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To the many boys who have left our ranks to join those of the United States Army and Navy we dedicate this our 1918 High School Annual
In the four years which the Class of 1918 have spent within the walls of Webster High, many changes have been brought about, and many improvements have been added to the school. The building has been redecorated, the athletic field has been finished, a lunch room added, more lockers installed, and, in every way, the school has been improved. In fact it is difficult to realize that the school as we have it now, is the same one we entered in 1914.

The improvements, however, which have been made within the last four years are merely the outward sign of the spirit of progressiveness which has been with Webster High from the time the school was built, in 1906. Every year it has expanded and enlarged, until in 1913 it was necessary to erect two additions, in the form of wings, to the original building. And now we have the Armory, the greatest building of its kind in Missouri.

The Superintendent of Schools is naturally the man most concerned with the development of the High, and we and the future generation of Websterites have much for which to thank Mr. Gilmore and Mr. Robertson, our past superintendents. But this year more has been accomplished than ever before, and it is to our new superintendent, Mr. Hamsher, that the credit is due. All year he has worked for Webster and many are the things he has accomplished. May Webster have the good fortune to have him remain with us in the years to come.
EBSTER GROVES HIGH SCHOOL has many things of which to be proud; but certainly the greatest source of pride is its Faculty, for after all it is they who guide and direct the thought and spirit of the school. The Seniors, especially, after four years of work and play here at Webster, realize how much the faculty have done for them. And though some of the teachers have come and gone since we entered High School, while others have remained with us throughout the four years still we have never received anything but the best of training and instruction.

The name of Mr. Hixson, our principal, has come to stand for Webster High School, with all that is dear in that name to alumni and students. May he remain with the school in all the glorious years to come!

Mr. J. T. Hixson ........................................ Principal
Miss M. Allen ........................................ Study Hall and Librarian
Miss E. Aldridge ..................................... Spanish
Mr. L. S. Barron ..................................... Manual Training
Mr. W. W. Browne .................................. Shorthand, Typewriting, Commercial
Miss V. Conrad ...................................... Domestic Science
Miss C. Chamberlain ................................ English
Miss E. Nolen ......................................... History
Miss F. C. Norris .................................... French and German
Miss M. Fidler ........................................ Gymnasium; History
Miss H. Ovens ........................................ History
Miss E. Rainbow ..................................... Latin
Mr. C. A. Roberts .................................. Mathematics; Athletics
Miss F. E. Spalding ................................ English
Miss H. Toner .......................................... Physics; Geometry
Miss W. Toner ......................................... Algebra; Commercial Geography
Mr. R. W. Templin .................................. Chemistry
Miss T. B. Wright .................................. English
Mrs. Lelia McClean ................................
Mr. J. Barton ........................................
Miss F. Smith .........................................
GEORGE MASSENGAL
Track, ’17, ’18
“When he entered the high school on opening day
He asked not a thing; he had little to say.
He worked like a man ’till he brought it to pass
We made him the ‘boss’ of our glorious class.”

DOROTHY HAIZLIP
“Although she’s the kid sister
She’s as clever as can be;
And never have we known
A sweeter girl than Dorothy.”

ALINE MORTON
“Whom to look at was to love.”

EDWARD S. HART, JR.
Track, ’16, ’17, ’18
Basketball, ’17, ’18
Baseball, ’15
“It’s very weird how Venus here
Again has shot her dart!
And as for basketball and track,
Oh, Eddie! Have a heart!”
INEZ BACON
"With this little miss, things never go wrong. She is laughing and happy the whole day long."

NORTHROP AVIS
"Track, '17, '18
Football, '14, '15, '16, '17
Shooting, '14, '16
"A good old scout, and one that’s hard to beat."

HEDWIG AULEPP
"In basketball she is a star. With large, brown eyes she wages war."

MARION BLAIR
"Her voice was soft, gentle, and low."

FARRAND BOOTH
"You Cassius has a lean and hungry look."

ELEANOR BISBEE
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."
HENRY BUSER
Track, '17
Football, '16
"Undisturbed by what men
say.
He goes on the same as
yesterday and today."

CATHARINE BECK
"Forever foremost in
the ranks of fun."

LAUREN CLEGG
"Actors are born, not
made."

DUNCAN EVERETT
Track, '18
"I like girls; I really
think I do."

MARGARET DIGBY
"Brown-eyed little maid,
As pretty as can be;
Smart, sedate and staid,
And full of jollity."

HEWSON FINE
"He is capable of good
things."
JOHN GILBERT  
"He may some day grow tall,  
He may cease to be funny;  
But who could imagine  
A non-poetical Johnny?"

MABEL HAIZLIP  
"A truly womanly girl we love,  
And one that’s also able;  
Both these and other virtues, too,  
Belong to charming Mabel."

JOSEPH GLIECK  
Track, ’17  
"We need no limerick  
To tell how Teddy Gleick  
In days to be  
By persistency,  
Will win thru thin and thick."

DODDRIDGE GIBSON  
Football, ’15, ’16, ’17  
"Play football, write themes,  
Dance, cheer, joke — it seems  
Like God is an expert  
At all of these things."

HELEN GREEN  
"Quiet and modest—  
Never was seen  
A sweeter girl!  
Than Helen Green."

CAMPBELL GARRETT  
Basketball, ’18  
"Soup was famous for his laugh,  
Is now for basketball,  
Is also for his looks and laugh,  
And will be for them all."

Page Eleven
EDITH GRAY

"Admired by all who know her,
And quite 'brainy' as we say;
The best of things are sure to come
To clever Edith Gray."

STUART GAINES

Football, '16, '17

"He can no longer shine in football,
When out of school we file,
Yet we are sure that Stuart
Will always wear a smile."

HARRIET GARRELL

Happy, blue-eyed maiden,
Joyful as the day is long;
We will miss your happy smiles
When from Webster you are gone.

JAMES HASWELL

Football, '16, '18

"Tall, fair, his eyes are blue.
In football he is versed.
His birthday is March thirty-one,
(Rather near April 1st)."

BLOSSOM HOOD

"One day a flower exceeding fair,
Burst forth into the sun,
And such a blossom ne'er was seen
As it was such a rare one."

ARTHUR HOLMES

"Oh, Jiminy, how we'll envy you!
In winter cold and bare.
For if your finger-tips are cold
You can just rub your hair!"
RUTH HARRIS
"'Tis not the lip or eye we beauty call,
But the full force and joint effect of all."

KENNETH HAGEMANN
Basketball, '16, '17, '18
"He that hath a beard is more than a youth,
And he that hath none is less than a man."

TEDDY HODGSON
"She's little and lively,
And reckless and ready—
In fact she's as sweet
As can be—is our Teddy."

LEE HONIG
"Wherever you may search
In every place around,
A friend more true than Si
Could ne'er be ever found."

LORENE JUNGHANS
"Her eyes are dark, her hair is, too,
But what about Lorene?
Ever ready for some fun
Smiling when the day is done."

FRANK IRLAND
Track, '17, '18
Football, '16, '17
"Another one of Webster's stars,
A winner, if you look;
The only thing he ever lost
Was once, perhaps, a book."

Page Thirteen
CATHERINE KIPP
"Such joy it is to hear her sing,
We fall in love with everything,
The simplest things of everyday
Grow lovelier than words can say."

EUGENE KROPP
"He's pretty good at singing,
And dancing just a few!
He's good at carrying little things,
He's good at shadowing, too!"

