In the mock war dance Hiawabop presents at MU football games is an echo of a time when the campus was a wilderness and an Indian ritual place. During the early years of the college, a ceremonial mound was cleared from the present site of Stoddard Hall and the clay from it used in the construction of one of the buildings. So far there have been no reports from Stoddard of Indian ghosts holding class reunions there. But in Miami's history there have been other unusual events and circumstances which students, by re-telling, exaggerating and even inventing a bit, have developed into something akin to legends. The following are several of these "Miami myths" gleaned from histories, notably Dr. Havighurst's *The Miami Years*, and from the various versions told by students and professors.

**OX COLLEGE MURDER**

Oxford Female Institute, founded in 1899, merged with Miami in 1912 and became the familiar Ox College, freshman women's scourge. It was some time before this union that rumors of a homicidal maniac in the area reached the few girls staying in the dorm during a Thanksgiving vacation. Late at night one girl, like most of the others, locked her door and window before getting into bed. Suddenly, as she lay awake in the dark, there was a faint scratching at her door. Too frightened to move or call for help, she waited for the sound to repeat itself. Everything was silent. Finally, convinced it had only been her imagination, she forgot the incident and fell asleep. But opening the door next morning, she found one of her dorm-mates lying there, one stiffened hand stretched toward the door and an axe buried in her throat.

**OGDEN HALL**

That Laura Ogden Whaley left the university a large amount of money for a men's dormitory, to be built in honor of her brother, is a fact. That she further stipulated the money could not be used unless there were seven buildings with a wall or fence around them, may only be fancy. But Ogden men entertain their dates, when not otherwise occupied, with the explanation of the seven different names over the entrances of their dorm. And they further claim that the university was forced to put a fence around the building — six feet under ground.

**WESTERN CHAPEL**

If the administration will forgive this verbal treading on forbidden ground, we will go over to Western's campus to tell a story Miami students have borrowed for years. Inside Western's chapel the grey of evening gathers first among the heavy wooden beams of the arched ceiling and, as the slanting rays of the sun disappear from the small window, drifts down and settles on the double row of pews and the platform before them. On the platform is an organ and Western students frequently practice there. One evening, while at this organ, a girl looked up to see a man staring at her from the shadows in the last row. Frightened, she stopped playing. The man, never taking his eyes off her, got out of his seat and began moving slowly down the aisle. She started to play again; he hesitated, then sat down in the next row. All night long she played, knowing each time she stumbled or stopped that somewhere in the darkness he was moving towards her. The next day when they were discovered, the man, an escaped mental patient, was sitting in the very first row and the girl was still playing. But her hair had turned completely white.

**SCIENCE HALL**

Science seems to have been an unlucky subject to major in at Miami. In the early Scientific Hall a student was struck and killed by lightening. Then in 1898, Professor Henry Snyder died of poisoning in Brice Scientific Hall. Whether it was a suicide or a murder was never settled, but shortly after his death, his widow, Minnie, an eccentric woman who liked to dress as a gypsy and sing, married the man who accompanied her on his guitar. His name was William Pugh and he had been Snyder's laboratory assistant.

**FISHER HALL**

When the Oxford Female Institute opened its doors in 1856, it was one of the finest schools in the country, complete with gas lights, steam heat and servants in livery. But the building gained a certain air of mystery when it later became the Oxford Retreat, a mental hospital (which, it would appear from other stories in this article, was rather poorly guarded at times). When in 1927, it was made Fisher Hall men's dorm, its barred windows, rumors of hidden dungeons and enigmatic qualities remained intact. And Fisher eventu-
ally fulfilled its promise of suspense. One ordinary evening during the school year, a student came into his room with two cokes and left one on the desk at which his roommate sat reading and whistling to himself. A few moments later, when the boy stepped out of the room again, he could still hear the whistling. Suddenly it stopped. Curious, he hurried back to see what had happened. The half-finished coke stood on the desk and a cigarette was burning in the ashtray. Clothes, books, a wallet, a watch, nothing had been disturbed; but his roommate was never seen again. Various versions say the boy was hanged, drowned or a victim of amnesia but no one has any proof. So the mystery lives on, and it is said that when the moon is full, he wanders in the Formal Gardens — whistling.

PINE BLUFF CEMETERY

At the foot of Oak Street, across from the Miami Manor, lies Pine Bluff Cemetery. There seems to be no order here. The graves cluster in groups, rank in waverling lines or stand alone, as though in death these people chose to repeat the patterns of their lives. Among the seraphs and biblical quotations of another time is an occasional stone, its polished surface gleaming next to the weathered grey of its neighbors. Other graves are marked only by a mound or a plain white brick. There seems to be no order here—except in one place at the back of the plot where several neat rows of head stones are surrounded by grass and the disorder of the other graves. These stones, their dates ranging from about 1828 to 1848, tell of epidemics and other hardships of that time and give vague histories of men who traveled far to die in Oxford. One inscription coldly admonishes the passerby:

"As I am now so you must be.
Prepare for death and follow me."

But the incongruous order of these rows remain the most interesting and puzzling point. For the graves are placed unusually close to each other and all the footstones are the same distance from the headstones regardless of the age of the victim at death. The story is told that these graves were once on a nearby hillside and when the railroad was built there, the stones were moved to their present site. But the bodies were never moved. Perhaps on misty nights some restless soul comes to stand before its own grave stone and read there:

"Sweet consecrated spot here let me rest.
With the green tint above my peaceful body."

These are the stories of people who lived, loved, learned and left behind the mysteries of their lives — mysteries which became the legends of Miami.