right there was fast-paced footsteps and we all looked at each other like " did u hear that?!?!" and we RAN out of there, the footsteps were like 2 feet in front of us!!! It was the scariest moment of my entire life.

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Steve

The following was extracted from Legends And Lore Of Illinois Volume 1 Issue 1 January 2007

Me and a couple of my friends had read about Bachelor's Grove in a few books and wanted to check it out, so we drove an hour or so to Midlithian, but it turns out the place was harder to find than we thought. We wound up walking through several forest preserves until we got directions from a jogger.

The wait was worth it! The sun was just going down and there was a high energy in the air, a static energy like when you dry your clothes without dryer sheets. Anyway, we ignored the "closed at sunset" sign and walked down the trail expecting anything. Luckily we were prepared and brought some brewskies. After we downed those near the gate, we saw something really strange.

There was a light in the woods beyond where the trail ends and that stream is, so me and my friends decided to check that out instead of the cemetery. Besides, we were too scared!

Well, get this, the closer we got to that light the more we realized that it was a porch light, and that we were looking at the legendary house of Bachelor's Grove! We got really quiet and decided to sneak up on it. I don't know how far away it must have been, but it took us a while to get there.

But this is the crazy part, we actually got up to the house and almost knocked on the door! But before we did, an old man came out and yelled "get off my porch, white trash!" We never went back!

Steve, 19, Portage Park

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Steve (Private)

Sent in via Messenger June 16, 2011

Hi Pete - I thought I would pass on a story about Bachelors Grove. We had a family reunion two weekends ago, and I was talking with one cousin who still lives in Illinois. Her dad was the only one of my dad's brothers and sisters that stayed in Illinois when my grandfather moved the family to Texas in the 1930's. The talk turned to BG and she told me about visiting the cemetery with her dad in the 50's and 60's. She said our great grandparents headstone was still standing and under a lilac tree. She also told a story of her dad coming home from a visit and being really pissed off about the vandalism. He got his pistol and spent the next night in BG, but no one came that night. This was in the early 60's she said. Probably a good thing no one came back or my Uncle would've been in jail.

Steve

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Steve Schorn

Sent in via email June 8, 2004

Credit to Dale Kaczmarek of Oak Lawn, IL for sending in this material.

Yeah, it was bachelor's grove. We took the Midlothian Turnpike onto this residential road and we parked there. When we were in the actual cemetery we didn't see much, our friend Tristan had been there a few times so he took us deep into the woods. He took us to the big hole in the ground that was across a small stream, he told us the well used to give the "phantom house" water when it was standing. I'm not too sure about this, maybe he was just kidding around, what do you think? About the white figure, it seemed like a very tall white woman, she was kinda leaning over and she had a long white dress on. I thought it was just my mind playing tricks on me at first, but when the other girl who was with us mentioned something about it, i was shocked. Another thing, tristan was telling us something about some money grave, supposively really deep in the woods someone is buried with money in the grave or something, this sounds like a stupid rumor but i was just wondering if you had heard anything about it.

Steve Schorn

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Steven Thomas
www.facebook.com
October 30, 2019

Back in the 80s we used to go to there all the time looking for ghosts to no avail but one particular time my friends and girlfriends went there about 8 ppl deep and there is an old closed off what used to be a road that runs alongside the cemetery and it was fall no leaves on the trees or anything so u could see deep into the forest and there was like a caretaker with one of them pokey sticks they use to pick up ppr and stuff and he was about 100 yards in front of us walking towards us and so we kept a good eye on him as we walked close to him as he looked old and creepy and eventually we got to him and he walked passed us and as he did we all got the shivers as he looked really creepy and really old and we walked about ten more feet and we all turned and looks at him at the same time and he was gone with no place to go and 8 of us seen him for at least 6 mins and literally walked passed us and we turned to look at him and he just disappeared can't explain it at all but there was 8 individuals and we all described his clothes the same and everything really strange but out of maybe a hundred times going there this is all that happened

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Sue

© 2005 - Sue (private)

Sent in via email October 16, 2005

I first went to Bachelor's Grove Cemetery back in 1980. There used to be a path that ran alongside of the brook that you could get to by parking your car on 143rd St and crossing over the ditch on foot. It's just past the lagoon. It would take you right on the water's edge and lead you to the dip in the brook where you have to cross over on the stepping stones that lead to the graveyard.

On this occasion, I made it about 50 feet into the woods with three other people. It was in the middle of summer and the night was warm. Probably in the upper 70's because we didn't need jackets. Not so in the woods, though. It was very cold there. We had one flashlight that was rather small. I was overcome with an intense feeling of being watched and felt as if we were walking into some kind of trap. I couldn't shake the feeling that we were not alone. I was trembling so hard and remember realizing that there was no sound other than the brook babbling. No bug sounds, nothing. The bushes on the right hand side of us seemed to be filled with many unknown presences and colorless eyes that I would have to call "diabolical". They couldn't feel anything but I refused to go further and made the group turn around. Even when we got back to the car parked on the side of the highway, I didn't feel safe until we were miles away. They made fun of me the whole drive home.

The second time we went it was in early November of the same year. I was determined to get past my silly fear of the place. This time I went with my fiance and a very large friend of his, whose size gave me a measure of comfort. We again took the forgotten path into the woods. The mist was everywhere as we got closer to the brook crossing, and we had a small bit of moonlight so we didn't take a flashlight with us. I couldn't see my feet because the mist was so thick and had to fumble around for the stepping stones. I remember almost falling into the water. And again, there was a deathly silence past the sounds of the running water. The gate to the graveyard was locked but we stopped and looked in briefly. It was smothered in the mist but I could make out a stone or two. I made a point of looking all around to make sure there was no one else there that night. The guys didn't seem to be phased but I asked if we could leave because the cold was unbearable. Then they started walking down the old drive back toward the highway. It was about 2:00 a.m. on a Sunday night. About 30 feet or so down the road I began to hear people whispering in the brush next to us on our left. It sounded like several different voices. I told my fiance and his friend about it but they didn't hear anything. I heard it again and started to shake. I just wanted to get out of there again. My fiance told me to calm down because he was sure there were more ghost hunters that would be passing us on the road out and that's all I was hearing. But what he didn't understand was that it was coming from in the woods and not from the drive. As we walked, the whispers sounded to me like they were following alongside us, never getting closer or further away. I could not understand anything the voices were saying, though. When we made it to the chained off entranceway, there was no one

to be found. It then returned to a feeling of normalcy and warmth, and when I looked back down the road that leads in, I felt like a door was being shut behind us.

Twenty-three years later, I returned with my two children and my daughter's friend. (ages 20, 15 & 16) This time we went during the day and there were about ten other people in there all going around the gravestones taking pictures. I showed my children where we had crossed over the brook decades before and my son said he wanted to venture further into the woods on the other side. (By the way, the old path we used a long time ago is overgrown but I still remember where it is, if anyone's interested.) He told me to follow him when he returned some 15 minutes later. We found an old well (be careful you don't fall into it). It's pretty full of boulders and rocks that people have obviously thrown in over the years. Continue on the path and your feet soon step onto old cobblestones embedded into the ground. There's also a place off to the right that has all the earmarkings of an old root cellar. They're barely visible but they're there! Then we came to a clearing about the size of a house. It was then I noticed what appeared to be a drive at one time. How could I tell? The old trees on either side were perfectly spaced and aligned. They were planted there on purpose. I wonder if this is where so many people see the light coming from or if it's where they see the phantom house? This area contained no fearful feelings for me. It didn't feel sinister like the lagoon/graveyard area but this house had a big connection to whatever's going on there, that I could say. Maybe it was a farm house or maybe it belonged to the caretaker of the cemetery.

Anyone who's truly interested in conducting paranormal research should consider this area of the woods as well. And taking a look at an old plat of survey would probably be very interesting. I've also heard the rumors that back in the 20's, the mob would get rid of their executed bodies back in the woods or in the lagoon. True or not, it is the perfect place for such dark deeds.

BGC Survivor

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Sue Westfall

Sent in via email October 21, 2007

Credit to Dale Kaczmarek of Oak Lawn, IL for sending in this material.

Hi Dale, I enjoyed your ghost tour yesterday October 20th. Per our discussion about the picture that I took at Bachelor's Grove on Mother's Day 2007 I have attached a copy of it. Like I described it was a beautiful sunny day and the mist that I captured was not visible to the naked eye. This year I brought my EMF with me. As my daughter and I walked around the Cemetery I was getting low readings (.2, .3, etc.). When the EMF spiked up to 4.7 I told my daughter to take a picture. The attached is what we caught. It's some kind of mist and in the middle you can see sort of an arch which looks like a side profile of a man wearing a hat. The bottom portion of his body is missing. Thanks so much for looking at this picture.

Sue Westfall



Supernatural Occurrence Studies

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A two-headed monster, a disappearing house, flying orbs of blue and white light, a beautiful woman in white, a man in a black trench coat and fedora hat, a hooded monk, a phantom horse and carriage, unearthly growls, decapitated bodies and demon dogs – all in the same place and while you're awake? Sounds like a nightmare? That's exactly what all types of people from all walks of life claim to experience at one of Illinois' most haunted locations - Bachelor's Grove Cemetery.

Investigated for decades by paranormal enthusiasts and curiosity seekers alike, Bachelor's Grove Cemetery, or just "The Grove," never lets the camera-toting curiosity seeker leave its confines with a blank roll of film. Located on 143rd & Midlothian Turnpike in Bremen Township, near Oak Forest, Midlothian and Crestwood, Illinois, The Grove consistently produces intriguing signs of what is believed to be ghosts and other supernatural phenomena.

Bachelor's Grove is a cliché horror movie graveyard. There's its isolated location, set back a quarter-mile into the forest preserves, abandoned and forlorn. Flanked by a stagnant, green-slime covered pond, who knows what kind of creepy crawlers inhabit the pond's shores and slink their way into the cemetery at will. Gullies formed by macabre grave robbers trip up the careless wanderer. Tombstones stick up from the ground at awkward angles, jutting out like rotting teeth from the earth's dirt gums. At any time of the year, The Grove is overrun with weeds and grass, concealing rumbling tombstones, ritual markings and other cemetery treats. Legend has it people have been decapitated here. Others swear they've seen a two-headed "monster" creep its way out of the cemetery's adjacent pond. A woman in white has been noticed, and photographed, aimlessly wandering The Grove's pulverized grounds. People have been chased by orbs of blue and white light. Some have caught a glimpse of a mafia-type figure, complete with a trench coat and fedora hat, ominously lurking the grounds. Others run from the cemetery after hearing unearthly growls and groans. And of course, probably The Grove's most famous mystery, the disappearing house – the one that is seen off in the woods, but can never be reached.

Climbing over the rotting cable with its rusting NO TRESPASSING sign, I bravely navigate the infinitely dark path leading to the cemetery – any hope of light choked out by the dense, foreboding trees surrounding me. After walking for what seemed like forever, off to my left I noticed a small clearing. The land is surrounded by an old fence, its gate yawning open like a broken-jawed giant. There are no comforting street lights back here. No power lines overhead. It's a place time has forgotten. I take a deep breath and enter the cemetery.

