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Lecturer, Jurisdiction of Federal Courts.

DANIEL NOYES KIRBY, LL.B.,
Lecturer, Agency.

*Deceased.



Senior Class Officers

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Senior Class History

THE CLASS of '05 began its experience with wailing—a wailing louder than is usual in such cases. Bob lamenting the fact that naturally superior intellect and a degree from Odessa College did not admit to advanced standing. As a matter of course, nourishment was administered to allay the pangs of the class—bottle naturally, and it went to the head so strong that Tom Mc has been weak there ever since.

Howsomever, those first days were lived through and the class waxed in statute and other things till Mandy managed the Arkansas Traveller.

From then on the progress from boyhood to dignity of youth was rapid, and today the class bears but few and honorable scars from that momentous period, and is minus but a toe nail or two. So be it. The second stage of its existence has been all the better for that. The class was too big and too good to last as it was.

Along some time since, the class got politics into its blood. Alas, Carroll, you can't sometimes always tell. Anyway, part of the slate went through and Senator Bob missed out. Poor Senator—he thought he'd show up well in the chair. Such is the way of the world. Even Farmer can't always lead the foot of the class.



THE HATCHET 1906

Middle Class

Edwin Hugo Beer	St. Louis
Joseph Raphael Bowling, B. E. <i>Tulane University</i>	St. Louis
James Edward Carroll	St. Louis
Robert Vaughan Montague Cordell	St. Louis
Luther Winston Crenshaw	St. Louis
George Crockett Dalton	Lenox, Missouri
Homer Davenport	Bidewell, Missouri
William Robert Gilbert	St. Louis
John Fred Gilster	Chester, Illinois
Alvan Joy Goodbar	St. Louis
Oscar Louis Herbert, A. B. <i>Christian Brothers College</i>	St. Louis
Clarence McMillan, A. B. <i>Williams College</i>	New York City
Lilber Estel Richardson, A. B. <i>Central College</i>	St. Louis
Thomas Raymond Sims	St. Louis
Joseph Argyle Taylor	St. Louis
Ben Artie Wood, A. B. <i>Missouri State University</i>	Holden, Missouri





Class Roll

Clinton James Ancker	Evansville, Indiana
Ruby Waldo Benecke	Brunswick, Missouri
John Henry Bracken, A. B. <i>St. Louis University</i>	St. Louis
Erwin Henry Busick	Belleville, Illinois
John Wolfinger Calhoun	St. Louis
Burkett Sale Clayton, B. S. <i>Washington University</i>	Kirkwood, Missouri
John William Cook	Dexter, Missouri
Otto Fred Dierfeld	Appleton City, Missouri
Daniel Dillon, Jr., A. B. <i>St. Louis University</i>	St. Louis
Eugene Wartman English	Macon, Missouri
Harry Schener Haas	St. Louis
Edgar Philip Hellmuth, A. B. <i>Washington University</i>	St. Louis
Lester Irving Heyman	St. Louis
Roland Mathis Homer, A. B. <i>Amherst College</i>	St. Louis
William McNair Ilgenfritz	Sedalia, Missouri
Vincent Kerens	St. Louis
Jacob Marx Lashly	St. Louis
Frederick William Lehmann, Jr., A. B. <i>Harvard</i>	St. Louis
Samuel Miller Breckinridge Long, A. B. <i>Princeton</i>	St. Louis
Julien Gayle Miller	Jackson, Missouri
William George Morgan, A. B. <i>Lafayette College</i>	Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania
Fred Ernest Mueller,	Chesterfield Station, Missouri
Eugene Jaccard Nichols	Manchester, Missouri
Edward William O'Brien	St. Louis
Livingston Eugen Osborne	Evansville, Indiana
Monroe Nyce Overall	Cameron, Missouri
Marie Emily Overstolz	St. Louis
Harriet Reis	Oswego, Illinois
Charles Marcus Rice, A. B. <i>Washington, University</i>	St. Louis
Ben Sebastian Sawyer	El Paso, Texas

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William Horace Schaumberg	St. Louis
William Paul Sebastian	Edwardsville, Illinois
Roderick McKenzie Sherwood	St. Louis
Sidney William Soloman	St. Louis
Grover Cleveland Thompson	Clarksville, Arkansas
Alva Cooper Trueblood, A. B. <i>Washington University</i>	St. Louis
Samuel Percy Vickory	St. Louis
Walter Lee Vieregg	Kansas City, Missouri
Joseph Jacob Wertheimer, A. B. <i>Harvard</i>	St. Louis
Leland Alexander Wind, A. B. <i>Princeton</i>	St. Louis



Junior Class History

Dear Dollie:—

Oh, how I wish you could be here in St. Louis, if only for a few days. So much has happened since last I wrote you that I fear I shall never be able to tell you all, and I have such news! There is a boy in our class—my, what a flutter there was when he came in the third day of the term and walked right up to the front and sat down in front of Miss Keysor's desk. Such courage; such self restraint; he won all our hearts the first whack out of the box, and when Mrs. Curtis called on him that morning he answered her as well as a woman.

The next day all the girls wore their dimities and even old Miss Bishop put on her glad rags.

I happened to drop my handkerchief in the hall one day, (there is an epidemic of dropsy here now), just as he was passing, and glory! halleluiah! he stepped right on it. Bliss! Slap! Bang! Fudge! Smack! I shall always treasure it among my heart tokens.

One day we were all working in the library when he came in—and such a noise—you see we all study with our feet on the table, and when he came in all our tootsies striking the floor at one time produced a noise like unto the rolling of thunder.

Two of the girls, Julia Miller and Eugenia Nichols, (hateful cats) met him at a party and now they refuse to introduce any of us to him, but some day I am going to ask him to sharpen my pencil and then I'll show them what a Belleville girl can do.

The day before Christmas we fixed up the entire hall in his honor and I just wish you could have seen his seat. It was all decorated in Christmas green—you never saw anything so gloriously beautiful as the chair when he sat in it. Then we placed a great placard in front of the rostrum inscribed as follows:

OUR HERO

Like Adonis, famed in story,
Mortal man to Venus dear,
"You," with locks of golden glory,
To our maiden hearts bring cheer.

THE HATCHET 1906

Since the Yuletide is the season,
Girls can with more freedom speak,
We wish joy to you with reason,
Darling Mr. Untermeek.

At first we were going to put some mistletoe above the chair, but we were afraid our feelings might run away with us and we might Hobsonize him, so we cut it out. I know you will think I'm foolish to write so much about a man. Oh, if you could only see him smoke. I am not the only one so affected; the entire Senior class are planning to drop down and join us, and the way Mrs. Ferris looks at him makes me want to pull our eyes out.

Now write soon to

Your love sick,

PORTIA.

P. S.—Clintonia Anker and he talked together a long while last Wednesday and they said mean things about the other girls.

P. S.—We have the finest class ever, but you know that because I am in it.

P. S.—He is just a dear.