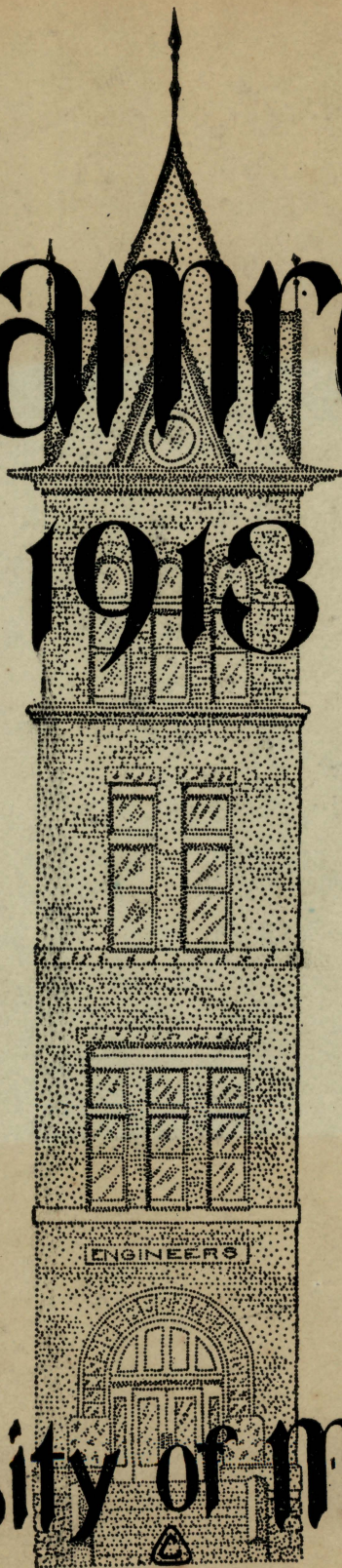


BINDER'S
BOARDS

Shamrock

1913



University of Missouri

There will be a parade and Kowtow early in the afternoon, after which will come the

LABORATORY EXHIBITS.

Mechanical Laboratory (south end of annex building down stairs). Here are to be found various engines and pumps in operation, also a small hydro electric plant.

Electrical Laboratory (middle down stairs room of engineering annex). In this room, one may see Magnetic magic, an electric duck pond, an automatic lathe, a water forge where horseshoes are heated by being thrust in water, an electric piano (!), electric cooking, and some strong arm tests.

Civil Laboratory (north down stairs room of annex). Civil engineering students make tests of the strength of wood, iron, brick and cement in this laboratory.

Annex (upstairs, south room). One can see in this place a small steam turbine, various test apparatus and some interesting compressed air phenomena.

Annex (upstairs, first room on east side of north corridor) 100,000 volts and some of the things it will do!

Main Building (basement, north room). Country home lighting system. Electric furnace. Electro plating.

In the evening, there will be a dance at Columbia Hall.



The Shamrock

1913

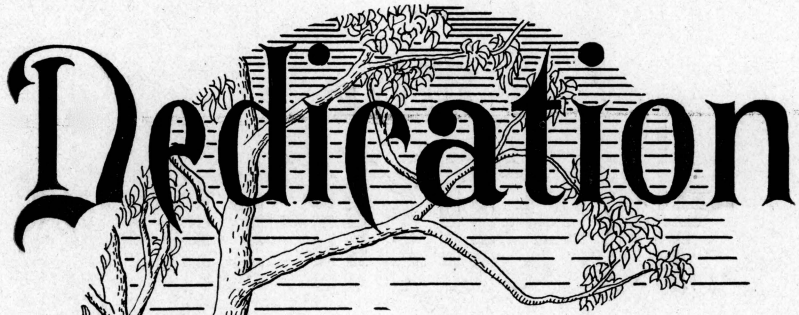


A Publication by the
Engineers
of the University of Missouri


ISSUED EVERY ST. PAT'S DAY



Dedication



We dedicate the 1913 Shamrock to our girls. By "our girls" we mean our mothers and sweethearts, and some of us our wives. They are responsible for all the worth-while things that the engineers have done.



1913
SHAMROCK
YEAR

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1913

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Foreword

On each St. Patrick's day, we, the engineers of the University of Missouri, hold a celebration in honor of the Founder of our Profession. There is a tradition here which, although it originated as late as 1903, seems venerable to all present students. This tradition tells us that the mystic words "Erin go Bragh" when properly translated into the language of the natives hereabouts becomes, "St. Patrick was an engineer."

In proof of this perfectly plausible statement, we have the calculus, which no one on earth but St. Pat could possibly have invented; we have that destroyer of drudgery, the guessing stick, which St. Patrick quite obviously devised; but most important of all, we have the Blarney Stone upon which is graven in mystic cryptic script, all the mighty record of his doings. (The unspeakably clumsy rock which we are informed is set in the wall of Blarney Castle is a rank fake and an outrageous forgery.)

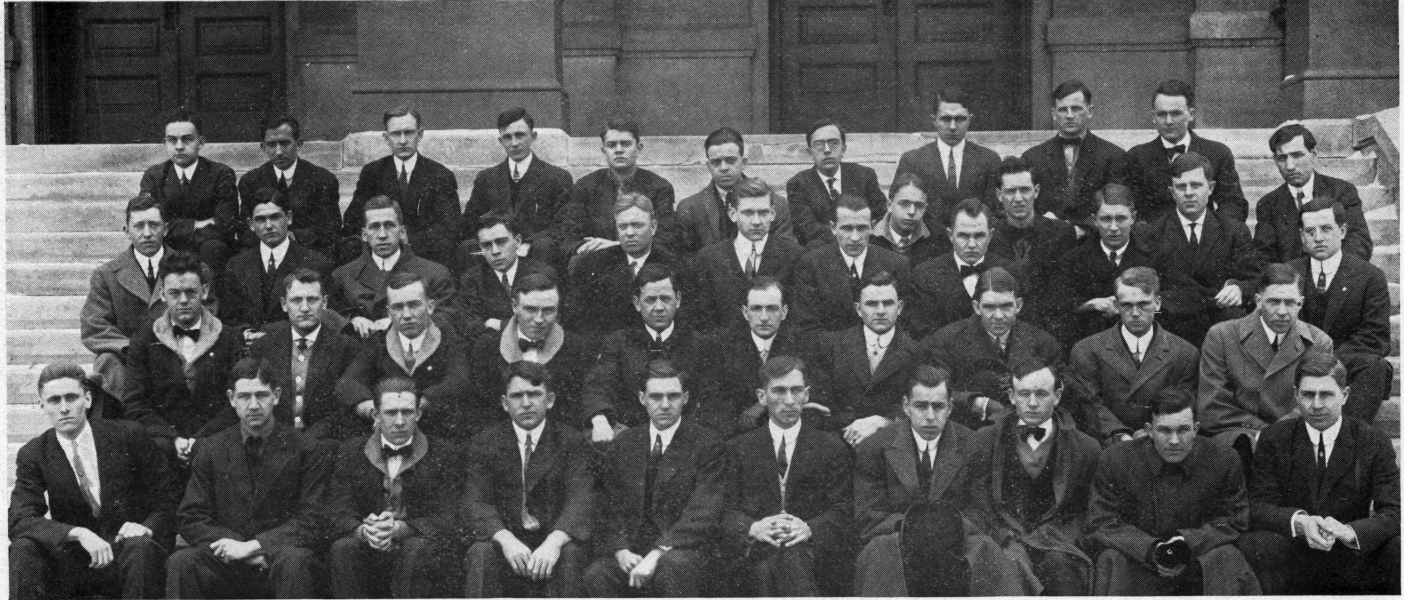
St. Patrick was also an eminent electrical and mechanical authority. Since last year, a research assistant in the Engineering Experiment Station has unearthed some old books written by the Saint on the subject "Green Amperes versus Orange Volts." The books are written in sonorous latin, and are monumental and authentic.

* * * * *

This little book is published by the Engineering Students on St. Patrick's Day. In it, we try to give you a glimpse of our daily life and of the spirit of the Missouri Engineer, which is the spirit of good-fellowship.

45567859

7/28/12 of Prof. A. L. Hyde



SENIORS



JUNIORS

Staff

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H. E. Thompson '13, Business Manager.

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J. H. Pound '13

E. E. Towles '13

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James Albert Quinn '17

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Juniors: C. P. Talbot

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Pre-Engineers: A. H. Kistenmacher



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Representative of St. Patrick



E. W. KELLOGG
Knight of St. Patrick, Summa Cum Laude



O. D. KELLOGG
Knight of St. Patrick, Summa Cum Laude



?

THE SHAMROCK MYSTERY PICTURE TITLE CONTEST

Some time ago we offered a prize of \$ 000,000 for the best title to fit the above picture. The titles submitted are given below. In order to be absolutely fair, we are going to let our readers pick the winning title. Mail your selection to the Aht Editah of the Shamrock.

