

SHAMROCK



E
N
C
I
N
E
R
S



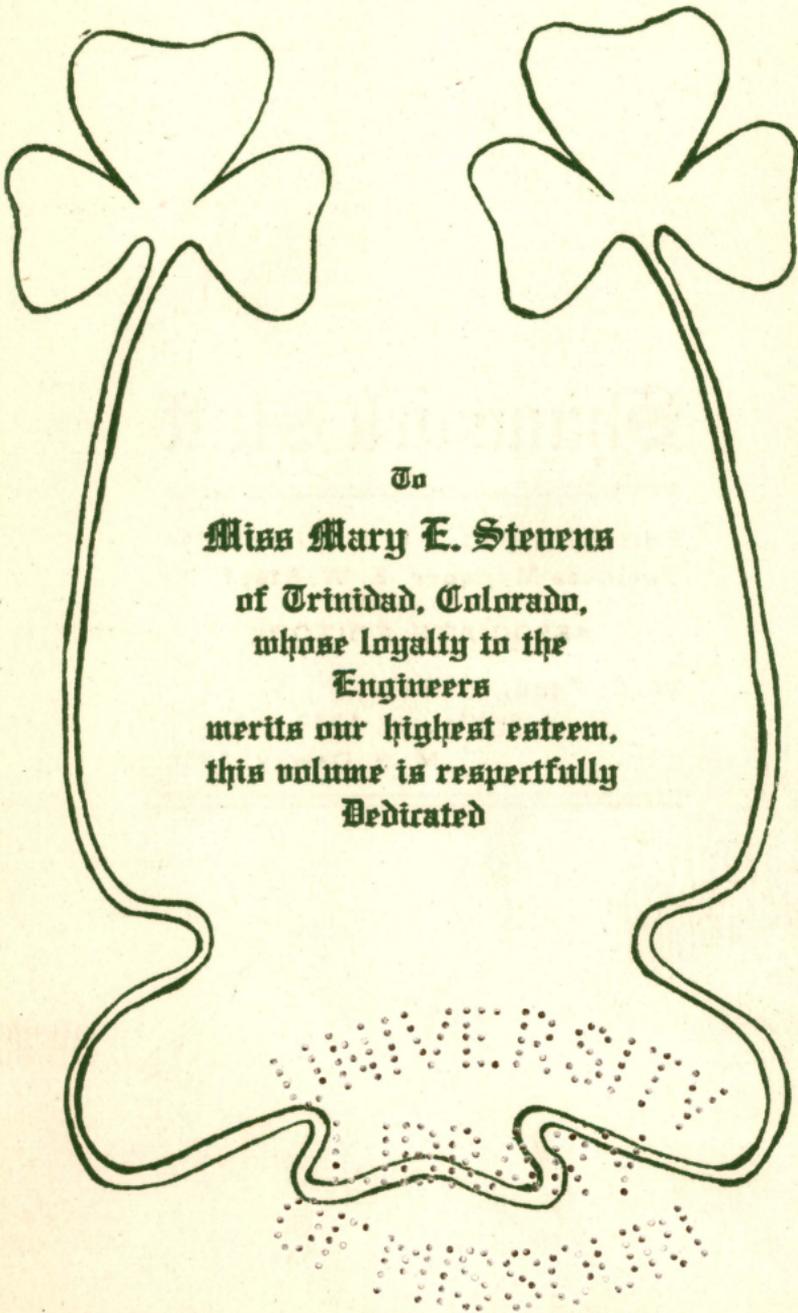
1911

MISSOURI UNIVERSITY









To
Miss Mary E. Stevens
of Trinidad, Colorado,
whose loyalty to the
Engineers
merits our highest esteem,
this volume is respectfully
Dedicated

Shamrock Staff

Editor-in-chief L. A. Nickell, '11

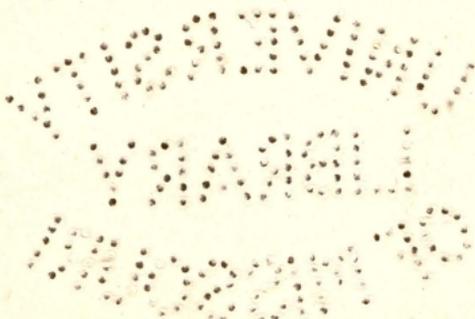
Business Manager E. W. Stapf, '11

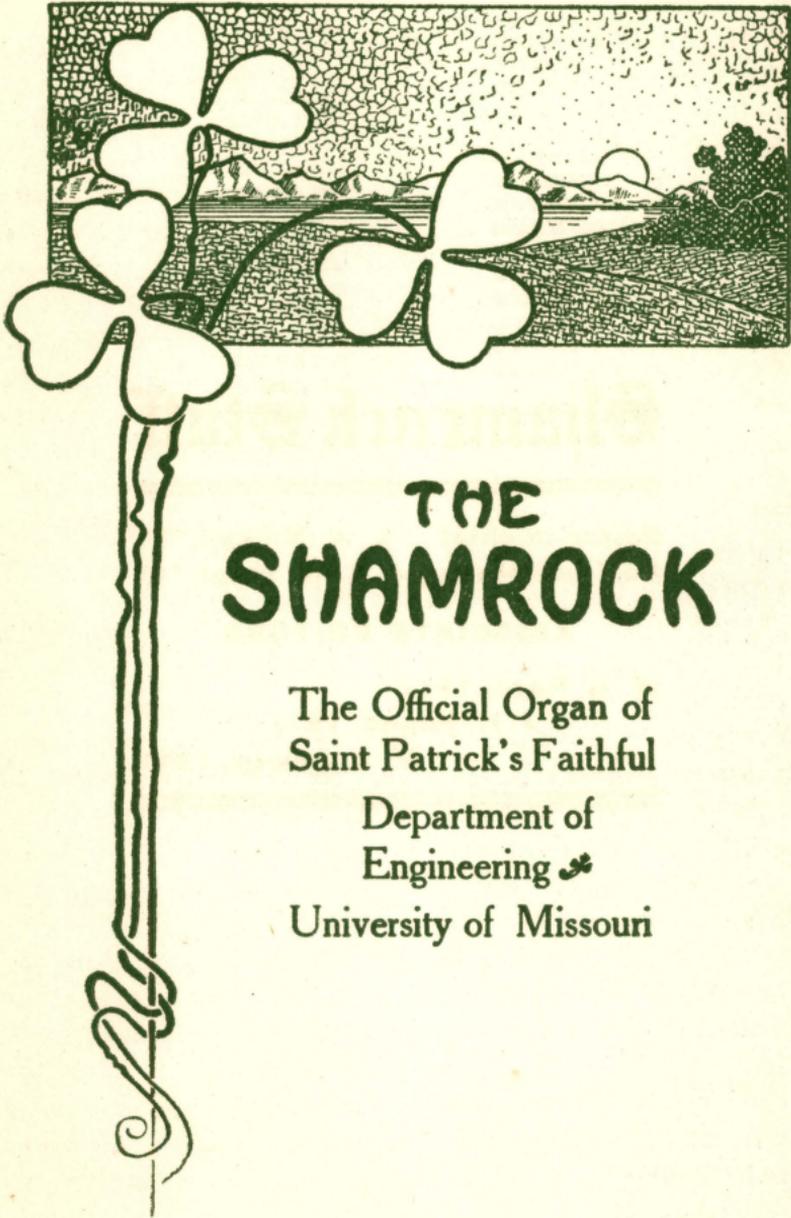
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

W. G. Read, 1912

J. H. Pound, 1913

M. B. Dewey, 1914





THE SHAMROCK

The Official Organ of
Saint Patrick's Faithful

Department of
Engineering ❁

University of Missouri

PREFACE

It has been said that the Engineer, in his quests for prying the secrets from Dame Nature, is wholly oblivious to the higher sphere of intellectual discourse; that his mind is narrow, that his mental horizon is limited and restricted only to the problems which appertain to his profession; that music and the classics are foreign to him.

