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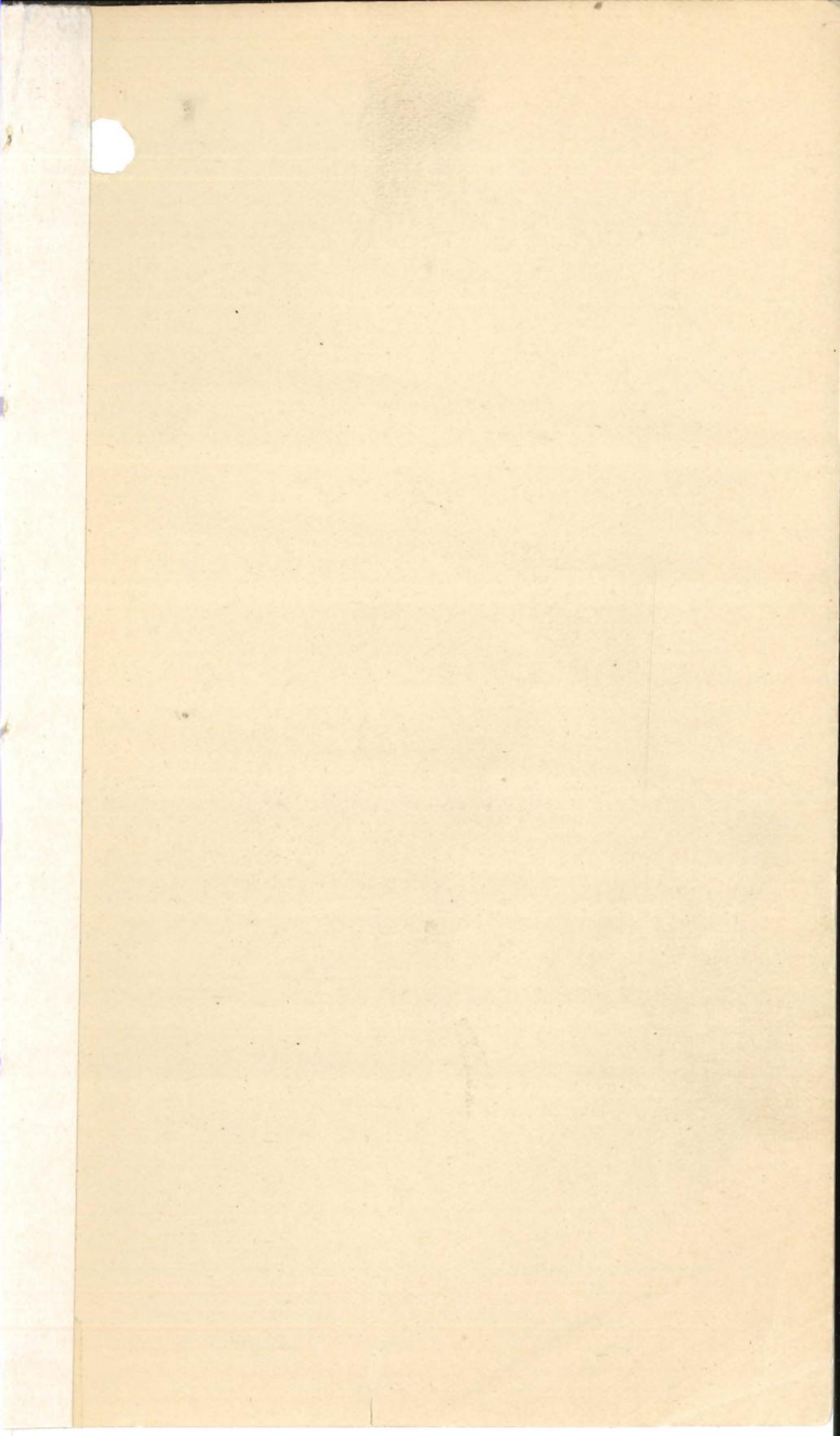
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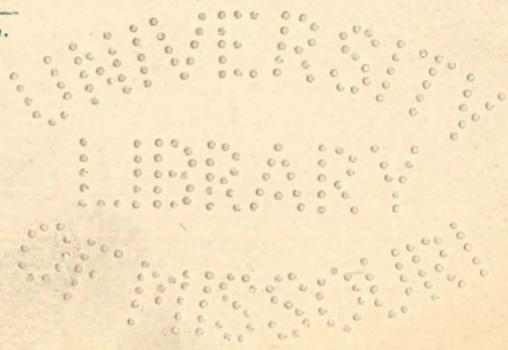
1906

Eng. Lib.

