



1911

## **Our Book 1911**

New York Homeopathic College and Flower Hospital

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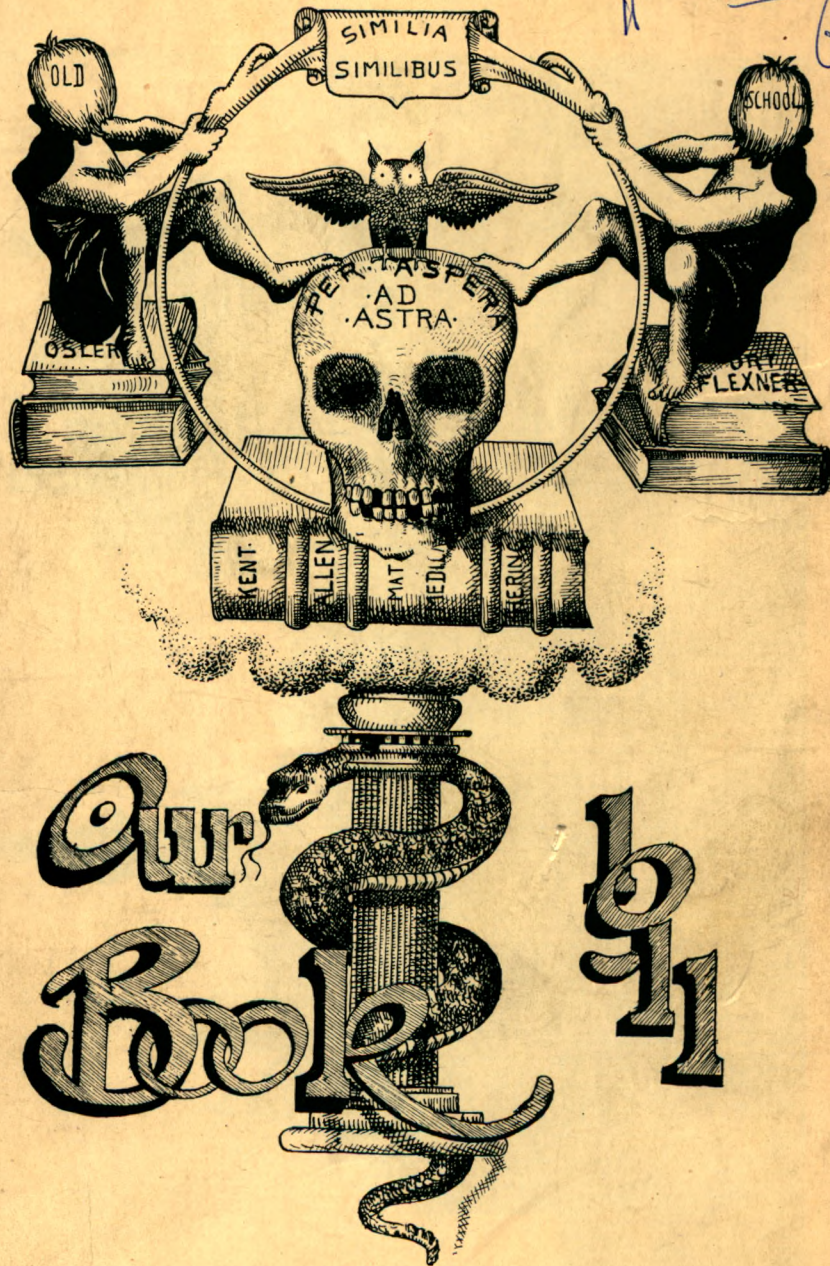
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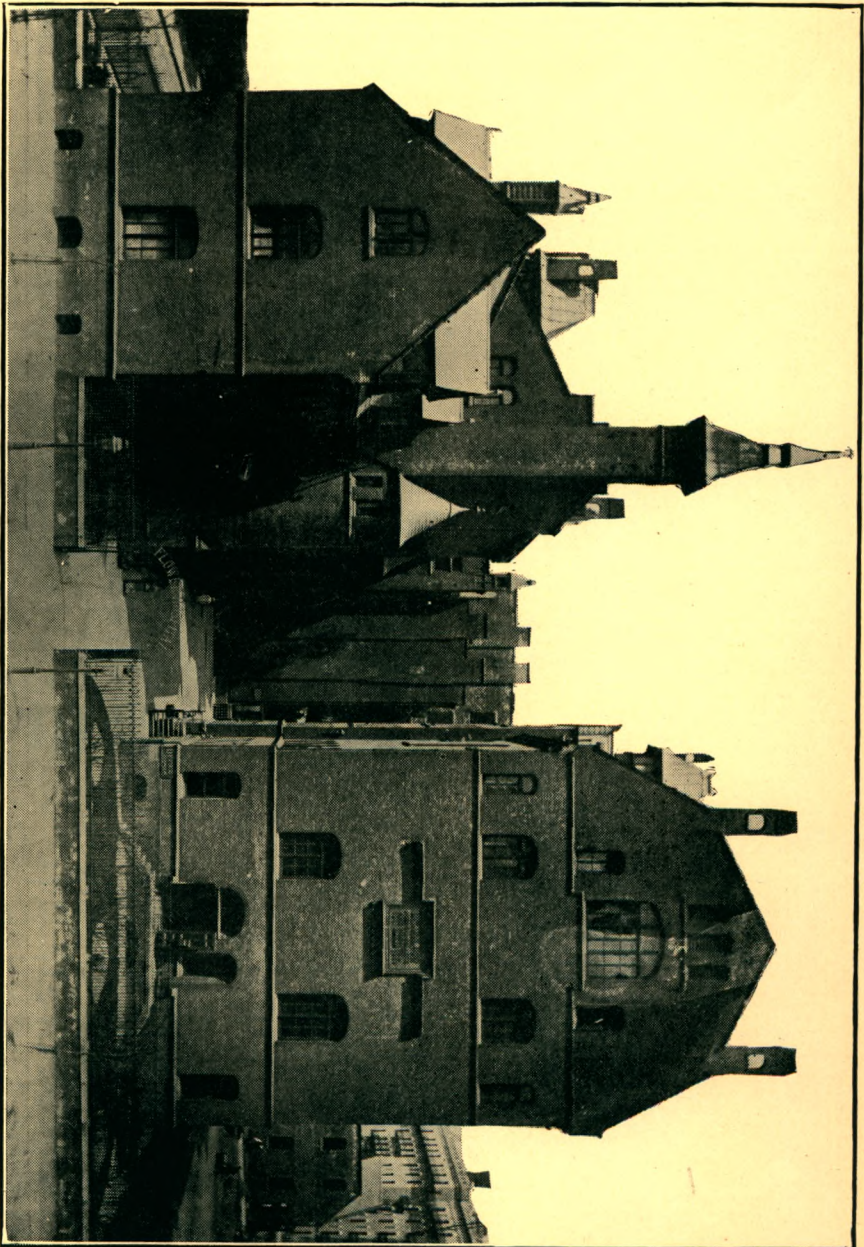
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*Duplicate*  
*Have caricatures*  
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NEW YORK HOMOEOPATHIC COLLEGE AND FLOWER HOSPITAL



*FIVE*

**ALMAE NOSTRAE MATRI**

**GUIUS ERUDITIONI EDUCATIONEM NOSTRAM  
DEBEMUS, HIC LIBER REVERENTISSIME**

**DEDICATUM  
EST**



## *Greeting*



*Fruits fail, love dies, and time ranges;  
A memento like this book prevents  
Life's multitudinous changes  
From blurring important events.*

*So as you turn over these pages,  
Perusing what herein is writ,  
No matter how great your own rage is,  
Don't knock the Class wisdom and wit.*





ROYAL S. COPELAND, A. M., M. D., DEAN



ELEVEN



GEORGE F. LAIDLAW, M. D.



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CLASS OF 1911



## *Class Officers*



### **1911**

*President:* WM. S. GREGORY.

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## Class History



IRVING L. FARR—*Class Historian*



Of all the work which falls to the lot of a graduating class, the task of writing the "class history" is probably the most "thankless." But to write the history of this Class of 1911 is not only primarily difficult, but it entails additional troubles, since the class is said to be abnormal in many respects. In numbers, general deportment of members, mental ability and even *finances*, it is probably unlike any other class in the history of the college; therefore, its prognosis is about as uncertain as was that given by Barr relative to a case of typhoid fever: "She may die; she may live; she may do either."

However, away back in the dim, now almost forgotten past, there came into the minds of certain individuals, at that time in school, upon the farm, in the office, in the lumber camps of the frozen north, or basking in the heat of the "Jersey marshes," an ardent desire to become of use to their fellow-men, through the realm of medicine or surgery.

Consequently, in 1907, these individuals, thirteen in number, assembled at the opening of college, on the evening of October 1. Here we met our new professors, became acquainted with our fellow-students and were rushed by the different fraternities. All partook *most bountifully* of the refreshments, smoked freely to the long life of the college and tried to get away with several cigars, for use next day—a characteristic trait which has followed the class.

How they reached the city has never been fully determined,



but from the general financial condition of the group it is safe to infer that most of them walked, came by freight, or worked their passage in.

The "hoodoo" effect of the number "13" soon became evident, for before the end of the first semester two men, both from Brooklyn, had taken cold feet and gone back to the pleasures of "home and mother." One of these, commonly called "Clara," became sea-sick at even the mention of the dissecting room, and the other Brooklynite returned to the teaching profession, where he obtained a more lucrative position. However, two more names were added, thus keeping up the record thirteen.

The dissecting room has a charm (?) for all Freshmen, and "Dr. Flater's Studio" was no exception, for the odors, which pounds of good (?) tobacco failed to abate, still linger. Here, too, "Things that went up always came down," and those who had pockets daily added to their collection of "curios." As Freshmen, cans of violet toilet powder were bought for gloves, but as Sophomores plain corn starch sufficed.

In 1908-09 Henry W. Lockhart deserted the ranks, and Ann Arbor opened her arms to receive him. A new name was added, so the roll still numbered thirteen. During this year the class met Professor Louis Heitzman for the first time, and not only him, but his "Pathology."

When in 1909-10 the class assembled, as Juniors, it was found that Lockhart had returned and had brought with him six new members for the class. Two more joined from another college, so twenty-one was the roll during the opening months. At Christmas holidays, however, it was necessary to say farewell to one of the most loyal men, Samuel Miles Robinson, who, due to illness, was obliged to go to Florida and was unable to return until the next year.

During Freshmen and Sophomore years, Commodore Murdoch and Midshipman Arnold did much to break the monotony of the class-room grind by "rough houses," in which rags, wet towels, mops, erasers and paper rolls descended in showers upon innocent heads. Boss Gregory and his lieutenant, Peake, promptly returned the contributions with interest, shouting, as they hurled the missiles, "Coming." In Junior and Senior years



## TWENTY

these "rough houses" were replaced by the more dignified calling of "art and decoration," in which Artist Schmahl made the blackboard give in rapid succession the faces of Hahnemann "No. 2," of "Charley Murphy," of the "Hiawatha dancer," and "I cure men," while Barry and Baer took turns in erasing Gregory's various combinations of the "4 B" quartette.

The class, as before stated, being abnormal, how could normal results be expected? Yet an honest effort has always been made, even if that effort consisted only in repeating aloud what the fellow sitting next whispered. When Dr. Coonly was asked how he would treat a case of scarlet fever, he replied, "I would put the patient to bed and hang a sign over the door." Upon another occasion, when one of the professors asked for the best treatment for the beginning stage of pneumonia, Coonly replied, "I'd apply an ice bag to the affected area." While these treatments seem in themselves rather peculiar, yet who can say that the answers do not show great thought?

But in the line of deep thinking no one has better excelled than Dr. Brewster, who, from sitting at the feet of Socrates in his early youth, has learned the art of questioning, and the questions he has propounded to faculty and students would fill volumes. They have been upon every subject, known and unknown, from "How many hairs there are on the body" to "How much the cigars cost" at a function recently tendered the class, and "How long is a string," to "Do the Visitings get paid for their medicines?"

Dr. Baer, too, has frequently shown great mental acuteness; especially when asked to advise a diet suitable in Jaundice and Obesity, he suggested, "Plenty of fat, carbohydrates and egg-not fat enough," said Baer. Upon confession that he had already not fat enough," said Baer. Upon confession that he already passed up the subject of Dietetics, he was excused.

On the part of our worthy "President," "General Manager" and coming "Charley Murphy," the Honorable William S. Gregory, this knowledge has shown itself in the form of hot air. It has developed, continued to expand, and fears were entertained for his safety, until a certain professor advised him "To swallow the *Brown Spot* when it appeared," as he might need it later.



