



THE 1914
Shamrock



University of Missouri

T HROUGH Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd,
Where'er they pass
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emerald seen
Thru purest crystal gleaming,
O, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and chief
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

The Shamrock.—Moore.

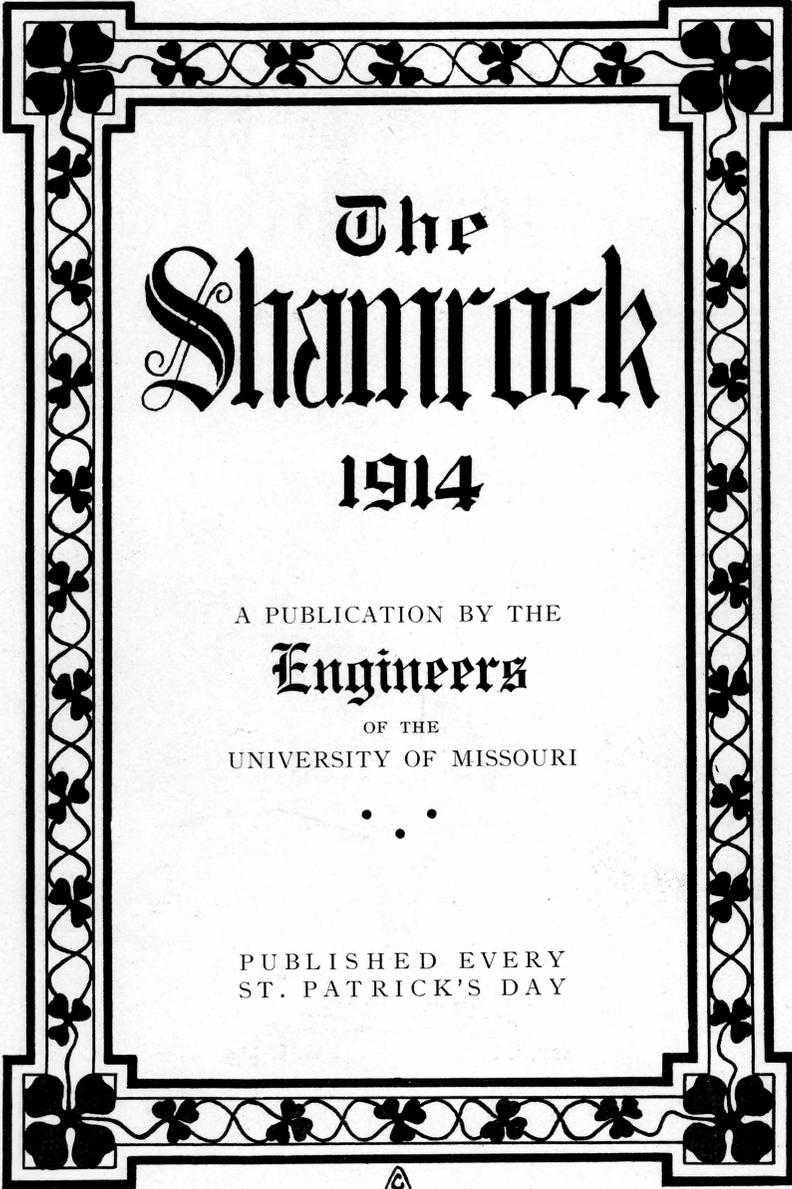


Dedication

To the
ENGINEERING CLASS OF 1914,
the last to graduate under the old curriculum,
this little book is fondly
DEDICATED.

If in future years,
you should come upon these pages,
may they prove fountains of joy and inspira-
tion in recalling to your mind
the pleasant days spent at
Missouri.





The
Shamrock
1914

A PUBLICATION BY THE
Engineers
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI

• •

PUBLISHED EVERY
ST. PATRICK'S DAY

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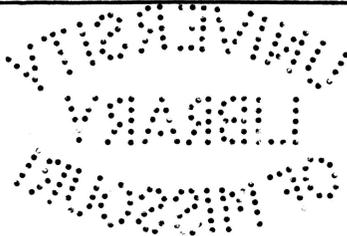


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1914

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History of the Celebration.

IT is a recognized fact in this world of ours, that the existence of many great things can be traced back to one little discovery. And so it is in the Engineering Department. We feel perfectly sure that if the class of 1903 had not discovered the meaning of the words, "Erin Go Bragh," there would today be no celebration.

It was purely thru chance, too, that this memorial class came upon the meaning of these few words. Just how the discovery was brought about they will not tell. They have only handed down to us their translation, namely, that "St. Patrick was an engineer," and have bade us, in a way in which only great discoverers can do, that the meaning is a sacred one and that on the 17th day of March we should hold great festivities. This class decided, that in order to properly celebrate the day and to pay homage to so great an engineer, the 17th of March should be a holiday for all true and loyal "Sons" of the patron Saint.

So, at chapel, on March 17, 1903, a very impressive scene was presented to the classes of the other departments. Shortly after 8 A. M. all loyal "Sons" solemnly dedicated themselves to the services of their most gracious Saint. They then gathered on the Quad and were entertained by eloquent speeches and by the gentle airs of "The Wearing of the Green" and other Irish pieces played by the Irish band. And, among the voluntary speakers of the morning, who should appear but "Uncle Dick." He is said to have made one of the most enthusiastic speeches, and, during the course of his talk, asked that all "Rowdies" follow the brass band and that all gentlemen go to classes as usual. It seems, and the contrary could hardly be expected in the department today, that the crowd followed the band. As a reward for their devotion to the Saint several loyal sons were awarded a two-weeks vacation from classes.

Thus, was the first celebration of St. Patrick's Day. All engineers looked upon it as a great success even though it cost much in the good will of the faculty. All felt, that in another year, the faculty would become reconciled, so every student immediately set earnestly to work and accomplished much as a result of their new faith.

The noted event of 1904 was the unanimous cut of the three lower classes. That evening the Seniors celebrated at a banquet at the Gordon.

In 1905 it was decided to put on a really great celebration. A committee was appointed and extensive preparations made. One notable action of this class was the election of a "Representative of St. Pat." Another great feature of the day was the parade. All loyal

Prof. W. L. Hyde

7/28/42

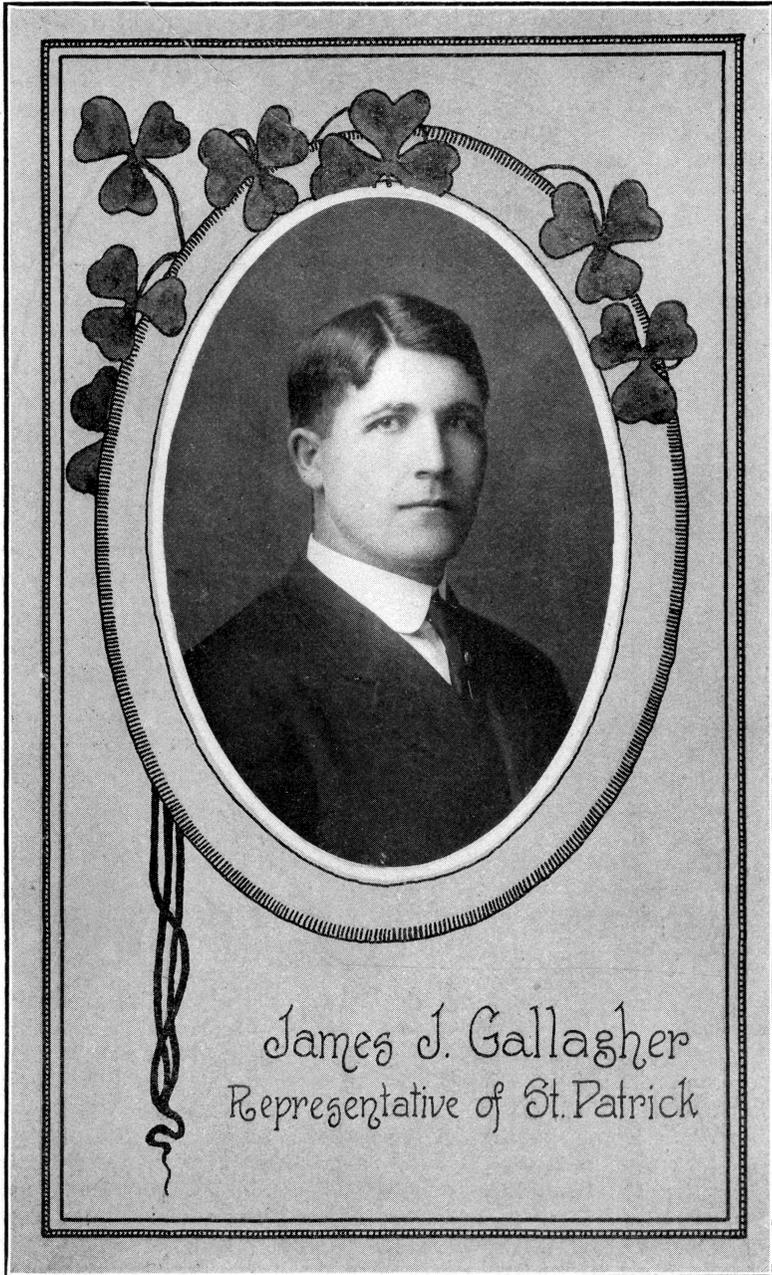
sons, dressed in full regalia, assembled on Broadway at "Booche's corner" and from there marched, to the tunes of many Irish airs, to the Campus. They then grouped themselves in front of the columns according to classes, and for the first time the great "Kow Tow" was held. As St. Patrick appeared all assumed an attitude of great reverence and at his first word—with hats off and kneeling—each son buried his face deep in the sod. St. Patrick in solemn benediction then pronounced St. Pat's Day forever a day of rest for Engineers. The Year's celebration closed with a great ball at Fifer's Hall.