TO
ST. PATRICK,
THE PERFECT INTEGRAL,
WHOSE
FIRST DERIVATIVE
WAS
AN ENGINEER!

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COLUMBIA PRINTING CO.



PREFACE

AN Engineer's reputation in the use of the English is anything but enviable, and we are not rushing into print to refute impressions too certainly borne out by a long line of C's in our "Senior Course." Our only defense for the preparation of this pamphlet lies in the conviction of its need. With the passing of this senior class the only remaining original members of the Guard of St. Patrick leave the University. Decided misconceptions as to the origin and purpose of the day have crept in among the underclassmen, and it is in the hope of correcting certain tendencies and of keeping alive the true spirit of the day that this information is volunteered.

Thanks are due to Robinson, Maupin, Eitzen, and Smothers for their personal interest, and to last year's Savitar for its faithful history of the events of that year, which we have largely reproduced.

B a g s
B o b
J o b
!

Cripton
Pop Doc
Snap Kize
Tubby Billy
Monlux Skinny
Horsefly General
Romey Gilley
Harris Burley
Frank Nash?
Spat Hink
Roy Dog
Little White

Daeutsch
Hart Davey
Rosey Ben
Major
Jimmie
Jarvis, Bull, Clem
Butler, R. C., Riese
Little Fess Carl
Query Hubby
Wallie Grunty
Dink Willi
Jack Alex
Sunny Jim

THE AUTHORS

Let Profs do their worst, there are moments of joy,
Bright dreams of the past which they cannot destroy;
Which come in the night time of flunker's despair,
And bring back the features St. Pat used to wear.

HISTORY OF 1903

It all took place up in the old library, now Prof. Spaulding's office. The seniors were straggling in, awaiting the ringing of the 11:30 bell, when Prof. Spaulding would lecture to them. The conversation drifted to the same old subject, for this is the time when Professors seem bent on working Engineers to death. They had appealed, shunned, threatened, growled, in vain. Still there was no respite. If they only had some higher power to appeal to, a Something, a Somebody, that could either step in and relieve them outright, or that by a superhuman influence could persuade their oppressors that it was time to call a halt. The season suggested the remedy. Was not the next day St. Patrick's day? And was not St. Patrick an Engineer? What else could "Erin go Bragh" mean? And would not the dear old Saint come to the rescue if they appealed to him? The tho't carried with it its own reward and his presence was felt by all.

The details were easily arranged. The Senior and Junior class presidents posted notices at once calling the attention of their classmates to the revelation, and declaring a

holiday in honor of their patron saint. Conviction and conversion to the idea swept the department. At one o'clock a sophomore notice boldly announced that "whereas, in the ranks of the Engineering Department there are many of noble birth and Irish blood, and whereas, the ancestors of many of our most illustrious students came from Erin's Isle, and whereas, St. Patrick was an Engineer, therefore, be it resolved, that the Engineering Department take a holiday on St. Patrick's Day, cut all classes, and attend the morning prayer-meeting in a body."

Even the Freshmen took courage, called a class meeting and decided to stand firmly by the new order of things. Resolutions were adopted providing summary punishment for anyone who failed to cut and their spirit was shown when they marched in a body to wait upon the luckless youngster who had declared himself in favor of attending classes. It is needless to add that his conversion was speedy and thoro.

On the morning of the Saint's day a large body attended the "prayer meeting," then held in the general library and solemnly dedicated themselves to the service of their Saint. It was an impressive scene and the inspiration there imbibed has sustained the faithful in many a later struggle.

After prayer meeting the boys took to the quadrangle where the band cheered them with "The Wearing of the Green," "Dixie," and similar stirring airs, only to be stopped in the midst of their pleasure by Uncle Dick. He plead with them to give up the "foolish notion" and to return to their classes, and suggested in his characteristic way that the rowdies follow the band while the gentlemen should go to their work. How sorely they disappointed him. Everyone took across the quad after the band, past the law building, toward town, receiving as his blessing, the remark, "There they go, there they go. It is the murder of college spirit." Except for this there was no demonstration and the fellows spent their holiday quietly and enjoyed the rest it provided.