In a sense that is true. We do not need Cato or Virgil or Julius Caesar, or even the immortal Shakespeare, as references for finding the bending moment of a structural beam or the intricacies of the electric apparatus. They belong to another world. But, let me say, there are times in the life of every engineer, when his dearly beloved profession becomes irksome to him and he aspires for friendship with the philosophers and the classic writers of academic fame.

The engineer is progressive. He takes his place in the work-a-day world as readily as the advocate or the teacher, the banker or the merchant, and in every civic movement we find the engineer a potent, tho sometimes, silent factor. He is a disseminator of his knowledge and his experience. The journalistic ability of the engineer is very forcibly set forth by the astoundingly large number of technical journals which cover the field of engineering.

Therefore we have thrown off for a short time the burden of our professions and are experiencing the blissful sensation of living, for a short time at least, in the land of the writer and philosopher. May the dear reader of this year's Shamrock judge us lightly and may me express the hope that in after years our ability to write be improved beyond reproach.

378.7 m 71
S
copy 2
1911
orig. lib

ST. PATRICK'S BOARD, 1911

Arrangements

Seniors:

H. C. Rogers	L. A. Nickell
F. J. Geary	D. M. Nelson
B. D. Lipscomb	H. W. Price

Juniors:

J. E. Deaver	W. W. Burden
F. P. Huston	H. A. Guengerich

Sophomores:

W. L. Durant	W. H. Kanzler
N. L. Church	C. B. Hibbard

Freshmen:

L. L. Leach	E. A. Hosmer
J. M. Ellis	

Shamrock:

L. A. Nickell, 1911.....	Editor in Chief
E. W. Stapf, 1911.....	Business Manager

Associate Editors:

W. G. Read, 1912	
J. H. Pound, 1913	
	M. B. Dewey, 1914

St. Patrick's Ball:

E. F. Johnson, 1911	H. J. Horan, 1911
A. J. Hecker, 1912	C. A. Clarke, 1914

Prof. A. L. Hyde

7/28/42

A BIT OF HISTORY.

It was in the Spring of 1903 that the great discovery was made, of the meaning of the words "Erin go Bragh." This translation which spread like wild fire throughout the world was nothing else than, "St. Patrick was an Engineer." In order to properly celebrate the Saints birthday and to pay homage to so great an engineer it was decided that the 17th day of March should be a holiday for all true and loyal sons of the noble Saint.

On March 17, 1903, therefore, all loyal sons attended chapel at 8 a. m., where in an impressive scene all solemnly dedicated themselves to the services of their Patron Saint. After chapel the "sons" all joined to the Quad where, "The Wearing of the Green," and other stirring airs were played by the Irish band. In the midst of the excitement who should appear but Uncle Dick, who spoke to them upon the subject of the day, during the course of his lecture he asked that all "Rowdies" should follow the brass band and that the gentlemen should go to classes as usual. It seems that, as is customary, the crowd followed the band. As a proper reward for their devotion to their Saint, several loyal sons were awarded a two weeks' vacation from classes.

In this manner was the first celebration of our "Patron Saints' Day" carried out and despite the discouraging outlook on the side of the faculty the day was considered a great success and the loyal sons settled down for another year's hard work, happy and contented in the new faith.

The celebration of 1904 was limited to a unanimous cut on the part of the three lower classes. The Engineering building was decorated modestly and in the evening the Seniors celebrated at a banquet at the Gordon.

In 1905 it was decided that in order to properly celebrate the Patron Saint's Day, greater preparations should be made. In accordance with this plan a committee with representatives from each class was

lected. This committee made great preparations for the celebration of the day.

A grand parade with each engineer in full regalia was the main feature of the celebration. The parade was formed on Broadway at "Booches corner" and from there the loyal sons marched to the campus to the strains of "The Wearing of the Green." After attending the exercises at the auditorium, the "guards" marched to the Engineering building where the grand "Kow Tow" was held. At a signal from St. Patrick the "loyal," assumed an attitude of great reverence—hats off, kneeling down, with faces deep in the sod—while St. Patrick, holding his transit, in solemn benediction, dedicated St. Pat's Day, forever a day of rest for the "Engineers." The parade then journeyed to Broadway where it was dismissed by St. Patrick. This year's celebration closed with a grand ball at Fifer's Hall.

In 1906 more elaborate preparations than ever before were made and the celebration was a great success. The celebrations of 1907, '08, '09 and 1910 were equally successful and were characterized by many original stunts.

The keeping of St. Patrick's Day by the engineers has become recognized as a matter of supreme importance. The celebration of this day is looked forward to and preparations are made by every engineer in the department. It is probably this loyalty to St. Patrick that brings the engineers so close together and makes the engineering department a unit in itself.

In the last few years the importance of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day has become recognized by the Engineering departments of other schools. In 1910 the School of Engineering at Ames, Iowa, held it's first celebration of the Saint's Day and at Rolla the engineers for the first time joined in the faith, reports have come in from Arkansas University that a big celebration is to be held there in honor of the Saint.

It is to be hoped by all sons of St. Patrick that the field will continue to grow in order that the "Knights of St. Patrick" may increase and thus make the world a better place.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

Civils.

- Besheer, W. C.*—"Shorty." Was a great society man once upon a time but quit when his girl left. Makes a new debut at St. Pat's Ball.
- Blackford, W. N.*—"Uncle Bing." Honor man and winner of the prize razor at the "Whiskers Banquet." Intends to start a whisker farm.
- Cole, J. A.*—"Piggy." Calls on a girl. Wanted to take her to a dance but the mumps downed him. Will try again at St. Pat's Ball.
- Castlio, J. N.*—"Pat." He's an awful man when you get him started—but the trouble is to start him.
- Cowan, Leslie.* "Mick." In line for promotion for President Hill's job. Is now protecting Irwin Switzler's reputation.
- Diemer, R. B.*—"Butch." If he saw a fair maiden in distress would he re-Diemer?
- Dunn, J. E.*—"Ebenezer." He's some goer but all on the Q. T.. Showed the Hayseeds around Kansas City Turkey Day.
- Geary, Frank*— Took a \$3.00 job away from Dunn for \$2.50. Chief mogul. Thinks he helps the Earth move.
- Gamez, Paul*—Intends to introduce the American love system into Mexico. Tries to fill his St. Pat's Ball program with an "Academ."
- Hahn, Charles*—"Chawles." "Professor Hyde, how would you design that hole?" A bridge artist from start to finish.
- Haglaga, W. H.*—"Walt" "We are all Republicans: the nigger, the dog, and I."
- Harris, F. D.*—"Freddie." Stands at the head of the Y. W. C. T. U. *Acception* Committee. Chief bottle slinger for the Y. M. C. A.

- Hereford, H. W.*—"Herbs." Calibrated two kegs in one night. Hyde Park a specialty. Always laying low.
- Houston, R. G.*—"Pete." Breaks dates on rainy nights (cabs \$4.00 per.)
- Horan, H. J.*—"Harold." Can sing like a horse. Invented the cigarette. "Say, you guys, I got a match. Who's got the makins?"
- Hodson, R. W.*—"Bob." Was never known to buy a stamp but writes to his Carthage Queen every night. Has a reputation for modesty, courtesy, and mildness of speech.
- Kessler, W. W.*—"Wally." Taught a "Dutch nigger" the art of chewing gum. Has a beautiful bass voice. Can also sing tenor.
- Leedy, C. M.*—"Mose." Makes abrasion tests on "Jim Gages" parlor carpet. Can tickle the ivories to a frazzle.
- McClay, W. H.*—"Mack." "High Pockets." There is no telling how tall this boy might have been if his legs hadn't run out to feet.
- Mitchell, J. E.*—"Mitch." We have heard that he will be married in June. May it be a *howling* success.
- Prehn, R. L.*—"Bob." Walking delegate for the Concert Workers Union. You might mistake him for a thug.
- Rogers, H. C.*—"Hugh." Say fellows, I flunked to-day—didn't study a bit on that. A fellow friend of Joey's. His long suit is serenades.
- Sennott, H. B.*—"Burr," "Doc." Objects to voting by proxy. Wielded a hammer on a railway gang and is using it yet.
- Smith, W. W.*—"Webb." Champion letter writer of the University. Sends his letters in sceptic tanks. Stays up two minutes at a time—sometimes.

