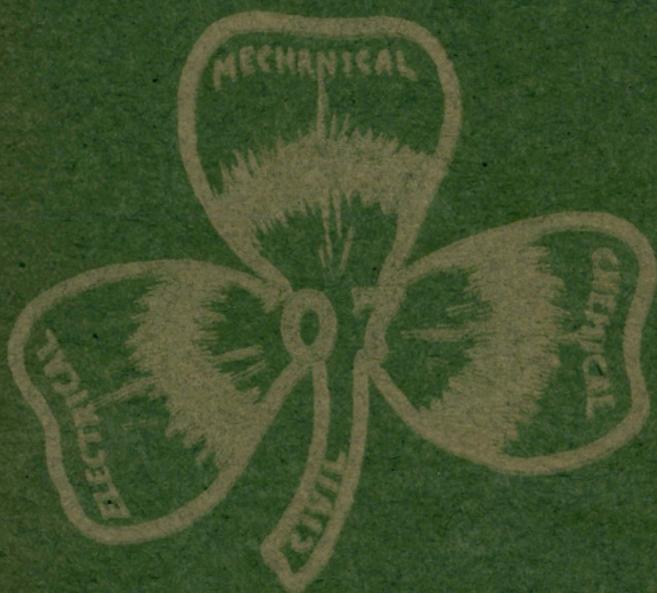


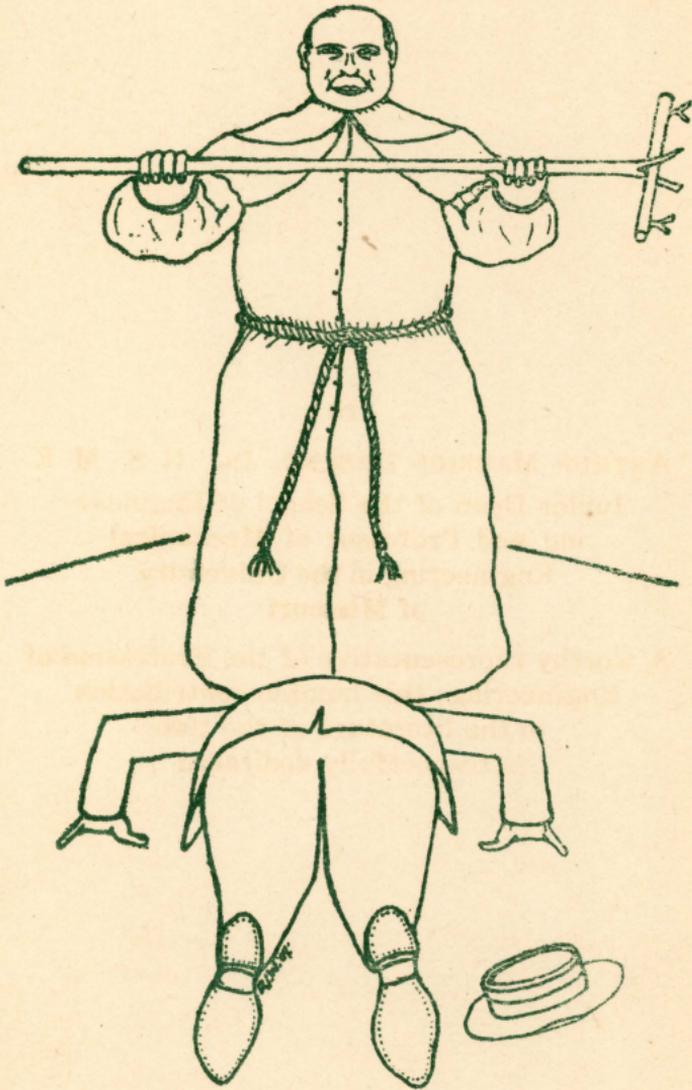
The Shamrock



College of Engineering
University of Missouri



*“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,
do it with thy might.”*



THE OFFICIAL KOWTOW.

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1907

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TO

ARTHUR MAURICE GREENE, JR., B. S., M. E.

Junior Dean of the School of Engineering
and Professor of Mechanical
Engineering in the University
of Missouri

A worthy representative of the Profession of
Engineering; this humble contribution
to the literature of the time
is respectfully dedicated.

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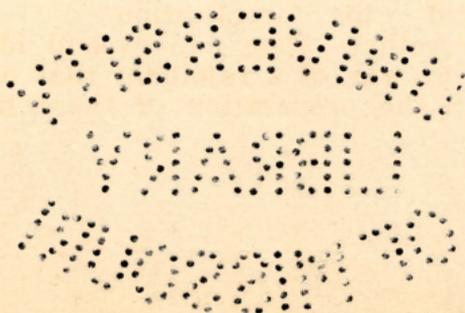
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PREFACE.

Having in mind the early date at which last year's issue of the Shamrock was entirely exhausted, and the countless thousands that tried in vain to procure a copy at any price, we present this issue to the waiting public with a fuller appreciation than ever before of the truth of those familiar lines of Shakespeare:

“As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
When a well graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next.”

We say we are aware of the fact that myriads stand with out-stretched arms to receive this little gem of literature, and this very consciousness has impelled us into action to the extent that we would risk little in saying that heretofore no production has ever appeared in any language that can command ten per cent of the superb excellence exhibited in these few lines brought forth in the interest of the cause of St. Patrick.

