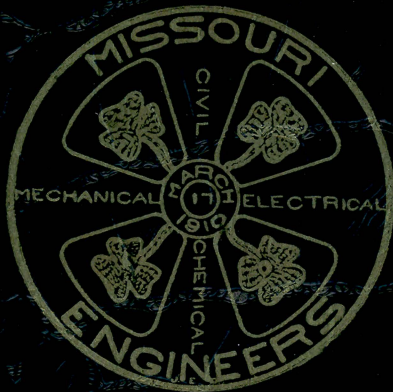


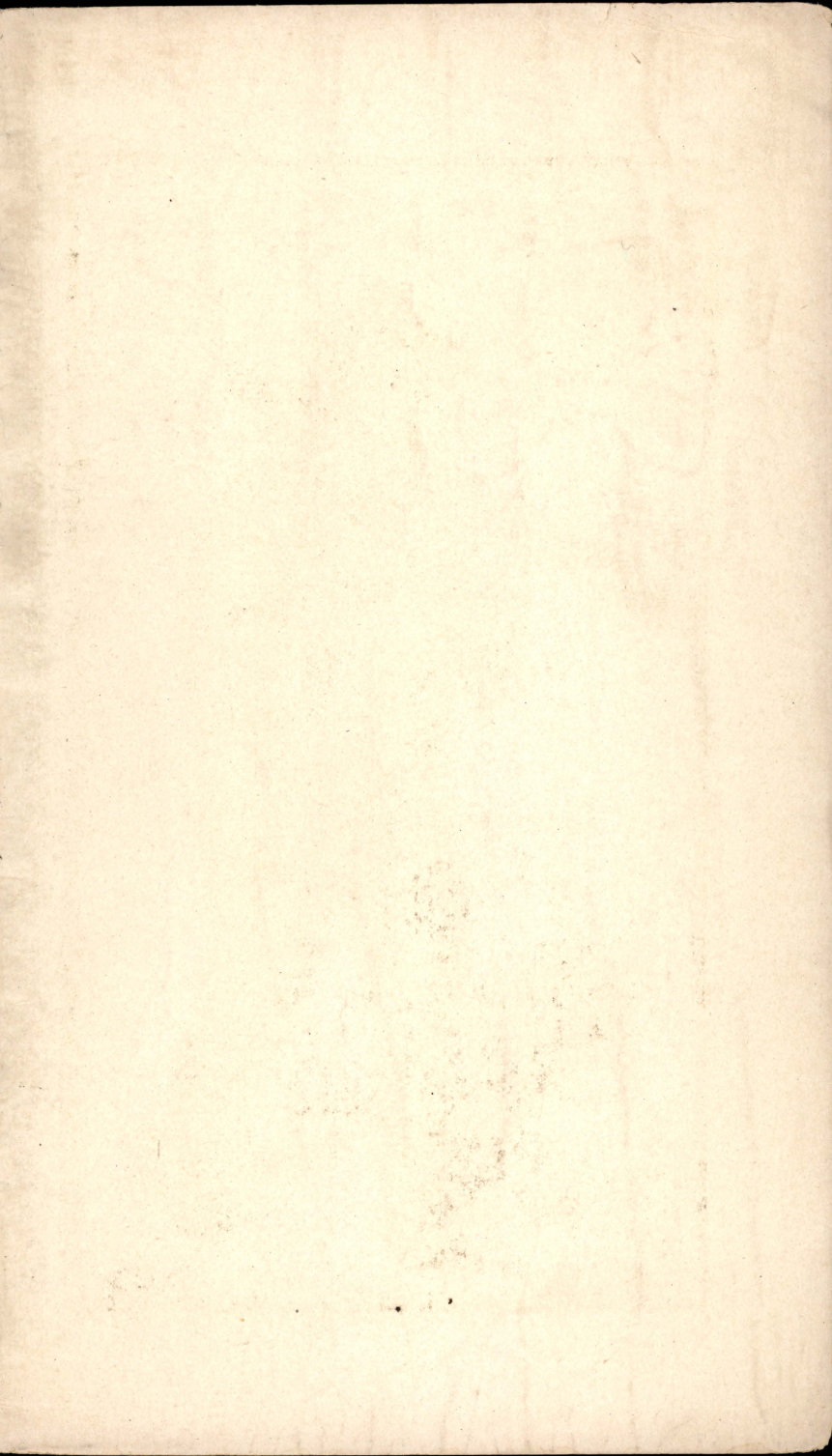
# SHAMROCK

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A.F.S.

# THE SHAMROCK '10



THE  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
SAINT PATRICK'S FAITHFUL  

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DEPARTMENT OF ENGINEERING  

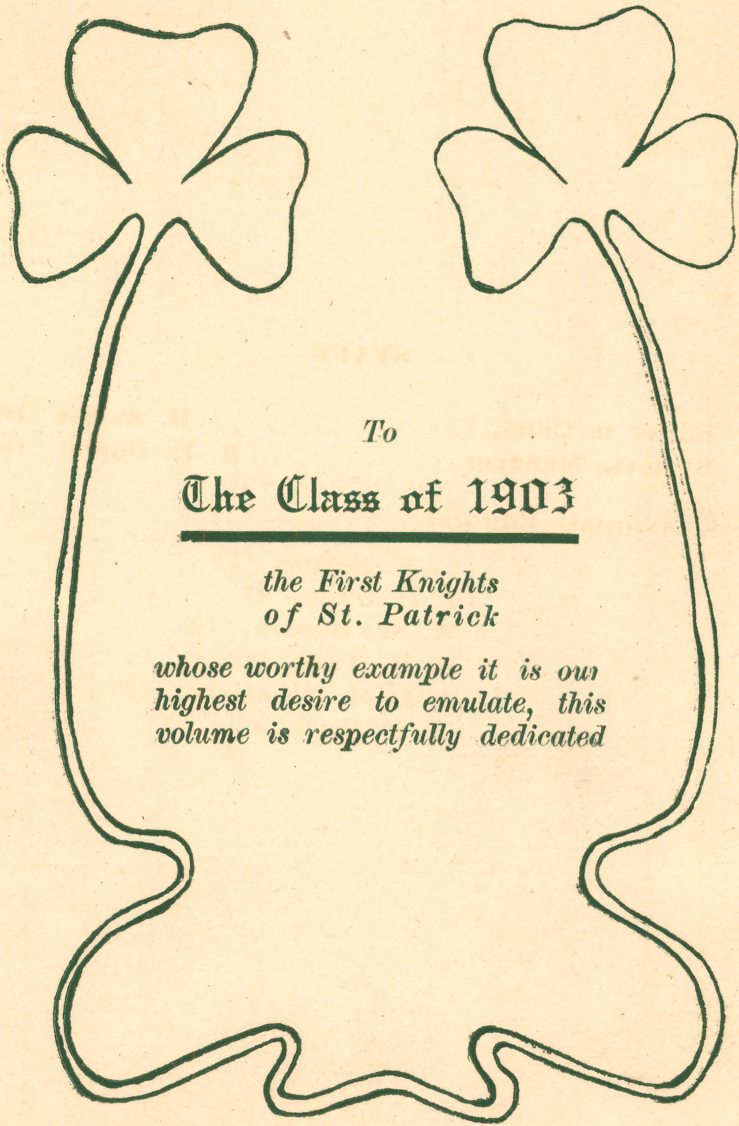
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UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI  

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To

**The Class of 1903**

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*the First Knights  
of St. Patrick*

*whose worthy example it is our  
highest desire to emulate, this  
volume is respectfully dedicated*

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Business Manager, .....R. E. Dudley '10

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- J. E. Dunn, '11
- W. W. Burden, '12
- E. R. Axon, '12
- S. A. M. Hardaway, '13
- H. S. Finlayson, '13.

7/28/42  
Prof. A. L. Ryde

455677<sup>59</sup>

## PREFACE

Realizing the dire need of something in engineering literature free from the technicalities of the current engineering magazine or book, it has been our purpose to fill in this humble way a vacant place in the files of literature. It is our belief that the explanations of the theoretical matter herein contained should be clear enough to be readily comprehended by anyone. Care has been exercised to present illustrations in such a way as to make their interpretation and application unmistakable.

