

# Local Legends *of* Logan, Utah

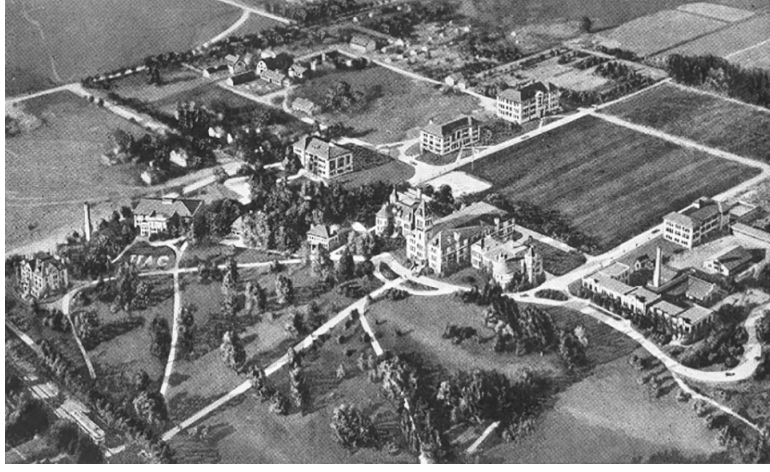
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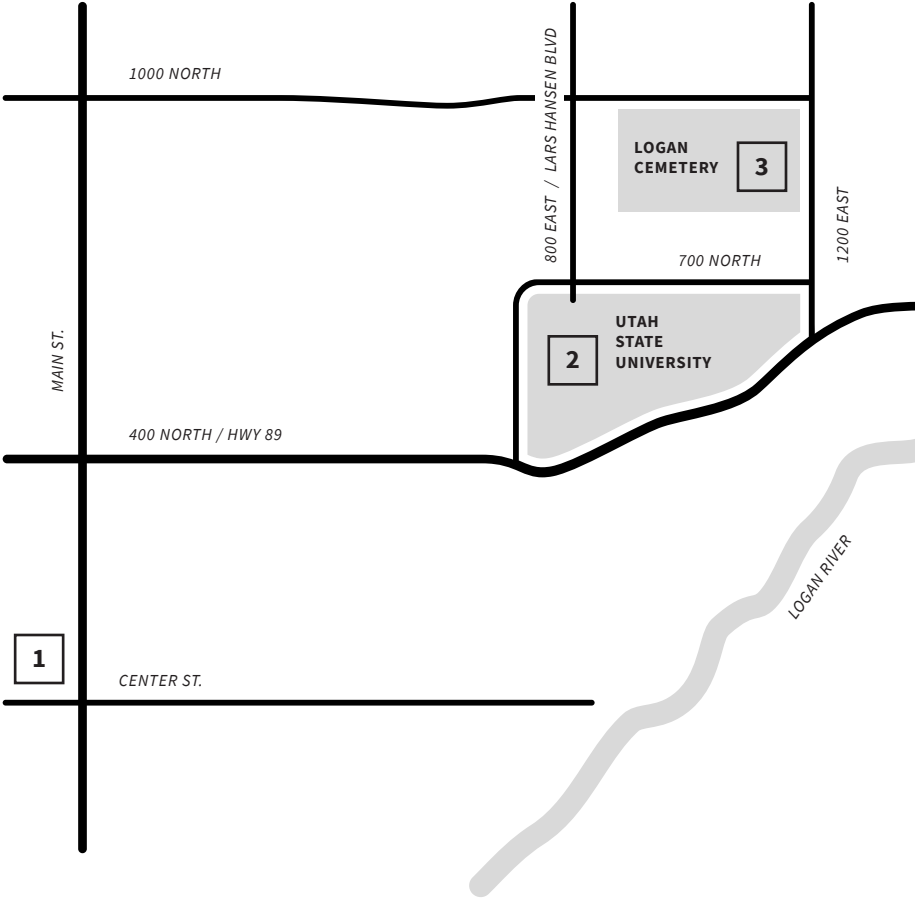
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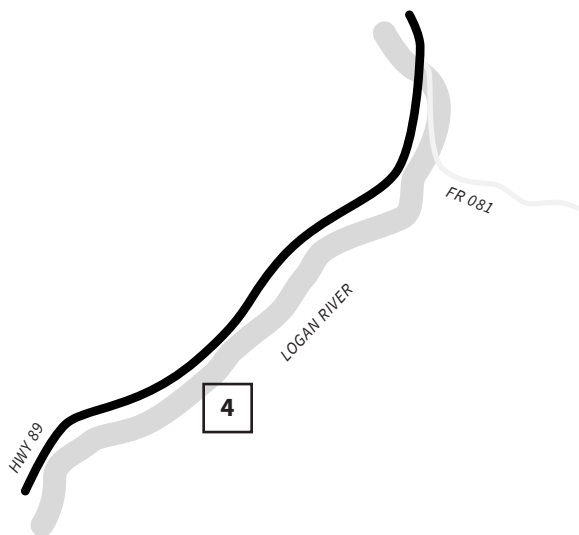
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# Map





