Senior Class Officers

Harry J. Steinbreder  
President

Mary Charity Grace  
Vice-President

Herbert S. Shroeder  
Secretary

Carl Hawkins  
Treasurer
Senior Class History

In the year books of '03 and '05 can be found all desired information concerning the class of '05. There are written accounts of mighty deeds of arms, "stern stands and bitter runs for glory." There, too, are recorded the many novel enterprises undertaken and the success that crowned all efforts for Thomas le Red filled the office of burgess nobly.

But yet, lest the casual reader suspect unwarranted self-adulation, proofs of the universal respect in which we of '05 are held are furnished in this the year book of '06. The two testimonials printed here are two chosen at random.

The Hon. Chauncey Depew, United States Senator from New York, said during a toast at the famous Seely dinner:

"And now, the class of 1905. Illustrious, noble, courageous class of '05! To whom all bow, acknowledging greatness; to whom all look expecting inspiration; to whom all turn seeking enlightenment. Born in the mist of memories, nursed in the dawn of hope and full grown in the bright aureola of realization! Class of '05, Hail!"

It might be remarked that this toast was most enthusiastically received, and was followed by Little Egypt.

These words should be sufficient in themselves to establish the position of the class of '05, but for those who are prone to regard the Hon. Depew as merely a rosy-viewed orator, the following is taken from the Encyclopedia Brittanica (page 10,864).

"a remarkable class, an original class, a successful class. Remarkable, for everything the class of '05 started was successful."

And so the list might be extended indefinitely were it our purpose to prove our greatness rather than merely hint at it. Still, if there be any who doubt, we cheerfully refer them to Pete the perfect, Jake the Hygienic or Adolph the Cleanly.
Class Officers

President—WILLIAM J. BROWN
Vice President—CAROLINE STEINBREDER
Secretary and Treasurer—HERBERT B. SMITH

COLORS
Old Gold and Bank Note Green

HONORARY MEMBERS
The Rogers Brothers Weber & Fields

Class Roll

Edwin Ballman
Louis N. Beals, Jr.
Wm. Jas. Brown
Archibald R. Butler
Craig R. Butler
Sadie Austin Connor
Myra Day
Ruth Bissell Dickinson
Louise Ellison
Morris Cable Emanuel
Allan Preston Gamble
Wm. Robert Gilbert
John Fred Gilster
May Hamilton
Walter Alexander Heimbuecher
Wm. Frederick Henselmeier
Katherine C. Hequembourg
Joanna Hoolan

Marie Kauffmann
Olive Alice Kerley
Mabel Curtis Knoll
Harvey Densmore Lamb
Halford E. Luccock
Oliver P. Luetscher
Edward F. Paddock
Rose Marie Pechman
Sylverius Sammelman
Wm. Henry Schewe
Caroline Steinbreder
Hirrel Stevens
Anna E. Tensfeld
Clara Louise Thompson
Charles K. Traber
Lister H. Tuholske
Oscar J. Winterman
Elinor Carr Zimmerman
It was a windy day in Paradise. St. Peter folded his wings around him closely and looked enviously at the big army overcoat in which the Chancellor's spirit was snugly encased. He rattled his keys pensively and, catching St. Winfield's attention, called him over to the portals. "Fine day for flying, isn't it," he said, as Santos Dumont narrowly missed the top of the harp factory. "Do you know," he continued seriously, as the Chancellor came closer and the wind died down, "I have decided not to let another of your Washington crowd in here. Not another one! Something's the matter; you didn't raise them right. This place is too good for them. Why, only yesterday one of that last bunch you sent us, I think his name was Moore, went to the Queen of Sheba's reception with a sweater on and used his harp as a bean shooter. And last night Schuyler painted a lot of numbers on the Carnegie library. Why, Andrew made things so hot that newcomers thought they had gotten into the wrong place. It's got to stop." He had no more than finished speaking when a troop of hovering spirits could be discerned far away in the ether, making their way rapidly to the gate. "This is the next class," said St. Winfield, as he recognized Ballman's slim form, made slimmer still by angel's full dress. "I must go," he sighed, not having the heart to see his pets turned down.

