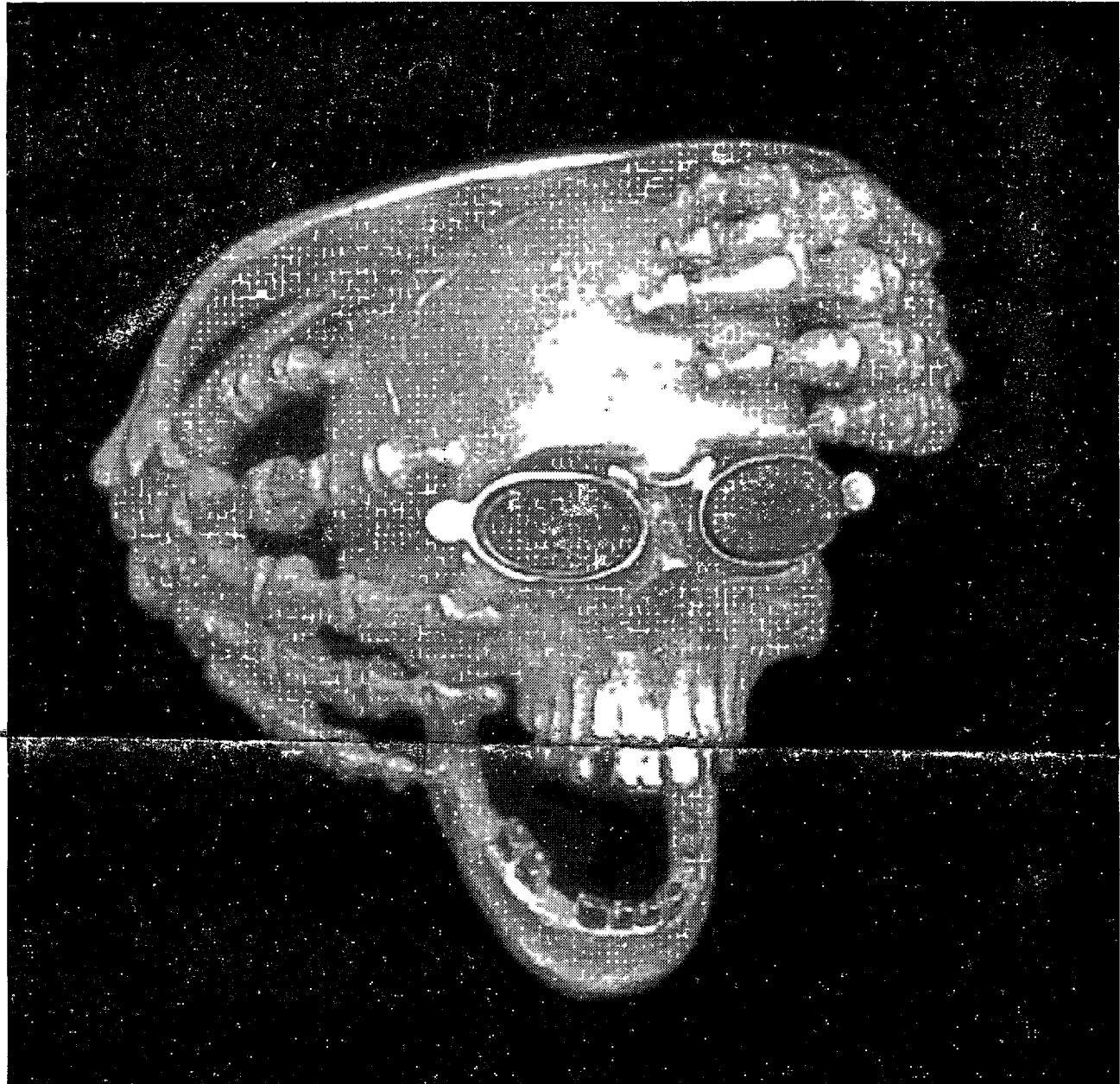


W C U STUDENT LIFE



Self Portrait-

Kim Eric Lilot's "self-portrait without skin" is a ghoulishly glamorous ring.
© 2003 Smithsonian American Art Museum

ALLEGEDLY

HAUNTED PLACES

by sergio ortiz | WCnewsmagazine 2.0

Asheville- It is said that the ghost of a man named Dr. Jamie Smith haunts a locale known as "Chicken Alley". Dr. Smith is said to have been killed in a ball-room fight in 1902 at the "Broadway's Tavern". A year later the tavern was destroyed by fire. Chicken Alley is close to the old tavern, and it is there that the un-resting spirit of Dr. Smith lingers about.

