

Haunting Harris Hall



Written by Steve Skierski

Popular Lore:

Now we come to the real heart of the campus and the hauntings.

The legend of Harris Hall has two parts: the cause and the effect. The story goes that a professor working at the College in the 1920s (or 1930s or 1950s depends on who you ask) was ostracized and bullied due to his identity as a member of the LGBTQTIA community. After this reached its breaking point, the professor climbed up to the roof and jumped. After this defenestration, the College boarded up the way to the roof access and put bars on all the fourth floor windows.

The effect is said to be a residual haunting, a spectral replay of an event that happens over and over without the presence of any intelligent spirit. In this residual haunting, it's said the professor can be seen to retrace his final steps and fatal leap off the top of Harris Hall.

Firsthand Accounts:

My coworker "Dale" used to work in the paranormal field and was particularly bothered by Harris. One night while I was on patrol, he came over the radio losing his mind. He said that as he climbed the staircase headed for the third floor, he heard dogs barking angrily inside the building. When he went to open the door, he felt something heavy push against him to the point that he couldn't open the door. He ran out and called me at that time. I went back inside with DJ and Dale, and we locked down the building together.

Jared and "Jordan" were on the top floor of Harris one night conducting a routine lockdown run when both instinctively froze. When they stopped moving, they heard heavy footsteps at the far end of the hallway approaching them. One of the officers called out: "Hello?" to which there was no response. What's particularly weird about this is that both officers are big skeptics and neither talked about the incident for months after it happened. They both recounted the story to me separately and said they didn't think anything was weird until the other officer stopped at the exact same time and they locked eyes right before hearing the footsteps.

Firsthand Accounts

After I left campus safety, I still went to visit my remaining friends and former coworkers. I went to see Jordan one summer night in 2019 and assist with his lockdown routine. When we got to Harris, we were absently talking random bullshit as we walked down the main hallway. When we got to about 5 metres from the elevator, the door opened on its own. We looked at each other, laughed nervously, and I quipped: "let's take the stairs."