Stine, E. J.—"Pete." If it takes two pints to make a quart, how much will it take to fill a "Steine?"
Ans. ; A brewery.

Stiffelman, J. A.—"Joey." Turned his inventive genius toward a new system of base line measurement. See Rogers above

Stevens, W. S.—"Spider." So very quiet and modest.

Spratt, W. M.—"Jack." An example of our married men. Somewhat tamed.

Southwell, W. W.—"South." Chaplain for the "Den of Vice."

Levy, E. N.—A second Hoyle. Pitch a specialty. Whist and Five Hundred also played. Smokes "seegars."

Kline, A. J.—"Arthuh." Don't chew, smoke, drink, or play cards. Fl'rt'ing's the most reckless thing he ever did.

Electricals

Born, Chas.—Yeh! Yeh! That's Right. The little boy with the large smile.

Cohen, H. B.—Claims that Weinbach gave him a dirty deal. Has to get warmed up before he can say what he wants.

Coulter, R. S.—Has two girls; goes to see one every night except Sunday and then he calls on the other.

Curtis, L. H.—"Tot," "Holly," "Dearie." Its too damned far out there by the Gym. One of Laura Jo's friends.

Fauquier, R. S.—"Sandy," "Do-bre." Flower's pet. A girl said he would make a nice boy.

Gerard, J. W.—Lee's plaything.

Haddaway, T. S.—Consulting engineer for Senior Electrical Design. Says he will put up a shingle above his table.

- Halstead, J. M.*—He is so quiet and gentle we could find nothing to roast him about.
- Helmreich, L. W.*—Thinks school can't be run without him.
- Hickman, Otto*—A peerless leader in working Prime Mover problems. Works at them all week and then gets them all wrong. The girls say he is "Oh, so cute."
- Holser, F. L.*—"Mose." Joins A. I. E. E. and attends meeting on front row. Flowers immediately checks lights. Call him "Sadie" and see him blush.
- Johnson, E. F.*—"Jack." Star runner for the "Alpha Phis."
- Kobrock, J. P.*—Always has some wild-cat scheme to get rich quick. Told Haddaway that the object of the card index was to find the data when wanted.
- Keller, A. D.*—A very hard and diligent student (?)
- Lankford, C. H.*—I would have had a good stand-in with that Iowa girl last summer if it hadn't been for her dad. Looks like Lord Chesterfield when in his Military attire.
- Lee, C. K.*—Afraid to wear overalls and jumpers in Mech. Lab. for fear the girls in the Physics Lab. will see him in such blooming (?) attire. Reads the Saturday Evening Post between naps in lectures.
- Lipscomb, P. D.*—"Wart." Only man in the University that is familiar with the proceedings of the Womans' Council. Ain't got nothing skinned on me.
- Mayer, M.*—"Fatty." Used to bring candy to Design class until the fellows got on to him.
- Mainland, S.*—Has a wonderful imagination. Has to stand twice in the same place to cast a shadow.

Morris, V. W.—"If it wasn't for Prime Movers I could shave every month or two, whether necessary or not."

McDonald, E. C.—"Galley west and crooked, and the likes of that." Wants a good definition of "love" and thinks matrimony should be standardized.

Nickell, L. A.—Every time he sees one of those belts in A. C. Lab. manipulate some of those higher harmonics he feels like it is about time to seek the nearest post.

Roberts, H.—Won't tell his age. Wonder why? "I'm going to run away before you make me tell it."

Rooker, J. F.—"Chubby." Never has more than one girl at a time.

See, E. M.—Always comes into Lecture with his hat on.

Shuck, G. B.—"Cupid," "Jimmie." Oh hell—o, Betsy. What have I did. Went skating and suffered an accident. "Oh let me."

Stapf, E. W.—Took a drunken nap after the Xmas holidays in the Dean's Lecture.

Surber, V. W.—Had a slide rule made to order which is proportional to his size. A three inch rule. Flowers' pet No. 2. Insists on paying his railroad fare.

Mechanicals.

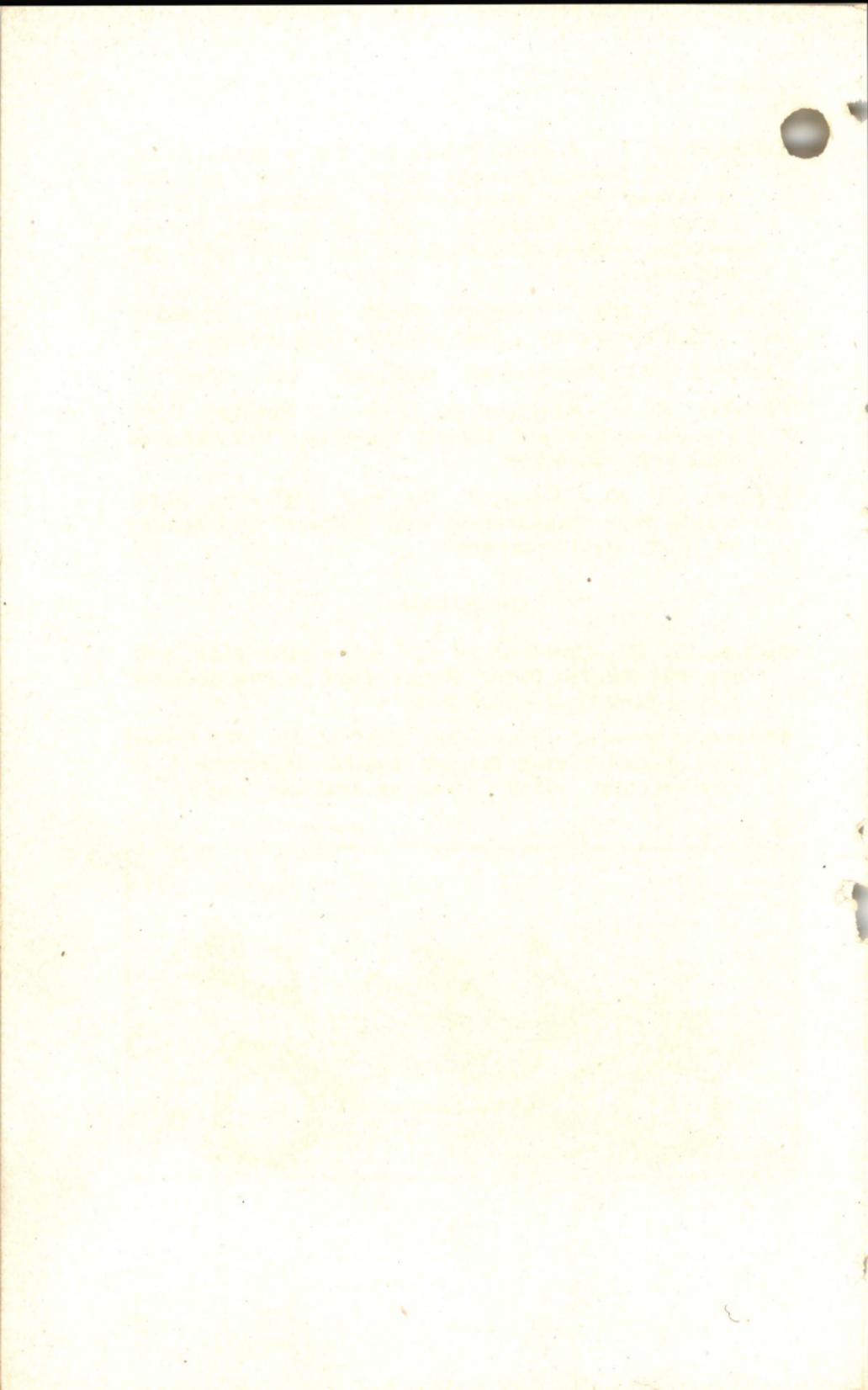
Burgess, F.—"Pete." "Ah there." Won't waste any time talking to you.