CLARA KOOSER
"Her always pleasant manner,
Her ever-helpful way,
Will help us all remember
The name of Clara K."

HELEN LACEY
"This girl is awfully quiet,
She seldom says a word;
From this we figure that she would
Rather be seen than heard."

LLOYD KOENIG
"With baffling questions
He stumps the Physics class.
His motto always seems to be,
'Oh, gosh! Say, give her gas!'"

EMMA KOEHLER
Another flower one day came out
And it was bright and gay.
And if you see it as you pass
You'll find a smile always."
Alice Luby
"She likes to laugh and we don't mind it a bit, 'cause she's got a couple of dandy dimples."

Robert Mester
Basketball, '17, '18
Baseball, '15
"Upon the roll of heroes,
(In that fabled 'Hall of Fame')
Where deeds are done but never sung
Is Bobby Mester's name."

Jessie Morton
"A small engine of high power."

Irene Mueller
"Wish we had been blessed with a brain like hers."

William O'bear
"Happy am I; from care I am free;
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Azile Merritt
"And they took the light
And of the laughing stars
And framed her in a smile of white."
CAROLINE NETHERCOT
"Somebody is sure going to miss Carolyn on Wednesday evenings, next year. Who's going to play the piano now?"

GARVIN PELSUE
"Girls, a guy so cute and chubby, is bound to be a dandy hubby."

ELSIA RAPP
"Blessed are the happiness makers; Blessed are they who know how to shine. On one's gloom with their cheer."

ALICE ROHRER
"The world is better lighted by loving smiles than by the sun."

WALLACE RINEHART
"And still the wonder grows that one small head could master all he knew."

FLORENCE ROBERTS
Never known to shirk Quiet, she does her daily work.
THE ECHO

FLORENCE SMITH
"Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact."

OLIVER SMITH
"As proper a man as one shall find on a summer day."

VIRGINIA SMITH
"A friend of everybody and everybody's friend."

JANET STINE
"Who brings sunshine into the life of another, has sunshine in her own."

DAVID SKILLING
"High, exalted thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy."

GERTRUDE SCHUERMAN
"My shortest days end, My lengthy days begin. What matters more or less sun in the sky, When all is sun within?"

Page Seventeen
HAZEL WEISER
"What is work for some
For her is play;
She knows her lessons
every day."

CARL STADELHOFER
Football, '16, '16, '17
"And, aye, I miss and sing
thy name;
I only live to love."

AGNES WEIR
"Of wholesome, sweet and
smiling ways.
She helped to gladden Se-
nior's days."

PAUL THORNTON
A gleaming star, a musical
czar,
In words of joy we do ac-
claim,
An old violin we ought to
dear;
Has won for Paul undying
fame.

MILDRED SENSE
"A lovely personality,
The soul of hospitality."

ALVIN SPENCER
Track, '16, '17, '18
Football, '17
"He's a quiet, manly fel-
low,
And one for whom we care.
No matter what was done
or said,
Al always acted fair."
MARGARET WAY
"A way to remember Margaret?
Whys, yes; the thing is simple;
Remember the glow of a twinkling eye;
Remember a smile and a dimple."

MERRITT WILLIAMS
He's in the Navy now.

ISABEL WRIGHT
"Laughed with her eyes and listened,
But governed her tongue and was silent."

GERTRUDE WICKENDE
"With a sweet, attractive kind of grace."

ROBERT PERSHALL
"A laugh is a blessing,
then blessed be he who causes a laugh."

MILDRED WHITIS
"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage."
DOROTHY MILLER
"The will to do and the soul to dare."

RONALD WARD
"I love these little people."

NELLIE RIDPATH
"Quiet, modest and useful."

ISABEL SUMMA
"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."

EUGENE TAUSSEIG
As in all cases, ability hidden by modesty will come to light.
SERVICE ROLL

Barrows, Bronson .....................................................Navy-Radio
Barrows, Lyman ......................................................Navy-Radio
Barton, Jay ...........................................................30th Engineers—Gas and Flame Reg.
Beard, Marvin ..........................................................Dental Corps
Becker, Howard .........................................................Cavalry
Block, Merce ..........................................................Navy-Radio
Booth, Herbert ..........................................................Navy-Radio
Bryant, H. B. ..........................................................Aviator
Champion, John ........................................................Aviator
Cantwell, Hunt ........................................................138th Infantry
Chapman, Maurice ..................................................138th Infantry
Clayton, Alvah ........................................................138th Infantry
Dolen, Fletcher .........................................................138th Infantry
Ellis, Everett ............................................................Navy
Elliot, Joe ...............................................................Navy
Field, Eugene .........................................................138th Infantry
Florreich, Ed ..........................................................., 
Gray, Charles ..........................................................128th Artillery
Halman, Gene ..........................................................128th Artillery
Howze, William ........................................................Navy
Irland, Marion ........................................................Aviator, Ground Service
Kaisar, William ........................................................Navy
Kopplin, Richard .....................................................138th Infantry
Lacy, Clifton ...........................................................Infantry
Lacy, Webster ........................................................Aviation, Ground Service
Madden, Arthur .........................................................138th Infantry
Miles, Warden ........................................................Navy
Meyers, Blagdon .......................................................Navy
Myers, Gordon .........................................................Aviation, Ground Service
Pierce, Laurence .....................................................Navy-Radio
Robertson, Frank .....................................................Navy
Rountree, Harold ......................................................Officers’ Reserve
Schall, Ed ..............................................................128th Artillery
Smith, Cordell ..........................................................138th Infantry
Spenser, Irving ........................................................138th Infantry
Stevenson, Ed ........................................................Navy
Stinson, Alec ........................................................Aviation, Ground Service
Warden, Charles .....................................................138th Infantry
Weber, Chester ........................................................Aviation, Ground Service
Williams, Merritt ...................................................Navy
Todd, Vernon ..........................................................Navy
Irland, Frank ..........................................................Artillery
Phillips, Percy ..........................................................Artillery
Skinner, Clifford ......................................................
WAR WORK

Perhaps very few persons outside of the school know just how much war work the High School has done in the past year, and we shall enumerate here some of the most important things that we have done to help the country in its great need. First in order of organization as well as importance is the Home Guard battalion in which a large number of the boys spend some time each week drilling and shooting. Recently a movement for a purely high school company was started and already almost one hundred boys have joined it. To counter-balance this organization, the girls have a Patriotic League in which they do all sorts of relief work for Belgian orphans. This league was formed only a short time ago, but already many garments have been made.

A highly prized service flag with forty-four stars has been added to our large collection of banners, pennants, trophies and flags, and it constantly reminds us of the boys who are giving their services to the country. It will be necessary to later add more stars to this flag for those boys who join as soon as school is out.

A competitive Red Cross drive between classes was held during Christmas week with the result that about one hundred and fifty dollars ($150) was collected from the four classes for memberships. The Senior class led them all with eighty per cent of its members each giving one dollar; at this time, too, Red Cross Seals were sold in the school.

The Junior Red Cross movement was the next that interested us. Belonging to this organization means that our money and labor would be given in from the High School as a unit. For this purpose about one hundred and ten dollars ($110) were pledged.

Every morning the pupils have an opportunity to buy Thrift Stamps which are for sale in the book room. Many stamps have been sold but a definite record has not been kept.

One of the biggest donations of the year was the amount subscribed to the Y. M. C. A. benefit. The boys and girls together pledged one thousand, five hundred dollars ($1500).

