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Recommended Citation

Washington University Eliot, St. Louis, Missouri, "Washington University Eliot" (January 1934). *Eliot*. 88. <https://openscholarship.wustl.edu/eliot/88>

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THE GHETTO

Two decades ago Carr Street between Seventh and Eighteenth Streets was the ghetto of Saint Louis. I was born in this district. A few days ago, I took a walk into this neighborhood to see the changes time had made. I passed by Carr Park—the same old park that I had played in when I was three years old. There were many ill-clad negroes here. The only white people to be found were homeless men who gloomily cluttered the benches.

I walked down Wash Street and saw rows of old dirty buildings that would have been torn down long ago had the health commissioner lived in this neighborhood. Here there was also a considerable number of poor Italians. Their women, probably most of whom had just returned from the dress factories where they had been on picket duty, were gathered around the doorsteps discussing the strike situation. Sitting also on the steps, but paying little attention to the women's chatter, were their husbands. And here and there I saw an old bearded Jew who either because of business or sentimental reasons had not left the neighborhood. Their more fortunate brethren had moved to the west-end years ago. Strange old figures they were, these Jews, sitting under a setting sun, dreaming of days long ago. The sight of them brought back memories I had almost forgotten.

Seventeen years ago all of the immigrant Russian Jews who settled in Saint Louis had found their way here. It was natural for them that they should want to settle in one community. In eastern Europe, the land of pogroms, the Jews had long ago learned the advisability of "sticking together." Then, too, they had a common tongue. Furthermore it was essential to their religion that they be together. Only a community can afford to support a synagogue, a rabbi, and a kosher butcher. Most important of all, the children had to be brought up in the proper religious atmosphere that could be found only in a Jewish community.

A slightly less important reason was that here in the

(Continued on Page 6)

STORIES · ARTICLES
REVIEWS · POEMS

Contributors

Hyman Doben

Arthur Curlee

Idella Gardner

Will Wharton

James L. White

Berenice Purcell

Virginia Stone

THE ELIOT

Published Monthly by Students at
WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY
Saint Louis, Mo.

Editor: Clark Mills McBurney.

Associates: Sophia Fox, Joseph Crocker, Gordon Sager, Dorothy Weiner.

Managing Editor: William Edgar.

Staff: Robert Campbell, Virginia Price, William Swindler, Berenice Purcell, James Leigh White, Selwyn Pepper.

Price 10 cents; the year, 75 cents.

ALICE IN CELLULOID

It is unfortunate that the producers of "Alice in Wonderland" thought it necessary to enhance the picture with an "all-star cast," for along with this miscasting went all the ills of a typical Hollywood production: poor adaptation of Lewis Carroll's justly-famous book, insensitive direction, and the usual line of photographic tricks. Thus, the film, because of its dullness, appealed, neither to those unfamiliar with "Alice in Wonderland" nor to those who are acquainted with the English mathematics teacher's story.

Precisely because the producers used all these tricks, the picture failed utterly, losing, as it did, the charm of the original. This very charm, along of course with Carroll's perfection of the dream idea, is the reason for the universality of Alice, whose adventures have been translated into four languages. The Mad Tea Party, the scene with Humpty Dumpty, the Croquet Party, the scene with the Duchess, and many others, which were quite perfect in the book, were spoiled completely in the motion picture production, produced with the finesse of "My Woman" or "I'm No Angel."

It was to be expected that Hollywood, with all the resources of one of the biggest industries in the world at its disposal, would have presented a worth-while production. Possibly, it

was just because Hollywood had so much to command that the picture failed, for it was without any doubt "Alice in Wonderland" via Hollywood. Of all the tricks employed in the picture probably the worst was the use of the animated cartoon in Tweedle-dee's "The Walrus and the Carpenter." But there were many more: the fading of the Cheshire Cat's grin, the parade of the cards, the back of the picture of Alice's Uncle Gilbert, and so on.

Then, for two months before the opening of the picture, all the newspapers and fan magazines of the country carried pictures of Charlotte Henry, "who just knew she was going to be Alice," and tales of how she had been selected from over seven thousand applicants. And then, Charlotte Henry as Alice . . . child-like she was, but with the childlike simplicity of a young moron that was never Alice's she wandered through her scenes, her mouth agape and her questions and comments recited with the sing-song of a child actor.