He found this advice very useful, when asked to prescribe for a case of pernicious anæmia, and said, "I would give the patient one *drachm* of Fowler's Solution, three times per day." The professor, however, unfeelingly remarked that Gregory had better send for the undertaker after the first dose.

He is said to have prepared a 900 page volume upon "Pathology" and "Military" Tuberculosis, which will soon be published, as well as a Monograph upon "Methods in Quiz Passing."

Some new methods for the treatment of disease have been added to the science of medicine by this class. Among the most important are the following:

1. In the treatment of Mumps, Dr. Barry "would bathe the parts well in liniment."

2. In the freeing of a man caught by a live wire and unconscious, Dr. Brewster "would call the police and give a Hypo of Strychnia."

3. In the treatment of uterine hæmorrhage, Dr. Broadhead "would clamp the abdominal aorta," and Gregory "would squeeze the heart."

4. In an examination for floating kidney, bi-manually, Dr. Peake "would have his patient take a deep breath and then expire."

5. Dr. Coonly, in stricture of the rectum, advises "an examination with a bistoury," while Dr. Gregory claims "to be able to see adenoids with a speculum."

Certain members of the class have invented some new diseases. Peake has suggested "Hypernephrosis of the liver;" Gregory, "An Interlobular Nephritis." Barry is sure that "Negroes must have *black*, white corpuscles," and Broadhead claims that an inflammation of the mouth is "Buccitis." Chambers, on the other hand, believed that irregularly shaped red corpuscles should be called "Peculiarocytes."

One day some class-men were examining a lately removed appendix, when Dr. Kinney, formerly of Philadelphia, Paris and London, walked in. As he took up the bottle and viewed it he exclaimed: "O you fellows don't know anything about it; I've seen these things before; that fœtus is not over two and one-half months of age."

Result: Kinney is no longer authority on Obstetrics.



TWENTY-TWO

"O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us!  
It wad, frae monie a blunder, free us  
And foolish notion."

—Robert Burns.

It is related, upon good authority, that in the latter part of the Sophomore year one of our gentlemen in evening clothes, with cane and high hat, was strolling on Fifth avenue with his lady friend.

No doubt the couple were doing the stroll with some of that country air which the "Hamden" and "Jersey" people possess, for they were soon followed by a constantly increasing crowd of small boys, shouting "Hully gee. Git onto the newly marr'd couple." "Shoot the tile." "Say, Mister! Does yer ma know youse out?" A policeman, standing near the "Savoy," saw the plight of the young couple and, as Peake rushed up to ask his protection from "those darned boys," advised him to "beat it in a taxi," which advice the unfortunate pair heeded.

Much spirited competition has arisen in the class during the past year, and in this race for renown, Dr. Schmahl has taken the lead. He has so thoroughly convinced the world of his value as to be in constant demand, interfering seriously with his attendance upon lectures. Whenever absent, it was generally understood that some physician had called him in consultation. On the other hand, Dr. Murdoch's responsibilities as head surgeon of the Passaic General Hospital has had a tendency to unbalance his equilibrium. He has been forced to leave his duties at the hospital to the care of minor visiting physicians and internes, in order to attend the college lectures, some of which failed to be given, therefore it is no wonder that Murdoch was often "peevish." Drs. Baer and Ivins, recently known as the "white wings," who served as Pathologist and Ambulance Surgeon at Flower during the spring months, had the advantage of being near their place of business. These men being conveniently reached, in case of emergency, could well shoulder the responsibility of running a hospital.

It is well understood that the study of medicine is a life-long work, yet some members of the Class of 1911 have shown such



extraordinary ability that the work may be completed by them in a much shorter time. Dr. Dowling has long been considered an authority upon heart diseases, but during the last year Lockhart has shown the ability to detect murmurs which Dr. Dowling fails to recognize even yet. It is all the more wonderful, since Lockhart hears them, only through Dr. Dowling's 'scope. This young physician certainly has a future.

Some members have become noted from their repeated absences. Their professors have been kind enough to attribute the absence to sickness or other duties, thus letting them down easily. Among these may be mentioned Dr. McDonald, who, from the duties in the laboratory, has been compelled to miss several lectures. Dr. Shealy, who has been on duty in the hospital, feeling that he must sleep sometimes, has failed to appear at roll call, having learned from past experiences that the lecture room is a poor place for a nap, especially when Drs. Kinney, Todd, Morse and Lockhart will persist in singing "We're On the Water Wagon Now."

That "Knowledge is power" is a truism which was well shown on a certain day in the Histological Laboratory, when Dr. Broadhead was asked to reproduce a part of a previous lecture. With that complaisant smile he generally wears, he rambled on for a few moments and stopped well satisfied with his noble effort, only to meet "That was a nice little tale, Mr. Broadhead, did you ever hear that from me?" "N—N—No, sir," faltered Broadhead. "Ah! I thought that was all bluff." The whole trouble lay in the fact that Broadhead, who kept his lecture notes on cards, simply drew the wrong card for Dr. Heitzman.

The class has been royally entertained at the homes of Drs. Roberts, Simonson and Bagg. These events have gone down in the memories of the class-men as truly "red letter" evenings, and have been a very pleasant break in the daily grind. Another function of some importance was "Sammy's Wedding," and, although not all the class attended, yet those who did have tender recollections of the occasion. Among these, Dr. McDonald was, perhaps, the most popular gentleman of the evening, and why not? He certainly met there, gowned in brown broadcloth, be-



#### TWENTY-FOUR

neath an half acre hat, that heart which said "I'd leave my happy home for you." But she has not yet left.

The class, as a whole, has shown little spirit. There have been cliques and factions, and it has seemed that a few of the men often failed to agree with themselves, for two consecutive minutes. This has made the matter of class-meeting "a bone of contention," in fact, about one meeting a year has been the average until within the past few months, when we have held one every fifteen minutes. Here were advanced as many distinct ideas upon the same subject as there were members present, and the discussions were warm. Recently, Barry and Murdoch each nominated a separate candidate and Murdoch ably set forth the merits of his candidate. Hardly was he seated, when Barry jumped up and shouted "Vice versa, for mine."

From these frequent meetings, from the ardent desire of all to "get through," and from the fact of having all been photographed by the same camera, at the same time we have come to be very good friends and are able even to agree upon the same topic. The class has been favored by the presence of three graduate physicians during the past year, Drs. Searle and Cummings, of Cumberland Street Hospital, and Dr. McKenzie, familiarly called "Texas," in honor of his former home. Therefore, though our numbers are few, and in spite of our previous dissensions, we hope to go out from these halls united in the common cause and with a firm determination to stand, shoulder to shoulder, for the cause of Homœopathy.

During the early months of our Freshman year, a western specialist came to take the college helm. At first we questioned whether a man from the wilds of Michigan could cope with the responsibilities of a New York college, but we had only to hear our new Dean's "Well, boys, what can I do for you?" to be assured that Dr. Royal S. Sopeland was more than a match for the situation. In the years that have followed we have been given the best that the college possessed at the hands of our able professors. The ambulance service and the hospital facilities have been increased, thus giving us added clinical material, while the student enrollment has been very greatly increased.

All this proves what an untiring worker is the Dean, and we



feel we must say of him, in the words quoted by Governor Wilson of New Jersey, "He that yeeppeth Israel, shall neither slumber nor sleep."

A HISTORY OF THE HISTORIAN.

As one of the original thirteen, came Dr. Farr, familiarly known as "Little Irving," who, by the way, won the professional favor at once—who could resist his winning smile—who could? He soon found that the professional favor was of much more weighty importance to him than the adoration of his class-mates. He early realized that this favor was only to be won by careful reading and retaining, besides keeping his feet still, refraining from wet towel throwing and by frowning upon the childish pranks of his associates. Heretofore, he had delighted to make others grind, but now the tables were turned. His high school principalship had endowed him with an enviable fervor of speech, but strangely enough this eloquence deserted him when Prof. White confronted him with a fibula or similar long since forgotten topics.

Then "Little Irving" sat himself down and read—studied once more—read extensively. He became self-confident, because of his researches and his standard phrase was, "From the reading I have done, it appears to me that—etc.,—etc.,——" This usually convinced the professor that he knew of what he was talking. But there was one professor who was not so easily convinced and it so happened that Prof. Dowling let our historian hold the dirty end of the stick, for once. Farr was, of course, not to blame if some discrepancies did occur between his notes and Prof. Heitzman's lectures which, unfortunately, were not unearthed until the time of a marked quiz. But we are glad to record that the strained relations between these two have been put upon a more congenial basis during the past year.

We are glad to hear that Dr. Farr is going to devote the early years of his practice to extensive research work upon intestinal digestion. It is well known among the profession, through the medium of the medical journals, that the doctor still maintains his discovery and conviction "that the chyme on leaving the



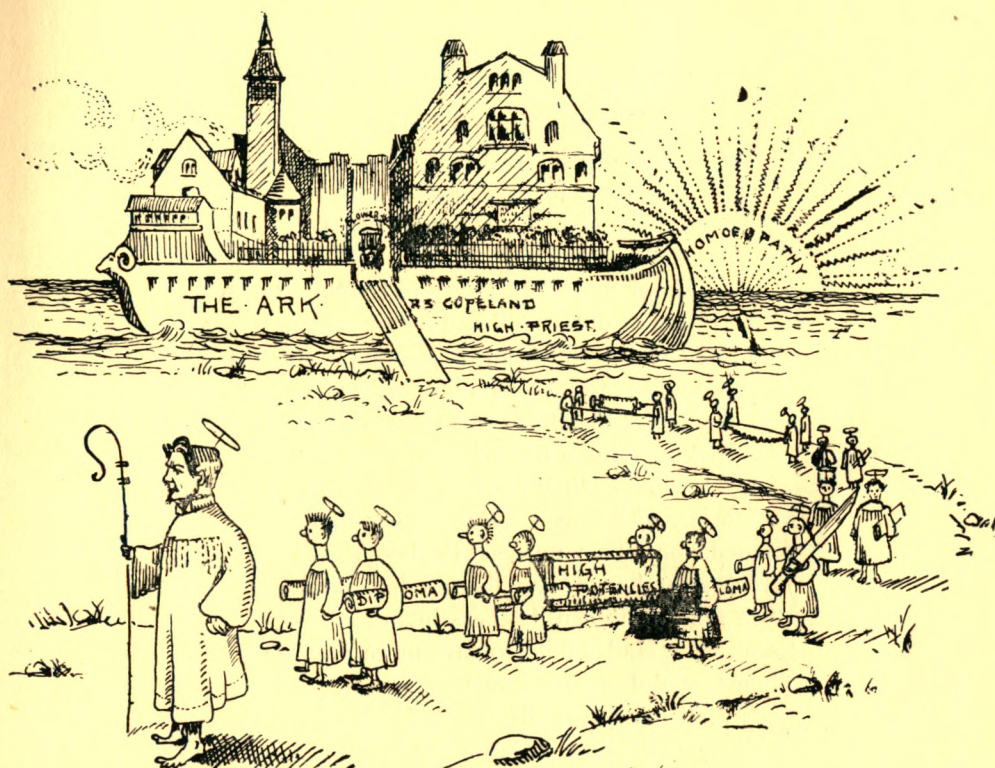
*TWENTY-SIX*

stomach is turned to chyle as soon as it enters the small intestines."

It is really a deplorable fact that with all his undeniable rhetorical abilities Dr. Farr never succeeded to be elected a member of the "S. M. Club."

Contributed by the class; edited by P. J. R. Schmahl.





THEY'RE OFF.



## *Class Poem*



BY HENRY W. E. LOCKHART.

Muses awake! Inspire my thoughts to sing  
Of episodes and memories that cling  
To 1911, the most hopeless asses,  
By Faculty, ere turned upon the masses,  
To perpetrate the medicinal art  
Of healing, or with bold face and trembling heart,  
As mariners of old, to kill and maim.  
(To Dr. Dowling this will constitute our fame.)  
Soon we will scatter and no longer hear  
The characters that filled our time with cheer.  
Could we imagine a more joyous time  
Than Dowling's clinic and his endless mine  
Of stories, with some fleeting chance to look  
At medicine: To counteract the book,  
Jerry's dear hours with the children spent,  
With fear of hidden listeners intent.  
Could ever Hades hold torture more drear  
Than Louis' drone upon our weary ear.  
Baer we'll remember till our hair is gray,  
By his exploits on Tuttle's clinic day,  
When pregnancy was paramount and clear  
(Her organs had been gone for several years).  
Schmahl, our dear Dutchman, did the class convulse  
With H. C. L. on zinc; she bubbles up!  
One man we have of universal fame,  
By his account, Broadhead's a wondrous name.  
If ever lips are glazed with too much use,  
Buchitis Willy, then, will diagnose.  
Gregory to us will be a living token,  
That given power means a judgment broken.