The last but largest work yet done by the school as a whole was the monster entertainment given in the armory, for the benefit of the Red Cross, from which five hundred dollars ($500) was collected.

Again the Seniors rose to their duty and the Senior girls gave their graduation flower money to the Red Cross. If you think it queer that the girls graduate without flowers just think of the good service that their money is doing for the boys “over there.”

This is in brief a resume of the most important things that mark this year a “war” year for the school. Everyone has responded willingly and generously to these calls.
CLASS OF '19--ITS DIARY

We have decided to keep a diary of our four years in Webster High School. We shall have four entries in it, one for each year. When we leave we shall bequeath it to the library.

Entered June 9.

As we are now Sophomores we can look back and smile at all the trials and tribulations of our Freshman days. We remember the day when we first entered the justly famous halls of Webster High, a small but really an imposing collection of hair ribbons and long trousers, put-on-a-year-too-soon. After the first week we began to feel at home and spent most of our time and money buying books. The only thing of importance that happened to us during the long period of study which followed was our first class meeting, in which we began our custom of breaking customs by electing a girl for president.

Entered June 1.

We have now reached that milestone on the road of time from which we can look back over our Sophomore year. We came back in September full of assurance and confidence, but still we were not as sophisticated as is usually the case with second-year classes. We soon settled down to our studies, in which we have always excelled, as the Faculty will affirm.

Entered May 27.

We really do not wish to make this entry yet as there are quite a few things coming off before school closes in which we know that we shall play a very important part; but we feel that we must be obliging to the Seniors as they are so soon to leave us.

From the very first of this year there has been a change in our class. We have felt that the period of development was about up. Nothing need be said of our school work, as it is, as usual, extraordinary. But in athletics the signs of perfection were many. Our Juniors played brilliantly on the football team, for one thing. And then our basketball team! No one who saw it will ever forget the Junior-Senior game. How the Seniors patted themselves on the back over their one extra point! With the track season so recently finished we do not need to tell of the deeds of our boys in that branch of athletics. Let their deeds speak for them.

Page Twenty-four
H, a terrible day is the Freshman day!
Thank goodness it comes but once.
The Junior is glad and the Senior is gay
But the Freshman feels like a dunce.

And indeed, that's just the way we all felt when we started High School on that memorable day of September, the fifteenth, nineteen-sixteen. We were all eager and determined and not a little curious but our feet seemed strangely reluctant to mount the High School steps. And any upper classman can tell you we didn't look any more prepossessing than we felt. The day was especially trying, for some of the boys, who were wearing long trousers for the first time and were made to keenly feel the amusement of the seniors. But on the whole, our reception was very kind and we had very little of the hazing so many had undergone in former years.

At last our Freshman year was completed. After a refreshing vacation we entered upon our Sophomore year. One of the strangest things about it was that we didn't feel a bit bigger than the year before and we'd always imagined it gave one such a high and mighty feeling to be a Sophomore.

We chose as our president for this year Catherine Meyers. As is usual in most classes, the Sophomore year has been notable only for the fact that there has been so little unusual about it. We went on in almost the same routine as before. A few in the class had dropped out for various reasons but others had come to take their places and our numbers were little diminished.

In accordance with the new form of the Echo three of our members represent us there and have proved efficient in their respective positions. This year, more than ever before, many calls have been made upon the students to show their patriotism and the boys, especially from our class have responded nobly and made many personal sacrifices in order to contribute to the various funds and to gather data for the government. The girls have contributed well and are working faithfully in the Patriotic League.

And now, as the year is closing, we're all looking forward to vacation and the class will be banished very soon. Of course, in some ways we hate to separate for the summer, but September isn't so far away and the outlook is pleasant.
EBSTER must certainly yield the palm to the Freshman Class entering in 1917, for being at least the largest that has ever entered its High School.

Quantity doesn't always mean quality, but this class is in happy combination, and some of its minor achievements already forecast coming events that may do honor in both athletics and scholarship.

Large bodies need have efficient leaders, and it was a wise choice, that put the gavel of a presidency in the hands of Sherman Lenne, with Frances Gibson as his worthy "vice," putting the records of its history in the hands of Tom Toel, and the responsibility of its vast (?) wealth in the careful hands of Marian Hixson.

Of course the all-pervading spirit of the war has given to them large opportunities for work in the Red Cross, and especially in the Junior Red Cross, besides the taking of the Tennis, which may help to establish a Carnegie Library in the "Queen Suburb."

The Freshmen are proud of their class, for they are workers not only in their studies but in their sports and pleasure. They answered the Seniors' challenge with a stunt at least creditable.

The Freshmen heart leaps, even now, with joy, for the "Wise Old Seniors" graciously root for some of their pledging athletics.

The first stupifying awe, of entering High School is wearing away. The Freshmen have gained courage to try their wings and there is no telling how high these promising birds will soar by the time they are Seniors.
All happened in that second period English class, when we were Sophomores. Miss Stapleton, who has been gifted with a persuasive tongue, succeeded in convincing us that we were a wonderful class, human prodigies, in fact. She used to tell us the nicest things until—it’s a fact that Eddie Hart, who was president then, had to get another coat because he became so puffed up he couldn’t button his old one. Well, anyhow, she persuaded us to start a paper,—remember, we were young and foolish—so we started. If we remember rightly we started in October and the first issue was dated “December 20.” This unfortunate episode, by the way, seemed to have established a precedent, for every “Echo” since then has been from a week to a month late.

That year the “Echo” appeared in six issues, each issue just about five cents ahead of bankruptcy. The next year it got an earlier start and came out eight times. During these two years the leading spirit was Mr. George Pierce Messengale. The “Staff” would like to say right here that it was due to his untiring and faithful efforts that the paper ever weathered those first years.

This year the “Echo” was reorganized, the form was changed, the prices were raised and it was decided to issue it only four times a year. This, the fourth and last number, is being issued as a Senior Annual. The “Staff” takes this opportunity to express its thanks and appreciation to those Seniors who worked so loyally and earnestly on this issue, particularly to Miss Agnes Weir, whose idea it was; Mr. George Pierce Messengale, who planned the book; and Mr. Northrup Avis, to whom credit for the designing and engraving is due.

What the “Echo” will become in the future is not known. Since 1917 the staff has been composed of members from different classes, so we are certain that the work will go on in some form. We leave the direction of this paper to the “Class of ’19” with our heartiest wishes for a prosperous and successful year.
UNLUCKY BOB HARDY

THE sun was setting in a russet bed, the dark clouds were rolling and tumbling o'er one another in their haste to cross the sky. The air was close and sultry; not a breath of it stirred the sage brush that appeared here and there in the sand. Oft and anon a lizard scrambled over the rocks, vainly seeking a bit of shade. A lonely rider spurred his weary horse onward up the faintly marked trail, now and then raising a rough, toil worn hand to his eyes and gazing off into the distance. He was tall and gaunt, dressed in a threadbare corduroy suit, high laced boots and a broad sombrero. His face was covered with a heavy beard, and his hair, thickly threaded with gray, hung long and disheveled from under his hat.

As he slowly made his way up the trail, the brush became more scarce; more and more sand covered rocks appeared. The heavens became darker and darker. It was as if a black covering was slowly descending to the earth to crush out its very life. The horse stumbled, panted for breath, and his body glistened with sweat. The man leaned forward in his saddle and patted his neck.

"Steady, Boy, steady," he said softly. "It's not much longer. We must be there soon. Our water gave out an hour ago, and the 'Demon of the Desert' is making great preparations for his game tonight. It will be a terrible storm, boy. Never have I seen the heavens so dark and angry."

