"Everett the Ghost and Lance"

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Recommended Citation
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Supernatural Nonreligious Legend

**Informant:**

Lance Rasmussen is originally from Logan, Utah. He left Utah for two years to serve an LDS mission in Houston, Texas. After he completed his missionary service, Lance returned to school to complete a BFA in Acting from Utah State University. After this, he and his wife Sydnee Fullmer moved to Louisiana where Lance completed an MFA in Acting from Louisiana State University. He and Sydnee currently reside in Colorado Springs, Colorado where he and Sydnee both work as theater professionals. I know Lance from growing up in the same Logan neighborhood and also from working with him at Utah State University and with the Lyric Repertory Company (located in downtown Logan).

**Context:**

I have worked seven seasons for the Lyric Repertory Company, which recently celebrated its 50th anniversary this past summer of 2017. The building itself has been standing since 1912. Legend has it that back in the “old days,” when travelling Vaudeville troupes were popular, one particular company stopped in Logan to perform Shakespeare’s *Hamlet* at the Caine Lyric Theater. The two actors playing the gravediggers in the play got into a fight. The one killed the other and buried him beneath the theater. And that’s how we got the ghost Everett.

Lance wrote this account to me in response to a Facebook post I made on November 28, 2017 asking my friends and colleagues with whom I had worked at the Lyric Repertory to please share their encounters with the infamous theater’s ghost, Everett. Lance’s experience, of course, occurred at the Caine Lyric Theater at 28 W Center St, Logan, UT 84321.

**Text:**

Both my experiences were as an apprentice. The first involved the old dressing rooms. We were working on the Fantastics, and the design included a bunch of puppets of various sizes. One of these puppets was about half the size of a normal human. It lived in the back of the old dressing rooms when in storage during other shows. I was usually in charge of striking
the puppets down to their storage area, and I CANNOT TELL YOU HOW MANY TIMES THEY MOVED. Most especially the largest of them. I would step out of the room to come back for something, and the head would be turned different, the arms would be placed weird, sometimes the entire puppet in a different angle or looking in a different direction.

IT WAS HORRID

Secondly, the doors to the alley used to be wooden and rickety. We were doing a show one afternoon, a matinee, and it began to sound like a storm was moving outside, very strong wind blowing up against the doors. They began shaking to the point where I went and stood next to them to hold them because I'm sure you could hear it on stage. As I held one side, the other side popped open, letting light flood into the room, which I quickly ran over to close before the light got to stage for too long. As I pulled the door back shut, I looked outside. It was clear, sunny, with absolutely no wind. That one took a minute to get processed.

Texture:

I made the initial Facebook post on November 28 at 12:40 PM. Lance was one of the first people to respond and commented on the post saying “I've got a couple” at 2:23 PM the same day letting me know he would contact me shortly with more details. Lance sent me this message at 8:20 AM on Friday, December 1. Lance uses all caps to emphasize aspects of his story which he finds particularly thrilling. His tone is quite honest and truthful. I know Lance as a friend and know that he is not one to exaggerate experiences in any way, so I personally take this account to be perfectly near the truth.

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ENGL 2210: Introduction to Folklore
Dr. Lynn S. McNeill
Fall 2017