
 LAW 

SCHOOL





ALFRED P. O. WAGNER.

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The Class of 1910

SIDNEY THORNE ABLE	GEORGE BRYAN LOGAN
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MELVILLE EARL GAULT	DAVID PAUL SILVERMAN
LEO MARK GRACE	SPENCER MARTIN THOMAS
WILLARD HARVEY GUEST	EUGENE CHARLES TITTMANN
WILKINS JONES	ALFRED PHILLIP OTT WAGNER
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WILLIAM EDWARD ROBINSON KEMP	EDGAR FERDINAND ZACHRITZ
JOHN STARK LEHMANN	JAMES HENRY ZIPF

Class History, 1910



IT WAS Red Gault's idea. No one would ever have had an idea like that unless it was Eddie Hafferkamp, and he didn't graduate with our class, though I will say for him that he belonged to our class as much as he did to any graduating class. But, as I said before, it was Red's idea. He had been a politician for so long and had put the blinkers on the scissors bills in his county in so many different ways that he was as handy with ideas as a legislative investigating committee with the whitewash brush.

Heavier than air flying machines had become common and safe enough—even Judge Keysor had one: but the new heavier-than-steel, six cylinder water cooled 1930 models were a bit risky. Red, though, was determined to take his new one and ride from Sparta to St. Louis, and have the machine painted all new, in whatever color Lehmann's socks happened to be that day. Red always was fond of gay colors. While I was not a nautical man, nothing would do but I must accompany him. Mrs. Red was left at home, for the almanac showed that we were due to have very wet weather from the moment we hit St. Louis.

"Too bad we didn't all go into real estate," I said as we sailed over two and a half blocks of pink and gold marble apartments near the University, the "tout ensemble" of which (a phrase I learned in International Law) was labeled "The Jones Block," with the separate apartments named Wilkins, Jr., Claribel, Clarice, Harold, J. Harvard, Oswald, Algernon, Clarence and others which we could not see.

"Yes, it's too bad," Red answered, as he wobbled the magoozer a bit and the machine settled down near Tower Hall, "but then, you see, some of us were able to make a living in other ways."

We left the 1930 near the dormitory because there was never anyone near there after five o'clock in the evening, and caught a subway car to go down town, noticing with some feeling of tender reminiscence the familiar old grade crossing and frog pond disseminating green odors for the benefit of McMillan Hall.

"Let's see what's in town in the show line," Red said, as he unfolded a copy of the Yell Oh Evening Daily, which we had bought at the aerial sandwich station in East St. Louis. "Bunny Logan's picture is still in the paper," he remarked, without any note of change in his voice as he rattled the twenty-three pages.

"What's it for now?" I inquired with some degree of interest.

"Oh, I don't know; Bunny was always so bashful I don't see how they ever got it. Besides, he owns the paper now, you know."

"Yes, I know," I said; "hasn't everyone known since the day he bought it? Look over the old roll and see if there is any of the old bunch in town that we can find," I suggested.

Red pulled out the yellow and creased leaf of the dear old paper backed catalogue from a pocket somewhere on the expanse of white vest and started to read off the names "Abel, Bader, Beck, Coates, —" and like echoes from the tomb came "Present, present, present, present," each in a different tone of voice from a man sitting behind a large newspaper just in front of us.

We both stared as the man, surprised at himself, looked about inquiringly. "I thought the roll was being called," he muttered, "and they asked me to answer for them—why, this isn't—Red Gault?"

"Yes, it is," said Red, so pleased that he tried to make his fingers meet over his stomach, "and your face seems rather familiar, but I can't place the whiskers."

"Oh, I know," I said, butting in with an air characteristic of the Semitic race, "It's old John Ellis."

"The Right Reverend John Ellis, Bishop of Omaha, if you please," said the bewhiskered one frigidly; then relaxing, he laughed, and said, "It sure beats hell how these boys change. Are you a lawyer, now, Cap?"

"Well, not exactly," I answered, a little embarrassed to have to look a Bishop in the eyes; "I am in politics and often employ a lawyer, and have in that way come to learn a lot of criminal law, but I'm not a lawyer strictly speaking."

"Where are you going tonight, Rev.?" Red asked irreverently.

"I'm going to the American Theatre to see Bader, Beck and Thomas in that vaudeville sketch entitled 'St. Louis or Two Pennants a Year.' Why, you fellows ought to see it, too; they were in our class."

"They were out of my class," I said, sadly thinking of the times I use to try to catch 'em all pink against a straight row of 'em, "but we'll go see them anyhow."

"Take dinner with me at the Mieherhofbrau," the Deacon asked; and Red and I gladly consented, as it was the best restaurant in town, and we thought maybe we would get a chance to see Vic. But we didn't, as the waiter told us he was out west with Gene Tittmann, the mining expert, looking at some fruit land.