We'll often wonder whether he or Ball  
 Had greater interest in our class roll call.  
 Oh, Mr. Shealey, again you do not know!  
 Will be our recollection of poor Joe.  
 Peake is our bohnner; with his knowledge full  
 On dexterous fingers helps chain William's Bull.  
 Brewster and Kinney will their towns amuse,  
 One with his Bible, the other with his booze.  
 And e'en Hoboken sends its mead of brain;  
 Our "Chester Chambers" often seems insane.  
 Fifth Avenue holds o'er one a deadly thrall,  
 Coonly, the manicure, obeys her call.  
 And ever running through his class room sleep  
 The gentle rustle of "Skirts'" voices creep.  
 Ivins has had great trouble with his dome,  
 Its steady bulging will shock folks at home,  
 Nurses, maids, patients for his charms all fall—  
 At least he thinks so. He'll soon get his call.  
 Baby Murdoch, the nurses' white haired man,  
 In irate grandeur from class meeting ran.  
 "Cowboy" Mackenzie, with his sleepy stare,  
 Cuts all the benches with the greatest care,  
 Till asked a question by some learned grouch,  
 Wakes up and scraps, then he resumes his crouch.  
 We often wonder why he ever stays,  
 Where he could teach the Profs, in many ways.  
 The steady grinding of the fountain pen,  
 The answer started: "In my reading," then  
 Oratory that draws from stones a tear,  
 Farr's picture draws rough hewn but very clear.  
 Jerusalem! That promised land afar  
 Will make us think (if anything) of Barr  
 Listening intently falls upon our ear  
 A guinea pig's weird squeal, making us fear  
 That "Bone" is working in his laboratory,  
 Thinking it is his one safe road to glory.  
 Cummins and Searle will wend their homeward way,  
 Todd and MacDonald still will own the sway



THIRTY

Of Bacchus. He, their now dear friend,  
Our hope is they'll forget him in the end.  
We as a bunch will offer constant prayers  
That Satan keeps his hands from our affairs.

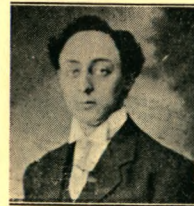
We, who part here to-day,  
To scatter through the land,  
Under the world's stern sway,  
Taking her hard command,  
Let us, a class, while forgot,  
Merged with those gone before,  
Have as our constant thought  
Instilled in us to the core:  
That Alma Mater dear  
Demands the best of our brain;  
That our efforts through coming years  
Redound to her honor and fame.



## Class Directory



ABRAHAM HERMAN BARR—known as Snuffles—  
noted for his resemblance to Hahnemann.  
Born, N. Y. City, 1886. Graduated from De-  
Witt Clinton High School, 1906. Studied in  
Long Island College Hospital, 1907-1909. En-  
tered class during Junior year.



OSCAR BAER—known as Teddy—noted for his  
easy going way. Born in Bavaria, Germany,  
1878. Educated in public schools, graduated  
from Gymnasium in 1895. Came to U. S. same  
year. Followed commercial lines till entrance  
into college in 1907. Class Senator for two  
years. Vice-President Junior year. Member  
of Junior Prom. Committee, Year Book Com-  
mittee. Honor role. Member Phi Alpha Gamma  
Fraternity. Served in Flower Hospital. Enters  
Cumberland Street Hospital.



RAYMOND SAMUEL BARRY—known as "bone-head"  
—noted for his Indian war dancing. Born at  
Barker, N. Y., 1886. Graduated from Lockport  
High School 1905. Taught District School for  
two years. Entered Medical Dept. of Univer-  
sity of Michigan 1907. Entered class Junior  
year. Member Alpha Sigma Fraternity. Year  
Book Committee. Served in Metropolitan Hos-  
pital.





## THIRTY-TWO



DAVID D. TRUMAN BREWSTER, JR.—known as “Rudolph Beerkauf”—noted for his graceful ways and broadcloth trousers. Montrose, Pa., 1886. Graduated from Montrose High School 1905. Taught District School at Thompson, Pa. (otherwise known as Skinner’s Tannery), for two years. Entered Freshman year. Member Alpha Sigma Fraternity. Enters Scranton Homœopathic Hospital.



WILLIAM FRANCIS BRODHEAD—known as Willy Boy—noted for his escapades when pa is out of town. Born at Media, Pa., 1889. Graduated from High School of Commerce, N. Y., 1905. Studied at N. Y. U. 1905-1907. N. Y. U. Medical Dept. 1907-1910. Member of Phi Alpha Sigma and Delta Ypsilon Fraternities. Prominent in field and indoor athletics. All Collegiate basket ball center, 1910. N. Y. U. crew, 1909. Assistant demonstrator of anatomy N. Y. U. 1908-1909. Entered class Senior year. Class secretary. Member Alpha Sigma Fraternity. Enters Cumberland Street Hospital.



ARTHUR LLOYD CHAMBERS—known as “Art”—noted for his laugh. Born Fall River, Mass., 1888. Graduated from West Hoboken High School, 1907. Member of Delta Pi Fraternity. Entered class Freshman year. Class secretary, 1908-1909. Member Alpha Sigma Fraternity. Year Book Committee. Enters Metropolitan Hospital.



RAYMOND BENJAMIN COONLEY—known as just plain “Raymond”—noted for his 5th avenue life. Born at South Bend, Indiana, 1889. Graduated from Michigan Military Academy, 1907. Medical Dept. University of Michigan, 1907-1910. Entered class Junior year. Member Phi Alpha Gamma Fraternity. Class prophet. Service in Laura Franklin Hospital and Flower Hospital. Enters Ophthalm. Hospital.



### THIRTY-THREE

J. ELMER CUMMINS, M. D., Born Balto., Md., 1880. Graduated Baltimore City College, 1906. Psi Phi Phi Fraternity. Prominent in both field and indoor athletics. Y. M. C. A. delegate to Northfield, 1908. Alpha Sigma Fraternity. M. D. degree from Atlanta Medical College, 1910. Demonstrator in Chemical Laboratory Atlanta Medical College, 1907-1910. Interne Cumberland Street Hospital.



IRVING LORD FARR—known as Irvy—noted for the “reading I have done” and his wonderful logic. Born Syracuse, N. Y., 1872. Graduated from Syracuse High School, 1890. Taught school ten years. Graduated from Pædagogical Dept. Syracuse University, 1904. Principal of High School at Port Leyden, N. Y., till entrance into class Freshman year. Class historian two years. Vice-President Sophomore year. Secretary Junior year. Treasurer Senior year. Member Alpha Sigma Fraternity. Enters Metropolitan Hospital.



WILLIAM SMITH GREGORY—known as Greg—noted for his “bull.” Born Jersey City, 1889. Early education at Odebolt, Iowa. Graduated from Jersey City High School, 1907. Member Pierian Society. Prominent in athletics. Entered class Freshman year. Class Senator one year. Junior Prom. Committee. President Senior year. Member Alpha Sigma Fraternity. Service in Flower and Bellevue Hospitals.



A. LOWRY IVINS—known as Ivy—noted for his ability to captivate the girls. Born at Trenton, N. J., 1886. Graduated from Trenton High School, 1905. Studied at Cleveland Medical College, 1907-1908. Entered class Junior year. Vice-President Senior year. Chairman Class Day Committee. Member Phi Alpha Gamma Fraternity. Assistant Demonstrator Physiological Anatomy two years. Served in Laura Franklin and Flower Hospitals. Enters Flower Hospital.





# THIRTY-FOUR



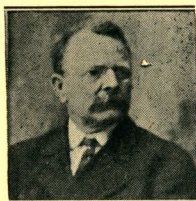
SELDEN TALCOTT KINNEY, A. B., A. M.—known as Dr. Kinney, of Philadelphia. Noted for his mental and gastric capacities. Born at Middletown, N. Y., 1883. Graduated from Middletown High School, 1901. Easton Academy, Hamilton College, A. B., 1906, A. M. 1909. Studied at Hahnemann Medical College (Phila.) until entrance into class Senior year. Class Book Committee. Enters Metropolitan Hospital.



HENRY W. E. LOCKHART—known as Locky—noted for his ability to enjoy life. Born Cowansville, Ont. D. of C., 1883. Stowstead Wesleyan College, 1901-1902. Prominent in athletics. Entered class Freshman year. Medical Dept. Michigan, 1908-1909. Class president Freshman year. Senator, 1909-1910. Service in Metropolitan Hospital. Enters Hahnemann Hospital. Author Class Poem.



DAN MACDONALD—known as Mac. Tuckahoe, N. Y., 1865. Graduated Elden High School, 1880. N. Y. U. for four years. Pathol. Dept. N. Y. Hospital for five years. Flower Hospital Pathol. Dept. until entrance into class Senior year.



WM. Y. MACKENZIE, A. B., A. M., M. D., Chilhowies, Tenn., Aug. 6, 1870. Hiawasee College, Tenn., 1888, A. B.; 1891, A. M., Pulte Med. Col., Cincinnati, O., 1894, M. D. Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, O., Post-graduate, 1909-1910. University of Michigan, summer course, 1910. Member of B. P. O. E., Lodge 930. Post-graduate course N. Y. H. M. C., 1910-1911. Ex-vice-president Texas Medical Assn. Health officer at various times of Parker, Cy., Texas. City Health Officer, Weatherbee, Tex.



FRANKLIN F. MURDOCH—called Frankie—noted for cutting Senior clinics. Born Brooklyn, N. Y., 1890. Graduated from East Orange High School, 1907. Delta Epsilon. Entered college Freshman year. Secretary first year. President 2d year. Y. M. C. A. delegate to Easton, Pa., 1907. Junior Prize, 1910. Phi Alpha Gamma Fraternity. Non-commissioned officer N. G. N. Y. Service in St. Gregory, Laura Franklin, Jamaica and St. Mary's Hospitals. Enters Hahnemann Hospital.



CHESTER ARTHUR PEAKE—known as Chester—noted for his abilities as an expert Souffleur. Born Walton, N. Y., 1884. Graduated from Walton High School, 1906. Known in athletics. Alpha Theta Delta Society. Entered class Freshman year. President Junior year. Chairman Junior Prom. Committee. Honor roll. Alpha Sigma Fraternity. Enters Cumberland Street Hospital.



PHILIP J. RICHARD SCHMAHL—known as "Phil"—noted for his caricatures. Born at Frankfort-on-Main, 1885. Gymnasium Scholarship. Came to U. S., 1903. Studied at Academy of Design and Mechanics' Institute. Followed commercial lines until 1907. Entered Freshman year. Class treasurer three years. Senator Senior year. Editor-in-chief of class book. Honor roll. Member Alpha Sigma Fraternity. Non-commissioned officer N. G. N. Y. Served in Alpha Sigma Hospital. Enters Flower Hospital.



MARCUS FOULER SEARLE, M. D. Born Savannah, N. Y., 1885. Educated public schools. Graduated from Savannah High School, 1902. Studied at Medical Dept. of Valparaiso University. M. D. from Cleveland Homœopathic Medical College, 1909. Interne in Cumberland Street Hospital, 1909-10-11.





THIRTY-SIX



MICHAEL JOSEPH SHEALEY—known as “Joe”—noted for his Irish wit. Born Brockton, Mass., 1881. Graduated from Boston College Preparatory School, 1900. Villanova College, 1903. Psi Upsilon Rho Fraternity. Studied at Hahnemann Medical College, Phila., 1907-1909. Entered class Junior year.

ALEXANDER B. TODD—known as Abe—noted for his bonny Highland complexion. Born Berwickshire, Scotland, 1887. Damston College, George Watson College and Edinburgh University. Graduated in 1909. Prominent in cricket and foot ball. Entered class during Senior year.



## *A Toast to Flower*



Lift high your glasses, this farewell hour,  
And let us drink a toast,  
To the dear old college of Flower,  
Here on the Atlantic coast.  
Amid the busy city street,  
In rush, and noise, and strife,  
The noble sons of Flower meet,  
To exchange their woes of life.  
Flower, Flower, we praise thy honored name,  
For a half century thou hast stood  
The test of time, and fame.  
No matter what our foes may say,  
To Hahnemann we'll be true,  
We'll stand together in darkest day,  
To uphold thy name, tho' few.  
In the years to come, when we've grown old,  
We'll gather in these gray walls,  
And here a Flower union hold,  
Before life's curfew tolls.  
Then when time beckons to us go,  
Our sons will take the field,  
In the different walks of life to sow,  
The seeds of truth and zeal.