Whatever shortcomings may appear in this work, we have no hesitancy in saying, are probably due to the fact that no member of the editorial staff was fortunate enough to be awarded a research fellowship in English 1a and consequently we have not been ideally equipped for the task before us. However every principle, taught in the primary course of easy English for Engineers, may be found embodied in the following pages. This work, while not intended primarily for a text in English, would probably be of some value in the more advanced courses.

In submitting this work to the members of our profession we wish to commend to them the old spirit which still pervades our department. It is the same spirit whether manifested in the shivering freshman by the backstop fire, or in the senior with bended knees before the Blarney Stone. It is yet the same spirit that causes the old "grad" to tighten his belt, pucker his lips, and take one more



squint through the eye-piece or one more reading on the dial after the whistle blows. It is the same spirit that sometime will drive the tunnel deeper, stretch the span longer, and build the power unit larger, than ever before. It is the spirit that makes the heart softer, the memory longer, and the vision clearer. It is a spirit not replaceable by any other. New rulings may come and pass away with the years. New customs may establish themselves here, but let us keep safe in our hearts the treasure untarnished, the faith unbroken — the spirit of St. Patrick.

The Editors.

## RETROSPECT

To the average citizen of our commonwealth "St. Patrick's Celebration at Missouri" and the "Kow Tow" mean the solemn ceremony held once a year by the Engineers for their patron saint. But to the alien the mention of this may not mean so much. For these and for the younger generation we recall briefly some of the vivid bits of the history of our creed.

On March 16, 1903, a scattered crowd in the old Engineering Library, worn and exhausted by ceaseless labor on pump catalogues, laboratory reports, and bridge designs, were startled by the announcement that the true translation of "Erin go Bragh" is "St. Patrick was an Engineer". Arrangements for the proper observance of the Saint's Day were quickly made. Proclamations announced the necessity of celebrating the event.

On the morning of the Saint's Day, at a "prayer meeting" held in the general library, the Engineers as a body solemnly dedicated themselves to the service of their Saint. After this impressive service they adjourned to the quadrangle where they were addressed by Pres. Jesse. The speaker requested all rowdies to follow the music, which suggestion was immediately adopted by the Engineers and the procession marched to Broadway. On the following day faculty members, not yet aware of the revelation, persisted in emphasizing what they regarded, the ungentlemanly conduct of all concerned. The discipline committee waited on two of the patriots and granted them two weeks "in absentia." Thus was the first observance held against the organized resistance of the unsophisticated.

On account of the wide spread antagonism of the professors toward the event, no parade was given in 1904, and the day of rest was closed by a Senior Banquet.

In 1905, a committee on Arrangements was organized and more extensive preparations were

made. Posters announcing the celebration were widely distributed. On the eve of St. Pat's Day a drove of mules took shelter in the barn and were kept from straying from their stables until morning by a guard of St. Pat's followers. The parade, this year, was formed at Booche's corner and marched to the auditorium for assembly after which the grand Kow Tow was held. The first St. Patrick's Ball was given this year.

The celebration of 1906 was in every way a marked success. The preparations were more thorough, the posters and the parade being more attractive. St. Pat rode in an airship over the columns.

The celebrations of 1907, '08 and '09 were distinguished by the uniform success with which the details of ceremonies were carried out and by the originality of stunts.

The observance of St. Patrick's Day has become recognized by the Engineers as indispensable to the welfare of the department. Perhaps no other factor is so active in maintaining unity in our department and fostering a spirit which can express itself in action as well as in words.

## COMMITTEE OF 1910 CELEBRATION

### Arrangements

Frank Burress, '10 Chairman

N. C. Mann, '10	L. V. Sears, '10
W. W. Smith, '11	G. B. Randall, '11
F. T. Kennedy, '11	W. J. Haddaway, '11
A. E. Remley, '12	C. J. Wiegner, '12
R. P. Fitch, '12	G. N. Berry, '12
W. H. Chisholm, '13	C. B. Hibbard, '13
F. F. Adriano, '13	H. A. Fountain, '13

### Dance.

L. R. Smith, '10, Chairman

L. P. Scott, '10	W. W. Burden, '12
H. L. Horan, '11	F. W. Perry, '13

## KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK

H. L. Andrew, E. E.

Dreamed he had to calibrate a 16 gallon keg on last Exam. High frequency type of cusser.

R. V. Aycock, M. E.

He can sing just exactly like a horse. Very fond of red hair.

C. M. Becker, C. E.

Say, fellows.—Has 12 pipes but sees same face in all of his pipe dreams—poor old Beck—his case is hopeless, but he is happy.

R. A. Beekman, E. E.

“Birdlegs”—Dutch Miller’s pal.—made K. A. N. D’s. in a walk. Rudder out of focus.

S. P. Bewick, C. E.

Married. Found Prof. Hibbard’s “running log” in the water meter.

V. L. Board, E. E.

“Very Long” Planed on both sides and sand papered on the edges. A comer with the Co-eds.

C. J. Boner, Ch. E.

Nice cholly boy—helps Doc Brown “roll the bones” for the Freshmen.

J. J. Booth, E. E.

Non-union. Scabs 25 hours per day. “Hunting” for Beekman.

C. R. Born, E. E.

Cholly—optomistic—was born yesterday, today and will be born tomorrow.

Guy Brown, C. E.

Internal, external, diurnal, nocturnal, eternal chronic kicker. Resembles Maud.

Frank Burress, M. E.

Took a friend riding in an auto one day last summer. Auto ran into a fence. We wonder why.

J. A. Cheverton, E. E.

A cigarette fiend since Sept. A ring-tail-tooter. The proudest boy in the class.

E. L. Collette, C. E.

Rosy I. Sleeps in bath tub at home and in private compartment on train.

R. W. Curran, Jr., E. E.

Ruffneck. Recommended by Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ on South Ninth street as a gentleman. Goes home every few days to see data.

C. F. Curry, C. E.

Was a Freshman prodigy—Knew how to make an A minus out of B plus. Sli(e)pt an S. out of Mechanics.

R. E. Dudley, M. E.

Chicken—called on Lippy when he was a Freshman.—calls on a girl now. Thinks he's an a-la-Walter Williams because his name is on first page of Muth's (?) Quarterly.

R. E. Dunkle, E. E.

"Sweetheart". An accomplice of Dutch's. Wears fancy vests. Another tooter for Ozment.

J. B. Evans, C. E.

Rosy II, our pet—slide-rule—has been explaining ever since the exam's how he got an I in Chick's course. Has a girl.

J. A. Flammang, C. E.

Got an E. in Chick Davenport's economics but is not related to Krausnick's.

R. C. Gray, C. E.

Friend of Bromo. Ran close second to Mac in dropping Higher structures

G. C. Gundlach, C. E.

Georgie—faithful to his second love—sees her every day—it's such a pretty ring.

W. E. Gundlach, E. E.

Birdleg's nest mate. Rode his shoulder straps into society. Has a girl of his own now.

W. H. Haglage, C. E.

Sanitary Engineer for Defoe's Mechanics class—spent all night trying to find out what 550 had to do with H. P. Fond of fancy Hosiery.

L. W. Helmreich, M. E.

A cold-blooded brute. Used to be mighty nice to a person who saved his life. But time brought the change.

D. E. Hill, C. E.

"Whiskers" Has a dog named Jack. Casino Shark.

W. S. Hill, E. E.

Mounds—Heaps—a deposed wire-puller on the political ash heap.

R. L. Hope, C. E.

Ivory thumper for U. D. Club. Raised eider-down whiskers for Scotty's Club.

O. A. Herzog, C. E.

"Rip" — Texas — Tiger. Human Kangaroo  
Sleeps 16 hours a day.

O. H. Koch, C. E.

Assistant City engineer—bosses Bewick and Price — discovered spirits in tunnel which Roddy said smelled good.

J. C. Lawrence, Ch. E.

"Jimmy" Still grafting Doc. Brown. Advance agent for the Tigers.

Ward Lowery, E. E.