One wonders if Lewis Carroll would have recognized any more than his situations in the picture, for certainly there was nothing of the spirit of his book there. Since the middle of the last century "Alice in Wonderland" has been a favorite with children and adults: with children, because it is a grand fairy story; with adults, because its charm and simplicity permitted an escape to a land that almost vanishes with the coming of adolescence. But the picture "Alice in Wonderland" must be a favorite with no one, because of its dullness, its pretension, and its cheapness, for all its gaudy splendor.

The Faculty Speaks Department

"An annulment can be granted to the wife when the husband has either a husband or a wife living at the time of the marriage." —*Dr. Ralph F. Fuchs.*

THE CHURCH SUPPER

"We must do all we can to make this supper a success," Mrs. Barnes, president of the Ladies' Aid, informed the circle of women about her. "We must give of our goods, of our time, and of our labor. It is the Lord's work. If we do our best we will raise the money to finish paying for the piano. Each one of you is an excellent cook, but there is one thing that you make best. My specialty is cherry pie, of course." She smiled self-consciously, and continued, "If each one brings her specialty, we will have a wonderful success. And I'm sure I can count on each of you to help with the Lord's work."

A week later Mrs. Barnes entered the church basement, carefully carrying a flat circular package in one arm and a basket under the other.

"How nice it looks!" she exclaimed, viewing the long labels under an arch of crepe paper streamers; orange and black left from a Hallowe'en party, and red and green from a Christmas party. Going into the kitchen, she said, "My, how good everything smells." Glancing at the long row of pies on the table, she put her pie in the cupboard and took some dishtowels from her basket. "Has Mrs. Phillips come yet?"

"Here I am," a voice called from the door.

"I'll put your pie up here with mine. I don't believe we could have a supper without your mince meat pie."

"What about your cherry pie?" Plenty of people will ask me to bring them some—if I'm able to walk."

"Why? What's the matter?"

"Just that corn of mine. It hurts so I can hardly move, let alone wait tables."

"Wouldn't you rather sell tickets in my place?" Mrs. Barnes asked. "You do that—I brought twenty dimes and forty nickels. Tickets are thirty-five cents and you'll need a lot of change."

Mrs. Phillips took the money and left. Mrs. Barnes stood uncertainly in

the doorway. "You'll cut the pies?" she asked one of the cooks. "Cut these two," she said, indicating the cherry pie and the mince meat pie, "in eight pieces. The pyrex pans are larger than the others."

"Sure. Anyway people would rather have a little piece of yours than a big piece of someone else's."

Mrs. Barnes smiled and left the kitchen. She laid her coat on a chair in the Junior Girls' Sunday School room and went to Mrs. Phillips who was at the door with a shoe box of tickets and money in her lap.

"Have you sold any yet?"

"Five. And say, what shall I do about children's tickets."

"They ought to be thirty-five cents, too. The children eat more than the grown ups."

"Yes, but—Well, Mrs. Johnson was mad about it. I sold her three."

"Oh, well, let it be a quarter for youngsters under twelve. Although that boy of hers—he eats more than anyone. But I'll give her a dime back," Mrs. Barnes said, and strolled away to persuade those who had already come to begin eating. Soon there were a dozen people at the table and before those few were ready for pie the long tables were crowded.

"I've never seen such a crowd," Mrs. Barnes said to one of the cooks, as she was waiting for plates to be filled with chicken, potatoes, and beans. "You're serving such big plates full. Are you sure there will be enough food? We don't want anyone to go away hungry."

But two hours later the guests had all departed, fully fed. Only the husbands and children of the members of the society remained. In the kitchen women were hurrying to finish the work. Some were washing dishes. Others were collecting their belongings. One woman was going through the church silverware looking for one of

(Continued on Page 7)

ROMANCE OF TOUCH

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES—RICHARD ALDINGTON—Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50.

It has been said of William Faulkner that he writes like an angel. It can be said of Richard Aldington that he writes like a Greek god. Take your choice. This writer prefers the latter.

Anthony Clarendon is born in rural England, the son of an atheistically scientific father and a religiously artistic mother, from whom he learns that if one hopes to live freely with his body and senses as well as his mind, then all men are his enemies. He visits Europe as a youth of 20 with the vague idea of studying architecture. But on the mythical island of Aeaëa he meets Katha. An immediate love affair is precipitated and the two intend to return to England to live together unhindered by ties of marriage. The war breaks up this arrangement, both are separated, and Tony, the victim of post-war melancholia, is talked into marrying his former sweetheart Margaret. His marriage becomes unbearable and Tony again sets out to wander about Europe. He and Katha are at last reunited when they again meet in Aeaëa. Both are the worse for wear of thirteen years, but they have each other and life for them is complete.