Then here's to our Alma Mater,  
A rousing cheer we'll give,  
Her fame spreads broadcast thro' the world  
Long may her glory live.



THIRTY-EIGHT

## ***Class Day Committee***



A. L. IVINS, *Chairman.*

I. L. FARR.

C. A. PEAKE

### ***Invitation Committee***

D. McDONALD.

W. F. BRODHEAD



## Class Prophecy



RAYMOND BENJAMIN COONLEY, CLASS PROPHET, 1911.

*Mr. President, Fellow Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

With your kind indulgence we shall proceed a few years into the future, and stretching our imagination to the limit find ourselves in the eventful year 1935. The seventy-fifth anniversary of our college had brought together the homœopathic practitioners from all parts of the country to pay tribute to their Alma Mater. Those who were so fortunate as to have had the honor of graduating with the star class of 1911 had arranged for a special evening of good fellowship and good cheer to dine together and exchange reminiscences of the past.

Immediately upon graduating from college I had wandered westward, and had become established on the Pacific coast in the city of Los Angeles. During the last few years I had seen or heard but little of my former classmates, so I was naturally very anxious indeed to meet with them again, to renew old friendships and talk over old times.

As I entered the gold banquet hall of the Plaza Hotel, my attention was attracted to a long table, prepared as if for a sumptuous banquet, around which were seated a prosperous looking lot in evening dress. Approaching the table I saw that they were indeed my old classmates of 1911, and not so markedly changed despite the lapse of twenty-four years.

Seated at the head of the table, and evidently presiding as toastmaster, was an elderly gentleman, whom I recognized as our venerable dean, Dr. Royal S. Copeland. For a few seconds he regarded me with a searching glance, then came a look of recognition, a kindly smile, a word of welcome, and the warm hand-clasp of true friendship.

Then I passed around the table, greeting my former class-



mates, and soon found myself in the center of a jolly group, who gave me a warm and sincere welcome. On my right was Dr. Oscar Baer, with whom I had a very interesting little talk. The doctor had married shortly after leaving college, solved the problem of *living* in Jersey, and was now the proud father of *nine* children, whom he was fond of referring to as his Teddy Bears.

While talking with Dr. Baer, I was interrupted by the shuffling of feet and some distant snuffles, and, turning, I beheld, late as usual, our old friend, Dr. Abraham H. Barr, eager to utter his popular exclamation B-A-R-R, Barr! He at once embarked upon telling us of his matrimonial venture, which had recently culminated in the arrival of an heir, characteristically named Abraham Isaac Samuel Hahnemann Barr!

Directly opposite sat a tall, thin, bony-looking skeleton, with the appearance of a professor of osteology. Dr. D. Truman Brewster told me of his recent good fortune, having been selected from over five hundred applicants as being the best qualified for the position of Egyptian mummy in a dime museum, with a salary of fifty cents per exhibition.

On Dr. Brewster's right was a portly personage with perpendicular hair, the tips of which were turning gray, looking for all the world like the ends of a shaving brush, or a porcupine in distress. Dr. Raymond S. Barry, after a few months at Hahnemann, had returned to the dear old island, and was holding down the job of General Supervisor of Nurses, which occupation was peculiarly suited to his tastes. On Dr. Brewster's left I saw a tall, ferocious-looking man, of athletic build, whom I recognized as my old pal, Dr. William F. Brodhead. The doctor had left the field of medicine on account of weak knees, and was now doing stunts with supposedly heavy weights in Keith and Proctor's Third Avenue Theatre.

I recognized a dark-haired gentleman with a dark moustache as Dr. Arthur L. Chambers. He, also, had left active practice for the stage, and was now doing "heavy work" at the old Academy of Music. His latest specialty was Simon Legree in Uncle Tom's Cabin. I also learned that Dr. Irving Lord Farr, having shaved off his moustache, and donned a curly wig, could be seen



in the same company as Little Eva, ascending to Heaven nightly, for the small price of ten, twenty and thirty cents.

Dr. William S. Gregory, I ascertained, had also left the medical world, and held the position of chief barker for Looney Park at Coney Island, and could be seen both by night and by day shouting a lot of hot air about the wonderful attractions within.

At this juncture the toastmaster called upon Dr. Franklin F. Murdock for the toast "Materia Medica." The doctor told of some wonderful results in the treatment of cancer with the ten millionth potency of Pulsatilla, and so aroused the enthusiasm of the Materia Medica sharks that they jumped upon their chairs and began to shout:

"Here's to Materia Med.,  
Put the patient to bed;  
Aconite to Sulphur,  
Sulphur down to Rhus—  
Calc. Carb. looks good to me;  
Causticum or bust!"

The next speaker was Dr. A. Lowry Irvins, who gave the toast, "Our Alma Mater," and after a very brief address favored us with a mandolin selection. It seems that the doctor, although still active in the profession, was giving mandolin concerts in Carnegie Hall, and these entertainments were a source of great pleasure to his friends. Dr. Seldon F. Kinney, I learned, although practicing in Philadelphia, was frequently seen on First Avenue, near Fifty-ninth Street, where Rosie Lasinsky sells everything from Duke's Mixture to "The Morning Sun." Dr. Michael J. Shealey, I was greatly pleased to learn, was holding down the job of police surgeon in New York, and through his friends on the force his photograph had recently appeared on the front page of the "Police Gazette," with the distinguished subscription, "The Handsomest Doctor in New York," which shows what pull will do.

Shortly after graduation, a number of us had determined to locate in the West, but being unable to borrow enough money to see us through to California we decided that we might have to resort to measures beneath our dignity, at least temporarily. It was a hard proposition, but was eventually solved by joining



Barnum and Bailey's circus, which was then starting on its western tour. I myself was fortunate enough to secure a job taking care of the rhinoceros and baby elephant, while Dr. MacDonald went in training on Mellen's Food, and finally managed to tip the beam at 498 pounds, drawing big crowds as the fattest man on record. Dr. Henry W. E. Lockhart took the seemingly precarious task of taming the lions, but inasmuch as the beasts were doped with Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup there wasn't enough surgical work to be done on the way out to keep the boys in practice.

Having said a fond farewell to a tall young lady with pretty blonde hair, Dr. Chester A. Peake went over to Hoboken for a week, came back with a dark hirsute growth that would shock a billy-goat, and joined the circus as a bearded lady. Dr. Philipp Schmahl went along as interpreter, having thoroughly mastered French, German, English, Spanish, Italian, Greek, Japanese, Chinese, Russian, Polish and East Side. Unable to keep away from liquid refreshments, Dr. Alexander Todd accepted with alacrity the position of lemonade man, earned the title of the "Human Tank," and made a small fortune on the side by drinking, in exhibitions, seven barrels of pink lemonade in fifteen minutes.

In order to have company on the way out West, Dr. MacKenzie travelled with us as far as Texas, and filled in as ticket seller and manager of the side show, which did an overwhelming business under his direction. Dr. G. Vane Morse held down the job of animal feeder, and ate the peanuts intended for the monkeys, so that the poor little human imitations had to live on fresh air and the scenery.

The star feature of the show, however, was the bare-back riding of Dr. Cummins and Dr. Searle, who had secured two old truck horses and were giving wonderful exhibitions of fancy riding. Dr. Cummins, as a lovely little lady in pink tights and a ballet skirt, made an awful hit with the Mayor of Kankakee, Ill., and it looked as though we were to lose the doctor for a time.

Arriving finally on the Pacific coast, we all left the circus, and began to establish ourselves in various localities in California,

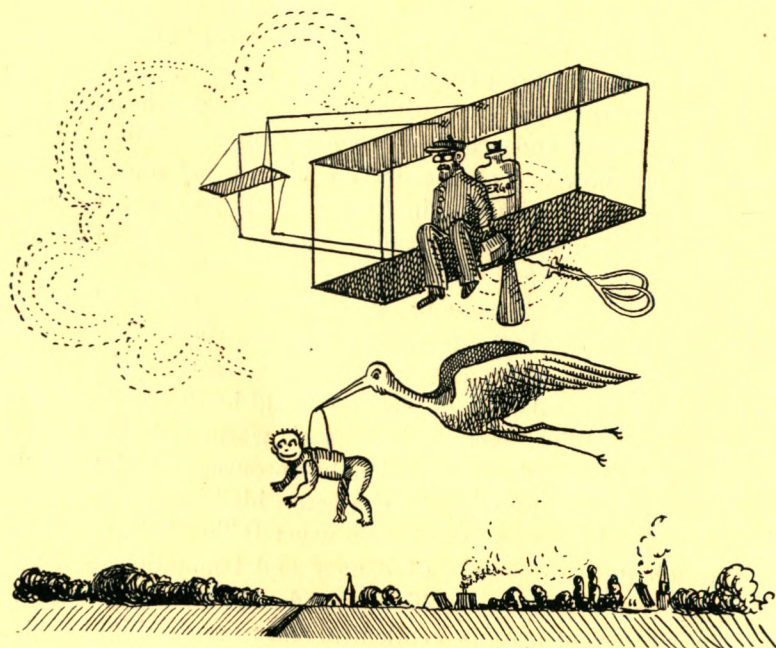


keeping away from San Francisco as far as possible, however. We had managed to assemble in Los Angeles in 1935, just twenty-four years later, and had come East together to attend the reunion banquet of our class of 1911.

As the hour was now growing late, Dr. Farr arose and gave, while a profound silence reigned, the last address of that memorable evening.

"Mr. Toastmaster and Fellow Classmates of 1911: We have with us this evening, gentlemen, one who has given the best years of his life to our college, one who has devoted himself most earnestly to the welfare of our dear alma mater, saved it from threatened destruction, rescued it from impending ruin and disgrace, reorganized and rebuilt it upon a firm foundation, until our college is now one of the finest equipped and most highly respected medical institutions in America. He has been a sympathetic adviser and a firm friend in all our troubles, forgiven us our many faults and short-comings, and strived to develop the best and noblest elements of our character. Time and again has he put forth his best efforts to aid us when adverse circumstances surrounded us on all sides, and most freely has he given of his knowledge and wisdom that we should be thoroughly educated and well-trained men. Through his warm and sincere interest in our lives and our work has he encouraged and assisted us beyond all recompense. His character, his kindly spirit, and his professional courtesy have been a never-failing light to guide us through the stormy seas of danger and temptation, and an inspiration to strive for the highest and noblest things in life. For these excellent reasons, gentlemen, and to assure him of our deepest gratitude and most sincere appreciation of his life work, do I move a rising vote of thanks to one of the noblest and greatest men in the medical profession to-day, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, of New York City."





A HURRY CALL UP-TO-DATE



## *College Reminiscences*



I.

How dear to my heart are the memories of college,  
When fond recollections recall them to view ;  
The class-room, the slides and the glass-covered tables,  
And every new name that Pathology knew.  
We come now victorious, to join our professors,  
With never a hint at the dreadful affairs  
Which often lent pain to our calm intercessors,  
The cushions, wet towels and backs of the chairs.

II.

When tired of confinement in school-room's dull shadow,  
We'd like to play hooky and scamper away ;  
But a call to Anatomy, "Chaps," bade us hearken  
To signs of disturbance, when White came to stay.  
Then names without number, extensive in size,  
With sarcasm seasoned, Lloyd joyously gave,  
While Minton, in turn, would in English advise  
More names, that were destined, our reputation to save.

III.

How freighted with pain comes the old recollection  
Of when we had struggled with surgery's needs,  
And Kaufman was tearful, but with no sad intention,  
Pa Sheldon, a needle, must have for his deeds ;  
Disgust and discouragement seemed to attend us,  
Till nothing could heal us but absence, alone :  
Then Bishop was "Peeved," and swore "he would shake us,"  
Till he was made sure we no evil had done.



IV.

When Hinsdale, his cold Toxicology poured,  
Like a flood from a hydrant, and our poor bodies drenched,  
And Wilson grew "nervous," our protests ignored  
And said we were "Thick heads" till we were incensed.  
Good Van den Burg called us in quiet consultation,  
And quizzed us on cases, just like "Cabot's Case Teaching,"  
Then "Bunny" with "Fats, Carbo-hydrates and Proteids,"  
And soul-trying questions, made a hit quite far reaching.

V.

When Carleton had finished his G. U. orations,  
Of course, we felt sure, nothing more could be said,  
But Dowling convinced us, by forceful persuasions,  
That heart is not liver, although it is red;  
Then Simonson claimed Pediatrics essential,  
And hurled at us proofs, plain as solar attraction:  
While Dearborn, between jokes, the skin oft would mention,  
And Danforth's big text was, "Quick baby extraction."

VI.

