JOHN HANGER KENNERLY, D.D.S., M.D., Dean of the Dental Faculty and Professor of Clinical Dentistry; member and Ex-President of Missouri State Dental Association; member and Ex-President of the St. Louis Dental Society; member of the National Dental Association; Ex-President and Ex-Secretary of the National Association of Dental Faculties; member of the Central District Dental Society of Missouri; corresponding member of the Illinois State Dental Association; Ex-President of the Institute of Dental Pedagogics, Delta Sigma Delta.

Child of misery—baptized in tears.—J. Oehler.
I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty.—Mr. Nicholson.
Officers

President ........................................ Francis J. Wild
Vice-President ........................................ Walter A. Kreutzer
Secretary-Treasurer ........................................ Fred J. Brockman
Sergeant-at-Arms ........................................ Habhames Kayarian
Hatchet Representative ........................................ Fuad J. Kahil

Never taxed for speech.—Emma Carter.
George Frank Bellas . . . . Sedalia, Mo.
Class President, '09-'10.
Xi Psi Phi, Kappa Alpha

Fred H. Bierbaum . . . . St. Louis, Mo.

Fred John Brockman . . . . Nokomis, Ill.
Class Secretary-Treasurer, '11-'12.
Delta Sigma Delta

Alvin Ellsworth Davis . . . . Stoutland, Mo.
Xi Psi Phi

I am as sober as a judge.—J. McKone.
Lucian J. Duguay  
Psi Omega  
St. Louis, Mo.

Frank Henry Foerster  
Delta Sigma Delta  
St. Louis, Mo.

Lee Voorhees Halbert  
Xi Psi Phi  
White Hall, Ill.

Godfrey William Joseph Henske  
St. Louis, Mo.

The Rupert of debate.—Luedde.
William Newton Holaday . . . . . . Flora, Ill.
Xi Psi Phi

Fuad J. Kahil . . . . Damascus, Turkey
President Cosmopolitan Club, '11-'12; Debating Club; Hatchet Representative, '12.

Habhanes Kayarian . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
Cosmopolitan Club, Sergeant-at-Arms, '11-'12.

Earl Clifford Kimbro . . . . Anna, Ill.
Varsity Football Team, '10.
Xi Psi Phi

One of the few, the immortal names that were not born to die.
—T. P. Lockwood.
WALTER ALEXANDER KREUTZER. St. Louis, Mo.
Class Vice-President, '11-'12.
Delta Sigma Delta

Ernest William Lacy. Danville, Ill.
Class Secretary-Treasurer, '10-'11.

Class Secretary-Treasurer, '09-'10.
Delta Sigma Delta

Nathan Lee McKee. St. Louis, Mo.
Class Sergeant-at-Arms, '09-'10; Class Vice-President, '10-'11.

*Sharp's the word with her.—M. Sharp.*
Talk to him of Jacob's ladder and he would ask the number of steps.

—Herman
He was indeed the glass wherein the noble youths did dress themselves.—R. M. Hoerr.
HE years will roll by, and many a time we shall look back to these dear days of our college life, days of youth and of happiness. Their remembrance will always remain for us a pleasure and an inspiration.

It is almost three years since October 1909, when we started our Freshman year. The time has passed quickly and now, very soon, the parting day will come, when we shall leave our Alma Mater, and each to the other bid, perhaps, a last adieu.

We started our Freshman year with thirty members, but soon that number was reduced to twenty-two. That year our class worked with enthusiasm and established the record for high achievement.

In our Junior year Sherman joined the class, and, in the Senior year Bierbaum and Duguay of St. Louis U. were welcomed to the hospitality of Wash'ngton.

And of the men themselves of this noble class of 1912, we might speak at length if space would permit. However, we must mention them all, for they are all jolly good fellows.

There is Brockman, a singer of note, whose dulcet tones will long ring sweet in memory's ears.

There is the sylph-like Niedringlys, the memory of whose sinuous grace and "Cairene" writhings will long remain when St. Denis and Hoffman are forgotten.

Next Schaefer looms up, a leader in every devilish prank.

"Rip" Davis we mention next before he takes another nap. Once while awake he invented a Richmond crown.

"Bull" Kreutzer is a good fellow, except when he is relating his Duck Story.

"Fat" Halbert we shall in later years recall by his "illustrious flask."

"John" Kayarian is a political boss and a very popular fellow.

"Kink" Kimbro the Varsity Foot-ball man, is a good-natured sort of a fellow, and always wears a smile.

"Sour Kraut" Foerster, the famous anatomist, discovered a previously unknown nerve which now bears his name.