Didn't elope with any girl. Afraid of the swish of a petticoat.

N. C. Mann, E. E.

Skeedadle, boys—in first theatre riot and got his money back. Can get same recommendations as Curran from 9th street landlady.

Frank A. Martin, C. E.

Past Knight. Nuff said.

M. Mayer, E. E.

"Fatty." Keeps a perpetual grin on his face. Authority on reasons for Columbia's light plant failures. Takes a livery stable to exams.

E. G. B. Miller, E. E.

An antipode. Knows Coo-ee language. Dealer in stale jokes.

A. G. Miller, E. E.

Dutch, Left Benton Hall because it was too noisy. Head of cuspidor purchasing committee. A dangerous character.

F. A. Muth, C. E.

Ladies man—great for private interviews with Profs., but no grafter (?)

C. L. McVey, C. E.

Writes three letters a week to sister—somebody's—Dropped higher structures like a hot brick.

A. R. Oliver, E. E.

I! Me! It! Another has-been politician. Lives off the receipts of dances.

E. C. Phillips, M. E.

A "has-been" dignified married man. His associates took it out of him. He now says "dam" once in awhile.

M. V. Powell, C. E.

Pacemaker for Hyde's Higher Structures. Ambition is to make an E.

J. P. Price, C. E.

Specializing in war. Tried to graft the commandant.

H. W. Price, M. E.

Inventor of price-less automatic, compound, triple action, anti-freezing, reciprocating, non-corrosive, self-feeding greaser and disinfector for go-carts.

G. W. Pulliam, E. E.

Resigned from military when he was a Soph. Laundry magnate. Never argues.

O. J. Raiffeisen, C. E.

Has hallucinations—doesn't know whether he's from Sedalia or McBaine.

C. S. Reagan, C. E.

Related to Flannigan. Face is a map of County Cork dotted with Shamrocks. Takes free hand drawing with the Co-eds.

G. A. Ridgeway, C. E.

G. A. R. Veteran of the Jamestown Relief Expedition. Wounded at battle of Piney Beach.

Warren Roberts, C. E.

Our Prexy—Senator—threshing machine engineer for Pa at home. Takes data with Curran.

Prewitt Roberts, C. E.

Grafted the Engineering faculty out of 10 hours credit making them believe he was going to play foot ball.



E. A. Roehry, E. E.

Our pride—won prize in beauty contest when he was a baby. Still has his baby's voice.

B. A. Ross, C. E.

Warrior—divides responsibility of making the world go with Query.

F. S. Rust, E. E.

"Rusty." "Bloody minute Adam." Why, don't you know Bill?

A. F. Sachs, C. E.

Not Leo. Eulogized by Hyde, but is still a live wire in Bridges.

L. P. Scott, C. E.

Scerb—invented whiskers—makes more noise than a braying donkey.

L. V. Sears, C. E.

Noiseless but not smokeless operation.

R. A. See, C. E.

Gum Shoe Politician. President of Benton Hall Sunday School Association. Puts as much time on his work as Simon does on Society.

H. A. Seltzer, C. E.

Bromo, Missing link—always up to date in bridge, but never lied to Hyde once. A friend of Lippy's.

H. M. Shirky, C. E.

Calamity Howler. Authority on infant industries—child labor—Doesn't intend to get married for five years. Said so.

B. D. Simon, C. E.

Successor to Old Hebrew Liebenstein as dance hall magnate. A nervous wreck. See page.

L. R. Smith, C. E.

Louie—Another scerb—lady killer—honk honk man—sings Spanish love ditties to a new Freshman girl each year.

Arthur Steed, M. E.

Getting his money's worth out of lab. deposits by tearing up water-brake on Corliss engine. Did he laugh at Hyde?

H. C. Stump, M. E.

He wouldn't cut a class to save your life. It was reported that he laughed at Hyde.

C. R. Surface, E. E.

Drew an E in Whiskerette class last year, but Irvin didn't register it. Received four years research fellowship in Chemistry per Dr. Brown.

L. N. Van Hook, Jr., E. E.

Was a good student and fellow until he got mixed up with Y. M. C. A. affairs.

L. L. Vincent, E. E.

Buddy. Devotee of the "biled bosom". Resigned Presidency of Telluride Power Co. in order to accept a chair in School of Engineering, U. of M.

W. H. Voshall, E. E.

"I love my M's, but oh you beautiful eyes." Doc Warren's first alternate.

E. P. Wallace, E. E.

"Judge" knows just exactly why the "newly weds" were held over in K. C.

F. D. Wallace, C. E.

A maverick—washed in by the tide of Long Beach. Got a graft with Chick Davenport.

R. P. Waters, C. E.

Bobby—Old Smiles—has two bull pups and one girl. Roddy won't let him sleep any more.

D. N. Wetherell, C. E.

Ruff-and-Reddy—tells everything he knows and knows it all. Trying to get HER permission to go to Phillipines.

D. E. White, C. E.

Got burned in bridges, but han't enough sense to quit playing with the fire. Afraid to drop Higher Structures.

A. A. Whitmore C. E.

Archie—Blew the first "steam boat" whistle on campus. Bought \$6.00 worth of cigars in February for Engineering Society.

B. R. Williams, Jr., C. E.

Bennie—too conscientious to flourish under Hyde's competitive system.

Earle Ziegenbein, C. E.

Spent two days searching in ruins of Kappa Sig house for his Bridge notes. Some people think he is Irish—Ach Himmel!

F. D. Harris, C. E.

Shorty II—Snookums. Right size for Home Economics nursery.

V. M. Rider, C. E.

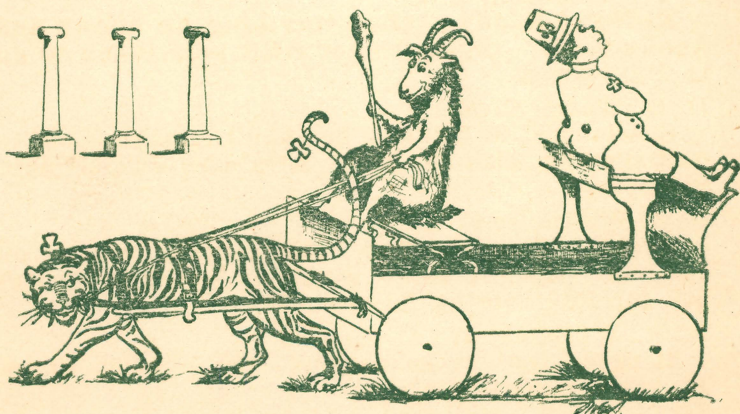
Vic—Tiger—the 99th '09 lamb that had strayed from the fold.

H. R. Meyer, C. E.

Heiney—not related to Mayer—has almost learned to use cuss words in 3 years.

L. R. Briggs, E. E.

Leon. The last of a family of genii that have won fame, fortune and notoriety in Engineering. He grew whiskers.



## SHAMROCKS THREE

When the big Erin Mine blew up, Engineers from three states were rushed to the scene to aid in the rescue work. And that was how Jerry, Johnson and myself met for the first time since we had left Old Mizzou together in June of '07.

It was after we had worked three days and two nights, almost without rest, that, despite the oxygen helmet I had volunteered to wear, I was overcome by gas and taken to our room. The night was dark but very clear and the cool spring air blowing in through the open window did much to revive me. It was not long until I felt like myself again and joined in the reminiscent conversation that revolved around life by the dear old columns and the Engineering building.

Perhaps I was a little dazed when I asked Jerry the date and even he had to stop a moment to consider, before he figured out that it was the evening of the sixteenth of March. Each knew then what was in the heart of the other and all three sat silent. Being very tired I was soon almost asleep in my memory-dreaming, when a low whistle of familiar note sounded at the window, and rousing myself, I quickly leaned outside.

The whistle came again softly and without hardly knowing, I gave the answer, for the first time since the night I had been one of the band of Faithful to carry the Blarney Stone from its year's hiding place.

"Fellows!" I cried excitedly when the whistle was repeated, "Look! It's Saint Patrick riding to the Kow Tow!" And Jerry and Johnson, who had been watching me curiously, started toward me in alarm.