But with joy do we think of Materia Medica,  
Since Coleman, his pure Homœopathy taught—  
Small doses, low potencies, and never a perfume,  
With patience, to increase our knowledge, he sought.  
Then, Rabe came to help us, high potencies favored,  
Less medicine, and doses—just once every quarter;  
But Freeman has claimed, even this is extravagant,  
And says we can just rinse the dish standing by it.

VII.

Then Mosser approached us, with interesting manners,  
And showed us some truly, extraordinary things:  
Why, pianos and buggies, and harps, yes and hammers,  
And brushes and combs—urinalysis brings.  
Then Butler made a "hit" with "Dementia Paralytica,"  
And Laidlaw felt compassion, "Yip, gentlemen, next;"  
But care-worn, or weary, with interest increasing  
We met "Dear Old Bagg," with his "Every-day things."



VIII.

Yes, how dear to my heart are the memories of college,  
 When fond recollections recall them to view;  
 The Halls, the Professors, and even the class-room  
 Where Rankin, his Shakespearean Tragedies reviewed,  
 But college is ended, and lectures are over,  
 And time, unrelenting, is swift passing by;  
 I'd give all I own, if longer I might hover,  
 And drink of the knowledge these men can bestow.







## Faculty



1910-1911

ROYAL S. COPELAND, A. M., M. D., Dean.  
JOHN W. DOWLING, A. B., M. D., Secretary.  
J. H. BALL, M. D., Registrar.

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### Professor Emeritus

EDMUND CARLETON, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Homœopathic Philosophy, 71 West 50th St.  
ROGER H. LYON, LL. B., Emeritus Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, 170 Broadway.  
J. T. O'CONNOR, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Nervous Diseases, Garden City, L. I.  
GEORGE G. SHELTON, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Materia Medica, Ridgefield, Conn.  
ST. CLAIR SMITH, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine, 56 West 50th St.

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### Teaching Faculty\*

LOOMIS L. DANFORTH, M. D., Professor of Obstetric Surgery, 49 West 52d St.  
CHARLES McDOWELL, M. D., Professor of Physiology, Hygiene, and Dietetics, 310 Kenmore Place, Brooklyn.  
JOHN WILLIAM DOWLING, A. B., M. D., Professor of Medicine, 616 Madison Ave.  
HENRY B. MINTON, M. D., Professor of Medicine, 165 Joralemon St., Brooklyn.  
WILLIAM TOD HELMUTH, M. D., Professor of Surgery, 26 East 62d St.  
EDWARD G. TUTTLE, A. M., M. D., Professor of Gynecology, 61 West 51st St.  
GEORGE W. McDOWELL, A. M., M. D., O. et A. Chir., Professor of Otology, 1 West 34th St.  
WILLIAM H. BISHOP, M. D., Professor of Surgery, 667 Madison Ave.  
FAREL JOUARD, Ph. D., Professor of Chemistry, 325 E. 68th St.  
EDWIN B. MUNSON, M. D., O. et A. Chir., Professor of Histology, 8 W. 49th St.  
JEREMIAH T. SIMONSON, M. D., Professor of Pediatrics, 46 West 85th St.  
CHARLES E. TEETS, M. D., Professor of Laryngology and Rhinology, 353 Fifth Ave.

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\*The names of Professors, Clinical Professors, and Assistant Professors are placed in their appropriate divisions, according to length of continuous service with present rank.



## FIFTY

- BUKK G. CARLETON, A. M., M. D., Professor of Medical Ethics and Clinical Urology, 75 West 50th St.
- WILLIAM MORRIS BUTLER, A. M., M. D., Professor of Mental Diseases, 507 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn.
- E. GUERNSEY RANKIN, A. M., M. D., Professor of Medicine, 226 West 59th St.
- CLINTON L. BAGG, M. D., Professor of Surgery, 26 West 46th St.
- LOUIS HEITZMANN, M. D., Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology, 110 West 78th St.
- GEORGE FREDERICK LAIDLAW, M. D., Professor of Medicine and the History of Medicine, 58 West 53d St.
- WILLIAM H. VAN DEN BURG, M. D., Professor of Medicine, 30 West 48th St.
- JOHN E. WILSON, A. B., M. D., Professor of Diseases of the Nervous System, 616 Madison Ave.
- ROYAL S. COPELAND, A. M., M. D., Professor of Ophthalmology, Georgian Court, 58 Central Park West, Corner 66th St.
- RALPH I. LLOYD, M. D., O. et A. Chir., Professor of Anatomy, 450 Ninth St., Brooklyn.
- RUDOLPH F. RABE, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica, 616 Madison Ave.
- STUART CLOSE, M. D., Professor of Homœopathic Philosophy, 248 Hancock St., Brooklyn.
- WILLIAM H. DIEFFENBACH, M. D., Professor of Electro- and Hydro-Therapeutics, The Rockingham, 1748 Broadway.
- WILLIAM H. FREEMAN, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica, 263 Arlington Ave., Brooklyn.
- FREDERICK M. DEARBORN, A. B., M. D., Professor of Dermatology, The Wyoming, 55th St. and Broadway.
- WALTER SANDS MILLS, A. B., M. D., Professor of Medicine, 324 West 89th St.
- JOHN C. WEADOCK, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, 7 Wall St.
- ARKELL R. McMICHAEL, A. M., M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, 971 Madison Ave.
- T. DRYSDALE BUCHANAN, M. D., Professor of Anæsthesia, 210 West 57th St.
- CHARLES C. BOYLE, M. D., Clinical Professor of Ophthalmology, Otology, and Rhinology, 49 West 37th St.
- RALPH A. STEWART, M. D., Assistant Professor of Surgery, 616 Madison Ave.
- SPRAGUE CARLETON, M. D., Assistant Professor of Genito-Urinary Surgery, 75 West 50th St.
- WALTER GRAY CRUMP, Professor of Gynecology, 837 Madison Ave.
- SIDNEY F. WILCOX, M. D., Professor of Surgery, 41 W. 57th St.
- ANSON H. BINGHAM, M. D., Assistant Professor of Orthopedic Surgery, Euclid Hall, Broadway and 85th St.
- DANIEL E. S. COLEMAN, Ph. B., M. D., Assistant Professor of Materia Medica, 101 West 78th St.
- JOSEPH HENRY FOBES, M. D., Assistant Professor of Surgery and Demonstrator of Anatomy, The Hubert, 1 W. 68th St.
- ROBERT MORTIMER JONES, M. D., Assistant Professor of Laryngology, 136 Madison Ave.
- FREDERICK A. LUND, M. D., Assistant Professor of Medicine, 2 West 86th St.
- MARSHALL W. McDUFFIE, M. D., Assistant Professor of Obstetrics, The Hetherington, 571 Park Ave.
- GUY B. STEARNS, M. D., Assistant Professor of Materia Medica, 119 West 82d St.



- EDWARD P. SWIFT, M. D., Assistant Professor of Medicine, 170 West 88th St.  
 JOHN F. WHITE, M. D., Assistant Professor of Surgery, Port Chester, N. Y.  
 REUEL A. BENSON, M. D., Lecturer on Pediatrics, 8 West 49th St.  
 LOUIS RENE KAUFMAN, M. D., Lecturer on Surgery and Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy, 272 West 84th St.  
 JAMES D. MILLER, M. D., Lecturer on Medicine, 70 West 52d St.  
 B. BURT SHELDON, M. D., Lecturer on Surgery, 104 East 60th St.  
 HARRISON, G. SLOAT, M. D., Lecturer on Medicine, Director of Clinical Laboratory, 145 West 95th St.  
 PHILIP COOK THOMAS, A. M., M. D., Lecturer on Obstetrics, 44 West 77th St.  
 LEON S. LOIZEAUX, M. D., Lecturer on Obstetrics, 155 East 77th St.  
 FREDERICK L. MOSSER, M. D., Lecturer on Anatomy and Clinical Assistant in Nervous Diseases, 784 Dawson St.  
 SPENCER CARLETON, A. B., M. D., Lecturer on Materia Medica, 71 West 50th St.  
 JOHN B. GARRISON, M. D., Director of Drug Proving, 115 East 71st St.  
 E. WELLES KELLOGG, M. D., Instructor in Pathological Anatomy and Lecturer on Surgery, 111 East 56th St.  
 EDWIN BROWN JENKS, B. S., M. D., Demonstrator of Physiology, 183 Roberts Ave., Yonkers.  
 EDW. WALLACE MACADAM, M. D., Demonstrator of Physiology, 17 East 184th St.  
 JOHN S. MAEDER, M. D., Instructor in Histology and Clinical Assistant in Genito-Urinary Surgery, 132 West 121st St.  
 W. HALFMAN, M. D., Instructor in Histology.  
 WILLIAM M. VAN ZANDT, M. D., Instructor in Otology, 164 West 97th St.  
 JOSEPH H. BALL, M. D., Registrar, Professor of Bacteriology, Director Bacteriological Laboratory, 64 W. 68th St.

### ***Clinical Instructors and Assistants***

- JAMES E. BURT, M. D., Clinical Assistant in Physical Therapeutics, 251 West 81st St.  
 GEORGE C. DOMINICK, M. D., Clinical Assistant to the Chair of Practice, 70 West 55th St.  
 JOHN S. GAINES, M. D., O. et A. Chir., Assistant Demonstrator of anatomy, 163 West 91st St.  
 ST. CLAIR HITCHCOCK, M. D., Clinical Assistant in Physical Therapeutics, Hotel Marie Antoinette.  
 WALLACE B. HOUSE, M. D., Clinical Assistant in Nervous Diseases, 320 West 115th St.  
 GEORGE W. LUTTON, M. D., Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy, 133 East 43d St.  
 WILLIAM McLEAN, M. D., Clinical Assistant to the Chair of Ophthalmology, 16 West 45th St.  
 EUGENE F. MILLS, M. D., Clinical Assistant in Gynecology, 326 East 58th St.  
 ARTHUR H. RICHARDSON, M. D., Clinical Assistant in Orthopedics, 39 East 83d St.  
 FRANK E. SMITH, M. D., Assistant Anæsthetist, 159 West 48th St.  
 REEVE TURNER, M. D., Clinical Assistant to the Chair of Practice, 208 East 72d St.  
 CARLOS G. WEBSTER, B. S., M. D., Clinical Assistant in Nervous Diseases, 200th St. & Valentine Ave.



FIFTY-TWO

IRVING PLATT WITHINGTON, A. M., M. D., Clinical Assistant in Dermatology, 612 West 136th St.

JOHN C. BRADNER, M. D., Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy, 837 Madison Ave.

GEORGE P. OLCOTT, M. D., Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy, Metropolitan Hospital.

THEODORE A. LEHMAN, M. D., Clinical Assistant in Hydro-Therapeutics, 227 Steinway Ave.

WILLIAM L. CASE, M. D., Clinical Assistant in Pediatrics, 119 East 86th St.

ALEXANDER BROWN, M. D., Clinical Assistant in Pediatrics, 16 West 65th St.

F. A. LE ROY, Ph. G., Demonstrator of X-Ray, Pharm. Chemist, Flower Hospital.

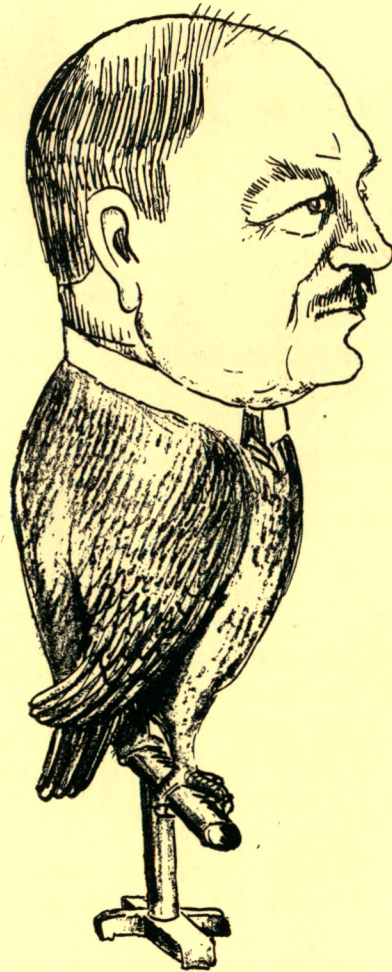
WM. GOW, *Librarian.*





ROYAL S. COPELAND, A. M., M. D.





A WHISE OLD OWL



To  
*Prof. Jocose Erudite Wilson*



I.

Hail Wise One: To thee we bend our knees  
In lowly adoration for the many mysteries  
Of brain and spinal lesions (in which you are well versed)  
Which you have tried to hand us in terms that were accursed.

II.