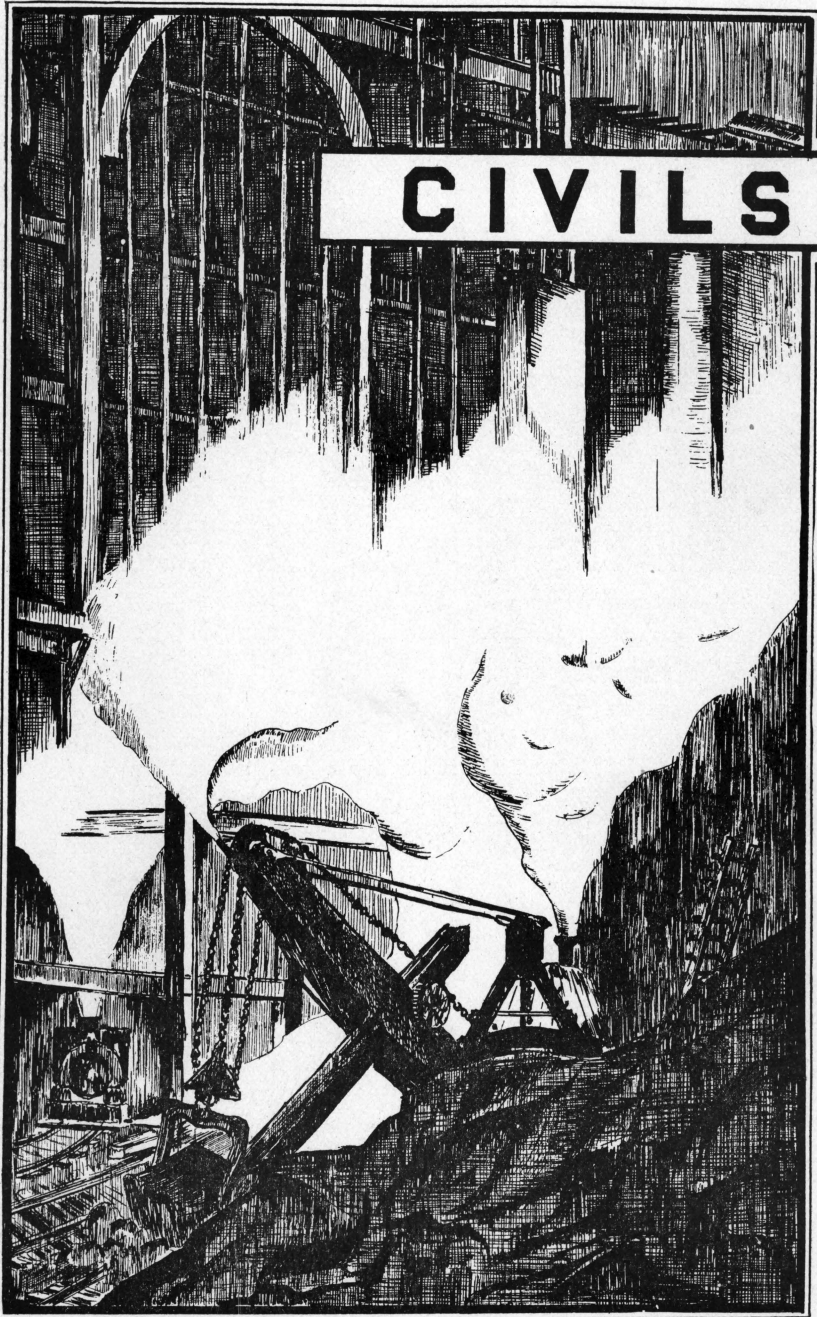
Da-da.

He'll rock for ages.

Two generations of yell-leaders.

Finlay's-son?

CIVILS



W.A.L.

SENIOR CIVILS

- Cole, J. A., "Piggy," "Alec." At last he has finished his University course—by the installment plan. Been here as long as Micky.
- Cowan, Leslie, "Mickey." Runs the University for Prexie—"boiler-maker," too; has been here as long as Piggy.
- Dalton, S. J. Jr., "Sammy," "Jack." One red-headed Irishman from Mississippi who promises some excitement at the end of the year.
- Drummond, G. W., "George." "Say fellers-we-got-to-organize-agin that-guy. Organization's-all-that'll-do-ut."
- Durant, W. L., "Ikky." Will he ever grow up? Carries a sling shot and a pocket full of rocks.
- Dieter, C. A. D., "August." Not what his initials signify.
- Finlayson, H. S., "Finn," "Hughie." He was mine once. Tidd's nominee.
- Friesz, W. W., "Dranksite." Has 172 hours credit and no degree—?
- Freeman, H. O., Can make more noise in a minute than a hard-shell crab with the lock-jaw.
- Hallett, R. K. A perfect lady. Refuses to become "Civilized."
- Hart, Roy. Took the compressed air a long time to soak into his head.
- Hancock, J. R., "Jimmie," "Cocky." A firm believer in Eugene Fields. Wore his cute little red beard a la Mike Carr.
- Humphrey, Wm. R., "Bill." Knows all about Water Power—when it lightnings it is bound to rain.
- Leon, Milton. What—? Why—? Where—? Who—? How much?—
- Mohler, J. D., "Nimmie." Never fails to take his girl to the Glee Club Concert. A real sport.
- Sarinsky, Isador, "Izzy." Comes from Jerusalem via Russia. Left his real name there—Sarinskywitzskybowitsky.
- Thorpe, F. C., "Happy." Trained for Hyde's speed contest by running the high hurdles in the Bridge Room.
- Tidd, Harry Pierpont. Never told his middle name until the end of the first semester. Finlayson's nominee.
- Wagoner, Wm. J., "Bill No. 2." Lost his season ticket to Convo,—seats in Co-ed section.
- Ward, J. H., "Jawnie." "Shoot the slick." Afraid of girls.
- Wills, R. F., "Slivers." Makes a regular trip to see Clarence—no, it is a girl.

JUNIOR CIVILS

Walter Cecil Coon. Was asked by Mr Hyde in Framed Structures to please remove his feet from the chandelier.

James Francis Brittingham, "Brit." Especially noted for his mild language.

James Joseph Gallagher, "Fat". Our football team. Admits that he has mixed concrete.

Alfred Roy Hurst. Co-Op representative. Hopes to some day fill Barkshire's shoes. Zehr's pal.

Hugo Fred Koch, "Codkie." A muscian who plays with Payne.

William Adolphus Lauber, "Bill." Very sentitive about his middle name. Thinks that it should have been "Adolphus Busch."

Fesler Emmitt Lawrence, "Fess." Is often seen with the girls, yet there is nothing short about him.

Charles Burnett Lynn, "Charlie." Fulton is not place for a minister's son!

Morris Marks. Did not learn so very much in Framed Structures that he didn't already know. First of the Triumvirate.

John Caskie Miller. Is so quiet and considerate that people often think him serious.

Claud Earnest McCormick, "Mac." Liked because of his quiet ways. Never danced with a girl.

Clair Owings. President of Junior Engineers. Once tried to argue with Professor Defoe.

Meyer Serkes. While running the level one day called out to Brittingham, who was rod-man, "Brit, put your finger on 11 ft. 6,"
Low man in the "Triumvirate."

Irvin Henry Schultz. So sedate and reserved that we think him engaged.

Luther Taylor. German language his only hope.

Charles Calvin Toomey. It is said that he confidentially told Professor Spalding that Roads and Pavements was a snap course.

James Cole Williams, "Sheenie." Is an all around Engineer, yet is quite small when compared with Gallagher.

Ray Christian Zehr. Noted for his feet. Crow-hops every time he takes a step.

Emery Loyd Ellis, "Grandad." Has very hard features—possibly because he has worked with steel so much.

George Washington Seth. Well versed in the art of stylish dressing.
A close second in the "Triumvirate."

E. A. Hyde. He pulls the most complicated jokes we ever heard.

C. W. Lewis. Six ears experience at rail-bending on the Rock Island.
Another disciple of Bushwammedanism.

Robert Ray Stevenson, "Billdad." Spent a very pleasant evening
in K. C. on November 23.

James Otis Kautz. Advocates six semesters of Calculus for all
Engineers.

Cecil E. Stemmons. "Cookie's" pal in Introduction to Engineering.

Carl Walter Heryford, "Pat." The "Lure of the West" took him
away from us.

Philip Sidney Savage. Has hopes of some day becoming a weather
prophet.

Guy Neill Berry. He is always so composed and considerate that
we really think him in love.

Samuel Joseph Callahan, "Cally." "Say guy, you ought to see my
little boat up on the Kaw river." Wonder if it's a regular boat?

THE TRIUMVIRATE

This body politic is composed of three gentlemen cognomenized as Mr. Worris Warks, Mr. Seo Geth and Mr. Seyer Merkes. Of these gentlemen, Mr. Warks is the Grand High Muckey Doodle Fod that wears the gold-fringed epaulettes, and Mr. Geth is slightly—some twelve degrees—lower in the combination than Warks. Mr. Merkes is commonly referred to as The Calf's Tail, because of his rearward position. His wall-eyed admiration of Geth has become a proverb, and his slavish devotion to Warks is amazing.

The question now arises, What is the business of this corporation? This can perhaps be best explained by saying that its general offices are in the Junior Framed Structures Room, and that its operations extend to and effect only those persons deigning to teach them. "United we stand," say they, "Divided we flunk."

Further names for this amalgamation will be received with welcome. So far only these have been submitted: Trust, monopoly, merger, posse, crew, clan, gang, clique, ring, pool, guild, junto, cabal, syndicate, league, federation, camorro, and octopus.

DEDICATED TO

Hail, hail, all hail the great,
Ardent youth, beloved classmate!
Rivalled by none, supreme he stands,
Ranks with the greatest of all lands.
Yell, yell, his honors tell!

Towering above all the rest,
In Arts and Sciences the best,
Doughtless he stands, unconscious of fear,—
Distinguished man, Great Engineer!!!

Strictly Anonymous.



My 'Lard - those Boilermakers build 'high.



GENIUS JONES.

It was at the Reunion of the Class of 1913 that the tale was unfolded, and some belived it, but others couldn't make up their minds to accept it as "the truth, the whole truth and nothing, but the truth."

Jones was the hero—the marvel of the story, and some of us were inclined toward Jerry's version, that Jones was a little "off," tho' Jerry, of course, softened the verdict by adding that all geniuses are slightly different in the head from the ordinary mortal, who feeds a family and takes out life insurance. We didn't argue the point that all hoboes are not necessarily geniuses (except in dodging work), or that the Genius Genealogical Tree might bear a P. Morgan on a stray branch now and anon.

It was for us to remember that in his University days, Jones had undoubtedly been known as "Genius Jones" and had certainly copped the high marks when he chose to work. But somehow, after he had decoyed his degree, duly signed and attested, with the proper, austere hieroglyphics, he had dreamed and drifted until the money left him by a rich and indulgent father was gone, and work was as scarce as a moderate ice bill.

Then, those who knew him best said that Jones might have made good had it not been for the jilt his fiancee gave him just before they were to have been married. That sort of thing was sprung a leak in more than one man's cup of happiness, and with Jones the sad "ta-ta" seemed to smash the whole cup. With him, as with others in the same yacht, his friends' assurances that the sort of fluffy frills who'd jilt a man in cold blood wasn't worth hastening Herpicide treatment for, didn't make the merest impression on the dejected lover.

And the fact that the girl wasn't happy with the other fellow, as printed in the first chapter of the sad sequel, didn't cheer the unhappy Jones a bit. Friends thought it a fine chance for him to strut out a few "I-told-you-so's," and plume his feathers in proud congratulations of a lucky escape, but Jones only grew the sadder, thereby shouldering more trouble.

Meanwhile the Hunger-Wolf didn't take trouble to conceal his grinning assurance of the property soon to be his. Nor did Jones seem to care for himself. He worried day and night tho' for fear a brutal husband would strike the Girl dead. He'd go away, but always he'd drift back to keep guard.

Seeing how hopeless he was, Work decided to come to him, if he would not go to Work. (Mohammed and the Mountain dope, for history will repeat itself, you know.)

It was this way. One of the big corporations of the country had cast its eye on Jones' home town and the river that swung its rapid current along the forest edge. Said corporation coveted the chance to furnish the town electric power from that useful stream and the citizens agreed. All right. Everthing lovely. Go ahead.