"He's out of his head again," said Johnson, and would have lifted me from my position at the window. I resisted and held tight to the casement, watching a little streak of light that as it came nearer, lit up the features of a merry rotund gentleman whom I knew to be none other than Saint

Patrick himself. There was the real Irish pipe glowing brightly before him and the ever faithful goat trotting briskly to the west and south. Shilalah and Shamrock gleamed distinctly for one brief moment as the equipage sped swiftly by.

"Look, Fellows!" I exclaimed again, all breathless in my intent, "Look, before he's gone!"

"Hang the gas!" Jerry scolded pityingly, as he glanced through the window just to please me. "There's nothing out there but dark."

I strained my eyes and leaned farther out, with Johnson hanging on to my coat and Jerry chewing the end of his pipe in nervous fear and pity.

It was only after the last tiny speck of light had long since vanished that I consented to leave my position, and as I drew away from the window something moist was blown against my hand. Looking down with a gesture of annoyance at being disturbed, I saw the object flutter to the floor. I stooped to pick it up and lifting it to the light, found three freshly picked Shamrocks tied together with a bit of green. In wonder I held them up by their fragile stems, for Jerry and Johnson to see, and each in turn took the tiny packet with trembling hands, scarcely able to believe what their eyes saw.

There was a distinct quaver in the voice of Jerry, who was the first to speak, and his words tumbled out all wobbly. "And Saint Patrick did pass this way," he said.

And Johnson who had never been known to show any emotion in the old days, dropped an unmistakable tear right in the middle of the biggest Shamrock. "Yes, and to think,—" he began in a trembling effort to hide his feeling. But the sentence was never finished, for his eyes, blurred tho' they were, had espied a glowing inscription on the Shamrock leaves. His exclamation brought Jerry and myself close to his side and Jerry read aloud the iridescent writing, "We don't forget the Engineers when they are far away."

As Johnson reverently untied the tiny green ribbon and we each took a Shamrock to marvel over in the night, he tried to force his old time

laugh but there was a world of self reproach and regret in the bluff voice that he used as he said to me, "Hang it, old man, I wish I had worn one o' them oxygen caps and gone dippy too!"

M. E. S.



You may talk about your Dukes and Earls,  
And Princes o'er the sea,  
But the Knights of St. Pat, I declare,  
Are good enough for me!

There are Lords and Sirs in that Old World,  
And ranks of all degree,  
But the honor of St. Pat's true Knights  
Is great enough for me!

And I will always count it so,  
Wherever I may be,  
Saint Patrick's Knights, I'll always hold,  
Are good enough for me!

M. E. S.

---

Here's to L. M. Defoe,  
The best Prof. I know,  
I'm glad that I met him,  
I ne'er shall forget him,  
It matters not where I shall go.

W. K.

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“Oh, the shamrock, the green, immortal shamrock!  
Chosen leaf of bard and chief,  
The Engineer's fair shamrock!”



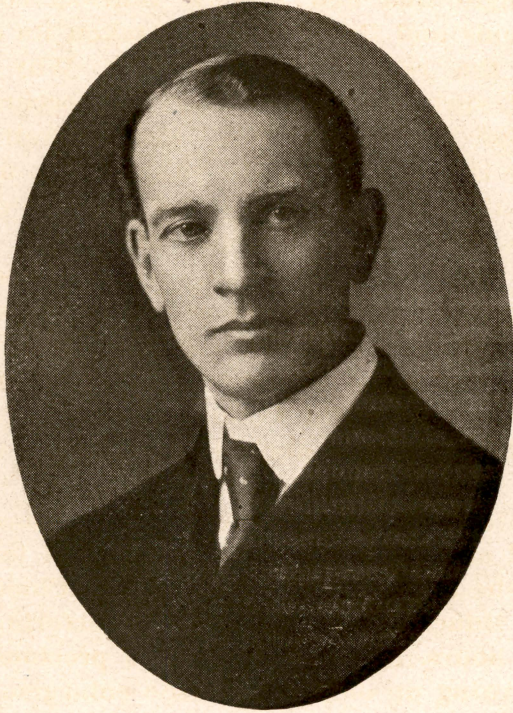
## WHY NOT?

Who even among the prophets can tell us what, in this age of wonders, tomorrow may bring? May we not wake up some morning to find that during the night that new Electric Railway connecting St. Louis and Rocheport, had taken its course right up the center of Broadway? Why not? Things of such nature are every-day occurrences over on our neighbors Mars. Prof. Lowell who has inside information on the subject tells us that they held the opening exercises on a couple of new 2000-mile canals over there the other day. There canals, it must be understood, are just as fashionable and hard to construct as our air lines here. It is not wholly beyond the realm of imagination to suppose that some day may dawn on a new power plant that will light Columbia with electricity seven nights out of the week, i. e., when the weather is fair.

When this monumental piece of work has been completed and a 32 C. P. light gives at least 16 C. P. on the average, then maybe our "Chief Engineer on Education" can, without interfering with his office hours, devote more of his precious time to the drawing up of plans for the enlargement of the Department.

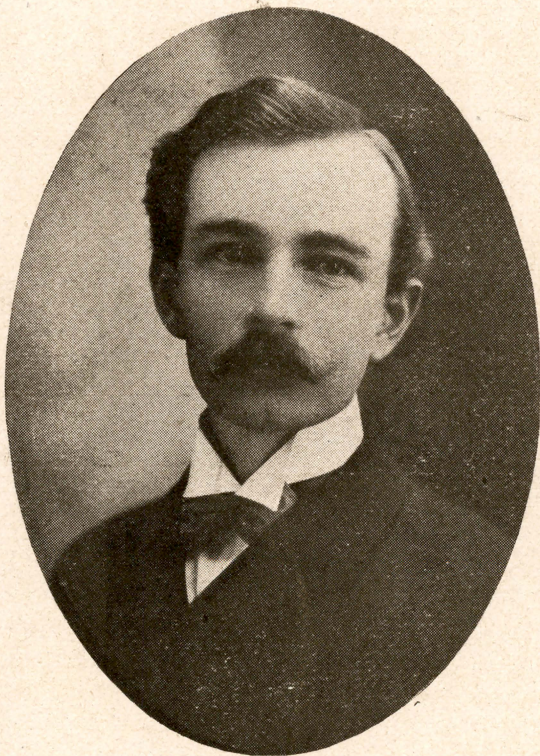
Yes, and last but by no means least possible in the train of possibilities, it may happen that the august but over-worked assembly over at Jefferson City may, some day when business grows slack, find time to consider the earnest appeals of Mr. H. B. Shaw and appropriate the where-with-all to put a new Engineering Building on the campus. Why not? Great things have happened in the past so we may still live in hope.





ALBERT ROSS HILL  
Knight of St. Patrick,  
Summa Cum Laude, 1910  
Honorary





THOMAS JACOB RODHOUSE

Knight of St. Patrick,  
Summa Cum Laude, 1910  
Honorary



## THE UNKNOWN MECHANICAL

In the eyes of the world, the Engineer  
Is the builder of bridges—the public eye  
Sees the work of the civil and his alone,  
Men witness his work ere his task is done.  
But the army of men whose labors lie  
Out of our view, tho often near—  
Little indeed is the praise they hear.

Yet the signs are plain of their thought and care;  
Not only the giants of sport and trade—  
The burden-bearers of many lands—  
Are born in their minds—designed by their hands,  
But the civilization that men have made  
Rests on their work—in their hands they bear  
Man's comfort—their labors are everywhere;—

On the shadowy sweep of the foundry floor  
Where the half-stript, sweating workmen move  
With glaring ladles from flask to flask  
Like fiends at some demoniac task,  
While the furnace-feeder stands far above,  
Gaging the levels and adding more  
Of graphite or silica, fuel or ore;—

In the great ship lofts where designs are laid  
Of liner or dreadnaught, racer or barge—  
Where nautical sections are toilfully drawn,  
And hundreds of curves are, one by one,  
Measured and marked on the floor, as large  
As the vessel herself will some day be made,  
With every detail in its place portrayed;—

In the great steel mills, mid the deafening sound  
Of giant hammers and punches and rolls,  
Where toughest metal is shaped and sheared  
With a seeming ease uncanny and weird;—  
In quieter shops, where the planer holds  
The work to its noiseless table bound  
And the lathes and drills make their tireless round.