Often have we caused you to wrinkle your large brow  
To storm and rage and wonder "in the name of Heavens" how  
A man who is a Senior and supposed to have brains in hoard  
Could not draw a cross section of your famous Spinal-cord.

III.

How often have we blundered and we know it used to vex you  
When no one could tell you the lesions in Ataxia,  
But we hope that you'll forgive us, as we truly forgive you,  
For the many "raps" you've handed us in the past year or two.

IV.

We know you'll not forget us, the class of nineteen-eleven,  
Although you've often said we were like bread without the  
leaven.

We cherish you, we hail you, we embryos one and all,  
And in one loud voice we all exclaim, "*Wilson, That's All.*"

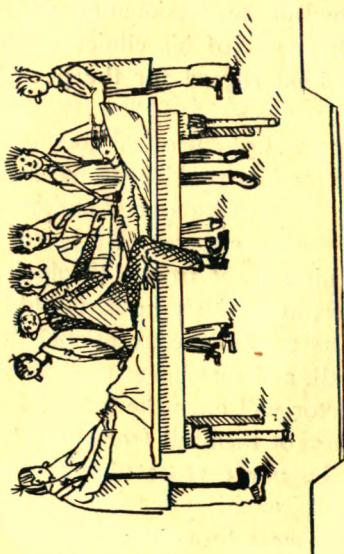
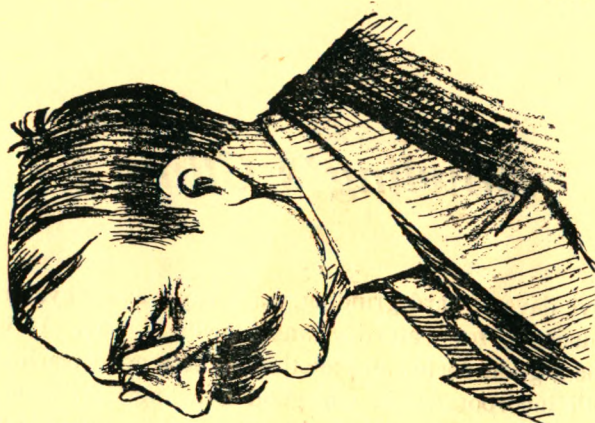




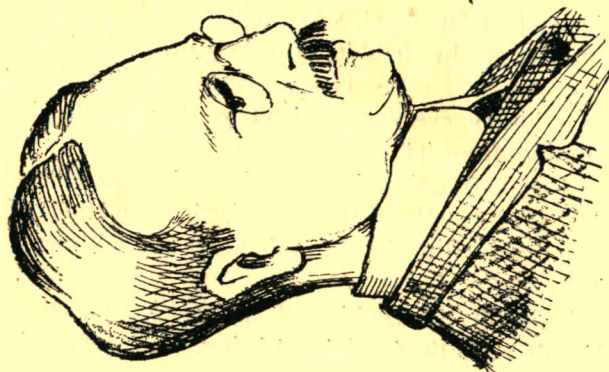
DR. F. LAIDLAW AND HIS CLINICAL ASS'S



FIFTY-SEVEN



DOWLING'S CLINIC





## *Dowling's Clinic*



After five days of hard grinding, Saturday was always greeted with enthusiasm, for Saturday was Dowling's day. It is one thing to be a good doctor and another to be a good teacher—we found both incorporated in our good Dowling. Wisdom, wit, sarcasm, good fellowship, professional as well as *moral* and *ethic* advice, were the keynotes of his clinics combined with precise methods and ever kind regard for the poor "chaps" from the Island.

Endowed with the best of rhetorical abilities, we doubt whether our professor of practice would ever have accomplished much on the "pulpit," for we have it on good authority that *Martini* and *Manhattan* tales won't do there. However, a medical college differs widely in this respect from a theological seminary. The livelier, the merrier, and—lively he is, is old boy Dowling.

If ever there was anything conventional during that hour, it must be the roll call, and that never took very long in our class. This done, the doctor will open the lecture formally with a jest or two. Where he got them all from has always been a puzzle to all of us, but he never repeated, although a model citizen otherwise.

Then the victims were brought in one by one, comforted by the ever benevolent Dr. Sloat. Assuming a fatherly air and tapping the patient on the shoulder, Dowling proceeds thus: "How old aree you, my boy?" "Sixty-seven, doctor!" "And you drink your little whiskey every day, don't you?" "Well, doctor, I never ran away from it!"

Dr. Dowling (after listening for about five seconds with his stethoscope [Bell's—all others ostracized from this clinic]): "Now, I want you all to listen to this heart and tell me what the trouble is."

A shuffling of feet, a clinking of stethoscopes and down they rush in hoards upon the bewildered being, who is sure that now



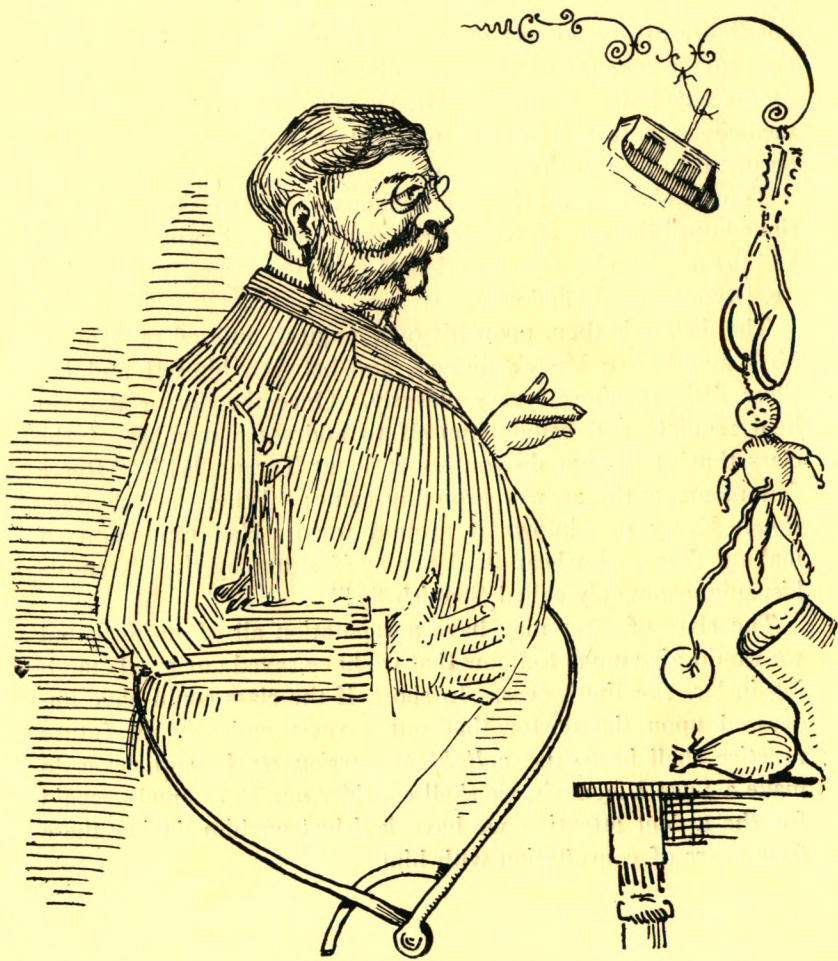
all his ails are going to be sounded to the bottom. After announcing their various diagnoses, ranging all the way from Flint's murmur to pericardial adhesions, the students retreat to their seats and assume an attitude of serious conviction. The possibility of *one* correct diagnosis is generally in direct proportion to the *amount* of different diagnoses made. After telling us the exact state of affairs, Dr. Dowling will leave the field of medicine for just a minute to tell us a little story which has occurred to him in the meantime.

Thus under the most ideal relations the discussions are continued until the cases have all been gone over, the prognosis fixed and the medicinal treatment selected from the choice lot of Aconite, Bryonia and Belladonna.

The doctor is then, upon his own request, quizzed on Hodgkin's and Pierre Mary's disease, and between himself and Dr. Sloat delivers himself very cleverly. Once the doctor thought he'd retaliate and betook himself to address a member of the class thusly: "What do you know about Tarantella?" After a few moments the answer promptly came: "Why, that's a *Rag-time*. Every one knows it around town. Has reputation of making those, who hear it, dance as if stung by the Tarentula hispania, commonly called Spanish fly!"

The class of 1911 may have a reputation all of its own, but we would give much to know that we have saved our good standing in Dr. Dowling's eyes. In short, if the class could have impressed upon the doctor that our earnest endeavor in future practice shall be to use a *light percussion stroke* and never to make a *Snap Diagnosis*, we shall consider ourselves amply repaid for the ardent attention we have lavished on him during these four years of consultation with him.





MIDWIFERY UP-TO-DATE





DR. McMICHAEL



DR. R. RABE

*"Non Plus Ultra" in Materia Medica*



SIXTY-TWO



FATHER CLOSE, OUR PHILOSOPHER



## A Lecture by Prof. Close



SCENE.—Senior lecture room. Students sprawled about in attitudes denoting fatigue and boredom. Peake tries to start something by throwing blackboard eraser, but is ignored. Four bells ring loudly and other students dribble in from outside. Enter Prof. Close, garbed in ministerial black and smiling with mingled unctiousness, suspicion and apology. Students reluctantly come to order, and he calls the roll, after which he strikes an attitude and for two or three minutes eyes various members of the class with an *I-am-a-wise-old-nut* expression.

PROF. CLOSE.—As I was saying last week, the deplorable and pernicious activity of the modern laboratory is of no importance from the prescriber's standpoint. They may have told you that the so-called new "606" is a wonderful discovery. Believe it not. Hahnemann's great law of similars, based as it is upon the Newtonian law of gravitation, is the essential thing to grasp in scientific medicine.

BARR (entering late).—B-a- double r, Barr.

PROF. CLOSE.—By a process of logical elaboration we now arrive at the characteristics of the most urgent symptoms, depending upon the concept that all modalities are general, irrespective of their relationship to any particular symptom, and that to derive a differentiation you must invalidate the result of a comparison of the general before obtaining the *simillimum* (etc., etc., for twenty minutes).

SHEALEY (fast asleep).—G-r-r-z-z-z- umph! g-r-r-z-z-z- umph!

PROF. CLOSE (seeing half the class is dozing).—Now I would like to ask the class what it thinks of this course and if it has any criticism to make.

GREGORY.—It's almost a little too deep, doctor.

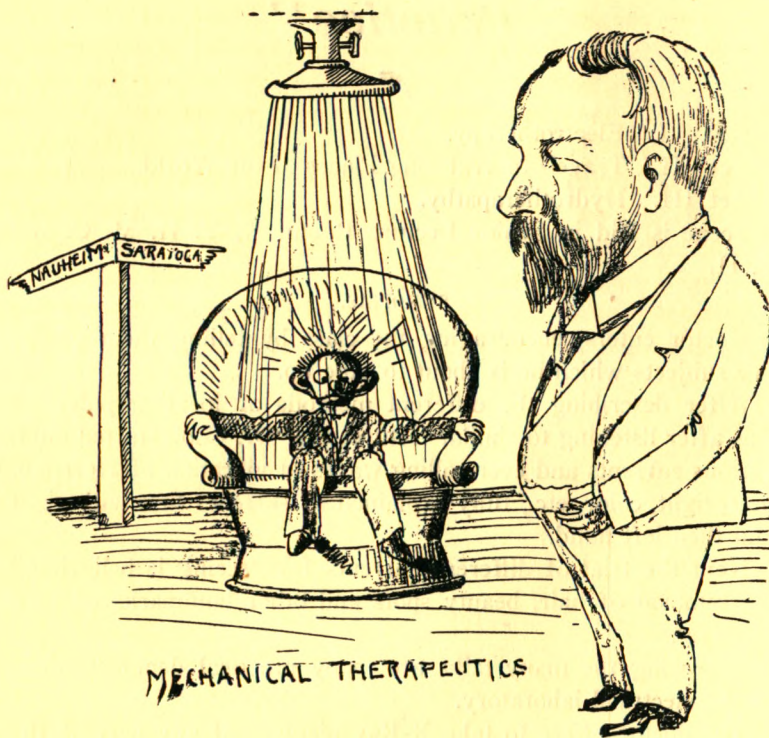
PROF. CLOSE.—Ah! You could not have said anything that would have pleased me more. That is my intention—to make



SIXTY-FOUR

the course too deep. (Observe that the class is still dopy.) During my Sophomore year at college I happened to be shipwrecked on one of the Gallipelagus Islands in the South Sea, having nothing with me but my small medicine case of high potencies. The ferocious natives spared my life upon my representing myself to be a medical man, and to test my ability brought me several cases of elephantiasis, a disease from which nearly every one on the island was suffering. What was I to do, gentlemen? I had only my little medicine case and an unbounded faith in Homœopathy. Well, I examined my patients and hit upon Arsenic ten thousandth as the indicated remedy. The results were marvelous, and day after day they brought me new cases of elephantiasis to be cured. After I had returned to civilization they sent me frequent tokens of their appreciation of what I had done for them, and even to this day I get letters expressing their everlasting gratitude. That's what Homœopathy will do. (Prolonged applause. The bell rings, and after telling every one to get a *repertory*, he dismisses the class.)