Asheville- Helen's Bridge is named after a woman who killed herself after the devastating loss of her daughter who died during a fire at Zalandia Castle. If you go on Halloween night you can try to conjure the spirit of Helen, if you succeed, your car will mess up in some way; this will prevent you from going down the mountain.

Cullowhee- The legend is that sometime during the 1990's a girl hung herself in the east wing on the 8th floor of Scott Residence Hall. In that floor many strange occurrences with sightings of the young lady have been reported. Bathroom lights also turn on and off as well as doors opening and shutting at will.

Cullowhee- Before the Moore Building became a classroom building, it was a residence hall for students studying to be teachers. It's said that during this time a young woman was killed by a prospective lover. Although the man was caught, he was soon released thanks to his mental condition and his family's connections. Shortly after the woman's death, students began reporting sounds of crying, screaming, and pacing. In the 1980's the Moore building was converted to classrooms, yet strange things continue to happen.

Dillsboro- During Norfolk-Southern's expansion into the southwest mountains of North Carolina, convicts were brought in to complete the hard work at a tunnel outside of Dillsboro. In order to get to the work site, the men had to cross a portion of the Tuckasegee River via raft. One fateful day a strong thunderstorm caused the Tuck to swell its banks. The raft the men used to cross rolled. Because the convicts were chained together they struggle against the current. All but one of them died. The men are buried on the mountain above the tunnel. It's said during hard rain people can hear chains rattling and the echoes of men splashing in the water yelling for help. This is the same tunnel where Harrison Ford walks into in the movie "The Fugitive".

The Haunting of Moore: WCU's Own Hill House

by Alex Esmon
Features Editor

October's amber sheen will soon give way to the frosted stumps of November. The leafless skeletons lining every corner of our blustery campus will swoon and crackle as harsh winds push through each sidewalk and parking lot. This influx of cold weather leads to frosty images of late, night visitations from ghostly—and ghostly—apparitions. People look twice over their shoulder when walking down that corridor late at night. The trees loom a little closer, the moon shines a little more intensely.

You walk a little quicker when the night falls, and those dark roads seem just a little bit bleaker.

An animal calls in the night and you pull the curtains a little closer together. Any bump or thump, and your eyes are darting over your covers across the darkened room, to the door. No matter how hot the temperature, you are never warm enough. The anxiety level rises ever so much. The screw is turned a little tighter.

Halloween is just around the corner, my shivering friend.

With the season of the witch comes the urge to discover just what—if any—ghosts lurk in the back of the closet. Our fair university lies nestled in a quiet valley, free from the homicidal maniacs who tear at the edges of urban legend. We reside in a relatively remote, unnoticed notch of the state. The closest interstate to us veers near Asheville. We have a backdrop of soft mountains, which, when the moon rises, act as silent guardians to the outside mayhem.