The first thing I notice is the cemetery's stillness. Silence engulfs me, only to be broken by the occasional high-pitched squeal of a bat flying overhead or the relentless questioning of an owl. Around me, the trees have disappeared allowing the full moon to listlessly light up the cemetery. Everything has a silvery aura. Overgrown with foliage, every corner, crook and cranny takes on an ominous form, the potential hideaway for a lunatic or ghoul lying in wait for me to innocently

walk by. All I need is a bit of rain and a good lightning storm and I'm instantly transported into my favorite horror movie. Suddenly I'm the innocent coed finding myself in a situation I really don't want to be in.

Measuring roughly 264' X 286', some believe that no other place produces paranormal phenomena like Bachelors Grove Cemetery. Norman Basile, Chicago ghost hunter and psychic, maintains that this 1-acre trapezoidal-shaped plot of land is one of the most haunted locations in Chicago, if not the world. Even the most skeptical visitor will be left scratching his or her head while looking through their photographs taken at Bachelors Grove, triggering the inevitable, "I-know-that-wasn't-there-when-I-took-the-picture," response.

Bachelors Grove had nearly 160 people buried there since its inception in the late 1830s or early 1840s, according to Brad Bettenhausen of the South Suburban Genealogical & Historical Society. In its heyday, The Grove was a tranquil place where family and friends came to picnic while visiting their deceased. Children played among the trees and tombstones, while others fished and swam in the adjacent pond. It was a place of quiet reflection, mixed with the celebration of life and death.

As time passed, so did the living relatives of those entombed in The Grove. With no one caring for family plots, the cemetery quickly fell into shambles. Trees, weeds and patches of daylilies took over, suffocating the once beautiful landscape. Because of its out-of-the-way location, Bachelor's Grove became a lovers-lane, exploited by necking teenagers. With the onslaught of teens came the inevitable drinking parties. Broken glass quickly replaced green grass. Sadly, of the 160 people buried at Bachelors Grove, fewer than 20 grave markers remain. Markers were smashed and spray-painted, some were stolen or heaved into the adjoining pond. Some tombstones were even stolen only to be returned at a later time because their owners thought them jinxed or cursed. To gain entrance, vandals destroyed the chain link fence surrounding the cemetery, ripping its gate wide open and off its hinges. When the gate was repaired, delinquents cut several holes in the fencing instead.

Things have gotten so out of hand at Bachelor's Grove that Forest Preserve Police regularly patrol the cemetery in efforts to curb violence and vandalism, as rapes, murders and decapitations happened at one time or another in or around the cemetery. From October 15th to the 31st 2004, one Cook County Forest Preserve officer, who asked not to be named, claimed to have issued 250 tickets for trespassing, concealed weapons and other violations of local ordinances, and promised to write another 150 by November 15th. That gives an idea as to how many curiosity seekers come to the graveyard to try and catch a glimpse of the unknown, or to conduct some other type of macabre business. But the officer insists that all the stories and legends are false.

I went to Bachelors Grove this past Halloween 2005. The cemetery was alive with action. Some 20 people were lingering about, some taking pictures while others shot video. A man in a tiger-striped, leather jacket with long, greasy hair offered tortilla wraps as hors d'œuvres. He

rested his bright silver platter of vittles on top of an ancient, square-shaped tombstone for other visitors to use as a makeshift buffet.

Jeff Johnson and Robert Mackey, Chicago-area documentary filmmakers, focused their equipment on various tombstones for a short film based on the legend of Bachelor's Grove. Another visitor, Steve Schultz, said he frequents the cemetery because in the past, he has heard some strange stories about The Grove and has even seen some strange things while in its confines.

A young Chicago couple, Abby Wall and Ian Meston, haunt the cemetery simply to indulge curiosity. "I've heard about the lady in white who shows up along the trail, balls of light, and sometimes a house that shows up," Meston said. "One year I heard about the coffins floating when the cemetery flooded, when the water cut away the soil. Across the street in the forest preserve, there were attempted homicides, murders. My mom was there one year when a guy got out of his car and started shooting people," he said. I asked the couple if they thought all the rumors and speculation were foolish. "I believe in today's world, anything is possible," Wall said. Meston answered sharply, "Foolish? I view them as demons."

It is the legends that keep people coming back. "They come back here to be scared," said Officer Dave Griffin of the Cook County Forest Preserve. "Boys try to impress their girlfriends. But when the police get there, the boys are the first to run, leaving their girlfriends behind." Griffin agreed that the cemetery has a history of haunted rumors but he insists that "there are no ghosts and the disappearing house everyone describes never existed." Although certain there are no ghosts, Griffin did confirm that there has been evidence of satanic activity in the cemetery's past. "Someone dug up a skull to use for evil purposes," and several disemboweled rabbits were discovered on The Grove's grounds, proving the existence of satanic activity," Griffin said. "I don't know if there are ghosts, but of course there are things beyond our comprehension."

While most of The Grove's activity might be passed off as mere legend, I was able to unearth the truths regarding some of the more disturbing myths, those regarding decapitation. As it turns out, they are not just tall tales. According to Officer Griffin, they actually happened. When the trail leading to Bachelor's Grove was still a functioning access road, a careless man stuck his head out of his sunroof or convertible while driving too fast. Unbeknownst to the driver, his head was about to wage war with a sturdy, low hanging tree branch. The branch won. Innocuous as this story might seem, another proven legend is more dastardly. According to Officer Griffin, a depraved individual strung piano wire across the cemetery's access trail, attaching it to a tree on either side. The perpetrator then proceeded to scare some people out of the cemetery, forcing them to run down the trail to what they believed would be safe. The runner-in-lead caught the piano wire across the neck, completely separating the poor victim's head from their shoulders.

Neighbors living near the cemetery have fallen victim to its darker side. William O'Shea and his wife Teresa, along with their two young girls, have lived next to the infamous cemetery for 15 years. I have dubbed their Victorian-style home "The Last House on the Left" after a 1972 film

by Wes Craven. When I approached the house this particular Halloween, Mr. O'Shea reacted violently. He cursed me and approached as if wanting to strike me. He was big, probably 6-foot-something and dressed like a blue-collar worker, heavy button-up shirt, blue jeans and boots. His hair was messy.

I did not back down. I pleaded my case for 5 minutes, and finally after understanding that I wanted to interview him – not merely park in his driveway to access the cemetery – he surrendered. "I'm on the defensive," O'Shea said. "Four carloads of people came here yesterday asking to park here."

I learned that cemetery visitors, or what O'Shea calls "the Scooby-dooers," haven't been too nice to his family over the years. People, mostly teenagers, have broken his car windows after being told not to park in his driveway. They have slashed his tires. His chickens have been stolen and later found mutilated in the cemetery. O'Shea has since stopped raising chickens. In the wee hours of the morning, people have knocked on his door asking to use the bathroom. O'Shea smiled dimly while recounting a story. "One time around midnight, a young man rang my bell and asked to use my telephone to call his mom because he was afraid of breaking curfew."

Although not a believer in the supernatural, O'Shea understands why people flock to the cemetery. "If you write about Bachelor's Grove and someone else writes about it, and people read that stuff, they'll come because they want to experience the strange."

O'Shea's wife, Teresa, is a believer. A short, round woman with long, black hair and a huge smile, Teresa casually told me that the walls of her 160 year-old 5-bedroom home bleed on occasion, and that wallpaper cannot be hung, she's tried several types, "because ghosts can't breathe through it."

Teresa says her daughter's room fills with the stench of pipe smoke when no one is smoking, and hears sounds like poker chips being stacked when no one is playing poker. She mentioned that the previous caretaker of Bachelor's Grove used to own her house and hinted that maybe his connection to the cemetery explains her house's haunted happenings.

Teresa, a photographer and I, walked back toward Bachelor's Grove. It was now dark. Suddenly I became frightened. After all, it was nighttime and it was Halloween. I didn't really want to go back in there. What about the devil worshippers? What about the freak who prefers people's heads anywhere but on their shoulders?

After cautiously traversing the wooded path and making nervous chit-chat, my photographer went back into The Grove and snapped some 50 pictures on his Nikon digital camera while Teresa and I finished up our interview outside the cemetery gates. Suddenly we were both overwhelmed with the feeling that something was not right. At the same time we turned and saw someone, or something, walking up the trail about 10' in front of us, then it was gone. Simultaneously, my photographer walked out of the cemetery and said that he felt something strange. We hadn't told him about what we had seen, yet he felt it too. Suddenly, all three of us

got the chills and goosebumps. We all agreed that it felt as if a bucket of cold water was thrown over us. We looked at each other frantically. No one else was around. It was just us and the inky darkness...and the awful silence. Teresa suggested we leave immediately.

On our way out, Teresa nonchalantly said, "That was a girl. She went that way," and pointed into the immeasurably dark woods surrounding us, undoubtedly trying to explain away our fright. It didn't work. †

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Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Sylvia Swensen

© ? - Sylvia Swensen

3 years ago I went to Bachelor's Grove 3 days before Halloween with some friends. I used to live there briefly when I was young and had been there before. This time was different though. I wandered on a pathway next to the pond by myself while my friends sat at the pond. I felt 2 very cold hands around my neck and thought for sure I was going to be raped or killed. I was shocked when the hands removed themselves after a couple seconds and there was NO ONE in sight. This is not "all in my head". I was not drinking nor too tired, I can't explain what happened to me at all. I never heard a voice, I never heard walking or running near me, didn't hear any movement. I will never forget that night.

Sylvia Swensen

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Tanya Ruggiero

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Ted Dudzik
June 24, 2018

Back in the 80s a bunch of us teenagers went partying in the cemetery. My girlfriend and I sat on a large headstone together while smoking a joint and sippin on beer and wine with the others. The next day we went back in the daylight with some other friends of ours who were just a tad younger and they wanted to see the place. When we tried to show them the headstone we sat on all we found in its place was a depression in the grass covered spot where we had been the night before. Years later as i explored an old cemetery in southern indiana where i not live i found a headstone almost identical to the one my girlfriend and i sat on that night

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Tiffany Michelle
July 8, 2018

ARCHIVE NOTATION: In reference to the flashing ball of light captured on video in 2001.

I've seen it at night! I went there with a few friends, had to be back in 2010 and we thought we saw kids running by with a flashing light (typical, right?) Except no one was there and when we got closer to where we saw it coming from, we realized the pond was right there so there's no way anyone "ran by"

2001 Video Footage

Video: [You Tube](#)

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Tim Power

Sent in via email July 11, 2006

Hey Pete, here are the original photos. They are rather large, sorry but I shoot at high resolution. Hope you can get them onto the gallery. Thanks

Tim



Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center



Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Tim Sandefur

Sent in via email November 19, 2006

Pete, me and a few buddies were taking pictures last night...one had this picture on her camera when she got home. It is a digital camera..I don't know what anyone thinks? It is right by the lagoon.