But imported talent failed in perfecting satisfactory plans, so right there Jones plead for a trial.

In the hope of improving on methods in use in other plants, new theories were introduced, and almost impossible things were expected. But Jones got the preliminaries out of the way in an incredibly short time and was tackling the main work with determined enthusiasm, when the inevitable snag was encountered. Days passed with no apparent headway, and to a man so long cast down, as Jones had been, the difficulty was a tremendous discouragement.

Plans were to be completed by the end of March, and the first two weeks had passed. Still things remained the same. Bleak Failure stared him in the face, and to make matters worse, Jones heard of fresh torture the Girl was undergoing. Altogether, Luck couldn't have been more merciless, and Jones felt that if he had to own himself beaten, there'd be no small reason for longer inflicting the sight of his humiliated face on fellow citizens at home or elsewhere. A feeble hope however, spurred his almost exhausted energy, and he braced himself for one more round with Fate.

It was around midnight on the sixteenth of March when he realized that his work was figuring out the same as at former trials. His brain was fagged and dull, and he longed for just-rest. Weary and heavy from work tho' he was, his ear was still responsive to unusual noises, and the sound of hoofs beating a lively trot down the road in his direction, startled him from his stupor.

Half way across the room to the window he stopped, for surely that was the bleat of a goat, baaing coaxingly to its master. Jones smiled grimly as he recalled the happy legend of Saint Patrick riding to the Kow Tow, and in that instant a troop of joyous fancies crowded his brain. It was the first really pleasant moment that "Genius Jones" had known in years.

Dreading to be disillusioned and yet eager to assure himself that even so wild a hope was possible of fulfillment, the expectant Jones, together with doubting Jones, half staggered and half leapt to the window. Imagination is, after all, a believer, paradoxical as it may seem, and Jones clenched the window sill with a determination to wring reality from elusive hope.

He was still trying to make out a shape in the shadow of a stalwart tree below, when a knock on the door turned him face about quickly.

Saint Patrick was the first to speak, bidding a cheery Good Evening to Jones, who stood staring in silent surprise, while his distinguished guest doffed his hat and cloak in the preliminaries of making himself at home. In fact, it was not until the good Saint had drawn up two chairs that the astonished host could make up his bewildered mind to believe his eyes. Saint Patrick, quite at home, seated himself before the open grate, and at his suggestion, Jones, who had been afraid to move for fear his rotund visitor might vanish up the chimney, edged cautiously toward the fire and into the other chair. All initiative seeming to rest with Saint Patrick; that jolly man added a fresh log to the chilling embers, in the hope that

increasing warmth might thaw the frozen tongue of his dumb friend.

At this further evidence of his guest's intention to remain awhile, Jones sighed happily, and putting out his hand in late but genuine welcome, he found it clasped eagerly and in a grasp so firm and reassuring that he knew the prompting of true brotherhood was in it. Not seeing his guest disappear upon the breath of his inarticulate murmur of appreciation, the tongue-tied Jones became bolder and ventured speech.

Thoroughly convinced by a few minutes' conversation that the man before him was not a creation of his own wild fancy, Jones apologized for his tardy show of hospitality and hastened to suggest refreshment for the inner man. But St. Patrick bade him sit awhile and tell of his work, his plans his hopes. Skillful questioning brought out the whole sad story of the failure he was facing. And finding in his listener such ready understanding and sympathy, poor downcast Jones disclosed the unhappy heart of him.

A fatherly hand upon his shoulder made Jones look up after a few moments' silence, to see the glisten of tears in the old man's eyes. Again his hand sought that of his visitor, and again he felt the warm pressure that imparted new strength to his tired and discouraged soul. The tenseness of that moment passed, when St. Patrick, with a magic change of humor, admitted that he could enjoy something hot before resuming his journey. Ashamed that his selfish recital of woes had kept his guest so long without food, Jones made contrite apology, and hastened to his bachelor kitchenette. A cup of instant coffee and quick sandwich were hurried back, to stay the traveler's hunger until a more substantial meal could be prepared. And it was a regular spread that artful hands coaxed from a slender larder, an electric stove serving well, in imparting true Irish flavor to the viands.

And was there ever more jovial meal! Old time pranks were recounted by the reincarnated "Genius Jones" of college days to a beaming Saint, who praised his loyal Knight's cooking every second bite. Time fairly galloped away, and Jones, thoroughly happy, would have been glad to ride in this blissful fashion right into blissful eternity.

The meal was long since over, before there came a pause in the exchange of happy reminiscences, and joyously they had drunk the health, each of the other, all thought of the struggle before him slumbering in a very remote cell of Jones' brain, when St. Patrick rose to go, and wishing his host good luck, assured him that everything would come out all right.

And Jones, determined to hide his reawakened fears until his guest's departure, gave brave show of unlimited confidence in his ability to reach success. He stood at the gate long after the midnight traveler had flapped the lines lightly over the back of his faithful goat, Michael, and the queer little cart had bumped away into indistinguishable shadows. The chill of night air finally thrust upon him the realization that he was outside his warm room. He felt bewildered to an uncanny degree, until once more inside the

house, the sight of two places at the table proved beyond doubt that a visitor with a goodly appetite had lingered at his board. He dropped into his chair and reveried for hours over the memory of pleasant conversation with his distinguished guest that night. The feast was enjoyed all over again, and dawn found him still at the cluttered table.

Dazed by the night's strange happenings, he rose and crossed the room to his desk, where lay the confusion of his weeks of work. It was hard to come back to earth, with the marvels of so wondrous a night still thrilling his mind, but he had yet another fortnight in which to win or lose, and he meant that St. Patrick's belief in him should be merited by trying, if not by succeeding.

When he had gone over the pages of plans and figures for the third time, he began slowly to realize, as his mind broke away from its late confusion, that the marks there were not all his own. A line here, a computation there, with necessary amplifications to make clear any unusual calculations, disclosed the secret that a saintly hand had removed the difficulty that threatened to spell Failure for him.

Friends stopped to listen and to wonder that day, as they heard Jones singing at his work. And fain would Jones have hailed them one by one, and dragged them in to see, but—what use? They'd not believe. They'd only smile and call him "dippy." Because 'twas Greek and Irish written there, and who but an Engineer could know that it was his Saint Patrick mark?

Oh sure, he got the girl too, the brutal husband doing at last what he should have done long before, journeying on to that Land "whence no traveler ever returns." It was a thoughtful Providence that consummated the agreeable arrangement, but I'll wager St. Patrick had a hand in its suggestion.

And now "Genius" Jones croons fearful and wonderful lullabys—original parodies on his favorite song, while admiring fellow citizens hear and approve:

St. Patrick was an Engineer, he was, he was;

St. Patrick was an Engineer, he was, he was;

We have as partner, good St. Pat,

No other men can boast of that—

Erin Go Bragh. Rah—I'm an Engineer.

You're going to be an Engineer, you are, you are;

You're going to be an Engineer, you are, you are;

Too make St. Patrick proud of you,

Obey whate'er he says to do—

Erin Go Bragh, Rah—for my Engineer!

—Mary E. Stevens Barnes.

HAR ! HAR !

Hotwad—

“I take credit for that.”

Piggy—

“When I was with the Mississippi Survey—”

Miller—

“In other words—or I’ll put it this way.”

Hyde—

“Now, of course, I am not throwing boquets at myself, but I made the drawings for that bridge, and the Chief remarked to me many times that the contractors kept praising that drawing and saying what good work it was, and that the man that made it must be a fine draughtsman.”

Freddy—

“Ah-hem-a-hum—” (much coughing and pulling of vest). Sophisticated student in sotto voice, “get ready—here comes a joke.”

Daddy—

“Gentlemen—think!”

Fessie—

“This bunch of flue gas is real-real-hot.”

Weinie—

“You can’t muldipliy abbles vit nuts.”

Kellie—

“Do I—make myself plain?”

Bugs—

“The futility of obtaining the heat in that vapor is useless.”

Roddy—

“You-can-always-tell - these-Ha-vahd-men; they-never - had-an idea-in-their-life.”

EXTRACT FROM THE STONEAGE HERALD

Our noted surveyor and adjuster of fence lines, Pigivicus Williamus, has invented and patented what is known as a level. The purpose of the instrument is not to test the squareness of our politicians, but rather to see how close they come to being on the level.

A. Bonehead, Editor.

Here's to the moment of Inertia,
The Radius of Gyration as well,
Here's to the Theorem of Least Work,
We hope to meet them in He—.

MOMENTS

Speaking of Moments in Bridges,
When you're not working Stresses of Shears,
Is like speaking of drops in the ocean,
Go to it, you poor Engineers.

Many nights have I sat there, still working,
Without even closing an eye,
The little bell in the hallway would rattle—
The Moments in Bridges slip by.

Attitude, Lettering, Neatness and Speed
Are important—it can't be denied,
But the Moments, spent in the Bridge Room
Are still more important to Hyde.

H. F.

SPEED CONTESTS

A speed contest is a form of exercise, known as a farce, where our beloved Bridge Prof. finds out who can draw the most circles and rivet-heads in a given length of time. It was invented by the famous Abrahamicus Lincolnus Hydius. It is recommended that all professors follow the steps of the peerless leader and give these regularly, as it keeps the students in good shape and fits them for the race of life.

To Profs:

It is announced thusly—take any day, about five minutes before the end of the class, that you have worked them about as hard as you can for two hours, and speak thusly: "Tomorrow we will have a speed contest. You may make such preparations as you see fit." Then run, before some one gets wise and hits you with a bottle of ink.

To Students:

How to train for speed contests (from observations made on the Senior Civils.)

- (1). Swear off smoking for twenty-four hours. This is very effective, as it steadies your nerves and improves your wind. It is vouched for by George Drummond.
- (2). Line up all the stools in the room and space them about six feet apart. Start at the east side and go over them in succession in the following manner: Take a good running start, jump, place the hands on the part of stool used for seating purposes, raise the body by the momentum obtained at the start. Allow your center of gravity to lower itself and gradually go over the stool one leg on each side. If the stool don't slip, repeat the operation on the remaining stools. This develops the muscles of the arms that are brought into play in the contest. (Tried with good results by Heppy.)
- (3). Lie down on one of the tables and sleep for at least four hours. This was tried by Izzy, and he would have won the match if he had not incurred the animosity of the referee, judge, starter, counter, time-keeper—in other words, the Prof.

DECLARATION OF SNOBBISHNESS.