Should the critic prefer charges of plagiarism we would call his attention to the quotation marks we have freely and frankly used; should he judge the history of the origin of our creed to have become somewhat timeworn, we would remind him that inasmuch as this pamphlet reaches every civilized land, it is essential that a foundation be established in order to make the remaining pages susceptible of correct interpretation by the reader. Should his replication charge efforts to fill space rather than to expand ideas, we would suggest by way of a rejoinder that our greatest difficulty in the preparation of these pages has

THE SHAMROCK

been to decide what material to eliminate, for from the very day of our election to the staff up to the present. the topic of conversation among the more learned classes has been the extreme fortune of the Engineering Department in finally persuading us to assume the duties and responsibilities accompanying an editorial position of this distinction.

To attempt to express the interest taken in this work by the whole Department would be useless at this time, save to mention the fact that the fellows have stood together to a man, and have shown the same disposition toward this line of thought as is characteristic for them to show toward their work of "directing the great sources of power in Nature to the use and convenience of man." While especial mention should be given to certain individuals, we refrain from so doing because of our assurance of equity and justice being eventually dealt out in direct proportion as the service has been rendered. We are grateful, thrice grateful, for all assistance received, and are especially glad to note the way the Engineers observe the basic and fundamental principle that the true measure of greatness is service, vicarious service, or that service for which one expects no immediate reward.

In closing, we would commend this little gem to all interested in noble work; to all admiring a high spirit of loyalty; and to all appreciating the man whose work hastens the industrial development of nations. If but a few readers will have had their appreciation enlivened by the perusal of these lines, the efforts of all concerned will have been rewarded an hundred fold.

The Editors.

A RETROSPECT.

It has been well said that we live in a restless and progressive age. We live in an age of research. No institution or creed however venerable, is accepted as true without full inquiry and thorough investigation; hence it was quite in accord with the spirit of the times that the mystery enveloping the "Blarney Stone" should have been finally unveiled to the curious public. It seems almost superfluous to mention, in passing that the discovery of this stone was made when excavating for the foundations of the Engineering Annex, and it seems remarkable to us that it was not unearthed during the construction of the older building.

This stone upon examination was found to be covered with hieroglyphics which were of such character as to prove utterly hopeless of interpretation by all professors of history and archaeology to whom it was presented. The ultimate revelation of the mystery was due to the indefatigable energy and untiring zeal of the Engineers, Class of 1903. What had hitherto puzzled the most famous scientists of both continents was declared to be a full translation of the phrase, "Erin Go Bragh." This translation which was soon known to all, was, "St. Patrick was an Engineer." This being so, it was decided that it was necessary to pay homage to him by celebrating his natal day.

Notices were at once posted and meetings called at which the great truth was revealed to all. As a result thereof the 17th day of March was thereafter declared to be a holiday for all true and loyal sons of the noble Saint.

Hence, on March 17, 1903, as was befitting, all attended chapel at 8:00 a. m. and afterward further

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steps were taken in order that the day be duly celebrated. A band was quickly organized and was interrupted by 'Uncle Dick' while discoursing stirring Irish airs from the mounds. He implored that all gentlemen go to their classes while the rowdies should follow the band. History records that all followed the band! and were seen at classes no more that day. Some members of the band were awarded two weeks vacation by the Discipline Committee as a reward of merit for their devotion to their patron saint.

In 1904 owing to strenuous objections by Artie, who was afraid that the celebration might keep a few seniors from studying their pump catalogue there was no formal observance of the day by this class. The other classes, however, decorated the building and cut all classes.

In 1905, it was decided that in order to properly pay our respect to our chosen Saint, greater elaborations in the form of ceremony should be made.

In order to carry out this determination committees from all the classes were appointed to devise ways and means of best celebrating the day.

A grand parade in full regalia was arranged and each and every Engineer was impressed with the fact that he was to be present. To the the Juniors was assigned the work of getting out and placing of the Posters. The Sophs were the decorating committee. The Freshmen were detailed as scouts and guards and the Seniors acted as general Supervisors of all the arrangements. Everyone fulfilled his duty and the celebration as a result was the most notable and impressive ever held.

The "Mules" fearing desecration of their abiding place, tried to render this impossible by staying in it all night; that is as many of those who got there. Many were detained from their rash impulse to seek cover of their building, and very kindly en-

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tertained us by speeches, songs and dances. After liberally posting their building and keeping the occupants therein until 7:30 a. m. they were then allowed to escape at that time by running the gauntlet.

The parade was formed at 9:00 a. m. near the old postoffice from which point the parade marched to the Auditorium in order that the Assembly exercises could be attended. After Assembly the companies which were styled as the Guards of St. Patrick came to company front before the Engineering building and performed the Grand Kowtow while St. Patrick solemnly declared his day now and forever to be a holiday in the School of Engineering. The Guards were then marched downtown on Broadway and after a dress parade St. Patrick gave the faithful instructions for the coming year. The day closed with a Grand Ball at Fyfer Hall.

For the year 1906, more elaborate preparations than ever were carried out. Large posters of the circus type were displayed which informed all of St. Patrick's arrival and of the order of ceremonies of the celebration. Elaborate decorations and stunts were put in place. St. Patrick arrived in an air ship which hovered about the Columns during the entire day. The Guards of St. Patrick formed on East University Ave., marched down College Ave., to Broadway, then to Eighth St., and just on the stroke of the ten o'clock bell the advance guard marched upon the campus. After parading around the Quad the Guards lined up in front of the Columns where, notwithstanding the fact that the ground was covered with snow, the Kowtow was performed. St. Patrick made an inspiring address, and Knighthood in the Order of St. Patrick was conferred upon those who had served faithful for four years. The Guards were then marched off the campus and dismissed. The celebration of the day was closed by the Grand Ball given in honor of the Knights of St. Patrick.