Every year since, the celebration has increased in many directions until now the festivities take up an entire afternoon and evening. Within the last few years a number of original floats have been included in the parade. The "Kow Tow" has been systematized and many things arranged to add to its solemnity. The laboratories, which are indeed quite interesting, are thrown open to the public. The annual organ of St. Patrick, the *Shamrock*, is also published. And to end up the day a grand ball is given at Columbia Hall.

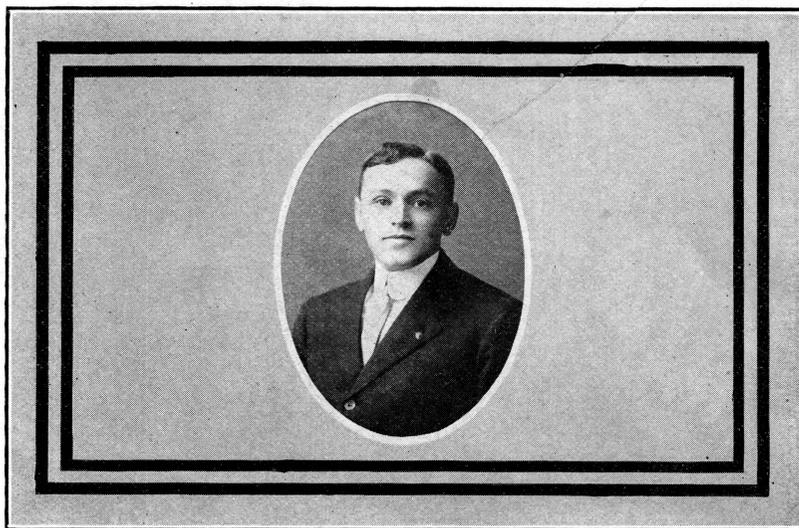
St. Patrick now occupies a place of esteem in the heart of every engineer at this university. The same is also true for every alumnus. And, thus, it becomes clear why all engineers look forward to the 17th of March. In nearly every instance the Engineering Alumni Clubs celebrate the occasion with large banquets. And where the "followers" are so located that it is impossible for them to get together they commemorate the day by recalling to mind the events of the celebration of their year. In fact every engineer is thinking of his *Alma Mater* on St. Patrick's Day.

And now the 17th of March is celebrated at a number of other schools. Among the foremost of these are our brothers at Rolla, the engineers at Iowa, and the engineers of Nebraska. To say the least the benefits derived from the celebration are quite worth while. The close association perfects acquaintanceship thruout the entire department and is the direct cause for the creation of many perfect friendships. We engineers here at the University of Missouri now look forward to the time when other universities will acquire our faith and honor our Saint.





James J. Gallagher
Representative of St. Patrick



H. C. Rentschler

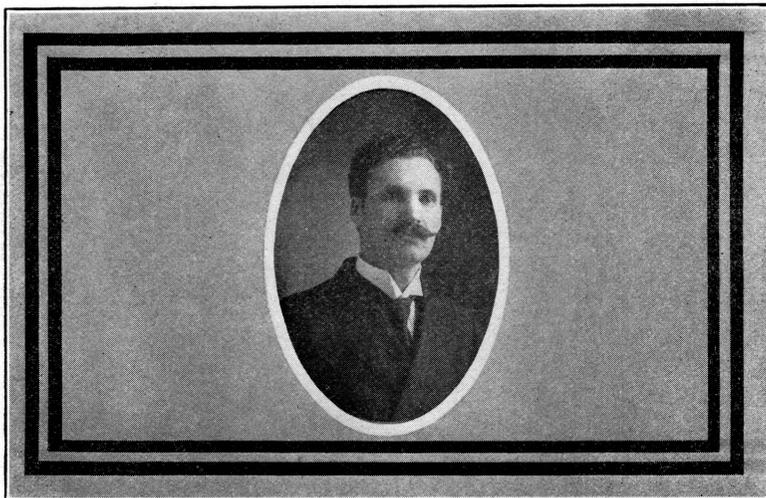
Honorary Knight of St. Patrick.

Summa Cum Laude.

LIKE all of the other Honorary Knights of St. Patrick, Mr. Rentschler most graciously went thru the formalities leading to the degree of Summa Cum Laude. With bared head and upon his knees he kissed the "Blarney Stone," and forever offered himself to the services of the patron Saint.

Mr. Rentschler was born on March 26, 1881, in Hamburg, Pennsylvania. He attended public school in his native town, but took up his preparatory work at Pirkeomen Seminary in Pennsburg, Pennsylvania. After completing the course he attended college at Princeton where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1903 and Master of Arts in 1904. He then took up teaching and taught at Princeton until 1905. At this date he entered Johns Hopkins University and in 1908 received his Ph. D. In this same year he came to the University of Missouri and started teaching in the Physics Department. He has been connected with the department since and is now Assistant Professor of Physics.

All engineers in the University since 1908 will recall the just consideration Mr. Rentschler has given the St. Pat Celebration and of his special kindness in assisting in the many ways that he does. Such men will make the most valued Honorary Knights and we trust, that in the future, all engineers will remember the "Follower" who received the degree on March 17, 1914.



M. P. Weinbach

Honorary Knight of St. Patrick.

Summa Cum Laude.

ON this seventeenth day of March, 1914, Mr. M. P. Weinbach knelt before our trusted Representative of St. Patrick, and, in sincere proof of his faith, kissed the "Blarney Stone." Forever afterwards he shall be known as an "Honorary Knight of St. Patrick."

Mr. Weinbach's native land is Roumania. He was born in 1881, but did not long remain in that country. He received his early education in the public schools of Europe, and later spent five years studying in the Lyceum. He then began his teaching career. At first he taught the subject of physics and mathematics in the high schools of Europe, but about this time he decided to come to this country. He arrived, January 1, 1902. Shortly he located in Columbia and entered the University. He received an A. B. degree in 1905, a B.S. in E.E. in 1907, and his A. M. in 1907. After completing his University course he taught for a short while in the high school. He later accepted the position of instructor in the Electrical Engineering Department, and at the present time holds the position of Assistant Professor in Electrical Engineering.

We consider ourselves fortunate in having the opportunity of making Mr. Weinbach an Honorary Knight of St. Patrick, and shall henceforth take great pleasure in knowing him as such.

Off in Panama,

or

The Engineer's Goodbye.

WHY sure, Mother dear,
I'll be back in a year—
Twelve months will just fairly fly;
In a year, with surprise
You'll open your eyes,
To find that the time has gone by.
Dry the tear on your cheek—

I'll write every week,
And tell you each day where I am;
I'll not get yellow fever,
Tho' I'll work like a beaver
In more than one way at the Dam.

Now please do not worry,
You know I must hurry,
Or I will be missing my train;
By natives be shot?
Dear Mother, I'll NOT!
So don't let that trouble your brain.

Now, lift up your face—
Why, what pretty lace!
It just suits the shade of your eye;
Fall under the spell,
Of a tropical belle?
No Mother, I WON'T!—Goodbye!

—MARY E. STEVENS BARNES.

A Calculation.



ST. PATRICK was busy in his astronomical laboratory, which is located somewhere in the Stupendous Vastness. He glanced at the Erinometer and took a reading on the Particularagraph.

After a hurried calculation, he put the laboratory in order and donning his sagacious habiliments, whizzed off thru the quivering ether toward a tiny Emerald

molecule, floating distantly in the void.

Much depended upon the absolute accuracy of the Sainly Mathematician.