When, in the course of human events, it behooves four members of the Senior Civil Class to separate themselves from the rest of the Class, for the purpose of the formation of a clique—a gang—a four-sided triumvirate, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which an inflated idea of their importance seemingly entitles them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

Oh, cruel Fate, thou art unkind,
To take these four and leave behind
Far better men—so you will find—
Be sure of this, boys—we don't mind.

"THE CLICK."

The Click went clicking down the street,
One Click, he clicked his hat;
The other Clicks would not be beat,
Each added his click to that.

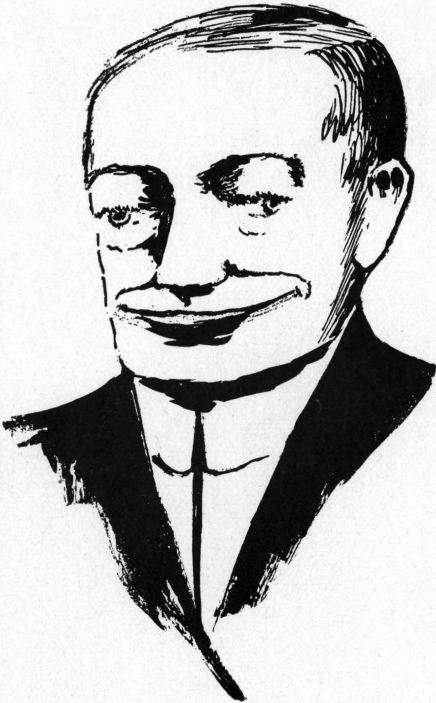
The Click put up at a swell hotel
And gave lectures on Water Power.
One clicks out. "It lightnings, Bill;"
"Twill rain," clicks Bill, "any hour."

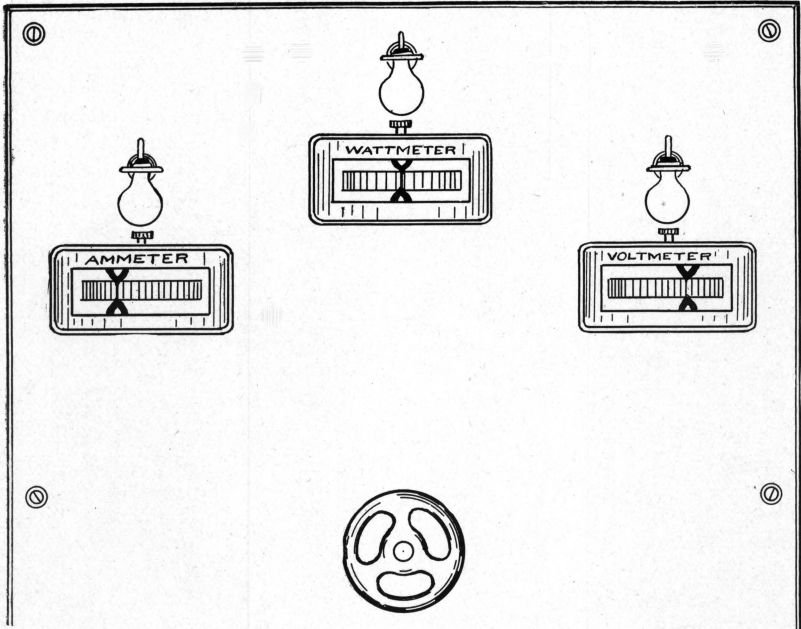
One day their friendly class-mate
Suggested he move in that day,
They folded their tents, like the Arabs,
And silently click-clacked away.

So, Click, click on, with a right good will,
There's ever a top to every hill,
And click and click till you get your fill,
The clod your'e on is a mole-hill still.

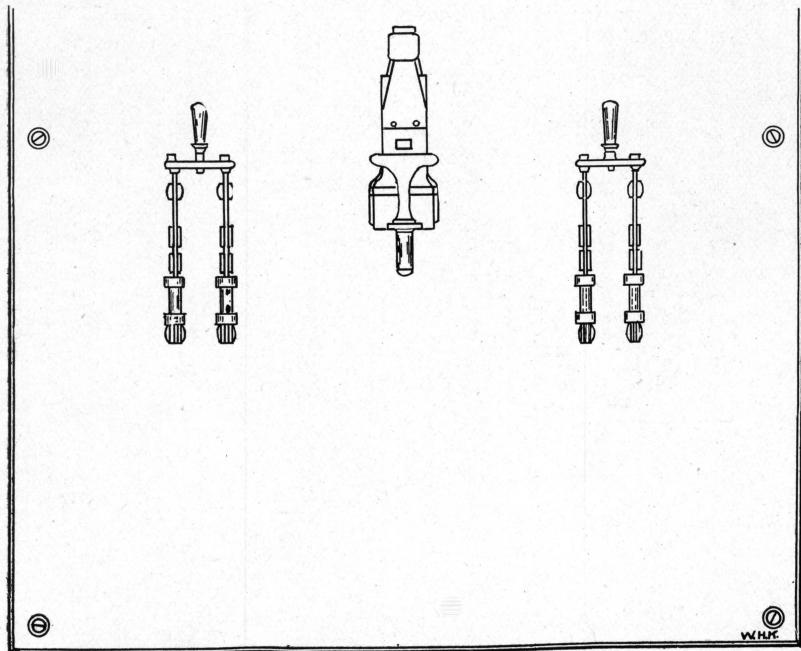
THE HOBO ENGINEER

I sometimes think I'll quit this life
And settle down and get a wife, By Jove!
Sometimes I think that I would love
To have some place I could call home
And settle down, no more to roam.
But Hell—that very thing I've tried
And found myself dissatisfied.
I've often tried to settle down
To office work and live in town
And act like civilized folks do,
Take in shows and dances, too..
But I'd no more than get a start
Till "Wanderlust would seize my heart,
And in my night dreams I would see
The great white silence calling me;
And at the chance I'd never fail
To drop it all and hit the trail
Back to the solitudes again,
With transit, level, rod, and chain,
To lead the simple life once more
And do the same thing o'er and o'er,
Day after day and week after week.
Sometimes we go in town to seek
A little fun, and sometimes—well,
Sometimes we raise a little hell.
We don't mean to, but then you see
When we've been out two months or three
In silent places where the face
Of white man seems so out of place,
Well—when we hit "The Great White Way"
Our joyful spirits get full sway—
We try to crowd into one night
The joys of many months. Tain't right?
Well, maybe not. 'Tis not for me
To shape our final destiny.
But when our last survey is done
And tied up to the Great Unknown,
And to the Chief our records brought
Of lonely work with danger fraught,
Of hardships cheerfully endured
That best results might be secured,—
Against all this our little sprees
Will seem as ponds compared to seas.





Electricals



SENIOR ROASTS

- E. E. Armstrong. Uses only those cuss words which he can say in the presence of ladies.
- Ammerman. Out of phase with the sun. Why? See Lee's roast.
- Beckman. "Professor Beckman." Spends lots of time in the Senior design room so he can hear what those mechanical say about him.
- Craig. Snooks! Snooks! (Way up high.)
- Donnohue. The girls consult him on when to cease wearing low-cuts.
- Fauquier. Made 90 per cent more in A. C. than the rest of them—once.
- Fountain. "Nothing to do but work. Pretty soft, eh?"
- Glick. A happy minded old scout, who still remembers war under Bull Frazier.
- Hildebrand. "Dip." Editorial courtesy forbids us saying anything—but we know a lot.
- Hardaway. Positively nothing is going in the Shamrock about Hardaway.
- Lewis. We wonder if his folks know that he runs with Sam Merriam.
- Langford. A finished orator. "Oh, but dot Lankfort, he looks so fierce."
- Lee. Night watchman for the Columbia junk pile.
- Merriam. Grand Marshall of the back row gang in E. E.
- Powell. Grouch; gracefuller as anybody except Severance.
- Talbot. A pink facer cherubic sort of a devil.
- Towles. Wishes that Fessenden could learn to pronounce his name.
- Taylor, O. F. We couldn't roast St. Patrick.
- Taylor, C. H. Brrr-r-r--ough—Ptu!
- Woodson. Years behind the times. Still sings "After the ball was oooover."
- Saeger. The human multigraph. "The efficiencies of motors depends on the skill with which the units are distributed."
- McClain, O. E. Simply would not grow a mustache. Girl.
- Soengen. A gun who don't care for grades.
- Kellar. Got real peeved about Mech Lab. He lithps.

Betz and Church, whom all Seniors know,
In the Chemistry Lab put on a big show.
They got on a spree
Drinking H-N-O-3
And now they are both down below.

ROASTS ON JUNIOR ELECTRICALS

- Anderson, C. E. An A. I. E. E. supporter—also consumer.
- Colvin, J. A., "Happy." An admirer of Westfall.
- Creasey, J. W. An ardent admirer of the illustrious Basketball Red, his room-mate.
- List, Ed G. Quiet except when he talks.
- Thompson, R. G. Going to get Laffoon and some other good men and do things up right in D. C. Say's he's not a grind.
- Gmeiner, E. V. Explains to Daddy Defoe why Civils work more Mechanics problems than Electricals.
- Tate, Paul, R. Kellogg's reference in regard to St. Louis.
- Miles, W. His father used to walk Miles every night for his health.
- Tickle, H. M. Used to attend all of the Read Hall formals. "Teekle knows nuttings! Kunkel knows less than Teekle."
- Hupp, Roy. Orator, singer, trackman, football player, and engineer.
- Ellis, T. B. Has been enjoying the 10 minute breathing spaces between classes.
- Dring, G. S. Spent four days after last semester's exams on "Her Farm" resting.
- Tickle, Richard. Thinks he is an "S" man. Tries to be a grafter.
- Hall, T. J. Started into stociety this year for a change from athletics.
- Kraft, C. H. Has decided to attend dances this year.
- Knapp, L. E. Concluded to go to St. Patrick's Dance—so has gone into training.
- Crump, L. L. "To see if a line is hot just short it."
- Duncan, F. R., "Speed." To test fuses, reads time to tenths of a second on an Ingersol.
- Brady, M. H. An influential speaker at all of the meetings.
- Jarvis, J. R. Like Dring, also has a girl at Ashland.
- Crider, Ned. You tell me which the motor is and I'll tell you which the generator is.
- Luscombe, C. B. A combination Shorthorn and Engineer.
- Brinkmeir, A. E. H. Contracted a cold so he might look upon the wine "Whether it be Red or White."
- Barrett, T. V. Swore off dancing. Why?
- Kanzler, W. H. A military has-been.
- Smith, L. F. Has a queer foreign sounding name.
- Atkins, C. E. Daddy Defoe's pointer target.
- Spurgeon, J. H. An awful hard man to "roast," yet we feel that he will some day be quite romantic.