Gently he urged the horse forward, constantly talking to him.

Suddenly on the side of the trail loomed a huge, white rock. Wonderingly the rider dismounted and examined it closely. Across it in large letters was written:

"One mile to Hill's Mine."

"Boy," cried the man, joyfully, "Just one more mile and we are there. This mile stone is new here, but many things may happen in three years. On, Boy, we will soon be there. Civilization! A real bed to sleep in and china dishes. We will live now, Boy. We have the gold. Ah! How dark it is. The very darkness makes me feel as though something is going to happen. There, steady, Boy. Just one mile. Yes, we have the gold, thousands of dollars of it. We have been well rewarded for our three years in hell. Three years of loneliness, hunger and heat. What do we care for old Crow-foot's curse. I told them it would come to naught, but when that old Indian died crying that the gold of his mine would bring ill to any white man who found it, they were all afraid, and none dared to seek it. But you and I went out, Boy, and after three years found it. And is not all this gold, which will buy everything, worth going through hell for? How rough this
trail is, Boy. I can see nothing it is so dark”—a wailing howl of a wolf interrupted him, and off in the distance the call was faintly answered.

"There, Boy," the man continued, "the 'Demon of the Desert' has even called out his helpers, he expects big game. This seems a long and weary mile. I can see nothing but this cursed darkness which is stifling me."

The rider fell silent and the horse plodded slowly on; the crackling of the sand beneath his feet was the only sound that broke the maddening stillness of the desert. Thus they traveled for some time, hours it seemed to the man, when the horse stopped and all the pleadings and threats could not make him move on. The man slowly dismounted.

"Boy, Boy, what is it?" he cried. "I can see nothing. You must go on. Never have you acted this way before. What is it?"

Suddenly as if it rose from out of the earth, a tall, dark object appeared. It neither moved nor spoke. With fearful steps the man approached it, his heart growing cold with fear. As he drew near and nothing happened, he slowly reached out his hand and touched it—he touched cold stone. He quickly withdrew it. A shudder passed o'er him, and slowly he passed his hand over the cold surface. There were letters, and with difficulty he spelt:

"One mile to H—," as he passed his finger over the H, he screamed and staggered forward to the horse.

"Oh, Boy!" he moaned, "tell me it's not true—the mile stone—Oh, God! it can't be—Not in a circle—It can't be we have lost all that time. Boy, what is it? What are we back here? Have we never left it?"

Like the sting of hundreds of bees, the sand stung his face, almost blinding him.

"There, it's come at last, the storm!" and he gave an hysterical laugh.

"Forward, Boy, this time we're going home—our earthly home," he added as if in afterthought.

Again the weary horse plodded onward into the blinding sand storm, but the man on his back seemed not to heed it. He sat with his head bowed, talking to himself, now and then addressing the horse.

"We got the gold, Boy, lots of it, so we must get there. And we are going to buy a place where there's trees, water, and lots of cool breezes. Don't you understand, Boy? We'll leave this desert where man's very soul dries up. Everything dries up there. It's hot, Boy, hot as fire, but it's a heat that doesn't burn, it just dries things up, and we are leaving it forever. We have got the gold, what do we care for an old Indian's curse? We found it and it's ours. Now they won't call me "Unlucky Bob," cause I am lucky. I have got gold. Gold that has caused man's downfall since the world began. Cursed gold,
THE ECHO

recking with man's blood. And now you want mine? You can't have it. Boy's taking me home. What do I care if there is a storm, I am going home."

He broke into a low, hoarse laugh that echoed through the darkness, and they went on, the horse traveling more slowly and panting for breath. Like a mad man, his rider still was unheeded of the storm. The horse stumbled and almost fell. Quickly the man dismounted and, holding fast to the reins, walked in front of the horse, pleading with him to hurry.

The weary beast stumbled again and this time fell to the ground, with a whinny of pain. The man dropped on his knees beside him.

"Boy, Boy," he cried in agony, "is it your leg? Must I shoot you? Boy, three years you have been the best friend a man could have. I can't kill you. There's just two shells in this gun. It's enough, one for you and one for me. It's the curse—the curse"—he continued wildly, "why did God let me find the cursed gold? Now you must die, Boy, here in this hot desert. You can't even dry up for there are the wolves"—

With tears in his eyes the master held a revolver to the head of the faithful beast. There was a muffled shot, a quiver ran through the huge body, and he was at rest.

"Good-bye, Boy, forgive me. You will go to the 'Happy Hunting Grounds,' and I"—

A fearful shriek rose from his lips, as he staggered to his feet and flung the smoking weapon from him; it was a cry of a soul in terror. He swayed, clutched his hand to his throat and fell face downward on the burning sand. So the soul of "Unlucky Bob Hardy" passed over the "Great Divide."

The sun rose out of his rosy bed. A cool, gentle breeze fanned the sage brush, as if repenting for that night's havoc. Not five feet from the spot where the bodies of a man and horse lay, stood a large, white stone, and the dancing sunbeams mockingly revealed on its surface the words:

"One Mile to Hill's Mine."

Below a clump of rocks a well beaten trail wound like a snake until it finally disappeared in a wooded valley.
T has been said that when our old friend Atlas took over the job of holding the world on his shoulders, he considered he had been forced into quite some little task. We would never dare take issue with the practical opinion of such a sage and well meaning old pedestal as Atlas—but he has shown by the mere harboring of such an opinion, that he was never called upon to write a class prophecy—especially the prophecy of such a one as the class of 1918 W. H. S.

This is in fact a class of wonders. There can be no doubt that never before has such an aggregation of learned minds been brought together by mere accident. The President's cabinet is indeed a council of our country's most highly intellectual minds, but that body was picked after careful deliberation by one who should and does know. Congress is another group probably as great as our class but it, like the cabinet, was selected from all parts of the country and brought together as an active assembly. Many such assemblies might be mentioned, but they are all held by that one limiting consideration—that of individual selection. Since our class has been organized without this, here we have the reason why we surpass all other contemporary assemblages in intellect, brains and natural ability.

This class of 1918 is composed chiefly of geniuses, some red heads and a few Irishmen and withal they have been the supreme outstanding and truly representative element of Webster High since the sunny September morn they entered its whitewashed halls. Thus it follows, since these noble individuals have excelled in all phases of school activity that they MUST NATURALLY and not through any talent as yet undiscovered, be supreme in their varied fields of later life.

First let us move ahead the hands of time—say for—well, twenty years. Let us allow a quarter of a century to pass ere we again review this esteemed body. The most logical beginning is to take the August President of the class—Mr. George P. Massengale. Success is his now. How could a different tale be told? George is the editor-in-chief of the "Boggs Crossing Weekly Bugle", a leading Kansas journal. We are not surprised, yet who would have predicted such laurels for the ungainly freshman dubbed "Missing Link"? Editor-in-chief of the Boggs
THE ECHO

Crossing, Kans., Weekly Bugle!! It is stupendous but to be expected of one whose early tendencies pointed so directly to literary success. Miss Aline Morton is second on our roll of honor. She is now the happy wife of the president of the Missouri-Pacific Railway and is soliciting laundry work to keep her husband in cut plug. She is also the authoress of several articles on efficient home life and simple living. However, we need not worry for she is all Wright now.