THE SHAMROCK

This celebration was in all respects the peer of any heretofore; there was no internal friction, or friction with any of the other departments.

Let us then keep up this custom that has been so successfully launched until Engineers the world over will know and realize the grandeur and beneficence of our Patron Saint.

The Celebration of 1907

General Committee on Arrangements.

DONALD J. WHEELER, '07, Chairman.
WM. RANDOLPH BENSON, '07
JACOB C. BEAM, '08, Treasurer.
LESTER J. HARRIS, '08
OSCAR D. CHRISMAN, '09
F. A. MOORE, '09
C. P. TIFFANY, '10
JOHN HARVEY BARRETT, '10

St. Patrick's Ball Committee

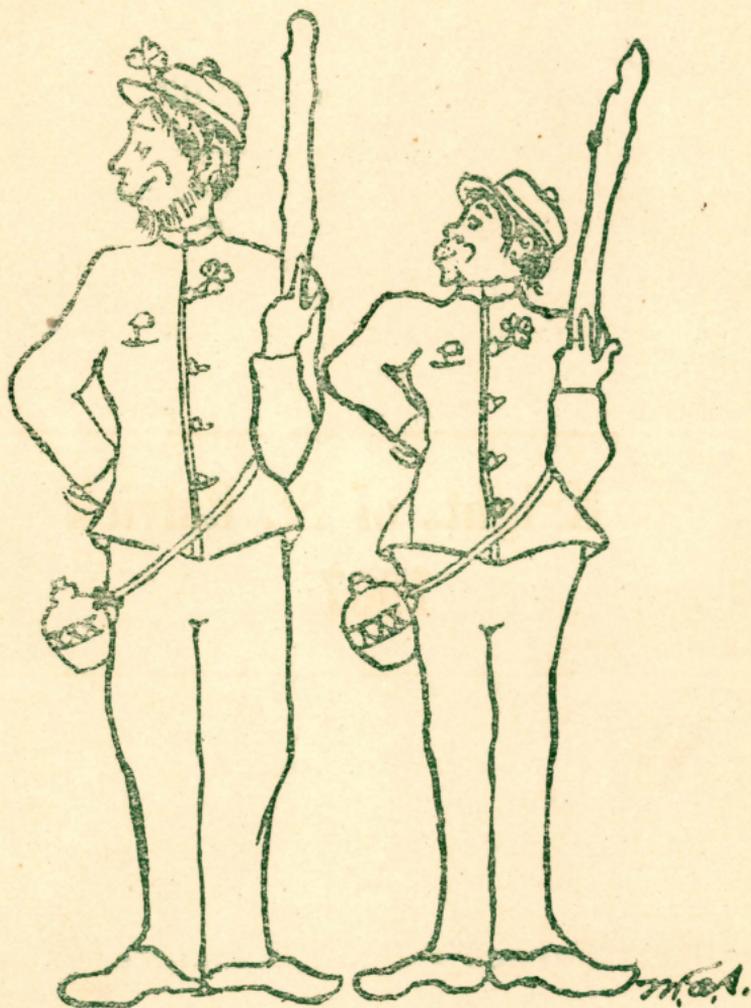
W. C. LOGAN, '07
FRANK THORNTON, '08
M. S. MOORE, '09
SHANNON DOUGLASS, '10

Poster Committee

E. W. ROBINSON, '08
M. E. LONG, '08
K. A. MCVHEY, '08

St. Patrick's Band Committee

W. C. DAVIDSON, '07
M. E. LONG, '08



Right Dress for St. Patrick's Guards.
(Contributed by a Lady).

Ye Knights of St. Patrick
1907

YE KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK; 1907.

William Randolph Benson, Jr., C. E.

"Wisdom and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

Harry Edmund Bilger, C. E.

"Life's a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it."

George Horton Blackman, M. E.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss and human woe.

Ralph Boyd Bowman, E. E.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Robert Todd Branham, M. E.

I find that physical exercise profiteth little.

Theodore Eugene Briell, M. E.

"Then he will talk—ye gods, how he will talk!"

Clark Arthur Briggs, E. E.

"He draweth the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

Frederick Edmond Briggs, M. E.

"An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes as when it stands."

Joseph Hugh Brooking, C. E.

"Build up the mind to prop frail beauty's power;
The mind alone lasts till life's latest hour."

Marland Emery Brown, M. E.

"Oh! that I were a glove upon her hand that
I might touch her cheek!"

Francis James Bullivant, E. E.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Rudolph Eugene Burger, E. E.

I am the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

THE SHAMROCK

Marcus White Caldwell, C. E.

Three semesters of English have enabled me to convey my ideas, clearly, forcibly and accurately.

James Carr, E. E.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

Harry Houston Crawford, E. E.

"Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all that remains of thee."

William Andrew Davidson, C. E.

The Engineering Quarterly revealed his latent literary talent.

William Clarence Davidson, C. E.

"Love the sense of right and wrong confounds,
Strong love and proud ambition have no bound."

Thomas Marvin Dixon, E. E.

Rather paradoxical, but both a Frat man and student.

