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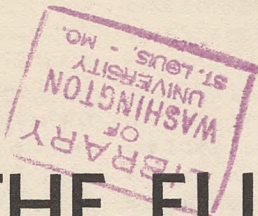
Washington University Eliot, St. Louis, Missouri, "Washington University Eliot" (May 1934). *Eliot*. 69.  
<https://openscholarship.wustl.edu/eliot/69>

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VOL. 2 ♦ NO. 1

PRICE 10 CENTS



# THE ELIOT

A Magazine of Student Expression

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY  
SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI



## C O N T E N T S

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 Patient's Diary.....Francis R. O'Brien  
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 Life on the Hill  
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 Editorial  
 Calendar and Faculty Speaks Department

**ELIOT**

STORIES · ARTICLES  
VIEWS · POEMS

MAY  
1934



## A DAY ON A NEWSPAPER

At 5:45 in the morning the telephone jangles. I am still half asleep as I pick up the receiver. I have been lying on my arm during the night, so its numbness causes me to drop the receiver as soon as I attempt to hold it. My caller, the police reporter, curses me for my clumsiness, but I am too sleepy to protest. "Go over to 5568 Grant Avenue and see Samuel Warshafsky, W like in William, A, R, S like in Sam, H, A, F like in Frank, S, K, Y. You got it?" I reply in the affirmative, but actually have only half of the name. He continues, "Warshafsky has a son, or rather he had a son, Harold, who was drowned yesterday afternoon in the Meramec when his canoe overturned. Go out there and get the facts and a picture. G'bye." He hangs up, and five seconds later, assured that there is no more, I hang up also.

I return to my bed. The temptation to go back to sleep is very strong but the city editor demands that reporters who are called at home leave as soon as possible, so I start to dress resolving to get some sleep tomorrow night. In 20 minutes I'm on my way.

Fortunately the assignment is one within a relatively short distance of my home, but it is still necessary for me to take two street cars. As I approach number 5568 I look about for signs of my rival from the Star. His car is not there. The battle for the picture is half won. The address turns out to be a grocery store. Inside are three men and five women, all apparently relatives of the boy, and all weeping and wailing loudly. I introduce myself as a reporter from the Post-Dispatch, but they take no notice and go on mourning. Finally a young man about 25 asks what I want. I explain that I have come to find out what has happened.

"Can't you see we're all broken up over this on account of the shock?" he

shouts. "There isn't anything I can tell you. It's all in the Globe. I wasn't there." "Well I'm sorry I have to bother you at a time like this," I explain, "but I would like to find out whether the facts in the Globe story are correct." That seems to register and the young man begins to tell me what he knows about the accident. While he is talking I am struck by the familiarity of his face, although I am sure I have never seen him before. Suddenly I realize that he must be an older brother of the dead boy, because when I first heard the name while half-asleep I seemed to think it familiar. Now I remember the boy well; I knew him at high school. Meanwhile his brother is talking. He tells me that Harold was on the track team at Soldan. "Wasn't he on the football team, too?" I ask. "Yes, he was," his brother replies. "Did you know him?"

I assure the family that I knew the boy at high school and from then on everything is hunky-dory. As soon as I have all the facts and feel certain that I am in the good graces of the Warshafskys I ask mildly if they have a picture. The family spokesman says that they haven't any. The others say the same thing with vigorous shakings of the head for emphasis. I assure them that there will be no harm in giving me the picture, that it will be returned in perfect condition and that by giving it to me it will make it possible for many people who know the boy only by sight to become aware of the fact that he is the one referred to in the news story. Finally one of the circle of mourners relents and tells the boy's brother to get me a picture. He goes to their upstairs flat to get it for me. My elation is cut short, however, when I see friend Thompson of the Star and Times at the door. He catches sight of the boy's brother starting up the stairs, and, guessing

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## THE SCHOOL AND THE SOCIAL ORDER

Not long ago a well-known educator condemned the present college system as dealing too much with the past and too little with the present. Students, he said, were being weighted down by a burden of facts which they did not know how to apply. He proposes then as a remedy for the situation that the courses and activities in the schools "represent the realities of present, not past, social life," and that there be a "freedom of intelligence in teaching and study," which will enable the student to learn how to think rather than to cram.

As a student under the existing educational system, I should like to congratulate this man on having hit at last on what seems to me to be the fundamental educational problem in the United States today.

This particular solution is, however, too drastic, for, by advocating the abolition of those materials which represent the realities of past social life, we would be eliminating a part of the students' education that is essential to the understanding of the present social order. If this proposal were carried out, we would have nothing left of the real scholar who is discovered now and then by chance in the classroom, and we would ignore, apparently, art and literature.

Would these educators say that the contributions of Greece, Rome, Egypt, and England to civilization, and their respective histories, have no worth and therefore no relation to present problems? It seems to me to be just that lack of understanding between nations and peoples that is the cause of the past and present clashes of opinion between them. However the realities of past life as they are taught today are useless and do tend to separate the student from the world in which he lives. It is in the *method* of teaching that the secret of real education lies, and most of our teachers have not

learned that secret, which is "a freedom of intelligence in teaching." Freedom of intelligence in study will follow as a natural course.