Edgar, O. N.—Association with "Prissie" has put him completely to the bad. Never known to graft.

Heptonstall, A. E.—Would be a pretty good fellow, but is married and can't be too sociable.



PROF. E. A. FESSENDEN
Honorary Knight of St. Patrick,
Summa Cum Laude, 1911



Kennedy, F. T.—A Prof before he was a man. Prof. H. "Mr. Kennedy, what experience have you had in Power Plant engineering? Jackson: "When I was in the blacksmith shop of the Mo. Pac. in Sedalia, I used to sometimes eat lunch with the engineer."

Price, H. Wade—"Prissie." Head janitor in Mech. Lab. Fuzzle's flunky. Just getting into society.

Sharp, H. N.—Two Pokes! Got yeh! Ha! Ha!

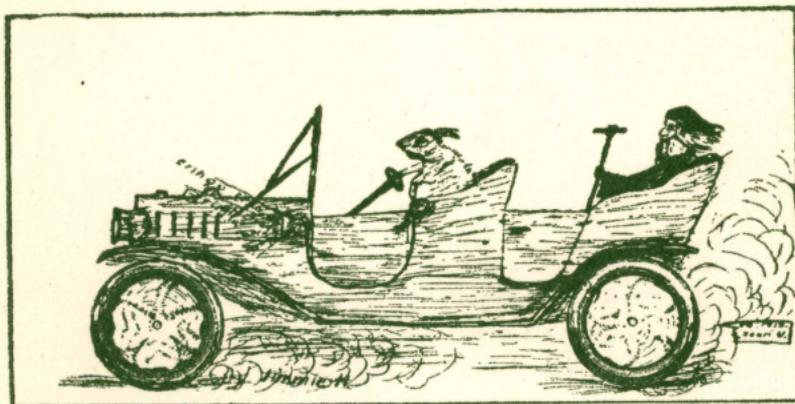
Thacher, F. B.—Hop and go fetch it. Safety. Prof. H. says he needs a Maxim silencer. Foreman of Senior M. E. office.

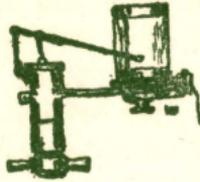
Weaver, H. E.—"Fannie," the boy with the hard-boiled face. Associates with himself and thinks he is in good company.

Chemicals.

Nelson, D. M.—One-half of the self-styled best looking and largest footed department in engineering. He's a faculty member now.

Thomson, Proctor—The other half of the self-styled best looking and largest footed department in engineering. Hasn't risen as high as "Paddy."





"A TRUE ENGINEER"

There was a man who had four daughters,
And he sent them all to College.
He thought if all could not find husbands,
At least they'd have superior knowledge
To meet Life's battles all alone,
And better cope with minds well trained;
But really he need not have feared,
For of the four not one remained.
Not one stayed home a spinster maid,
But all were quickly married
To manly chaps, of promise fair,
And in but one respect they varied:
One was a Civil Engineer,
And Chemical was another,
Electrical was the third of the four,
Mechanical was his brother.

* * *

The father sighed in satisfaction,
And said to his girls, "My dears,"
"Thank goodness there were enough to go 'round,
"For I'd have none but Engineers."

—MARY E. STEVENS.



"OTT WIRZE"

"Watt-hour you doin' there?" asked the boss.

"Eating currents," replied the apprentice shamefacedly. "Anode you'd catch me at it."

"Wire you insulate this morning anyway?" demanded the boss.

"Leyden bed."

"Wouldn't that jar you? Can't your relay-shunts get you up mornings?"

"Amperently not."

"Fuse going to do that every day you can take your hat and go ohm," replied the boss, and the circuit was broken right there.

OUR SPRING POEM

How doth the busy little volt
Improve each shining hour?
He travels on the D. C. line
And gives the people power.

And when he meets his little ohm,
It standing in his way,
He sends an ampere in his place
And stays and wins the day.

And when he's done his daily task
And made the motor go,
Like chickens home to roost he hikes,
Back to the dynamo.

Or perhaps he takes the A. C. line
Because he thinks it pays,
And takes his family along
And then we have a phase.

And if they meet along the line
A Henry or a Farad,
They'll treat him as they did the ohm,
For which we should be glad.

For if the busy little volt
Did not work both day and night
Where would we get our kilowatts
And our electric light?

—From the *Red Shield*.



AT THE SIGN OF THE SHAMROCK

It really was a compliment to our ability that we were among the number of Engineers detailed to install the monster machinery in the new Wild Rose Mine—we admitted that. But to be ordered away on the sixteenth of March, after planning for a whole year to have a big St. Patrick celebration at our J Quarters, was more than Engineers—J or otherwise—could stand. And that is why the three J's (as the public had dubbed us because of our names, Jerry, Johnson and Jones) were as mad as the March Hare of Wonderland fame.

But it was either obey orders or quit and Jerry, who despite his impulsiveness was the most practical of the three, advised us not to quit, thereby establishing for himself a lasting reputation among Engineers, who know that good positions don't congregate in bunches and wait for J's or others of the profession.

So it was a disappointed trio that left the J Apartments that morning of the sixteenth of March, after an angry and sleepless night. And the big Company automobile that on any other occasion would have delighted our souls, looked like some sinister agent of Satan himself, while poor obliging Lemp, who had always been known as the Prince of Chauffeurs, now assumed the guise of a veritable monster in the distorted vision of our rebellious eyes.

And at any other time the three of us would have eagerly discussed the work at the mine but in our present state of mind that was impossible, so miles and miles of mountain road heard not a word from

any of us. Lemp nobly kept the car's speed to its limit and before noon we had passed Black Hill. Still we had no word of praise for this unusual record. We ate our lunch mechanically and then only after repeated hints from the hungry Lemp.

Lunch time over we grew more gloomy as the miles sped by. Not one of us spoke of the thing uppermost in our minds but sat glum and silent through the afternoon. It was still early when the sun died behind heavy clouds and moisture hung in the air. Absorbed each in his own unhappy thought none noticed a soft falling snow until Lemp stopped the car to put the chains on the wheels. Darkness fairly dropped about us after that, but none of us could have been more depressed than we already were, so when the machine dropped into a snow covered rut, we looked upon it as but one more annoyance in an altogether disagreeable day and accepted it as a matter of course. With one accord and as tho' in a dream the three of us stepped out with never a word, and started puffing up the canyon afoot.

It was not until we began to feel the piercing cold that one of us remembered Lemp.

"Do you think we ought to go back?" Jerry asked uncertainly.

"Only for the lunch," said Johnson, who, thus awakened to a dull sense of responsibility, had felt the pangs of hunger at the same time.

"By Jove!" Jerry and I exclaimed together, simultaneously regretting a haste that had made us forget so vital a thing as lunch.

"But then," Jerry added at once, "Lemp would be lost without it, for 'free lunch,' you know, is the usual accompaniment where names like his are concerned.

"Very true," Johnson and I acquiesced numbly.

"And besides," Jerry continued, "we couldn't lift the machine out now. It's in too deep and we're all half frozen."

"Of course not," Johnson agreed willingly, "and you know Lemp always manages someway."

By common consent we turned and trudged on up the slippery hill.

It seemed we had walked hours when Johnson roused Jerry and me from our stupor by the announcement that we had lost our way.

"This is the third time," he said crossly, "that I have tried to tell you fellows we've missed the road somewhere—can't you get it into your heads?"

Now thoroughly interested, we stopped to look about, and were convinced. "But what shall we do." I asked helplessly.

"Well I'm for going on," said Jerry, "because we can't see any more behind us than we can in front of us and we're just as likely to get somewhere by going ahead."