* * * * *

You may have noticed in the newspapers the other day, where some professor, or other sage, had discovered a new comet thru the great Yerkes telescope. He had called it the Smith Comet, or the Brown Comet, or whatever his name was, and had added—to be sensational, no doubt—that it would strike the earth somewhere about March seventeenth. There were the usual jokes in the papers, the customary revivals among the colored contingents, and the habitual forebodings among the superstitious.

However, when our Father of Mechanics saw the papers, and noted the date of the approaching calamity, he ducked his sage head, frowned and said, "Professor Smith is to be congratulated on the accuracy of his calculations."

* * * * *

Today is the seventeenth of March and the wise professor is being subjected to a world-wide jostling because his comet and his catastrophe did not arrive. But there is a celebration on *our* campus today and all real engineers are doing homage to the Saint who inspired them.

The calculation was accurate.

—S. M. HARDAWAY.

The Coal Camp.

JUST like a Kansas cyclone,
In its hurried, scurried flight,
Had transplanted helter-skelter,
Lop-side shanties—such a sight!

Dismal looking cabins—
Pathetic in their lack,
But Home Sweet Home to miners,
With toiling faces, black.

This is the Camp I came to,
A hopeful Engineer;
And here I've stuck it out,
Throughout a lonely year.

It has been a game of "play like,"
My pals have all been dreams—
From cabins I've built castles,
And sometimes it really seems

I am treading asphalt pavements
Instead of cinder paths;
Coke Ovens loom like mansions,
With really, truly baths—

That's what it means, you fellows,
If you reach the "golden goal,"
You'll need imagination,
To build palaces from Coal!

—MARY E. STEVENS BARNES.

ALUMNI

Some Interesting Notes

- E. L. ANDERSON, '12. 411 Market St., Springfield, Mo.
Is now employed in the Maintenance of Way Dept., of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad.
- E. E. ARMSTRONG, '13. Denver, Colorado.
Is employed by the Denver Gas and Electric Co.
- E. R. AXON, '12. Osceola, Ark.
Field Engineer for the St. Francis Valley Engineering Co.
- R. S. BAILY, '12. 1200 E. 45th St., Kansas City, Mo.
Outside Plant Engineer for the Missouri and Kansas Telephone Co.
- I. J. BUERGEGY, '12. Joplin, Mo.
Now employed by the Empire District Electric Co.
- W. W. BURDEN, '12. 5029 Maple Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Since June 20, 1912, has been employed in the Engineering Department of the City Sewer Commission of St. Louis.
- E. B. BURKLIN, '12. 1311 International Life Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Surveying work with the Mississippi River Commission.
- C. E. BETZ, '13. 303 South Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Feed-water Chemist in Pittsburg Testing Laboratory.
- E. K. CARTER, '12. Liberty, Mo.
City Engineer and Superintendent of the Municipal Water Works Plant.
- S. J. CLAUSEN, '12. 1311 International Life Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Is employed by the Mississippi River Commission.
- C. F. CRAIG, '13. Kansas City, Mo.
Is now employed by the Bell Telephone Company.
- N. L. CHURCH, '13. Johnstown, Pa.
Employed as Chemist by the Cambria Steel Co.
- W. L. DARBY, '13. Salisbury, Mo.
Testing oil engines and pumps for the Prairie Oil and Gas Co.
- J. E. DUNN, '11. Bureau of Soils, Washington, D. C.
United States soil work.
- J. J. DONNOHUE, '13. Provo, Utah.
At present is employed by the Utah Power and Light Co.
- J. W. FARTHING, '12. Meridian, Miss.
Is now with the Meridian Light and Railroad Co.

- H. S. FINLAYSON, '13. St. Louis, Mo.
Is now employed in railroad work in St. Louis, Mo.
- H. A. FOUNTAIN, '13. Denver, Colo.
Power Plant Work with the Denver Gas and Electric Co.
- MACK GALBREATH, '12. Office Public Roads, Washington, D. C.
Is now employed on road work in Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky.
- R. D. GEORGE, '12. 2412 Myrtle Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
Employed at Machine Design by the Bituminized Coal Co.
- J. WM. GERARD, '11. 209 Seward Pl., Schenectady, N. Y.
In Testing Department of General Electric Co.
- J. H. GREASON, '12. Butler County, Mo.
Surveyor and Highway Engineer of Butler County, Mo.
- J. R. HANDCOCK, '13. Ellwood City, Pa.
With an elevator and freight handling machine company in Ellwood City.
- H. D. HANDCOCK, '12. 1109 E. Collar Ave., Denver, Colo.
Gas Engine Dept. of the Denver Gas and Electric Co.
- ROY HART, '13. Council Groves, Kansas.
Employed in the Bridge Department of the Missouri Pacific Railroad Co.
- L. W. HELMREICH, '11. Finney, Newstead and Cook Avenues, St. Louis.
Is now connected with the Rankin School of Mechanical Trades.
- O. A. HERZOG, '12. U. S. Engineer's office, Memphis, Tenn.
Since September, 1912, he has been employed as Levee Inspector for the U. S. Engineer's office at Memphis, Tenn.
- F. L. HOLSER, '11. Pocatella, Idaho.
Is employed in the construction of Hydro-electric Plants.
- M. E. HORNBACK, '12. 6101 Drexel Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Is now employed in the Engineering Dept. of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Co., working as designer and detailer of reinforced concrete and steel bridges.
- WM. R. HUMPHRY, '13. 812 Security Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Is in the employ of the H. B. Colby Co., as Asst. Eng.
- F. P. HUSTON, '12. 27 Seward Pl., Schenectady, N. Y.
In the Testing Dept. of the General Electric Co.
- T. S. HADDAWAY, '11. St. Louis, Mo.
Sub-Station Designing with the Union Electric Light and Power Co.
- COUNT HARVEY, '12. Lock B, Hickory Point, Tenn.
Since May 26, 1913, has acted as Field Engineer in charge of the construction of Lock B, on the Cumberland River at Hickory Point.
- S. M. HARDAWAY, '13. 919A Walton, St. Louis, Mo.
Is now employed by the Bell Telephone Co. of St. Louis.
- WM. P. JESSE, '13. 423 Ross Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Is now employed by the Westinghouse Machine Co.

- F. O. JENKINS, '12. 27 Seward Pl., Schenectady, N. Y.
Employed in the Testing Dept. of the General Electric Co.
- L. H. KELLER, '12. Chicago, Ill.
Salesman for the Maloney Electric Co.
- F. I. KEMP, '13. St. Louis, Mo.
Salesman for the F. R. Worthingth Pump Co.
- W. W. KESSLER, '12. 560 Gates Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.
Special Engineer in the Wichita and Kansas City Districts of
the Missouri and Kansas Telephone Co.
- W. H. LANGFORD, '13. Collinston, Utah.
Employed by the Utah Light and Power Co.
- E. M. LEVY, '12. U. S. Engineers office, Kansas City, Mo.
Inspector on revertment work in the vicinity of Sandy Hook,
Mo.
- G. D. MITCHELL, '12. 417 Lincoln St., Johnstown, Pa.
With Cambria Steel Co.
- J. D. MOHLER, '13. 1020 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.
Interstate Commerce Commission, Division of Railroad
Evaluation.
- B. H. MILLER, '13. 7227 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.
Design work with the National Lead Co., St. Louis, Mo.
- W. H. MACLAY, '11. 1825 Commercial National Bank Bldg., Chicago.
Is now employed by the Corrigated Bar Co. of Chicago.
- D. M. NELSON, '11. 357 Homan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Chemist for Sears, Roebuck & Co.
- C. A. OLSON, '12. 7919 Harvard Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Employed as salesman by the General Fire Extinguishing Co.
of Chicago.
- H. W. PRICE, '11. 6712 Quinby, Cleveland, Ohio.
Employed by the Bruce Macbeth Engine Co.
- A. E. PIERCE, '13. 404 Chocta St., Bartlesville, Oklahoma.
In oil business.
- J. H. POUND, '13. 303 South Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Is now with Westinghouse Machine Co.
- F. V. RAGSDALE, '12. Memphis, Tenn.
Is now employed in the U. S. Engineers office.
- E. C. ROBINSON, '12. 1320 Commerce St., Dallas, Texas.
Transmission Lines and Sub-Station work with the Phoenix
Construction Co.
- O. SOLIS, '13. O'Reilly 15, Havana, Cuba.
Inspector of gas lines for the City of Havana.
- G. A. STURGES, '12. 213 Seward Pl., Schenectady, N. Y.
Employed in the Testing Dept. of the General Electric Co.
- H. E. THOMPSON, '13. Oklahoma City, Okla.
Pioneer Telephone Co.
- O. F. TAYLOR, '13. St. Louis, Mo.
Salesman for the Western Electric Co.

