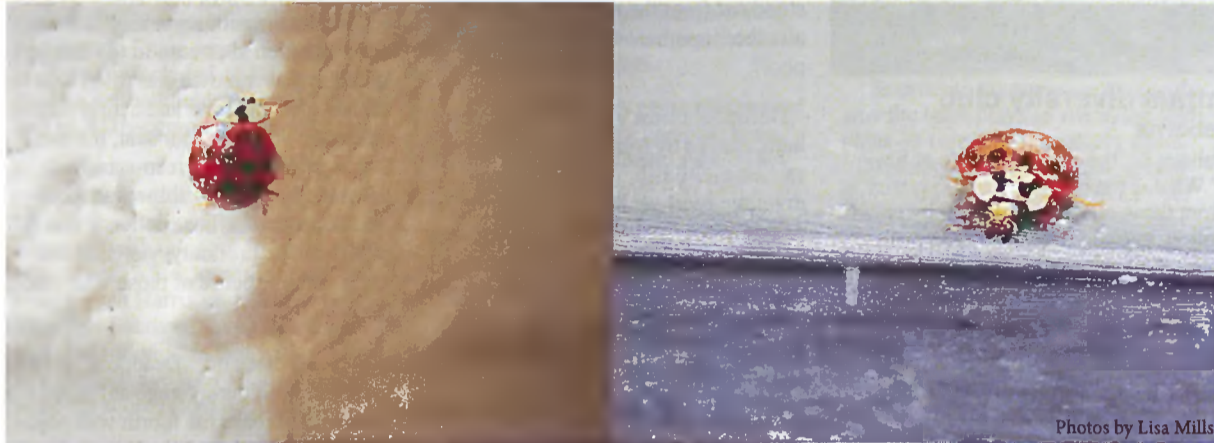


Spring 2016
March 4, 2016

The Whetstone

Montreat College . Montreat . NC 28757



Photos by Lisa Mills

Ladybugs Bug the Ladies

By Landon Clark

Growing up, most of the students on campus probably viewed ladybugs as adorable red-with-black-spots insects. However, for the girls in Anderson Residence Hall, ladybugs have become a nuisance. "They're super annoying," resident Kinsey Owens said. "They never fail to get close to or completely get in the bed with me when I sleep. It doesn't help that they creep me out either."

Others such as Sydney Brooke are taking this problem lightly. "There are a lot of ladybugs, but it doesn't bother me that much," Brooke said.

Where are the ladybugs coming from and how can girls in Anderson Hall deal with the problem? I spoke with Dr. Brian Joyce on the issue, and he made a few claims about the ladybugs. According to Joyce, the ladybugs are "Asian ladybugs (*Harmonia axyridis*)" and are "native to eastern Asia." The ladybugs have been ported over to the U.S for farmers; these ladybugs allow farmers to "control aphids and scale insects on agricultural crops."

The ladybugs were released back in June of 2001 as a means to attack HWA (*Adelges tsugae*), which is a minute sucking insect that can decimate hemlock populations in this area. To fight this, many *Harmonia axyridis* were released alongside a tiny black beetle known as *Pseudoscymnus Tsugae* (if you think about it they are just your friendly neighborhood tree-hugger).

However, ladybugs can, as Owens stated, "creep [one] out", and this causes a problem for others who feel the same and want to live comfortably in the dorms. Additionally, ladybugs do not have the smell most girls are looking for, but they are here to help save hemlocks. When asked why the ladybugs want to stay in cozy dorm rooms, Dr. Joyce said, "the Asian ladybugs will congregate on the outside of buildings as they search for overwintering sites." The ladybugs mean no harm. In fact, they are just like you and me—they hate the cold.

To solve this issue, I asked Dr. Joyce how to get rid of the ladybugs. "The best way to deal with [the ladybugs] is to vacuum them up when indoors and to seal any points of entry from the outside," Joyce said.

Though this is a serious issue and many are annoyed by the ladybugs, one should look at the positives of the ladybugs being here. They are helping save our beautiful hemlocks from being decimated and as far as I know, they are lovers of coffee, seeing that Taylor Tanner stated that she has "melted one in [her] Keurig". The next time a ladybug grosses you out, pick it up, put it in a cup and drive it to the Dripolator or Dynamite Coffee; you might just have a good time with your new insect pal. After all, wouldn't you want to get inside to get away from the cold?