IN 1920

When the Student went home for his mail after having spent an entire morning in the sticks with a surveying party, he found a solitary post card which read:

School of Automobile Engineering
Garage of the Dean

Sir:—You are requested to call at my garage at your earliest convenience. Open all night.

H. B. Pshaw,
Dean.

* * * * *

The Stenographer in the outer office told the Student that the Dean was engaged, so he sat down between the Mimeograph and the Edison Phoney Graph and waited. From the inner office came hammerings and gasoliny smells.

Finally came a voice from within. "Dje wanna see me?" it said.

"I rceived a notice from you telling me to call," said the Student.

"Huh? uh-huh-er yees," replied the Dean, poking his head from under the cah which he was repairing, "I wanted to speak with you about youah wuuk. You've been negelecting youah automObile class again. Mistah Clahk tells me that you haven't been out for driving practice this week. The idear!"

"But I've been trying to catch up with my work in bridges," said the Student, "and I haven't—"

"S'all," replied the Dean climbing under the caah again. "I'm too busy to talk to you any longah."

News item ten years later:

Columbia, Mo.—Dean Howahd Buhton Pshaw of the School of AutomObile Engineering has been adjudged insane by the County Court. The occasion for this decision occurred last week when the Dean climbed to the top of the middle column and proclaimed that "The automObile had come to stay and was of moah impawtance than the totalizing wattmetah, ovah all efficiency, dater and steam tuhbeans put together."



ANECDOTE

A few days ago when Dean Shaw of the Department of Engineering was lecturing to his classes, he had occasion to refer to the early days of the electrical industry.

"In those days," said the Dean, "it was not customary to bond the rails, but now all rails are bonded. I don't mean with financial bonds but with metal bonds."

After a moment, the class saw the point, and all joined in a laugh of appreciative delight at the Dean's clever sally.

A gentle and scholarly poet friend of ours recently heard for the first time that St. Patrick was an Engineer. In order to make sure, he consulted some ancient tomes in his library and set down the results of his research in the following metrical fashion:

St. Patrick was an engineer,
At least, so goes the legend here,
Which says his school was quite unique,
Amid his herds on mountain bleak
Where oft he'd seek a sheltered nook
And solve the themes of Euclid's book.

This selfsame book was stol'n away
With Succat too that awful day
When there beside Severus' wall
The Scottish Picts made savage call,
And bore the boy to Ireland's shore
To serve as slave six years and more.

About the year four one and eight
St. Patrick fled his gloomy fate,
And once more on British soil
He sought Candida, where with toil,
He ran the course, in total sum,
Of its profound curriculum.

The young Saint now, inspired of God,
Resought old Ireland's cherished sod,
And there the many valiant years
Was chief of gospel Engineers,
And engineered e'erlastingly
The serpent's exit to the sea.

—Arthur Owen.

"DADDYISMS"

Gentlemen, you are woefully ignorant.

Think—it will not hurt you.

You seem utterly incapable of entertaining two ideas at the same time.

Gentlemen, if God had made breathing a voluntary action, some of you would die for want of air.

Well, are any of you desirous of knowledge this morning?

If it were a foolish thing you would do it every time.

Theories, like good intentions, are used to pave the way to warmer lands.

All your knowledge vanishes now—don't you see?

Gentlemen, I have certainly observed a great display of ignorance this mornings.

Your attitude at the board is **simply painful**.

Gentlemen, you are a stubborn lot. Uh?

Don't strain your intellect too much.

You know your memories are no good—why you can't even remember your own names.

I'm going to slay some of you one of these days.

I can lift her.

"Behold the degeneration, gentlemen! Napoleon Bonaparte, Bony,—Deacon, Deac, and lastly—just Daddy."

A LECTURE BY "WEINIE"

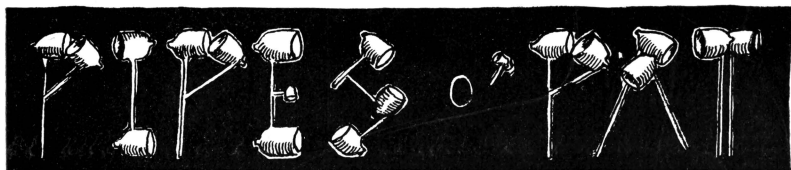
Ve vould talk today aboutt de arsing effec, de electro-dynamic effec, an' all of de effects of de electric current.

De arsing effec is to be seen in de electric arc light, an' ven effer von of dose mechanicals gonnects ub ein ammeter. It iss, in dis case, werry destructif, and generally it would gost 'im about fifteen tollars.

Und den der iss de electhrolytic effec. Betz and Church and dose chemicals should know aboutt it. Ve pass ein electric current tru a solution off a saldt un den ve haff electrons. Dese are smaller as microbes oder molecules, und are so small dat ve can not see dem. Dey go from dat postif derminal callt de anode, to de catode. I can't hardly tell you aboutt dis in mine own worts, because I'm German, und you would not understandt.

ROASTS ON JUNIOR CHEMICALS

Sidney Reich. Found it necessary to celebrate after exams:
Cyrus Thomas Helm, "Cy." Couldn't find the terminals on the tachometer.
Ben F. Seward. Nobody knows who in ——— he is. How then, can we roast him?



PIPES O' PAT

His pipes—Pat loves them all dearly,
He's a pipe for each day in the week—
A meerschaum for Monday, for Tuesday a briar,
On Wednesday, his corn-cob he'll seek.
 But there's one day a year,
 Of all, the most dear—
 "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning,"
 'Tis a small Irish clay
 That he smokes on that day,
 A smile his glad face adorning.
He smokes, and he puffs, and he dozes,
He smokes himself right off to sleep,
At meal times even, he's dreaming,
Of the company his pipes and he keep.
 Yes, he dreams of a day,
 That's not far away,
 "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning,"
 When he'll smoke with delight,
 From dawn until night,
 A smile his glad face adorning.
His pipes—sure they are his treasures,
He showers caresses on all,
But there's one he calls "darlint," and gently
Takes it down from its rack on the wall.
 Ah, there's one pipe of clay,
 That he fondles all day,
 "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning,"
 It's Irish and small,
 But to him it means all—
 See the smile his glad face adorning!
 Mary E. Stevens Barnes.



AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS

University of Missouri Branch

For the study and discussion of problems met with in Electrical Engineering, and for the promotion of social intercourse between its members.

OFFICERS

Prof. H. B. Shaw, Chairman.
Mr. E. W. Kellogg, Secretary-Treasurer.
Mr. E. E. Armstrong, Student Chairman.



AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS
U. of Mo. Student Branch

A —DISCUSSION CONDUCTED BY MIS—TER KELLOGG

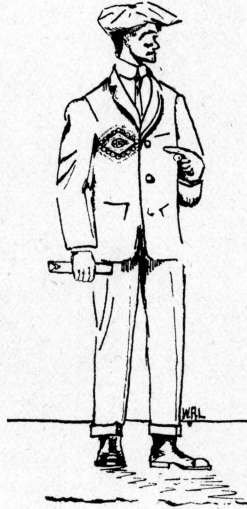
Mis—ter Kellogg: “Now—let us consider the effect of—
ssound waves on the human —aer. Mis—ter Saeger, you
tell us abou—t it.”

Saeger: “Why, er—(ktu, ktuk)—uh, er, the ear receives the
sound waves and (ktu, ktu) reflects them into the brain; in other
words, uh, the ear receives the sound waves and reflects them into,
er uh, (ktu) the brain. Is it not?”

Kellogg (nasally): Yaes, that is right, Mis—ter Saeger, as
—far as you went, but—let—me draw you—out a —little.
Uh—you didn’t get the entire point.”

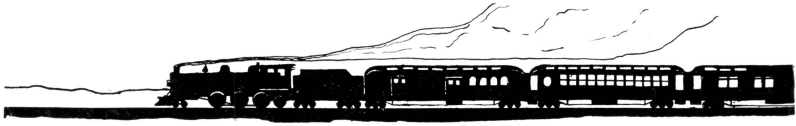
Saeger: “Cluck, pt eruuhh—gan, regarding that, I don’t quite
understand.”

Kellogg: “Perhaps I don’t mak—eit quite p—lain. (Goes
to the board and spends the rest of the hour mumbling over some
diagrams, while the rest of the c—lass slumbers.)



“Teekle, Teekle, little Teekle,
How ve vonder vat you are,
Ub abof der class so high,
Like a balloon in the sky.”

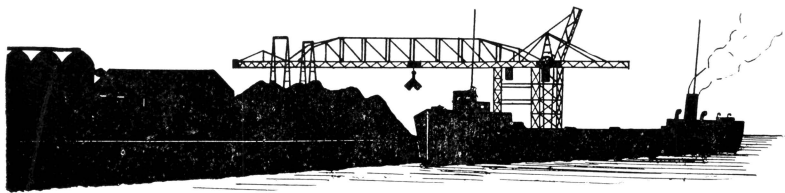
Daddy: “Now, Mr. Tickle, you don’t think—you just talk.”



MECHANICAL



ENGINEERS



SENIOR MECHANICALS

- Darby, W. Lee. "Slim." "Come snake-eyes! Baby needs a pair of shoes. Little Jo! Five miles from home."
- Dunbar, Irvin. "Irv." Oh. those pink cheeks and laughing eyes. "Well, boys, shall we call it a four or an eight?"
- Haney, Jiles W. "John. D." One of this year's sweet society buds.
- James, R. M. "Jimmy." She danced twice with him before she discovered his moustache.
- Jesse, William P. "Bill." The bearded wonder. "Say,—er, professor, isn't that my pencil?"
- Kemp, Francis I. "I waited until the bed circled past and caught it on the fly."
- Klein, George F. "Bushwa," "Jake." The second most consistent "I" man in the department.
- Mueller, Harry B. The worst we can say about him is: He comes from Klein's part of South St. Louis. A strict believer in "bot-toms up."
- Pierce, Albert E. "Choctaw," "Oklahoma." Maintains a comic opera art gallery in his heat-engine note-book. A poet.
- Pound, Joseph H. "Joe," "Senator." Our little boy is growing up. "If my roast loses me my stand-in, I'll have to crawl youse guys."
- Solis, Octavio. "Cannibal," "Insurrecto." Will he go back to Cuba alone? We doubt it. "What's all this talk about Washington and a cherry tree?"
- Thompson, Harry E. "Tommy." Cock-sure. The Herald displays his picture as the handsomest man in town. Funny, but he never has more than one date with the same girl. Wonder why?