Students are now taught what is between two covers of a book, the merit of which is often based on the number of free copies given by the publisher to a department. A student who learns this material verbatim and answers examination questions accordingly receives the "A" which is the holy letter that leads to Phi Beta Kappa, the sheepskin and subsequent retirement from things intellectual. The student has been made to cram and to forget to apply. He sits on a hill with his nose in a textbook looking down on the breadlines beneath him as though these people are of a different species, learning instead that "the ontogenetic development of the species paralleling the phylogenetic development" is fallacious, a fact with which he will startle drawing rooms to the delight of fond mammas and papas.

While there is a slight minority of professors who realize that students have a thought now and then, and welcome classroom discussion it is safe to say that most courses are taught in the lecture fashion used in the first universities of the Middle Ages when students set down the words which fell from the lips of their masters, in this way compiling their own textbooks. They were even a step ahead of us for they were given an opportunity for dissertation, which we are given seldom.

Language courses are still being taught in the rote procedure of calling on students in alphabetical order. The average teacher does not care to meet the student on common ground. He is there to earn a salary. His duty is to dole out his commodity and to hand in grades for report cards. The effect can be nothing but a stifling of crea-



## THE ELIOT

*Editor:* Gordon Sager.

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### EDITORIAL

With this issue the new editors of the Eliot present their first copy under the change in policy, which provides that the Eliot be published as a vehicle for student expression rather than as a literary magazine. Judging from comments expressed by the student body at large and by those students whose opinions were published in the last issue of the Eliot, there is a definite need for and interest in a publication devoted to articles of opinion and personal experience. This does not mean, of course, that stories and poems will be excluded from the contents, nor does it mean that the standards of literary excellence which the past editors of the Eliot have tried to maintain will be lowered. On the contrary, it is hoped that this change

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tive thought in both pupil and teacher. Subsequent separation of the student into his own stuffy sphere of so-called learning is only a natural result.

There is need for stimulation in the teachers of the educational institutions today. It is in him that the spark lies which can ignite an answering spark in the student—for the student is not born with a "laissez faire" attitude. It is infused in him by mimeographed lecture sheets and statistical data. And in a system where merit is based on the number of textbooks which an individual has the capacity to memorize there can never be a link between the school and the existing world.

—DOROTHY WEINER.

in policy will interest a great many more students and permit therefore of a wider selection of material.

"A magazine of student expression" means in general terms a magazine devoted to the publication of articles on subjects that have interested students sufficiently to make them write their experiences, opinions, impressions, or criticisms, and that might therefore be of interest to the other students on the campus. This number of the Eliot is by no means presented as a perfection of this plan, but as a sample of what can be done. The editors feel that this present issue is at least a start toward making the Eliot a place for campus discussion and for the publication of stories, essays, poems, or any other conceivable form of writing which, because of limits of space and subject matter, are not suited to publication in Student Life or Dirge.

There is one deterrent, however, to this plan—it is one which most newly-formed and many already established magazines must meet; it is one which the Eliot has had to meet this past year. Many students seem to feel that if they buy a copy of the school publication on the day it appears on the campus they have done their duty. They have not. They have helped the magazine considerably, but their biggest burden, and one which they have often ignored, lies in seeing that the editors are supplied with a sufficient number of manuscripts. The editors may only edit the magazines; the readers must write it.

The scope of the material suitable for the Eliot has been widened considerably with the change of policy. It is expected that there will be a greater number of interested readers. Why not a greater number of writers? If this issue of the Eliot seems to be anything in the nature of an improvement under the changed policy, it is with the student body that a possibility of continued improvement resides.



## THE SEANCE

There has always been much criticism and skepticism in regard to the phenomena of seances. In spite of these—or, possibly, because of them—I have for several years been actively interested in those ridiculed and repudiated psychological phenomena. I have been skeptical, but I have also been willing to be shown. . . .

And then three nights ago I had occasion to witness one of the most interesting and mystifying seances of my experience. On that evening a friend of mine and I had made an appointment with one of the well known mediums in East St. Louis, Mrs. Marie Lovelace, under assumed names. Our primary purpose in going was not mere curiosity; we went with the intention of making as strict and searching an investigation as two amateurs could possibly make. Arriving there about 7:30 o'clock, one-half hour before the time scheduled for the beginning of the seance, we had ample time to look about. Not only did we have time but we were invited to take utmost liberties in examining the house.

The seance room was conspicuous in its simplicity: no incense, no tapestries, no gazing crystals or idols or other trappings that usually stamp the charlatan. Instead it was a plain common room about fifteen feet square; twenty-seven wooden chairs completely surrounded the room and in the center were two more, those around the room for the sitters, the two in the middle for the "battery." Off to one side of the room stood a small magazine table, containing no magazines. On top stood a portable phonograph and next to it, ten records. Of course we were well aware that if in the room were any manipulating apparatus it would probably be too well concealed to be easily discovered. Nevertheless, we looked beneath the well worn rug from all angles which revealed nothing but a bare floor. The table was

movable and had no wires attached. Behind the single picture hanging on the wall nothing was found. The walls on being tapped were all solid except one which was a partition between two rooms. The ceiling itself was completely bare. The only illumination in the room was a lamp, well lighted, that stood on the radiator cover. Two windows on adjacent walls were securely locked and heavily draped.