William Hutson East, E. E.

"To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!"

Walter Scott Gearhart, C. E.

"Ye Gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy.'

Arthur Raymond Hardy, C. E.

"It warms me, it charms me to mention but her name.
It heats me, it beats me, and sets me all on flame!"

Henry Charles Hesch, E. E.

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance."

THE SHAMROCK

William LaMotte Hunker, E. E.

"Drink no longer water but use a little wine
for thy stomach's sake."

Fred Reuben Jacoby, C. E.

"As my writing cools it becomes teetotally il-
legible even to myself."

Leslie Gardner Allen Kelso, E. E.

By his uniform ye shall know him.

Terrence Orlando Kennedy, E. E.

(See Burger.)

Fred Henry Krog, E. E.

"I am Sir Oracle and when I ope my lips let
no dog bark."

Philip Kuhl, M. E.

"True as a needle to the pole,
Or as a dial to the sun."

Alfred Harry Labsap, C. E.

"I must have liberty
Withal as large a charter as the wind
To blow on whom I please."

Harry La Rue, C. E.

Tiger, 1906. Would like to meet Bernoulli on
the gridiron.

Oscar Franklin Lindquist, C. E.

"He was a man take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

Walter Cyrus Logan, C. E.

"A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod,
A quiet man the noblest work of God."

George Finley Maddox, E. E.

"There's no art
To find the minds construction in the face."

Andrew Jackson McKenzie, C. E.

"Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks!
Rage. blow!"

THE SHAMROCK

Harold Marsh, C. E.

"Still to be neat, still to be drest
As if you were going to a feast."

Dwight Budd Parker, C. E.

"Let me not burst in ignorance." " My cake
is dough."

James Benedict Phelan, C. E.

Makes A by staying away from classes.

John Brent Miller, C. E.

Men may die when the night raven sings or
cries,
But when Miller sings even the night raven
dies.

Perry Moss, E. E.

"Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
may read strange matters."

Bion Harman Piepmeier, C. E.

"A shepherd that would leave his ninety and
nine to restore but one, were she lost.

Wm. Edmund Price, C. E.

"He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no."

James Albertson Reeves, Jr.

"Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice."

Oscar Henry Schmidt, C. E.

Denies rumor that he ever spent a nickel fool-
ishly. Resident Engineer for "Query."

Michael Herbert Schnapp, E. E.

He who listens with credulity to the whispers
of fancy, and pursues with eagerness the phan-
toms of hope, may yet be led to the wilds of
Africa.

Chas. Wm. Seibel.

"Like a dull actor now,

THE SHAMROCK

I have forgot my part, and am out,
Even to a full disgrace."

Robt. Edward Lee Tatum, C. E.

"Life is as tedious as a twice told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

Anderson Wood Terrill.

As soon as I am of age, I shall turn the tape
into a lasso.

Gwen Victor, E. E.

"When he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still."

Ben Shore Walker, C. E.

Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out our powers and leaves a blank be-
hind.

Mendel Penco Weinbach, E. E.

"Time writes no wrinkle on my azure brow."
Devout follower of My Lady Nicotine.

Donald John White Wheeler, C. E.

"Rude am I in speech,
And therefore little can I grace my cause
In speaking for myself—."

Will Warren Williams, C. E.

"Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit:
By and by it will strike."

Bert Alfred Williamson, E. E.

"As a walled town is worthier than a village,
so is the forehead of a married man more hon-
orable than the bare brow of a bachelor."

Ada Wilson, C. E.

Few hearts like hers, with virtue warmed,
Few hearts with knowledge so informed:
If there's another world she'll live in bliss;

THE SHAMROCK

If there is none she will have made the best of this.

Golder Pinkney Wilson, E. E.

"O how full of briers is the working day world."

Louis Harry Winkler, M. E.

"A man after his own heart." His improved "Manual of the Sabre" will soon be adopted by the War Department.

Find the Resultant Sine Wave.

Fundamental—A moustache.

3rd Harmonic—"That's pretty plain."

5th Harmonic—"You see."

7th Harmonic—A hard lead pencil with a fine point.

9th Harmonic—A well developed proboscis.

11th Harmonic—A stocking cap on a frosty morning.

BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK.

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
That St. Patrick at midnight he first saw the day,
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the baby, and some blamed the
clock,

Till with all their cross-questions, sure no one could
know

If the child was too fast or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction fight in Old Ireland they say,
Was all on account of St. Patrick's birthday.
Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more
would die;

And who wouldn't see right, sure, they blackened
his eye!

At last both the factions so positive grew
That each kept a birthday, so St. Pat then had two;
Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,
Said, "No one can have two birthdays but twins."

Says he, "Boys don't be fightin' for eight or for nine;
Don't be always dividin' —but sometimes combine;
Combine eight and nine, seventeen is the mark,
So let that be his birthday. "Amen," says the clerk;
"If he wasn't a twin, sure our history will show
That at least he's worth any two saints that we
know!"

Then they all got blind drunk, which completed
their bliss,

And we kept up the practice from that day to this.

SAMUEL LOVER.

OH! THE SHAMROCK.

Through Erin's isle
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valor wandered,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright,
A thousand arrows squandered;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emerald seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.
Oh! the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!!

Says Valor, "See,
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning!!"—
Says Love, "No, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives,
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
A type that blends
Three godlike friends,
Love, Valor, Wit, for ever!"
Oh! the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!!