In his latest novel, Aldington is less of a misanthrope than in his *Death of a Hero* and *The Colonel's Daughter*, but he still finds time, however, to consider bitterly the unsatisfactory social state of present day England, and to evolve for Tony an agreeably cynical and artistically desirable philosophy. The one criticism of the book is that this idyllic philosophy is so unmindful of practicalities that it would be doomed to failure for all except possessors of large life incomes.

But the book is primarily a romance—a romance of the sense of touch, un-



Berenice Furcell

RETURN

The Gobi Desert

*Was tangled in his mind's flesh
And all his tears and all the cold rain
Could not wash off
His age his lost war and his pain.*

*He spoke, Surely these are not
The doorways I once entered
To celebrate myself, to come and go
In tall old rooms
Where darkness hung like indigo?*

*The city muttered: Pain
—Loneliness—cold—
Its voice a broken thing of grey
Echoing, echoing
Like death out of a black-and-tan cafe.*

*With the Gobi Desert
Tangled in his mind and flesh
He cried, Grey dawn behind the grey
Of early rain,
There is no welcome here, no word for
day.*

Will Wharton.

The Eliot solicits manuscripts of from five hundred to one thousand words in length on subjects of general interest to students on the campus.

hampered by the moral restrictions of society. Aldington succeeds in all he has striven to do and has produced a really beautiful piece of work.

—James Leigh White.

FIRST JOB

"And remember," my mother said, "always be polite and be sure to say 'Yes, sir' and 'Yes, Ma'am.'" I set my legs and spine rigid as she gave my white necktie a final strangling tug and vigorously brushed my blue graduation suit. Mom handed me something carefully wrapped in yesterday's paper.

"Here's your diploma. Show that when they ask if you finished the eighth grade. Be sure to ask for Mr. Dougherty."

Uncomfortable in my stiff new shirt and new suit, I left the house. Half-way down the yellow clay and cinder road to the street car, I turned and saw them at the window. I smiled proudly and waved at them.

When I reached the office, I walked in and looked around. It was fifteen minutes to eight, and a few people stood chatting. One of the girls at the switchboard called nasally, "Lookin' for somebody?"

"Yes, ma'am—Mr. Dougherty."

"He ain't down yet. Just sit on that bench, and I'll call you when he comes in."

I watched the door every time it opened to be sure in case the operator forgot me. Most of the girls were fine-looking, with such beautiful perfume! When they went by it was just like when Mr. Stertzing let us play in his florist shop, only his flowers weren't so strong. The men were all dressed up, with their dark blue suits and their pale faces. I thought that some of them must be college boys, because they didn't wear hats. The bell rang, and the groups broke up to go to their desks. As the door swung again, the switchboard operator said, "A boy to see you, Mr. Dougherty."

Mom had told me: "He knew your father years ago, and his wife and me went to school together. He started there no older'n you, and now he's treasurer of that big company." Mr. Dougherty was a short, circular man,

with an edging of white cord on his vest and another of tobacco juice on the corners of his mouth. He asked, "How's your mother, young man?"

"Oh, she's all right, sir."

"Well, he said, thoughtfully rubbing the brown line at the right corner of his lips, "you wait here, while I talk to Mr. Baldwin."

The minutes dragged as my toe kept time with the typewriters. It seemed a half-hour of waiting had gone by. I worried. Suppose they didn't want me. My hand, nervously fumbling in my overcoat pocket, struck the rosary forgotten since Sunday. Maybe if I prayed, I'd get the job. Sister Grace always told us at our catechism lesson that if you prayed hard enough, God would give you anything. If only I knew the rosary better! If I was holy like Loretta Berwick, who went to Communion every Sunday and First Friday and was going to be a Sister, maybe God would listen more. Hail Marys are short and easy. If I counted them off with the beads in my pocket, God might think it was the same as a regular rosary, and He would see to it that I got the job. "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. . . Hail Mary, ful of grace. . ." Ten times. I was still waiting. Maybe I wasn't praying hard enough. Silently continuing and concentrating on the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, I slid the beads through my fingers.

"Are you the boy Mr. Dougherty was talking about?"