Nearly every one had arrived by eight o'clock. Along with her patrons came Mrs. Lovelace, the medium. She is truly a beautiful woman. Of medium height and build, brunette hair and large brown eyes, she formed an impressive figure. She is not only a medium but also the pastor of a spiritualist church, as I later discovered.

After delivering a short talk on the purpose of the seance, viewing it from a religious angle she asked for volunteers from those who were there for the first time to sit with her in the "battery." The "battery" is formed by two individuals, a man and the medium who occupy the two center chairs, its function being that of a conductor of the spiritual or psychic current. Well realizing the fact that there are skeptics present she invariably chooses one of them to sit with her in the battery. It is his purpose to hold her hands and to keep contact with her feet making sure in general that the medium is not moving about during the seance. Upon the call for volunteers my friend rose from his chair against the wall and took the seat opposite the medium. While this was going on a young boy entered the room holding two trumpets. The trumpets are of aluminum, about three feet in length and collapsible into three parts. At the widest end they measure about four inches in diameter, tapering down to about one and one-half inches at the mouth. One of these trumpets con-

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## LIFE ON THE HILL

### IN THE DORMS

The Dormite is a curious animal. This strangeness is admittedly due, in part, to the preferred seclusion of those who live across from McMillan and up from the Row. But more directly are circumstances to be held accountable, for dormitory *mores* have tabooed the conventional modes of eliciting attention. He who imagines that the rites of rush week might be introduced there with impunity, and followed by its parade of silverware, trophies, and cookery, only betrays his great ignorance of the Dormite's contempt for foreign influence and barbaric customs. Neither has hell week a counterpart there.

Like male aggregations everywhere, the dormitories have their full share of "bull sessions." In them, dust-coated ideas are taken out and given a good beating, while frank opinions are freely scattered. Many a dull hour is seen sanely, or, at least, harmlessly, through by this simple method. On one occasion, Experience—with a capital "E"—was discussed. Some said it was, and some said it wasn't. On another occasion, sociological problems such as prostitution and burlesque received consideration and finally led to an actual expedition, strictly sociological, to study the facts first hand. Subjects have ranged from politics to morality, from genius to stupidity; and the quality of the discussions has varied over a scope equally as great.

Not content with having their personal weaknesses and questionable deeds rehearsed from mouth to mouth, the Dormites subscribe to a degenerate offspring of the yellow press, the *Dorm Digest*, which according to a current phrase, "comes out whenever the editor falls low enough to write it." It is the official organ of the Dorm Union, but even that fact is not sufficient to keep it from leading in the crusade

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### AND ON THE ROW

I live in a fraternity house and spend my nights in the dormitory—sleeping whenever it is possible to do so. There are nineteen others that are in the same dormitory with me, and two or three would always rather end the day by making some noise instead of immediately going to sleep. Of course they do not wish to awaken anyone, but they consider it unnecessary to expend any effort in trying to be quiet.

There is rarely anyone in bed before 10:30 or 11:00 o'clock because most of the house men wait until almost midnight to retire. As a rule, however, it requires from three to four hours for the entire group to go to bed. The first ones then have to endure the noise made by the others as they come to bed, and only physical exhaustion can produce sleep that will not be broken by the unceremonious entrance of the others. In many cases, if two persons happen to be carrying on a conversation, interesting or uninteresting, that they think the rest of the boys might like to hear, they proceed to continue it, much to the discomfort of the listeners, who invariably increase the noise by trying to stop the conversation. By doing this, they do exactly as the conversationists are wishing, so the conversation is continued. If quietness greets them, however, they soon grow tired of hearing themselves talk and quietly go to sleep. I have never seen a night pass, with the exception of those at examination time, during which someone does not have something interesting to tell the persons close to him if not in the whole dormitory.

A few nights ago, one of the seniors by the name of Mattington came home to find his bed very disordered. His blankets were draped over his neighbor's bed, and his mattress was turned

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## JEAN BAPTISTE'S SONATA

Jean stood like a stone in the attic room  
While Silence, crouched in the dusky gloom,  
Hushed its breath. Then the creaking grate  
Of a townsman's cart, returning late,  
Rasped on the cobblestones, far below.  
He waited an instant. Then his bow  
Faintly trembled, and coaxed a sigh  
From his violin, while it seemed his eye  
Kindled within it a gleaming, bright  
As the glimmering glow of the candlelight.  
His fingers shook and his body swayed,  
While the sigh burst forth from the strings and  
made

A melody—a symphony, alone;  
For, as the light and shadow view, the tone  
Played shuttle-like between, to reconcile  
The two. Jean watched the candle burn. A smile  
Thinned his lips. His eyes twitched once and came  
To rest upon the very tip of flame.  
But scarce before he'd made these flickerings  
A picture, live as light, upon his strings,  
He'd turned and told the grey and shadowed stones  
A secret, worked in throbbing, low-voiced tones.  
Then wedded both the songs—nor did it quite,  
But sifted just the tremblings from the light  
And shade, to give the stag'ring middle ground  
(Where interwoven glints and glooms abound)  
A voice that sung of frightened forays made  
By doughtful flickers to the realms of shade.  
Then Jean took down his bow and raised his chin  
And felt a strange excitement deep within  
His breast, that made him vow he'd trap with pen  
And ink the melody he'd seen, so men  
In days to come might play, and see once more  
His dancing candle and his shadowed floor.