- E. E. TOWLES, '13. 423 Ross Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Westinghouse Electric and Machine Co.
- P. A. TANNER, '12. 922 Grant St., Springfield, Ohio.
Asst. Engineer for the Foss Gas Engine Co.
- R. F. WILLS, '13. 738 E. 16th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Employed as Instrument Man by the C. M. & St. P. R. R. Co.
- JOHN WARD, '13. Des Loge, Mo.
Employed by the National Lead Co.
- W. E. WALKER, '12. Manilla, P. I.
Employed by the Bureau of Lands.
- H. E. WEAVER, '12. York, Pa.
Now employed in the Sales Dept. of the York Refrigerating Co.
- E. L. WILLIAMS, '13. Cleveland, Ohio.
Employed by the American Bridge Co.

The Diamond Drill.

THAT common black cinder, a diamond!
Now don't try to stuff me like that—
It's worth a good hundred and over?
Well, I'd much rather have a new hat!

When set in a steel frame for drilling,
It bores right through solid rock?
Were it not that I know you are truthful,
In that I could hardly take stock.

It uncovers the secrets of ages?
And it's quite like magic, you say—
Straight through earth's adamant barriers,
To treasures opening the way?

Well, common black cinder, you win them—
To you I take off my hat;
I confess your looks are deceiving,
But true worth is often like that.

So again, it is proven, Earth's mighty,
(And oh, 'tis a comfort to know)
So often inhabit meek bodies,
That shrink from boasting and "show."

—MARY E. STEVENS BARNES.

St. Pat's Board

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Tau Beta Pi.

Honorary Engineering Fraternity.

Founded at Lehigh University, June, 1885.

ALPHA CHAPTER OF MISSOURI

Charter Granted in 1902.

Colors: Seal Brown and White.

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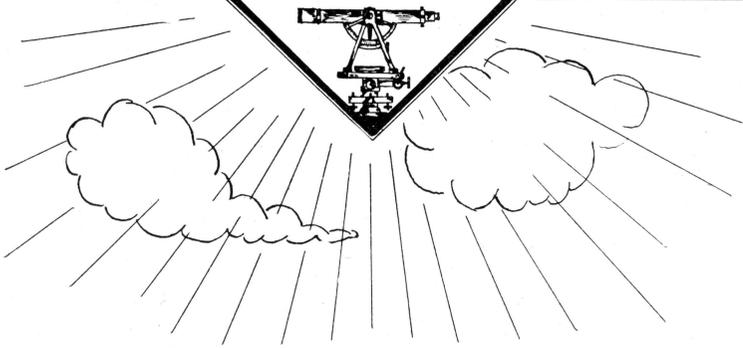
A Civil Engineer.

WITH face of brown and hands to match,
With humor light and gay;
With hair all mussed, yet cut exact,
And boots well on to stay—
Did come a man into our town
To build a bridge they say.

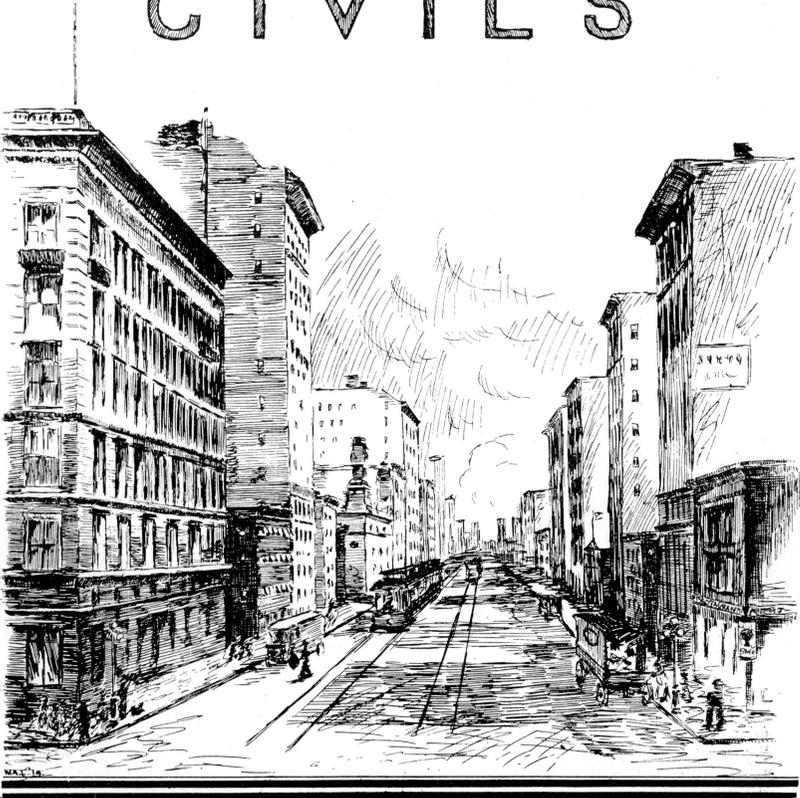
His stride was of that perfect kind,
His eyes were clear and gray;
His head was large—his chin inclined,
And lips that seemed to say
The truthful things that must be said
If bridges are to stay.

This man we liked and wished we knew;
We often thought how dear
'Twould be to have him with us thru
This most eventful year,
Especially when we found he was
A Civil Engineer.

—C.



CIVILS



Civil Engineers.

By GEORGE FITCH.

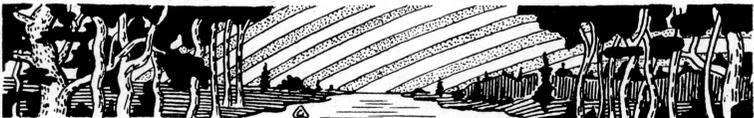
Copyright 1913, The Adams Newspaper Service.

A CIVIL engineer is a quiet man with a thick coat of sunburn, who spends his time revising climates, editing the landscapes and training up rivers into lives of usefulness.

In order to do this the civil engineer does not tear the earth wide open with 100-ton spades or perform other feats of strength. He is usually of ordinary size and if he only uses his own hands he could not push around a small creek, let alone a river. The civil engineer does not rely on muscle. When he desires to move a mountain or wipe out a few hundred square miles of desert with a dam he takes his logarithm book and retires to a quiet spot where he fills an acre of brown paper full of figures. At the end of six months he emerges with a tired air and a carload of blue-prints and motions to the steamshovels to come on up and get busy.

The civil engineer is not generally known. This is because he cannot often be found on the street corners or in the clubs or in the act of decorating grand opera with a vast white shirt front. He usually lives in the wilderness in hip boots and a last week's shave. After the ordinary man has lived in a wilderness for a few years his mother wouldn't know him. But after an engineer has lived in a wilderness the same length of time its mother wouldn't know it. The engineer is continually editing and revising nature, rearranging mountains and making rivers back up and go the other way. He is as restless and unsatisfied with the way things look as a woman who always rearranges the parlor furniture while her husband is away so that he may fall over it when he comes home in the dark and receive a pleasant surprise.

The civil engineer has hung railroads on mountain sides, run tunnels under city streets, made oceans shake hands, harnessed up Niagara Falls, made parks out of Western deserts and put a reverse gear in the Chicago River. Some day he will begin experimenting with the earth's orbit and we may yet have Christmas at the Fourth of July and a weekly comet service to Mars—who knows? Logarithms and a square jaw working harmoniously can do almost anything.





Senior Civils

THE Senior Civils, in spite of this picture, have often been spoken of as the "sports" of the class. Not that they are strenuous players of society—the contrary in fact is probably more nearly the truth—but, because they are all more or less good mixers. Again, they advocate all sorts of recreation. They have been known to enjoy quite a game of football played in the Senior Bridge Room. And, it is said that some of them take great pleasure in "strolling" with fair co-eds on our coldest winter days.

The central figure will probably be recognized first. He is well liked, because he takes stock in anything that is of interest to the other fellows. At present he is probably best known for his ability at dancing. More than one fair maiden longed to see him participate in the contesting fancy dance at the Ad Club Cabaret a few weeks ago.

"Wahoo Lewis, the Civil," has very effectually maintained his record of last year.

The noted "Triumvirate" also is still of sufficient strength to carry a few things their way. It seems, however, this semester, that "The Calf's Tail," for some unaccountable reason, has been unable to attain with the old strength the "rearward position" of former days. Mr. Works, though, is still the "Grand High Muckey Doodle Fod" and Mr. Geth is very beautifully holding his position in second place.

Many startling things could be said about each of the other men, but, suffice to say, that the common characteristic of all is, that they look on in awe at the astounding accomplishments of the Triumvirate and with pleasure as the humorous actions of "Fat".

Knights of St. Patrick

Civils

J. F. BRITTINGHAM, "Brit".

Wearing all the weight of learning lightly—like a flower.
"Say, Peake, who is that guy?" "Oh, Maryland."