Startled, I looked up to see a tall man, pale and filmy-eyed, his stringy dark necktie wrinkling his collar, drawing it into his thin neck.

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Come on along, kid."

When we sat down at his desk, he handed me an application blank. I filled it out, unwrapped my diploma, and gave him both papers.

(Continued on Page 7)

THE GHETTO

(Continued from Page 1)

ghetto they often met friends from Russia. In the evenings they would gather together on the benches in Carr Park or in front of their own doorsteps renewing acquaintances and memories of the old country. "Ah," they would say to each other in voices of sentiment, "those were the happy days." The pogroms, the numerous restrictions imposed upon Jews in Russia, the cold winter hardships were forgotten. Only the days of youth and love and the joy of the holidays in Russia were remembered.

But the old country lived here too. Many of the Jews went about clothed in Russian garments. Each wedding or birthday party was celebrated with Russian dishes, Russian dances, Russian songs. The Sabbath was held as if it were still in the old country. On Friday afternoons everyone visited the bath-houses and then clothed themselves in clean Sabbath garments. On Saturdays, the three synagogues along Carr Street reverberated with the chanted prayers of the ancient Hebrews, the sing-song tones of the Rabbis, and the mellow voices of the cantors. Each Jewish man or boy over thirteen years old had his individual prayer-shawl and cap. Almost all of the women, especially the older ones, wore silk veils over their heads. In accordance with the ancient Hebrew custom, the women sat separated from the men, usually in the balcony.

The Jews are primarily a sad people. They have suffered much, and they are in exile. Consequently, many of the holidays are sad events such as the Day of Atonement and *Tishab Ab*. Even on some of their supposedly happier holidays, such as the New Year and Passover, most of the religious Jews spent their time in prayer. But on one day each year they forgot their sorrow. For *Simchas Torah* is the anniversary of the day when Moses re-

ceived the law. On such a day the ghetto rejoiced. Bedecked in their Sabbath clothes, the Jews entered the synagogue at eve, lighted the candles, took the heavy scrolls of the Torah out of the Ark, and danced with them in the street.

Naturally since the street was but so wide, only a selected few could dance, and so six elders of the congregation were accorded this privilege. The rest of the men and the women (who weren't allowed to dance with the Torah at all) looked on shouting and clapping their hands, while the children waved tiny flags which bore the ancient crest of David. Here and there was a gentile onlooker who probably thought that the Jews had gone crazy.

The dancers soon returned to the synagogue where the rejoicing was continued. This time every man in his turn was allowed to dance with the Torah, and the women and children would kiss it as it passed them. It was the old world worship of Jehovah.

Then the religious ceremonies were over. The people retired to their houses where the celebration broke out anew. They feasted and danced until early morning. Then they went to bed, for they had to be at the synagogue at eight o'clock when the morning prayers began.

Thus they lived. . . .

But the United States entered the World War. Influenced by the strong feeling of nationalism which swept the country, the Jews began to forsake their old customs and become Americanized. The years of the war created too a new prosperity. The Jews began to look away from the ghetto. It was too cheap, too provincial for them. They wanted their sons to go to college, their daughters to marry professional men. They had to get out of this limited neighborhood where life

went on day after day in the same fashion. So began a gradual exodus to the west-end.

Today the middle-aged Jew, no longer Russian but American, sits down and dreams of the simple life of the downtown ghetto. He views with alarm the seeming irreligiousness of the younger generation, forgetting that it was he who willed it so. His grown-up children no longer speak Yiddish. They go to the temple (where most of the services are conducted in English) rather than to the synagogue. Few go to the kosher butchers for meat, and many eat in the gentile restaurants.

A few times each year the middle-aged Jew goes to the synagogue (he is too occupied with business to attend on the Sabbath) and repeats the ancient Hebrew chants. But there is a disappointed air about him. Something is missing in the synagogue. The children? *Simchas Torah* is still a holiday, but the old festival spirit is gone. The middle-aged Jew no longer dances with the scrolls. He takes them, walks a few steps with them, and passes them on to another. He makes a half-hearted attempt to be merry and fails.

After the Jews left the ghetto, the Italians came, changing the name of the district to "Little Italy." Now the Negroes are there. I looked at the ill-kept houses, the smelly gangways, the unfortunate Italians, and the poor Negroes. The few old Jews sitting and dreaming in the sun were all that remained.