THE SHAMROCK

So firmly fond
May last the band
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wits' celestial feather!
May Love, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
May Valor ne'er
A standard rear
Against the cause of freedom!
Oh! the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!!

Thomas Moore.

A Toast.

St. Patrick was an Engineer,
Who, through strategy and stealth,
Drove all the snakes from Ireland;
Here's a bumper to his health.
But not too many bumpers,
Lest we lose ourselves, and then—
Forget the good St. Patrick
And see the snakes again!

THE SHAMROCK

THE ENGINEERS.

At old Missou, there is a crew
Of men who lead the van;

For work at school, it is the rule,
The Engineer's the man.

They chase the Lawyers to their den,
And scare their Profs to death;
They place the bleachers on the field,
And see that they are left.

One of the Freshmen Engineers,
Has found our course too strong;
He's taking Academic now,
And will take Law ere long.

Our Lawyer friends make many laws
The most of which are queer.
So queer they cannot make them work
Without an Engineer.

Oh! we'll sing our song and loudly cheer
Today for old St. Pat.

The Lawyers would get full on beer,
But we're not built like that.

St. Patrick may right well be proud,
To see the railways here.
The steel house towering to the cloud
And thank the Engineer.

The desert blooms a garden fair,
The arc relieves the sun;
And gunners ask the Engineer
Just where to aim the gun.

G. W. P., '10.

The Slaughter of Snakes.

Oh, St. Patrick was an engineer,
Who came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher;
His mother was a Brady;
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
His uncle an O'Grady.
So success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever;
Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them forever!

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;
But there's a hill much bigger still,
Much higher nor them both, sir.
'Twas on the top of this high hill
St. Patrick set his transit
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And thus they made their exit.
So success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever;
Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them forever!

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle
Where dirty varmin musters,
But there he puts his dear forefoot,
And murdered them in clusters.



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HOMER H. HAGGARD, B. S., C. E., '05.
The first representative of St. Patrick.
Now with the Pennsylvania R. R.



CARL HOFF, B. S., C. E., '06.
The second representative of St. Patrick. *ew*
Now with the Frisco R. R.

THE SHAMROCK

The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,
Slap dash into the water;
And the snakes committed suicide,
To save themselves from slaughter,
So success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever;
Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them forever!

No wonder that those Irish lads
Should be so gay and frisky,
For sure St. Pat he taught them that,
As well as making whiskey;
No wonder that the saint himself,
Should understand distilling,
Since his mother kept a shebeen shop,
In the town of Enniskillen.
So success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever;
Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them forever!

Oh, was I but so fortunate
As to be back in Munster,
'Tis I'd be bound that from that ground
I never once would stir, sir.
For there St. Patrick planted turf,
And plenty of the praties,
With pigs galore, ma gra, ma 'store,
And cabbages—and ladies!
Then my blessing on St. Patrick's fist,
For he's the darling saint, oh!
Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
He's a beauty without paint, oh!

The Vicissitudes of a Pavement.

They took a little gravel,
And they took a little tar,
With various ingredients
Imported from afar.
They hammered it and rolled it,
And when they went away
They said they had a pavement
That would last for many a day.

But they came with picks and smote it
To lay a water main;
And then they called the workmen
To put it back again.
To run a railway cable,
They took it up some more;
And then they put it back again
Just where it was before.

They took it up for conduits
To run the telephone,
And then they put it back again,
As hard as any stone.
They took it up for wires
To feed the 'lectric light,
And then they put it back again,
Which was no more than right.

O' the pavement's full of furrows,
There are patches everywhere;
You'd like to ride upon it,
But it's seldom that you dare.
It's a very handsome pavement,
And a credit to the town;
They're always diggin' of it up
Or puttin' of it down.

A Bit of Blarney

A SINGLE TRACK THRU PRATT TRUSS

“To wed, or not to wed? That is the question.
Whether it is advisable to bear
The dull privations of a single life,
Or marry, and in wedlock seek relief
From many woes? To desperately woo
Some charming woman, decked with seraph lips,
And eyes that speak an ocean-stream of love?
To marry her? It is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished, but where’s the chance?
To wed—to set up an establishment,
And have a lot of “bairns?” Ay, there’s tae rub.
For it may be I shall not have the means,
To do my duty to them all, and leave
My mortal reckoning; bequeathing merit
Hence reasoning makes me pause, and show respect
That dates celibacy a lengthy term;
For how could I, chief party to a deed
In what is promised, faithfully and true,
A constant, generous, and a manly aid,
Fulfill my trust, unless I could afford it?
I’d like to wed, for who would single be,
And snore in solitude the live-long night.
But that the fear of curtain lectures, and
A yearly levy of “incumbrances”
(As heathen, churlish men their offspring call),
Perplexes me, and makes me rather bear
The ills I have than fly to those unknown.”

WHEN THE IVY'S ON THE COLUMNS.

When the oil is in the locker, and the babbitt in the
box,
And you have to make a packin', that will stop the
heavy shocks,
And all the tools are hidden, under lock and under
key,
And you have to get an order from the mighty
powers that be;
Oh! it's then the time a feller's a-reeling' at his
worst,
With the settin' sun to leave him, with the whole
day's work a curse,
As he leaves the "Lab" disgusted, and a-sweatin'
in his socks,
With the oil still in the locker, and the babbitt in
in the box.

II.