*If you want to read more on the release of the ladybugs, visit <http://appvoices.org/2001/06/>

Event Calendar

March 4

10:00 a.m. NAIA Indoor Track & Field National Championships (Day 2)

12:00 p.m. Tennis vs. Union College

March 5

10:00 a.m. NAIA Indoor Track & Field National Championships (Day 3)

1:00 p.m. Baseball @ Milligan College

2:00 p.m. Men's Lacrosse @ Asbury University

2:00 p.m. Softball vs. University of Northwestern Ohio

March 6

12:00 p.m. Tennis @ Tennessee Wesleyan

2:00 p.m. Baseball @ Milligan College

2:00 p.m. Softball vs. University of Northwestern Ohio

March 8

1:00 p.m. Men's Tennis @ Peace College

1:00 p.m. Softball @ Mars Hill College

8:45 p.m. Intramural Basketball

March 9

2:00 p.m. Baseball vs. Indiana Wesleyan University

4:00 p.m. Women's Lacrosse vs. Davis & Elkins College

March 10

1:00 p.m. Baseball vs. Saginaw Valley State University

8:00 p.m. Christ Community Study Break in Gaither Fellowship Hall

8:45 p.m. Intramural Basketball

March 11

1:00 p.m. Men's Tennis vs. Asbury University

1:00 p.m. Women's Lacrosse vs. Southern Virginia University

6:00 p.m. Baseball @ Reinhardt University

8:00 p.m. Lowland Hum Concert in Chapel of the Prodigal

March 12

1:00 p.m. Baseball @ Reinhardt University

1:00 p.m. Softball @ Converse College

1:00 p.m. Women's Tennis vs. Salem College

2:00 p.m. Men's Lacrosse @ Dalton State College

March 13

12:00 p.m. Tennis vs. UVA-Wise

March 14

Golf @ Skyhawk Invitational

March 15

Golf @ Skyhawk Invitational

1:00 p.m. Baseball vs. Brevard College

3:00 p.m. Men's Lacrosse vs. St. Ambrose University

3:30 p.m. Women's Lacrosse @ Truett-McConnell College

8:00 p.m. Coffee House in Lower Belk

The Ghost of Howerton Dining Hall, pt. 2

By Barb Abel

On that fateful night, the cooks were in the kitchen making meal preparations, talking among themselves, as usual...

"Hey did you read this morning's paper?" Frank asked Dan, as he moved hissing vegetables around on the flattop.

"No. Why?"

"Well, I read that thirty years ago today, a Montreat Student went missing. They never found him." He raised his eyebrows. "Doesn't that strike you as more than a little strange?"

Dan shrugged. "Not really. He probably didn't like college and ran away—didn't want to be found." "Nah. The article said he was an Aramark employee. He clocked in at work that afternoon and never clocked out, never left the building."

Dan frowned, eyed the time clock, then shook his head. "You're full of it. There's no article that says that." He pulled a pan of macaroni and cheese out of the oven and set it on the counter. "You had me goin' there for a minute, Frank. I'll admit it."

"It's the truth. It's in the *Asheville Citizen-Times*. They looked all over campus and they never found him."

"It's a ghost story, that's all," Dan replied. As he saran-wrapped the pan, he asked, "Did the kid have a name?" From the other side of the kitchen, Mark yelped. A metal spatula clattered to the floor.

"You okay, dude?" Dan shouted, walking around to where Mark was backed up against the wall, eyes huge. Frank quickly joined them. Mark was pointing at the counter top with a shaking finger. Dan and Frank's eyes followed Mark's finger, and saw the swirls of ketchup decorating the silver counter. It was a name. As Dan read it to himself, he heard Frank say aloud:

"Evan Smith."

"Who—who on Earth is—is Evan Smith?" Mark stammered. "The kid who went missing thirty years ago and was never found," Frank answered.

To be continued... Look for the next edition of Barb's story in the third issue of *The Whetstone!*