G. N. BERRY, "Guy".

A student at last. Stewart's idol. Took his initial try-out
in a dress suit this year.

S. J. CALLAHAN, "Cally".

The Editor.

J. J. GALLAGHER, "Fat".

Impossible to roast St. Pat until after the ordeal. Refer to
a later page.

E. GOLDMAN, "Goldie".

Always happy. Forgot all about the bridge examination.
Another one of the old inhabitants.

E. A. HYDE, "The Country Schoolmaster".

Still advocates the use of "ye good paddle". Holds a record
for spending every weekend out of town.

A. R. HURST.

"No, sir, boys, the Co-op is the students' own store." See
"Cookie's" advertisement.

A. J. KLINE, "Artie".

"My best thoughts always come a little too late." Sings and
wooes like a Spanish gallant. A lover of the beautiful, and often
expresses himself in words noted for their length, breadth and
thickness.

H. F. KOCH, "Cookie".

"Gee! fellows she is coming back." Carries most of the
social obligation of the senior civils. Threatened to present
the editors with six feet of sod.

W. A. LAUBER, "Bill".

The Business Manager.

F. E. LAWRENCE, "Fess"; our banker.

"The world is but a stage upon which every man must play
his part." Takes his part rather seriously. "How do you expect
Stephens to have a basket ball team if I don't—?"

KOAN M. LOUIS, "Honolulu Louie".

That's about all we know about him.

C. B. LYNN, "Charlie".

"Well, now, in St. Louis—" "You see, 'Brit', you're not a
student, look at me. Why anytime you want a mechanical
engineer just see Charlie".

C. E. McCORMICK, "Mac"; "The Whispering Irishman".

Bought a C. E. Handbook for a companion. Easy to start
and never runs down. "Hear me, for I will speak."

J. C. MILLER, "Johnny".

A typical small boy loaded with insane questions. A chronic kicker. "A haughty spirit goes before a fall."

MORRIS MARKS, "Just (grade) Marks".

President, Vice-president, Secretary, Treasurer, and General Manager of the Marks, Seth & Serkes Bridge Co.

M. C. OWINGS, "Clair".

Author of "The Shadow on the Window Curtain". "I understand that, but it seems to me—" Made two trips home during the Christmas holidays. Ask him why.

J. K. ROHRER, "Jack".

Can shake his head more in one minute than an ordinary man does in a year. Alternates with Berry at the formals.

P. S. SAVAGE, "Phil".

At home in Kansas City and St. Louis. Good at holding hands (?).

M. SERKES, "Circus".

Office and blue-print boy for the Marks, Seth & Serkes Bridge Co. Agent and model for Cluett, Peabody & Co. The cute little boy with the mustachio.

G. W. SETH, "George".

Calculating machine for the Marks, Seth & Serkes Bridge Co. Makes his social debut this eventful day. "That's the stuff, old boy, look what it did to 'Cookie.'"

I. H. SHULTZ.

"You oughta' seen what I saw." "Now, Clair, —." This day will also be an eventful one for him.

C. E. STEMMONS, "Ike".

"Yes, yes, old Freddie slipped me an "I". The civil's outfield.

FRANK STEWART,

Berry's understudy. One of the old inhabitants. Knows all the "old songs".

LUTHER TAYLOR.

"Mr. Taylor do you understand this?" "Yes, I think so." "Are you sure?" "No, sir."

J. C. WILLIAMS, "(S — — — y) Jim".

Proprietor of the Broadway Inn. Social arbiter, in collusion with Peake, "Fat", and "Cookie". Northward ho!

Junior Civils

W. C. COON.

Is more dignified than he used to be, because he has been out in the world one whole year.

S. M. RUDDER.

Has not allowed himself to become involved in the notorious things around school, so is not deserving of a good "roast".

First Year Civils

D. N. BURRUSS.

Banking strong on his profound intellectual bearing to get him by. A mark for "Piggy".

T. M. CAPP, "Tommie".

Big things expected of him. Just discovered that his initials are the same as Ty. Cobb's.

C. M. COLVIN, "Irish".

Wild about the girls he never met, especially if they answer to the name Mary.

G. A. DUNN, "Billiken".

A good guesser for answers, but he means well. Daddy's original investigator. Some surveyor. "What?"

L. A. EATON, "La".

Could not attend St. Pat's dance on account of track. And he is so very enthusiastic about dancing.

O. J. EIDMAN, "Pete".

Very hard on shoes—there's a reason. Shipped his trunk out to More's Switch—another reason.

F. W. FLOYD, "Props".

The aerial wonder. Keeps a high record in studies as well as athletics. Pessimistic.

C. E. GRAY.

"Guess I've got a date." Taking his freshman math this year. Wonder why?

C. W. HUGHES, "Chawles".

Has a hair-comb no barber can imitate. That's all right, "Chawles", it makes a hit with the ladies.

F. R. HUGHES.

Is so quiet and considerate people often take him seriously.

A. H. KISTENMACHER, "Kisse".

That funny little man who has traveled east, north and south. Interested in northwest Missouri lands.

FRANCIS KRONE.

Says he was short-changed on his surveying grade, and of course we believe him.

J. H. LONG, "Jack".

"The Hesitation wonder". "Say Guy, there sure is some class to her." What did the angry mob say?

J. I. METZ, "Mut".

Claims he can lick any burglar in the business. "Gee, you-oughta'-see-my-girl-in-St.-Louis." Jack's Pal.

H. E. SCOTT, "Scotty".

Tie counter for the Wabash. "I'll bet you again." Sneezes every time he laughs.

J. R. STREETER, "Sleeping Venus".

Never appreciates Freddie's jokes. Another pessimist.

J. K. SLOAN, "Speck".

"That man with the auburn hair is simply grand." Overheard on the campus.

G. R. TAAFFE, "George".

Kept busy refusing positions of coach and trainers. Mistaken by "Bugs" for "taffy".

The Mountains' Secret.

O H, the secrets I hold, cry the Mountains bold,
The secrets I hold in my breast—
Secrets long sought, that cannot be bought,
But wait for the gold lover's quest.

Sometimes in the snow, impatient I grow,
Waiting for slow coming man;
It seems I must tell, and I do speak as well
As a ponderous Mountain can.

As they come with their tools—the wise and the fools,
I tremble with joy at the sight;
At last I will see my treasures set free,
My resources turned into Might.

My treasures long hidden are now to be bidden
Come forth with their ages of wealth;
With such powerful lure, no man need stay poor,
The Sick can now afford Health.

My ecstasy heightens, deferred hope brightens,
As determined, the diggers start forth;
If they had better ears they surely could hear
My pleading to "Turn to the North."

But no, they're engrossed with visions, at most
Of a million or so of rich ore;
My heart cries in pain, as my voice pleads in vain,
To show them the way to my store.

And so, in their blindness, ignoring my kindness,
They scratch at my impatient sides;
Getting naught but a taste in their unguided haste,
Nor dreaming where richest wealth hides.

Did they ever give heed, my gold could be freed,
And fill all the pockets of men;
Could the human ear hear what I shout every year,
Mankind would ne'er suffer again.

—MARY E. STEVENS BARNES.



Civil Engineers Society

University of Missouri

Organized October 27, 1913

Purpose: To form a medium wherein the students in Civil Engineering can assemble for the study and discussion of subjects pertaining to the profession.

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Old Uncle Tim.