Johnson and I accepted this bit of philosophy without argument and again our trio faced the storm. Once or twice afterward we stopped for debate but all the hills looked alike in that heavy snow and many things looked like mountains that were only drifts. It really was a serious dilemma and our alarm increased as the wind grew colder.

That we were hopelessly lost we knew, but we knew too that to keep from freezing, we must keep moving tho' it was an aimless journey.

Jerry was the first—Jerry always is—to see a light thru the hills, but the snow was so blinding, Johnson and I feared that the light existed only in his imagination. But the suggestion served to arouse our numbed senses and with intent looking Johnson

and I soon discerned a wavering speck of brightness which we could only hope it was not so far as it seemed.

Once I thought I heard a call as we stumbled toward the light but it was so faint I concluded I must be mistaken until Jerry said, "There it is again!"

And sure enough, it sounded clearer. By straining our ears we could make out the voice of the faithful Lemp hallooing in the night.

"But Oh! Look at the light!" Jerry exclaimed, joyfully as he caught at my sleeve. "Look, Johnson," still more eagerly, "see how plain it is!"

And none of us was the least surprised, when the light in growing brighter took the distinct shape of a Shamrock, suspended in the sky.

"Hello, up there," again came the unmistakable voice of Lemp.

And answering with the wild shout of gladness the three of us dashed down the hillside, our stiffened muscles warming as we ran. "Hello, you Lemp," called Jerry as we hastened in the direction whence came the joyful answer of our faithful chauffeur.

All the way we kept sight of the Shamrock beacon and when at last we fairly fell upon the car we waited to ask no questions as to how Lemp had come up with us, but gave orders to drive like mad toward the wonderful light. Jerry insisted on hugging Johnson and me as we chugged along in the snow, the skillful Lemp guiding the wheel as well as he could. He had found the road and was keeping it well.

In breathless amazement we watched all the way and simultaneously we gave a cry of delight as nearing the wonderful Shamrock that had served as our

guiding star, we read in glittering letters, "At the Sign of the Shamrock."

It wasn't long then until Lemp drew up in front of—not the little old wooden hotel that had sheltered us on previous visits to the camp, but a quaint old-time inn, unmistakably Irish in its architecture. And it seemed but a part of the wonderful surprise when Saint Patrick himself greeted us at the door, bidding us the cheeriest of Engineer welcomes.

"Enter, me lads," said he, as he smiled benignly on all three. "Have off your snowy things and be seated by the fire.

Saint Patrick himself added a fresh log to the blazing fire and turning, gave us the kindest smile that warmed us thru far quicker than any fire might do. "I'm glad you came," he said quietly. And tho' I looked straight at the Saintly face before me, I knew that Jerry on my left and Johnson on my right, were as ashamed as I at our late anger.

Before any one of us could make answer our Patron and Host had slipped quietly thru a door beside the fireplace, and instinctively we knew that our Saint himself was gone to direct the preparation of supper.

I was watching for him to return when an exclamation from Jerry directed my attention to the outer door beyond which the stamping of many feet proclaimed the arrival of other guests. Surprises had ceased to surprise and when the door opened I was not astonished to see Saint Patrick ushering in Skip Kelley and John Warthen. The first greetings were not over when Jack Steen, Hob Deerden and Mike Fellows bore in upon us from the yard. It was old times all over again and when Teeny Withers, who followed with others of the Old Guard, spoke up and said, "You know, fellows, this was to be our reunion

year," we remembered our Commencement vow and understood the goodness of our Saint.

When the roll was called by the fireside there were none missing except Tim Fleet who had died in Panama six months after Commencement, and Patsy Wentworth, who was married and living in Montana.

It was an evening of Heaven—that night of supper and song, and when at last Saint Patrick rose from the banquet to tell us goodbye we would have overwhelmed him in our sorrow at his departure. But as he took each of our number by the hand there came a strength from his determined clasp that made us resolute (firm) men.

"And Byes," he said, "the others shall know tomorrow. I am proud of ye all as Knights, and I'll always remember this time together. My blessing is with you now and ever."

We saw him pass thru the door into the outer room, heard him speak quietly to Lemp and together they went out into the night.

There wasn't much said after that, until a snow covered figure stumbled suddenly into the room, where we still sat around the table. We were around the intruder in a flash and it was the voice of Patsy, mournful and breathless, that inquired, "Is he gone?"

Our looks answered him as he wailed his disappointment. "Oh, why couldn't he wait?" "It wasn't easy to come all this way and—and besides I'm married!"

"We're sorry," we answered in stupid chorus.

We comforted him as best we could and warmed him with our welcome then led him to the banquet board and steaming food. And tho' he was happy in our fellowship, it was pitifully plain he couldn't forget his disappointment.

It was the return of Lemp that roused us from our reminiscent reveries or we might never have known that dawn was not distant.

There were no goodbyes and we never knew how each had come or how departed. We only knew that the faithful Lemp had us miles up the canyon when the sun finally burst thru the clouds.

The first I remember was Jerry asking Lemp where he had taken Saint Patrick.

"I don't know that, sir," he said. "It all seems like a dream but—

We looked at each other hopelessly—each reading the fear in the other's eyes.

"What did he have with him?" Johnson ventured in a desperate hope.

"Well, sir," Lemp spoke up brightly, "he had a goat—awful gentle too for such a creature—and a queer little cart and a—a shilalah, I guess y' call it, and lots and lots of Shamrocks!

Lemp certainly has the making of an Engineer for he kept the wheel steady tho' we must have travelled a goodly bit of mountain road before any of us three discovered that while in our delirium of happiness Jerry was warbling "The Wearin' O' the Green" in his treble key, Johnson was pounding away in his splendid bass on "Don't Forget the Engineers," and I was whistling a medley (I couldn't sing) that must have defied cataloging.

Because it was there in the white mountains where Lemp saw only drifts of snow, three J's saw fields of greenest Shamrocks. It was enough—for now we knew!

—MARY E. STEVENS.

AN IDYL

There is a Prof in our school,
Who looks so wonderous wise;
In E. E. 5 he reigns supreme
And deals out lots of I's.



Three times a week we meet him,
He comes in at his ease;
And as the hour draws to a close
The air is full of zz-zz.

'Tis a soul-inspiring moment
To see the dear Dean walk;
Serenely and with measured steps
With another piece of chalk.

The gutter at the black-board
Is stacked up high with chalk;
But always an additional piece
Is used at every talk.

The box is nearly empty,
Oh my, what will he do;
Swipe one out of Weinbach's office
And one from Hibbard's too?

Mayhap he will, mayhap he won't,
Time will tell it later;
And meantime all the chalk will be
Used up for curves and "dater."

I must not for a moment,
Forget, though 'tis not fair;
That after every scrap of "dater"
He quickly takes his chair.



The dear Dean has his draw-backs
No less than one of us,
And so for obvious reasons
There is no use to fuss.

QUESTION BOX

(This department is open to all those desiring information concerning engineering subjects. No questions answered by mail.)

Mr. Editor:—Can you tell me whether an A. C. storage battery takes up more room than a D. C. storage battery.

H. WIBBARD HADE.

H. WIBBARD HADE:

We are glad that this inquiry comes up at this time. Considerable worry has been caused the mechanical engineers in their attempt to show that electrifications of steam roads where alternating current only is available is impossible, owing to the large floor space taken up by the A. C. storage battery. The latest accounts show that the space taken up by A. C. storage batteries is very small, in fact it is nil, and the floor space so gained can be fitted up with a couch and a library table for the brakeman and conductor.

FAMILIAR OCCURRENCES.

Gerard:—Mr. Flowers, that er—that er diagram, I mean that—that, well, — oh, I see —

Flowers:—No, I think not. That is not quite true. You see I have a perfect right to rotate these two vectors in opposite di—

E. W. Kellogg:—I don't see what right you have for making that assumption.

Flowers:—(Just then the bell rings; lucky for Flowers.) Next time we will have a little review.