Jean Baptiste, in the morning light,  
Shook his head and his ink-caked pen,  
Tore up his paper, blank as night,  
And reached for his bottle again.

—ED MEAD.

Woodcut by Berenice Purcell.



## PATIENT'S DIARY

A tap on the shoulder.

No response.

Another tap.

"Umm?"

A vigorous shaking.

"Beat it."

"Come on, wake up, it's half past five and I have to have every patient on the floor washed by seven."

"O. K., wash them, but let me alone."

"Silly, water on your face will wake you up."

"That's the trouble. I want to sleep."

"Come now, there are other patients that I have to wash."

"You can wash the whole Woolworth Building for all I care, but let me sleep."

"I'll report you to the superintendent."

"Report me to God if you want to, but get out. The day nurse will wash me."

Dorothy, the night girl, the source of frayed nerves and lost tempers, leaves.

That last hour's sleep.

"Breakfast! Breakfast! sleepy head."

There on the tray beside me is a light breakfast sufficient, probably, for the morning after an operation, but otherwise just a teaser.

In the doorway my student nurse, dark, slender, laughing; Romany incarnate. Helen Miller to everybody else; Sylvia to me.

"Good morning, Gypsy, can you get a starving man something to eat?"

"Maybe." And Gypsy was gone.

She was back in a moment bearing a single piece of toast.

"The only thing left on the floor."

Not much, but something, even though it had been on the floor.

A cigarette sneaked in the bathroom and then some more sleep.

Nine o'clock and Gus, the orderly, to give me a shave and a shower. Luxurious, having my right arm ban-

daged up and in a sling. If I had a ten cent cigar I'd feel like somebody.

Back to bed and to read. What will it be this morning? Frank Sullivan, Thorne Smith, Stephen Leacock, or Vanity Fair? Vanity Fair because Dorothy Parker is in it this month.

Ten o'clock. Dressings in male surgery. Dr. Jordan and a new nurse today. They certainly change the poor probies around. She looks very business-like. Enterprising; for up goes my coat and down go the trousers. Amazing that a girl so young should be absolutely without inhibitions.

"Hey!" from Dr. Jordan, "it's his arm, not his appendix."

"Oh!" said the nurse, "sorry," getting busy, very busy with my arm.

Dr. Spencer, looking at my arm and shaking his head.

"You're not responding at all."

"What does that mean, doctor?"

"We may have to amputate."

"Amputate? Amputate my right arm?"

"Looks like it."

"Well, doctor, wouldn't you be satisfied with just a finger or something?"

Odd, what one says in emotional stress.

Back to read and to picture life with one arm.

Dinner, and the girl has to cut my meat; butter my bread. Will it be like this all the time? Wonder what we can do with an unattached arm. Hang it over the fireplace in the cottage in the country, like a trophy? How can we finish off the top end? Maybe we can dig up an odd hand somewhere for it.

Another stolen cigarette but not another nap.

Two o'clock. Visiting hours. Jean and Stella. Good kids, both of them; charming company, and in no time visiting hours are over.

Sylvia. "Sylvia's hair is like the night."



"How's the arm this afternoon?"

"Aching to slip around somebody's waist."

"Wouldn't you look funny with both arms in slings?"

Outside my door. "Say, Miller," from that nurse across the corridor who smiles too sweetly, "keep out of 306. He's my patient. Stay on your own side of the hall."

"Don't be silly, Small, I'm madly in love with all five of my patients."

An acute pain in my arm, or maybe somewhere else.

A sudden scream from 310 and both nurses dart in. One wheels out one of the beds into the hall and closes the door; the other goes for a doctor. In a very short time two women go into 310, stay a moment, and come out sobbing quietly.

Supper, but light as it is, I don't care for any.

Visiting hours again. Why doesn't somebody come? Who? Thank heaven mother and dad will be back in a week or two. Won't they be surprised to find me here?

The cross-word puzzle in the morning paper. Left handed letters look rather shaky and uncertain, and at the wrong angle. I'll have to learn to write with my left hand.

The bell. Hurried departures. Some emotional; some relieved. Nurses working frantically to prepare the patients for the night. Lights out.

Dorothy.

"Are you asleep?"

No response.

"Psst. Are you asleep?"

"Yes, sound."

"Mind if I smoke a cigarette?"

"Yes."

"Where are they? In this drawer?"

"Yes, what's left of them."

Dorothy resting in my comfortable chair, her feet on my bed, talking . . . talking . . .

—FRANCIS R. O'BRIEN.

## The Seance

(Continued from Page 5)

tained about the wider end a luminous band easily seen in the dark; the other was plain. The trumpets were deposited on the table and a record was started playing a religious song. The boy then left the room and a chair was placed in front of the door to allow room for a latecomer. The lamp was extinguished leaving the room in total darkness. Newcomers were told not to be frightened at anything that might happen.