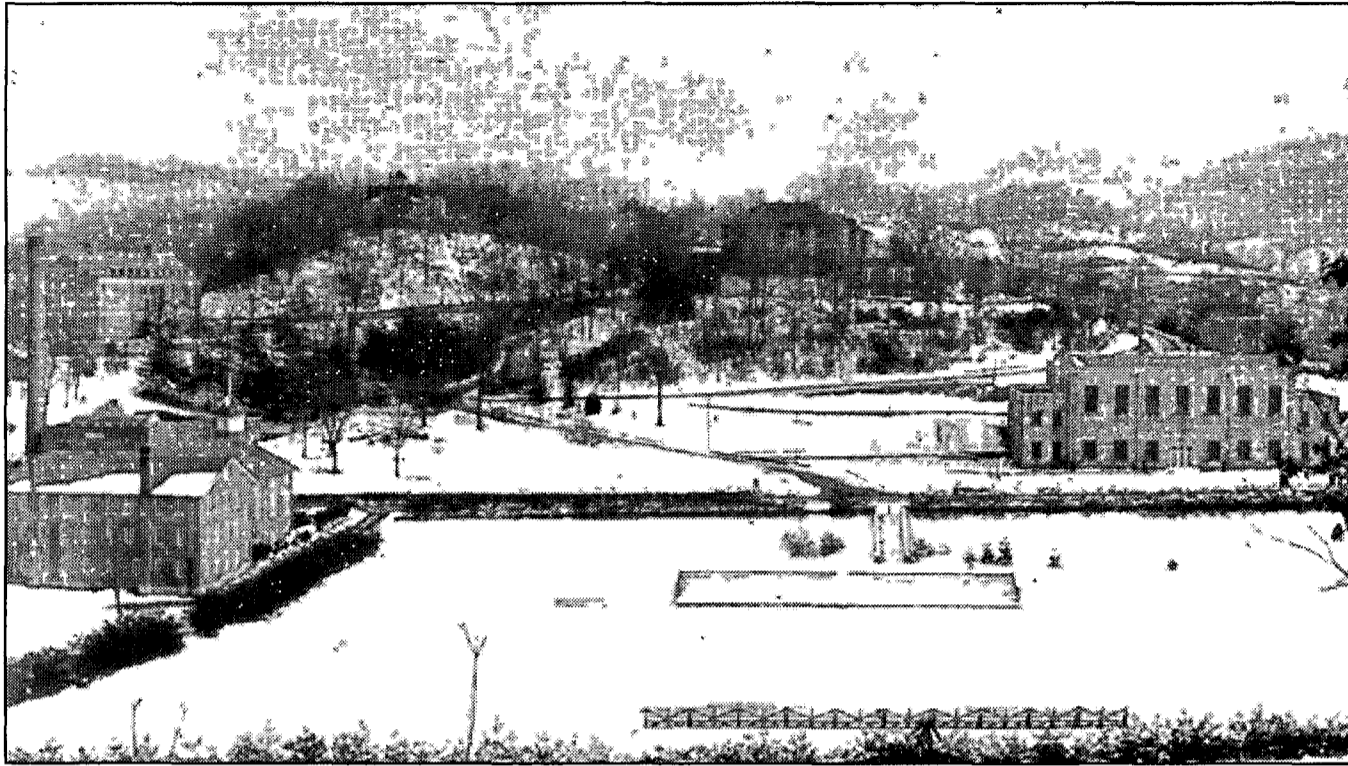
On the flipside, the mountains are perfect grounds for some of the scariest stories and macabre happenings. The success of "The Blair Witch Project" is a perfect example of the prevalent nature of "scary mountain stories" in popular culture. Whether it's due to the power of James Dickey's classic tale of backwoods terror, or the simple truth that the woods are darn eerie after seven at night, it stands today that people are scared to enter the woods alone at certain times of the day or night.

So here we are, autumn upon us, trapped in the seclusion of the forest.

Let's talk about our own haint: The Ghost of Moore Building.

As the story goes, it was a cold, blustery day in the late autumn of 1924. The ground was snow-covered and the campus was a buzz with students frantically packing belongings in an attempt to get home for the holidays. The dorms, which at that time were all located on the Hill, were emptying quickly. At this point in the history of Western, the school was an all-female teachers college.

Among those students were two young women, names long since forgotten, who watched as the others filtered down the snowy slopes towards the safety of loved



The Haunted Moore Building is located right of center, above Breese Gym. This is what WCU looked like in 1940.

ones. The weather was a menacing mix of anticipated unease and late day chill. As legend goes, the two girls were far from home, which made travel unfeasible.

Soon the two young women were alone. Their home was the newly named Moore Dorm, known to many of us today simply as the Moore Building.

After an evening stroll around the quiet campus, the two innocents returned to the safety of their empty dorm and the third floor.