WE WHO KNOW

Where others see but ivy
By the Columns we adore,
Where others see but blue-grass,
Or some clover—nothing more—
We who know can see beneath,
Hidden by this ivy sheath,
Tiny Shamrocks, all aglow,
Wee bit emblems we love so,
Tiny little Shamrocks.



Where Profs. can see but "cutting"
On our yearly holiday,
Where they see but classes slighted,
For which we dearly pay—
We who know, see honor tested,
Of which we would be divested,
If we were not always true
To faith and creed—tradition, too,
Of the first true Knights.

Where others see the Kow Tow—
Its outward form alone,
Where others fail to understand
A meaning all our own—
We who know, see hidden beauty,
Which entails a sacred duty
To all those who've gone before,
To those yet to know our lore,
As real Engineers.

Where others see but ivy—
Its tendrils cling and twine—
Where others see no more than
Clover, grass and vine,
We who know, find on the Quad,
Where Saint Patrick's feet have trod,
Tiny Shamrocks all aglow.
We bit emblems we love so,
Tiny little Shamrocks.

—MARY E. STEVENS.

(Picked Up at Random in Prime Mover
Recitations.)

"Mr. Stapf, will you go to the board and draw us a chunk of gas."

"Mr. Kobrock, be my chalk-hand for a few minutes."

"Mr. Lipscomb, will you tell us what 'from a knot' means?" Mainland to "Sandy": "About the same as from a grass-hopper."

"Boys, Mr. F. tells me you are 'bawling' up your problems in Design Room."

"When I was a student at Sibley College."

"I remember one day I was called before the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who thought he had cornered me; but boys, I showed him where I was right, and after that he always hesitated in calling me up again. You can bet though, I was scared."

STRAY UTTERINGS

"Anyone can lecture when he has to read his own notes."—Holser.

"Shaw is now purring."—Mainland.

"Knocked signals galley west and crooked."
—McDonald.

"Can you see these figures?"—Flowers.

"You follow me in this, do you not?"—Flowers.



SONG OF THE STEAM SHOVEL

I've a very homely figure,
Or at least, that's what I fear,
But there's rhythm to my movement,
Which improves from year to year.

There's such joy in being useful,
I can quite forget my face,
And I quiver with the pleasure,
When I'm anchored into place.

When I feel the engines waking
The machinery from its sleep—
Toward the dirt that I must shovel,
I can scarcely wait to leap!

When the steam, with chugging effort,
Gives the signal for my "drop,"
In my eagerness of lifting,
I am loath to ever stop.

Out and under—in and over,
Swings and dips my shoulder strong,
Dropping—raising—my big bucket,
I am happy in my song.

For I know that where I'm working,
In this barren, empty place,
There will build a monster railroad,
Keeping stride with Time's great pace.

And while men will praise its swiftness,
As it bounds along the rails,
Mine, the task to go before it,
And prepare—or else it fails!

—MARY E. STEVENS.





EXAMINATION—FEBRUARY, 1911.

E. E. SHAW,
A. C. FLOWERS,
D. C. WEINBACH.

(Answer any three).

Question:

1. Why is the transformer design under Flowers a shell game?

Answer:

Because we have a shell type transformer to design.

Question:

2. What kind of a flower is Flowers?

Answer:

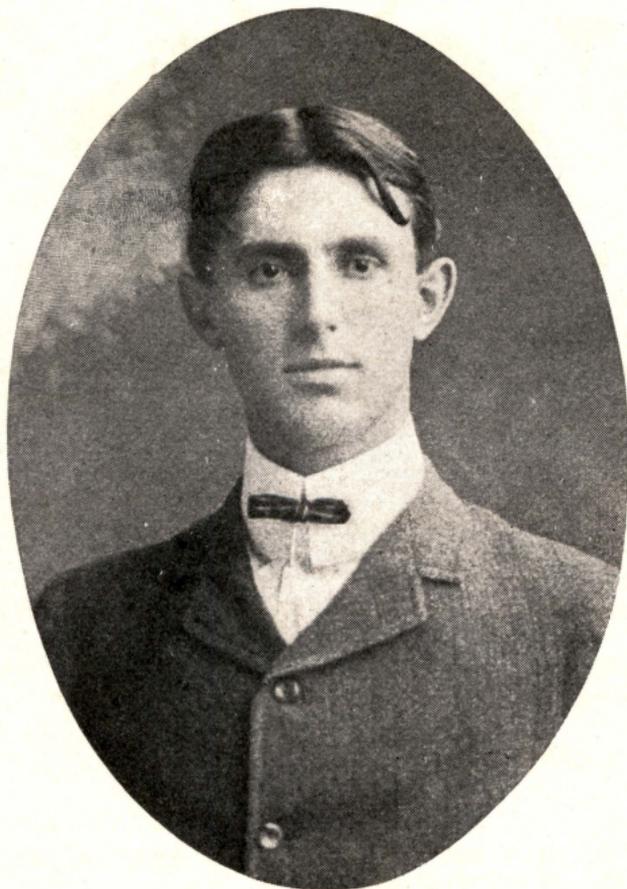
He's a daffy-dil.

Question:

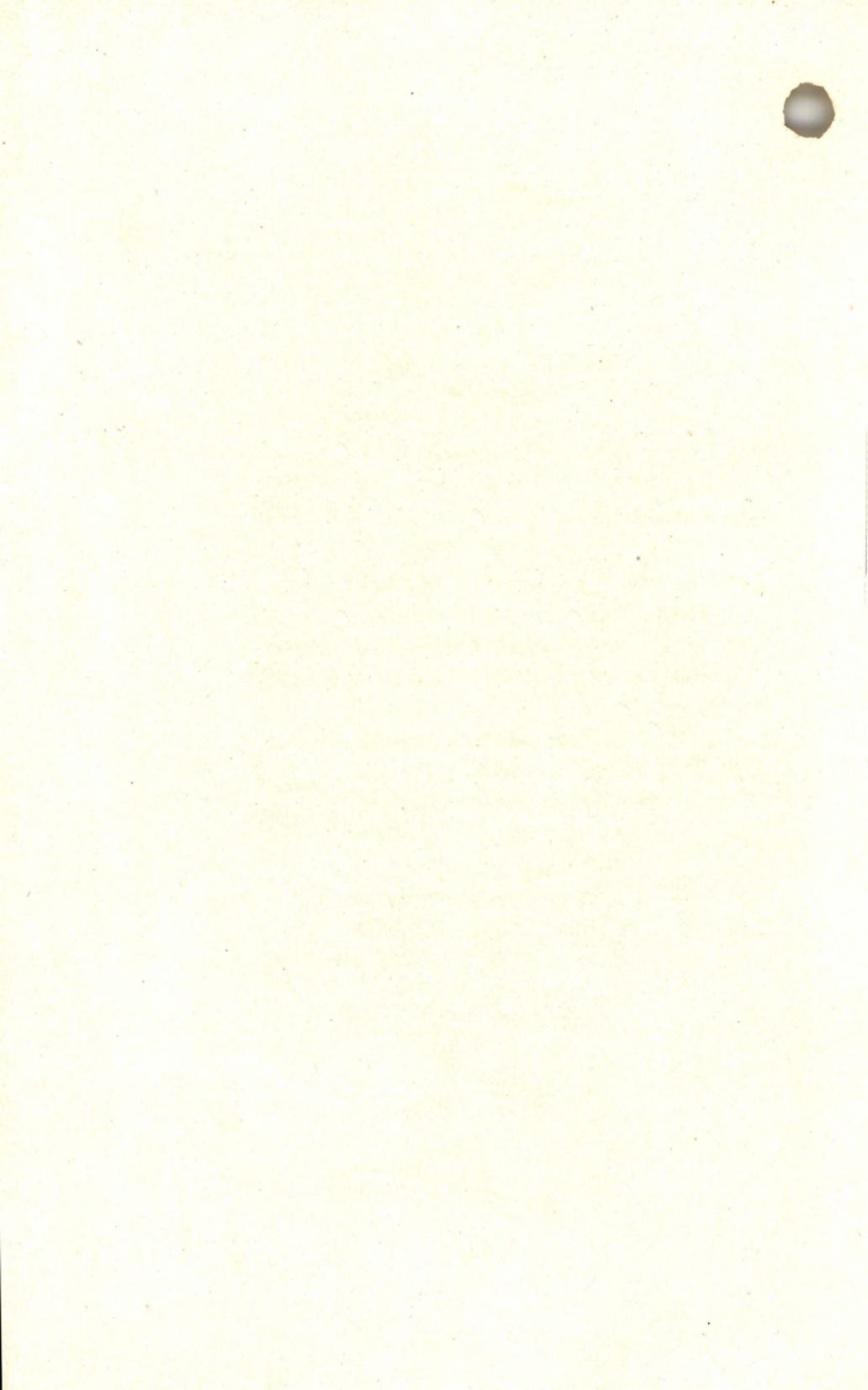
3. Why does not the Electricals' hair crackle when they take off their shirts?