Then things began to happen. As soon as the medium had finished speaking the luminous trumpet rose swiftly into the air. After hovering in the center for a moment it began traversing the circumference of the room in an eery manner. First moving slowly it would rapidly gain speed and fly directly toward a sitter. Once it flew directly at me stopping about five inches from my head which I unconsciously jerked back to avoid being hit and as a result bumped my head on the wall. In an instant it was at the other side of the room, then to the ceiling and back down again to the lady next to me. After stopping in front of her it began lightly fumbling about her neck and shoulders from which she convulsively started and gasped to my amusement. Then suddenly the phonograph which had been playing stopped with a jerk and out of thin air a small female voice chirped, "Hello, everybody." She was immediately answered by most of the sitters with "Hello, Sunflower." Upon inquiry I was told that Sunflower was an Indian "girl spirit" who was Mrs. Lovelace's guide or "control" and who generally supervised the proceedings of the seance. My next surprise was a surprise! Starting at one corner of the room she addressed each person by his or her name. Here I thought was a good test. The names under which we had gone were assumed. I



knew no one in the room other than my associate. Yet when Sunflower arrived to my chair she greeted me by my full name! "Hello, Mark Worth, didn't think I knew you, eh? And how is your friend Chief Hammond?" She meant my friend. Sunflower often called the sitters "Chief" or "Squaw."

Soon after Sunflower had finished joking and teasing different sitters, she announced that Dr. Parker was there. Although Sunflower is guide over the general phenomena, Dr. Parker is the supposed spirit guide and personal adviser of the medium. About this time the luminous trumpet had fallen to the ground and lay there throughout the seance. The other trumpet had meanwhile been on the table but at this juncture was suddenly raised and from it proceeded a voice. It was a man's voice but of a soft and pleasant tone. This was Dr. Parker.

He asked for all questions from the sitters regarding physical, financial or spiritual problems. The asking here was not in order but as each person called upon him the trumpet floated directly in front of the questioner and responded to his call. I was one of the first to ask him questions—my friend close on my heels.

The first of my questions concerned the health of my mother. The other was an inquiry of one who had recently committed suicide. The answers are not immediately given; and this, I may say, is one of the remarkable features of the seance. After being asked something like fifty or more questions he departed promising to look into them and answer them at the close of the seance.

Soon after he departed the "spirits" began to "manifest" themselves. Some spoke loudly and distinctly, others softly, almost in whispers, others announced themselves but could not speak. There were voices of old and young, men and women, boys and girls,

in English, German, and Polish. The discussion varied from personal, simple, humorous, and vulgar remarks to dignified discourse. There were as many as three voices speaking at the same time. One "spirit" upon request sang a song and although it faded and cracked in several spots it had good quality.

Early in the evening I had requested of Sunflower a certain spirit who had recently died. He had been close to me in a way and I felt sure that I could identify him. It was near the close of the seance and just as I was becoming disappointed a loud strong voice broke through the air. "Husky," it cried, and then louder, "Husky!" The trumpet stopped in front of me.

"Hello, Husky," I replied hesitatingly, "I didn't think you'd come." "Hello, Shrimp," a term which he had often applied to me. "I'm certainly glad to see you here. How are Jack and Billy? This is certainly a big treat finding you here—gee! this makes me feel good!"

"Do you know who else is here?"

"Well, if it isn't Hammond himself. This is certainly one big surprise. Why didn't you bring Georgia along (his wife)?"

"I'm sorry; I hadn't thought of that. Maybe next time. You know, Husky, I can hardly believe that's you. I wish you could really convince me."

"So you want proof, do you? Think I'm only a voice, eh? Listen, can you take it?" The next moment my tie was pulled from beneath my vest, my collar was mysteriously opened and my hair was unceremoniously mussed up. It felt like a hand. "Stand up," the voice commanded. I slowly rose. "Hold your hand out." I extended my arm but instead of putting it directly in front of me I held it high and to one side. Three gentle taps with the end of the trumpet showered on my open palm. "Why so high?" he asked. "You know, you're harder to convince than my wife was. This time I want



you to put your hand inside of the trumpet."

I again raised my arm and the trumpet floated directly onto it reaching about half-way down until my fist could go no further. And suddenly, as though there were nothing around my arm, two or three fingers slapped me across the wrist!

This incident will certainly require some explanation. How was it possible for any human being to approach me in total darkness without stumbling over several pairs of feet and pull my tie out? How was it possible for him to know that I was holding my hand in such an awkward position? How was it possible for another hand to slap mine while it was reclining inside of a trumpet?

The last incident of which I wish to speak closed the seance. At the close, as at the beginning, Dr. Parker again spoke. And now he went to each individual in his proper seat, and in the exact order in which he had been questioned he answered every question that had previously been asked. Not a single person was missed, not a single question omitted. As to my question regarding my mother's health an answer was given which proved to be exact. As to the party which I sought he announced that he was unable to find him. After answering the other sitters he gave a short talk.

The seance was then declared over. The lamp was switched on and the band dispersed. The proceedings lasted from 8 to 11 o'clock.

Here I have related the exact experiences as I witnessed them corroborated by my friend Hammond who had been sitting in the battery the entire time. Upon being questioned he maintained that the medium had not moved a single limb from start to finish. Let us look at these incidents objectively. First, they occurred in a pitch dark room. Identity of the other sitters unknown. Entire house uninvestigated. No doubt the possibility, even probabil-

ity, of fraud has already suggested itself to the reader's mind. True, there is such a possibility but it would certainly take much explanation for some of these occurrences. And often have I seen explanations that were themselves so complicated that it would certainly have been much easier to accept the phenomena *in toto* than believe the explanation.