JUNIOR MECHANICALS

- Gardner, W. A. "Pinkey." Chief oiler in the Mech. Lab when we have visitors.
- Runge, Robert. Must be some fusser to be able to divide his affections between room mates, and keep both happy.
- Heileman, F. A. Made an E in English last semester.
- Beals, C. C. "Yes, yes, ah yes; I see."
- Talbot, C. P. "Runt." "Talbot knows."
- Lotz, R. M. His drawing-room light went insane by association.
- Rose, J. M. Aspires to be the founder of a Mechanical Eta Kappa Nu.
- Morgan, E. E. He and Talbot appreciate Art once a week.
- Swillum, J. E. Frat man for the Junior Mechanicals.
- Petrucci, R. French prof at Christian. Played Sherlock Holmes 2nd in the great light theft case.
- Murrill, R. T. Said he would run an automobile or quit the course.
- Voigt, L. S. Was going to whip Lotz because H. W. got their names mixed.
- Hebbard, E. B. Succumbed to the call of the hook-worm country.
- Frauens, F. H. "Hyperb." Built on easy curves. A shark for quick results.
- McClaughey, R. W. "Bob." Walks like a policeman, and reads finger-prints like a book.
- Levy, S. "Shorty." "Village cut-up." Tried to hide a piston-valve in his overalls.
- Vincil, Peake. Acknowledges that he is a grafter.
- Burg, F. A. "Fritz." Can get a grouch quicker than the next one. Always quarreling with Pinkey or Rose.

OUR SENIORS

George Klein is married, so they say;
If not, he will be soon.
And Kemp and Joe, wise Rumor says,
Dream of a honey-moon.

Tho' Tommie and Dutch in society shine,
Old Jiles will beat them yet;
Even Choctaw Pierce has his "baby mine,"
But Slim has his girl to get.

Irv Dunbar and Jimmie assemblies attend,
And Jesse is getting in line;
Our Cannibal Solis will bring up the end
With his journeys to Bowling Green's shrine.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERS

University of Missouri Student Branch

This branch of the A. S. M. E. is a club of thirty-five students and professors of Mechanical Engineering, which was organized in 1908 for the following purposes :

To train the members to discuss engineering subjects before an audience.

To unite students and professors in closer friendship.

To get in touch with the great engineers of the national mechanical society.

:-----:-----:-----:-----:-----:-----:

Officers

President: F. I. Kemp
Treasurer: R. Runge.
Secretary: J. H. Pound.

1912

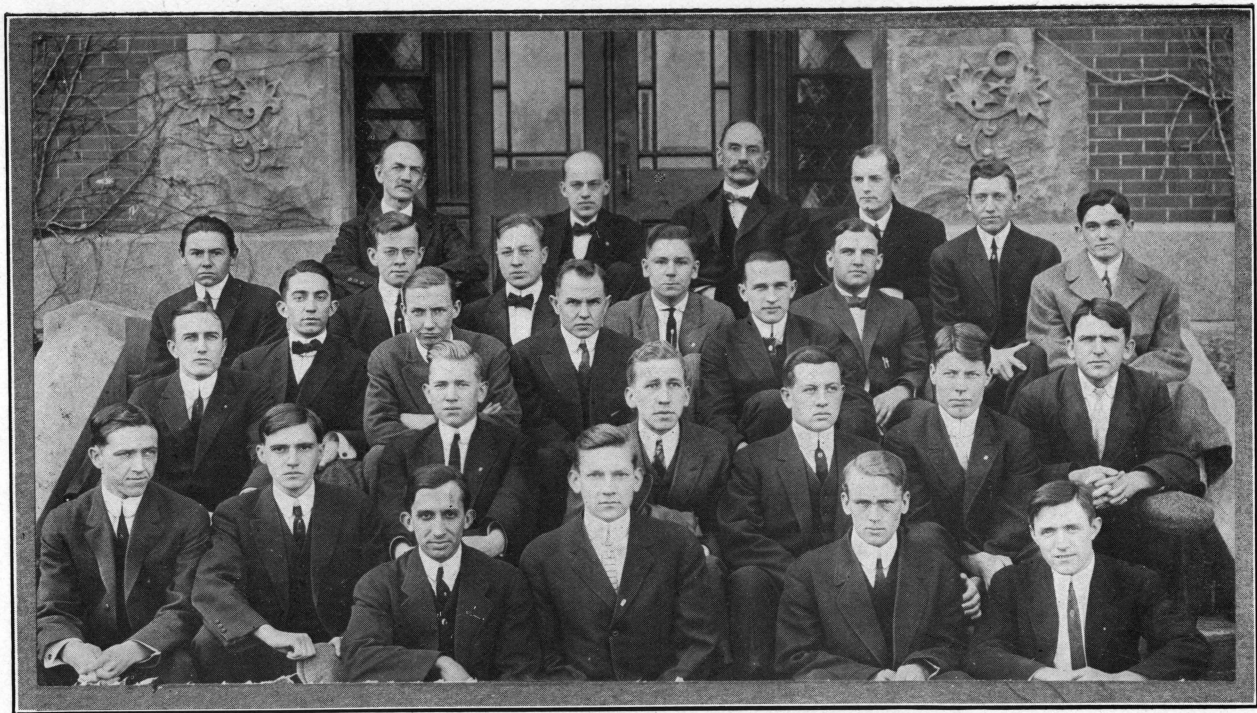
Governing Board

E. E. Morgan
R. M. James
Prof. A. L. Westcott
Prof. H. Wade Hibbard

1913

Treasurer: R. Runge
President: W. P. Jesse
Secretary: J. H. Pound

Octavio Solis
F. H. Frauens
J. R. Wharton
Prof. H. Wade Hibbard



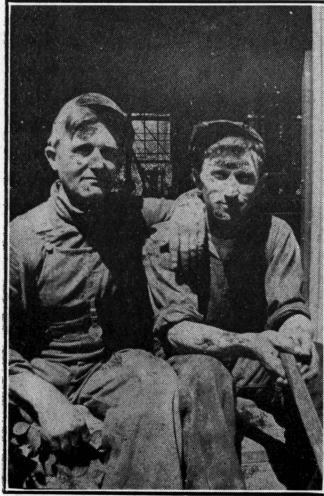
OUR PROFS

Of all the railroad men so great,
We have our Hotwad dear;
For the Pennsylvania and Lehigh roads,
He worked at least one year.

With Westinghouse our Fessie toiled,
At building turbine fine;
Tho' Kinematics, Valve Gears, Steam,
Are also in his line.

Bugs Wharton, too, has worked "outside,"
And has great tales to tell
Of how he handled Polacks bold
And did his duties well.

Our good old Fuzzie, in Mech Lab
Can make the engines go,
And shoots reports straight back to us,
If they don't read just so.



OUR JANITORS

Shorty and John the labs keep clean,
And run the autos new;
And when not slaving for the Dean,
They sweep a room or two.



S.A.M.H.

"A PROBLEM IN STEAM"

Given: A high speed, one-hundred horse-power professor, working under University pressure, without governor, throttle out of repair, driving a class of differently geared machines, all running at the same speed. Some of the machnies are drilling holes for ten-penny nails and others punching boiler-plate problems.

How long will the "wear and tear" keep the value of the product above the scrap heap?

A LECTURE BY BUGS

Now fren's, ah'm going to talk this morning about steam-engines and otherwise. Before I proceed with this explaining lecture, I want to assign the lesson. Please study the book with great diligence between pages 249 and 5542, to rcite on it entarly with memory. The arther has made several mistakes in computations which we will correct the next time.

Ah'm minded of an expurience Ah had down to St. Louis wen Ah was a assistant Engineer. A little dago called me a lar and Ah hit 'im on the head with a arn wrench. Ah was afraid Ah had DEE-stroyed him for a time, but he got over it, an me an him was thencefrom fast fren's.

Now fren's, let me point out the moral to this here. Keep yer heads shut when yer working with non-technical men, an he says something that would make you sore like. The end of the hour is almost up, and I haven't no more time to eulogize on this.

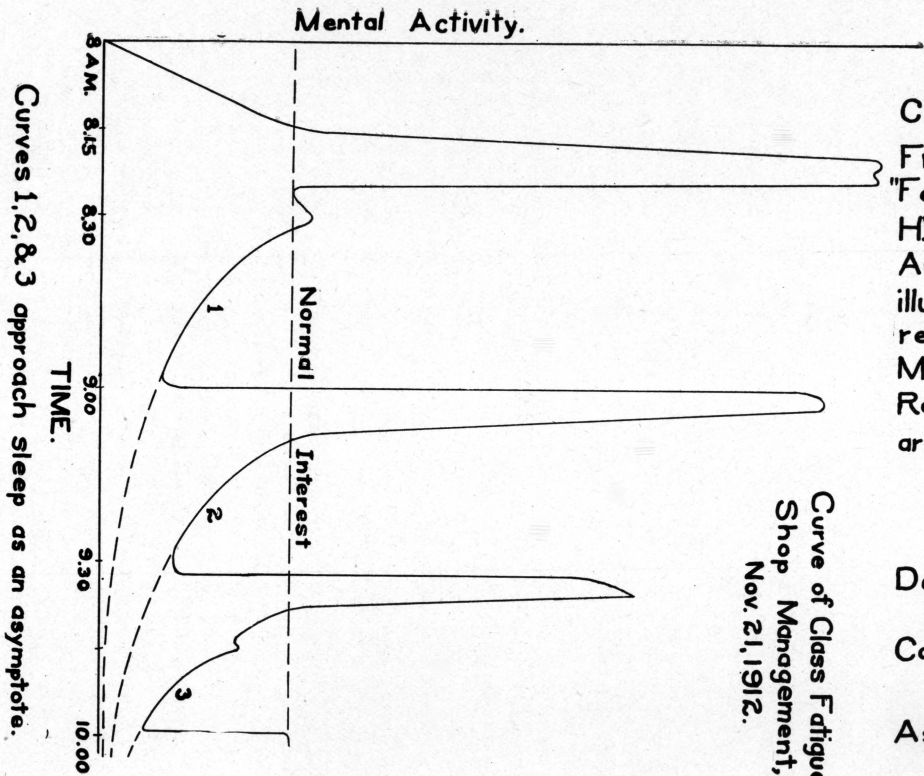
Has no one no more questions? Vurry well, I excuse you.

BUSHWAMEDANISM

The latest of the many fad religions is Bushwamedanism. There is a Temple at Missouri, erected to the mighty pagan deity, Bushwa, and many are the worshippers. The local chapter of this religious order was founded by that venerated Llama Hotwadommed from Le-high or some other Oriental country, we are not sure which.