It was only natural that such a declaration of rights and such utter disregard for university regulations should be followed by some form of punishment. Various members of the faculty not yet converted to the new faith, expressed opinions on the day's proceedings. Artie tho't the boys had acted very ungentlemanly and told them so. Freddie, also, is said to have expressed himself. Of course the boys felt so sorry.

And then the discipline committee took a hand in the affair and as a result of its mys-

terious workings Nappy Morehead was "can-
ned" for two weeks. So, also, was Sal
Walker, a Medic, who butted into the band.
Some say Sal had no business "buttin' in."

Be that as it may, the day was looked
upon as a huge success, and the department
settled down for another year of work, hap-
py and contented in its new faith.

HISTORY OF 1904

In the second year of his dispensation St. Patrick simply inspired the loyal to a unanimous cut. Such, indeed, it was in spirit. His Immanence was felt by all and at the various class meetings never a nay was heard to the proposition to cut all exercises.

There was one feature, however, that tended to mar the day's celebration. Artie, in the first throes of conversion, had assumed a defiant air. He would not believe what men had failed to prove mathematically "neither," he added, with an air of finality, "has St. Patrick's name ever appeared in a pump catalog." Gullible Freshies and Sophs might easily swallow such a myth whole, but for the sake of their good judgment, for the sake of their dignity, for the sake of the university, and, if for no other, for his own sake, he insisted the seniors should not cut. Guided by the Saint's omniscient presence the seniors acquiesced, feeling in their love for the cause that they could better deprive themselves of one day's pleasure than thwart a conversion that was certain to come with the years.

It was in accord with this spirit that the day was kept. The decorations on the cupola of Engineering Hall were modest and an air of quiet and rest pervaded the building. The Engineers practically avoided the campus. Even Professor Louis, for whom Jack plead so eloquently, wore a look of serene contentment.

The notable feature of the day's celebration was the Senior banquet that evening at the Gordon. Freddie and Artie were there, and it is rumored that Freddie said something caustic about Universities vs. Kindergartens. But Freddie was converted long ago and now sees the folly of his way.



HISTORY OF 1905

This year a slight departure was made from the celebration of other years. Committees were appointed from each class to form the Committee on Arrangements.

“About nine o’clock on the evening of the sixteenth the Engineers gathered at the Engineering Building, each man ready, if need be to guard his building, or the posters all night. About eleven o’clock the building would have seemed the headquarters of an army to the uninitiated. Every drawing table, every bench, every corner, had its man asleep on his arms. Upstairs, in a close-curtained room, the gas flickered on bobtailed flushes and broken straights while the subdued rattle of chips and the muffled roll of bones punctuated the silence. A little past midnight the sound of hammering and whistling and singing on the tower of the Engineering Building interrupted these innocent pleasure seekers. They, in turn, pulled the drowsy ones out from under the drawing tables and the building was a humming bee-hive. The noise-makers aloft proved to be Sophs busy at decoration. They were stretching the wire from the Engineering Building to the dome of

Academic Hall. From the wire was to hang the Engineers' banner high over the quad. Soon little squads of men, each squad with a roll of bills, a brush, and a bucket of paste, could be seen starting out in every direction. These were the Juniors starting out to placard the town with big green-lettered posters. Other squads followed, scattered along the routes covered by the bill posters, guarding them from molestation.

“A number of Mules fearing that their building would be desecrated had, in the early part of the evening, gathered in their barn with a plentiful supply of fodder and the juice of the corn. As they seemed so confident that they had us bluffed we locked them in, posted their doors full of posters and sang Engineering songs on their front steps till seven-thirty in the morning. As the sun was high in the heavens and the juniors were beginning to arrive, we turned the mules out to graze and went home to breakfast.”

“At nine-fifteen the Bodyguard of St. Patrick was formed on Broadway—at Booche's corner. From this starting point the battalion of four companies, composed of the four classes in the department, and dubbed the “Guards of St. Patrick,” departed for the campus marching to the majestic and inspiring strains of “The Wearing of the Green.”