Our hoard is little but our hearts are great.—Student Life Association.
Holaday we consider to have a hopelessly inappropriate name, for he is always grinding.

Bellas is very consequential.

Sherman thinks a great deal of a pair of tan shoes which, as soon as he gets down to the school, he exchanges for an old pair.

"Stern" Thompson is the Possum Army man.

Henske has raised a mustache which you can really see with a high power glass.

"Father Mac" McKey is the dad of the gang.

Wild—only in name—we saw fit to make president.

Spotts doesn't say much, so that we conclude he is in love.

Siefert always makes love to the pretty girls who come to the infirmary.

McDavid, a hero from Coffeen, is quite conspicuous, so far as his socks are concerned.

Lacy is the most dignified man in the class.

There you are every man of them, and fine men they are, well equipped for the real fighting which will soon begin.

May every shingle which will soon swing as bravely in the breeze, prove a lodestone which will quickly attract to its owner health and prosperity in the happy years to come.

—F. J. K.
Boyd Lee Smith

As good be out of the world as out of the fashion.—Elsie Hoolan.
The 1913 Hatchet

Class Roll

Charles Edgar Berryman
Harvey Henley Bonds
Marvin Burton
William Claude Carter
Charles Albert Ebling
J. Walter Ferguson
Joseph Townsend Funkhouser
Campbell Hopson Glascock
Harry Lee Granier
Harry Lee Gruner
Floyd Avelin Hays
Homer T. Kemper
A. Ross Meador
De Lafayette Reid
Boyd Lee Smith
Christian Stroth
Robert Alphonso Sutcliffe
Edward L. Thompson
T. E. Thompson
Wiley Andrew Wright

Junior Class History

In endeavoring to furnish a narration of one of the most lustrous classes in history, it seems nigh impossible for me to perform my duties in a way that will do justice to the versatility and scholarship of the class of '13.

We were a melancholy bunch of good fellows, numbering seventeen, that had our beginning as the class of '13 on that memorable date October 3, 1910. Our native abodes were far scattered, but with thoughts concentrated upon one fixed purpose, we gathered as if by appointment to some great national meeting. I might add that not until the Goddess of Wisdom saw this illustrious class was she pleased, and not until then could she rest from laborious days of search, knowing that her desires would be fulfilled. However, she may have lowered her estimation since the Final Exams.

The Freshman year was a most enjoyable one to all I am certain, and the pace set by this noble bunch surely reflects great credit upon them. As for the class record, it was as stainless as Adam's character before he plucked that tempting forbidden fruit. In the latter part of May we eagerly departed to our respective homes for vacation, and on the following 4th of October returned as Juniors for further knowledge.

We were not such a gloomy bunch as we were the beginning of our Freshman year, for everything promised a year full of spirit and enjoyment. Several changes in the personnel of our class were noticed. Much to our regret two of our old pals, Haworth and Karabascheff were missing, but

She looks upon them with a threatening eye.—Miss Maginn.
we welcomed into our depleted ranks five new men whom we prize as good catches. They are J. Walker Ferguson, Homer T. Kemper, and Edward L. Thompson from Barnes University, T. E. Thompson from the North Pacific College of Dental Surgery, Portland, Ore., and Harry Lee Gruner who decided to return to his first love, being a member of the '12 class during its infancy but not in attendance last year. We hardly looked forward to such a good thing to come to pass as the return of Remsen Robert Alphonso Sutcliff of Mankato, Kans., and Marvin Burton of Little Urbana, Virginia, both having had desires for something bigger and better, and so decided to attend Northwestern University. At the close of the 1910-11 term we bade these good scouts farewell, but on returning this year we found that Burton had registered, and later were glad to welcome Sutcliff back to the school. However serious a joke this mistake was to Sutcliff and Burton, we are glad to know that our school loomed up so well and drew them back to the fold.

Many happenings, sayings, and nicknames have characterized our bunch. Bonds, a rare specimen of humanity, hails from Brunswick, Mo. In speaking of him as an example of the class, we will say that he is often in a state of financial embarrassment and is frequently found searching for cheaper board in order to attend “Dreamland” once more, or raising money to buy a Thyroid axis. As a money-raising scheme of his, the raffle of a watch comes to mind. The first chance fell to Hays, who declared it strictly against his religion to take any chance. Funkhouser would not risk it because the watch did not have a muffler attachment. “Sister” Edling seeing an opportunity to do charity work, took a throw. Crystal Glascock of New London, would not jar loose; and “Green Stick” Burton said he would have to see the railroad go through Little Urbana before indulging. “Baby Face” Granier invested a nickle, while Homer Kemper got stung by having to pay his debts. “Pap” Thompson believed in saving his money and attempted to stop the wheel, while “Jew” Ferguson tried to get away by figuring out the distance from his bench to Tommy Thompson’s office. Carter agreed to take a chance upon Bond’s promise to blot “Muley” out of his vocabulary. In the meantime Sutcliff was noticed crawling about on the floor looking for lost knowledge. Wiley came in on the last round-up with an apple for trade and won the watch. This was not gambling, but just a helping hand to a man in distress.