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### TOUR SCHEDULE

1. Lyric Theatre
2. Kappa Delta & Alpha Chi Omega Sororities
3. Weeping Woman Statue
4. St. Anne's Retreat

# Lyric Theatre

*I first heard this story from my father, when I was old enough to go to the Lyric Theatre to see a play with him. I don't remember what play it was, but I do remember the ghost story. I have been reminded of it by my father every time I went to plays there during my young life, but the best experience of hearing this legend was when I went with one of my father's storytelling classes to the theatre and listened to Vosco Call, then theatre department head, tell the story. That version is the one I relate here as I remember it.*

– Angela

“When the Lyric Theatre was going through its reopening, Vosco was a student at the university and helping with the remodeling and at the same time rehearsing for the opening show, Hamlet. He was busy trying to do a little bit of everything and sometimes found himself staying late at night to rehearse his lines. One such night he was on stage and began to run his lines, starting with the famous Hamlet soliloquy “To be, or not the be, that is the question...” when he heard someone laughing. He stopped, and asked who it was, thinking it was only one of his fellow actors, but there was no answer. He went on with his lines and it happened again. Once again, he stopped and peered out toward the audience seating but could see no one. He cupped his hands from the bright stage lights and looked up to the balcony and thought he saw a dark shadow of a man leaning against the edge of the balcony, dressed in Shakespearian garb, he seemed to smile and then turned to leave and then seemed to just disappear.

Vosco had since learned of the story of when the Lyric first opened and a traveling acting troupe did the play Hamlet. (At some point an old program of that very performance was found in a downstairs dressing room.) It was said that in the troupe, the two actors who played gravediggers, had an ongoing rivalry and that while they were in Logan doing that show, that one of them killed that other and buried his body down in the basement (which was the dug out dirt basement at that time). According to that program the actors name was Everett. So now it is thought that this actor, Everett, is said to be the ghost that inhabits the theatre. Since then other evidences of his existence include jokes played on actors and tech crews, such as misplaced or hidden props, the running of sinks in the dressing rooms, laughing, odd bumping noises, and most notably the swinging of the middle chandelier above the audience.”

*“If you go to the Lyric on any opening night, and you sit down and look at the first chandelier on the right, you will see that it is swinging. Some people say that it is the air conditioner, others say that it is a draft. And there are those that believe that it is some sort of geologic phenomenon.*

*I prefer to believe that it is the ghost of some friendly actor who played there and at his or her death didn't want to leave the theatre. There have been many sightings but none have been antagonistic or harmful in any way. I think that it is a friendly ghost.”*

*-Nancy*

# USU Greek Houses



## Alpha Chi Omega

“A long time ago when the Greek system was very new at Utah State, there was an Alpha Chi and a Sigma Nu dating each other. They had been dating for almost three years and were very in love. Over the summer break that year, however, the Alpha Chi called her boyfriend in Logan (who was one of the few staying over the summer) and told him that she had fallen in love with someone else. Absolutely devastated,

the Sigma Nu broke into the Alpha Chi house (where no one was staying for the summer) and hung himself in the furnace room in the basement. He hung there all summer until his exgirlfriend came home and found him dead. People say that the Ghost of Alpha Chi is still here in the house, and he likes to play tricks on people—especially those who live in the basement.”