On the way to the theatre the Elder asked, "Is the American Theatre a first class one now?"

"Well, it ran down a bit during the late twenties," I said, "but since Deibel bought it and consolidated it with those other two well known variety houses, it has been built up wonderfully. You see,

Buddy Abel took the money he made in the stock market and bought the American Hotel, put it on a cash basis, put in aerial stalls for airships, proper hitching grounds, and is doing a great business. When it comes to presiding back of the counter, he has Mr. Waldorf-Astoria whipped to a filmy froth."

"Who is the fellow in the box in the purple dress suit, and who is the rock covered lady with him?" Red asked, as he folded his theatre muff and put it under the seat.

The Bishop leveled his high power glasses at the pair for a minute and finally said, "Don't you know him? He's, he's, that's Dave Silverman, president of the Consolidated Cloak and Suit Company."

"Well, don't get so loud, Gipsy Smith," I cautioned, but I was too late. Dave had seen us, or had heard the Reverend, and was making for us with a smile like the rising sun.

The effusive greetings over, nothing would do but we must accompany Dave to the box. The Circuit Rider protested that a wearer of the cloth should remain inconspicuous—in a place like that—but, as usual, the weight of authority was with Silverman.

We had scarcely been introduced to Dave's wife Rosie, and had gotten our places in the back three chairs, I having trouble with box chairs, when the usher handed a card to me. In flaring shaded letters "Western Advertising and Sign Painting Company" stretched across it, and in the left hand corner in beautiful Old English letters which almost looked as if they were engraved, was "W. E. R. Kemp, President."

"Well, wouldn't that sting you!" the Minister ejaculated, as he passed it to Red. Red, however, turned it over for the message, knowing that Bert wouldn't waste a card for nothing at all. On the back was the simple and satisfactory message: "Will you *three* take a drink?" Red tried to cover it up from the Reverend, but that worthy had seen it and was nodding approvingly. Dave had seen it too, and said, "I don't drink, and cigars give me a headache, but I guess I can take a box of cigarettes."

The four of us then filed out, and met Burt at the door. As soon as we had crossed the street, and had our fingers crooked around cool glasses in the approved manner, Dave, blowing the smoke of a king size Pall Mall through his nose, said, "Have you fellows seen Bala yet?"

"No!" Red said, with his usual politician's enthusiasm, "Where is he?"

"He's at th' Famous. He owns it. I guess he's up there this evening, maybe."

"No," I said, "I guess I'll not go around, as I don't need anything in his line, and my powers of refusal are not as effective as they used to be."

As Dave was handing the return checks to the door keeper, I had time to ask Burt what had become of Leo Grace.

"Oh, he's president of a bank in Sedalia now," he answered.

"Sure, I remember now," Red said, "seems as if I heard something like that before we left school."

From what we saw of the Beck-Bader-Thomas act we decided that we would much rather see them play ball, and there were many ten thousands of people in the United States who apparently agreed with us, so our decision did not seem to be peculiar.

"By the way," the Presiding Elder said, as we were coming in from the fourth intermission, "Eddie Zachritz used to play baseball some, didn't he?"

"Never heard of it," Red answered, "but you know what he is doing now, don't you? He's one of the faculty of the Art School, but as a side line lectures on Legal Ethics in the Law School."

We went home on the elevated, after assisting the Bishop to the Subway, because we wanted to see Jack Kane's great electric amusement park lighted up. We didn't look Jack up, because park managers with valuable passes to distribute are leary of their friends; but we admired the 72.3 candle power Tungsten lights with which the park was equipped.

For breakfast the next day we dined grandly on Penningroth's Powerful Pellets. In the search for the economic food, Penningroth had become nationally famous and very rich. The pellets, though but the size of a cocoonut, contained as much nutriment as a half pound of steak, one egg, or two links of liver sausage.

We had tried to get placed at the table of Chancellor Zipf, but the waiter said that Prof. Coates, the great scientist from Copenhagen, was to be a breakfast guest, and we had to eat with the freshmen—who were mere infants, scarcely able with their puny appetites to consume more than seven of the pellets at a meal.

"There is one man I really wanted to see," Red said as we tried to find room for all the Yell Oh Morning Daily and Bunny Logan's picture on the car seat beside him.

"Who is that?" I inquired, mentally resolving that I would not go to the Famous.

"Carl De Long," Red answered, "I haven't heard him say 'I know just the very page' for so long that it would sound good to hear it again."

"Oh, come off man, he's in Europe. You know he got mixed up as president of something like that of the Hospital Saturday Charity

Association, and bought ten kisses for a dollar or some such extravagant price, and finally married the girl. He has to keep a bookkeeper to attend to his automobile repair accounts."