Tim



Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Tony Krizek
© 2006 - Tony Krizek

Sent in via email August 22, 2006

I have a story about Bachelors Grove Cemetery. Just a couple of days ago (Aug 19, 2006) Myself and 6 friends (2 girls 4 guys) went to see what it was all about. We got there around 2pm. Walked around for about an hour or so taking pictures. Nothing showed up in our pics. But when we were standing in front of the Fulton Grave stone a man came up to us who appeared to be in his mid to upper 50's and was talking to us about the history of Bachelors Grove. Most of which we already knew from the research we did online about it. However at this time we were talking to the gentlemen the girls felt very uneasy. They started to feel very heavy. Almost as if something was holding them down. They mentioned they wanted to leave and we said OK. When we got back to the car they had noticed they had bruises on their arms and legs. Almost as if they were being grabbed and squeezed quite tightly. They are 100% sure they didn't have the bruises before we got there. They didn't feel any pain at all. So I can't say for sure that something grabbed a hold of them, but it was just all so very odd. I don't know if anybody else has had this kind of thing happen to them before. If so I would like to hear about it. We hope to go back rather soon and take some more pics.

Thank you for your time

Tony Krizek

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Tracie Mary
October 31, 2020
www.facebook.com

Happy Halloween! I was just at the Grove with my dog and she wouldn't stay inside the cemetery. When we first got there I got her to walk in she walked in looking around turned around and we left. We then walked past the creek and walked around a little bit. On our way back she wouldn't even go past the gates into the cemetery. Goes with me to the other cemeteries no problem. She actually gets excited and barks when we go into other cemeteries.



Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Tracy Whalen

November 19, 2009 at 7:35pm

I have only been there once but have driven past plenty of times. One time when I drove by with my then boyfriend (now hubby) I felt something funny when we passed the cemetery. It was a weird sort of energy or emotion. I didn't say anything figuring my boyfriend would tease me about it. All of a sudden he looks at me and says "Did you feel that?" I of course asked if he was serious and he said yes. So we drove around and tried to feel it again but it was gone. Whoever it is was very sad.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Travis Julian

Sent in via email February 09, 2005

My name is Travis Julian. This picture was taken by Ricky Sokolowski and Devin Drotar on December 29th, 2004. We were hoping that it could be posted. The picture was supposed to be one of gravestones. We finally got the camera developed and discovered this mist. One person told us that it looked as if someone was smoking when the picture was taken, however this is not possible because out of respect we never smoke inside the graveyards grounds. You may notice that there is a shape and features of a face at the top of the mist.



Tyler Dartez
© 2007 - Tyler Dartez

Sent in via email May 25, 2007

My time at Bachelor's Grove

I was distracted by my beautiful girlfriend Natasha and a couple shots of brandy to help keep warm when I visited Bachelor's Grove and I never saw a sign for the place. Until a few years ago, I'd been telling everyone that the haunted place I visited as a teenager was called Rubio Woods. I learned the truth about the name around 2001. Back in December of 1986, when we were all still in high school, my girlfriend (who would later become my wife) convinced me and my two friends Ken and Jon to take what she called a "freaky detour" to our Chicago road trip from where we lived in southern Wisconsin. She grew up in parts of Chicago and knew all the great spots, so we figured, "what the hell, you know". Of course, the three of us guys had never heard of the place, so we didn't even think about being creeped out as we approached. I wasn't even driving, so I had no real idea of how we even got there or where I was. We went in at around four in the afternoon and the sky was really grey that day with what we call 'snow clouds'. I never noticed a chill in the air on account of it was already cold, but the place did seem to be 'not empty'. You could see beer cans and cigarette butts everywhere so I kinda just assumed that this was one of those places teens like us went to 'get away', and I guess I shrugged the 'watched feeling' to other kids in the woods. Truthfully, I didn't give it much thought. The place wasn't making a large impression on me as we looked around. Saw the gate, the vandalism, the Rippet stone, the Newman stone, and the pond and of course the big Fulton stone (I remember thinking about Robert Fulton of steamboat fame). We walked around, took a few pictures, but the winter chill in the air kept us from wanting to stick around too long. As we were almost to the car, I noticed that Jon and Ken hadn't been talking for a while and seemed to be almost hurried. I thought it was my imagination until Jon squealed the tires as we drove out of the parking lot. I asked what was up and he said that the guy in black kinda freaked him out and he just wanted to get out of that "creepy ass place". I was surprised and told him truthfully that I hadn't seen anyone but us there. That's when all three of them looked at me strangely. They had just assumed I'd seen him too, as he was, as Natasha said: "You could see him plain as day." When I said: "Plain as day? I never saw anyone. What did he look like?" not one of them could describe him other than he was wearing black with a large black hat. They said they didn't want to look at his face because just looking at him watching us leave was too creepy. Jon said he saw him at least three times on the trail behind us as we were leaving. The evident fear in Ken and Jon made me take them seriously, as both were big, football-playing athletes (and not prone to frights). The part of this that I find most disturbing is that I'm the only one that didn't see him and I'm the only one that is alive this day. Ken fell asleep at the wheel of his car and died in June of '88. Jon was killed in a firearm accident in my house four months after Ken. My wife Natasha was killed in an auto accident almost a year later. All I know is you'll never get me into Bachelor's Grove again.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Unknown - 1980s

SewSoQuilter - Painting with Acrylics

May 23, 2022

www.youtube.com

Archive Notation: Response is in reference to an interview given about a group of children witnessing a phantom house during the late 1970s during their time at Camp Sullivan.

Archive: [YouTube](#)

I too saw the house on a hike when our Brownies and Girl Scouts troop was staying at Camp Sullivan for a week. It was 1984 or 1985. We were all just walking and seen an old style house. I asked my troop leader about it and was told this is forest preserve and no one lives out here. At least 5 of us seen the house and it disappeared right in front of us once we stopped. At the time, we never heard any weird stories about the house until we went back to camp in 1986ish. Not sure of dates since I was a kid but always wanted to go back and try to find the "house." Thanks for the map, note that I live in the area again, can't wait to explore.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Unknown Source - 1986

The following was extracted from Yahoo Groups

User: jackson01281790

Posted: November 10, 2001 - 10:05 P.M.

This is what happened the first time I was there. This story I've only told to three people since it happened 15 years ago. I was working with a local ESDA, Emergency Services and Disaster Agency. We got a call one night that two motorists reported that someone fell into the lagoon near Bachelors Grove. Normally they would dispatch an officer to check it out but since two motorists reported it they dispatched us also. We had a dive team and did search and rescue. There were four of us in two vehicles, one a flood light truck and the other our dive truck with SCUBA gear and a small boat. When we got there a Cook County squad was already on the scene. Once we looked at the lagoon we realized the water was too mirky to dive so we got the boat in the water. Me and another guy went into the boat. Right away we noticed that the depth finder wasn't working correctly. It kept reading between two feet and about 50 feet. After a few minutes of searching the flood light truck generator went dead and so did the flood lights. All of this equipment is checked daily so it should not fail. Now, with the generator off, it was real quiet and we could hear a bubbling noise coming from the other side of the lagoon near the cemetery. We had our handheld spotlights and started rowing to the location. When we were about 25 feet from the area in question our battery powered lights went dead and the temperature dropped suddenly. So cold that we could nearly see our breath. At that time, something shot out of the pond but didn't make a splash. It was greenish in color and shot through the cemetery while ascending into the tree tops. By the time it reached the cemetery entrance it was blue and it vanished into the tops of the trees. It took about a second for this thing to do this. Needless to say we got out of there quickly. The officer says to us, "my report is going to say that we found nothing and I think that yours will say the same"

Unknown - 2013?

www.reddit.com

wontonsoup771

Archive Notation: Second-hand story.

Something Followed My Friend From Bachelor's Grove Cemetery in Chicago [FR]

Hey, so this is my first time posting on this subreddit, and I'm pretty excited to share this story. I hope you guys enjoy it.

As the title suggests, this happened to a childhood friend of mine, and he's sworn that it's completely true.

So, this past Saturday, my friend D and I were hanging out throughout the whole day lifting weights and sparring in Brazilian Jiu Jitsu. After a physically exhausting day, we grabbed some burritos and headed over to his house to watch some horror films, which were quite cheesy if I might add. By the time the last film ended, we decided to call it a night, and D drove me to my house to drop me off.

As we were talking in the car, D abruptly shifted the conversation to his paranormal experiences. Apparently, last summer (approximately a year ago), he was really into going to haunted places around the Chicagoland area and trying to see if he could experience anything paranormal. He mentioned places like the O'hare airport landing strip where the AA 191 crash occurred and the Resurrection cemetery on the south side of the city.

Amidst all of his stories, he decided to tell me his most interesting experience at the Bachelor's Grove cemetery, which is considered by many as the most haunted cemetery in the world. In this particular experience, D, his cousin M, and his friend T went to the cemetery. If you guys are not familiar with the topography of the area, the cemetery is located deep within a forest preserve. D and his company parked on the outer most area of the forest preserve around 3 AM and began to walk a few miles through the woods with a pair of flashlights in order to reach the cemetery right in the middle of the preserve. From D's account, the walk there was uneventful, but they felt as if they were being followed, and as a result, they kept looking back only to find just darkness staring right back at them. This uneasiness quickened the pace of the group, and they finally reached the cemetery after half an hour.

Once at the cemetery, the guys roamed around carefully inspecting the vandalized tombstones and grave markers around the area. M and T were tense and a bit creeped out from the walk, but they managed to talk to each other for quite a bit in order to calm their nerves. However, D suddenly heard whispers near the forest and told everyone to shut up. Everyone went to a crouch and began to listen. There were indeed whispers nearby, but none of the guys couldn't pinpoint where it was coming from. After a few minutes, the silence was broken by a yelp from D, and D immediately started running towards the cemetery entrance. M and T eventually

caught up with D, and they managed to ask what happened. Apparently D was grabbed by the wrist by some unforeseen entity, and as a result, the group decided to go back to see if they can experience the same thing again. By the time they could go back to the place where they heard the whispers, they heard a clear voice of a woman screaming from the cemetery pond nearby. All three of the guys lost it and ran back to the car, but they managed to stop past the entrance of the cemetery to make sure they didn't run aimlessly through the woods and get lost. By this time, it was raining heavily with thunder, and it seemed straight out of a horror film. The guys decided to head back to the car at a jogging pace. About half-way back to the car.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Unknown

April 21, 2019

One night I was driving past Bachelors Grove cemetery (google it) and I saw a guy in the back seat of my car. A biker (?) with sandy brown long hair and aviator sunglasses. I looked away for a sec to make sure I stayed on the road. I glanced at the back seat and he was gone. I then felt a super icy chill in the car. I freaked out but was afraid to pull over.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Unknown

Source: blogs.myspace.com

Found: 08-31-2009

Gender: Female

Status: Single

Age: 35

Sign: Scorpio

City: Cincinnati

State: Ohio

Country: US

I would like to go and tell you about the most impressive trance I've ever been in, and even though it took place in Bachelor's Grove, it wasn't even in the cemetery, but further along the trail that leads you to the cemetery. I never even went back there until we were filming the documentary last year. I also didn't know that that's where the house foundation was located. I know that makes me sound like a novice, but there was a reason for that and it's because further west on the same street, you have Bachelor's Grove woods and I had a very interesting time there whenever I went, but, again, that's another blog for me to get to this week. So here we go with this one:

Lenny, Wally and I were doing a mini investigation for the documentary and after it was done, we walked on a bit. We came to a little dropoff that showed a little rocky stream below it and I was struck by how pretty it was and I was impressed by it. So I walked to the little cliff, if you could call it that and looked down. That's when I saw a reenactment of something terrible that happened a long time ago and it was so horribly vivid. There's a little girl strongly associated with the cemetery and people who visit usually leave little gifts for her on her stone. I always saw a visual in my mind of how she looked, which is no more than seven years old, blond hair tied back with a red ribbon, a white dress with red markings on it. What's odder than that is that when I first met Lenny, he saw her in the exact same way as I did and this is before we met each other. I always had the feeling that she died by drowning, even though there are many rumors as to how she died. I was always trying to figure out how she could have possibly drowned, except for the mosquito pond, but I knew she didn't die there. Well, I saw the reenactment of her death. I also had the feeling that Native Americans were tied in to her death somehow for I felt their presence very strongly in the area.