Regarding this seance there are two interesting notations. Before going to this meeting I inquired of one of the University psychologists concerning these matters, and specifically mentioned this medium. "Oh, her—yes, I know her well—quite a fake. She has been exposed. Records in the newspapers couple of years ago about her exposé. I was at one of her seances. They really are fakes. The voices are so low that you can't even hear them, but you can use your imagination."

I had an inclination to check up on his statements. First I went down to the newspaper offices to inquire concerning Mrs. Lovelace. At the Post-Dispatch I was told that there was an article about this woman in the June, 1929, issue of the evening paper. I looked up this issue and it was a simple little article describing a marriage ceremony performed by Mrs. Lovelace in her church. It was the only record of her they possessed. The others had nothing about this woman in their records. Apparently a psychology professor was mistaken.

Upon another thing must I disagree with him. He maintained that the manifesting voices are nothing more than a "buzz." I *know* that those voices were as loud and louder than an ordinary human voice. Here then are two apparent contradictions.

What I have related is what I have seen and heard. However, I cannot expect persons who have not witnessed these things to take my word for them; because under similar condi-

(Continued on Page Following)



## In the Dorms

(Continued from Page 6)

against corruption. Its personal column, "The Waggin' Tongue," is a potpourri of Margaret Carr's wisdom, Walter Winchell's boldness, and a former *Student Life* editor's inveterate love for punning. The following excerpt from the Christmas issue is enlightening:

"A dead cat was found the other day in Hill's room in Liggett. Wary section mates made inquiry, but Hill refused to divulge any information. The Digest assumes that he is saving it to throw at Silverman when the latter gets lodged on the roof again in his birthday clothes.—And a Merry Christmas to you!"

In his serious moments, the Dormite contemplates his environment. When he complains about the ruggedness of his furniture, he is greeted by "Vot choo t'ink? Vot choo t'ink?" and learns that he has complained in vain. In order to obtain enough light for shaving, he must string up a veritable maze of wires. On the other hand, the Dormite is proud of the ultra-modern locks which some of the rooms have. They provide him a modicum of security with a great deal of convenience. Should he forget his key, a bent coat-hanger serves his purpose just as conveniently. Indeed, contests have been staged to see who could render the contents of his neighbor's room at his disposal most quickly. The winner is still living and is proud of his two seconds flat.

—WELLS BURTON.

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tions I certainly should not have taken theirs.

To say that certain phenomena are incredible is merely to say that they are inconsistent with the present state of our knowledge, but knowing how imperfect our knowledge is we are not therefore justified in asserting that

## And on the Row

(Continued from Page 6)

crosswise on his own. He said nothing, but went down to the cleaning closet and obtained a broom. He returned to the dorm with this, lit the bristles, and proceeded to parade up and down waking everyone personally to tell them about his bed. After awakening everyone, and spreading the pungent aroma of the burning broom throughout the dormitory so that it was impossible to sleep, he made his bed by the light of the broom, put it out, and went to bed.

But such tricks are numerous and most of them rather well known. They probably originated when the first dormitory came into existence, and they have been used ever since.

Then, after everything is quiet for the night, and everyone is asleep, the disturbances are not yet ended. There are usually several early risers who wish to get up in the morning before the freshman call boy begins his rounds. Their only method of awakening at such an hour is by the aid of an alarm clock. These clocks start ringing in different parts of the dormitory about six o'clock in the morning and continue from time to time until seven, when the call boy takes charge. As a rule, the alarms succeed in waking everyone, including the owners. Those that possibly sleep through the alarms, however, are usually very hard to awaken, and the call boy's efforts to arouse them usually cause enough noise to make it impossible to get any more sleep. After everyone has risen, the dormitory becomes quiet and remains so until late in the evening when someone goes to bed again.

—RUSSELL CRIDER.

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they are impossible. These were my experiences in this great controversial subject. By no means am I fully convinced of the actuality. But I do see possibilities. —MARK S. WORTH.



## BOOK NOTES

*Smirt*—Branch Cabell—A so-called "urbane nightmare," this book may possibly delight the new reader. It is sure to disappoint the old Cabellian, however, for it is nothing more than a repetition of *Jurgen* and *The Cream of the Jest* with little of their charm. Its one redeeming feature is the fact that here Branch emerges from the Medievalism of James Branch to consider himself as a writer and to jibe at Shaw, Joyce, radio entertainers and his readers. But why—as a "sound logician"—did not Mr. Cabell attempt to study dream psychology and James Joyce before producing a book which, as dream literature, is a colossal hoax and which, as literature of any kind, is but an obvious pot-boiler? Mr. Cabell exhibits distinct symptoms of doddering.