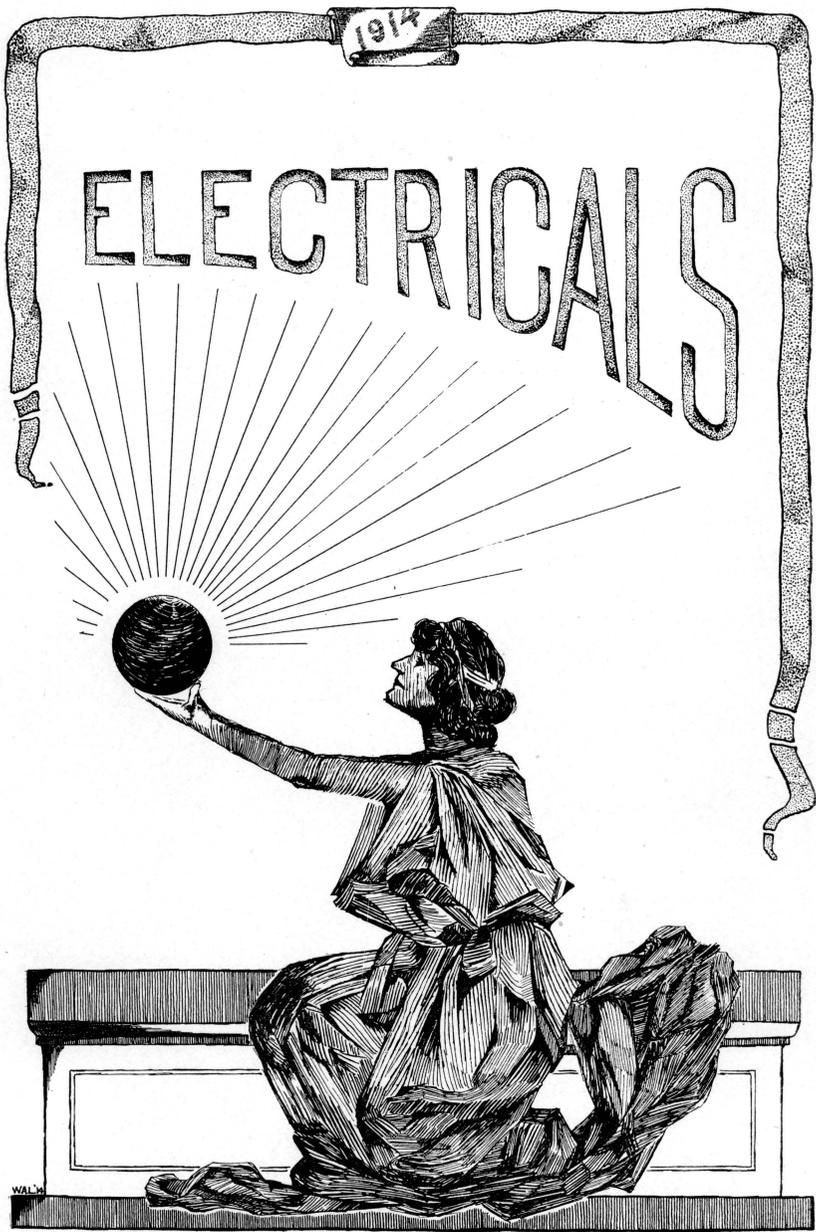
OLD Uncle Tim was a good old chap,
But he never seemed to care a rap,
If the sun forgot
To rise some day,
Just like as not
Old Tim would say
"Oncommon dark, this here we're in,
But tain't so bad as it might a' been."

But a big cyclone came 'long one day,
An' the town was wrecked and blown away.
When the storm had passed
We stood around,
And though at last
Old Tim was found
The state o' things he was buried in
About as bad as it could a' been.

So we drug 'im out of the twisted wreck,
And lifted a rafter off his neck.
He was bruised and cut
And a sight to see;
He was ruined, but
He says, says he,
With a weak look 'round and a smashed up grin,
"Tain't half so bad as it might a' been."

But after all, it's the likes o' Tim
Makes this world fit fer liven' in.
When days are drear
And skies are dark,
It's good to hear
Some old cuss bark,
"Now Son, dog'n you" with a cheerful grin,
"Tain't half so bad as it might a' been."

—"ADOPTED."



The Polyphase.

T WAS sleety, and the slithy wires
Did gyre and gimble in a web;
All misty were the stubs and guyers,
And the main poles outgreb.

Beware the Polyphase, my son!
The treacherous taps, the lurking lugs!
Beware the Junction bird, and shun
The Star and Delta bugs!

He took his vorpal plyers in hand:
Long time the voltish foe he sought.
So rested he by the Crossarm tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

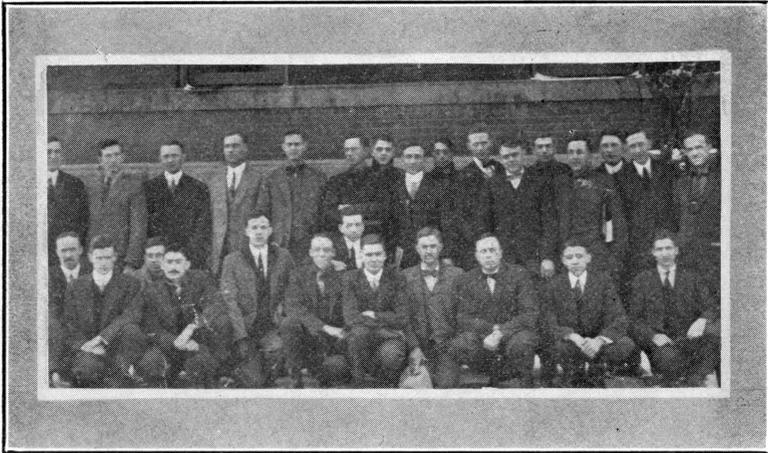
And as in wattless thought he stood,
The Polyhase, with spurts of flame,
Came dangling down the tulgey wood,
And buckled as it came!

A, B, and C, through phases three
His vorpal plyers went snickersnack!
He left them dead, and on his sled
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou killed the Polyphase?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
Oh, kilowatt! Oh, kiloways!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas sleety, and the slithy wires
Did gyre and gimble in a web;
All misty were the stubs and guyers,
And the main poles outgreb.

"GEORGE C. CASSARD, in the Edison Monthly."



Senior Electricals

THERE is a report out that two-thirds of the Electricals are engaged. What news! But it furnishes some very interesting thought indeed for one who is taking into serious account the unique characteristics of the men. It explains very emphatically why many have approached the Editors with the following statement: "Now if you intimate in my roast that I might be engaged it will ruin me." And the Editors have been forced to be very lenient in this respect.

But among this extremely assorted gathering of Engineers there exists no three-cornered amalgamation, nay, not even one of two. Their frequent raids on Read Hall tend to create a social enmity which does not encourage the formation of such organizations. However, there is a congeniality among them which is worthy of much note. They have also cultivated that admirable quality of goodfellowship which is so necessary to a successful class. And, because of these two facts, they have carried a number of things in the department their way this year.

In the above picture there are a number of individuals worthy of special note. "F. R.", for instance, has long held the record of being the "speediest" man in school. Again, there's "Guggie", the man who undoubtedly has more nicknames than—well, a lot of other things. And then there's "Big Bull" and "Little Bull", both quite important toward the wealthfare of the class. And "Paul R." must not be forgotten. He is a slim fellow, but did he not beautifully demonstrate his manly strength on one memorial occasion?

There are a number of others also, but lack of space forbids us to mention them.

Knights of St. Patrick

Electricals

C. E. ATKINS, "At".

Writing his thesis on "Electric Cooking" so he can hang around the Home Economics Department.

T. W. AMMERMAN, "Kink".

Took a job as Electrical Engineer in a sanitarium.

F. W. ANDERSON, "Flossie".

He and Crutcher hired a special car for their friends from Greene County. Ask him about it.

J. J. BECKER, "Jakie".

The tango kid. Says he comes from a town of 5000 population, counting the white folks.

A. E. H. BRINKMEIER, "Brink".

Has the longest name in school. Adolph Edward Hugo. Took a nurse to an Engineer's dance and has been in the hospital ever since.

J. A. COLVIN, "Happy".

The pet of the design room and the main cause of all rough-houses. Leader of the great Raid on the Ides of March.

NED CRIDER, "Ned".

The librarian thinks he is about the queerest gentleman she ever saw. Instigator of all chalk fights.

J. W. CREASEY, "John".

Armour's Best. Once aspired to be an orator, but later changed his mind.

L. L. CRUMP, "Lloyd".

Inventor of the latest electric incubator.

G. S. DRING, "Jack".

The human shoe-string, so thin that he has to get out a search-warrant to get himself out of bed.

F. R. DUNCAN, "Speed".

Charter member of the "Gimme Club". His password is "Gimme a match".

T. B. ELLIS, "Red".

We hate to spring that old one about the thirteenth reason, but that seems to be his only fault.

E. V. GMEINER, "Elam, Geranium, Guggenheimer".

Has bawled out two profs already this semester. To Gummy:—"Oh yes, oh yes, I know as much as Laffoon".

J. R. JARVIS, "Jim-bob".

Writes to nine different girls scattered all over the United States. He is thinking of establishing a few foreign offices.

W. H. KANZLER, "Kan".

Says he should worry so long as he is still two-tenths of an hour on the safe side.

L. E. KNAPP, "Knappy".

Makes a date with one girl to go to church to see another girl. "Say! Got the mate to that cigar?"

C. H. KRAFT, "Chris".

Says he is going to apply the pul-motor to that mustache to make it grow.

C. M. LAFFOON, "Laffy".

Carthrae Merrette from Curious, Mo. The best student in the department; a good fellow, even tho a "Gun".

E. G. LIST, "Eddie".

He is married; that is enough to say about a man.

O. H. LEE, "Orson".

Finally graduated.

C. B. LUSCOMBE, "Lus".

Hails from the town of Ben Seward and Sid Hardaway. It is seldom that one town turns out three great men.