Williams and Edy made up the musical feature and to say that they did their part up green is putting it lightly. After attending the exercises at convocation the "Guards" repaired to the Engineering Building where the grand "Kow-Tow" was held. This formed, probably, the most impressive and imposing spectacle of the occasion. At the signal the "Guards" assumed an attitude of profound reverence—hats off, kneeling down, with noses deep in the sod—while St. Patrick, holding his improvised transit as if in a solemn benediction, dedicated and forever consecrated St. Patrick's Day as a holiday to be set aside by the Engineering Department for the observance of the ceremonies enacted and established on this occasion. The battalion was next reviewed on Broadway by St. Patrick and after a few department yells led by Wray Dudley in his inimitable way, the "Noble" Guards were dismissed and St. Patrick's Ball in the evening closed the festivities. If the anniversaries of this innovation are as successful as the initial one, its perpetuation is assured."

We look back over the four years of St. Patrick's dispensation with great pleasure and satisfaction. The Saint and the Engineers are mutually in love. He has never disappointed nor deserted us; neither can he point to a sin-

gle "back slider" in our ranks. We have only one regret — Artie is still obdurate. Let us all unite in earnest supplication that he, too, may be brought into the full light where he shall see the Saint in his true Irish beauty. and be filled with glad surprise.

REVERIES—'06

(With Apologies to Longfellow)

My life is cold and dark and dreary;
I got a "con" when I wasn't leary;
My thots still cling to the exam' that's past,
But the hopes of a sheepskin fall thick and fast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still sad heart and cease repining;
Behind that "con" is a pass still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some "cons" must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

ST. PATRICK WAS AN ENGINEER

St. Patrick was an engineer, he was, he was!
For he surveyed the Emerald Isle,
And made its map and a profile.
Erin Go Bragh. Rah! For the Engineers.

St. Patrick was an Engineer he was, he was!
For he was the gun with the monkey wrench,
That screwed the lawyers to the bench,
Erin Go Bragh. Rah! For the Engineers.

St. Patrick was an Engineer, he was, he was!
For he was the gun with the monkey wrench
That screwed the lawyers to the bench,
Erin go Bragh. Rah! For the Engineers.

St. Patrick was an Engineer, he was, he was!
For he invented the Calculus,
And handed it down direct to us.
Erin go Bragh. Rah! For the Engineers.

St. Patrick was an Engineer, he was, he was!
For he was "conned" in Chemistry,
And in senior English got a "C,"
Erin go Bragh. Rah! For the Engineers.

Runaway engine down the track, she flew, she flew!
Runaway engine down the track
The son of a gun she'll never come back:
Erin go Bragh. Rah! For the Engineers.

(Repeat first line in each verse.)

WEARING OF THE GREEN

- I. Oh, there is a little Irish land
That's just across the seas;
Where all the Engineers come from
To gather up their, "D's."
All the Engineers are Irish,
St. Pat was Irish too;
So we'll celebrate this day of his
As all good Irish do.
Old St. Patrick was an Engineer,
As we have lately found,
So we must pay our honor to
This man of great renown.
- II. Oh, there's Dr.'s Brown and Belden,
Who gave us all their "Ds".
But what the --L do we care
We'll do just what we please,
For we Engineers are Irish,
St. Pat was Irish too;
So we'll celebrate this day of his
As all good Irish do.
Then there's Artie and there's Freddie
And there's Howard Burton too,
There's Innocence, Simplicity,
And Scotty Williams too.
- III. Oh, they flunked us in Hydraulics,
Hydraulic Motors too,
They "conned" us in the other things
But they know not what they do,
For we Engineers are Irish,
St. Pat was Irish too;
So we'll celebrate this day of his
In spite of all they do.
And we'll have our band and music
To play, they all know how,
We'll march upon the campus
And do our last "Kow Tow."

ST. PAT CAME OVER THE OCEAN

St. Pat came over the ocean,
St. Pat came over the ocean,
St. Pat came over the ocean,
To see what he could saw.
To see what he could saw,
To see what he could saw.
St. Pat came over the ocean.
St. Pat came over the ocean,
St. Pat came over the ocean,
To see what he could saw.

And this is what he saw,
And this is what he saw,
A holiday at Missouri,
A holiday at Missouri,
A holiday at Missouri,
And this is what he saw.

TO THE FAITHFUL

Let the "Kow Tow" be maintained inviolate.

Let "The Wearing of the Green" ever be the official air.

Let the foundation of our faith be handed down to our successors.

Let the degree of Knight of St. Patrick be bestowed upon loyal outgoing seniors.