Edward S. Hart, Jr., is the next to come before us. This blonde-haired prodigy has become the president of the Union of Licensed Freight Handlers. After Edward we naturally come to Inez Bacon—ah! what a throb our heart strings are exposed to now, for here we have a type of womanhood rarely found. Inez has become an inventress. She has lately perfected a new type of potato masher. It rocks the cradle, churns the butter and shoos the flies as well as the horses by the simple turning of a tiny crank.

Alvin Spencer has also sent his name to the Hall of Fame. Al has created a sensation with his love ballads and his treatise on the “Oddities of a Woman’s Heart” has startled the greater part of the world—more or less.

Now let us journey to Belleville. There in one of its exclusive shops we find Jessie, the charming cloak model—a perfect 42.

Mildred Senn is doing a bare-back riding act with Ringling Bros. Her stunt of jumping from the top of a barrel all the way to the ground with both hands tied, has jarred the crowned heads of Europe—also that of Mildred.

Ken Hageman is no longer merely the idol of seventy-five freshman girls—but has now entered the moving picture business where he has given the entire country an opportunity to know and admire his luscious Adam’s apple which is the feature of his films.”

Pat Williams taken charge of U. S. Navy and has some trouble finding more subjects to speak upon. His newest addition as a requirement for apprentice seamen is a course in oratory.

Edith Gray has taken up school teaching and bids fair to become quite a distinctive figure in modern educational circles. She has introduced into her schools the plan which eliminates the old fashioned teachers’ meetings. She maintains that such gossip fest are unnecessary and that they resurrect more forgotten trouble and create more strained relations between teacher and pupil than could ever exist, to say nothing of the literal picking to pieces to which the absent victim is subjected.

Teddy Hudgdon is now head of the Old Ladies’ Home of Oshkosh, where she is taking care of a lot more old ladies, by gosh.

Janet Stine is conducting a menagerie for the pneumatic subduing of Congolian cuttle fish and Stuart Gaines is taking tickets at the Jefferson—meal tickets at the Jefferson Hotel.

Page Thirty-six
Bill Obear is a paperhanger having introduced the unique method of doing away with the stepladder.

Ag Weir is playing the part of Little Eva in the newest emotional drama, "The Insignificant Abode of Uncle Thomas." Lauren Clegg takes the part of the bloodhound.

Kitty Beck is running a boarding house for stranded soldiers.

Marjorie Blair, Blossom Hood, Elsa Rapp and Helen Green are ironing shirts in the Maplewood Laundry and Hazel Weiser and Alice Luby are the charming lady ushers in a ten cent store.

Helen Lacey and Florence Roberts have connected themselves with a prominent welfare league doing a splendid work among the cannibals of East St. Louis.

Jim Haswell and Joseph Gileck are the proud rivals for the hand of our old friend and inmate, Catherine Kipp. Kippy seems to be playing the part of a vampire at the expense of the two rival lovers. Both Jim and Joseph have ceased their speaking acquaintance over the matter, but rumor has it that Catherine does not really care for either but has reluctantly consented to marry Lee Honig, Frank Irland and Garvin Pelsue.

Bob Mester has become the U. S. Ambassador from the township of Germany and Paul Thornton is the elevator boy at Rex Airdrome.

Gene Kropp and Henry Buster, two men who were always strikingly chummy in their boyhood days, have built up an extensive manufacturing plant. Their product is an excellent quality of musical soup-spoon with an orchestra accompaniment.

Lee Honig and Wally Rinehart have gone into the contracting building business and now are at work on a chicken house for Herman the janitor.

Virginia Smith has created an innovation in the social circles of young people. She has perfected a new type of ragtime piano playing which permits the only musician in the crowd to dance while she plays. This eliminates the building of two-seated piano benches.

Red Holmes (sometimes called Arthur) and Dave Skilling have entered the medical profession. Jinny is making great headway with his antidotes for big feet. David has become a surgeon and is still a cut-up of the highest order.

It is somewhat surprising to learn that Mabel and Carl have become quite intimately acquainted, in fact so much so that they became Mr. and Mrs. Stadelhofer. It may be well to note, however, that immediately upon being married the friendship ceased.

Ollie Smith is chief scene shifter at a prominent new moving picture theatre on Arsenal street. The poor chap occupies cell No. 34 when he isn't having conference with the Emperor of Japan.

Emma Koehler, Mildred Whitis, Gertrude Wickenden, Isabella Summa and Dot Miller are doing a charming Russian Ballet Dance at

(Continued on page 54)
E, the members of the Senior Class of 1918, realizing that we are soon to pass from these halls of fame, and knowing well this wicked world, in which has not yet been idealized the commandment "Thou shalt not steal," and being still in our right mind, do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament.

We hereby give and bequeath the following, to-wit:

1. To every man, woman, and child in any way connected with this noted institution, we leave our best regards, and the sincere hope that the said institution will continue to run as smoothly in the coming years without us as it has in the last four with us.

2. To the School Board: We leave our permission to make in the future all rules and regulations providing that they do not in any way affect the pleasure of the students.

3. To the Juniors: We leave the right to move forward four rows in the auditorium on the condition that they will conduct themselves according to our noble example. To the Junior girls we bequeath enough "freshie" crushes to go the rounds. To the Junior boys we leave our one and only malady—a tendency to heart trouble.

4. To the Sophs.: We bequeath all our beauty secrets, including our hair stuffings, discarded dorines, and "skins you love to touch."

5. To the Freshmen: We leave a "Soothing Syrup for the Flighty Freshmen" to be taken in large doses, trusting that it will sufficiently calm them before next September so that they may return prim and proper Sophs.

6. To Mr. Hamsher. We leave a list of "57 variettes" of topics to present before assembly.

7. To Mr. Hixson: We leave our heartfelt thanks for his patience and guidance during our four years with him, and the promise that it shall not have been in vain.

8. To the Faculty:

To Miss Aldridge: We bequeath a pair of ear-muffs that effectively shut out the sound of the tardy bell.

To Miss Mildred King Allen: We bequeath a volume of poetry entitled, "Heart throbs on Orderly Conduct," or "Who Ate the Dill Pickle the Cat Drug in"?
To Mr. Barron: We leave a prescription for “pep.”
To Mr. Brown: We bequeath a ladder to reach the stage so he may cultivate dignified habits.
To Miss Chamberlain: We leave a pair of high-heeled shoes.
To Miss Conrad: We leave a case containing 1000 cans of new cleaner patented by Hugo Chaser.
To Miss Fidler: We bequeath a few left-over Senior boys with the hopes that they will amuse her as satisfactorily as those who have passed on.
To Miss Hinote: We leave a check sufficient to cover the expense of having her red sweater cleaned and dyed.
To Miss Nolen: We bequeath a pair of smoked glasses, accompanied by blinders which are for the eyes in the back of her head.
To Miss Norris: We leave a third-year French class which contains ALL stars.
To Miss Owens: We leave a studious group of Senior boys who will consider civics as a serious subject.
To Miss Rainbow: We leave a Victrola record called, “Translation of the 2nd book of Aeneid,” to be used in cases of extreme emergency to show how it ought to be done.
To Mr. Roberts: We bequeath a large bin to be placed by the side of the Trophy case and to be used solely as a receptacle for all the medals and ribbons that are sure to come in future years.
To Miss Spaulding: We leave a recently published pamphlet to be memorized, entitled, “What the Moon is Really Made Of”—as we consider that is the only thing she doesn’t know yet.
To Mr. Templin: We bequeath all our old acid-eaten suits, waists, skirts, etc., for his memory book.
To the Toner Sisters: We leave a new engine for their Overland to match their new top.
To Miss Wright: We bequeath a new volume just out entitled, “The Flatter the Plate the Fewer the Soup.”
To Miss Elliot: We leave a well-appointed lunch-room “gang” which will serve her with the efficiency which we have exemplified. We also leave her a promising bunch of Freshmen from which to select another group of ardent admirers to succeed Mike and Henry.
9. To Miss Jessamine Gray: We leave a machine that will simultaneously take in the cash, count the change and slip you shiny new checks.
10. To Herman. We leave a bunch of well-trained Freshmen boys who will not throw erasers nor start a fight in the locker-room oftener than once a week.
11. To Leo: We leave a well-sharpened lawn-mower, a number of self-washing windows and the privilege of raising and lowering “Old Glory” for the classes to come.