One girl decided to end the night with a warm shower. Her roommate returned to the room, awaiting the return of the her friend before going to bed. Time passed, and still the roommate didn't return. The girl began to worry. Soon, she got frantic.

Then the scratching started. As is slowly grinding long fingernails over a slate board, the girl heard faint sounds emitting from the other side of the door. The girl was now petrified.

Then began the groans.

Low throaty groans, almost inaudible, but loud enough to percolate fear in the girl's stomach. The girl locked the door and waited in fear for morning to arrive. When a maintenance man happened by the window early the next morning, the girl hailed him, screaming to him that she was in fear for her life. In seconds, she heard the man outside in the hall. Soon, he was telling her that everything was all right and that the girl should stay in the room.

Of course, she didn't stay.

Waiting for her in the hall was the chilling corpse of her roommate, throat slit, blood staining the floor.

The interesting fact is that this exact same story has been told for generations at Indiana University, Purdue University, and the University of Kansas. In each case, the details were almost identical, the victims

slaughtered in the same manner. Does this signal the deeds of a serial killer who only attacked females at colleges in the early part of our century or is it just a piece of made-up folk lore, used solely for the scare value? The tale has never been corroborated. No obituary was ever printed for a student matching the girl's description. In fact, the only obituary listed for the time period was for three orphan mice who died in on the Moore building's third floor November 7, 1927, a good three years past the supposed date of the student slaying.

Is the story true? Are there ghosts roaming the upper realms of the Moore Building? Do the ghosts of three long-deceased mice and one slain student wander the halls late at night?

Some nights, when the breeze rustles the leaves and the sanctity of a lone light signals a home, alone on a far off hill, piercing the darkness with an ethereal light, one thinks that perhaps it really happened. Perhaps our tiny school was the sight of a lonely autumn tale of horror, a tale spun from mountain solitude and human depravity.

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Every Wed	Open mic/acoustic jam 8:30pm No cover
Every Thurs	College Night W/ DJ Waleed "Coyote" 10:00pm \$3.00 21 & over \$5.00 under 21 college ID required
Fri, Oct 29	OLIVER'S SOUP (groove/jazz jam) 9:30pm \$5.00
Sat Oct 30 9:00pm	Don't Miss Special Event JUNIOR BROWN \$18 advance \$20 door \$22 rsv. seating \$27 priority tickets/info 631-3322 or at In Your Ear, Sylva 586-8404
Sun, Oct 31	HALLOWEEN PARTY!!! (call 631-3322 for details)

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The Cullowhee Yodel

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JARRETT'S PRESS

Santa Claus!

Christmas Gift.

It's a long worm that has no tail.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Many good resolutions can be traced to a bad headache.

Speaking of heredity, stockings run in almost every family.

A straight line is the shortest distance between two pints.

When she promises to be a sister to you—look out, brother.

When a fellow steals a kiss, it is a clear case of petty larceny.

The height of chivalry: giving a lady your turn in a barber shop.

If you have to eat onions, friend, for land sakes don't breathe it to a soul.

A man usually makes up his mind to go out; a woman makes up her face.

"I'm getting into a pickle," said the worm as he crawled into the cucumber.

The great problem today is how to keep the wolf away from the garage door.

A real mean man is one who sticks pins in his mustache at a necking party.

A man with an extravagant wife deserves credit. In fact he can't get along without it.

Funeral Rites Held For Three Orphan Mice

Sorrow prevailed on the third floor of the Moore Dormitory November 7th, 1927, when solemn funeral services were held for three small orphan mice. Words of sympathy were offered to Mena Branch, Shad Brooks, and Gladys White, the chief mourners. Miss Tincy Russel conducted the funeral services, taking her text from Blackhurst's Directed Observation and Supervised Teaching. Miss Ruth Adams, accomplished soloist, sang impressively, her voice trailing off into echoes of grief and sympathy. Miss Kat Brown, the efficient official nurse, remained for the funeral, offering her aid to the grief-stricken mourners. These became hysterical at times and the commotion stirred the whole neighborhood. The pallbearers were as follows: Misses Etheland Turley, Elizabeth Griffin, and Ruth Adams. The participants of the service remained in mourning until the morning of November 23rd, 1927, and refused all invitations out except within the immediate family.

