Class Officers

President ........................................... Harvey Densmore Lamb
Vice-President ..................................... Harry Pierce Reuss
Secretary-Treasurer ................................. Stanley S. Burns
Hatchet Representative ............................ F. O. Schwartz
The Class of 1910

Porter Douglas Blackburn
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Luther Marvin Callaway
Frederick Putman Cowdin, A.B.
Stanley Sherman Burns
Harry F. Craig
Cecil H. Dickerson, A.B.
Charles Francis Dégaris
Adrian John deHaan
Arthur H. Deppe
Harold William Fay
Claude Powell Fordyce, B.Sc.
Walter Emile Frank
Lee Orville Frech
Arnold Garlitz
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Terrence Gronoway
Frederick Hagler
Joseph Reagan Hamlin, Ph.B.
Robert Morris Hardaway, Jr.
Charles Frederick Harmon
James Clinton Hawkins
Guy Livingston Howe
Joseph Winsor Howland
Maurice Isadore Kaplan
John Philip Keim
Logan Guernsey Kimzey
Louis Bernard Knphcit
Harvey Densmore Lamb, A.B.

Leonard Lucius Lamb
Thomas Lorton, B.Sc.
Ruskin M. Lihamon, A.B.
Hopace Leslie Luckey
Pearlie Watson Lutterloh
James G. Macrae
Charles Morris Ming
Claude E. Morrison, A.B.
Peter G. Mossop
Carl J. Muller
Morits Hugo Muller
Julian Caesar Petit, A.B.
Claude Vildine Pickrell, A.B.
Elwyn Dene Price
Abdul Aziz Ramzi
Harry Pierce Reuss
George Fenton Ritchey
Andrew Howard Ryan
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William Alexander Smith
William A. H. Steinmann
John D. Stokey
Wilcox G. Thorné
John R. Vaughn
Carl H. Wachenfeld
Arthur W. Westrup
Thomas Frank Wier
A LIGHT, AIRY MUSICAL COMEDY
ENTITLED
"Incidents in the Lives of a Medical Student"
PRESENTED BY
THE SENIOR MEDICS
1910

CAST


SCENE I
Marquette Billiard Hall. De Garis and Dickerson handling the cues.
Orchestra Plays "Arkansas Traveler."

DICKERSON: No use trying for the corner ball, Shrimp, you couldn't hit a prof. with an ironing board.

[DE GARIS TRIES AND MISSES.]

DICKERSON: Rotten.

[ENTER CUEISTS' CHORUS, LED BY GEO. F. SMITH.—THEY SING:]

From morn till night, it's our delight,
To shoot the ivories round, so bright;
We never tire, as scores grow higher,
To move the buttons on the wire.
De Garis in his eyes has cotton,
The shot he made was simply rotten.
He missed his cue, of course we knew it,
And now we'll let our Georgie do it.
[GEO. SMITH MAKES THE SHOT]
(Applause is appropriate here.)

[ENTER THE THREE TWINS, ABSORBED IN THOUGHT.]

COWDIN: If alcohol is not a stimulant, then I don't see—

GRIESBAUM: But the valence of the cupric salt in Paris green does not call for an emetic when the patient is poisoned. (CHORUS OF CUEISTS GAZE IN WONDER.)

SIMON: No doubt the ambiguity of the relative merits existing between a degeneration of the posterior horn cells and the caudate nucleus would in one sense of the word be indicative of the other, but, however, knowing that the idiosyncrasy of a patient to myoidema is no means of—(Crash, bang, **!! † †, etc.; window is smashed and the Three Twins are deluged with ancient hen fruit and various truck garden products. Exeunt.)

[BUGLE CALL IS GIVEN AND ENTER PETIT]

PETIT: Aha, gentlemen—Petit's my name—P-E-T-I-T—I'm from Kansas.
(Grand rush en masse for Petit, who is thrown out.)

CHORUS ENSEMBLE:
We wonder who's teasing them now,
We wonder who's starting the row;
The dear little teachers we loved so well,
We'd run to see when we heard the bell.
The smiles which we looked for so sweet,
In the morning, in sunshine or sleet,
But now then at last, all these dear things are past,
We wonder who's teasing them now.

[CURTAIN]

SCENE II


[ENTER G. HOWE.]

HOWE: Any of you fellers (sniff) got a compends here (sniff)?

FELLERS: On what?

HOWE: Oh, on anything—just to be busy. I lent a fellow one of my double-barreled fountain pens (sniff) and the other four won't write, so I can't attend lectures (sniff).

[Each one of the fellers produces a compend.]