In witness whereof, we set our hand and seal this 7th day of June, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and eighteen.

THE SENIOR CLASS.
The name of Webster High is undoubtedly the most widely known of any throughout the State, and this is due mainly to the superior athletic teams which our coaches have turned out for the past several years. Football, basketball, track—in all three we have excelled and this year, especially have our teams done remarkable work in defeating some of the largest schools in the state.

It is indeed unfortunate for Webster that Mr. Browne is to leave us, but we should at least be thankful that he is to quit the coaching game entirely, so that we will never be compelled to face one of his teams. On the other hand, Mr. Roberts is to remain with us, and is already planning for another successful athletic season. And in regard to next year, a quotation for the 1916 "Echo" may not be out of place.

But next year many of our stars will be absent. Who will fill the places of Kremer, Irland, Booth, Rountree, Skinner, Scholl and Eiseman? The boys left in school * * * will see that Webster does not lose her accustomed place of leadership in all sports.

Thus we felt when a great track team was lost to us by graduation two years ago. This year another great number of our stars will graduate. But may we not, with reliance on Mr. Roberts' ability, look forward with confidence to the coming years?"
FOOTBALL

Webster has gained some popularity with sport writers of late, as evidenced by the many full reports we have received on the outcome of various athletic contests.

A sufficiently comprehensive outline of the 1917 football season can be readily obtained by merely quoting various headlines:

Webster Groves Eleven Looms Up as Title Factor

Nine Veteran Players

Allen Lincoln Mainstay of Backfield—New Star Appears at Center Position.—Post-Dispatch

Webster High Victor Over Washington U. Freshmen

McKinley Stops Lincoln and Webster's Title Hopes

Contest Close One for First Half—Losers First to Score—McKinley Accused of "Unnecessary" Roughness

Webster to Play Jefferson City Eleven Saturday

Webster Forward Passes Win From Jeff City, 48-6—Wright and Lincoln Star for Winners

Webster to Play Charleston Eleven Saturday

Webster Easily Defeats Charleston

WEBSTER FAVORED TO BEAT KIRKWOOD FOR COUNTY TITLE SATURDAY

Lincoln Stars as Webster Smothers Kirkwood Eleven—Massacre Witnessed by Large Crowd

List of Players:

| Gaines  | Robertson |
| Phillips | Lincoln |
| Wright  | E. Spencer |
| Gibson  | Irland |
| N. Avis | Haswell |
| Booth   | A. Spencer |
| Vaughn  | Jannopoulos |

List of Games:

| Webster | 50 St Charles | 0 |
| Webster | 12 W. U. Fresh | 7 |
| Webster | 7 McKinley | 17 |
| Webster | 3 Yeatman | 10 |
| Webster | 48 Jeff. City | 6 |
| Webster | 22 Charleston | 6 |
| Webster | 70 Kirkwood | 0 |

Page Forty-two
Basketball at Webster during the past season was one of the most prosperous, in years.

After one of the most exciting games ever played on the Webster floor, the Seniors won the class championships from the Juniors 25—23.

The football defeat of last fall was squared in the first game when Webster trampled on McKinley, 27—15. All comers went down before Coach Roberts’ fast squad and in succession Central, Mt. Olive, Clayton (2 games), Granite City, Kendrick, Maplewood, Carlinville, Kirkwood, and Jerseyville were defeated.

The annual mid-west championships at Chicago were called off because of the war, so the crowning event of the year was the State meet at Columbia. Webster defeated University High of Columbia and then Clayton, of course. However, in the next game, Kansas City Central proved too strong for the small Orange and Black squad. Central won and Webster took third by the default of Mexico.

The team ran up 630 points against 245 for opponents, an average of 45 to 18.

Capt. Hageman, Hart, Mester, Garret, Phillips, Lincoln and E. Spencer won letters this year. Altho the first five pass out of school, the remainder, with Cantwell and Robertson, should form the nucleus of just as good a team next year. With the added advantage of the best floor in the state, Webster has a good chance to win the State title next year.
TRACK

RACK this year was a triumph. The season opened with a meet with Soldan. The Gold and Brown made good practice but were outclassed. Then the squad went up to the State meet on May fourth, and there Webster won the second consecutive State championship. Webster scored 46 points while Kansas City Central seconded with 30 points. Then, the next week the State Champions went down to Southeast Missouri Track and Field Meet and scored 68 points. After this the track team held their second meet at home, the County Meet. Here we ran away with everything, getting ten out of thirteen firsts and scoring 96½ points in all.

Four records were broken this year. Lincoln threw the discuss 116.7 feet down at Cape Girardeau. Hart, who won the individual point trophy at the Cape, ran the 120 high hurdle in 16.4 seconds at the County Meet.

At this same meet Frank Irland broke the half-mile with the time of 2.6 1/5. Spencer tied his former record and the relay team broke their old one.

Seven Seniors and four Juniors received "W's" this year. The Seniors are Hart (Captain), Spencer, Irland, Massengale, Buser, Avis and Everett. The Juniors are Lincoln, Robertson, Williams, Eckert and Brownlee.
THE GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club was organized by Mrs. McClean shortly after school started in September. It met once a week and made very good progress under her supervision.

Everyone enjoyed the songs rendered before the Assembly by the girls in this Club.

The Club had hoped to do more and was sure of a successful career if misfortune had not overtaken it when Mrs. McClean yielded to the demands of Cupid and deserted us. At this time the club was just in good condition but it was too late in the year to get someone else to take hold of it; and so we regretfully say that it was discontinued.
the Orpheum. Miss Miller does a solo dance which she calls the
"Breath of Spring."

Margaret Way and Hedwig Aulepp are physical directors in the
Mo. State Institution for the Physically Helpless.

Skinny Booth and Lorene Junghans, both who will always be re-
membered by the extra sized seats they had made in their various class-
rooms at W. H. S. to accommodate their avoidups. They are now
about to join a circus as the fat lady and gentleman who will do a
song and dance to the tune of "We don't want to reduce."

Johnny Gilbert, Hewson Fine, Gene Taussig and Polly Avis are all
now in the state penitentiary doing 30-year terms for inciting a riotous
strike among the Siamese brewery workers.

Eleanor Bisbee, Margaret Digby, Harriet Garrell and Nellie Rid-
path have gone to France as counsellors to Gertrude Schuerman, a
noted suffragette. Miss Schuermerman has been at this work ever since
her graduation from W. H. S. and has accomplished her desired end.
She has completely converted one man into believing that he is abso-
lutely wrong about prenids and has no excuse for existing save to
shovel coal. May heaven protect her husband.