Since the Llama has come to Missouri, he has found devout disciples in the persons of the sanctified acolytes, Bushwad Klein, Wahoo Lewis, the Civil, and Gammeter-multigraph Saeger, the Benedict.

Great is Bushwommed, and Bushwad is his prophet!



Class assemblies.
 Free-for-all concert.
 "Fess" interferes.
 H.W.H. arrives.
 Autobiographical sketch,
 illustrated with slight
 references to Shop
 Management.
 Recess. Relay-race
 around Columns.

Darby snores.
 Co-ed passes.
 Assembly.

Curve of Class Fatigue.
 Shop Management,
 Nov. 21, 1912.

A GREAT NEAR-DISCOVERY

The following incident is interesting because it illustrates how a small fact, easily overlooked, may have an important bearing on test data.

A short time ago, the Senior Mechanicals ran a test on their large Corliss engine, to determine through Hirn's analysis the heat given by the steam to the cylinder walls. Apparently all the pertinent data was observed, and the results were carefully and laboriously computed. Imagine the surprise of the experimenters to discover that the engine actually absorbed heat from the surrounding air and transmitted it to the steam, although the latter was theoretically at a much higher temperature than the air. Such a discovery, apparently an exception to the Second Law of Thermodynamics, would have placed the fortunate observers high upon the roll of fame; but while they were congratulating themselves on their good luck and planning to run a thesis as a class, some one remembered that George Klein had been sitting near the cylinder and discussing his method of taking indicator cards from the Union Electric turbines, throughout the experiment.

To those who know, this seemingly unimportant fact explains all. Under these conditions, the air surrounding the cylinder might easily have been at a temperature higher than that of the steam cylinder (about 320 degrees F.). Since the correction factor for units of Klein's capacity cannot be determined with accuracy, the test data had to be discarded, and the great discovery was never given to science.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A HYDRO-ELECTRIC ENGINEER.

Echo Canyon, Colorado,

Mar. 17, 1913.

I'm 'way up on Silver river, boys,
Ten miles from kith or kin;
But today I hear sweet music, boys,
As I list to my turbines spin.
And slowly through my muddled mind,
A happy memory plays,
Of cherished times I've left behind,
My dear old college days.

And, as I sit and muse awhile,
In happy recollection,
Right gladly I begin to smile,
For there comes a faint suggestion
Of why that giant water-wheel makes music so serene:
And to my ears begins to steal,
"The Wearin' of the Green."

My fancy creeping o'er me,
Paints pictures of a scene,
And I dimly see before me,
The wearers of the green.
The picture now grows dimmer,
It's hid by a veil of tears,
While in the twilight's glimmer,
I think of bygone years.

Boys, be glad you've been to Missouri,
Hold all its memories dear;
Above all, be proud that you're a
St. Patrick's Engineer.
My thoughts will e'er be with you
Though I am far away,
With all my heart I wish you
A grand St. Patrick's Day.

M. K. (1913)

ASSORTED LIMERICKS.

A Senior Mechanical, Dunbar by name,
Took an Engineer's course to win glory and fame.
In each course that he'd try,
They would hand him an "I."
Note: He's there with the girls just the same.

Here's to our Hanyak, Octavio,
The boy with the big black moustachio.
If it only would curl
He could win any girl.
A real fusser is our Insurrecto.

There's our pessimist, Gloomy Gus Mueller,
To some he's best known as a dancer,
He's a gun, if you please,
On his thesis gets Es,
But without Pierce how would his work prosper?

There was a young fellow named Pound,
For a date with his girl he was bound.
He had gotten the date
But 'tis sad to relate,
The young lady could nowhere be found.



Drip! Drip! Drip!



VIVE L' GOOD ST. PAT.

Tune—Vive L' Amour.

Now fill up your pipes, all ye Knights of Missou—
Vive l' Good St. Pat!
And smoke to the health of our Patron, so true,
Vive l' Good St. Pat!

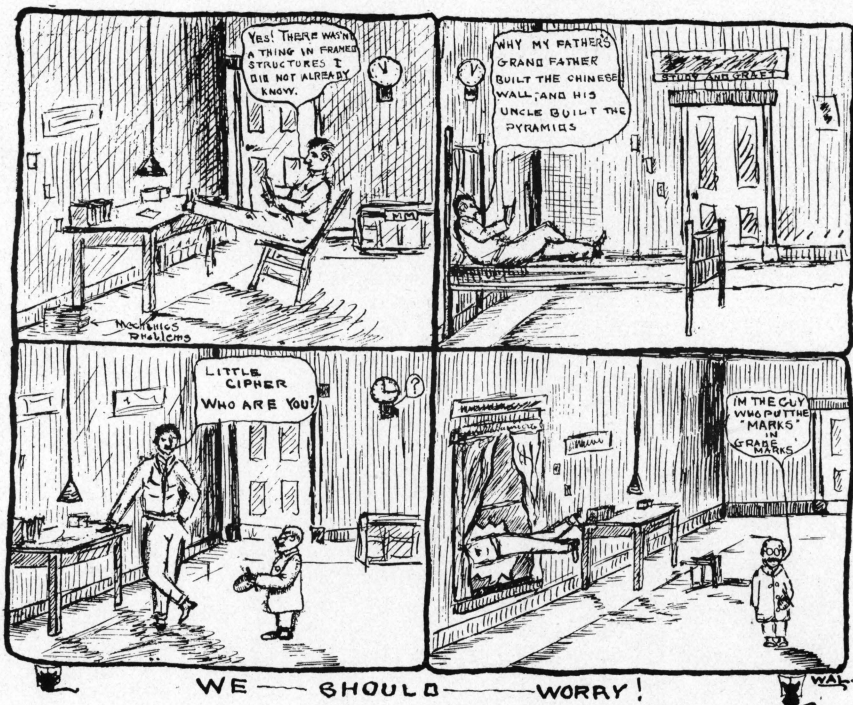
The best friend that ever came over the Blue,
He cinched the square deal, boys, for me and for you,
The one and the only Real Irish Green Hue!
Vive l' Good St. Pat!

Let's smoke to the health of the absent Past Knights.
Vive l' Knights of St. Pat!
In mem'ry they're with us, defending our rights.
Vive l' Knights of St. Pat!
They've travelled beyond us, far out on the heights,
Zealously guarding through days and long nights,
Our beacon of courage, to win in life's fights.
Vive l' Knights of St. Pat!

So, smoke in good fellowship, health to us all!
Vive l' Engineer!
May each of us answer when Life's duties call,
Vive l' Engineer!
In Failure, let none of our number ere fall!
Success shine alike, on the large and the small!
At last, may each rest in a niche in Fame's Hall!
Vive l' Engineer!

—Mary E. Stevens Barnes.

There was a young lady named Golda,
"I love you," the fellows all tolda.
They'd come every night,
And turn down the light,
And holda and holda and holda.



FUZZY-WUZZY

We've written through exams with aching eyes,
And some of us have passed and some have not,
Mechanics, Shop, Surveying and "Oh my,"
But Fuzzy's was the meanest of the lot.
We never got a ha'porths change of 'im:
'e soaked it to us and 'e soaked it hard.
'e did it, and 'e did it with a vim,
And 'e always caught us somewhat off our guard.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy,
In your place of grease and oil.
You're right short when comes to gradin',
But you're there when it comes to toil.
We give you your certifikit, if ever a "prelim";
Was handed in by student poor
Without your jumping him.

—Hudyard, Wipling, arther.

Heat treatments

I is my long suite (about 100 to the hour). Count them.
Better pull down those shades
Battleship armor-piercing projectiles
As I said last night to Mrs.
Railroads I have worked for
Duties of functional foremen

Fierce, fast and furious!
Easy to flunk under
Steam turbine specialst
Specs

Fast with the slip stick
Use of indicators
Zealous in annotating reports
Zu Zu for ginger
"You haven't handed in your last experiment"

Wears hair!..
His quizzes !!!
Air compressors
Refrigeration
Temperature-entropy diagrams
Only to be found outside his office
Next time we will have a written review

Bill

MARY E. STEVENS BARNES.

Each year, readers of the Shamrock outside of the Engineering Department are heard to ask, "Who is this Mrs. Mary Stevens Barnes? Was she really an Engineer, and did she run engines and survey farms with the others? Why do all Engineers sing her praises and dedicate Shamrocks to her and knight her at the Kowtow?" For the benefit of these people we shall try to explain the high regard in which Mrs. Barnes is held.

The reasons are not that she was enrolled as an Engineer or that she has actually done the work of Engineers, for these pleasures were denied her. They are her steadfast loyalty to St. Patrick and his followers at Missouri and her untiring efforts to bring honor and renown to her comrades, the Knights of St. Patrick. Few Engineers have done more to dignify our ceremonies and to expand and beautify our old traditions than she, and her ceaseless efforts to improve the Shamrock are appreciated wherever that little book goes.

These are reasons that Mrs. Barnes receives all possible honor and admiration from the Engineers. But why should she trouble herself about men, few of whom she has actually met, and members of a department whose work, however fascinating and wonderful, she has never actually shared?

Her interest in St. Patrick and his Knights at Missouri was, she says, inevitable. Even the first time she went to a party accompanied by a boy, a future Engineer played the gallant escort; and when one knows that she was herself Irish, the fact that subsequently almost all of her friendships with men were with Engineers or Engineers-to-be becomes very significant. When she entered Missouri, and the favored Freshman Engineer came to sing the praises of his kind Patron and to recite the advantages of department loyalty, his stories of the mystic discovery of the good Saint's love for the Engineers fell upon willing ears. The tradition was rich in its possibilities, and her active imagination soared far into fields abloom with the wild rose and the shamrock.

It seemed fitting that the records of St. Patrick's work and his annual visits to Missouri should be amplified and published for the uplift of his Knights, the encouragement of those coming after, and the instruction of the public at large. In this work, few have been more active than Mrs. Barnes. Never since 1907, when her first drawing appeared over the parenthetical caption "Contributed by a lady," has a Shamrock been published without a number of her sketches, rhymes, and stories; and nothing that affects the Engineers is without interest to her. "Tho it is not for me to know the secret Burial Place of the Blarney Stone; not mine the privilege of being present at its resurrection; still my fancy, free to disregard distance and time, flies forth to be present with the favored few at these solemn ceremonies."

Were all our Engineers so imbued with the true Engineering spirit of Work and Comradeship, what a Department we would have!



The Devil: Why this chilliness in Hell!
The Imp: We tried putting Cecil in charge of the Light and Heat Station.