G. H.: I'll just select promiscuously, gents. (Selects Neapolitan Magazine and settles down.) Thanks.

Schwartz blows in, tickles the ivories, plays classy ragtime, etc. Shouts of "Good," "Keep it up," etc., come from occupants of room. (The introduction of popular hits is here essential.)
Enter Ryan, singing "Sweet Adeline."

ENTER SHERMAN: Can you play "Garden of Dreams?"

Molly Coddles gradually awake.

MOSKOP: I opened the door this morning, and influenza.

ALL IN CHORUS: "Rotten," Punk," "Disgusting."

[MOSKIE CRACKS ANOTHER] Here's an article about a girl who knocks her own brass-work. (Whereupon he is promptly and unkindly removed.)

[ENTER BAR-MAIDS CHORUS, EACH CARRYING A STEIN]

HEAD BAR MAID (Craig) sings:

Oh, we are the jolly damsels gay,
Who through the clouds do roam,
Along with our jolly spritely way,
Distributing the foam.

We never have a moment free
For Tubolsties, Tuppers or Mudds,
But our work in life just seems to be
To pass around the suds.

LUTTERLOH: This is awful. I shall go outdoors and purchase a glass of Fer-Mil-Lac with a prune in it.

BARMAIDS FAINT.

[CURTAIN]
SPECIAL

Morits Hugo Muller and Maurice Isadore Kaplan will appear between Scenes II and III in a sketch entitled “Ten Nights in a Synagogue.” (By Request.)

SCENE III

Outclinic. Dance by Obstetricians wielding forceps and curettes. They chant, with appropriate gestures (E minor):

> Throughout the night we watch,
> Perchance a case to catch;
> Where we may do a world of good
> To brighten the woes of motherhood.
> Our hypos small
> Respond to call,
> And alleviate a pain or squall.

[LIGHTS] (Fortissimo by songsters and orchestra.)

Behold us now,
You don’t see how
Our sturdy frame
Can stand the strain.

[RETIRE CHORUS]

DEPPE: I’ve been on this — — clinic for a week, and answered eighteen wild

Deer chases. Hell— (phone rings) Hello—this is the outclinic—De Haan? How are

you, De? No, Nick ain’t here. Bull is up at the frat.—Naw, come on up, won’t be

up till late—Bye.

[POKER CHORUS ENTERS ONE BY ONE.]

THORNE: Hello Deppe—nothin doin?

DEP: Naw, been on a week.

THORNE: Come on out for a walk.

DEP: If there’d be a good game of poker on, I’d go.

[POKER CHORUS SINGS]

What’s that? What’s that?
We heard you say?
A poker game you’d like to play?
Of course, we all are willing too,
And now, you see, it’s up to you.

DEPPE:

But then, I can’t, I’m tied down here,
In this measly place so dark and drear.

CHORUS:

Think not of woes or trials or sorrow
Remember, too, you’ll live tomorrow;
Don’t sit around and plug and bone,
Nor consider long—just switch the phone.

(Deppe switches phone to W. U. Hospital.)
DEPPE: At last I'm free, where shall we go
To play the gentle game of poker?

CHORUS: We'll now retire, a place to get,
For one, let me suggest Marquette;
Then let us go and play till morn,
Other things ain't worth a darn.

[CURTAIN]

VERY SPECIAL

"Macrae" dancing the famous classic repertoire of Isadore Hoffmann, with genuine oriental music by Abdul-Aziz-Ramzy (Ex-musical director to the Royal Egyptian Harem).

SCENE IV

(The author apologizes for this scene, in being unable to select a better theme than the time-worn "You are now about to embark on your journey through life," etc.)

Pier. Ship about to weigh anchor. Entire cast on stage.

CAST:

Again, dear friends, through toil and strife,
We start out once again in life.
Many the times we've done before,
But now we bid you "Au Revoir."
Class officers and others too,
Who make up our worthy crew,
Especially those who'd ne'er relent,
Whenever the class they'd represent.
Until, as all the faculty knew us,
We got all that was coming to us.
Have oft been and are still respected,
As our cause they've ne'er neglected.

(Whistle sounds. "All aboard!" etc. Amid cheers, yells, cat-calls and much hilarity, they embark on the vessel and appear on deck). There is crowding, pushing, etc., on top.

H. D. LAMB

Here fellers—now we all are out
Of school; and still you'll have your bout
Among yourselves and also others,
(I guess you guys would fight your mothers.)
You still are the same crowd of mutts,
And all act like a bunch of nuts.
Now, don’t attempt to start a riot,
And see if you can’t keep real quiet.