Upon looking down, I saw a group of Native Americans running around in the stream and two or three of them were holding the girl's head under the water, causing her to drown. I at first thought that this was a mere reenactment, till the leader of the group caught sight of me and he stopped whatever it was he was doing and was looking right at me. Soon, other members of the tribe did the same thing, and then all of them were looking at me. My impression was that even though they were genuine spirits, they had to replay this drowning scene over and over because it was their punishment for something. The Natives began communicating with me and even though I couldn't understand their meaning, Dave was basically being the translator for me.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

They were very happy that somebody came along that was able to see them because this had some sort of release for them regarding the scene that I saw. They also conveyed that they didn't start this, it was either the father or an uncle of the girl's who wronged them somehow and they had no choice but to do this and they were very relieved when I believed them and still do. After the conversation, their presence faded greatly after that.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Unknown

gone2222 - www.forgottenchicago.com

July 20, 2010 - 7:21 AM

I've been driving past BG almost every day since the early seventies, and no "ghost house" have I seen, though the area was part of a larger settlement that has faded into history.

Recall there used to be an old service station at the bend in the road on Midlothian Turnpike and Justamere Road, near Jack Gibbons.

It's odd, but I had no fear of spirits, but the strange-o ones that left the still burning votive candle raise the hairs on my neck.

The abandoned well and the clearing in the forest preserve remind me of the Blair Witch Project.

One time, as a prank, near Halloween, I was driving late at night just west of BG and all of a sudden there was a ghostly figure at the side of the road. With my heart in my throat I realized after passing it that some teenager was having some fun. But for a moment....

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Unknown

Year? - Unknown

Fourth of July 1976, a day I'll never forget. My older brother Stan, my younger brother Joe, and I, decided to go to a local Carnival. We got the bright idea to stop off at a local Haunted Cemetery first. It was dusk, the sun was setting, and we parked just outside a narrow gravel path, lined with tall trees on either side. It used to be that cars could enter this gravel road, but it's now closed off to autos. This is the entrance to Bachelor's Grove, a notoriously haunted graveyard south of Chicago.

As you enter the gravel path on foot, you can still hear the traffic, but the eerie quality of the surroundings makes you feel isolated. Trees line either side of the path, and I found myself looking for something to jump out at me as we cautiously made our way towards the graveyard. All I am conscious of at this point is the noise of our feet on the gravel and the sound of our breathing. Did I mention that I always wear running shoes when I visit here? You just never know...

The path seems forever long, although it's not. An eerie feeling invades us, as we don't know what to expect, and our adrenaline is in high gear. The rustling of leaves and cracking branches to the left and right make us jumpy as we look towards the sounds in the trees to the left and right of us. I tell myself it's only birds, or maybe a squirrel. Finally, we see the chain link fence to the right, the forest is to the left and all around us. I eye what's beyond the fence. There are gravestones peppered throughout the trees, not in any organized fashion. This is unlike any modern cemetery that I've known.

We walk beyond the chain link fence and survey the grounds. It's a real small cemetery, smack dab in the middle of a forest preserve. Old tombstones date as far back as the late 1800's, and several are toppled and some are defaced, the work of Satanists, I later found out. We went from stone to stone and read what was still readable. I saw one that said "Infant Daughter" and another "Baby."

At one point, my brother Joe said, "Look, I want to go get a sandwich from this house." Stan and I looked past Joe's pointing finger and saw a small white house set back in the woods, and because it was growing darker, we also saw a glowing golden light coming from the 2 windows. I said, "I didn't see that house when we came in, maybe it's the caretaker's house?"

Stan said, "Joe, we'll get something to eat at the Carnival." We walked around a little more, it was 8:30pm, and growing darker so we decided to leave. We looked around and didn't see the house anymore! We looked and looked, turning in circles, and just couldn't see it!

That October, I read an article in a newspaper about Haunted spots around Chicago. I got chills when I read that many people have reported seeing a disappearing house in Bachelor's Grove! It definitely rekindled my interest in the paranormal, as well as making sure that this wouldn't be my last visit to Bachelor's Grove.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

In the summer of 1985, my Aunt and cousin Patrick from Texas came to Chicago for a visit. After my brother Joe and I told Pat about Bachelor's Grove, he wanted to see it for himself. We decided to go to Bachelor's Grove early one morning, before sunrise. We bought a Polaroid camera, and wore running shoes...lol.

We arrived at the entrance, a narrow gravel road. It was still before sunrise. Filled with a sense of adventure and fear, we began our walk down the path. The gravel crunched beneath our feet, our hearts pounded. A funny thing I noticed about walking down this path, is that no one ever talks out loud, we only whisper. We stopped a few times to take pictures of the path as we neared the cemetery gates. We hear crackling branches and stirrings in the thick bushes and trees that flank either side of the path.

Once we arrived at the gated fence to the right, we walked through it. At once, we began the usual ritual of walking from one desecrated gravestone to the next, our eyes constantly spanning our surroundings, not wanting to miss a thing. At several points we took more pictures with the Polaroid, hoping that we could capture some paranormal activity.

The sky began to lighten with soft hues of purple, blue, and orange, as the sun began to rise. Having taken several pictures, and experiencing nothing unusual but our own fear, we decided to leave.

Once home, we looked at the developed photos and saw nothing unusual at the time. At least not at first glance!

A few months later, my brother Joe called me and said I had to come over right away and see the pictures we took at Bachelor's Grove. He said there were ghosts, images that can't be explained. I really can't recall if I went over there that day, or the next day, perhaps it was the weekend. My work schedule was quite hectic.

I arrived at the house to find Joe at the kitchen table with a bright light and a magnifying glass. The Polaroids we took were laid out on the table and he was jumping out of his skin! He said, "Mary! Look at this! See?" I didn't see a thing, at first. He picked up another photo and said, "See the lady? Here!" I could tell he was getting frustrated with me...LOL!

I saw the same photos full of foliage and trees and gravestones that we took months earlier. He then told me that the images were translucent, and that they seemed to pop out three dimensionally from the photos. I finally saw what he was trying to show me! One of the pics that we took while walking down the gravel road on our way to the cemetery gates has faces looking at us, both from the left and the right! These faces aren't human, although we can see typical features of the eyes, nose, mouth, forehead, and chin. These images are other-worldly and evil in appearance.

I have a huge rush of chills thinking that these "things" were watching us and right there with us that innocent morning. Wrinkled foreheads and evil eyes just popped right out at me. I grabbed the magnifying glass in an attempt to explain this all away scientifically. If this has never happened to you, let me explain something...you try to dispute it, to find a plausible explanation. Bad film? Shadows and light playing tricks? Anything to find an explanation.

Do you think I'm nuts yet? The next photo I looked at revealed the image of a woman in a long white dress, and I can make out her face and hair in a "bun" atop her head. The chilling part is that she is holding an axe at her side, with the axe blade on the ground. She doesn't look real happy.

The next photo has an image of a translucent man standing in the distance, but within the graveyard. Our impression is that he is a soldier, it appears that way by his dress, and he has a rifle over his shoulder. It could be a farmer though, we can't tell for sure.

One photo that is extremely upsetting is what appears to be a little blond-haired boy about four or five years of age. I say that because of his chubby cheeks. He has what appears to be a bandage around his forehead and there is the appearance of blood coming from his nostrils. This translucent image covers a large part of the center of this photo. He appears sad, and the feeling we have is that something terrible happened to this little boy.

We have since looked at these photos many, many times since then. We still see these images to this day. The next 3 stories will tell you about our Ouija Board experiences, and also our eventual contact with the little boy in the photo.

In 1987, my brother and I decided to play around with the Ouija Board. This was a no-no, according to our mother, because many years ago she had a strange experience with one and considers them evil. We met to use the Ouija board when she wasn't home.

Our mother spent a couple months in San Diego, and we decided to pull out the Ouija Board. After warming it up, and concentrating, the pointer began to pull into perfect figure eights. I asked Joe if he was doing it, and he said no, and he asked me if I was doing it. We said "hello" to the entity, and it spelled "hi".

This "spirit" or whatever you call it was able to move the pointer really fast, not missing a letter the whole time. The "pull" of the pointer was really strong and sure. We asked him if he had a name, and he spelled out H.U.J. We pronounce it as rhyming with "Budge." Also, we were not afraid of this spirit, because our feelings and impressions were that he was friendly and had a good sense of humor.

We asked H.U.J. about past lives. I asked him how many past lives I've had, and he replied "95." Joe asked him the same question, and H.U.J. replied with "0."

I really can't recall all of the contacts we had with H.U.J. as there were many of them over time. His trademark movements were perfect and controlled figure eights, and sharp pulls when spelling out words. At one point, our request for H.U.J. brought us in contact with an evil spirit trying to pass itself off as H.U.J. I'll get into that story later.

One night, my brother Joe and I were looking at the Polaroid photos that we took at Bachelor's Grove. We just have to look at these pics from time to time, it's just amazing! We decided to pull out the Ouija Board and try to contact the little boy. After a warm-up, we got the ever familiar H.U.J. and we asked him if we could get in contact with the boy in the photo. H.U.J. then pointed to "Yes" and in his quick and flawless manner, spelled out "BILLY" on the Board. We thanked him, as we always do, good manners seem to impress some spirits!

Next, as we had the Polaroid of the little boy "spirit" in front of us, we called for him. Now, the movements of the pointer were, I guess one could say, unsure, as unsure as a little boy could be. Billy was a poor speller, and at first it was a jumble of meaningless letters. He was finally able to control the pointer a little to communicate with us. We tried to limit our questions to Yes/No questions to help him out.

We found out he was five years old, and he spelled more than once that he was murdered. He seemed sad, and so were we. He wanted us to find his killer. He was really insistent that we do this. Of course, I suppose that's impossible, as we could never pinpoint the year of his death, or who may have done this to him.

One night, as we were communicating with Billy through the Ouija board, I asked him to give us a sign that he really was "around". In under a minute, there was a sharp rapping sound "rap-rap-rap-rap" on the patio doors which were less than 10 feet from us.

Here we were communicating with spiritual entities on the Ouija board and we are completely scared sh*tless when one decides to knock on a door? I can still recall the color drain from my face as my heart pounded, and how I yelled after my brother, "Don't leave me here! Wait for MEeeeeeee!"

He was heading for the front door and out of the house, and he had no intentions of waiting for me! He hopped into his Firebird and I hopped in too and we sped down the street. We drove around the neighborhood for a while trying to sort out what just happened.

The entity "Billy" had answered my request to show us a sign, and we didn't seem to handle it very well. In light of the pictures and the disappearing house and contacting strange spirits through the Ouija board, one would think we wouldn't be quite so rattled!