Gilster helped the girl angels down from the air ship and was about to swing the gate open when St. Peter laid a heavy hand on his shoulder. "Not so fast, young man," he said. "Who are you?" "You don't know me?" said the disconsolate Judge, "why, everybody in Chester knows me." "Well, this is not Chester. I'll have to look you all up in the book before you get a pass. Where do you come from?" "Washington University," spoke up little Willie Brown, in a frightened tone. "Down stairs to the left," said the gateman conclusively as he sent his secretary, who was no other than little Miss Dillon, away for the records. "I'll begin with you," he said when he opened the book, pointing to a figure making caricatures on the door post. "What's your name?" "Hoolan," responded the angel in a hurt voice. "Hoolan, you say? Well, begorry,
it's a good thing St. Patrick isn't on duty, or you'd all of yez get in." He looked carefully in the book. "You won't pass; played pool one day for a silver hat pin. Gambling! Next."

"Gamble," cried a cherub, edging his way to the front. "Well, well," laughed St. Peter, "how did you get here? You cut three dances at the Junior Prom and used to smoke Sweet Caporals. You will find an elevator running down, I think."

"That big fellow looks good," St. Peter sighed, as he cast a discriminating eye over the shaking crowd. "Vat iss de name, please?" "Heimbuecher." St. Peter again looked in the recording angel's book and shed copious tears. "Such an innocent face, too. Oh, why did you swipe that bamboo settee from the Chicago Wrecking Company? It's no use, but I'll try one more. Surely this sweet looking girl can get in. Isn't your name Hamilton?" he said. The angel smiled. This time the Saint's ire was stirred. "Never did a bad thing in all your life," he said, but why on earth were you on the 'HATCHET'? That crowd is the most graceless set of villians that ever lied. You've lost your happy home on account of them. And if Luccock or Wintermann or any of that irreverent crowd has had gall enough to come up here they'd better go straight back to—"

"Help! Help!" gasped little Eddie Paddock, as he sank into—well—somebody's arms.

"You can call around again in about an age or two," said St. Peter, as he shut the door and walked off to dinner.

The forlorn wanderers did their best to comfort each other, but it was a pretty cold day, all told. "Now, if I'd only have gone up first," said Billy Gilbert, "I'd have gotten you all in. If he knew that some of us came from the South Side, we'd have gotten seats in the parquet."

So they decided to wait, when they noticed Dr. Keiser approaching, tearing his hair and talking wildly to himself. "If I only had thirty more votes," he kept saying. "We've got the votes, Doctor," yelled the class, eagerly peering through the pickets. The genial Doctor threw up his arms in ecstacy. "I'm running against Plato for the presidency of the Mt. Zion Scientific Club, you see, and if you only come I'll win yet." He slipped the master key into the lock and the pearly gates swung wide. The lost angels hurried through joyously, followed the Doctor quickly up alleys and across lots, and arrived just in time to save the day.
Class Officers

President—PRESTON ALLEN RICHARDSON
Vice President—VIDA GRUNER
Secretary—HERBERT M. PATTON
Treasurer—THEODORE BRIELL
Athletic Manager—EUGENE BISCHOFF

Class Roll

Erle J. Birkner
Ernest Robert Breaker
Walter Edwin Bryan
Melville Alexander Burke
Mortimer Perry Burroughs
Maury Clifton Cave
Henry H. Clayton
Leonard Corkins
Cornelia Caitlin Coulter
Edna Deahl
Fred Lewis English
Gomer Louis Evans
Edward W. Gallenkamp, Jr.
Katherine P. Garetson
Alvan J. Goodbar
Vida Gruner
Celia Ellen Harris
Walter F. Hendrich
William Clemence Hueckel
Frieda Kayser
Walter G. Krause

Robert W. Lamar
Alfred Lewald
William Edmund Liggett
Arthur Ralph MacKinlay
George Mezger
Louis Byrne O'Reilly
Helen Patterson
Herbert M. Patton
Herbert Emery Poor
James Harvey Renwick
Preston Allen Richardson
Frederic Morrison Robinson
Daniel Adolph Ruebel
George Herbert Sonther
Graham Cook Stevens
James Allen Stevens
Walter Ernest Weidmann
Carl D. Whitmire
Rector Linde Williams
Alfred Chipley Wilson.
Arthur Edwin Wright

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Sophomore Class History

The Senior sat before the blazing fire of his frat house reception room. He leaned back into the depths of the leather cushions and, through the hazy smoke of his pipe, looked out of the nearby window across the green campus. For some moments he sat motionless and absorbed. He was thinking, not of the present, but of the past; and out of the haze there unfolded a panorama of the sights and sounds of days gone by.

