

# GHOSTS OF THE METLEN HOTEL

By Maryanne Davis Silve



It was a muggy evening, late at night in May of 2001. There were no lights on in the tall tower of the Metlen Hotel. Emily Spry, a young, attractive brunette and three of her friends sat on the floor in the tower room. With legs crossed, they sat in a close circle around the Ouija Board. Dim candles were spaced between each girl, casting dark shadows on the wall and the bottom of the window frames behind their backs.

Stretching out their arms and hands to follow the racing pointer on the board, the letters were plainly marked in rapid succession until they spelled out this message: "I don't want you here."

Even though several windows were open, the room was stuffy as it had been closed up all day, as it usually was.

The pointed marker raced across

faces turned white. Emily's boyfriend quizzed them. "So what happened?"

Though some may scoff at the very thought of ghosts being a reality, they would have to admit, there are things that happen in the unseen world that none of us can explain. In today's world, the question seems not to be 'Are there ghosts?' But 'Where do the ghosts hang out?' The Metlen has its share of mysterious occupants.

Emily Spry went to work at the Metlen last spring, first as a maid, then as a bartender. She has been witness to many unexplainable incidents there. Plus she is not alone. Over the years, the stories are the same from people who have lived and worked at the old hotel, though most are not as willing to share their story as Spry.

"Sometimes the jukebox will just start playing when no one has touched it or put any money in. Not only that, it plays songs that aren't even on there!"

Apparently an art student from Bozeman killed himself in the

they might remember she is not the only one who has seen glimpses of ghosts and heard their noises. "When I worked as a maid, the maintenance man and I were walking down the hall on the 3rd floor. We heard the sound of a strong wind blowing and felt a draft coming from under the door of one of the rooms. We opened the door and it was totally still inside, not even a breeze. There were no windows open and no cracks in the wall. It was strange."

According to Spry, the sound of children playing and running up and down the stairs is not uncommon. "I'm used to it," she says. "It doesn't scare me."

The woman in the white dress is probably the most mysterious ghost at the Metlen. A bartender who worked there years ago told about the evening he was working when the lady appeared. It was a quiet night and she sat and talked to him for several hours and didn't even have a drink. When it was time to close down he said, "I'm sorry, but I have to ask you to leave, because I have to close the bar." He said she got up and moved smoothly out the side door (which is now boarded up). That is when he noticed she didn't have any feet. "She just sort of floated," he said.

"I have seen glimpses of the woman," Spry said, "Some people have even seen her dancing."

One evening a bartender was alone washing dishes in the back bar. She saw the lady in the white dress. It startled the bartender so, she dropped the dish she was holding and glanced down for a second. When she looked back up, the lady was gone.

"Usually what I see are glimpses of her out of the corner of my eye, or in the

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the board again, spelling out another sentence. "Get out or I will hurt you!"

Then suddenly, without warning all the candles flickered and went out. The room was black. The windows slammed down. Emily and her friends sat silent, frozen in fear. In the dark, their hands left the Ouija Board. Before they could make a move—just as quickly as the candles were snuffed out—they flickered back on and the windows flew open again.

"I'm out of here," one of the girls hollered and they all bounded through the door and down the stairs.

Back at the bar on the ground floor, some of the girls sat quietly, others chattering, all of them with

tower many years ago, or so the story goes. Some wonder if this generates some of the animosity of the ghost in that area of the building. Spry had intended to set up her living quarters in the tower until the incident with the Ouija Board occurred. She has not been back up there since.

"But I am not afraid of the ghosts," Spry said. "I am used to them now. The one in the tower is mean, but the others are okay. I even have one that helps clean up. I'll be closing down the bar and cleaning up late at night. There will be a lot of bottles around, like over in the corner, sitting on the windowsill. I go over, pick up a few, then when I return, the rest are all picked up."

For those who might make fun or scoff at Spry's experiences,

## BUILDING TOLERANCE

### WHEN

Thursday November 8,  
11 am-12 pm

### WHERE

Small Auditorium,  
Main Hall

### WHAT

Panel of Experts talk on our current world affairs, the war and what is going on with it, and US involvement in terrorist happenings.

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continued page 3