-Lauren



# Kappa Delta

“About ten years ago, there was a girl named Melissa who lived in the Kappa Delta house. When she first began, she was very active in the chapter, held an appointed office, and had a lot of friends. However, as the year went on she began to stay in her room a lot more, she stopped going to classes, and slept a lot of her day. Her sisters asked her if she needed help, but she always just smiled and shook her head. One day, a sister realized that Melissa hadn’t come down to dinner for the past two nights. They checked the upstairs, the main level,

the laundry room, the study room, and the chapter room and once again found nothing. Finally, the last room left was the unfinished room that all the sorority members used as storage. The sisters walked in and found Melissa hanging from a beam, she had hanged herself. Now, the unfinished room will forever remain unfinished as a tribute to Melissa. Also, when a sister runs downstairs to grab something or put a box into the room they knock three times out of respect.”

- Beth



# Pi Kappa Alpha

*Chris Durrant was the president of the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity on the Utah State campus during 1995. He had a reputation as a no-nonsense type of guy, and when he talked, people listened. Everyone in the Greek system here knew and respected him. That says a lot about a person, that everyone in the Greek system respected who he was. To say the least, he was really not the type of person that would fabricate a story just for someone's amusement. He graduated from Utah State University with a teaching degree. He was married his senior year here.*

*The story of the ghost that lives in our house is widespread. It is widely believed that he is the ghost of a pledge that died here back in the sixties, named John Albert Hoffman. Since he died while still a pledge, he is known as the "eternal pledge." Everyone has stories about having strange things happen in the house when no one else is home, such as doors opening and closing by themselves simultaneously, or strange stomping footsteps that go nowhere. But Durrant claims to actually have seen the ghost, and he told me one night while we were playing pool in our basement. I had heard from other people that he had actually seen the ghost, and so I asked him his story over a game of pool.*

*-Greg*

During the holidays, most members go home to be with their families, or just to be out of Logan for a while. This means that the house is virtually deserted, and so one or two people usually stay for the duration of vacation to keep an eye on things, and make sure that our house is not broken into or anything. During the Christmas break that he was president, everyone was going home, and so Durrant had to stay here himself since he was the president.

One night during the break, he was all alone in the house, and was in the room that is in the downstairs of our house where our television is. He was lying on a

couch, just watching the television, when he happened to doze off. He remembers waking suddenly, however, because he got very cold, for no apparent reason. But when he awoke, he felt very stiff, like he couldn't move very well.

At this moment, his eyes happened to glance upward above the couch. Standing behind the couch, looking over and down at Durrant, was a figure. Durrant says that he could not make out a face on the figure, that it had definite form, but no real definite features. And the figure just stood, looking down at him. It did not move, speak, or anything.

Durrant had heard all the stories

surrounding the ghost that lived in the house, but had never really believed them. But at this point, he became very frightened. So he shut his eyes, and waited a few seconds, and opened them again. The figure had vanished, without a sound. It was no longer cold in the room, and Durrant found he could move. He looked up over the couch, but the figure was nowhere in sight.

There are three ways the figure could have left the room. One is up the stairs that led out of the room. But Durrant

would have heard him, for he would have had to be moving fast. Another way would have been out the back of the room, but the distance would have been too far in the time Durrant had his eyes closed, and besides, he could have heard the running footsteps. Another way would have been out the door that led to the outside, but the sound of the door opening and closing would have followed the figure. It had disappeared into thin air.

## Sigma Chi

"The Sigma Chi house was built in the 1920s, it is the oldest fraternity house on the USU campus. During the construction of the house, a man, one of the workers accidentally drove his tractor off the edge of the dug out basement. The tractor came down on him and broke his back. It is said now, some 50 or so years later, that Luke, the man with the broken back, lives down in the furnace room. No one has

ever or ever sees him, but his presence is known. The Sigma Chi brothers who live in the house will occasionally hear Luke walking around at night, they know its him because of the peculiar way in which he walks, this is a result of the injury that he suffered. That's how Luke got the name, "Luke the Spook!"