Be it moulder's trowel or draughtman's pen,—  
They furnish the brain and the guiding hand,  
The featherweight engine—the motor car—  
The deadly modern weapons of war—  
The labor savers our times demand—  
A million devices beyond our ken—  
Are due to these almost unknown men.

C. E. S.

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Oh, the wild rose and the Shamrock,  
Where do sweeter flowers grow?  
Well, I come from County Cork, sir,  
And I surely ought to know.

For I've travelled many seas, sir,  
To countries far and wide,  
And I've seen their flowers blossom,  
But it cannot be denied—

That the Shamrock and the wild rose  
Are the fairest ever seen,  
Anywhere this side of heaven,  
By a wearer of the Green!

M. E. S.

## FROM A GIRL'S POINT OF VIEW

The Lawyer, of course, is alright in his way,  
And he may tip the scales at full weight,  
And the Farmer is there when it comes to the plow,  
And the Medic is still on the slate.  
Of the Journalist, even, I cannot complain,  
And the Academs too, are all fine,  
But if you are asking my real honest choice,  
It's the true Engineer for mine!

M. E. S.

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## ST. PATRICK AND THE SHAMROCK

From his chief the Irish chieftain bent  
With a frowning forehead and gaze intent  
On the speaker before him—the priest who told  
Of the Savior of men whom his Lord had sent.

“Thy discourse is good; thy pleadings are fair;  
And we much incline thy beliefs to share  
But thy trinity troubleth us—how can Three  
Be found in One? Cans't enlighten us there?”

St. Patrick stoopt to the grass nearby,  
And pluckt a Shamrock and held it high,  
“Behold, great king! Here are three in one  
Father, Son, and Spirit, before thine Eye!”

C. E. S.

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### To Auld Ireland

Here's to the land of the shamrock so green,  
Here's to the lad and his darling colleen;  
Here's to the one we love dearest and most,  
And may God save auld Ireland—  
That's an Irishman's toast.

### To Auld Ireland

Pat may be foolish and sometimes very wrong—  
Pat has a temper which don't last very long.  
Pat is full of jollity that every body knows  
And you'll never find a coward where the sham-  
rock grows.



When the roll was called, there were neither gentlemen nor Co-eds there.



## ST. PATRICK'S EVE.

It was the 17th of March in the year 1911,  
The time as close as I could see was about half  
past seven,

St. Pat rose from his emerald couch and slowly  
shook his head

As to his fellow-saints about, these very words he  
said:—

“I’m off now for Missouri where they celebrate so  
high

My own birthday, St. Patrick’s Day, a day they’ll  
ne’er let die.”

At half past 10 he reached here, ’twas our campus  
without doubt,

And yet he rubbed and rubbed his eyes as he slow-  
ly looked about,

For there was neither castle, wall, nor even Blar-  
ney Stone,

To show that this was what was once called old  
St. Patrick’s home.

“It can’t be, yet it must be,” the good old Saint de-  
clared.

And then for explanation of this change he to-  
ward me fared.

“The top of the mornin unto you” he greeted me,  
And “Faith and begorra, sir, it sorely puzzles me,  
To know what has befallen my beloved Engineer,”  
And in his kindly eyes I thot I saw spring up the  
tears,

“I see nary a sign of welcome in honor or memory,  
Of their good old patron Saint, St. Pat. of Killar-  
ney.”

“Well dear St. Pat., it’s just this way”, in answer I began,

“The faculty’s determined that we no longer can  
Take off the day, that blessed day, to celebrate  
your name,

To show the world at large about our perfect  
right and claim,

To be called the sons of Erin and the Knights of  
dear St. Pat.

To celebrate from morn till late your return to our  
habitat.”

“They said our stunt should be pulled off some  
time along in May,

Along with all the other stunts, The County Fair,  
and say,

The very thot to have that day, the 17th. of March,  
Come in among the days of May! Why, It’s hot  
enough to scorch—

That idea is! I don’t see why they couldn’t ask  
us too,

To wait until vacation time and celebrate right  
thru.”

“And if you naughty boys should ‘cut’”, the faculty has said,

“We’ll see that lots of credit from your hard earned  
hours is shed,

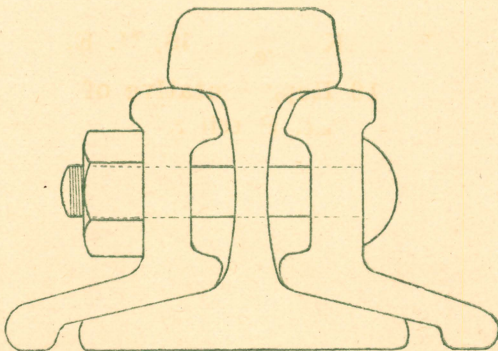
Just one hour first, then two, then three, until five  
hours we reach,

We think this sort of treatment docility will teach.’  
And so because the freshmen thus in the course of  
years,

Would lose ten hours of credit, sir, this thing we’ve  
done with tears.”

He took his leave, St. Patrick did, with tears and  
heavy sighs,  
I turned around, I groaned real loud, and then  
opened my eyes,  
For can't you guess by this time 'twas all an awful  
dream,  
For how could such a thing occur where all of us  
esteem  
The enterprise and spirit that prompts us thus to  
say,  
"Let's honor our dear patron Saint, let's celebrate  
his day?"

W. K.

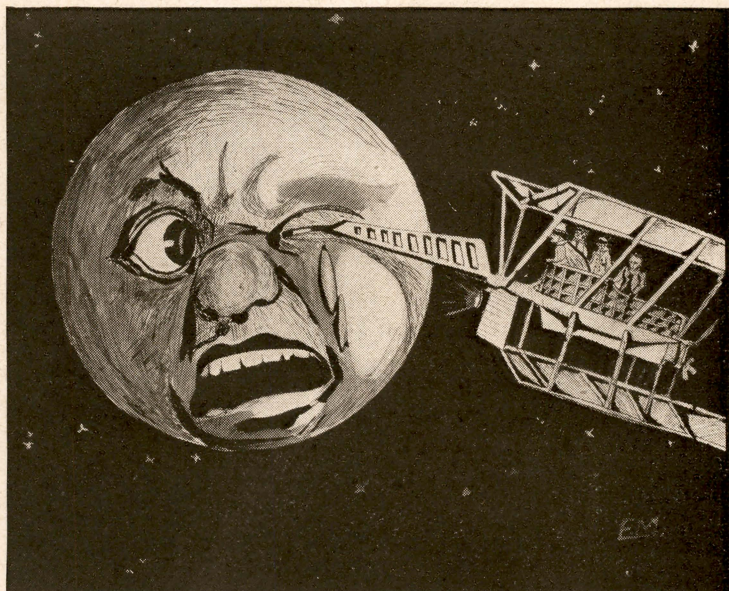




FRANK BURRESS, M. E.