*Tender Is the Night*—F. Scott Fitzgerald—Once more Mr. Fitzgerald exhibits talent and promise of better things. In this novel of the Riviera, the hero is a young American psychiatrist who marries an incestuous but wealthy patient in order to transfer her psychotic love for her father to himself. He succeeds, becomes involved in a love affair with an American movie star and, after his wife cracks, ends up as a Swiss quack. Once more Mr. Fitzgerald fails to create literature and except for a few bright spots here and there and a sure knowledge of his subject, his book is just another mediocre novel—of importance only because its author is a man who is consistently able to inspire hope without conviction.

*The New Dealers*—Unofficial Observer—As a journalistic, anecdotal, scintillating barrage of political fanfare, this book is an epic. While the author is markedly pro-administration, he succeeds in giving an unbiased and intensely readable bird's-eye view of the personalities, public, and private lives of the major figures of the Roose-

velt regime. He worships Roosevelt; lauds Wallace, Tugwell, and Richberg; criticizes yet admires Johnson et al.; laughs at late Secretary Woodin; and shakes Garner, Peek, and Farley from stem to stern. The book should be required reading for all. Its only fault is the fact that the author covers so much ground in such short space that the reader will have difficulty in retaining more than a general—and albeit favorable—impression of the New Deal Phenomenon.

*Vincent Van Gogh*—Julius Meier-Graefe—This sympathetic study of the psychotic Dutch modernist will more than satisfy anyone interested, however vaguely, in art and art figures. But for the general reader it will tend to be boring. The translation from the German by John Holroyd-Reece is not entirely satisfactory and the text is left with unusually long paragraphs, inept phraseology, and difficult sentence structure. But in spite of its faults, Mr. Meier-Graefe's great knowledge of his subject, his colorful figures of speech, and his understanding analysis of Van Gogh and his work all serve to make the book a permanent contribution to the literature of art. The sixty-one illustrations, though through lack of color failing to reproduce the force of the original pictures, will give the reader a satisfactory insight into the complexity of Van Gogh.

*Brazilian Adventures*—Peter Fleming—Here is a best-selling travel book by a man who writes with all the nerve of Richard Halliburton but who actually has something to say, says it well, and does not leave the reader with the sense of vacuity invariably aroused by our young American culture club hero. The young Oxonian editor of the London *Spectator* here tells of his experiences on a half-serious expedition into the wilds of the Matta Grosso in search of the renowned Col. Fawcett. Needless to say they did not find the Colonel, but they did have an exceedingly interest-



## A DAY ON A NEWSPAPER

(Continued from Page 2)

what he is after, goes up after him instead of coming in the store, where he is sure I have everything well in hand. I begin to worry while several women in the group of relatives tell me what a fine boy Harold was, although I remember quite well that he was a little bully who liked to push his way to the front whenever a class picture was taken for the yearbook. I want to break away and get that picture before Thompson can talk the brother into giving it to him. Just as I start for the stairs leading to the flat above the brother comes down, tagged by my rival. Before I can say anything he gives the picture to Thompson who has talked ever since

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ing 3000 mile trek through the Brazilian jungle and Mr. Fleming tells of it all with a spirit of youth, an eye to comedy as well as fact, and a satisfying tendency to debunk the myths of tropical exploration.

*Ah Wilderness!*—Eugene O'Neill—Most comedies, when read, quite naturally fall short of the effects achieved on the stage. *Ah Wilderness!* however, is an exception. Our erstwhile master of the pathological tragedy here rises or stoops to present the comic tale of a Wilde-ized, Swinburne-ized youth of the turn of the century who undergoes the turmoil of adolescent love all the way from prostitution to intoxication to the final reciprocation—non-carnal however—of his fifteen year old sweetheart. Even in the absence of George M. Cohan and supporters, one may read this play with complete hilarity. Since it is highly probable that this metropolis will be deservedly ignored by the play's producers, it is hereby urgently recommended that *Ah Wilderness!* be not left unread.

—LEIGH WHITE.

he entered the building. But one of the women rises to my defense, saying that I had asked for the picture first and they had promised it to me. I agree that it would be unfair to give it to the Star. Finally they give me the picture and I leave after many thanks to everyone, including friend Thompson of the Star.

It is a relief to get out of the mournful atmosphere of the little grocery store. After phoning the city editor about the story I take a service car to the office.

It is close to 9 o'clock when I come into the city room. One hour remains before the paper goes to press and there is much bustling and rushing about. Boys dash around in response to calls of "Copy" from all parts of the room. The men at the semi-circular copy desk are bent over their table writing headlines and correcting stories. I dodge two boys and walk to the city desk with my prize of the morning. The city editor is hastily glancing over a story. He looks up, but not at me, and wants to know whether the police rewrite man will ever learn to say \$50 in cash, instead of \$50 in cash and checks. I wait while this six-footer who dominates the whole scene finishes his admonition. Finally he turns to me, examines the picture and immediately asks whether it is exclusive. I reply in the affirmative, hoping that the first edition of the Star will not make a liar out of me. The city editor takes the picture to the managing editor before sending it up to the engraving room and I go to my desk, after first getting rid of my hat, which must be worn whenever representing the Post-Dispatch.

Almost every one of the 10 or more rewrite men is busy with some story. One is handling an East Side murder



and is writing it in "takes." He types a paragraph, jerks it out of his machine and yells "Copeee" almost simultaneously. The other reporters are writing more slowly. I am left free to read the morning paper for almost a half hour. Then the assistant city editor, who sits beside the Chief, calls my name. He hands me two small items clipped from the morning paper and says, "Clean up Howard with these on 45." By now I have come to realize that in plain English that order means, "Howard, the East St. Louis reporter, is on phone number 345 and as his final contributions of the morning has some information regarding two stories from East St. Louis which appeared in the Globe."