He was looking at a strange scene, one he vaguely remembered but could not place at first. Ah! yes, now he had it—it was the old building on twenty-seventh where, as a Freshman, he had first become a student of Washington. The picture gradually took shape and stood out with greater and greater definiteness. It looked strangely small, gloomy and insignificant; though he remembered how grand it appeared to him on the day he mounted the west flight of stone steps to register in the class of nineteen hundred and seven. Once more, in spirit, he walked down the main hall on his way to the "math room" to attend the first meeting of his class. Again, he helped elect the class' first president.

The scene shifted. He found himself rolling on the floor of the assembly room, a huge soph sitting on his stomach. He called for help; a sturdy freshman responded and as he and his fellow classman subdued their adversary, he felt once more the thrill of class spirit that rushed over him on that day three long years before.

And so the panorama went on. One by one the scenes of his freshman and sophomore years passed in endless retrospection before his eyes. Once more he helped ride the mid-year freshmen on brooms; again he threw bottles of ink at the '06 on the wall of the Dental building; and again he saw that "Famous" elephant gracefully balanced on the eaves of the building opposite.

And now the visions become more distinct; for he was out at the new buildings. He sat again in chapel on that first morning when with a few simple but fitting words the University formally took possession
of its new quarters; again he struggled under superhuman loads of fuel for the first night bonfire. Now he seemed to be in the quadrangle. It was night, but a full moon flooded the enclosure with a pale glow. He was over in one corner of the great stone inclosure, surrounded by some fifty classmates—sophomores now. They were being formed in line by several men whom he recognized as seniors. He found himself in the second row of a heavy column of five men to the rank. A senior mounted the low stone wall to the left of the library corridor and made a short but stirring speech. It seemed that the first organized class rush was to take place; the freshmen were being organized by the juniors, and would appear shortly; the point of vantage was the tall flagpole in the center of the quadrangle. Hardly had he finished speaking when a sophomore came hurrying across the inclosure.

"They're coming," he gasped as he ran up, "the freshies—pretty near a hundred of 'em—they're marching up University Way from Skinker Road. They were about a hundred yards from University Hall when I left the archway."

"Get together, nineteen seven," called a big senior with a "W" on his sweater, "come on, we'll meet 'em at the top of the steps." And with locked arms and steady tramp the column swung off across the soft turf towards the archway.

Away down on the low approach they could see them, a long snake-like body moving slowly and steadily up the right hand road. Up, up, they tramped until at the middle landing the waiting sophomores could easily distinguish the separate forms of the front ranks, and the juniors officering the attacking squadron. At last they reached the top flight.

"Steady, naught seven," whispered the senior. "All ready now, stick together, rush 'em!"

The front rank of the freshmen had barely gained footing on the top steps when they were met by the oncoming sophomores. A moment they withstood the shock; then they wavered and in another moment were stumbling in disorganized masses down the long stairs. The sophomores' class cheer split the night air with long practiced reverberations. Gradually their cheers died away; then they began again in different tone and effect: "Rah! rah! rah!"

"Oh! Dick, D—i—c—k! Come to dinner."
The senior sat up with a jerk. Outside it had grown dark. His pipe lay on his lap and its ashes was spilled over the chair. With a grin he rose to his feet and stretched his hands high above his head.

"Talk about pipe dreams," he said, half aloud.
Freshman Class Officers

President—LAWRENCE W. O’NEIL
Vice-President—ELINOR HALL
Secretary—WILL ADKINS
Treasurer—ADELE GARRELS

Class Roll

Will H. Adkins
Olga Rose Albers
Raymond S. Alexander
Samuel Allen
Josephine F. Augert
Howard Bartlett
Eugene Daniel Bischoff
Leon Roy Bowen
Ora Verne Bowles
Theodore Eugene Briell
Abraham Brill
Louis Joshua Brooks, Jr.
Howard Bryan