L. D. MACOM, "Mak".

Went to a dance and ragged until the chaperones had to Macom quit. Holds the title, "Champion Elevator Rider of the World", jointly with "Speed".

WM. MILES, "Brownie".

Can say more funny things to the square inch than any man in the department. First Lieutenant to "Happy" on the "Raid".

E. B. SMITH, "Smithy".

Believed so strongly in the theory that two can live cheaper than one that he is now attempting to prove it by actual test.

F. R. SPRADLING, "Sprad".

Ask him why he has stopped wearing army shirts.

J. H. SPURGEON, "Spurg".

Made a hit with all the girls when on the Chicago inspection trip.

P. R. TATE, "Paul".

Says he took two semesters of A. C. and couldn't tell a vector quantity from a can of beer. "Well, sir fellows, I'll tell you." Tried to bribe the editors.

F. H. TEMPETON, "Temp".

An Academ-Journalist-Medic-Engineer. Has changed his attentions from Christian to Read Hall. "No, I am not to be congratulated, she is just my cousin."

R. G. THOMPSON, "Tommy".

Was told by "Kellie" that he was a better politician than engineer. A follower of Laffoon.

H. M. TICKLE, "Big Bull".

Cecil's pet monkey. Hot-air Engineer. He is even writing his thesis on hot air.

R. F. TICKLE, "Little Bull".

Champion Checker. Runs spot-light at Christian College for accommodation. Insists that he knows something that "Laffy" does not know.

* * * * *

First Year Electricals

O. R. ALLGEIR, "Rube".

Walks to class as if he means business. But then appearances are deceiving sometimes.

L. P. BOLL,

"When I made \$18.00 a week last summer in K. C." "Check!"

Holds a charter from the "Gimme Club".

C. C. BOSWELL.

"Will my trunk follow Eidman's?" Wears the smile that won't rub off.

A. G. DUBLE, "Cuple".

So bashful, why everytime he asks Central for a number he blushes a deep red.

G. N. DUREN.

Is taking a course in Phi Mu Alpha concerts. Ran second in a Moberly (?) contest.

A. M. FINLEY, "By-gosh".

Once had a standing Sunday night date for a week. Found new things in Cambria.

D. S. FOSTER, "Shorty".

Barnum & Bailey's little man. Hails from Oklahoma. "Nuff said".

L. R. GOLLADAY, "Golly".

Finally decided to enter high society, so he now attends the Casino dances regularly.

G. D. OLIVER.

To hear him speak one is almost led to believe that he really knows something.

P. J. SMITH.

Trying hard to hang up a new bicycle record. Leaves home at 8:10 in the morning and never is later than 8:10.

D. P. STURGES.

Is constantly mistaken for an Academ.

A. L. STROTHER, "Less".

In Peake's class, therefore refer to his roast. At home on Broadway.

J. M. SURBER.

A sample sent by the famous "Bud Surber" here years ago.

The Electrical Engineer.

TO the average person the electrical engineer appears only in the form of an eccentric individual who makes himself obnoxious by insisting on telling you all about kilowatts, magnetic influences and the various kinds of electric conductors when, in reality, all that you wanted to know was "why the doorbell didn't ring."

In his youth there is nothing at all about the electrical engineer to distinguish him from the remainder of the common herd, but, as he grows older, several discouraging symptoms of eccentricity begin to appear. For instance, he will arouse popular curiosity and interest among his friends and family by such silly actions as making sparks fly from hens' eggs, or arranging the latch on the back gate so that the policeman will be painfully shocked when he drops in to spend a frosty evening with the cook.

If he is only an inferior sort of electrical engineer, he will perhaps, spend most of his life at the top of electric light poles, engaged in the delightful occupation of removing birds' nests from the arc lights and replacing them with carbons. This will remain his daily work until his legs become too aged and cramped to permit him to climb the poles. Then he will, possibly, be assigned the congenial task of holding down a chair in the office of a street railway company and counting the few stray nickels that generous trolley car conductors feel that they are able to donate to the company.

However, if he is a good engineer, he may be found in the employ of a first class electrical company, where he will be engaged in the work of bossing the shops, or deciding how many birds' nests his less fortunate brothers will have to remove in order to insure their daily wages. If he holds this latter kind of a position he is known as an efficiency engineer, and is regarded as a superior kind of creation.

He will continue in this line of work until he finally awakens to a realization of the fact that he was born to be an inventor. This is an awakening that comes to every electrical engineer at some time or another. Then, if the awakening is realistic enough, he will immediately start to increase his landlady's electric light bill by working each evening until 3 A. M. in an endeavor to invent an electric back scratcher, an electric stove lifter or some other electrical appliance which he feels sure suffering humanity cannot long do without.

However, taken all in all, electrical engineers are very interesting sort of persons. In fact, if the average human being who attempts to converse with one of them would only have the patience to wait until the engineer got all the kilowatts, dynamos, currents and generators out of his system, the patient hearer would, doubtless, be rewarded by hearing the engineer digress from his favorite topic long enough to ask about the weather, or possibly to inquire about the baseball score. All of which goes to show what broadminded men these electrical engineers really are.

—H. L. H.



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University of Missouri Branch

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The Mechanical Engineer

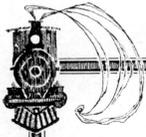
IN dirty overalls of blue,
He roams the World around,
His Banners never are unfurled,
His Praises never sound.

A piece of waste, a monkey wrench,
A steady hand and eye,
He leans long o'er the workman's bench,
With will to do or die.

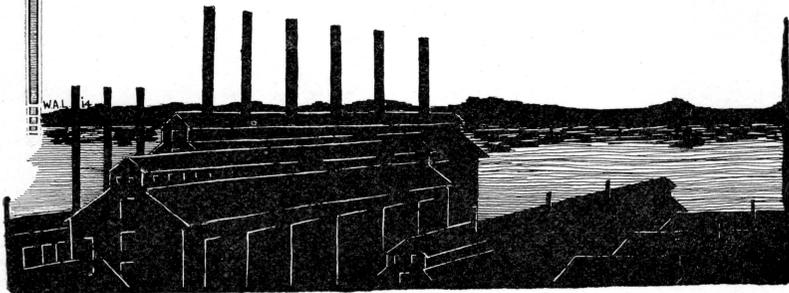
What matter if his hands he soils,
And blacks with grease and grime,
Is it for self alone he toils?
Is working, then, a crime?

He toils thru trouble and thru pain,
He toils with smiles and song,
He cares not who may reap the gain,
He helps the World along!

K.



Mechanicals



The Pessimistic Mechanical

WE'VE got the same old musty profs
We had four years ago to-day;
But no one seems to mind their scoffs,
And no one cares to mend his way.

We go to class on every morn
To hear these learned men discuss
On things that are to us shop-worn,
And sit with feelings of disgust.

It helps us some, if we are told
About the shops that "I" have bossed;
But when we hear it 'till its old,
It makes us feel like time was lost.

We hear of P, and V, and T,
Until each thinks, "Oh, where am I?"
We'll have no place that we can see,
For all this mess of N and Phi.

We've got a prof who's new this year,
But with his "detail calcs" and "marks"
We all get sick and shake for fear,
He'll prove another from the ark.

And then we have our dean, the dear,
Who makes us do a plant design;
And thinks we ought to work a year
On his big course, or else resign.

We've got the same old musty dubs
We had four years ago to-day;
It is enough to drive us bugs,
But no one cares; so let us pray.

—W. A. G.



Senior Mechanicals

IN spite of their overalls and jumpers, the Senior Mechanicals have aesthetic tastes somewhat above those of the average engineer. This desirable quality they did not possess a year ago. They have acquired it of late, because of the relative location of their present Rendezvous. (All will recall that the Senior M. E. Design Room is located in that portion of the Engineering Building commanding a rather imposing view of the Campus.) During their spare moments the men take great pleasure in viewing the works of art which can quite often be seen from the windows of this beloved room.

Some are inclined to consider moments thus involved as time spent in a course called "Chicken Judging". In looking over the records it is found that "Fritz" and "Robley" are undoubtedly the two men showing the most interest. And, again, it is said, that because of this particular state of affairs, Frauens changed from a "hyperbola" to a "Spiral".

It will probably be well to here mention a number of other "worthies". Not in connection with the above development, however, but in other interesting regards. For instance, "Pinky" and "Peak" are said to be failing in their schedule of cuts this semester. Formerly, it was an absolute certainty, that when one was present the other was bound to be absent.—During the last few months, Rose, seems to have developed into a fresh air fiend. Even during that cold spell, when the University experienced a shortage of fuel, he could not possibly be deferred from his hobby.—And, "Heile", has hopelessly fallen prey to the wiles of the "Nickle Chrome Vanadium Heat-Treated Steel Co."