As soon as I pick up the phone, Howard begins: "In that item the Globe ran about a Negro, Tom Henkins, getting 10 years for grand larceny, it's all correct except for the fact that he didn't get 10 years. He pleaded guilty but sentence was deferred. The second item says that a man's shoes were knocked off him by a bolt of lightning. Have you got that?"

"Yes."

"They have his name spelled wrong. It should be Heving, V like in Vera, instead of B like in Boy. Got it?"

"Yep."

"G'bye."

I return to the typewriter and start to bat out the items. Both are very short so I hurry to get them out of the way. I finish the first, but halfway through the second I am interrupted by a shout from the assistant city editor. The phrasing of my single-paragraph item about the Negro, it seems, is rather awkward. "When you sit down at the typewriter, young fella," he says for the fifth time, "forget that you are writing for publication. Write as you would talk." I shake my head two or three times and return to my second item. But I am interrupted again.

The city editor calls me to his desk and says, "Give that item you have to McDougal and go over to the Statler Hotel. I want you to cover a luncheon meeting of the Rotary Club. A fellow named Robert Hedgins is going to talk about a trip to Africa. Skaddoodle."

I skaddoodle before he changes his mind. The luncheon is on the seventh floor. Soon after my arrival most of the members, identified by badges twice the size of a silver dollar, take their seats at the luncheon tables. I tell the secretary who I am and he gives me a seat near the head of a table. Just as everyone is about ready to start eating, the president, a well-fed, middle-aged grain dealer, arises and clears his throat.

"Fellow Rotarians and guests," he says. "Before we begin eating I wish to introduce to you several guests who we are honored to have with us today. We are indeed flattered to have in our midst a representative of one of St. Louis' greatest institutions. I take great pleasure in introducing Mr. Report of the Post-Dispatch."

I push my chair back and rise hesitantly, wondering if he could have meant me. The plump business men applaud vigorously. Convinced that their intentions are good I stand a moment and then ease back into my seat. After me several other guests, including a prominent head of a jewelry firm, are introduced. Then the luncheon begins. There are many courses but the food is cold. After the dishes have been cleared away the

### The Faculty Speaks Department

"How can there be organization in a community where one-third of the people are Slavs, one-third Italian, one-third Poles, and another third Irish?"

—DR. STUART A. QUEEN.



chairman has many things to say about Rotary International. At last he introduces the speaker, a tall, sandy-haired explorer. He talks for an hour and I take copious notes. I return to the office and write the story, about six paragraphs in length. A few minutes pass after I have completed writing it and I think it has gone through. But no, there is a shout from the city editor. "Didn't that guy say anything new besides what you have in the lead? We can't print this old stuff." And so saying he throws the story in the waste basket. I return to my desk wondering what the Rotarians will think about their luncheon guest.

Two o'clock comes, then three. At three thirty I will be permitted to go home, since I have been called out early today. But shortly after three the fire alarm signal, which has been ringing scattered fires during the morning, tolls off the signal for a second-alarm. Harry Kelly, the firebug of the staff, who has members of the department call him at all hours of the night whenever there is a big fire, grabs his hat and leaves on the run to investigate the blaze. While he is speeding to the north end of town where the alarm came from, a third alarm is turned in. Another re-

porter goes out. Three thirty comes and several members of the staff go home. But I am told to stick around with two rewrite men in case the fire gets bigger. In about a half hour the blaze is put under control. I start wearily for my locker, but just then the phone on the city desk rings. It is the afternoon police reporter with the news that a fireman fell off a pumper while en route to the blaze and has been seriously injured. One of the rewrite men takes the story and I am instructed to go after the picture just in case he dies. "I know you were out early today but no one else is here now to go out on this. Get after it in a hurry. Remind me to let you off early tomorrow," the assistant city editor says.

The fireman's family is not at home. They are all at the hospital. When I phone the city editor he says, "Stick around until somebody gets there. It won't be long."

The family of the fireman arrive at 10. I get the picture and come home at 11. The city editor takes the picture the following morning and puts it on his desk under a lead weight. But the fireman recovered and the picture was never used.

—SELWYN PEPPER.

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## CALENDAR

Organ Recital by G. Calvin Ringgenberg: May 20, 3 o'clock, *Graham Memorial Chapel*.

Artist Guild Follies: May 21-25, *Artist Guild*.

Exhibition of Paintings by artists of St. Louis and vicinity: May 23 - June 20, *Art Museum*.

Rudolph Ganz, pianist: May 24, *Municipal Auditorium*.

Demonstration, "How an Etching Is Made," by Gustav F. Goetsch: May 26, 2:30 o'clock, *Art Museum*.

Rabbi Isserman, on "Social Justice": May 30, *Municipal Auditorium*.  
"Saengerfest," Walter Damrosch conducting: May 31, June 1 and 2, *Arena*.

Dance Recital: June 2, *Municipal Auditorium*, Assembly Hall Number Three.



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