Conrad Budke, Jr.
Louis Budke
Warren A. Burnet
James Guthrie Caldwell
Grace Carnahan
Roy Oretes Chaffee
Edw. C. Chamberlain, Jr.
Vine Colby
Frank Greason Delano
Michael William Downes
Bernard Anthon Duffner
Frank Munroe Elliot
August George Evers
In its infancy the class of nineteen eighty has very little history
to reflect upon, but looks forward rather to future years for the
accomplishment of such great deeds as will ennoble our dear
institution and promote general interest in this, our Alma
Mater, Washington University. Our class is the largest that
has yet entered Washington University, numbering eighty-eight students.
The Freshman dance on the fourteenth of December was greatly
enjoyed and declared a grand success by all who attended.
Beyond an occasional rub with the Sophs, nothing worth mentioning
happened until that famous Friday before Christmas, Numeral Day.
How vividly it all comes back to us now! How our tongues itch to
elaborate on that scene! But suffice it to say that the Freshmen out-
witted the Sophs by strategy and gained a complete victory over them.
The Grand Mogul himself was a little harder to deal with.
Ah! Many were the vows of vengeance sworn against those lost
souls, the Dents. Never shall we forget that shower of plaster-parisian-
hailstone and white-wash bath. Woe to him who was guilty of such
carelessness and comes within our grasp.
Special and Unclassified Students

"I am not in the Roll of Common Men."

Terry West Allen
Harry Barbee
Margaret D. Barlow
Florence S. Bixler
Katherine Burlingame
Rolla Cipley Bulkeley
Roy Alexander Campbell
Murray Carleton, Jr.
Marion Morrill Clute
Herbert W. Daudt
Rose Dorrance
Howard Gray Fields
William Robert Gardiner
Mrs. Frances D. Gartside
Cora Kate Glaser
Alice Eastman Goodrich
William Hanssler
Anna Leigh Harris
Grace Heron
Mrs. Lena B. Higdon
Arthur Christian Hilmer
Ione H. Hudson
Fannie Hurst
Gussie Agnes Isacs

Aaron G. Johnson
Mrs. Ernst Jonas
Lawrence Chappell Kingsland
Hanna Kippenberg
Waldemar Kloss
Koh Kunashiro
Ida Langenberg
John P. Lautenbach
Rachel Remer Lawton
George Arnold Randolph
Luther Kennett Reinhard
Hilda Reymershofer
Adele Rosenberg
Grace Russack
John Edward Schmale
Adele Seasongood
Elizabeth Daggett Shepardson
Nora Lindsley Sprigg
Gustave Alexander Stamm
Celia Stuever
Kujoshi Tokahashi
Ivy Mary Underwood
Leah Rachel Yoffie
Candidates for Advanced Degrees

For the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy

CAROLINE THOMAS RUMBOLD

GEORGE GRANT HEDGCOCK
B.L., University of Nebraska, 1899. A.M., University of Nebraska, 1901.

For the Degree of Master of Arts

ANITA FRANCES BATTLE
A.B., Washington University 1902.

ALEXANDER CARL HORWITZ
A.B., Washington University 1900.

WILLIAM REES VICKROY
Ph. B., Washington University 1883.

ALBERT M. BROWN
Ph. B., Ohio State University 1900.

JOHN JAMES LEWIS
A.B., Washington University 1899.

E. L. ROBINSON
A.B., Yale University 1896.

WILLIAM EWING SHEHAN
A.B., Washington University 1902.

FRANCES ALLEN
B.L., Smith College 1904.
DEAN H. ROSE
A.B., Kansas University 1904.

SALLIE WATSON
A.B., Missouri State University 1904.

LAURA LUCILLE EAMES
A.B., Michigan University 1902.

For the Degree of Master of Science

WINNIFRED M. ASHBY
B.S., University of Chicago 1903.

HANS SCHANTL
B.S., Washington University 1902.
School of Architecture
Roll of Students

Edward Eugene Christopher
Robert C. Duncan
George Alex Kraetsch
John R. Lautenbach
Robert Rodes McGoodwin

John Jacob Roth
Arthur Otto Steidemann
Herbert Guy Study
Clarence C. Wheeler

Night Architecture Students

Edward William Beeson
William Oscar Mullgardt
Clarence Braddock Opperman
Norman Bailey
John Joseph Burns
Frank Garrison Dillard
Raymond Ewald
Ernest Theodore Friton

Henry Pierre Hiss
Francis Thomas Imbes
Fred J. Kolb
Eugene Lewis Pleitsch
Chester Boyce Price
Frank J. Saum
Frank Robert Schaefer