Answer:

Because they have all the electricity scared out of them.



PROF. W. A. MILLER
Honorary Knight of St. Patrick,
Summa Cum Laude, 1911



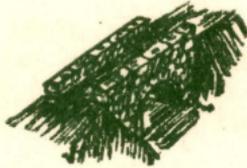


HIS
SAINT π PATRICK
MARK.

It's the mark of a man, most surely—
And if you ask me why,
I'll merely cite the fact that men
Are always fond of PIE.
Before, some may have thought
That Irish stood for spuds,
But while the words begin the same,
Soap doesn't always mean soap-suds.
No more than does the letter P
For potatoes always stand,
And if you don't believe it,
Observe Saint Patrick's hand—
There's just one meaning for "his mark,"
And no one need deny—
For Greek and Irish here agree
That π must stand for Pie!

—MARY E. STEVENS.





WEIR BUILDING NOTES.

1. "Pete" Houston works in low quarters in water up to his knee. "Pete" says he needs a passing grade.
 2. "Boss" Haglage views the work from his sunny seat on the bank—hater—threatens Horan for spattering mud on his clean collar and white jersey.
 3. "Weeds" Smith has a case of "all going out and nothing coming in."
 4. Diemer assumes control of the "cyclone-mixers" by divine right of "practical experience."
 5. Horan is kept very busy tending the 1 H. P. engine and helping "Boss" Haglage keep the gang busy.
 6. "Winsome" Sennott kept busy with work near the fire.
 7. Kline, Smith & Co. attempt to milk the cows, with dubious success.
 8. "Piggy" Cole insists on asking "Wallie," "Does the boss know you're not working?" and repeats ad infinitum.
- Later: "Piggy" decides he needs hard work so joins the bunch that is "busy" rolling stones down the hill.

At the Dedication.

Rogers, Geary, Stiffelman and Haglage insist on a "mixed" quartette. Note: It was.
Houston and Stine do a vaudeville act.
Several of the boys made their debut at taking ice-baths.
Kennedy springs the tale of "The Dollar" and Walker is led home deeply involved in it's solution.

HUSH!

They were "sparking" one night in the parlor,
And he turned her "switch" with care,
"You're the 'light of my life,'" he told her—
She replied, "Quit pulling my hair!"

Get on to her "curves"—she's a goddess!
But she's using the "rod" most free,
So I hope it will break in "transit,"
While she's "surveying" me.

If you'll just "analyze" my heart,
You'll find it a "saturated"
"Solution" of love plus love.
For with you I'm infatuated.

"You're on the 'square,'" he told her,
"Tho' you're really very "plane,"
My life 'hinges' on your answer,
Don't let me a 'dore' in vain!"

Oh dear, don't you know who I'm talking about?
Why bless you! they're all Engineers!
Electrical, Civil and Chemical too,
And also Mechanical—M. S. U. Peers!

—MARY E. STEVENS.



IRISH STORY.

Two Irishmen were working in a well. The men had just completed the work and Mike above was hauling Pat up from below. They had proceeded about half way when the following conversation took place:

Mike.—Pat?

Pat.—Yis.

Mike.—Pat, me hands hurt. The rope's slippin'.

Pat.—Can oi help ye, Moike?

Mike.—Shure, hold on rale toight for a minute till oi shpit on me hands and take a frish grip.

Mike was chief mourner at the funeral.

NEWS ITEMS.

February 5: Prof. F. P. Spalding has returned from his observation tour abroad.

February 8: Prof. Spalding has decided to write a new book on Hydraulic Cement to agree with the *present day* practices in Europe.

A Doubtful Operation—Grafting "Hyde."

March 6. Prof. Shaw attempts to rob Prof. Fessenden of his class in Prime Movers but fails.

The Engineers are a jolly bunch, high-hee, high-ho!
With a crop of whiskers on their faces—lay-low, lay-low.

Exams. are here, so work and sweat,
The Missouri Store is the place that's wet,
We'll hie us there and our cares forget.
Amen!

The Weir Quartette and a Rhyme.

We're a jolly good bunch of fellows, I say.

—HAGLAGE.

Oh! we're brilliant students, work night and day.

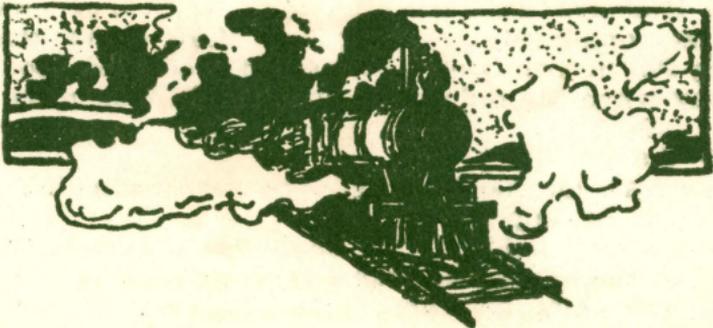
—ROGERS.

We're a bunch of songsters, we sing and play.

—GEARY.

"The little fly" and "a yeddy-i-eh."

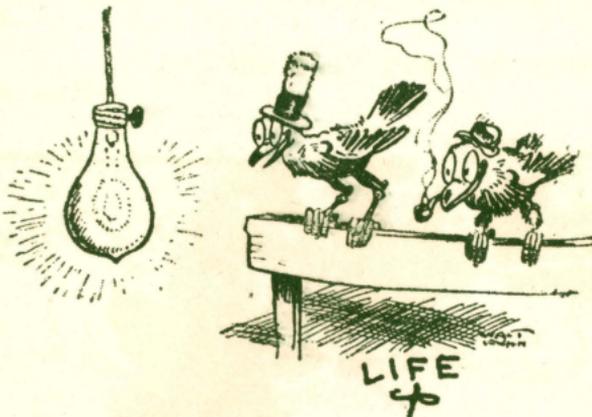
—STIFFELMAN.



THE GOAL.

The new road's building right into "her" town,
But the miles seem longer each day,
While the sage brush squats in irregular line,
Bordered with pine trees in mocking array.
I count the shovels of dirt as they fly,
I count the turns of the wheels
Of the wagons hauling the grading away,
When the scrapers have turned on their heels.
Each tie takes an age to be laid as it should—
Eternities roll with the sound
Of the placing and sledging of each stretch of rail,
That slowly measures the ground,
That must be covered so truly and sure,
Ere we sight "her" town o'er the hills.
It's woeful hard waiting to see her dear face,
The impatience of me's what kills.
But I will not shirk. nor will I e'er slight
One inch of the long road-bed, drear,
I'll keep myself worthy for the dear sake of "her,"
By being a true Engineer!

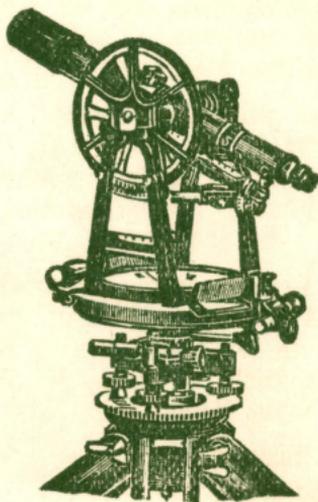
—MARY E. STEVENS.