1910 Representative of  
St. Patrick.



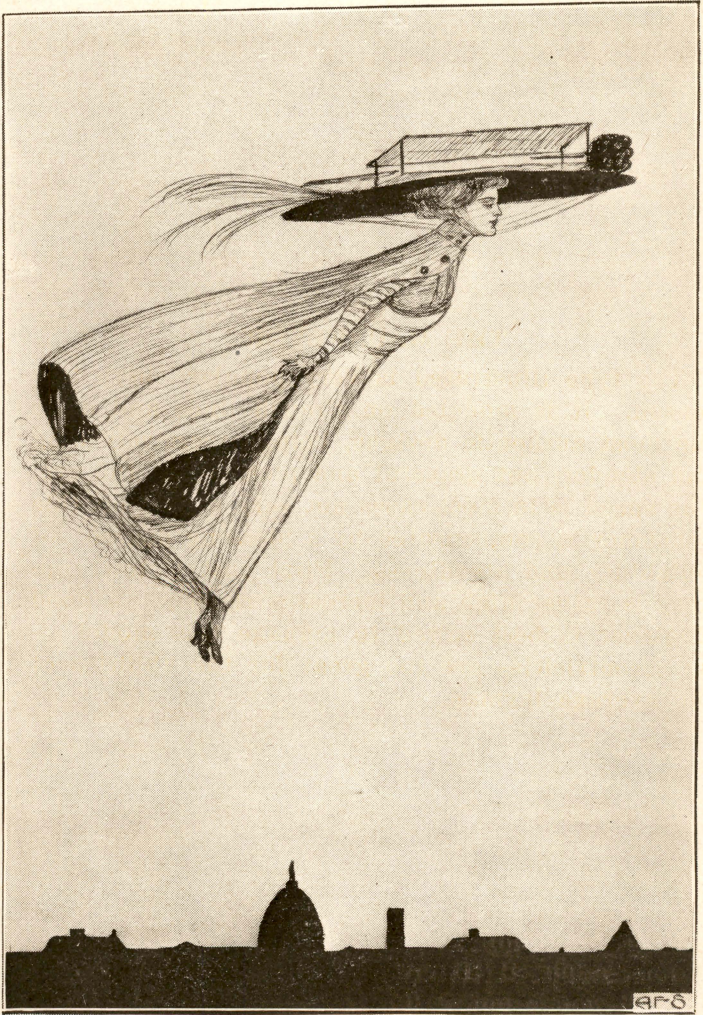


The Moon:

Confound you Engineers why don't you stay on your own campus instead of coming here to give me an eye-opener?

### **THE M. U. FLYER**

The type illustrated is very popular here this season. It is modeled on French lines and after the most authentic designs, being excessively long and slender, but graceful and pleasing to the eye. The speed is in most cases not very great, but this deficiency is compensated by a pleasing degree of reliability and steadiness. First cost is low; up-keep is rather high and increases rapidly. A good Engineer is best suited to manage this model — its eccentricities are too great for the abilities of the average layman.









### THE COMING KNIGHT

My brother, he's an Engineer,  
And Knight of St. Pat too,  
He tells us kids mos' every night,  
What the fellers used to do.

They's got a dandy Blarney stone  
Wot tells about St. Pat,  
A bein' one grand Engineer,  
An' you can betcher hat,

He made a bully fine old Saint,  
He knew a trick or two,  
An' he left the secrets with the "E's"  
Down there at Ol' Mizzou.

Yep, brother says the Engineers,  
Are surely jus' the "Stuff",  
He saw a lot o' things at school,  
An' now, this ain't no bluff—

He saw St. Pat come o'er the waves,  
From jolly Ireland's shores,  
And shook the hand that told the snakes,  
"Skidoo" forevermore.

He says they had a grand Kow Tow,  
When St. Pat made him Knight,  
An' his degree, he's got all framed,  
'N say kids, it's out o' sight!

When I gets big and goes to school,  
There's nothin' goin' to do,  
Except I be's an Engineer,  
An' Knight o' St. Pat, too!

M. E. S.

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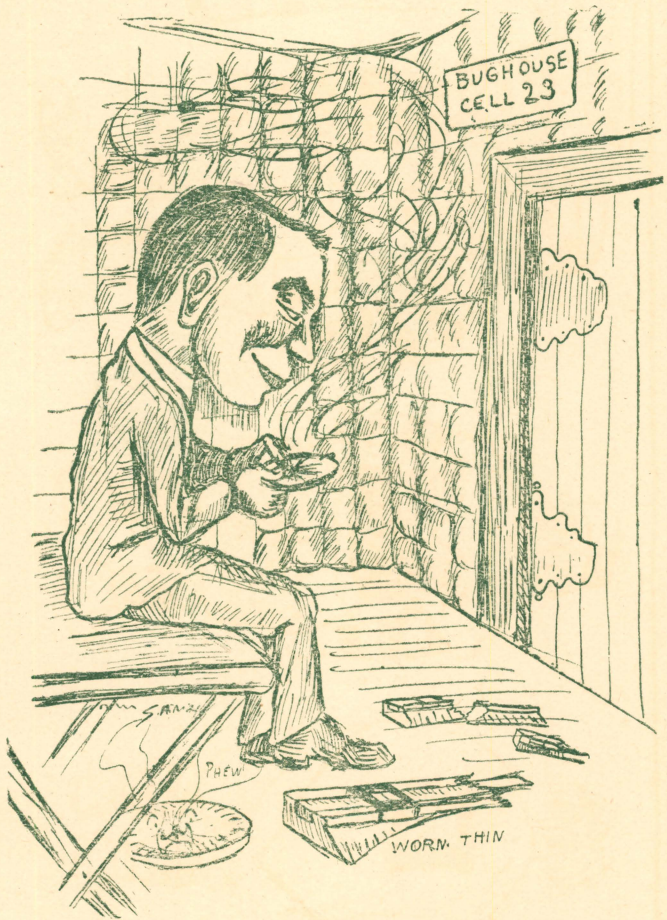
"You may take the shamrock from your hat, and  
cast it on the sod  
But 'twill take root, and flourish still, though un-  
derfoot 'tis trod!

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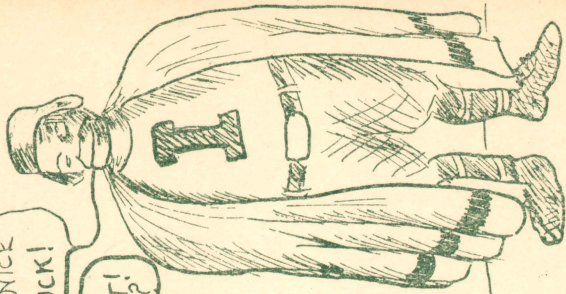
There was a man in our class  
Who was so awful wise  
He jumped onto the football squad  
And scratched out all his I's.

And when he saw his I's were out  
His troubles then began,  
But now he lives in beds of E's  
He studies Handling Men.



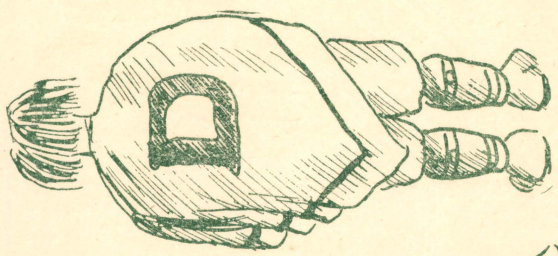
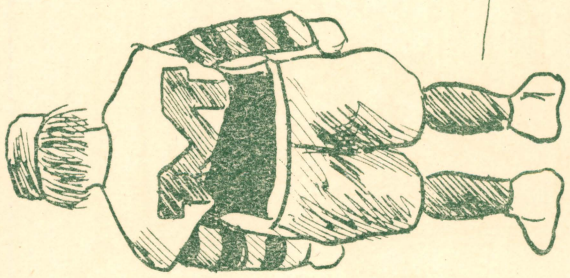


The slide-rule fiend



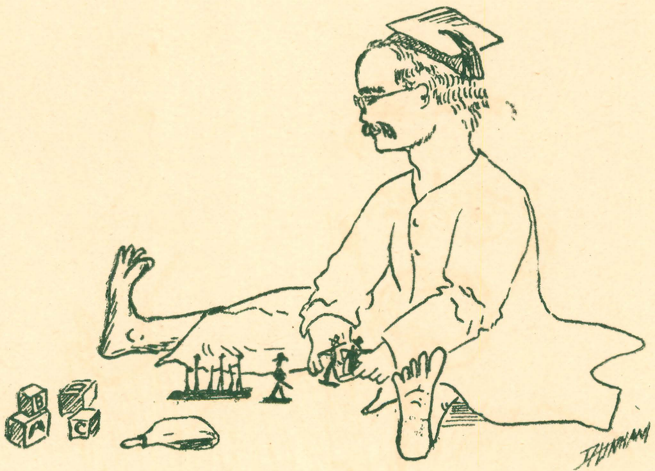
THATS A NICE  
CAPE  
BLUCK!

AW  
CANT IT!  
O!