When the next day's work that's given, is to set the
D-slide valve,
And you chance to mash a finger, and you haven't
any salve,
And there's no one dare to help you turn a wheel
or loose a nut,
And the time's a-goin' right onward, and you're on-
ly in a rut;
Oh! it's then the time one's tempted to try to wreck
the engine,
Or to cast the tools asunder and to part with his
religion;
For the period is exhausted and the finger worse
than sore,
And the settin' of the slide valve no nearer than
before.

THE SHAMROCK

III.

Have you ever done his other stunt, the planimeter
I mean,
The thing that acts in place of brains and cal-
culates unseen;
It seems to do the work all right, and rather speedy
too,
But the process and the method are known to
mighty few.
It has a wheel a-going around, I sure can swear to
that,
It has an arm of certain length, to sweep in areas
flat,
But how it sums up crooked shapes with "Trig" and
Calculus,
Is just the point that's most obscure to Profs. as
well as us.

IV.

When your work in "Lab" is ended, and you want
to be excused,
You must ask for child's permission, and then will
be refused;
I tried this once and learned a thing that I'm
going to give to you,
So if once you've done your greasy stunt say naught
but just skidoo.
There's no such thing as tellin' just when your work
will end,
For the more you try to hustle, the more work he
will extend;
Then bear in mind the warning of one that's been
refused,
When your work in "Lab" is ended and you want
to be excused.

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V.

When the ivy's on the columns, and the green grass
on the Quad,
And the season's fully tempered for our lounging on
the sod,
And our college days have ended, save to wear the
cap and gown
To receive that mighty parchment with its glory
and renown;
We'll pledge ourselves to protest forever and a day
To any works that serve no end, like "Lab" reports
display.
We'll take a stand to bring results that serve both
man and God,
When the ivy's on the column, and the green grass
on the Quad.

Parker's Soliloquy.

Back home at school I used to think
How happy I would be,
If all my work were Excellent
And I could make an E;
But now since I'm an Engineer,
And E's have come my way,
It seems I do not care for them
But long to make them A.

Marsh: "The very hairs of your head are num-
bered."

Davidson, W. C.: "Consider the lilies of the field,
how they grow; they toil not; neither do they
spin."

Koerner & Bryan: "Behold the child, by nature's
kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

THE M. E. KINDERGARTEN COURSE

Opening address by Prof. Eastoc, Feb. 6th, 1907.

"Children, you now behold before you the unparalleled Prof. Eastoc of whom you have doubtless heard much; for the benefit of those few ignorant ones who do not know me, I will say that I am it! And why am I it? Because I know less about a steam engine than any other man in the department."

"When the bell rings, children, you will all sit up perfectly straight on your stools, fold your hands and gaze steadily at me for five minutes. This is so you may get my image firmly fixed in your minds; it will inspire you to higher things.

"Now I will hand you each eight typewritten sheets of instruction as to what you must and must not do in the sacred precincts of my laboratory. We will first recite these in concert, then I will carefully read them over to you, explaining the meaning of all the large words, and then I will give you thirty minutes in which to memorize them, for each of you will be obliged to repeat the entire set upon reporting for duty each day."

"This is the most important course in the Engineering Department, and in fact it is probably the most important work you will ever do in your life, unless, perchance, you become as great a man as I am. Being a one hour subject it is required that you do six hours preparatory work before coming to the laboratory, and spend at least twelve hours in writing up the report, as I have directed, you will have no trouble in doing this, I assure you. The work is varied and some of it very complex, but under my competent direction you will have no difficulty in accomplishing it. You will learn which way

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the water runs thru a water meter, how to start and stop a stop-watch, how to find the area of a circle with a planimeter, how to read a micrometer, how to put a spring in an indicator, and a few other things of lesser importance."

"I will now emphasize a few of the instructions that I wish you to especially bear in mind: You will report ten minutes before the hour each day—Mr. Boolger, you were a little tardy this morning, don't let it happen again or it will affect your grades—you will not speak above a whisper in the laboratory, you will not touch anything without my express permission, you will not come to me for information on any subject, for that isn't what I am here for, and when you have finished your task for the day you will not leave without first receiving my permission to do so. Any failure to comply with these regulations will seriously affect your grades."

"We will now read the instructions in concert."

Our Newly Wed Instructor.

When I said I should die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.

Contributed by Wharton.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my English imperfections by.

Morrow's Idea of Justice in Graphics.

"Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue;
His faults lie open to the laws; let them, not you
correct him."

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How They Became Famous.

Briggs, C. A.—By his speech on how to drive an unruly pig thru a hole in the fence.

Schnapp—By very nearly getting a job in South Africa.

Burger—By nominating Kennedy.

Kennedy—By nominating Burger.

Parker—By knowing how to unhook the lower motion of a transit.

Briell—By inventing the "Briell Economizer," guaranteed to reduce air used by a gas engine 50 per cent.

Brooking—By his long and ardent wooing of the girl in the choir.

Seibel—By refusing to obey orders from Fuzzy Ball.

Bilger—By singing sacred tunes, learned at prayer meeting, just before examination.

Carr—By first introducing the practice of taking off indicator cards from the Doble Wheel.

Schmidt—By knocking.

Victor—By originating the scheme of having the Senior Engineers going to Webb Lake during the holidays.

Riddle—By being elected by acclamation special Detective for the Engineering Society.

Baker—By keeping above ordinary things.

Moreell—By keeping below ordinary things.

Baxter—By taking a special course in "attitude" under A. Lincoln Hyde.