(Quiet reigns.)
Now remain that way and I’ll exhibit my trained bugs. (Opens an incubator
and leads forth streptococci, tubercle bacilli, Klebs-Loefflers, Weickelbaums, spi-
rochetes and pneumococci.)
Orchestra plays “Merry Widow” while the bugs perform.
Then enter the Married Men pushing go-carts with babies.

THE MARRIED MEN:
A jolly set of husbands gay
Are we, Are we.
We push these carts throughout the day,
Do we, Do we.
The pushing of these rigs don’t please us,
But our wives at home—they nearly craze us,
So the only thing for us to do
Is to push around the noise.

(All the babies cry at once and are accordingly spanked.)
After the spanking, this chorus is ushered on board the boat, anchor is weighed,
and they sail.

[CURTAIN]
Class Officers

President ........................................... John F. Beatty
Vice-President ..................................... O. O. Smith
Secretary-Treasurer ............................... W. G. Atwood
Class Representative ............................. C. H. Holaday
The Class of 1911

William G. Atwood
John F. Beatty
Milton Augustus Broemser
Frank McLean Campbell
William Richard Campbell
Thomas Miller Davis
Arthur H. DeMasy
Robert Clarence Derivaux
Thomas Carlyle Doolin
John C. Drake
Clyde Percy Dyer
William Edler
Will Hanna Fickel, Jr.
Edward N. Hagan
Ernest F. Harrison
Charles Henry Hecker, A.B.
Charles H. Holaday, B.Sc.

James Lewald
Otis Like
Frank Hall McManus
Louis H. Mestemacher
Alphonse Herman Meyer
David Litchfield Penney
William D. Petit
John A. Pringle
Walter Alfred Rohlfing
Oscar Oda Smith
Merrill Neville Smith, A.B.
Richard C. Smith, A.B.
Aden Cobbs Vickrey
George Lancaster Watkins
Alfred H. Winkel
John Wilson, A.B.

A CORNER OF LIGGETT HALL.

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Class Officers

President
Carter A. Proctor
Vice-President
Leonard Niess
Secretary-Treasurer
Paul B. Rabenneck
Hatchet Representative
V. V. Wood

The Class of 1912

Austin Flint Barr
Thomas Kinsey Bowles
Benjamin Franklin Bowersox
Stephen F. Bonney, B.Sc.
Charles Henry Burdick
William Harvey Clithero
Roy George Empson, A.B.
Paul Jacob Ewerhardt
Harry Troy Evans
Rollin S. Fillmore, Jr.
Rollae D. Finch
Charles Pulford Forward
Walter Leslie Frank, B.Sc.
Harry Gus Greditzer
LeRoy Francis Heimbeger
Edward Demiling Howe
Scott Huer
George Edward Iterman
Tom Kirkwood
Benjamin W. Klippel
Eugene Milton Lucke
Anton Leo Lutz

Otto Kent Meghe, A.B.
Ernest Mitchell
John Murphy
L. F. Mutschmann
Leonard Niess
Samuel Rilee Norris
William N. O'Bannon
Maurice Orear Pemberton
Linton Yancey Pittard
Carter Atwater Proctor
Arthur Walter Proetz
Paul B. Rabenbeck
Benj. Casper Clifford Schnell
A. P. Erich Schulz
Otto Henry Schwarz
Charles Henry Shumaker
Theron Hart Slaughter
Martin VanRaalte
Ray Nathaniel Wallentine
James August Weber
Visscher Vivean Wood
Class History, 1912

We are very sorry to state that a history of our class would be far too large an undertaking, and, therefore, we will be compelled to make this only a slight review. This class makes history so fast that a Locust street motor cop couldn't even smell our gasoline; and, on the square, were we to write a history of the class of '12, W. U. M. D., the Hatchet would have to be an ax, and then there would be no space for other items. And, again, this review is not written from the fear that our class shall be forgotten, for will we not leave Howe's footprints in the sands of time for future generations to wonder at and ponder upon?

The review of our Freshman year has been so ably written up in the previous edition of this yearly publication that I have no doubt but that all regular subscribers at least are entirely familiar with the important happenings. Briefly, though, we entered school upon Sept. 26, 1908, with a class of 55. Upon Oct. 10 we organized, electing Mr. Schaefer President, Mr. Mutchman Vice-President and Mr. Gibbs Secretary and Treasurer. Later in the year we were very sorry to have to give up Messrs. Schaefer and Gibbs. Another election was held, Mr. Mutchman occupying the president's chair, and Messrs. Proctor and Schulz being selected to fill the Vice-President's and Secretary's offices, respectively.

We had very little trouble with the Sophomore class that year, and cannot feel any humiliation when memories of our little encounters are again brought to mind, for the results were invariably in our favor.