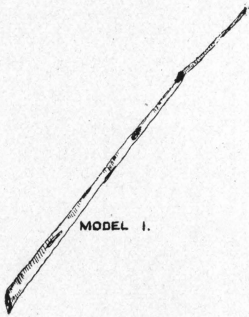
FRESHMAN DOPE—

He who knows not, and knows not that he know not is a freshman.

Perhaps these jokes are pretty bad
But they are al that could be had,
To those who know not, I will tell
That making jokes is worse than—

Oh, everything.

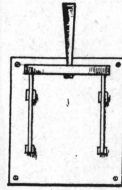
Why not establish a direct instead of alternating method of registering.



MODEL 1.



MODEL 2.



MODEL 3.

SWITCHES.

Three models of switches and their relation to Electrical Engineers:

Model 1.—Universally adopted by the schoolmasters for the purpose of teaching future engineers the fundamentals of education. Used between 6 and 15 years.

Model 2.—Designed for teaching the lesson which Adam learned. Used extensively between 15 and 25 years.

Model 3.—He who passes the other two has no difficulty with this.

Prof. Gibson (to a class of chemical engineers): Indeed, gentlemen, potassium ferro-cyanide is very poisonous. It is so deadly that a small drop on the end of your tongue would kill a dog.



Wasn't that a
whopper that he told
at the Smoker about St. Pat?



Advertisements

The Shamrock desires to call the attention of its readers to the following advertisements which have made this issue a financial possibility. Practically every advertiser in Columbia was given an opportunity to contribute to our advertising columns. There were many who, while stoutly declaring their loyalty to our cause, were prevented from advertising by reason of their connection with the Columbia Retail Merchants Association. Not even such an inspired booklet as the Shamrock can be issued without a more or less disheartening expenditure of the coin of the realm. The Shamrock therefore earnestly hopes that all True Sons will do what they can to make these advertisements worth while in a strictly business sense, to those who have so loyally tendered their support. It may be of interest to note that the manager of the Higbee and Hockaday clothing company has contributed to the St. Patrick fund even though he was prevented from advertising with us.

Picture Framing is an art!

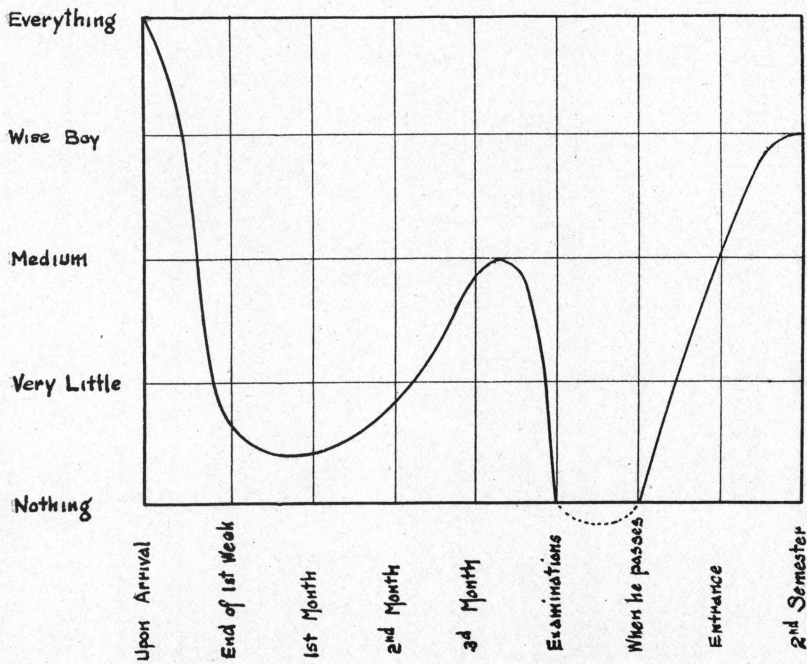
That is, the kind of framing which embodies *the best* in selection and execution. We claim this distinction. Our long experience in this line of business is at your disposal.

Our styles in mouldings are the latest and most artistic.

Prices Reasonable

JOE JANOUSEK'S
Art Shop

Virginia Building



THE FRESHMAN "CURVE OF KNOWLEDGE", AS SEEN BY HIMSELF.

Save Your Pennies
for
The Seventh Annual County Fair
of the
Farmers

because:

By all the signs of the moon
and the depth to which the pigs
are rooting, you are assured the
greatest time ever.

“Meet me at the ‘yellow dog.’ ”

Recipe for Flunks.

Take a string of bluffs, stir in a pound of very flimsy excuses; add a few first-class stalls, according to taste; sift in thoroughly an abundance of athletic enthusiasm; flavor well with moonshine. Then stuff with one night's cramming and serve hot at the end of term.

A geometrical plane is a three-cornered piece of nothing.

A woodpecker lit on a freshman's head,
And settled down to drill;
He bored away for half a day,
And finally broke his bill.

According to a chemical analysis, chewing gum is a cross between glue and rubber. Experiments have shown that when burned it smells like rubber and when set down on it sticks like glue.

Flunk, flunk, flunk!
In chemistry, Latin and Math.
Flunk, flunk, flunk!
In tears, lamentation and wrath
Flunk, flunk, flunk!
And our bright young hopes are dead.
But oh, for a grade in Physics,
And a credit in Dutch that's fled.

Class Stones

Pre-Engineers—Emerald (green).
Sophomores—Tombstone (for freshies).
Juniors—Grindstone.
Seniors—Blarney Stone.

1st Freshman: "What is a football coach?"

2nd Freshman: "The ambulance, I suppose.

A chemist recently discovered that only brilliant people give off illuminating "gas."

See

HOLBORN

Successor to Douglass

High-Class Work

Al

GRIFFIN BROS.

Electricians

14 S. 9th. St.

Up-to-Date Restaurant

Got "E" in pure food inspection

21 regular meals - - \$3.75
single meals, 20c

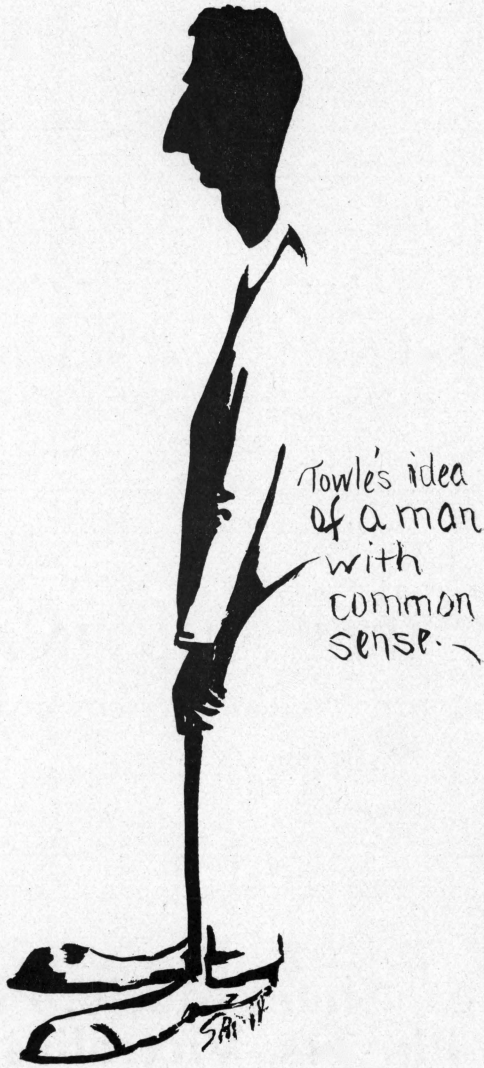
For Ladies and Gentlemen

11 N. 8th St.

NALTY'S

Photos

PLEASE



**Maupin's Up-to-Date
BARBER SHOP**

Prompt Service Courteous Treatment
10 S. 8th St.

*We Are Satisfying Others---
Why Not You?*

St. Louis French Dry Cleaning Co.
SUITS CLEANED \$1.00

11A S. 8th St.

Phone 848 Red

Phone 431

804 Walnut

COLUMBIA PRINTING CO.

Printing that is better than seems necessary

Ask the old students

Columbia,

Missouri

Headquarters for

**Pianos, Sheet Music, Piano
Players, Victrolas**

JOHN N. TAYLOR

Also Automobiles

Freshman Latin Translations.

Bonae leges Caesar: The bony legs of Caesar.

Uxorem complexi removit: He removed his wife's complexion.

Sic transit gloria mundi: He was sick transiently and went to glory Monday.

A freshman was carefully looking at the labels on the bottles in the chemical laboratory. When a professor asked him what he was looking for, the freshie replied: "Why, my laboratory manual says test a sample of illuminating gas, and I can't find any."

A big lawsuit was to take place between two electrical supply houses, and some lawyers were discussing the case. They could not agree as to where the case would be tried. An engineer, standing near, listened to the debate for a while and then suddenly broke out: "Why don't you blamed fools know that all electrical cases have to be tried in the circuit court."

SHE AND I.

We've built a bridge that many men
Have strangely marvelled o'er—
Its fame has spread the country through,
Crowds come to see, inspect, review.
They stay to praise, admire, to do
Me honor—set great store
By my ability, and then,
They ask if I, and I alone,
Built that great bridge of massive stone.
Ah, no! I cry, 'twas **she** and I,
That built that bridge,
'Twas **she** and .

You see, she's with me all the while,
Tho' really far away—
I know she's thinking as I work,
Her urging will not let me shirk,
Discouragement ne'er dare to lurk
Within my breast—ah, no!
That were not worthy me,
Nor her, whose loving, hopeful, thought
Makes sure, Life's battles nobly fought—
For bye and bye, just she and I,
Must build—our Home,
Just she and I.

—Mary E. Stevens Barnes.

The Statesman Publishing Co.

Printed this book in two days.

Let us figure with you on your annual, or any pamphlet, program, window card, letter head, envelope or other printing you may want.

Downstairs in the Virginia Bldg. on 9th St.

Drop in
and

“FEED”

Chilli Parlor

708 BROADWAY

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

This little book is far from being the work of the staff alone. It represents the work of graduates and students from all classes and departments of Engineering. Without their contributions, suggestions, and encouragement, the present Shamrock could never have been produced. We are especially grateful to Mrs. Mary E. Stevens Barnes, Harry Mueller, J. W. Haney, Walter Kanzler, W. P. Jesse, I. Sarinsky, Professor Weinbach, F. A. Burg, R. F. Wills, Robert Runge, J. E. Swillum, W. A. Gardner, R. W. McCloughry and R. Patton.





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