The above wish to express their appreciation for the consolation offered by the many friends in their notes of sympathy.

College Diploma Worth \$72,000

A college diploma is worth \$72,000 and a high school diploma is worth \$33,000, according to Dean Frederick Palmer's letter to the Campus Chronicle, California, Pa., State Normal School, defending the value of a higher education as a preparation for a business career.

He points out that engineering schools today are changing their curriculum at the expense of technical studies in order to meet the increasing demand for a broadening influence of an academic learning.

The average income of the college man at sixty years is \$6,000. Hence his total earning from the age of twenty-two to sixty are approximately \$150,000, or \$72,000 more than that earned by the high school graduate in the same time.

The high school graduate goes to work at eighteen, passes the income of the untrained man in seven years, and continues to rise until he is forty when the average income is \$2,200. He continues at that rate the rest of his natural life and earns an approxi-

Moore

To My Mother Friends

You will be "remembering" many of us with various gifts.

Why not list the names now—"have" get it off your mind.

Anything from a Necktie to an Evening thing "in between."

The MAN

W. A. CATHEY, Manager

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As The Campus Turns Western Has Its Own Halloween Mysteries



by Kathy Sullivan
News/Features Editor

If after reading these tragic and horrifying stories you dare to venture out Halloween Night beware of what lurks in the darkness that surrounds the campus of WCU, the same darkness that has witnessed many spine-tingling occurrences.

Many unexplained happenings exist in the history of this campus. One being the unexplained tragedy that supposedly occurred on 3rd Floor Moore Building.

How many of you have walked by Moore at night only to see the dark and eerie 3rd Floor? The setting appears perfect for a murder as the tall trees sway back and forth revealing the dead, black darkness that covers the windows.

Rumor has it that back in the 1920's when WCU was an all girl teachers' college, two girls remained in the Moore Dorm over a holiday. The girls were far from their hometowns and found it unfeasible to travel the long distance.

After returning to the dorm for the night, one of the girls decided to take a shower. Her roommate, while getting ready for bed, began wondering why the other girl was taking so long.

Moments later the bone-

chilling sounds began. Someone was scratching weakly at the door and groaning in pain. Stricken with fear, the girl hovered in a corner of the room until morning.

When hearing voices below her window, she realized the night had passed but her roommate still hadn't returned. She went to the window and saw a maintenance man calling up to her, saying everything was all right.

In a matter of seconds the man was outside her door telling her to remain inside. But naturally she opened the door only to find her roommate's body, throat slit, lying in a puddle of blood.

The 3rd Floor of Moore has since been boarded up and all doors leading in locked. Whether or not this story is true is left up to you, but be aware of eerie sounds outside your door.

Another scary story, be it true or not, is one that is sure to send a chill down your spine. The story began many years ago after the accidental homicide of a Kappa Alpha pledge. Many people today say that his ghost still haunts the KA house because of the unexplainable occurrences that frequently happen.

While lying in his bed, one of the brothers heard someone enter his room but thought it was his

Continued on Page 3



Our Mistake

Last Week in the Oct. 18 issue of the *Western Carolinian*, many of you noticed that we reprinted several stories from earlier this fall. We neglected to explain that this was done for the benefit of the visiting Open House students. We wanted to highlight what were our best, most amusing or most informative stories. This explanation was left off the page layout and we apologize if it caused any confusion.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

As a junior enrolled at WCU for the past two years, I have seen and heard alot. I have been through the hassles of Cullowhee 5-0 and tried to smile at the officers of Studer' Government. Though their matters seem minute, I would like to stress that these little matters lead-up to a very touchy part of WCU's nervous system. I am referring to the freshmen of WCU.

As a freshman enters college, he is set free from all commitments so to speak. The security that once surrounded him is no longer a so-called necessity. But, is this really true? Although the exterior of each wide-eyed, opinionated, freshman may seem secure, they all still need support. As an upperclassman, I am trying to emphasize this so that the

incoming freshman can grow with college instead of going through the trials and tribulations of high school all over again.