All I can tell you is that the sharp rapping on the patio doors had to be Billy! The backyard is surrounded by a 6 foot fence, the gates were locked as usual, and this has never happened before or since.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Unknown

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Two trips to Bachelor's Grove in June of 1998, were made by me. The first trip was on a Saturday in early June and I went in the company of another TPRA member and it was a perfectly clear night. I had an experience prior to entering the cemetery, across the street from the cemetery entrance off the turnpike. We were across the street and about to cross when I saw a black dog coming out of the entrance..... I commented on it and my companion did not see it! He never saw it... despite me being able to see it perfectly clear in the nearby light of the street lamp. Little else happened that night except that we thought we heard unexplained voices. Our thermal scanner did detect rapid and extreme temperature changes though there was no wind. The scanner was ranging from 55 degrees down to 1 below zero and it changed very fast! The second trip took place on June 13 (one week later) and I drove there with some friends who are not really interested in ghosts. We walked the same route as I did the week prior and when we got to the same spot where I saw the dog.... I couldn't believe it but there it was again. This time, it was in better detail and more clear to me. It was a black dog, and I believe it was a Doberman. It seemed to be guarding the entry path to the cemetery from the turnpike. The dog was again clearly visible thanks to the nearby street light. On this night, however, 2 of my friends also saw the dog.... but the other three did not! My 2 friends described the dog to me just as I was seeing it and we all gasped together when the dog faded little by little until it was completely gone. It didn't move, it just disappeared. Regardless, ALL of us had a very strong feeling not to go into the cemetery. I later spoke to Dale Kaczmarek (Ghost Research Society) about my experience and he said that he has never heard of a "phantom dog" there. It was strange that it appeared 2 weeks in a row.

TPRA

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Unknown

May 8, 2006

Well I first of all like to start off by saying I got into the paranormal a good 5-6 months ago. I got into it the paranormal by starting off by watching ghost videos on the internet not knowing that there is this mass of people into the same thing as I am. I also started paranormal investigation (ghost hunting) 3 months ago, with the intent of seeing something with my own eyes to prove to myself that something is really out there. What I am about to say did prove that something else out there really exists.

It was last thursday. Me and my fellow paranormal investigators planned a trip to go to bachelors grove cemetery in chicago. It was a group of five of us. three of us are believers, including me, and the other two are extreme skeptics. I usually go paranormal investigation (ghost hunting) with the two skeptics and the two believers are new to our group. One is a very powerful medium. I was a little skeptical of his mediumship and basically made him prove that he was one, of course he was.

So we set off to bachelors grove cemetery which by the way if you don't know is probably one of the most haunted places in the United States, a very scary place yet beautiful at the same time. We decided to leave at around 11:00pm from our locations and to get there would take about a good 30 minutes. We are heading over like normal and finally get there.

While we are in the cemetery we decided to split into two groups (kinda like scooby doo, no making fun I have been here five times before with my other friends We decide that i would take the medium with me since i know my way around that place, and the rest would go together in the other group. So me and Kyle (not his real name because he doesn't want the world to know he is a medium but his wish) head over to the lagoon there and stand on a small piece of land that somewhat points out into the water. Kyle sees auras, spirits, and he could even see my spirit guide erin. He is very intrigued with the place and walks ahead about 15-20 feet from me, while I just wait in the spot we were before just looking around when all of a sudden I see someone's cherry from a cig. I look at it and think nothing of it when it suddenly hit me. CHERRIES ON CIG'S ARE NOT BLUE!!! Oh my god i said and kyle hearing me comes to me I am like kyle do you see that it's like a blue orb on the ground (it was the size of a pea) i was about to touch it when he told me to not touch it because it was the spirit of a naive spirit that was a young girl that recently died, like 10-20 years.

I am excited as all hell because I have never seen anything that clear with my eyes on something paranormal. It blinked in and out some times and sometimes just glowed there like a cherry on a cig. It also moved when it blinked in and out about 5 feet radius. It was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen in my life and was telling Kyle that was my first time ever seeing something that clear. He was like it was the first of many.

We were standing there looking at it while it finally shot away. Then the group I was with came to where we were about a good 20-30 minutes later and saw the same exact thing. The skeptics

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

to this day still can't explain it and they don't want to say it's paranormal (they are just afraid it could be paranormal, or even a ghost spirit).

Well that was the first encounter at bachelors grove cemetery and the second was also witnessed by everyone (5 people total) It was when we finally decided to leave the cemetery after a good 3-4 hours of investigation everywhere around the cemetery.

The path to get to the cemetery is somewhat narrow wide enough for a compact car to get through and is sized by thick woods on each side. From the main road to bachelors grove cemetery is about half a mile- a quarter of a mile. We were leaving the cemetery when Kyle said to us.

We are being followed by a spirit that I have never felt before, he also said it was a man, it was definitely a negative spirit. We didn't bring flashlights because we forgot them in the car. So the path was black even though our eyes were adjusted to the darkness there was still the path behind us that had some black spots we couldn't see. Kyle told us to look. We all looked behind and we ALL saw a black shadowy figure. You can barely make out the shape but the legs you can totally make out. It was the freakiest thing I ever saw in my life. I was scared and excited at the same time. Of course being the scaredy cat i was was calling for my spirit guide erin to protect me and such. It was walking in such a weird way that if i would describe it would be like 3 pages long (lol). Even the skeptics saw it and couldn't explain it.

To basically say these encounters that i saw at bachelors grove cemetery in chicago basically changed my life. I now know at least for myself that something else is out there. Whether you call it ghosts, spirits , angels , demons or whatever, everyone in my group saw something that we can't explain.

Unknown

© ? - Unknown

In October 1998, my husband and I went to Bachelor's Grove Cemetery. We were both skeptical of the stories we had heard, but we were really interested in checking it out for ourselves. We arrived at the gate at dusk. I would say it was around 5PM. There wasn't another person in sight. We did not pass anyone on the way in, or anywhere in the area. At first, we did not notice anything unusual. We commented on how peaceful it was, but also how sad it was that the place had been desecrated. We walked the entire cemetery trying to read the headstones and learn something about those that were buried there. I would say that it took about an hour to inspect all of them. Each of us was fascinated with two stones in particular. My husband with a very old, weathered stone. Me, with a stone that lay on its side. As I walked around the stone I slipped and fell onto it. I immediately felt an odd vibration. I thought that it might be from a truck on the busy road outside, but when I stood up the sensation stopped. I placed my hand on the stone and could feel the vibration again. As I turned to walk away, my ankle gave way and I almost fell back onto it again. I caught myself and hurriedly walked towards my husband. I did not mention the incident to him. We then decided to walk outside the fence of the cemetery to check out what was in the woods that surround Bachelor's Grove. We walked around the outside of the chain-length fence of the cemetery. I noticed something pink in the cemetery and moved closer for a better look. It struck me as very peculiar. There were two fresh, perfect, beautiful tulips laid on top of a small headstone. The stems were crossed and they were in a perfect X on the stone. I squatted to get yet another look. I wondered how we could have missed those before. We then walked down by a creek, and then decided to go back to the cemetery before heading back to the car (it was getting dark). So, here are the events as they happened: As we walked from the creek and toward the gate, we noticed a very strong odor. Neither of us could place it. I have never smelled of rotting flesh, but that is the first thing that we thought of. We decided that there was probably a dead animal somewhere in the brush. It then dawned on us that when we were crossing the exact same path as the one we used to go to the creek and didn't notice the odor before. We looked around and didn't see anything, so we resumed our walk to the gate. My husband was walking several feet in front of me. With no warning a large limb fell from a tree and narrowly missed hitting him. Again, we dismissed it (it's just the wind) and kept walking. Then, another limb fell, then another. They did not fall anywhere else around us. They were falling behind each of us. Each one so close that I could feel the air from it as it passed my head. We were never hit. The limbs fell continuously until we reached the gate to the cemetery. At that point, we were (obviously) a little spooked. As we entered the cemetery again, we immediately noticed the calmness. As we looked around, we could see the wind moving directly outside the parameter of the cemetery, but not a leaf was moving inside. The wind was swirling around the cemetery. It looked like we were in a whirlpool. We felt nothing, but could see the powerful winds circling above us. After a few seconds, the wind stopped. Maybe it was just a coincidence. Maybe it meant nothing. We didn't know. We were nervous, and still curious. More than anything, I wanted to see the tulips that I had seen from the other side of the fence. As I made my way down to the stone that had the tulips, I didn't see the flowers. There was nothing there. Thinking that the wind had blown them away (although we felt no wind inside the cemetery), I began to look among the leaves that covered the ground. I

found two tulips. They were pink, but they were silk, and very weathered. Much of the fabric was brown and it was frayed around the edges. I sat on the ground for a short time and held the tulips not believing what I was seeing. I crossed the tulips and lay them on top of the stone as I had seen them a few moments ago. My husband then called me. He was standing by the headstone that he was looking at earlier. It sounds silly, but there was a lifesaver on top of the headstone. It was not weathered or worn, but it was very dirty. It was a white lifesaver (like wintergreen or peppermint). We are sure that it was not there before. We then left the cemetery, leaving the lifesaver in exactly where it was.

I am going to condense the next part of our story. Immediately after our visit to Bachelor's Grove, our lives changed. Here is what happened: 1.Our bed shook at night. We saw shadows in the bedroom day and night. 2.A black shape followed me constantly in the stairwell of our apartment building. He seemed afraid. Eventually my husband made me assure him that I would no longer use the stairs. 3.Once I saw the dark figure out of the corner of my eye while I was looking in the mirror in my bathroom. As I turned to walk out of the bathroom to see if it was real, I found that I could not move beyond the first step outside of my bathroom. It was as though there was a glass wall. I pushed against it, and after a few seconds, it gave way and I fell into the wall. My husband and I started sleeping in the living room on the sofa bed. We agreed that we would not go into the bedroom alone unless absolutely necessary. Approximately one month after our visit to Bachelor's Grove, we broke our lease and moved out of the apartment. Since then, nothing has happened. If these were spirits, we left them behind. My husband thinks that they may have been trying to tell us to leave the apartment. We will probably never know why this happened. At this point, all we can do is speculate.