We organized our class for the second year upon the 12th day of October, 1909. Mr. Proctor is our President for the new year, and an ideal one he has made for us. One of the first events of any importance happening during the new semester was an operation after Dr. Lorenz's bloodless methods, in which we removed a malignant mustache from the upper lip of an aspiring Blasted Frochie. It was a success in every way, excepting that the patient has never entirely recovered, which was not in any wise our fault. He would not reappear for treatment! We also attempted to show our hospitality toward the incoming, but unlucky, Class of '13 by entertaining a couple of their most promising young warriors upon Broadway at midday during Centennial Week.
Among other things, it may be mentioned here that the Sophs had three representatives upon the football squad, which of itself is sufficient proof of the fact that our class has all forms of sport or work connected with the old Varsity very much at heart. You must remember, it is nearly an hour's ride each way to and from practice.

Soon after the 1st of February the class held a very hotly contested debate, which will very likely settle a most important question for future classes. The question was: Resolved, that it is better to be a physician and starve to death than to be Hans Wagner at $10,000 per. We are very sorry to state that at this point in the announcement of the question the defeated colleagues appeared in the editor’s study and that is as far as he can remember.

The month of March was an epoch-making one for our class, because of the very enviable record of 5½ by Megee. The only drawback to the entrance of the figures upon the record books seems to be a lack of witnesses to the act.

In closing, we deem it well to mention a few of the more prominent dates of the present school year.

September 27—Grand class reunion and hand squeezing.

October 12—Class ’12 entertained two representatives of class ’13 at high noon upon Broadway.

October 14—Class organization.

October 22—Rabenneck and Weber saw “Chocheeta” for the twenty-third time.

November 20—Class missed a chance to cut (Saturday).

December 13—Howe forgot to chastise Murphy.

December 15—Mr. Burdick began slowly to ascend to the chair of pathology.

W. U. M. D.

January 2—Greditzer broke the class record for such occasions by answering a question in a quiz.

January 5—Pemberton donated again across the bridge.

January 11—Otto Schwarz becomes a “cat” in anatomy.

January 18—Finch prostrated Dr. Tiedemann with the statement that there were no microscopes in Flora, Ill.

February 7—Klippel won his first scrap with his pipe.

February 22—Washington’s birthday. (O! You Hatchet!)

February 28—Discovered that Van Raalte was possibly Dutch.

March 1—Megee set his mark of 5½. Everybody shoots at it now, but they all miss. No one saw him do it, though.

March 14—Dr. Tiedemann and Mr. O’Bannon did not have a discussion upon this date.

March 18—Medic dance at Francis gym.

V. V. WOOD.

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Class Officers

President: RAYMOND J. JOSEPH
Vice-President: MEREDITH R. JOHNSTON
Secretary: CRAIG P. GARMAN
Treasurer: RICHARD J. PAYNE
Hatchet Representative: FRED L. GIBBS
The Class of 1913

DOLPHUS HARRISON BELL
JOSEPH BRYKIRCH JR.
JAMES BROWN BIGGS
FLOYD ANSLER BURGER
EDWARD AUSTIN CALLISON
LESLIE DORSE DAMER
ADAM H. DOELLEFELD
DAVID ENLOE
HAROLD FRANK FANNON
RALPH H. FochT
HARLAN DOWNES FRIEND
CRAIG P. GARMAN, B.Sc.
FRED LEONARD GIBBS
HAROLD GOODRICH
WILLIAM LUDWIG HANSON
EMIL E. HEIN
EDWARD E. HEIPLE
ALFRED EMMANUEL HOLLARD
WALTER WM. HORST
GEORGE EDWIN HOURN
MEREDITH RUTHERFORD JOHNSTON
RAYMOND JOHN JOSEPH
OLAV KAARHOL
FRED O. KETTLEKAMP
GEO. D. KETTLEKAMP

LEO JULIUS KILIAN
JONAS CLARENCE KOPPELOWITZ
WALTER EDWARD KOPPENBRINK
JOSEPH W. LARIKMORE, A.B.
SAMUEL WHEELLES MCKELVEY
JAMES ALLEN MCKENNEY
ORA FRANCES MCKITTRICK
RAY MITCHELL
WALTER SCOTT NIEDRINGHAUS
DANIEL BOONE NORTHRUP, JR.
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FRED SELVY PERRINGS
JAMES EARL POTTER
HERBERT HALL PRICE
EDWIN WILLIAM RODENHEISER
HENRY ROTHMAN
ROBERT HALRY SANDERSON
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BENJAMIN STOLBERG
WILLIAM WAGENBACH
GROVER C. WILSON

AT THE ART SCHOOL. IN THE GARDENS.