—Hymen Doben.

The Faculty Speaks Department

"Some students look on back-slapping as a gesture of good-fellowship. I object to student-faculty back-slapping, not because it is undignified, but because I do not like back-slapping."

—L. P. Chambers.

The Church Supper

(Continued from Page 3)

her teaspoons. Another was asking the dish-wipers if they had seen a towel with the initial *M* embroidered in red.

Mrs. Barnes had her own basket carefully packed and covered with a dish towel. Mrs. Phillips came to her, a distressed look on her face.

"Did you find yours?" she asked. "I can't find mine any place."

"Find my what?" Mrs. Barnes asked, slipping her arm under the handles of her basket.

"Your pyrex pan. You and I are the only ones who have them."

"Yes, I found it. I knew it was mine because there was cherry juice on it. Yours is probably about some place."

Mrs. Phillips turned away. Mrs. Barnes picked up a piece of newspaper and tucked it over the top of her basket. The dish towel had stains of cherry juice on it, but the dark brown stain of mince meat juice was also showing. —Lela Marshall Gardner.

First Job

(Continued from Page 5)

"You'll be fourteen in March?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we'll hire you. Your hours'll be from eight till five-thirty. To start, we'll pay you thirty dollars a month."

"Yes, sir."

God really had heard me! Just like Sister Grace and Father O'Neill said! Thirty dollars a month. Why, that was almost as much as Mom made. We'd be rich now, I thought, and buy coal, instead of getting it down at the railroad tracks.

The boss filled out a form, took a stack of letters, and said: "Deliver these as quickly as you can and be sure to have them signed for on this blank."

"Yes, sir," I said, "yes, sir."

—Arthur Curlee.

ERASMUS. By Christopher Hollis. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co., 1933; pp. 323; \$2.25.

Because students come into contact with the name of Erasmus in literature, in education, and in philosophy, this biography should be of special interest. Christopher Hollis has set out in this volume with no certain thesis to prove. Because the treatment of Erasmus' work in helping bring about the Renaissance is religiously unbiased, Hollis has succeeded in giving readers a book that holds interest as it traces the career of the hero.

The life of Erasmus is considered here more as a series of events pertinent to his career rather than a cut-and-dried statement of historical facts. By means of narrative and intimate character study, readers get a picture of the life of the scholar as linked with his place in the history and learning of the late 15th and early 16th centuries.

Hollis states that Erasmus was "a complex of paradoxes: unquestionable greatness combined with amazing pettiness; the proverbial mountain and

mouse in one . . . It needs no special lenses to see him under one aspect as a colossus of genius and energy, and under another dwarfed to midget stature . . ." To bring these complexes down to an understandable level seems to be the major task of the biographer.

The life of Erasmus is characterized as erratic, mainly because of his attitudes toward Renaissance religion as compared with Ancient Faith. He describes his attitude as a "monk who fared best when farthest from his cell." Erasmus was one of the most confiding and loyal friends of Thomas More, England's Blessed Martyr. Erasmus also came into contact with many kings, popes, and reformers. He associated familiarly with all the historically and religiously great of his era.

The book shows us almost exclusively the sunny side of the life of Erasmus. All unpleasantness appears to be deliberately put aside. Therefore, whether this biography offers readers a true likeness to the scholar or merely a personal interpretation remains doubtful.

—Virginia Stone.

CALENDAR

- January 11.—"Why We Dig," lecture by Rhys Carpenter, *City Art Museum*.
- January 14.—"Autumn Crocus," play with Rollo Peters and Madge Kennedy, *Shubert*.
- January 15.—Rachmaninoff, pianist, *Odeon*.
- January 16.—"Astronomy Through The Camera," W. U. Association lecture by D. W. Morehouse, *Soldan Auditorium*.
- January 21.—"Pursuit of Happiness," play, *Shubert*.
- January 23.—Nathan Milstein, violinist, *Odeon*.
- January 27.—"The Gorgon's Head," movie, *City Art Museum*.
- January 28.—"Sailor Beware," play, *Shubert*.
- January 30.—"The Mt. Everest Flight," W. U. Association lecture by Com. P. F. M. Fellows, *Soldan Auditorium*.
- February 1.—Fritz Kreisler, violinist, *Odeon*.
- "Distant Drums," Little Theatre play, *Artists' Guild*.
- February 6.—Shan-Kar, Hindu dancer, *Odeon*.