Unknown

Posted 10/29/01 9:48 pm

Hello! I am a new member. My husband and I decided to do some "ghost hunting" and a bit of harmless exploring on Friday. (We were in Chicago visiting family) - We didn't have anyone to watch our 5 year old son, so we took him along. We pulled into the parking area at Rubio Woods and I saw the "CLOSED" sign at the chained entrance. It was an overcast, grey day in the 30's or 40's, very cold and dreary. Once we arrived there I lost all my nerve and said I didn't want to go in after all, but my husband clowned around and said, "You're here now, we're going!" And he took off down the path walking with our son. I followed close behind, wearing clogs and hoping I wouldn't have to run! I kept a hold of his arm and turned around to make sure I could continue to see where we came in at the entrance. I definitely did not want to lose sight of the entrance point. Just when I had had enough and wanted to turn around, my husband told me to look to the right. There was a cemetery. We walked in. My husband had the camera and took a couple of pictures of me and my son with some of the stones. I remember the name "HAGEMAN"? and my husband saw FULTON. Nothing really happened, but I strongly felt that something was watching my son and me. So I said ok enough's enough, let's leave. My husband wanted to proceed down to the lagoon but I was spooked and said no. We got back to our rented Blazer truck which was left unlocked. (We had this truck for one week and we always left it unlocked since we had not tested the keys to make sure they also opened the doors) - When my husband opened the car door, the horn began to blare like an alarm was set on the truck. We had to put the key in and start it to make it stop. This car had NOT ONCE done this the entire week we had it. I remember feeling, as I walked out of the cemetery and back onto the main road, a sense of relief - as though I was leaving whatever the creepiness was behind me; behind that chained entrance. Maybe this was the spirit(s) telling me differently? We took the car back tonight to Alamo. Almost immediately after we pulled into the huge rental area, the entire building and parking lot went black and lost all power. I don't know if this means anything but it gave me the heebies. My husband returned the car, and told me that he asked the lady who worked there what she knew about alarms on those vehicles, since there was no indication of an alarm system on either the key ring or the dashboard. The woman said as far as she knew there was no alarm system on the truck. Thoughts? Also I have yet to develop the pics. Will let you know if anything good comes out of them! We were there around 11 or 12:00 pm.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Unknown

The following was extracted from www.historychannel.com

10:47AM PST Oct 29, 2003

graveghost

Re: Haunted Chicago

I tried a reply and it did not post, so here is a shortened version. I saw the caretaker ghost while playing with a friend in 1972. I was 13 years old at the time. We were looking at some dug up graves when out from nowhere this guy appears from behind a tree and walks behind another tree. We could only see his profile from about 50 feet away. We thought it was just a wanderer. But he kept getting closer and closer, walking very fast from behind one tree to another. So we take off running and he catches up to us on the main path. As I turned around to see his location he just ran right through us and disappeared in front of us. We screamed our heads off and ran as we never had before. He looked exactly like the caretaker on the show, with a hat and 3/4 length black coat and black shoes. At the time we never really understood what we had seen. We didn't know of any ghost stories from that cemetery and only believed ghosts to be fictional. There is a much longer version of this story if anyone is interested in the details.

Unknown

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September 17, 2009

The Gift That Keeps on Giving

My husband is normally a very logical and skeptical person.

While I tend to believe in things like chakras, energy healing, and psychics, he finds those things kind-of funny and sometimes jokes with me about my believing in them.*

In fact, recently, when we were playing the game “Apples to Apples” at his aunt’s house, and he had to match the word “hilarious” with the card that he thought had the most hilarious thing on it, he picked the word “psychics.”

But when it comes to ghosts, he seems to have an odd fascination with them. That doesn’t mean he believes in ghosts—on the contrary, he does not believe in them in the least—but he finds ghost stories extremely interesting. He owns two Chicago ghost story books that he’s read from cover to cover, and he regularly Tivo’s and watches the show “Ghostly Encounters.” He also intently listens when his sisters talk about the ghosts that they’ve heard in the past. (Yes, both of his sisters claim to have heard ghosts. They’re a unique family.)

Anyway, a couple of months ago, Iwanski’s obsession with ghosts led to us going to Bachelors Grove Cemetery in Midlothian, Illinois.

Bachelor's Grove is a very old cemetery, founded in the mid-1800's, now part of the Cook County Forest Preserves. And although the cemetery is now abandoned and hasn't actually been used for burials in a long time (the last burial there was 20 years ago—but most of the graves are from the early 1900's), people regularly flock there to see if they can see any of the reported ghosts.

There have been many reported “sightings” at Bachelor’s Grove. People have claimed to have seen a ghostly woman dressed in all white, and some claim to have seen a horse pulling a plow behind it that is steered by the apparition of an old man. People also often claim to see “orbs”—floating balls of light—in the air.

Iwanski had been wanting to see Bachelor’s Grove for a long time...so finally, on a warm July day, we decided to check it out.

When we arrived at the Forest Preserves, we started on the half-mile walk to the cemetery. It was a beautiful day, and the trail leading to Bachelor’s Grove was lined with lovely trees, plants, and flowers.

We hiked a half-mile through the woods and found the cemetery.

It was surprising to me how overgrown all the graves were, and how far apart each of them was (they were not right next to each other, like in a “normal” cemetery). And it was interesting to see how old some of the gravestones were. But other than that, it honestly just seemed to me like a pretty little spot in the woods. We didn’t see any orbs, or a woman in white, or a horse and an old man. So much for the supernatural.

Or so I thought.

We came upon a gravestone labeled “Infant Daughter,” which was surrounded and covered by toys and trinkets that people had left for the baby girl.

“Wow,” we both said.

“I wonder how she died,” I said softly, imagining her poor parents that had to bury her. And I looked with amazement at the countless little gifts that people had left for her.

I wanted to leave something for her, too, but I didn’t really have anything on me for a baby girl. (I know it seems silly, but at that moment I felt like I really wanted to leave her something.)

The only thing I could think of to leave her was the ponytail holder in my hair...so that’s exactly what I did.

“Rest in peace, Baby Girl,” I said, placing it on her gravestone.

Iwanski and I looked around the cemetery some more, but my thoughts were still with the baby girl. How tragic it must be for parents to lose an infant daughter or son!

Finally, we had seen all the graves, and it was time to leave.

As we trekked through the forest back to our rental car in the 85-degree heat, I started to feel really warm from my hair not being in a ponytail.

“Damn, I wish I had another ponytail holder!” I said. And just at that moment, I looked down and saw a ponytail holder, sitting there on some rocks right in front of me.

“Oh my God, look!” I said and picked it up, showing it to Iwanski.

Iwanski looked at me. “That’s weird,” he said.

I looked up at the sky. “Thanks, Baby Girl!” I said, and put the ponytail holder in my hair. It fit perfectly.

Iwanski and I went about the rest of our day and the rest of our week, but I never forgot about the baby girl.

And over the next few weeks—and still today—I have noticed something strange happening.

Almost every single day, I see a ponytail holder lying on the sidewalk.

Even last night, as I was walking with my friend Jonathan, I saw one on the sidewalk right in front of us.

When I told Jonathan the story, he asked “Are ponytail holders easy to lose?”

“I don’t think so,” I said. “I’ve never lost one. Maybe kids might lose them, though?”

Maybe it is just a coincidence, but I would prefer to think of it as the baby girl’s spirit having fun with me.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Unknown Source

Unknown Date

The following was extracted from www.digitalcity.com

User: Jessbecauz

Posted: Saturday November 03, 2001 at 08:55 AM:

okay guys, i've been to bachelor's grove and that place is seriously haunted by spirits. I was there at about 8pm at night one year with about 5 other people. I was the one with the camera and a recorder. I took about 5 rolls of film that night. I personally developed them, and on almost every single print there was this white glob, is the only way to describe it, it looked almost like a large snowflake. It wasn't snowing in sept. the recorder came up with some crazy things too. I started to record before we got into the cemetery grounds and everything was fine as soon as we stepped into the cemetery (I made a note to say okay we're going in now) the recorder seemed like it switched to another speed. a slower one but it was already going as slow as possible cause i wanted the maximum use out of the tape. well the tape was freaking me out cause of all these sounds and noises on it that were not happening while we were around it. I set it down on one of the grave stones. All of us noticed that once we stepped into the cemetery it was like all sounds stopped. You could hear the cars rush by on the street but that was all. We had one crazy night there but we had fun too cause we like that kind of stuff. I still have the pictures and the screwed up tape. I take them out every so often to make myself remember that we're not alone here. They might be dead but they're still here for a reason. HAPPY HALLOWEEN!!!!!!!

<http://www.digitalcity.com/chicago/entertainment/article.adp?aid=1933>

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Unknown

© ? - Unknown

The following was extracted from the G.R.A.V.E.S Forum

Posted: Fri Apr 23, 2004 9:13 pm

I live in Palos Hills and during high school, Bachelor's Grove was a popular place with my group of friends. Here are a few of my own personal experiences from Bachelors' Grove.

One time out at Bachelor's Grove, three friends and I decided to wander the woods around dusk. This would prove to be one of the weirdest days of my life. The little trek started out normal enough as we began walking up the withered road off of Midlothian Turnpike. As we approached the cemetery, Dave and Chris started walking into the woods to the south. Jim and I continued west. About mid-way between the cemetery's entrance gate and the creek, we saw an old man walking. He was dressed quite normally and I assumed he was just a little old man who lived nearby and he was out for a walk. As we got closer, I could see that he was carrying something. I want to say it was an old fashioned lantern, but I can't be sure because, at this point, his hand was obscured by the bushes and brush in front of him. Although he was slightly off to the left, he always seemed to be heading towards us despite the bushes and stuff that were in his way. We figured he was on a path that we couldn't see yet. Jim and I kept walking forward as we watched him. Soon, he was behind a tree and we couldn't see him. The next thing I remember is Jim screaming, "Holy Fuck!" I swung around to look at the old man and saw him emerging from the tree. I couldn't believe I was seeing a man walk THROUGH a tree, but I saw Jim running so I started running too. Once we got back to the entrance path, we stopped and looked back, but we didn't see anyone. About 10 minutes later, after we caught our breath and calmed down, we went to look for the guy who was heading toward us at the time. But he was nowhere to be found.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Unknown

© ? - Unknown

Myself and a few friends of mine went to bachelors grove last night to see if all the myths were actually true at first only myself and a friend went down there that's when i couldn't believe what i was seeing because the story of the lady looking for her infant daughter, there was fresh flowers and water rops that looked just like tear drops and it hasn't rained in many days at the time; as we left 2 young men came in with infrared cameras and magnetism readers and before we knew it we were seeing floating lights in the tree and the sound of footsteps following us all the way out of the forest in the process of hearing the footsteps we also heard screaming to the left of son after we left in fear to come back another night

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Unknown

The following was extracted from www.yahoo.com

Video: [You Tube](#)

Strange flashing light captured on video near the northwest corner of the cemetery toward the end of the video. This video was found on a Yahoo Groups post by an unknown person. Viewing angle is not of any road and the group of people appear to have been alone. Date of 2030 shown on video is incorrect. Camera appears to be using a Sony night-shot mode allowing more infrared light to be captured by the imaging sensor.

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Valerie Zimmer

November 15, 2009

When I was about 14-15 years old. My family & me we're driving past the cemetery. It was broad daylight, and we could see the cemetery from the road. I swore I saw a white woman with brown hair flowing/floating almost above the ground a little. I didn't see any feet. Not sure if the tree's we're in the way. I gasped then told my family to look. We all looked back & she was gone.

Valerie Zimmer

Wendy Roe

© 2012 Wendy Moxley Roe - www.facebook.com

December 7, 2012

On the beautiful warm Sunday morning of November 11, during a weekly trip to Bachelors Grove, Karl, John, my daughter Sam and I took a walk up the creek. The first time Karl, John and I did this together was the day we saw the hollow tree with the huge hole in it. That day we talked about a statue that sat inside of the tree for many years but was now missing. A few weeks later on the 11th as we walked back from our trek up stream, Karl and John were a little ways ahead of Sam and I, when Karl called me to come look at something he found. While walking at a brisk pace they had suddenly stopped, turned and embedded in the creek bank was the statue we had talked about of the virgin Mary. After snapping some pictures, Karl took the statue out to the cemetery.