MECHANICAL THERAPEUTICS

DR. DIEFFENBACH



*Dr. Dieffenbach in Three-Act Farce*  
*Entitled*  
**“How To Increase Your  
Practice”**



Act I. Electrotherapy.

Act II. Travels to Watering Places of the World.

Act III. Hydrotherapathy.

Scene is laid in Senior Lecture Room, N. Y. H. M. C. and  
F. H.

SYNOPSIS.

Doctor enters, encouraging the class by telling them of the dry subjects which he is about to take up.

After describing the different methods of locating poles (it was after listening to similar lectures that Dr. Cook started out), various currents and ever-rolling waves of vibration of Hertzian, heat, light, color, etc., fully explained by sketches first with right and then left hand.

Next the trial of different currents for “seeing is believing,” the removal of hair, beauty spots and other landmarks of long standing.

Following the many talks are many practical demonstrations in the electrical laboratory.

The doctor offers to take X-Ray pictures of any part of the anatomy you wanted. First subject’s bones showed he was of English parentage and of rheumatic diathesis. “Of course, gentlemen, it is very easy to tell this by the ends of the bones.”

No more volunteers were heard from, for it is one thing to have an X-Ray picture taken and another to have your past and future told. For if Carleton’s spots are found you know it means a “red” life on the “Great White Way.”

Now to give Faradic, Galvanic, Sinusoidal, D’Arsonval and other difficult currents a fair chance, for you never can tell what



is apt to cure the patient nowadays. They say, "Where's there's money there's hope."

People have been known to get well on worse treatment than electrical.

After a nerve-racking examination this most important subject is forgotten once and for all.

ACT II. WATERING PLACES OF THE WORLD.

If when you first open your over-crowded waiting-room to allow the many patients to enter your office one by one, should by chance some unfortunate ask you where he can take a bath, remember he can bathe in our own country, the United States, as well as in Germany.

Take Lakewood, Morristown, Summit, Ramapo Mts., Cape May, New Jersey; Catskills, Liberty, Sullivan Co.; Adirondacks, Saratoga, New York.

Delaware Water Gap, Poland Spring, Hot Springs, and numerous places in Western States.

You must bear in mind that the average patient you first get is not worth more than a million dollars and you have to prescribe places to suit his "ways and means." Of course, if he wants to go across the "pond," as I did, there are such minor places as Carlsbad, Baden-Baden, Nauheim, Aix-la-Chapelle, etc.

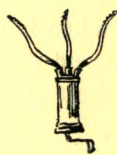
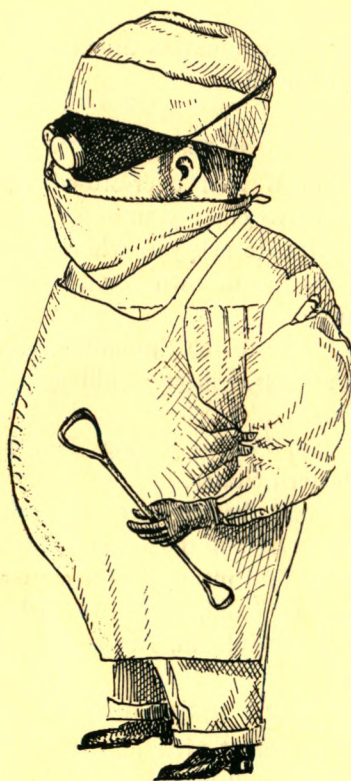
ACT III. HYDROTHERAPY.

Water is the best treatment after all.

Water was and always will be held in highest esteem by most of the people—that is, as long as we keep it on the outside; trouble begins to arise when taken internally.

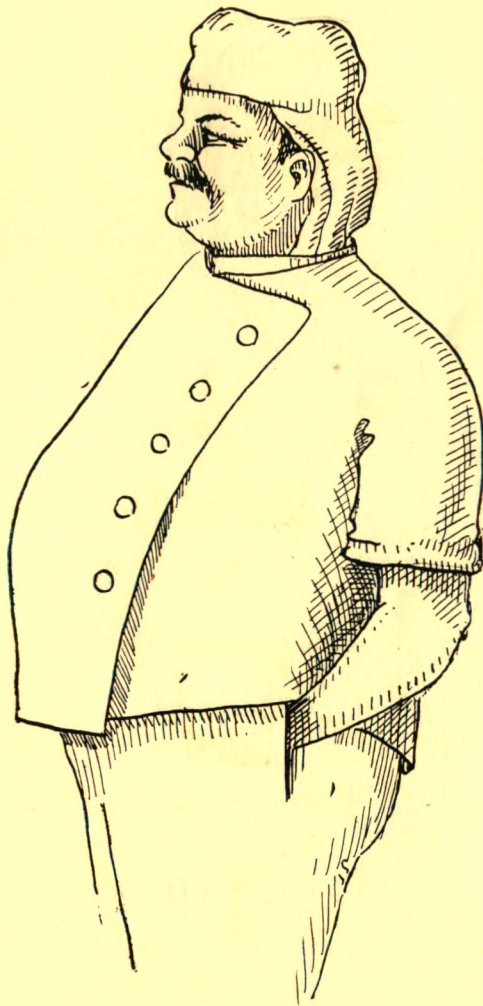
There is at the present time no real proving of "Water," but it is generally admitted that best results are obtained from the higher potencies.





**MODERN PROPHYLAXIS**  
(As practiced by one of our leading Gynaecologists)





DR. WM. T. HELMUTH, PROF. OF SURGERY



SEVENTY



DR. W. H. BISHOP, PROF. OF SURGERY



## ***Cumberland Street Hospital Clinics***



Two very interesting and instructive clinics were held at the Cumberland Street Hospital on December 16, 1910, and March 18, 1911, respectively. Both clinics were very well intended and enjoyed by all present. Cases of almost every character were shown, covering every branch of medicine, surgery and dentistry, and opportunity to examine cases was given. Such clinical work as a Cæsarean section and Webster's Operation on Relaxed Round Ligaments were of extreme interest.

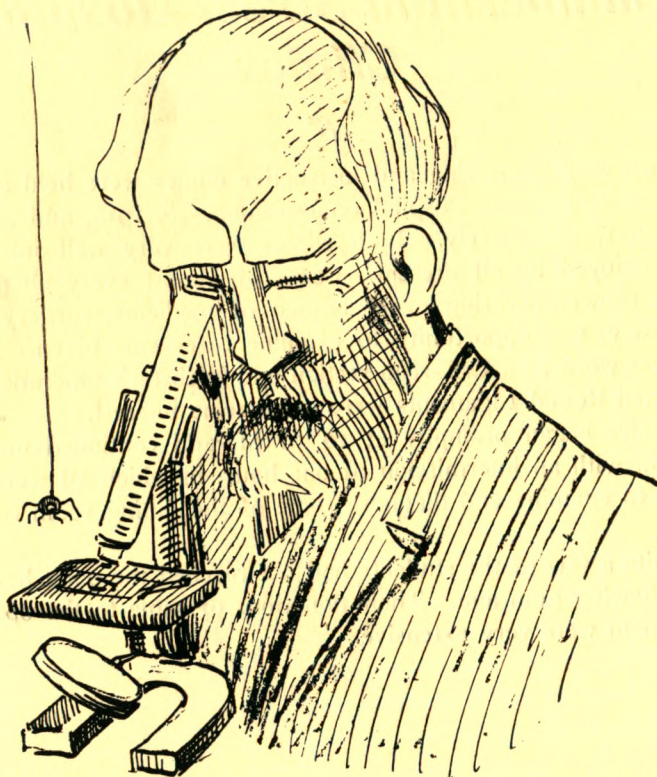
Clinics began promptly at 10 A. M. and continued until 5 P. M., with an intermission of one hour, in which all were invited to examine and diagnose some of the dining room conditions.

Quite a few of the students had not reached the point beyond the chewing gum age. Their donations of same to the operating room were very extensive.



## *A Parody on Hood's "Song of a Shirt"*

*A Pathological Dirge*



I.

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eye-lids heavy and red,  
The SOPHOMORES sat, in respectful silence,  
Plying their pencils and pens—



SEVENTY-THREE

Scratch: lecture: scratch:  
In weariness, hunger and rage;  
And still, with a voice of solemn pitch,  
Louis sang PATHOLOGY's dirge.

II.

Lecture: walk: talk:  
While the bell is ringing aloof;  
And talk: lecture: walk,  
Till the lights shine through the roof;  
It's oh! to be a JUNIOR,  
Along with these wondrous men,  
Where the students ne'er a moment have  
In which to halt their pen.

III.

Walk: lecture, and talk:  
Till the brain begins to swim;  
Talk: lecture, and walk,  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim;  
Worm, and germ, and bug,  
Cell, tissue and gland,  
Till over the lecture we fall asleep,  
And say it o'er in our dreams.

IV.

O PATHOLOGY, dear (?)  
O germs, with mothers and wives;  
It is not patients, you're wearing out,  
But the poor SENIORS' lives.  
Write: write: write:  
In laboratory, lecture-room, home:  
Studying a 'scope with a double eye,  
While drawing a bug in a bone.

V.

It was grind: study: write,  
In the dull December light;



SEVENTY-FOUR

And study: quiz: recite,  
When the weather was warm and bright;  
While underneath the 'scopes  
The unknown slides we bring,  
To show that we're seein' things,  
In the warm and pleasant spring.

VI.

Then with fingers weary and worn,  
And eye-lids heavy and red,  
The SENIORS sat, respectful still,  
Plying their worn-out pens;  
Lecture: scratch and scratch:  
In weary mood, with useless rage,  
For the voice, still with solemn pitch,  
Sang the PATHOLOGICAL DIRGE.



## Professor Louis Heitzman



At the time of the last great plague of Asiatic cholera, in Vienna, a little boy was saved from the jaws of death. So thankful was the little fellow that his life was spared that, then and there, he dedicated himself to the cause of science. His father was a pathologist of some note, so Louis determined to study diligently, to lead his class and even to evolve a system of pathology differing in all possible respects from any other known at that day.

When his studies and researches were ended, Louis came to America, that land where men have the privilege of free thought. Fortune smiled upon the young man and soon after landing in America the N. Y. Homœopathic Medical College offered him a position as instructor in pathology. From his careful and studious manner, from his extreme accuracy and punctuality, and his strong discipline, the college soon installed him as Professor of Pathology.

As a stranger in a strange land, he had been compelled to rely upon himself and thus came to feel such confidence in his own ability that he looked with disfavor upon any pathological theory or statement not previously coming from his own lips. And many a poor student has come to grief, or into the good doctor's disfavor, by even daring to mention truths as given by another instructor, or found in any standard text-book on the subject. But woe to the unlucky medic whose pathology had been learned in another college. The doctor quizzed him constantly, until he had extracted all the "pagan terminology" from him; then proceeded to teach him *his* pathology.

The professor's Latin is exact, his knowledge encyclopedic, and such terms as "craniorachischisis" and "cheilognathopalatoschisis" roll off his tongue as gently as falls the dew, yet he calls the new German specific for syphilis "606," and condescends so far as to lecture upon phlegmonous tonsilitis as "*Quinsy*."



## SEVENTY-SIX

Synonyms are the doctor's strong point, and any disease having but one name is scarcely worthy of mention, yet he has the greatest respect for "A hemorrhage upon a free surface," because he is able to call it nineteen different titles.

No student ever gets into the professor's good graces until he has learned to carry a microscope according to the doctor's *own method*; to keep both eyes open, when viewing slides through the 'scope; to be able to see at all times the fine points of the specimens concerning which a lecture has been given weeks before; and *always* to remember all the things "I have told you, gentlemen, in my lecture." But with all his "idiosyncrasies," Professor Heitzman certainly holds the boys down to business and causes the burning of more midnight oil than any other professor in the college.



## *Junior Materia Medica*



### I.

This is the age of wonders, the century of cures  
And you have made it famous by that method of yours.  
In fact you can obtain results with the C. M. of Apis  
That Lydia Pinkham never got with her famous Number Six.  
You made the great discovery of drugs affinity,  
You may tell it to the newspapers, but you've got to show it to  
me.