"BY THE GREAT DODO, BILL, COME LOOK AT
THE BOTTLED GLOW-WORM!"

A PLACE, A JOB, AND AN M. U. ENGINEER.

If you want to build a big steel bridge,
That will last for many a year;
Don't have a scare, treat yourself square,
Get a Missouri U. engineer.
If you want a man for a large steam plant,
A man without any peer;
Don't fret, fume, or worry, rise up in a flurry,
Get a Missouri U. engineer.
If you want to make an electric motor,
No matter whether high or low gear;
Don't stop to think, but right on the wink,
Get a Missouri U. engineer.
If you're thinking of making some chemical tests,
Here's a bit of advice, lend an ear;
No others are in it, not for a minute,
With a Missouri U. engineer.
If it's civil, electrical, mechanical, chemical,
The point is—there's nothing to fear,
At any old work, he's sure not to shirk,
If he's a Missouri U. engineer.



THE ENGINEER.

Who comes with Faber sharpened keen,
With profile long and sober mien;
With transit, level book and tape,
And glittering axe to swat the stake?
The Engineer.

Who sets the level, bends his spine,
Squints through the glass along the line,
Swings both his arms with rapid gait,
Yells, "Hold that G— d— rod up straight?"
The Engineer.

Who raves and snorts like one insane,
Jumps up in the air and claws his mane,
Whenever he sees a scraper take
A whack at his most cherished stake?
The Engineer.

Who swears he'll charge an even ten for stakes
For stakes destroyed by mules or men,
While on all fours he tries in vain
To find the vanished stake again?
The Engineer.

Who saws the air with maddened rage,
And turns with hate the figured page,
And then with patience out of joint
Ties in another reference point?
The Engineer.

Who calls it your unrivaled gall
Whenever you kick for overhaul,
And gives your spine a frigid chill,
Whenever you spring an extra bill?
The Engineer.

Who deals with figures quite profuse,
And tells you solid rock is loose;
That hard pan is no more than loam
While gumbo is lighter than sea foam?
The Engineer.

Who after all, commands our praise
In spite of his peculiar ways,
While others harvest all the gains
That spring from his prolific brain?
The Engineer.



ENGINEER'S SONGS

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.

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.

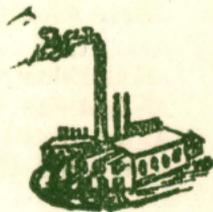


II.

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 Weinie 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 is 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 "Kowtow."



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!

ST. PAT CAME OVER THE OCEAN

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





TRADITIONS.

The "Kow Tow" 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 bestowed upon all outgoing Seniors.

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

The degree of "Knight of St. Patrick," cum laude, shall be bestowed upon the officer of the day.

The paraphernalia of St. Patrick shall be handed down from year to year.

All knights shall be faithful.

AFTERWARD.

You who are there, enjoy it—

Enjoy it while you may,

For you'll never know the "longing"

Until you've come away.

You fellows just can't realize,

You'll never understand,

Until you've left the Columns—

'Til you're in another land.

'Til you're in the land of Practice,

Taught by Experience stern,

Then you'll sigh for Old Missouri,

And wish you might return.

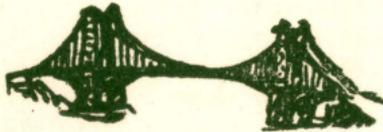
You're sure to miss the Kow Tow

More than all the rest,

And that you are Saint Patrick's Knight

You'll yearly count more blest.

MARY E. STEVENS.



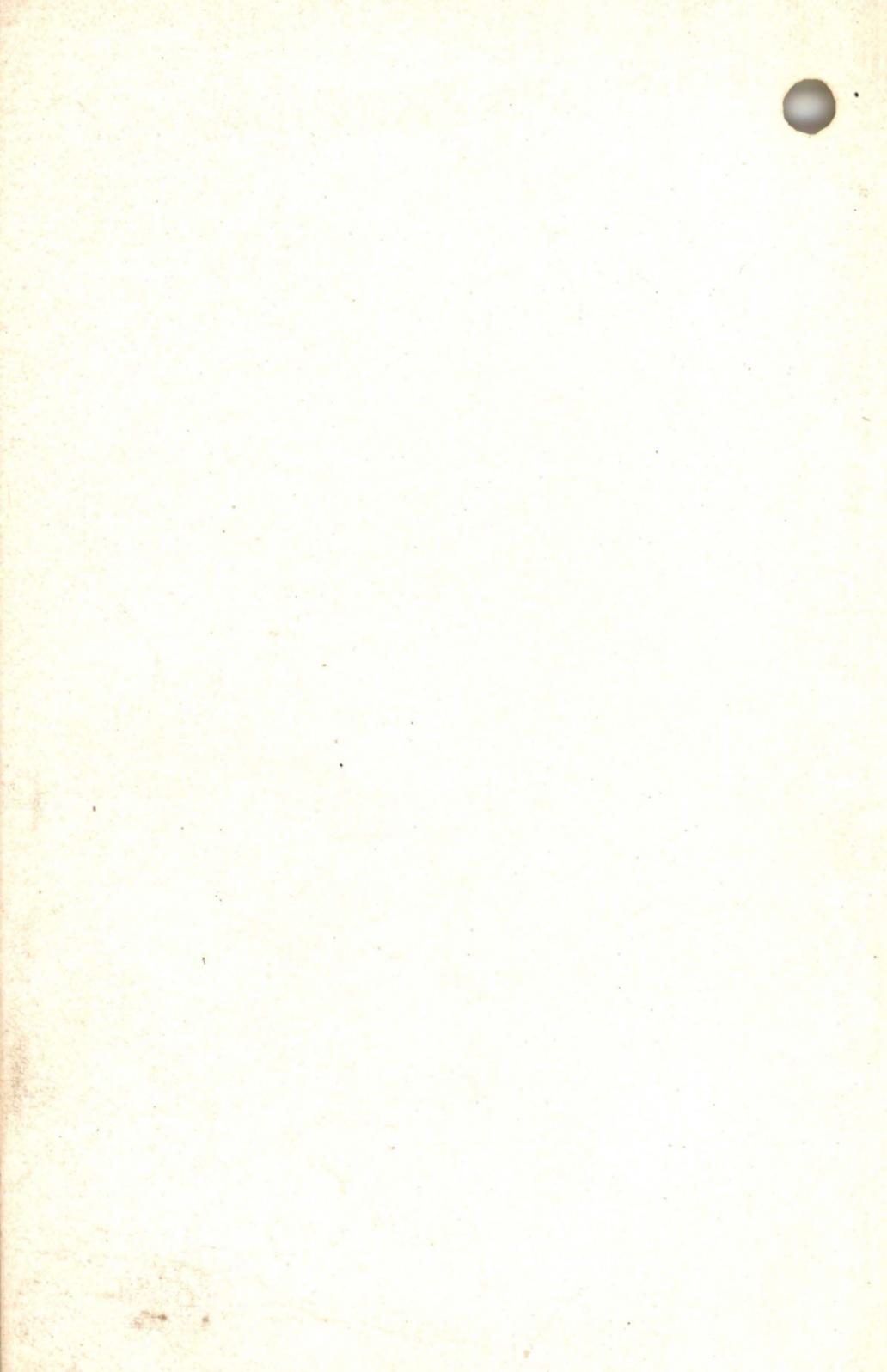
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The editors of the 1911 Shamrock wish to express their thanks to Miss Mary E. Stevens, of Trinidad, Colorado, to Messrs. Edgar, Kessler, Hancock, Callahan, Stiffelman and others for their cheerful aid in preparing the Shamrock.



G. B. SHUCK

Representative of St. Patrick, 1911





University of Missouri - Columbia



010-300654799

MAR 16 1943

DEC 04 1999