DISREGARD  
THIS

S.M.H. 8



Handling of Men

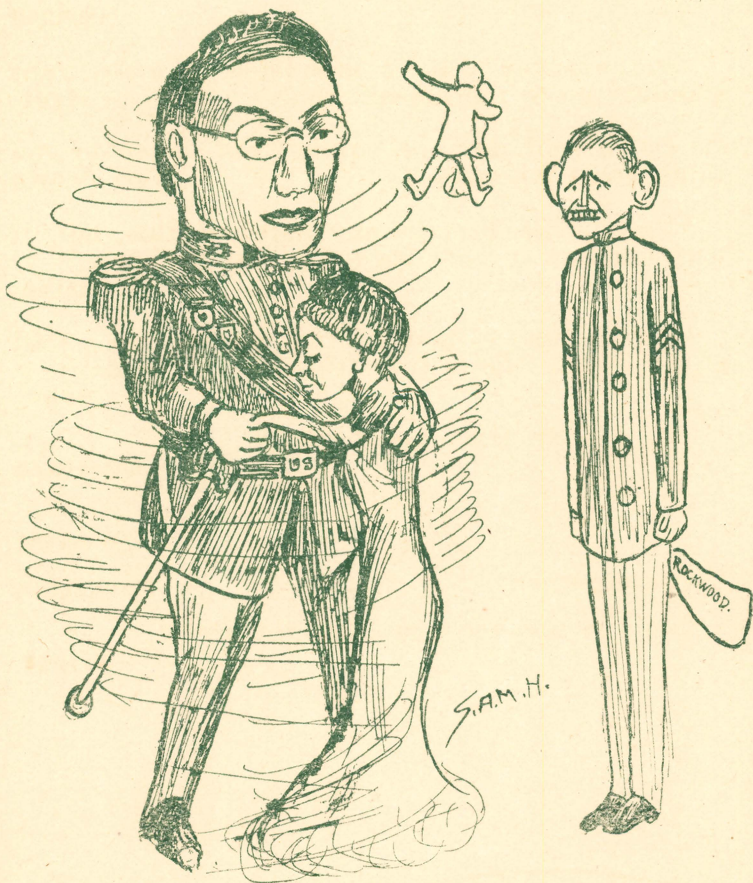
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The Engineers they had a Club, oh, my!, oh, me!  
Yes, it was known to outsiders as a Society.  
But if you'll pardon me, a suggestion I would make,  
To have it called "Refreshments Club," just to  
avoid mistake. W. K.



The Spalding Mit





How it would have been had Simon not resigned his cadet-ship.

## FAMOUS SAYINGS

"When I was with the Pennsylvania Railroad, Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ with whom I was intimately acquainted, said to Me."

Hibbard

"Perhaps you will be interested to know your standing up to the present time." Hyde.

"O, no! no! no! no! no! no! no!, what do you think you have made." Doc Brown

"No, you need't take any notes on this, but I will hold you responsible for it just the same." Wharton.

"Havn't time to look up that matter now. Call at my office. Hours from 10:55 to 11:00 daily." Shaw.

"I'll see Mr. Hyde about that"

Querbach

"-----"

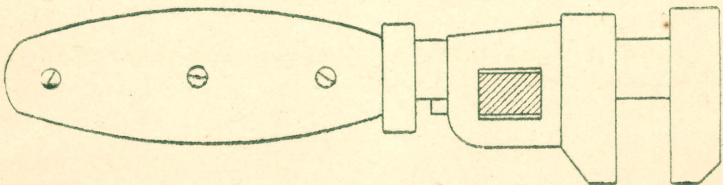
Wescott

"Onterperner"

Davenport

"Do you see, see that. Do you see?"

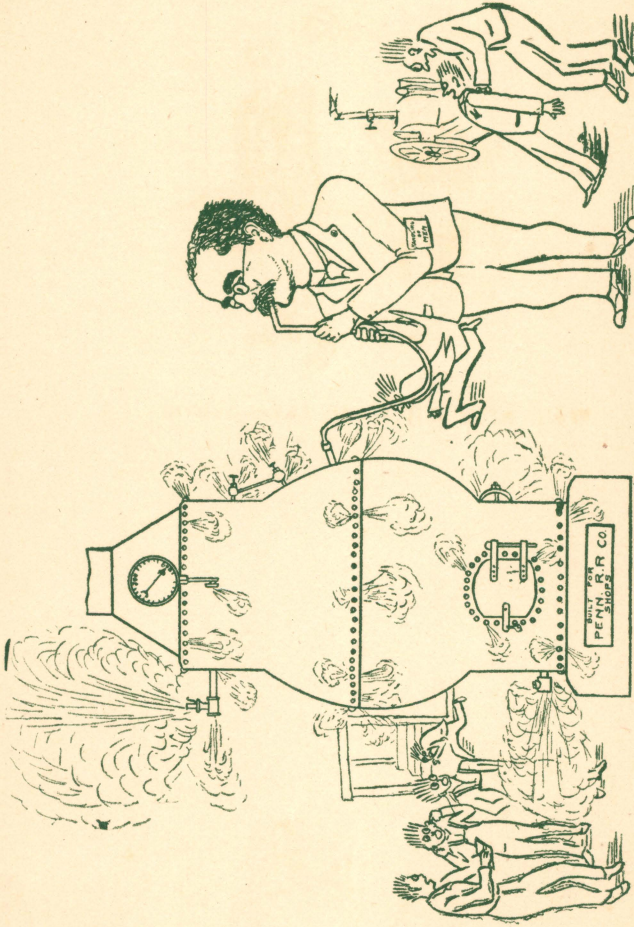
Briggs.





“Well, after all I can take Journalism.”





HOW SENIOR CIVILS TEST BOILERS

## A CALENDAR FROM MEMORY

- Sept. 21.—Simple Simon enters up for 13 hours of work.
- Sept. 30,—Meets HER—petitions for 7 hours Society—all laboratory work.
- Oct. 25,—Drops Spanish and adds 3 hours Society—laboratory.
- Nov. 18,—Increases research in Society 3 hours. Drops D. C.
- Dec. 1,—Puts graft with Hyde on working basis—Ranks 13 in Bridges.
- Jan. 5,—Increases lab. work in Society without consulting faculty. Study card now has 7 hours Engineering and 20 hours Society on it. SHE O. K's it.
- Jan. 25,—Reports up to date in Bridges—all but—Ranks 13 plus n.
- Jan. 27, to Feb. 2,—Unfinished society experiments preclude much study for Bridge Exams.
- Feb. 3,—  
8:00 A. M.—Simple S. goes to Bridge Exam.  
9:00 A. M.—Sick—blind—dizzy—giddy! Communicates with Hyde and is led (?) home by friends.  
11:00 A. M.—Still sick (?)—strolling across campus.  
7:30 P. M.—Goes to see HER for preliminary exam. in Society.
- Feb. 4, A. M.—Simon confides the secret of his ill health to Hyde—nervous troubles. Upon advice of family physicians he gets a month's time to hand in bridge book.  
8:00 P. M.—More preliminary exam. in Society at Elks Ball—Still nervous.
- Feb. 5, A. M.—Again with Hyde—really looks bad.  
P. M.—Still more preliminary exam. in Society—Club Dance.



Feb. 6, Sunday,

A. M.—Out strolling with HER.

P. M.—Goes out to tell HER how sick Hyde thinks he is.

Feb. 7, Monday P. M.—Same final exam. in Society  
—Nervous yet, but goes to M. dance—  
didn't (?) want to go.

Feb. 8, Tuesday,—Gets second pair of half soles  
put on dancing pumps since September. Has  
gone to (a plus n) dances.

Feb. 9, Wednesday,—More final exam. in Society.  
War dance. (See picture).

Three weeks later,—Hands in bridge book  
and gets an M.