I have a very unique theory. I believe each person in this world should get as much involved in extracurricular activities as possible. No one can ever learn too much. It has come to attention that new freshmen with a QPR below a 2.0 are not being ALLOWED to join any organizations. I do not believe college is all books and I feel that one needs to feel accepted in order to accept. So, why on earth are advisors neglecting qualified students who know what they want? If this a way of filtering out the good from the bad, I think someone needs a little help from the CAP center.

Maureen Murphy

Backtalk: In an election year, where so much attention has been placed on the future of social security and the budget deficit, many candidates along with the public, have forgotten about the future of an important segment of our society, America's youth.

In North Carolina the youth movement is real. It is students actively participating in this years election. Why? Because we have a future too. We are fearful of what may happen to American and North Carolina if we allow liberal democrats to continue their forty-year old trend of tax and spend, tax and spend. We as North Carolinians simply can no longer

The youth of America feels secure in republican leadership.

America's youth now desire responsible government. We are the new wave of optimism, patriotism, and hope. We want a strong prosperous America. We don't want a weak military and an economy that rapes the worker of his hard-earned wages. We don't need higher taxes as promised by the democratic party. We need to stop feeding the hungry mouths of the big spenders in Washington.

The youth of western North Carolina is not fearful of the future. We are fearful, however, of irresponsible representation

Halloween Mysteries

Continued from Page 2

roommate. It was dark and he could only see the outline of a person.

The figure sat on the other bed and stared back at the brother. After realizing the form was just sitting there and staring, the brother moved toward the silhouette, but it backed away.

The brother then reached out to grab it, only to see his hand pass through the figure, which then floated away and disappeared into the wall. The figure is said to be the ghost of the dead pledge.

Have you ever tried to use the phone on 2nd floor of the KA

house? Well, it doesn't work and hasn't worked for several years, but it can be heard ringing in the middle of the night.

Not only do ghost stories exist on campus, but also in surrounding areas. Seen and investigated for more than a century, a tantalizing mystery remains unsolved in the mountains of North Carolina.

The Brown Mountain Lights are one of the most famous of North Carolina legends. The mysterious lights on Brown Mountain have existed as far back as 1771.

The lights appear at irregular intervals over the top of Brown Mountain. They move erratically up and down, visible at a distance but vanishing as one climbs the mountain. The lights can be seen from as far away as Blowing Rock or the old Yonahlossee Trail over Grandfather Mountain.

There are innumerable stories of the lights. They have been investigated by the U.S. Geological Survey and have attracted the attention of numerous scientists all having different explanations, most of which prove to be incorrect.

The best description is that the lights are a troop of candle-bearing ghosts who are destined to march forever back and forth across the mountain.

In recent years scientist have been more concerned with other things. Perhaps they have forgotten that there are mysteries in our area still unsolved. The Brown Mountain lights are one of them.

So, if you still dare to wander out into the darkness of Halloween Night, beware: The darkness can be a silent witness to a horrifying occurrence involving you--Believe it or not!

Happy Halloween!

BILLY GRAHAM

Bumping in the Night

Occasionally, when I find myself unengrossed with such importanties as class lectures or work at the newspaper office my mind, which has all the concentrating ability of a bowl of Tapioca Pudding, wanders back in time to the Golden Years of my childhood.

In the midst of such reveries, day befor yesterday I believe it was, I suddenly realized that Halloween was upon us.

Halloween; a holiday much looked forward to in years past, had stolen upon me like a thief in the night. (That, by the way, was as original line. Someone elses' original line yes; but nonetheless a very original cliche in its' own right.)

I could believe it not.

Halloween has always been big at Western. I was in Cullowhee while Catamounts were being shot at in Viet Nam and Halloween was big.

'A prime excuse to party and throw things', students have always said. Of course there are a wide range of excuses for such behavior at Western.

Gettting out of bed for example, Especially if one gets out of bed with a friend. Never mind, though, the subjects are ghouls and goblins.

Students do strange things at this time of year.

