

1. Date of Collection: 9-26-72 (as close as possible)
2. Hand Index: \_\_\_\_\_
3. Motifs: \_\_\_\_\_
4. Major Subjects (murder, ghost, etc.): dismembered bodies
5. Specific Subjects (names, places, etc.): I.U. pre-med students  
several males, 1 female Bloomington, Ind.  
Indiana University Campus
6. Name of Informant: \_\_\_\_\_
7. Age of Informant: 20
8. Sex of Informant: Female
9. Occupation of Informant: student (jr.)
10. Religion of Informant: Disciples of Christ
11. Ethnic Group: none
12. Birthplace of Informant: Bloomington
13. State and County of Collection: Monroe County, Indiana
14. City of Collection: Bloomington, Ind.
15. Contextual Place Name Reference: \_\_\_\_\_
16. Collector's Name: \_\_\_\_\_

[REDACTED]  
September 29, 1972

Several years ago, on the campus of Indiana University, some students, male pre-med majors, decided to play a practical joke on one of their female colleagues. This young lady wanted very much to become a doctor and the only way this could come about was to take courses with the other pre-med majors. The male students were forever playing jokes and pranks on the young girl. Their main objective was to turn her stomach and her desire to be a doctor. At this time, a woman doctor was quite rare and very strange to the male students. Not a single day passed that some student wasn't trying to scare her with a cow's heart in a brown paper bag or something of that nature. Yet the girl never quivered.

One dark and rainy night three of her colleagues went to Memorial Hall and dismembered a hand from a cadaver. They took it to her room and proceeded to tie the hand to the light cord that hung in the middle of the room, so that she would be forced to touch it upon turning the light on. Just as they were leaving, the young woman returned and they were forced to hide in the closet. A few moments later ~~light~~, light flooded under the closet door but no scream-- not a single sound!

One of the guys opened the closet door and found the girl sitting in the corner chewing on the hand -- she had gone berzerk and had totally lost her mind because all along she had been very scared but never showed it. The young woman never finished med-school but in later years died in a mental institution.



[REDACTED] 72:109  
September 29, 1972

This legend was told to me by a friend of mine, [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] We are both students at I.U. She is a sophomore, 20 yrs. old, and I am a senior, 22 yrs. old. We are both members of the Singing Hoosiers, a musical ensemble at I.U. School of Music.  
[REDACTED] was born in Bloomington as were her parents. She is a very talented and outgoing person. She told the story eagerly and dramatically upon my request. She said she had heard the legend from her father who as stated before was born here and worked here all his life as a T.V. repairman. When I asked her to tell the legend she told me to wait until "the time was right." So last Saturday evening (Sept. 23)<sup>as</sup> we were returning by bus from a Singing Hoosiers concert in Evansville, she told this bizarre legend to some twenty students who were crowded in the back of a dark bus on the open highway. I think this legend would be considered a true experience legend. It serves basically 2 functions. First, it validates because it reinforces a fact that many people in this area believe or [REDACTED] herself believes happened. Secondly, the legend entertains and the manner in which [REDACTED] told it excited and scared the entire audience. This is also what I believe to be the manifest function of the story, that is she told the story to scare her audience. I don't feel there was any latent function to her telling the legend since I had requested it. There is one other possible function of the legend and that is to integrate because it brought a lot of people together out of fear towards the subject being discussed. I think the levels of culture that are influenced the most by this story are (1) the complex of medical

students that help to make up (2) the institution of Indiana University. I found this legend to be an exciting and enjoyable one and I hope it is of value to the Folklore Institute.