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Graham—By his long, loud, and persistent knocking.

Smith, P. O.—By ventilating his rusty, dusty, Iowa jokes.

Wheeler—By receiving special mention in the "Daily Hush," concerning yell-leading at the Arkansas game.

Caldwell—By getting on the Shamrock Staff thru his undisputed mastery of English.

McKenzie—By his ever ready reply to Prof. Hyde.

Bianchi—By his tragic method of setting off flash light powders.

Utz—By being Johnny on the spot with the camera.

A Simile.

Could anything more closely resemble a blind hog finding an acorn, than Capt. McKenzie stumbling onto the formula for movable dams in the Hydraulics Exam?

A Thoughtless Act.

Surely birds had flown to foolish beasts, and man has lost his reason, when Miller voluntarily paid an unrequired "Lab" fee in M. E. 7 a. Since then "sufferance has been the badge of all our tribe."
The Senior Civils.

Wheeler signed up for a one hour course in Meteorology, but after a reconnaissance in Reeder's office decided to change it to a three hour course, one in Meteorology and two hours in typewriting, etc.

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Chemical Echoes.

The freshman entered the sacred precincts. "Is this Dr. Blue?," he inquired. "Oh! no! no! no! expostulated the learned one. **"You are not Dr. Blue!"** "That is my name, what do you want?"

"Is there any way, Doctor, that I can get out of taking this Engineering Chemistry?" "Tut, tut," growled the doctor, "there is no such thing as Engineering Chemistry." "I mean," faltered the Youthful One, "the Chemistry that the Engineers study."

The man of many flunks brandished his spectacles in the air; "that's just it!" he thundered, "that's just it! there isn't one in a hundred that ever does study it."

Having asked for bread, but receiving a brick, he bowed his head and wept bitterly.

The Engineer's Eulogy.

"So", we said gently, "you love her very much."

He withdrew his burning eyes from the miniature.

"Boys," he said, "this four cylinder, air-cooled, shaft driven, maiden has the disc clutch on my heart set on the last notch; her beauty assuages and satisfies me like a sight feed precision oiler; she controls my temper with both feet and emergency brakes; I yield to her slightest wish as to a planetary emergency transmission or an irreversible steering gear. In a word, she is the 1907 model of my heart's desire."

Prof. Shaw's request for the removal of books from his chair, that he might sit down, was not at all indicative of the "tired feeling," but rather an assertion of authority.

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Williams to Prof. Hyde—(rather perplexed)
“Well, don’t we design this member for the average load?”

Prof. Hyde—“Methodical and systematic hens may lay eggs on an average, but bridges are designed for a maximum.”

Long—Professor, does the armature current remain constant?”

Collett—“Vat is! you dink I’m a phonograph.”

Bianchi—“Can you apply the hysteresis loop to the loop-the-loop?”

Carpenter—“O-o-o-h-h-h- waal o-o-o h h h yes”
——(Exit Carpenter.)

Prof. Williams—“An heliotrope is an instrument used for reflecting the sun’s rays upon a distant object.”

Price—“Can you use a heliotrope at night?”

Prof. Hyde—“We will have a little progress report in the morning on the status of your work.”

Bilger—We have to go to prayer meeting tonight.”

Wobus—“How do they solder the binding wires on the armature?”

Collett—“Mit a soldering iron.”

Our Journalistic Engineer

As one who cons at evening, o’er an album all alone,
And muses o’er the faces of the friends that he has
known;
So I turn the leaves of Motors, studying theorems
and design,
With a hope to raise triumphant, that cursed con of
mine.

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The distribution of the A's, B's, C's, D's and E's, by the Faculty, reminds us of Matthew XXV. 29: "Unto everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

"The Indian with his pipe of peace is slowly passing away;
But the Irishman with his piece of pipe has surely come to stay."

* We had rather be dragged thru a city sewer than take that course called "Mechanical Lab."

For many are called freshmen, but few are chosen graduates.

It is easier for a camel to go thru the eye of a needle, than for Brooking to fail to make an A.

Rule O'Thumb.

Wescott rushed breathlessly down the hall holding his hands spread apart and shouting, "Don't joggle me, I have the measurement for a reducing rig."

Engineer vs. Mule.

Professor Williams was being examined by a lawyer as to a certain measurement which he had given as two feet. "Are you sure," said the lawyer, "that it was not two feet, one inch?"

"Yes sir."

"Are you sure that it was not one foot, eleven inches?" "Yes sir." "Well now, Mr. Williams please tell the jury how you know it was just two feet." "Well, I thought that some durned mule would ask me that, so I measured it."

* Sentiment of all Senior Engineers.

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Twice Told Proverbs for Engineers.

Trial Lines.

The engineer is worthy of a higher hire.

Some are born engineers, some achieve their C. E., and others have their civility hammered into them.

Field Notes.

Take care of the fence, and the bull will take care of himself.

Happy is the bridge that the paint shines on.

A bad bolt is soon sheared.

A double track is worth a carload of switch-points.

Bad cross-hairs corrupt good manners.

Assume a bench mark if you have it not.

All is not Polaris that glitters.

Spare the rod and spoil the profile.

A transitman's wave is as good as his word.

One man's "Trautwine" is another man's meat.

Office Work.

Measure in haste and repent in the office.

A night in the town is worth two hundred in the brush.

A good rubber turneth away wrath.

What is missed in the tracing will not come out in the blue print.