Two or three years ago, in late October, some idiot donned a mask, obtained a chainsaw, and began chasing coeds around campus late at night and jumping on the front of moving cars. It was great.

Everybody walked on campus at night in mobs and all the rednecks came down out of the hills with their guns, cruised around and looked for some reason to discharge them.

The culprit was soon apprehended, however, and the Lady Monotony returned to her paradise with one simple step.

When I was in junior high school, enduring and, or enjoying the frisky whims of adolescence, my friends and I would camp out upon Cullowhee Mountain on the night of October 31.

As darkness fell, we would set out, encumbered with loads of eggs and fireworks on the two and a half mile hike to Western. The new extension of highway 107, was being constructed at the time, and heavy machinery often proved to be handy although basically indestructible war-m-up targets.

Occasionally we would attempt mischief at the Pika house, which was at the time located on Speedwell road, but we found the Pika's to be particulary wrathful, especially insofar as their firetruck was concerned, and soon we opted to relieve them of our disservices altogether.

Our missions took us to the university, where outdoor movies, lonely cars and groups of unwary students made for big fun.

Except for the incidence in which an egg sodden pick-up truck chased all eight of us into an irrigation ditch filled with stagnant water.

That was no fun at all.

Ghost stories are also popular on campus at this stage of fall semester, and there are a few very good ones.

One has to do with Moore building.

At this point I'm afraid that a serious intone or two must breach the buttressed walls of weak humor and ignorance that surrounded these writings.

There have been murder and haunting stories concerning the third floor of Moore circulating for years.

These tales are false, with the fires thereof fed year to year by rumor, and after by official yet quite irresponsible sources.

The third floor of Moore is impty because there is no use for it. Dormitory rooms can hardly share a building with the nursing and Health Science department.

There is nothing to be found there. All entrances are locked or boarded. Inside, the floors are rotting. Those who break in might get hurt and probably will be arrested, neither of which are beneficial occurences insofar as the total college experience is concerned.

The KA house is also known for its ghoze, supposedly that of a long dead pledge.

Broken phones are heard ringing away in the night, and ghostly figures float to and fro.

I wasn't surprised to hear of the KA ghost. I've personally seen plenty of swimmy visions in the Kappa Alpha house late on Saturday evenings.

Another tale tells of a haunting in the Forest Hills housing development.

The family that occupies the house openly admits that a ghost is there, but they don't publicize

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BILLY GRAHAM

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the fact. They've lived with the numerous strange happening for years.

I admire their courage, because I would have bolted out the door the moment that things began rattling.

Benton dorm, with my room in particular, is filled with enough wierd manifestations to satisfy even the heartiest Buster.



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I WONDER IF ELIZA HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR?

IF SHE DIDN'T, SHE WOULDN'T BE MARRIED TO DAVE GRAJIE

Editor's Page

Enlightening



By Heather Frey

Thoughts

Moore Is No Mystery

Last week in my editorial I questioned what was going on up in Moore. I was under the impression that the 3rd floor was in terrible, rundown shape and wasn't safe for human activity. Consequently I was curious as to why and how someone was waltzing up there and playing around with some film. I closed my editorial by saying that I would look into this and get some answers.

Well, I didn't have to go looking for the answers: they came looking for me, and to my disappointment, I've discovered there is no mystery to the 3rd floor.

Dr. Glenn Stillion, vice-Chancellor at Student Development called me to explain that the floor is open to anyone who reserved space there. The film in the room belongs to Public Relations and that's where they store much of it. Still, I asked Dr. Stillion, why do they splice their film in such a dirty, nasty place? Basically, his reply was because they don't have any other place.

Sort of kills the mystique, doesn't it? Since last night was Halloween many of you probably drove by Moore and got goose bumps. At least it was enticing to think there was a mystery there, even for a little while. Now the 3rd floor is no more frightening or repulsive than our cafeteria food... or, perhaps I mean it is actually less frightening.

Ken Harris

Burn, Furman, Burn



GARFIELD®
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Star Wars The

by Joe C. Curl
Space - the final front
womb of creation, the void
which our planet took for
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