

It was September 27, 1972 when [redacted] had come to my room in Bryan Hall. Bryan is one of the halls in McNutt Quad. McNutt is located on Fee Lane which is just one of the many streets in Bloomington, Indiana. I, [redacted], am a 19 year old freshman at Indiana University. My father is Polish, and my mother is German and Irish. [redacted] is the Resident Assistant on third floor in Bryan. She was born in Louisville, Kentucky and is a 21 year old senior here at I.U. She has travelled along the east coast. She then began to tell me the Legend of McNutt.

Two girls who lived in DeJoya, which is in McNutt Quad, got special permission to stay over Thanksgiving vacation, because they lived so far away. One girl lived on third floor, the other on ground floor. They had heard on the radio one night that a man had escaped from a mental institution in the Bloomington area. Being the only two people in the entire dorm, they began to get a little frightened. They had then decided to set up a code of knocks, so they would be sure to know who was at the door. They went to their rooms and locked the doors. As the night progressed, the girl on third floor heard a thumping, dragging noise coming up the stairs and down the hall. She had just begun to get scared! The noise had stopped at her door. Next, there was a scratching at the door. She became petrified and pulled the covers over her head. The scratching had stopped. She decided not to move until morning. When morning came, she got up and opened the door. On the floor outside her door was the girl from ground floor with an ax through her head. There were scratches on the door from where she had been scratching for help. From then on, every year two girls in McNutt are suppose to be frightened by the mad ax-man, and one will die.

At 6:30p.m. when [REDACTED] knocked at my door, I got my notebook out, because I knew she was coming. [REDACTED] and myself were the only two present. Although I have not known her for a very long time, I consider her to be one of my friends. With her southern accent very distinguishable, she began the story. She seemed very enthused and told the story with a great deal of feeling. When she was done, I had believed the story, because she told it so convincingly. I then asked her whether she believed it or not, and she said very calmly and surely "no." There have been rumors that Jean Dixon predicted that six girls will be killed by the mad ax-man this year at I.U. They are just as I stated, rumors.