As we walked out Samantha began to tell me of some of the significance of the colors and symbolism of certain parts of the statue. She is an artist and religious art is one of her interests. Karl took the statue home that day. A week later he passed her on to me so I could bring her home for Samantha to clean up and write a piece for T.W.S.W.T. But as I looked at her on my table over the next week I slowly became intrigued by her and decided to clean her up myself. After scrubbing her down and removing all the mud and algae that had grown on her, the idea came to me to do a touch up with some paints I've had for a long time and never used. The touch up turned into several hours of painting. Between painting sessions, waiting for a coat or a section to dry, I started looking into images of Virgin Mary statues. What Samantha had not mentioned, but already knew, was that the statue was of the celebrated Roman Catholic version of the Virgin Mary, Our Lady of Guadalupe. Once discovering who she was I started researching for myself the symbolism and story behind the Lady. I was taken with the story of how this icon originated and how every little detail on the statue has meaning, from the color of her hair to the angel at her feet. This particular statue was a bit different than most of the many, many images I've seen of Guadalupe. The angels above her head were seen in very few of them. The ones that did have the angels were holding the crown above her head. But nowhere in my searching could I find an explanation of any symbolism or meaning for them. If anyone knows anything about this please share!! These are not on the original icon. I can only assume they are holding the crown for the Queen of Heaven. The explanations below are the short and sweet version of meanings that pertain to this particular statue. The original Icon that was imprinted on the robe has many more significant details and there is a lot more to the story of why she appeared to Juan Diego on Tepeyac hill when she did. If the story grabs you the way it did me, I encourage you to check it out and learn more. It was a fascinating journey of learning and joy for me that I wanted to share with all of you-

While walking to Mexico City on the morning of December 9, 1531, a peasant, Juan Diego, saw on the hill of Tepeyac a vision of a young teenage girl surrounded by light. She asked that a church be built in her honor on the site where she stood. Juan recognized the lady as the Virgin Mary and went to the Spanish Archbishop to tell him her request. The Archbishop instructed Juan to return to Tepeyac Hill and ask the lady for a sign to prove her identity. When Juan

returned the Virgin told him to gather flowers from the top of the hill. December was very late in the growing season for flowers to bloom but on the usually barren hilltop he found Castilian Roses that are not native to Mexico. After gathering the flowers and returning to the lady, she arranged the roses inside of his tilma cloak (a peasants robe) . When Juan opened his cloak for the Archbishop on December 12 the flowers fell to the floor and in their place was the image of the Virgin of Guadalupe miraculously imprinted on the fabric. The cloak Juan Diego was wearing was made of rough maguey (agave salmiana) fibers. Given the year the miracle happened (1531) and the material on which the sacred image was imprinted, it's practically impossible for any human hand to paint minute details of Our Lady of Guadalupe on Juan Diego's tilma. In addition, artists who were asked to investigate the image noted the supernatural character of the techniques and paint used. Thus confirming that Our Lady of Guadalupe's Image was imprinted on Juan Diego's tilma by something or someone not of this world.

The construction of the church the Virgin requested, the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe , began in 1531 but was not completed until 1709. The original cloak was housed here from 1709 to 1974. In 1921 a bomb planted in a vase inside the church exploded causing great damage to the building but the cloak remained undamaged. Unknown at the time, the church was erected on a former lake. This combined with the weakening of the structure from the explosion took its toll over the years and a new, more spacious basilica was built near the site between 1974 and 1976. The old basilica was closed for many years but was restored and recently opened to the public once again. Pilgrimages have been made to this shrine almost uninterruptedly since 1531 and is one of the most visited places in Mexico.

Symbolism:

The sun's rays behind the lady give her an aura of light. The light is also a sign of the power of God who has sanctified and blessed the one who appears.

The lady is standing on a new moon crescent. A symbol that depicts her immaculate conception, a Catholic dogma that the Blessed Virgin Mary was conceived without the stain of original sin and is a symbol of perpetual virginity.

Under the moon are clouds that symbolize something divine or the elevation of the spirit. At the time it was also believed that the clouds marked the beginning of a new era.

Holding up the lady is an angel. The angel represents her royalty. The meso-American Indians believed only kings, queens and other dignitaries would be carried on the shoulders of someone. The angel is holding the Lady up signifying that she is above the angels being the Mother of God.

The mantle she wears is blue-green or turquoise. To the native people, this was the color of the gods and of royalty, as is the gold trim . Turquoise was also the color of the natural forces of life. In Christian art, blue is symbolic of eternity and immortality. The stars on her mantle show that she comes from heaven as the Queen of Heaven but with the eyes of a humble, loving mother.

Research done shows that the stars appear on the Lady's mantle exactly as the stars of the winter solstice appeared before dawn on the morning of December 12, 1531, the day the roses fell out of Juan Diego's cloak, creating the original icon.

Even her face, eyes and hair are filled with religious symbolism. Her face is bowed down, looking at everyone tenderly and filled with compassion. She gazes to the side as a sign of reverence and respect as it was believed at that time it was disrespectful to stare directly into anyone's face. Her eyes look down with humility, a sign to the native people that she was not a god as it was believed that gods stare straight ahead, eyes wide open. The brown loose hair signifies that she is a virgin maiden. Married women braided their hair.

Two parts of the statue were broken when it was found. Her praying hands were missing and you could see where something had broken off between the two angels above her head. The crown, cross and roses were all additions I made myself. The ideas for adding these came from the many images of Our Lady I researched. The roses to me represent the Castilian roses she gave to Juan Diego. The crown for a Queen and the cross is self explanatory, added by me to cover the space where her hands once were. On the back I painted a short excerpt from the Roman Catholic Eternal Rest prayer for souls in purgatory.

I've thoroughly enjoyed this process and have come to love this Lady that has resided in our home for a few weeks. I truly believe that everything happens for a reason. Something made Karl stop that day to find that statue and bring her home. She came to our home to be cared for and loved. By filling her with the love and patience I put into returning her to her former beauty, her energy has been restored also. I will be sad to see her go but her home is in the Grove. Her place to watch over and protect those who remain behind and have not passed on to the next world. She will be returned there soon and placed in an undisclosed location. May she bring peace and solitude to this wondrous place that has brought the same to so many of us!

Hope you all enjoyed the story as much as I did and may you all have a blessed holiday season filled with love and peace! Much love to all, Wendy.





Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

William

These pictures were taken of our son at Bachelor's Grove Cemetery in Midlothian, IL. The cemetery site is said to be haunted. The spirit of a woman has been seen here before. It was slightly overcast the day the photos were taken and no wind. All the other pictures we took were normal. These appear as though the spirit moved in front of the camera but only long enough to be captured on film. We used a standard 35mm camera, 800 speed film. There was no smoke anywhere around and we did not observe anything with our eyes.



Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Bachelors Grove Tattoo - Mary Ann Watson

© 2010 Mary Ann Watson - www.bachelorsgrove.net

Tattoo Artist: Penny Schuhrke - www.chinadolltattoo.com

Credit to Kevin Watson of Illinois for sending in this material.

Archive: [Google Drive](#)

The following was written by Mary Ann Watson

My tattoo idea started out with my fascination with the supernatural and the paranormal. I wanted to have my theme as realistic as possible. While going through countless books, magazines, art and history books, trying to get some kind of idea, it all of a sudden came to me. Why don't I incorporate the entire Bachelors Grove cemetery as the backdrop of my tattoo!

With that in mind, my husband Kevin and I went out to Bachelors Grove one Fall afternoon, along with my Tattoo Artist Penny Schuhrke. After some more brainstorming of how I wanted my back piece to look, Penny went to work. She started taking pictures of all the headstones as well as all the grass and vegetation, trees, landscape, etc,. I wanted to use the Fulton headstone for the centerpiece of my Muriel.

After a couple of weeks, Penny put together the final drawing and layout of my back piece. It was everything that I could have imagined and more! Penny really put a lot of thought into each and every detail. My Tattoo was done over a period of six months. The work was started in December of 2005 and was completed in late May of 2006.

Each weekend I would go in for my weekly sitting, which usually lasted anywhere from five to seven hours. You really have to have patience for work of this size. Tattoos of this size take a very long time to complete. You really must be dedicated to the work that needs to be done to complete something so big. Not only myself, but my Tattoo Artist Penny as well. She put in countless hours of dedicated work, and I am forever grateful for that!

I feel like the tattoo represents so much. Everything from the beautiful Harvest Moon, to the tall grass that sways in the shadows. And of course you cannot forget the witch sitting on top of the "Fulton" headstone! She is holding an orb of white light for protection. I think Penny and her amazing talent put together exactly what I was trying to capture. I feel that my back Muriel gives life to a cemetery that is always shrouded in darkness. I truly have a one-of-a-kind portrait tattooed on my back.

Bachelors Grove to me has always been a peaceful place. It's a beautiful place to visit, not just for the supernatural, but for all of its historical beauty! Hopefully I have captured some of that beauty and serenity, and preserved it on a Muriel that I wear proudly each and every day!

Found within the March 2007 Volume 1 Issue 2 Midwest Edition of Intense! Ink



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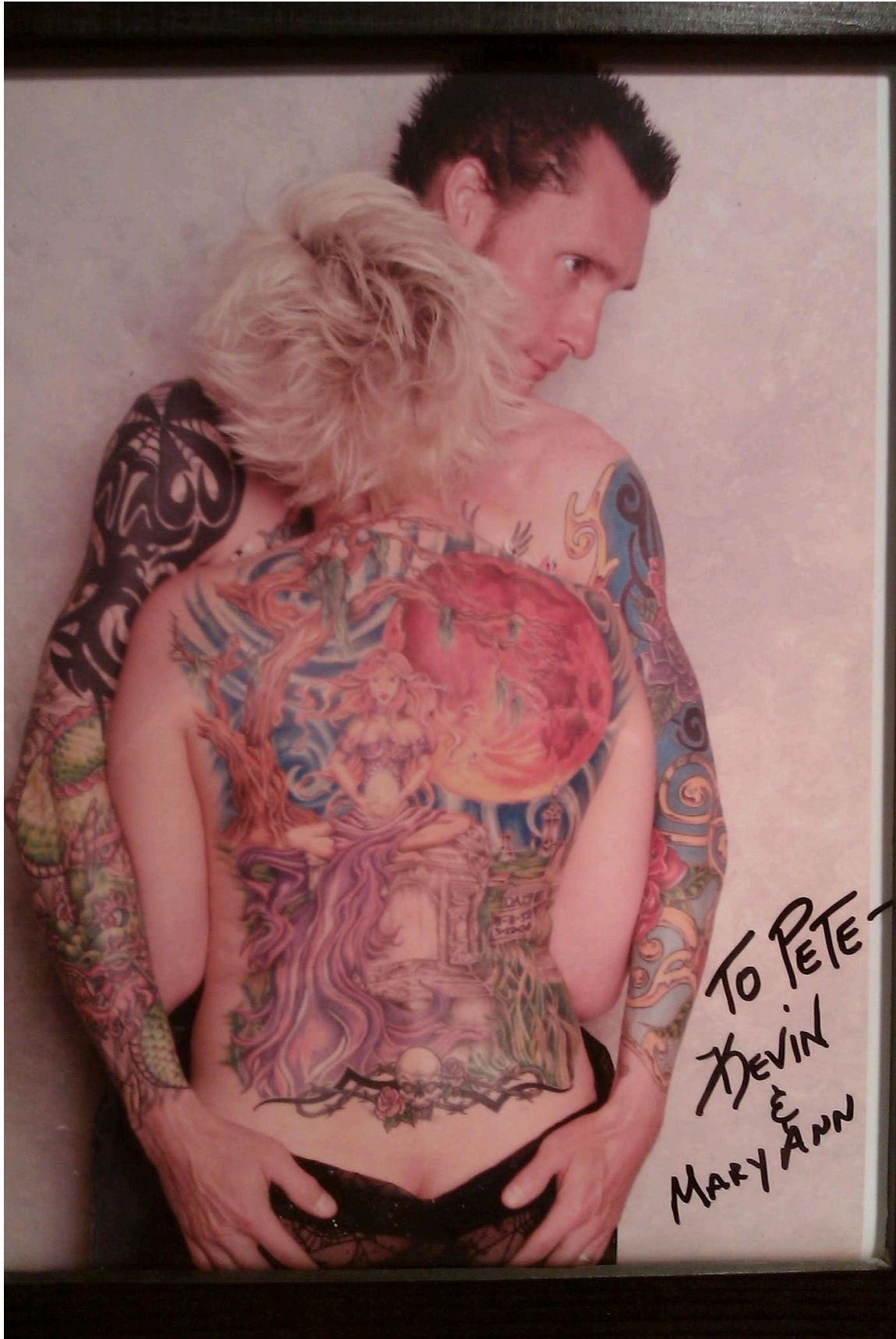
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Bachelors Grove Tattoo
Designed by Penny Schuhrke - www.chinadolltattoo.com