P. S. Won an E in Society.

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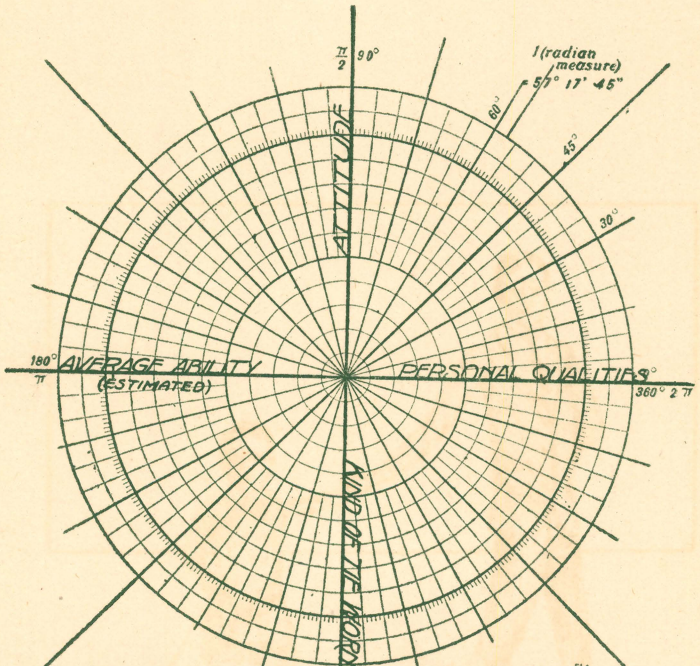
Dutch: (Looking out of the window and singing  
“Oh my pretty monkey, etc.”)

Dank: “Say Dutch that’s a window pane and  
not a looking glass”.

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Killian: “Do you know Ivan Awfulitch?”

Fuzzy: “No, but I am not surprised.”



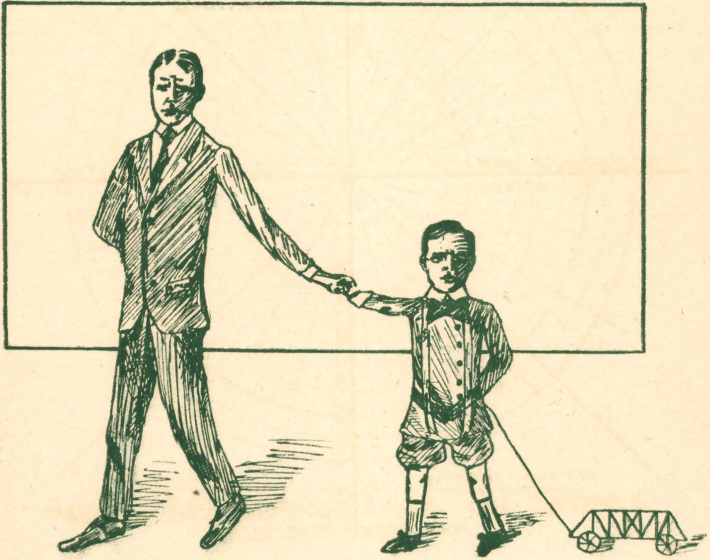
DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS  
 UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI  
 A SPIDERS WEB - ALSO A GRAPHICAL GRADING SYSTEM  
 FOR BRIDGE ENGINEERS

Plate C for sale by  
 The University Cooperative Store  
 Columbia, Mo.

POLAR COORDINATES AND PARAMETRIC EQUATIONS ARE ADVISED.  
 TO GIVE YOU A BETTER "I-DEAR"

There was a man named Hyde,  
 Who up one day and died.  
 Now, if in Heaven he should find  
 The pearly bridges so designed  
 As to be counter to his mind,  
 Pray, would he then leave Heaven Behind?

W. K.



UNIVERSITY BRIDGE CO.  
MISSOURI PLANT



## COLUMBIA POLICE METHODS

Sherlock Holmes Beasley (consulting the "Student Directory" the morning after the theatre excitement).

"Brady

"Brenton;

"Breel

"Brick — Brick!! — Brickley. That sounds like one of 'em, Mitch; put 'im down;"

\* \* \* \* \*

Bowman:

Byron

\* \* \* \* \*

Ecles

Edwards;

Egg—Egg!!—Eggleston: "There's another one! A warrant for him!"



Anybody can go to bed, but it takes a man  
to get up.—Roper



Mike: "Don't shoot, Pat, the gun ain't loaded?"  
Pat: "Faith and be jabbers Moike, Oi can't wait. the dom bird'll fly."



## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.**

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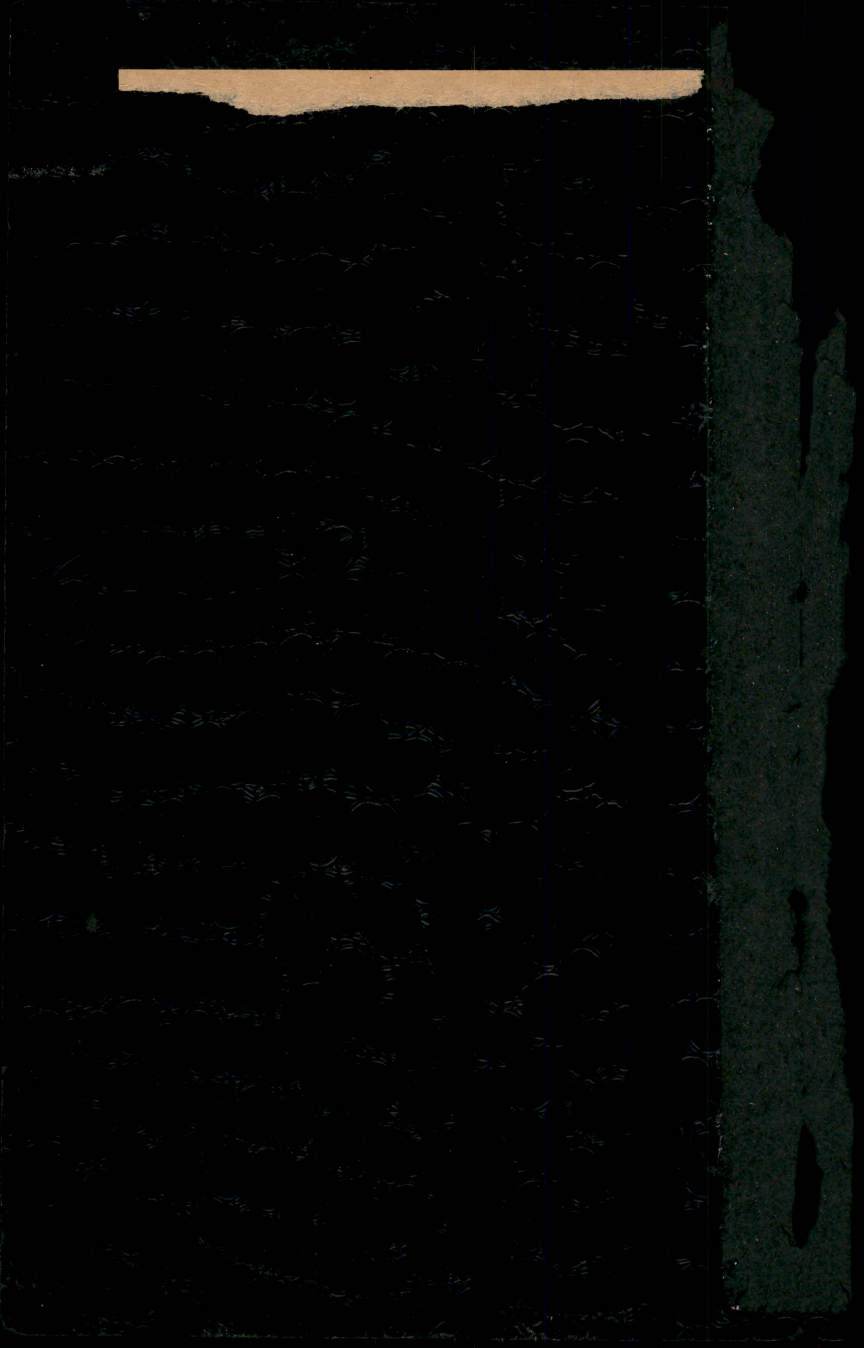


MISS MARY E. STEVENS

Whose loyalty to the faith and whose  
able work in the cause of St.  
Patrick merits the En-  
gineers' highest  
esteem.







University of Missouri - Columbia



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