Alice Rohrer and Irene Mueller have given up trying to get mar-
rried since neither was able to grow a mustache. They now live in a
tiny playhouse out West and spend the day toddling around through
the pretty flowers.

Caroline Nethercot and Lloyd Koenig, who is now a barber, are
living the care-free life of the idle rich. Caroline made a young fortune
on her piano composition, "The Elegy to a Lima Bean."

Dod Gibson has probably been the most successful of all our
class. He married quite young but we grant him that privilege and
immediately set to work upon a biography and character sketch of his
beloved teacher and keeper, J. T. Hixson. The country went wild over
the subject and the book has proven a masterpiece to say nothing of a
gold mine to its author. Mr. Gibson was inspired during his four years
in high school but did not publish his volume until graduation for
various irrelevant reasons.

Ruth Harris is also married though happy and is self supporting.
She has suddenly developed a marvelous voice and is calling trains at
the Union Station during the day and auctioning jewelry at night.

Azile Merritt and her cousin, Belle Wright, have married two
cross-eyed hot tamale mongers and Clara Rooser is rivalling the great-
ness of Annette Kellerman.

Florence Smith and Dorothy Haizlip are making strenuous efforts
to get Ronald Ward to sing "Ach du Lieber Augustine." to the tune of
the "Watch on the Rhine" for the benefit of the German Red Cross.

And thus we have it—great in school, great out of school—they
are destined to be great always. Quite some record. "We made it our-
selves."

Page Fifty-four
THE MANDOLIN CLUB

T is here and has come to stay. The Webster High School Mandolin Club began its career under the leadership of the once Mrs. McClean, now Mrs. R. E. Gaston. The Musical (?) group of hopefuls started with a membership of some fifteen boys. Several meetings were held for practice purposes and on April the fifth it made its debut before assembly. The programme was a success and the club went back to work.

And suddenly on April the fifteenth Mrs. McClean left, unwillingly or otherwise. Let us here thank her for what she has done for us. By her efforts alone the club was made a success.

After this withdrawal, the club went on upon its reputation until the present leader, Mr. Levy, came. A reorganization was effected and the enrollment has now gone up to twenty-five members.

The club has quite a variety of instruments. There are now mandolins, ukaleles, banjo-mandolins, banjos, violins and guitars. Let us hope that it will be able to extend its work next year.

TENNIS

N 1912 Webster closed its tennis season with a defeat at the hands of Kirkwood. This was the last season a tennis team was organized at this High School. But are we going to blot out that defeat or let it stand? This is the only record Kirkwood can boast of. Why not make Webster's slate clean and have a team that will not let such marks stand.

Webster has unlimited prospects for this game. There is a large amount of material that would soon develop into a winning team. Especially is this true among the lower class men. And they are the ones who most want the team that will guarantee not to mar the winning record of W. H. S.

The method of picking a team, this year has been copied, more or less, from the city. The system is this, a single tournament, open to all, is held. The winner is ranked as champion and also as No. I man on the team. The runner-up as No. II man and the remaining match of the semi-finals given No. III man. This constitutes a team. Sometimes a fourth man is picked and often this man is selected by the first three. Subs are needed so the final number generally comes to five men making a squad of three regulars and two subs.

Webster has more than its share of handicaps. The school possesses no courts and there are few near by. However, victory is much sweeter after overcoming many difficulties. So, let's keep on, Webster, and give tennis a good start this year. Tournaments have been started and let everybody help keep them up and soon we will have a team that will win as our football, basketball, and track teams have.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Chief Characteristics</th>
<th>Favorite Occupation</th>
<th>Aim In Life</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hedwig Aulepp</td>
<td>Her manner</td>
<td>Bumming with &quot;the gang&quot;</td>
<td>To write for &quot;Life&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Northrup Ave.</td>
<td>Fast</td>
<td>Somebody else's</td>
<td>&quot;Big&quot; engineer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parrand Brook</td>
<td>&quot;Swift&quot;</td>
<td>Chewing her nails</td>
<td>To be tall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inez Bacon</td>
<td>Tennis shark</td>
<td>Fusser</td>
<td>To be a Sunday School teacher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eleanor Bishop</td>
<td>Beautiful</td>
<td>Being bountiful</td>
<td>To marry a dook</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marjorie Blair</td>
<td>Dreamy</td>
<td>Same as above</td>
<td>To teach kindergarten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Buser</td>
<td>Boisterous</td>
<td>Wish we knew</td>
<td>To lead a jazz band</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Catherine Beck</td>
<td>Drinking &quot;Cock&quot;</td>
<td>The army</td>
<td>To join the army</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margaret Digby</td>
<td>Her queue</td>
<td>Primping</td>
<td>To be a &quot;steno&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lauren Clegg</td>
<td>Concert</td>
<td>Gasoline Gus</td>
<td>To be John D II</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harriet Garrett</td>
<td>Independent</td>
<td>A date with a dook</td>
<td>To be a second Kreisler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duncan Everett</td>
<td>That grin</td>
<td>Cracking jokes</td>
<td>To be &quot;Doug&quot; II</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edith Gray</td>
<td>Studious</td>
<td>Working with George</td>
<td>To be Laura Jean Libbey II</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mabel Haislip</td>
<td>Same as Degg</td>
<td>Being &quot;Mary&quot;</td>
<td>To be a beauty doctor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen Green</td>
<td>Her voice</td>
<td>Eating ice cream</td>
<td>To be a suffragette</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stuart Gaine</td>
<td>Sturdal</td>
<td>Smiling</td>
<td>To be a motorman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorothy Haislip</td>
<td>Doll-like</td>
<td>Flunking</td>
<td>To make a &quot;Holme&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campbell Garrett</td>
<td>His blush</td>
<td>None</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mabel Haislip</td>
<td>Fairly-like</td>
<td>Letting Staddle-hofer around</td>
<td>Same as Carl's (naturally!)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daddridge Gibson</td>
<td>Granted</td>
<td>That 'd &quot;mar&quot; it all!</td>
<td>To run a boarding house</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruth Harris</td>
<td>&quot;I am it&quot;</td>
<td>Tinting up</td>
<td>To be a maiden lady</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Ogleck</td>
<td>Three Rails</td>
<td>Taking pictures</td>
<td>To make a date with a girl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teddy Hodgdon</td>
<td>Bashful</td>
<td>Office queen</td>
<td>To be a school marm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Gilbert</td>
<td>&quot;Oh, Johnny&quot;</td>
<td>Writing poetry</td>
<td>To be a policeman</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Blossom Hood, her eyes... Caring for "Polly"... To have a bird cage...
Loren Junghans, manner... German dancing... To be Irish...
Kenneth Hageman, "They go wild over me!"... Steppin' around... To beat Line's time...
Catherine "Kipp", trying to look pretty... To be "C. Kipp, M. D."
Edward Hart, Edw. S. Hart, Jr. Same as Hewson's, National Park
Emma Koechler, "Ain't she rough?" Same as D. Skilling's
Janet Dixe, joining the teachers... Diggie... To be an orator
Clara Kooser, good scout... Kiddin' the boys... To be wild
Helen Lacey, "Oh, I don't know"... Using slang... To drive an airplane
Arthur Holman, "Jinny"... Filtering solutions... To saw bones
Alice Luby... Dimples and smiles... Talking... Not to be vain
Lee Honig... Conspicuous... Making a noise... To be court jester
Rosemary Langan, finger-nails... Engaged... To be (h)ampion
Frank Irland, sleeping beauty... Squinting and spraining... To be a preacher
Danny Mott, praising the boys... To be sent to school again
Lloyd Koenig, fashion plate... "Trevishing"... To be a bachelor
Aline Morton, it's all Wright... Annoying faculty... To paint (what?)
Enos Kropf, chewing gum... New ties... To be like Line
Jessie Morton, Camelot (deep!)? We'd better not tell... To be ambitious
George Massengale, noisy... All of 'em... To have nothing to do
Wallace Rinehart, gentlemanly... Helping the fair sex... To be a hobo
Robert Mester, happy... Breaking hearts... No one knows
Irene Mueller, 1st Tot... Counting lunch checks... To be ignorant