We asked the brass buttoned office boy how Mr. Lehmann happened to get to be president of the United Railways Company, and the boy lowered his voice, so the mob of job seekers couldn't hear, and whispered, "On de level, ain't you never heard?" We assured him that we had not, and couldn't imagine, so he whispered again.

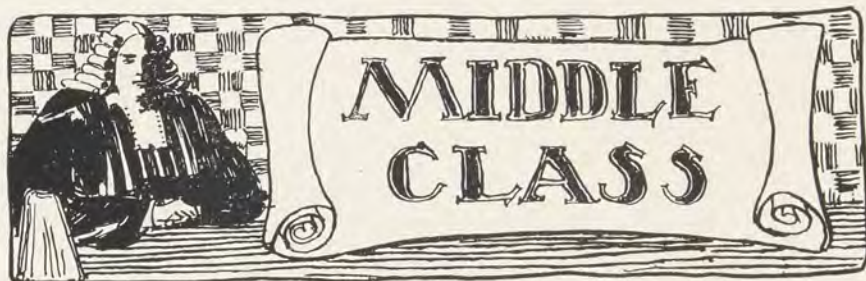
"De odder tree Lehmanns dey fought de company so much dat dey couldn't afford to take no chances and dey made J. S. a director de day he stepped out of the lawyer factory."

We didn't have time to wait to see his pompadourness, but the boy let us look in through the door of the private office.

"The 1930 has to be pink with bird's egg blue trimmings," and Red sighed sadly as we turned away.

It was late that night when we started home for Sparta, as the weather had been very, very wet, and as we climbed into the car and Red twisted the magoozer to the larboard he asked, "What has become of Wenger?"

"Oh, he's practicing law," I replied, and Red nearly steered the 1930 into the aerial ball park ticket office.



The Class of 1911

EDGAR DEAN ALEXANDER
 WILLIAM LOUIS BUSCHART
 NICK THURMOND CAVE
 WILLIAM WARD CROCKETT
 TYSON MANZY DINES
 FRANK HENRY FISSE
 ROBERT MAGRUDER FOSTER, JR.
 EDWARD ALBERT HAFFERKAMP
 JOSEPH EUGENE HARVEY
 GEORGE JOSEPH HEIECK
 HENRY HALE HOUTS
 HOLIDAY CLAY KAUFFMAN
 CLARENCE HOPKINS KING

DAVID KOSTMAN
 SAMUEL LEVETT
 JULIUS LEO LONDON
 JOHN SIMON MARSALEK
 ORAY McNAUGHTON
 VICTOR JOSEPH MILLER
 EDWARD HOUSTON MITCHELL
 SIDNEY ROLLINS OVERALL
 OLIVER FRANK PETERS
 WILBUR CHARLES SCHWARTZ
 BENJAMIN LOUIS SHIFRIN
 FRANK PHILLIP THOMPSON
 WILLIAM GEORGE WANDER

Gargoyle Dialogue

1911



YES, sweetheart, mine, this is really the same class. I know them all now personally, for they meet here every day."

"O, please, please, dearest, tell me about them before I have to return across the quad."

"Why, certainly, darling, but let me have your hand. —So —To begin with, you must understand that some subtle force permeating the campus has brought about various changes in the individuality of some of the members of this class, changes both for better and for worse."

"Not quite so tight, dear.—You were saying?"

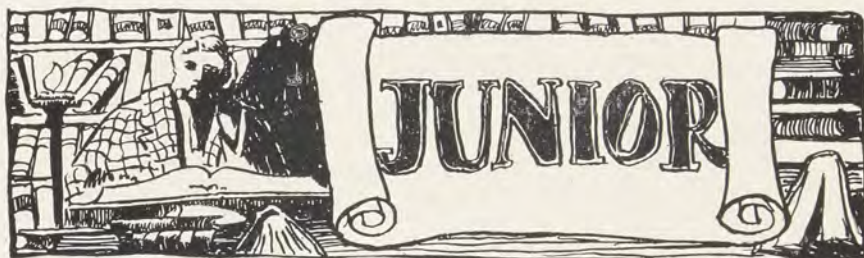
"Well, now, there is little Edgar Dean, who recently became an athletic bug, but is still as cute and harmless as ever. You see Holiday Clay on the same row. Well, he never looks human any more except when accidentally thinking of something other than the responsibilities of assistant Dean. And Edward Houston—why—he is not the same person at all—possesses but one bad habit, and that is never noticed so long as his friends stay 'broke'. Yes! that is John Simon. Oh! you