- Scott

# USU Campus



Photo Courtesy of Logan Library

## Old Main Tower

“Many years ago (it is not known the exact time) Utah State University held an annual dance, at the time called a Senior Prom, at the building which served as a student center at the time. This dance was always held close to graduation. There was a girl who was quite homely (ugly as Shaun told it) who did not have a date to the dance. However, this girl was very talented at playing the organ, and she was asked to play at this dance for the

floorshow. She practiced and prepared well for her piece, but died mysteriously the night before the big dance. No one knows how this death occurred. To this day, every graduation night, as the wind blows through the tower of Old Main, if you listen closely, you can hear the sound of the organ, believed to be the dead girl playing her piece.”

# Music Building

“Thirza Little was a beautiful young college student who played the piano exceptionally well. One of her favorite pieces was “Rhapsody in Blue.” She used to practice on the grand piano in the college auditorium because it was the only grand on campus. Even at night sometimes she would go over and work. While she was still in college, she died of a rare disease. A year or so later, a couple of her friends were strolling on the campus after a date about midnight when they heard “Rhapsody in Blue” being played in the auditorium from the upstairs where the piano was, but the building and the

music continued. They finally made their way up the fire escape where they could peer in the upstairs window. It was too dark inside to see, but the playing stopped abruptly, and the two thought they could see a slightly luminous silvery shadow moving across the length of the auditorium. Others have reported hearing the music and then seeing the silvery shadow move across the roof of the building after the playing stopped. The reports still persist after forty years.”

- June

# Weeping Woman



*"I heard this story from a couple of girl friends in high school one night in September 1975. It was a dark overcast night and we began telling scary stories in my car as we were driving around. We passed by the Logan cemetery and the one girl spoke up and told this story."*

*— Mont*

In the far southwest corner of the cemetery there is a statue of a woman with her head down, who is weeping the loss of her baby, who's grave is directly under the statue. Whenever there is a

full moon (which there was on this night) you can go to that statue and the tears actually flow from the stone face, landing on the headstone and epitaph of the infant.

*“ There was a lady with a very large family that were all sons. The first son was killed in a car accident. The second son was killed in the war. The third son was lost at sea, and the fourth was killed in a bar room brawl. Her husband was murdered in a back alley.*

*She died very lonely, all of her family had died tragically. The tombstone in the Logan cemetery is her image, and on dark, cloudy, windy nights, she mourns her dead family, and when you touch her cheek, you can feel her tears.”*

*-Pat*

# The Witch of Logan Canyon

*Boyd learned this story from his friends while they were camping at one of the campsites in Logan Canyon. They like to go camping together often and amuse themselves around the campfire with stories and jokes. I heard this story from Boyd at the breakfast table where we often talk after morning classes.*

*-Kevin*

There is this witch that lives up Logan Canyon. Her name is Hecuba and she used to live here in Cache Valley in the early 1800s. She was tried for witchcraft, convicted and this mob of people took her up the canyon, tied her to a tree and let the dogs eat her alive.

Now on the dark nights with no moon you can summon Hecuba to appear and tell your future. You have to drive up the canyon with your lights off until you come to a dirt road off to the left a few miles up. There you drive along the road

until you come to this large old twisted tree. Once you get to the tree you flash your headlights three times and wait. In a few moments you will see three pairs of glowing eyes appear out of the darkness. These are Hecuba's dogs. You must then go up to the tree and Hecuba will come in her long black robe with her flaming red hair and glowing eyes. You can ask her three questions, but if you ask for that which you must not know, the dogs will eat you alive.