Caroline Nethercot, musical... Flattering teachers, etc... To be a good sport
William Obeah, shorty... Rushin' city Janes... To "come down to earth"
Elsa Rapp, her complexion... Unknown... To be "petite"
Florence Roberts, being perfect... "French" actress... To be Juliet
Garvin Pelsue, pink cheeks... Leaving 3rd year French class... To learn to dance
Nellie Ridpath, quiet... Also unknown... To be an inventor
Robert Hummingbird Allen, "Kitty-nish"... Acting "Kitty-nish"... To be a "Grand"
Alice Rohrer, other "Tot"... Same as Irene... To be "Dr. Rohrer"
Gertrude Shuerman, keen... Also a fuss... Goodness knows... To be a hobo
Wallace Rinehart, gentlemanly... Helping the fair sex... To be a hobo
Virginia Smith, jazz... Gigling... "Higher" (?)
Florence Smith, shorthand... "Well-a-"... To reform the world

Oliver Smith... ? ? ? ?... Doing nothing... To be a Boy Scout
Janet Stine, her "Liz"... Get out and push... To be a philanthropist
David Skilling, his walk... Thinking... To be "D. Skilling, M. D."
Isabel Summa, same as F. Roberts... Ditto
Mildred Senne, her puffs... Singing... To break 100 hearts
Alvin Spencer, chesty... Waltzing... To be a cannibal
Margaret Way, miss "Gym"... "Sweetie... To be a "actorine"
Isabel Wright, proc's sister... Pleasing others... She doesn't know
Carl Stadthofer, acrobatic... We all know... To be a missionary
Agnes Weir... "Weary Ag"... Managing things... To live happily ever afterwards
Eugene Taussig... Doubting... Getting ads... Undecided

Gertrude Wickenden, noise... We'd hate to say... To be a movie queen
Paul Thornton, busy... Ditto Mildred Senne... To "make" grand opera
Mildred Whits, sense of humor... Disturbing French class... To be a politician
Robert Ward, original storying... Hula-Hula king
Hazel Weiner, brainy... Causing scenes... To own a gold mine
Merritt Williams, talk... Kidding the public... To be Admiral
Original... Making themselves beloved...

Class of '18, Revolutionizers... Scrapping in class meetings... To be the best class that has ever gone out of W. H. S.
The Echo only re-echoed four echos of the Echo this year and since this is the last Echo of the four echos of the Echo we hope it will be a re-echoing success.

Gene Kropp (taking a cake of yeast from his pocket)—“Look, Mike, I’m going to do some raising.”
Mike Williams—“I always thought that you should be better bred.”
Gene—“Well, I was raised in the (y)east.”

Coach—“How is your breathing?”
Al Spencer—“Boyish.”
Coach—“What do you mean?”
Spencer—“It comes in short pants.”

Thornton—“How long can a man live without brains?”
Gibson—“Oh, I don’t know; how old are you?”

Martha had a nice new book,
She kept it closed just so,
And thought it would be very wrong
To give it use, you know.

Miss Nolan—“Why did not the people have more windows in their houses at this time?”
Sophomore—“Because this was known as the dark ages.”

Louis Hack, in Physics—“Moisture rises to its dew point and there is hung in suspenders.”

Ed—“What did they do with that little peach who wouldn’t study?”
Bob—“Canned her.”

Mr. Roberts (explaining graphical works in Algebra)—“You mark off two places from ‘Y’ and how many from ‘X’?”
Freshman—“Seven up.”
AT THE BANQUET
"You seem absorbed"
"Yes, I am watching that professor over there; he had just eaten his favor and is now trying to pin his refreshments through his buttonhole."

HOW DID HE DO IT?
Officer—"Wot's the meaning o' this?"
Embarrassed Young Man—
"Well, it's like this, I'm taking a course in a correspondence school, and yesterday those confounded sophomores wrote to me and told me to haze myself."

A little bit of nonsense,
A little bit of fuss,
Sprinkled in the class room
Will make a teacher—sore.

O. S.—"Jim, did you hear the good news? We are going to wear white flannels for graduation. I'll have to get mine out of the garrett, I have been wearing B. V. D.'s all winter.

BRILLIANT IDEA
Customer—"I want something for fleas."
Drug Clerk—"Why don't you get a dog?"

IN THE STORE
Floor Walker (to man who seems undecided which way to go)—"Are you looking for something?"
No, sir, I've lost my wife.

Little drops of acid,
Little chunks of zinc
Put into a test tube
Make an awful—odor.

We won the state track meet again.

Hurrah for the Irish.

SAFETY FIRST
What are you plunging back into the water for? You just swam ashore.
Shure, I had to save myself first. Now Ol'm going back to save Mike.

Mr. Hixson and Mr. Browne are undecided as to what they will do this summer.
We wonder why they don't have a few operations performed for a change.

One way they spent a few months of the year is school. The rest of the time they spent in hav ing their interiors and their inferiors amalgamated.
They don't seem to care who plays on their organs.
Herman passed a very successful school year however.

Speaking of the janitor corps, did you ever see Buessi when he wasn't busy (Buessi) (busy).
The above is a play on words.

Mr. Roberts—"For tomorrow we will take pages one-o-nine and one-o-ten.

Mr. Templin says he shaves every morning of the world. In that case we would suggest one of two things: Either bring a razor to school and hack off a few about noon time or try to work in a couple more mornings in the week.

"Look here?" said an excited man to a druggist. "You gave me morphine for quinine this morning."
"Is that so," replied the druggist, "then you owe me twenty-five cents."

Madge Fidler sure can peddle that Phord.
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To next year's chemistry students: Hydrogen sulphide has a very de-stinktive odor suggesting limburger cheese with onion sauce.

This is getting monotonous.

Looks like as long as its war time, they could have had the first place cups and medals forwarded without spending the money to go up after them.

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Page Fifty-nine
CAPE GIRARDEAU MO.
May 11, 1918

8 Boyd mud splash
Irland of W.H.S. winning the event.

1 mile mud hop
Spencer of W.H.S. won this wonderful event but he went so fast that he could not be seen and so booted up the whole picture.

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Page Sixty
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There is one extremely attractive feature about the lunch room and that's Miss Elliot.
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Wouldn't be the least bit surprised.
She's liable to do anything.

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WEBSTER FRESHMEN

When the Freshman comes to Webster
His mother thinks of honors he will get her.
And his conduct tells of toil
As his bill of midnight oil.

But in truth he comes and shakes
Thinking what fine sport he makes
Then he shows those patent "KICKS"
And learns other duckish tricks.

"Now," say friends, "he's going to be
A case of a 'Big Head Me';
We'll have to stop his cocksey ways,
And remind him of his grammar school days.

"But what," say teachers, "has he come to take?
A thorough blockhead he will make
So thick a skull we can't bore through
So what in Hades shall we do!!"
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