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The photograph below was signed by Kevin and Mary Ann and given to Pete Crapia of www.bachelorsgrove.com. It now resides in the archives at the Tinley Park Historical Society, Tinley Park, Illinois.



Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Bachelors Grove Tattoo - Anthony

The following was extracted from www.facebook.com

Anthony (private)





Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Bachelors Grove Canvas Oil Painting

The following was extracted from www.ebay.com

Bachelor's Grove Cemetery Ghost Paranormal Haunted Chicago, Art Oil Painting This one of a kind, original oil painting has been skillfully painted by a Master Artist. This IS NOT a reproduction or limited edition giclee, but a genuine original oil painting on canvas.

Not Signed,Unknown Artist ..

BACHELOR'S GROVE CEMETERY GHOST

ORIGINAL OIL ON CANVAS

24" x 36"



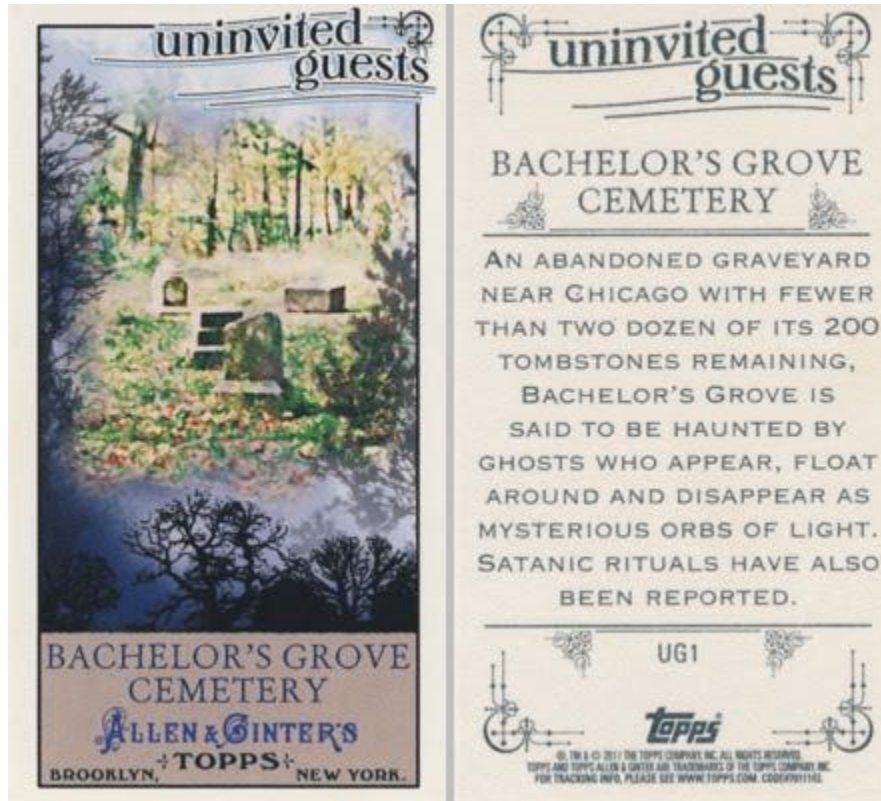




Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Topps Allen & Ginter's - Bachelor's Grove Cemetery
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Archive: [Google Drive](#)



Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

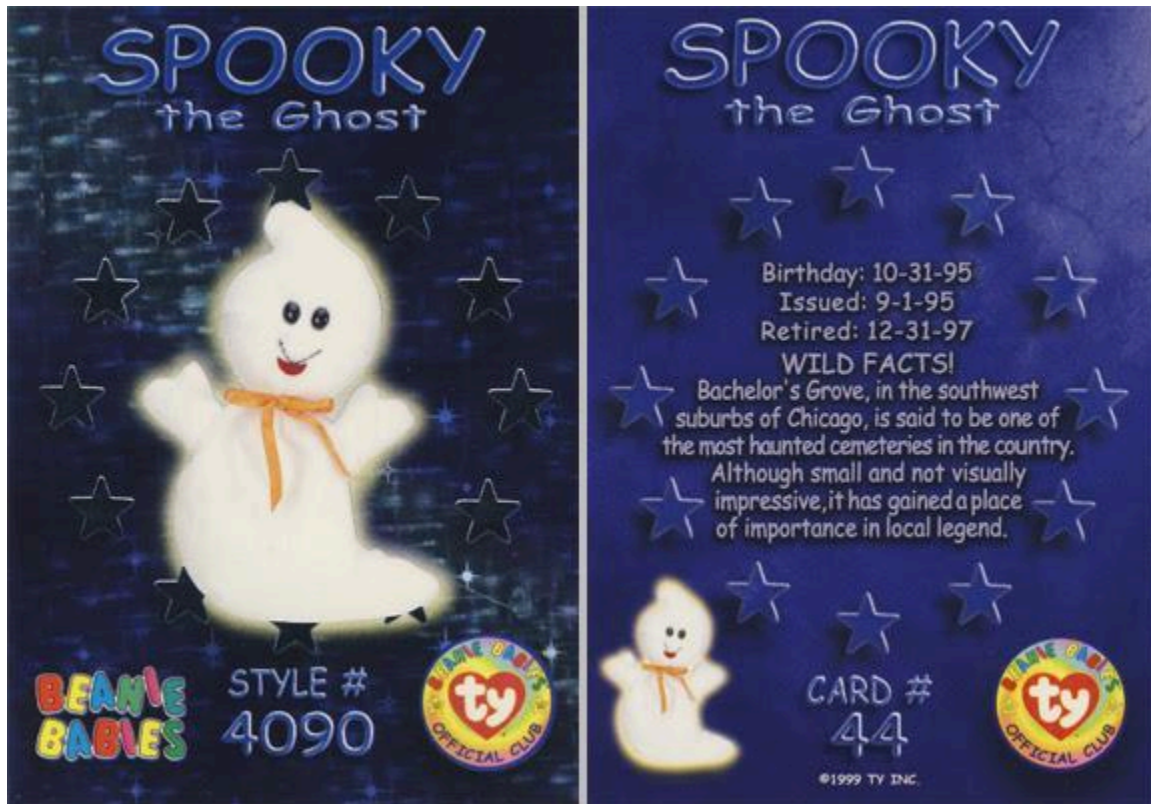


Beanie Babies - Spooky The Ghost
© 1999 Ty Inc.

Series 3, Card #44 - Foil Wild Card (15 total in the series)

(Series 1, Card# 126 (Card not shown))

(Series 4, Card# 234 (Card not shown))



The following was extracted from www.aboutbeanies.com

Spooky was also seen named Spook which only had third generation hang tags. Both versions were designed by Jenna Boldebuck. Spooky is the only Beanie Baby with a designer's name on the tag! Jenna was the daughter of Ty Warner's current girlfriend. And they were the first non animal beanies! Spooks mouth is glued on and has been known to fall off!

Spooky's mouth has been seen stitched on as a V shape and a U shape, though sometimes it is something in the middle of those!

Basic Information

Bachelors Grove Cemetery & Settlement Research Center

Birthday: 10/31/95

Style Number: 4090

Introduced: 09/01/95

Status: Retired (12/31/97)

Poem

Ghosts can be a scary sight
But don't let Spooky bring you any fright
Because when you're alone, you will see
The best friend that Spooky can be!

Tag Generations

Swing Tag: 3,4

Tush Tag: 1,2,3,4,5

Tag Errors

Early editions of Spooky the ghost were just named "Spook". NOTE: This version of Spook must contain the "Designed by Jenna Boldebuck" line on the inside of the hang tag. This was the only Beanie Baby to have a "Designed by" line on its tag!

The following was extracted from www.chemistrydaily.com

Ty Warner (Creator of Beanie Babies)

Jenna Boldebuck (Designer of "Spooky the Ghost")

Excerpt

While he has never married, Warner is sometimes said to live in a relatively humble home in Oakbrook, Illinois with long-term girl-friend and former lighting designer Faith McGowen and her daughters Jenna and Lauren Boldebuck until they attended college. Lauren attends the University of Iowa. All three have had some involvement with Ty Inc., designing Beanies. He also owns a lavish home in Santa Barbara California where Forbes says he spent \$27 million purchasing some adjacent land.

The following was extracted from www.smartcollecting.com

Thursday, October 19, 2000

Authenticated Spook Sells for \$240

An authenticated Spook the ghost Beanie Baby sold on Smart Collecting Auctions at Collecting Nation on October 18th for \$240. This was an InstaBid auction in which the first bidder instantly wins the auction. The Beanie had a slightly creased 3rd generation heart tag and a mint 1st generation tush tag. Becky Estenssoro had authenticated the Beanie Baby. The seller, known as "JennyBean" on Collecting Nation had a feedback rating with 852 positive comments.

Spook the ghost was issued on September 1, 1995. Later that year, its name was changed to Spooky, which retired on December 31, 1997. Spook was only produced with a 3rd generation heart tag. According to Checkerbee's Summer 2000 Value Guide for Ty Beanie Babies, a Spook the ghost Beanie Baby with a mint 3rd generation heart tag is valued at \$455.

The following was extracted from www.peggyg.com

This little white ghost was introduced in September 1995. Early in production there was an error made to result in Spooky™ Being Spook. His "tush tag" is located under his left arm unlike Spooky™ where the tag is on his tail.

There is also a variation of Spooky™ in the way that his mouth was sewn on, some have the black thread with a slight smile, a U smile, and V Smile, and on some, the black thread is just plain missing.