### II.

No doubt you can cure hernia, with one dose of Lycopodium,  
And restore a floating kidney with Ammonia Benzoicum.  
So kindly tell our followers how with Causticum 6x  
You removed that large Verucca from the nose of the female  
sex.  
Proclaim the hidden virtues of Arnica, drug divine,  
How you cured vaginal atresia, made wife and man feel fine.

### III.

Repeat again that story, of the Spavin and the horse,  
How you sold him to another and the malady got worse,  
And just to show the owner, as a doctor, you were there,  
You gave the animal Calcarea and exhibited him at a fair.  
We listened one year to your tale and never called a halt,  
But time will tell whether you, dear friend, or the students were  
at fault.



## *Social Functions*



In order not to give one the impression that we have done nothing but study for the four long years, we will endeavor to explain the way in which the monotony of the long course of medicine is broken by helpful and interesting entertainments tendered the Senior class by a few of our professors of the college.

The first entertainment in the social line and incidentally a quiz on gynæcology was given by Dr. Roberts at his home, Central Park, South. The evening was spent in an interesting quiz by Dr. Roberts. After this a fine collation was served, including cigars and cigarettes, as well as some good imported ale. The doctor also entertained again in the same manner later on in the year.

The next social evening was spent at Dr. Simonson's home on Eighty-fifth Street. This was a most interesting evening, and was devoted besides the usual eating, drinking and smoking to a most interesting quiz on the diseases of children, which only "Jerry" himself can teach in the proper way.

The next invitation came from our dear old friend, Dr. Clinton L. Bagg, and it must be said he is some entertainer. No quizzing was in order. After examining with interest the fine collection of birds and animals which Dr. Bagg has brought down with his gun, the class listened with interest to several selections played by a group of musicians that had been engaged for the occasion. Then the class repaired to the dining room and partook of the culinary dainties offered. Smokes and drinks were plenty and a toast was brought to Mrs. Bagg, who was also present.

The next social function was a trip under the direction of Dr. Butler to the Middletown Hospital for the Insane. Arriving at the hospital the class sat down to a fine lunch provided by the superintendent, Dr. Ashley. After the lunch speeches were made by Dr. Butler, Dr. Ashley, and the presidents of the Senior



and Junior classes. The afternoon was spent visiting the various wards of the hospital under direction of the various resident physicians, and proved most interesting to all present. Various forms of insanity were shown at a clinic conducted by the hospital heads.

The class were accompanied on this trip by the Junior class. The faculty was represented by Drs. Butler, Ball, Dowling and Sloat. Thanks were extended to Drs. Ashley and Butler for their kindness and hospitality, as well as to Drs. Moore, Woodman, Brewster and Bingham for explaining to the various groups the types of insanity.

The next trip and last of the social excursions of the Senior class was to the Hydriatic Institute, on Park Avenue, under the direction of Dr. Dieffenbach. The evening was spent viewing the apparatus for the different hydrotherapeutic treatment, as well as the practical application of same. This was very interesting as well as instructive, and much thanks is due Dr. Dieffenbach and the manager of the Hydriatic Institute.



## Class 1912



*President:* J. RALPH HONISS.

*Vice President:* WM. F. WOOD.

*Treasurer:* RALPH W. HARRIS.

*Secretary:* LESLIE A. DICKINSON.

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ARNOLD, HARRISON B.,	MOLLICA, Z. A.,
BERGEN, PIERRON W.,	MOODY, RAY W.,
BROADHEAD, CHARLES W.,	NORWOOD, B. DE FORREST,
DE PUY, THOMAS L.,	RUAGLIA, MICHAEL,
DU CRET, HERBERT S.,	ROBINSON, FREDERIC G.,
GORE, MORRIS E.,	ROBINSON, SAMUEL M.,
HALLAM, JAMES B.,	ROLLINGS, HENRY,
HARRIS, HARRY G.,	STEDMAN, CARL B.,
HOWARD, FOSTER C.,	TAYLOR, DENNIS E. G.,
HULETT, ALFRED G.,	TITMAN, RUSSEL E.,
LACOVARA, GUISEPPi,	VAN MORSE, G.,
LAMY, EDGAR D.,	WEINGRAD, S.,
LYONS, J. O.,	WILDER, WILLIS A.,
MCGUFFIE, ROBERT N.,	WILLIAMS, C. EDWIN.





CLASS OF 1912



## Class 1913



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*Secretary:* HAROLD MILNE FRENCH.

*Senators:* FRANKLIN B. PEDRICK,  
ROBERT H. WHITMARSH.

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BIXBY, D. E.,  
COLLINS, P. A.,  
COOLEY, D. B.,  
CUNNINGHAM, B. L.,  
DESLOCH, G. C.,  
DDIOSKY,  
FOX, W. F.,  
GOW, W. S.,  
HAMILTON, H. B.,  
HARDING, H. O.,  
HENKEL,  
HERSMAN, P. H.,  
HRABA,  
HUEZEVGA,

KENNEDY,  
McDUFFIE, H.,  
MEYERS, V. M.,  
O'DONNELL, F. J.,  
PAGE, H.,  
QUAGLIA, A.,  
SACKIN, D.,  
SALISBURY, C. S.,  
SELLECK, A. W.,  
SKLADZIEN, T. S.,  
TERRY, C. E.,  
WINANS, H. F.,  
MIRAGLIA, F.,  
SPENCER, B.,  
PIERSON, A. H.





CLASS OF 1913



## Class 1914



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*Vice President:* CHARLES G. BUCKMASTER.

*Secretary and Treasurer:* W. HENRY F. GADE.

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BROWN, KENNETH O.,  
BOLTON, PLYNN M.,  
BOWMAN, THOMAS L.,  
CHASE, FRANK C.,  
CUDLIPP, R. LESLIE,  
DELAHUNT, JOSEPH F.,  
DOWNING, PERLEY E.,  
FAMA,  
FRENCH, HOWARD W.,  
FOX, DENIS C.,  
GOODMAN, E.,  
HIRSH,  
HOROWITZ, HARRY,  
HULTS, C. V.,  
KATZ, BENJAMIN,  
KIRSCHENBAUM, HENRY,

KEELING, J. H.,  
KILCOURSE, J. JOSEPH,  
LIPPHARD, ALVIN T.,  
MARKS, SAMUEL J.,  
MCFEELY, P. RALPH,  
NORTON, G. ELLIOTT,  
PENDER, HARRY,  
PERRY, RALPH E.,  
RICHMAN, ABRAHAM,  
ROANE, SEXTON R.,  
RUGGIERO, AMERIGO,  
RANKIN, D. T.,  
ROWELLE, R. W.,  
SHERMAN, M. DE G.,  
UNSWORTH,  
WHITACKER, H. S.,





CLASS OF 1914







## *Phi Alpha Gamma*

### *Active Chapter*



BAER, O.,  
MURDOCH, F. F.,  
IVINS, A. L.,  
TAYLOR, D. E. G.,  
DE PUY, T. L.,  
THAW, W. F.,  
HAMILTON, W. B.,  
HONISS, J. R.,  
MICKLEY, H. J.,  
GORE, M. E.,  
MOODY, R. W.,  
DU CRET, H. S.,  
DICKINSON, L. A.,  
HULETT, A. G.,  
COOLEY, D. B.,  
WHITMARSH, R. W.,  
O'DONNELL, F. J.,  
WILLIAMS, C. E.,

PIERSON, A. H.,  
SELLECK, A. W.,  
HARRIS, H. G.,  
COONLEY, R. B.,  
DOWNING, P. E.,  
CUNNINGHAM, B. L.,  
DELAHUNT, J. F.,  
KEELING, J. H.,  
HULTS, C. V.,  
SHERMAN, H. DEED.,  
BRACE, D. E.,  
GOW, W. S.,  
CHASE, T. F.,  
WHITAKER, H. S.,  
DESLOCK, J. C.,  
LAMY, E. D.,  
NORWOOD, B. DEF.,  
ROLLINGS, H.





PHI ALPHA GAMMA FRATERNITY



## *Alpha Sigma*

### *Active Chapter*



BREWSTER, D. T.,  
GREGORY, W. S.,  
LOCKHART, H. E. W.,  
PEAKE, C. A.,  
FARR, I. L.,  
SCHMAHL, P. J. R.,  
WOOD, F. W.,  
BERGEN, J.,  
HOWARD, F.,  
HARRIS, R.,  
MCGUFFIE, R.,  
ROBINSON, F.,  
MURPHY, D.,  
SALISBURY, C.,  
MCDUFFIE, H.,  
FRENCH, W. T.,  
PAGE, H.,  
WINANS, H. F.,  
COMSTOCK, A.,  
BURWELL, L.,

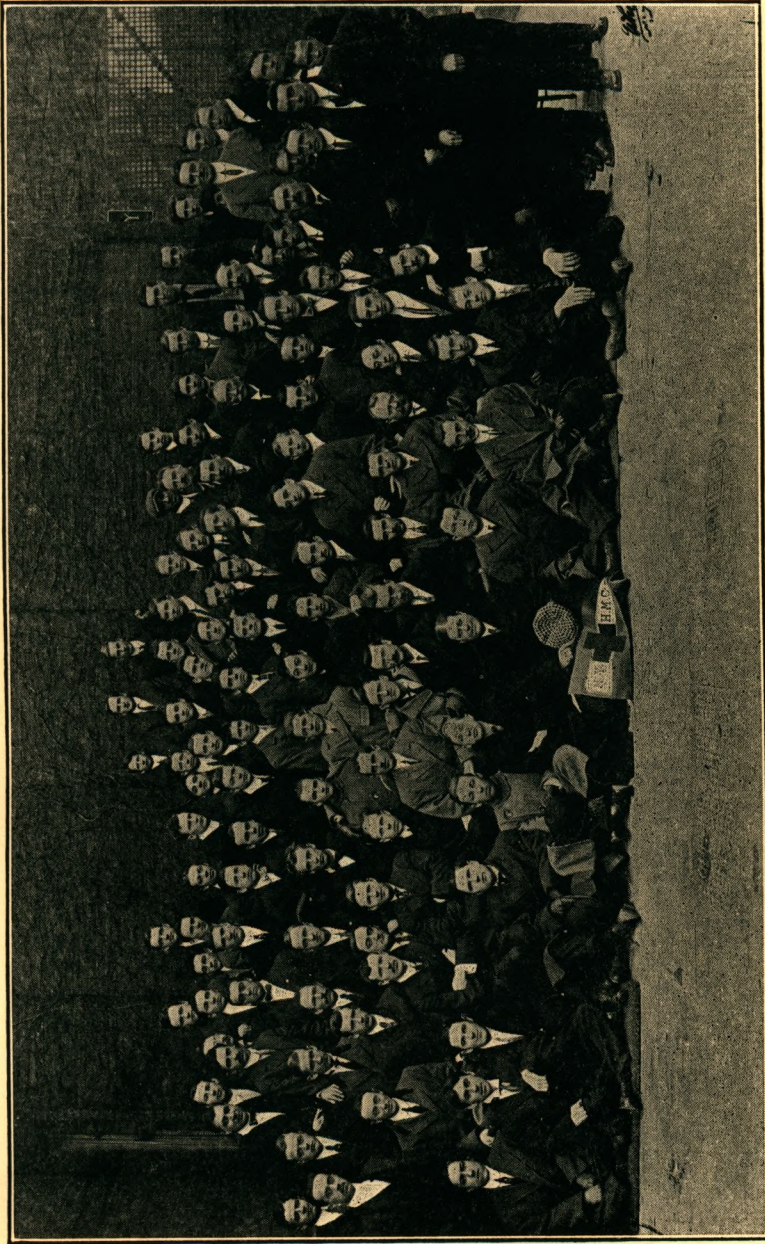
PEDRICK, F.,  
SKLADZIEN, T. S.,  
FOX, W. F.,  
MORSE, G. V.,  
BARRY, R. S.,  
BAKER, D.,  
BUCKMASTER, C. G.,  
PERRY, R.,  
MARKS, S.,  
GADE, H.,  
NORTON, E.,  
HART, T.,  
SPENCER, B.,  
MEYERS, V.,  
HUNTINGTON, T.,  
CHAMBERS, A.,  
BRODHEAD, W.,  
BRODHEAD, C.,  
ROANE, S.,  
ARNOLD, H. B.





ALPHA SIGMA FRATERNITY





STUDENT BODY N. Y. H. M. C.





DISSECTING ROOM

White  
Feb. 6.





BACTERIOLOGICAL LABORATORY





PATHOLOGICAL LABORATORY





CHEMICAL LABORATORY

*White*