heard of his scathing criticism of the New York Bench, did you? No wonder. You may not think it, but Frank Henry, in the next seat, proved himself the bravest member of his class last fall by ridding the premises of a dead snake. Why, he is so bold that I have seen him stand up and in answer to a question get off that stage 'yu-us' right before everybody, and not one in the bunch game enough to call him. He's a hero, all right. Hank Hale, did you say, dear? Oh, they call him 'Ank 'Ale 'Outs now. You know he and 'Bertie' Kemp have been 'itting the 'igh places'; flowers, limousine, box, dinner at Faust's, and 'all that sort of thing'; and don't you know, he never goes higher than a pair of aces. You see, darling, he is council for the diamond trust, and that makes such a difference. That is Bobby Magruder on the rear row. Poor Bobby! I seldom see him except on Saturday, when he copies the next week's assignments. They say though that he gets out to Commons for lunch every day or so. 'Buddy' is reciting, now. You are right. He graduates in June, but takes three courses with this class. Whenever I see him, I am invariably reminded of the fact that you and I are able to be with one another but twice a year. Yes, sweetheart, we try to make up for lost time, but how I envy 'Buddy'. You see those three matching coins, chewing gum and passing notes? That is the Yale trio. The report is that they distinguished themselves at their Alma Mater, but I doubt it. Tyson Manzy is the only one of the three who has done anything worth while here at Washington, and that was a short snappy outburst of six words, 'By gosh, that don't seem right.' The names of the other two are against them. Rollins smacks of Missouri U. and Clarence—well you know what Clarence smacks of. Victor Joseph wears the brown suit. He is from Joplin and the one man of whom the class is justly proud. Upon him depends the success of the 'Annual.' A stupendous honor, my dear."

"Who, sweetheart, are those two cute ones at the end of the back row?"

"Ah, little one, I knew you would ask. Those are the sparks of the class. How dead 'twould be without N. Thurmond and Edward Albert! Especially Edward A. Remarkable as it may seem, dear, Edward A. is the only law student co-ed fusser. Oh, yes, they all run after him. You can see him yourself from your post across the quad, in the college library lobby each morning between eleven and twelve. I heard a girl in the Arcade say that he managed the comic edition of Student Life this year, printed nothing but his picture and produced the prize number of the year. There goes the bell. They all go to Commons now. Report has it that the lunches are enlivened by Edward A.'s face at one end of the table and N. Thurmond's stories at the other. Of course, much that I learn is mere hearsay, and you must weigh it accordingly. Kiss me, dear."

EDWARD H. MITCHELL.



The Class of 1912

FERDINAND WALTER ART
ELMER CHARLES ADKINS
HARRY AUGUST AHRENS
MAURICE FLOYD BLOCK
HARRY S. BORLERS
LLOYD OSCAR BRIGHTFIELD
EDWARD CLARK
OSCAR LOUIS DUEMLER
LAFAYETTE SAMUEL FUETTERER
EMMETT GRUNER
JACOB FRANCIS HELLRUNG
ALONZO GAYNEL HEMAN
HENRY EDSON TODD HERMAN
JOHN WRIGHT JETTON, JR.
BYRON JAMES JONES
WILBUR BOARDMAN JONES
ROBERT EDWARD KLEINSCHMIDT

EDWARD AUGUST BERNARD KRECH
GEORGE EDGAR LESLIE
MELVILLE EUGENE LESSER
EDWIN CHARLES LUEDDE
THOMAS FREDERICK McNALLY
JOHN WILLIAM MUELLER
GARNER WEST PENNY
REUBEN WINSTON PRICE
EDWARD HAMILTON ROBINSON
WILLIAM HARRY ROSENTHAL
CLARENCE WILLIAM SCHNELLE
HENRY HOLLINGSWORTH SPENCER
GEORGE WILFRED STUMBERG
VILAS VICTOR VERNOR
ROLAND HENRY WIECHERT
ARTHUR WISSMATH

Class History, 1912



THE FRESHMAN CLASS (officially the Junior Class) is composed of thirty-three students and is the first to take up the study of law in the new location on the Campus. Our class, as perhaps is the case with all law classes, is heterogeneous in character. Our former training, our former pursuits, and environment has been vastly different and no doubt our future will be in widely diverse directions. We have now met on a common ground and suffer together the trials and tribulations incident to the study of law. In the class rooms each of us sincerely prays the Dean will call on some one besides ourselves, for, by having some one else expound we imbibe vastly more knowledge than by verbally promulgating the principles of law ourselves. Then, at examination time, it is very gratifying to hear that "others" have been "caught" on the very able and philosophical questions the professors so kindly introduce in the finals which "cover the whole subject." But, on the whole, thanks to the sympathy and the sense of humor of our instructors, we find the study of law vitally interesting.

There has been some criticism in regard to the "college spirit" among us, but remember many of us have already completed our college courses at other universities. Many of us are engaged in other occupations while pursuing our course, and that above this our purpose is to acquire the best possible legal training within a limited time.

EDWARD H. ROBINSON.



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FOUNTAIN IN THE ARCHWAY, UNIVERSITY HALL.
Presented by the Class of 1909.