Let the degree of Knight of St. Patrick, summa cum laude, be bestowed upon the representative of St. Patrick.

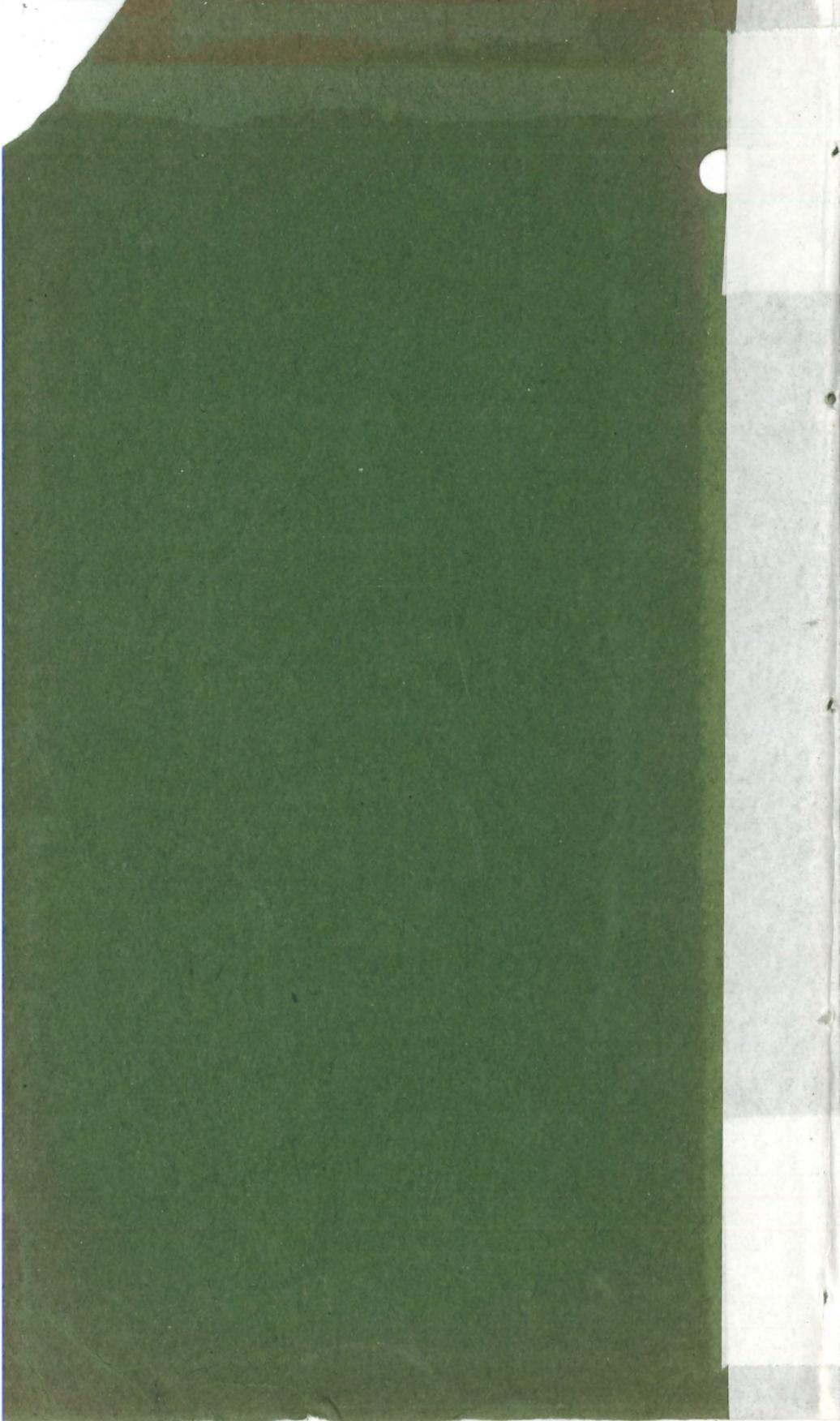
Let the degree of Knight of St. Patrick, cum laude, be bestowed upon the officer of the day.

Let the paraphernalia of St. Patrick be handed down from year to year.

Let all be faithful.

Civil, Electrical Engineers!
Mechanical, Chemical Engineers!
Armatures, Fly Wheels, Stresses and Shears!
Engineers!





University of Missouri - Columbia



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