It's a poor scale that won't read both ways.

Faint ink never won fair blue-print.

(Too many editors spoiled the Shamrock.)

As ye make your bill, sae maun ye lie on't.

By-Products.

One layer of expanded metal makes the whole concrete kin.

A survey goeth before construction, and a power plant before a fall.

The flat wheel makes the greatest sound.

It's an ill explosive that blows nobody up.

The promoters flee when no cash pursueth.

SONGS OF THE ENGINEERS

The Engineers

(By Thos. T. Railey)

Who was it made Mizzou and gave the Varsity a
name?
Who's won a reputation clear from Washington to
Maine?
Who rivals Carry Nation when it comes to winning
fame,
And when there's something doing, why they're al-
ways in the game.

The Engineers, the Engineers;
They even built the ark
Sent old Noah on his lark;
The Engineers, the Engineers;
The Engi—Engi—Engi—Engineers!

You all have heard of Mr. Dooley—ooley--ooley--oo;
The greatest man, so history says, the country ever
knew.
Perhaps you'll not believe it, but just granting that
it's true.
Who was this famous man, this Mr. Dooley--ooley—
oo?

An Engineer, an Engineer;
Mr. Dooley won his fame
Building subways up in Maine;
An Engineer, an Engineer,
He's an Engi—Engi—Engi—Engineer!



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Old Christopher Columbus has a reputation grand,
For finding the location where America should
stand;

Of course we give full credit to Columbus and his
band,
But who built all the ships that brought them over
to this land?

The Engineers, the Engineers;
Of the whole they were the boss,
Even blew the ships across;
The Engineers, the Engineers;
He's an Engi—Engi—Engi—Engineer!

Read Hall's a little hut down here, a hut that sets
the pace,
That every one must follow to keep in the social
race;
The laddies love to linger at this little home of
grace,
But whose especially welcome just because they
built the place?

The Engineers, the Engineers;
When an Engineer goes by
You can hear the girlies cry
An Engineer, an Engineer,
He's an Engi—Engi—Engi—Engineer!

St. Peter is the guardian who keeps the Heavenly
Gate,
And through it every one must pass to reach a holy
state;
Of course we fully realize that St. Peter's fame is
great,
But simply wish to ask one fact, who was it built
that gate?

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The Engineers, the Engineers;
So tight they made each screw
Not a lawyer can get through,
The Engineers, the Engineers;
The Engi—Engi—Engi—Engineers!

Columbia has two railroads, they're as hump-backed
as a Turk,
The loop-the-loop ain't in it with our local jerk-the-
jerk,
There's one redemptive feature though that we're
inclined to shirk,
Who HUNG the men that built these roads for doing
such bum work?

The Engineers, the Engineers;
They deserve a vote of thanks
For their charitable pranks;
The Engineers, the Engineers;
The Engi—Engi—Engi—Engineers!

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 "D's",
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 A. Lincoln Hyde and Westcott,
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,

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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 "Kowtow."

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 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 throttle way open, the lever way back:
Erin Go Bragh. Rah! For the Engineers.

Note—Repeat the first line of each verse.

EMERALD ISLE.

Emerald Isle where the Shamrock grows;
Emerald Isle where the **Triple X** flows;
Give me old Erin loyal and true,
Give me old Emerald Isle.
Dear old Pat! Jolly St. Pat!
We Kowtow together in all sorts of weather,
Dear old Pat! Jolly St. Pat!
Give me for friendship my jolly St. Pat.

I've been praising old St. Patrick
All the live long day,
I've been loafing 'round the Columns
To pass the time away.
Don't you hear the bell a ringing;
Rise up so early in the morn!
Don't you hear the Profs a-calling,
Come and raise those Cons!

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Don't Forget the Engineers.

I.

Good-night, ladies; good-night, ladies;
Good-night, ladies, we're going to leave you now.

CHORUS.

Don't forget the Engineers!
Engineers! Engineers!
Don't forget the Engineers!
When they are far away!

II.

Sweet dreams, ladies; sweet dreams, ladies;
Sweet dreams, ladies; we're going to leave you now.

(Chorus.)

III.

One kiss, ladies; one kiss, ladies;
One kiss, ladies; we're going to leave you now.

(Chorus.)

IV.

One more, ladies; one more ladies;
One more, ladies; we're going to leave you now.

(Chorus.)

YELL

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

OUR CREED

The Kowtow shall be maintained inviolate.

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

The foundation of our faith shall be handed down to our successors.

The degree of Knight of St. Patrick shall be conferred upon all Seniors, and upon all who have been faithful and cut their classes for four years.

The degree of Knight of St. Patrick, summa cum laude, shall be conferred upon the representative of St. Patrick.

The degree of Knight of St. Patrick, magna cum laude, shall be conferred upon the Officer of the Day.

The degree of Knight of St. Patrick, cum laude, shall be conferred upon the Adjutants, Captain, and Lieutenants of the Senior Company of the Guards of St. Patrick.

The degree of Knight of St. Patrick, summa cum laude, (Hon.) shall be conferred upon some one, who, in the estimation of Knights of St. Patrick, has achieved high distinction.

Farewell.

“St. Patrick! We’ve been long together,
Thru pleasant and thru cloudy weather;
’Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps ’twill cause a sigh, a tear,
To separate a long, long, year.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good-bye, but each birthday of thine,
Bid us good morning.”



University of Missouri - Columbia



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