“Once I decided to see if the stories about Hekedah were true. I grabbed a friend and we grabbed two girls and set out for third dam. As is the custom, we put the keys to the truck on the hood and yelled for Hekedah to come. After waiting a long time, I saw a green light forming in the middle of the lake. I thought I was imagining things at first. It soon formed into the face of a lady all pale and green and she was crying. We grabbed our car keys from the hood, but we waited to see what would happen. It wasn’t long until a hand and arm appeared and started motioning us to come (The teller motions with his hand and finger). She kept getting bigger and bigger and was soon a full size lady coming closer and closer to our truck. We put the keys in the ignition and tried to start the truck but nothing happened. Finally when she was only 4 or 5 feet away, the truck started and we tore out of the place like crazy. (The teller then fills in the events of Hekedahs life which

explain why she haunts the lake.)

Hekedah was a recluse woman who lived in a little cabin above third dam. She had been quite wealthy in her life and had her money with her in the cabin. One night, two men broke in and killed her so that they could steal the money. The two men were never seen or heard of again. It is said that if you look up on the ridge on a night of a full moon, you can see the silhouette of Hekedah, with an axe in hand, chasing the two men.”

-Alan

(As a final cornerstone of the story, the teller says that he will still go to third dam in the daytime but you will never see him there at night. This adds a personal testimonial of danger to those who go near third dam at night and adds a sense of realism to clinch the story.)

*Alan Whitney was born in 1964 and has lived most of his life in Logan. His L.D.S. ward had an active scouting program and the scouts were often able to go on a campout in the mountains. One time when the troop was camping in Logan Canyon near the sinks, the scoutmaster told the following story in first person form and swearing it had happened to him and his friends. Alan and the rest of the frightened troop believed the story completely. It also helped to have a dark, woody location in Logan Canyon in which to tell the story. When Alan told me the story a few years ago I believed it but when he gave me a refresher telling the other evening, I didn’t believe the story. Al still does. I believe the story is told simply to scare the listener but possibly also to warn against tempting supernatural beings to come to you.*

-Scott

# St. Anne's Retreat



Photo Courtesy of Dr. Lynne S. McNeill

“Once not so long ago, St. Anne’s was an active nunnery. There were over a hundred nuns who lived there, and a priest who stayed there to watch over them. Well, it turned out the priest couldn’t handle the life of celibacy, I guess, so I guess he got friendly with some of the nuns. Pretty soon the sound of crying babies filled the air. Actually, they were a lot more discrete than that—the priest would just go get the poor unfortunate victim real late at night and take her and their baby down to the pond and drown them. Of course it was soon noticed that several of the nuns were disappearing, and so one of the nuns, who was very pure and had no idea what was going on, was asked to investigate and see where they were disappearing to. So one night she followed the priest and one of his favorite nuns down to the pond. When she saw what he was doing,

she yelled out and tried to jump on him to save the poor nun and her child. But it was too late—they were already dead. The priest was really scared this righteous nun he hadn’t been able to victimize and blackmail would tell on him, so he grabbed her by the neck and choked her to death. Then he threw her body into the pond.

The next morning, they found her body—and the priest was gone! They searched for him for a long time, but so far they have not found him. They say the nuns were killed are still roaming around up in the canyon looking for a way to revenge him—and the also say that if you kneel down and look into the pond from the right angle, you can still see the body of the righteous nun floating in the pond.”

-Tony

“There is a place up Logan Canyon called St. Anne’s Retreat. It used to be a nunnery, but since then a lot of stories have developed and spread about a murderer slaughtering nuns and leaving the rest to go insane.

I went up there once with a group of friends in high school. There were some big dog houses and someone told me there had been big guard dogs to protect the nuns, but a murderer came and slit their throats—but you could still hear them barking sometimes. There was also an empty swimming pool. Some of the nuns were thrown into the pool after

being killed, or forced to jump into the empty pool, splattering themselves on the deep, hard bottom. I think a few nuns were remaining, but they went insane and it became unsafe for anyone to go up there.

Several years ago, I heard that someone wanted to sell the place or rebuild it for a summer camp place, but the plans were never developed—maybe because of the scary stories and legends associated with the place.”

-Jennifer



Photo Courtesy of Dr. Lynne S. McNeill

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