—B. I. S.

Frailty, thy name is woman.—Grace Rodgers.
He utters all he thinks with violence. — Gwynne Raymond.
THE 1913 HATCHET

Class Roll

Clare A. Alcorn
James M. Ashley
John Barber
Issac O. Bird
Oris B. Britte
Roscoe T. Burns
A. W. Caplin
M. H. Caplin
R. Q. Chandler
Harry H. Chapman
William L. Conrad
Henry R. Duncan
Charles F. Elder
Grant C. Gentry
R. Grear
Victor Grice
Charles B. Harrison
James A. Heieck
Oscar Hirth
Elmer H. Jacobsmeier
C. A. Jones
Saitaro Kageyama
Charles E. Line

Ira T. Maupin
W. W. Meador
George A. Miller
DeWilton F. Milstead
Paxton Morrison
Walter F. Neuhoff
Henry Nomura
William E. Poole
Samuel Rohde
Charles A. Ross
Otto Schlicht
Harry R. Shanley
W. Thomas Simmons
Clyde P. Springgate
Charles O. Thomson
James Titterington
E. A. Veach
Harold E. Weir
Henry Westhoff
Victor D. Winters
Lloyd B. Wright
Marion J. Yount
James V. Zanesheff

Freshman Class History

NE might easily have picked out the freshmen in the crowded lobby of the Dental School that first morning of the term. The anxious faces and the nervous manner told only too plainly who were the recruits. We undoubtedly deserved the criticisms of the upper classmen upon whom we gazed with awe and respect as they dashed recklessly about with a familiarity akin to authority. But that was only at the beginning. Since then we have outgrown the timidity and the awkwardness of those first few days, and as the term has advanced we have developed into a wide-awake bunch with plenty of life and spirit.

The class is the largest at the Dental School in ten years. It is composed chiefly of the home-grown variety, although many importations from Japan, the Orient, Illinois, and various more or less distant points.

No rest but the grave for the pilgrims of love.—Modisette.
within our own country have contributed to this rare collection of genius and talent. Many are relatives of practicing dentists who evidently find the art of prying people loose from their molars, or the various forms of interior facial decoration, so pleasant a pastime that they have induced their younger kin to get in line to enjoy the sport. About half the men are recent graduates of high or normal schools. The remaining half are horny handed sons of toll who have become dissatisfied with their former method of grinding out an existence, and seek now with more or less of sacrifice, to force their way into the professional world, hoping there to find peace and prosperity. Some of these, however, find it difficult to break themselves of the old habit of earning a living honestly and still indulge in some form of labor after school, as for instance, Yount, who works eight hours every night at the Post Office. What there is left of his time, Yount puts in riding the street cars to and from his home in the flourishing metropolis—Maplewood.

As a whole, the class is one of which we may be justly proud. A strict adherence to house rules marks the general conduct, the only departure from the straight and narrow way worthy of note being to cut chemistry one afternoon early in the term and attend one of the downtown theaters en masse. Being in attendance at school primarily for the absorption of knowledge, we naturally put forth the best of our efforts in this direction. As a matter of fact, the air brakes must needs be applied at times to prevent some of the more apt among us becoming too well informed. However, the majority of us are content to plod along in accordance with the regular schedule. At the same time the class has its full share of fun, for there is always something doing among the Freshmen. Entertainment for the entire school is furnished chiefly by the Freshman Comedy Troupe and their ever ready songsters. The athletic outlook is exceptionally bright, for we possess an abundance of good material. In fact, the commendable qualities of this blue ribbon aggregation seem so numerous that an attempt to record them would be futile.

And so it is that each Freshman feels that he is to be congratulated on being identified with so illustrious a body. To be a member of such a class and to feel the warmth of the good fellowship which exists among us is indeed enough to inspire in any man a loyalty to the class and the school, and to bring out the very best there is in him.

—C. A. A.

Wearing all the weight of learning lightly like a flower.—M. Warren.