Knights of St. Patrick

Mechanicals

C. C. BEALS, "Billiken".

Took preventive medicine and thought that he had small-pox. One half of Hot Wad's prides.

F. A. BURG, "Fritz".

Calm and peaceful in appearance, but peevish if aroused. In line for promotion to the office of the Dean.

F. H. FRAUENS, "Hyperb".

Sacrifices accuracy for speed. Writes up conclusions and then gathers data.

W. A. GARDNER, "Pinkey".

The boy with the chestnut locks who blushes unaware. A close second to Gmeiner in running Pemberton affairs. Does all of his studying in the daytime.

F. A. HEILEMAN, "Heile".

Thinks he is a prime mover. Allows Hot Wad to occupy half of his office.

S. LEVY, "Shorty".

The reductio ad absurdum of the Senior Mechanicals. And Shorty's name led all the rest in Shop Management.

R. M. LOTZ, "Funny-face".

All around moocher—will furnish his own pipe.

R. W. McCLAUGHRY, "Bob".

Advocates work and is sole supporter of his own doctrine. "My life has been a failure—the dice of the gods are always loaded."

E. E. MORGAN, "Shorty".

"Academ". Smoked almost perfectly after only three days' illness, the result of over-training.

J. M. ROSE, "Justus".

Had to grow his whiskers on the back of his neck.

ROBERT RUNGE, "Robly".

Expert in chicken-judging. Knows every bit of shady lane within four miles of the campus.

J. E. SWILLUM, "Joe".

Brought back some Christmas cigars and told the boys that he was married.

C. P. TALBOT, "Runt".

The other half of Hot Wad's prides. Says that St. Vitas taught him how to dance.

PEAKE VINCIL, "Peake".

Josh's favorite and all around grafter. Spot light artist.

L. S. VOIGHT (We can't print his nick-name).

22 calibre jokes are his hobby. Loves all his profs dearly.

* * * * *

Junior Mechanicals

S. G. GOODMAN, "Goodie".

Reverend. Never loved a girl. Far be it from him to do such a thing.

L. L. LEACH, "L³".

Dean of shorthorns. Thinks all men are like himself, so refuses to let his sister go to dances.

P. R. NOLTING, "Kaiser".

"What is a shirt for anyway?" Considering everything, would he push a little chicken into the water? A fowl creature from the M. E. rendezvous.

* * * * *

First Year Mechanicals

R. COATSWORTH, "Ralph".

The sleeping beauty. Wears pajamas in Mech. Lab. Has great respect for Deficiency Engineers.

— DAVIS.

Manages to get by in everything.

I. O. ROYSE.

"Oh, deah me, I almost forgot to attend military."

TROY RUSSEL, The high school orator.

Lives in the glories of the past, and the hopes of the future.

J. C. SQUIRES.

Ask the prof. to distinguish between a marine engine and one manipulated by a landlubber.

W. A. SLOSS.

No limit to his reciting when his feet get the right complex motion.

Senior Chemicals

SIDNEY REICH, "Sid".

Is as mysterious in his actions as are some of the chemicals with which he works. Is fond of midnight recreation.

G. H. ZIEGENBEIN, "Zieg".

A quite quiet man with a stride like the 31st of December.

B. F. SEWARD.

In regard to his mustache the following question might be asked, "Do chemicals affect the growth of whiskers?"

* * * * *

First Year Chemicals

JAY BARTON.

What? Why? Where? Who? How much? Its 1.23, no, its 2.31, oh no, fellows its 5.23. Who brought him here?

J. L. PALMER, "Joe".

The talkative kid in Mechanics. Wears a smile and grin at the same time.

* * * * *

"Josh"

HERE'S to the health of the man from Toronto,
Who romps thru the lab like a gay buckin' bronco,
Running compressors,
Flunking transgressors,
Nine rahs! for Josh, our imported professor.

Exhaust Gas

THE Great and Only speaks: "When I
Was working on the great Lehigh,
I built the biggest freight engine
That any man did e'er design;
With thirty drivers, seven stacks,
Four cobs arranged along her back,
Her headlight shone thru miles of fog"—
But here the gang untied the dog.

Anybody, providing he knows how to be amusing, has the right to talk about himself. —Charles Baudelaire.

When John Barleycorn takes the place of the Muse, literature is bound to have a set back.

Hot Wad Hibbard's Fight.

LISTEN, oh Freshman, and you shall hear,
Of a college prank on our Hot Wad dear.
It was back in Rhode Island, about '85
Booth, the great actor was then alive
And was playing in Providence that year.

Hot Wad said to his friend one day,
"Let's cut our work and go see the play.
'Tis long since I've leaned from the gallery's height,
Been enchanted with music and beauty and light,
And fared with the players o'er land and sea."
"But we're broke," cried his friend, "Don't talk such to me."
"Have you known me so long and so soon take alarm?
Just trust my good tongue. It will keep us from harm."

With his unconvinced friend, who dared say no more,
Hot Wad set out for the theatre door,
Where the manager, hiring his "supes" for the day,
After Hot Wad had had his accustomed long say,
In pure self-defense, so the manager swore,
Hired the two for the night, and then shut the door.

Later, the two, dressed as courtiers neat,
On the stage find themselves, the friend full of fears,
Because Hot Wad, the sane when out in the street,
On the stage he was sure, would forget the long years
And LIVE thru the play, which was Hamlet that night.

He was right; for young Hot Wad disdaining stage fright,
Followed the action as if born to the part,
Till the last scene was reached—the long waited for scene
Where our hero, still moving as though in a dream,
Takes his stand by the side of Denmark and his queen.

Then followed the duel, the poisonous draught,
The exposure of all the ingenious craft
Of the king's many efforts to take Hamlet's life;
And the prince, his eyes glaring and face deadly white,
With long hair streaming and sword flashing bright,
Leaps straight toward the king.

But hold! what's this sight
That astounds all the players? What venturesome hare
Leaps in Booth's path, with his rapier bare?
'Tis our hero. A GUARD, whom Booth cannot scare,
Faithful Hot Wad springs to rescue his king.

A shower of sparks as the foes engage!
A shriek from the pit, a roar from the stage!
Hot Wad seems a match for the lunatic's rage.
("As a swordsman, I then was the talk of the town;
A better has never been seen at Brown.")
But alas! Booth's sword was the heat-treated kind
And H. Wad's a plain piece of curtain-rod steel,
A fact which of course had not entered the mind
Of the brave Danish guard, who, however soon finds,
His blade hot and bending, then torn from his hand.

The curtain falls swiftly; and the faithful friend
To the street drags the guard, from out of the den
Where his mind soon returns. Now if to-day, it should do
To repeat such a venture, you all know just who
Can give you instructions, for this tale is true.

—M. E. '13.

* * * * *

The Mechanical Engineer.

TO be a good mechanical engineer a man should be the offspring of fond parents, who were undecided as to whether their son should be a lawyer or a preacher. He is, moreover, the kind of man, who when he was young, was unpopular with his fellow students in high school because he was so good in mathematics that his fellow sufferers in Trig could not keep up with him. In addition, he is usually unpopular with the girls because he always insisted in discussing logarithms or the height of efficiency of a turbine when a discussion of the delights of the tango was more desirable to his feminine companion.

At the age of eighteen, he usually disappoints his parents by taking more interest in the machine shop around the corner than in the church sociable. Then finally, at the age of twenty-four, when every other young man is settling down to a nice, clean, remunerative position in his office or a bank he disgraces the family and breaks his mother's heart by getting a "job" in a steel mill and coming home from work, dressed in overalls, with his face begrimed, and with a couple of fingers smashed as a result of an unsuccessful attempt to stop a six horse power planer with his bare hand.

He is then treated with care for the next few days, because of his maimed digits, and, in the meanwhile, his mother tries to impress upon him the greater possibilities of the banking business. This she tries to do by showing him how nice and clean little Willie Green looks when he comes home from work after a pleasant day of toil in his father's bank. If he is really an engineer he listens to this story for a few days and then hustles back to the steel mill.

At the age of thirty, when little Willie Green is still working in the bank and drawing down his princely "fifteen per" our engineer is still coming home from work looking a little the worse for wear. Little Willie is now the Chairman of the Ladies Aid Committee in the Methodist Church and a power in the community, especially among the feminine members of the community. But our engineer is still in the same old rut. True, we must admit that he is coming home from work looking a little less dirty than formerly, but he is still far below Willie in style and general appearance. And again, at the age of thirty-five we find little Willie's name appearing with monotonous regularity in the daily paper's column of society news, while the only press notice our engineer ever gets is an occasional notice in the Engineering Review, a magazine that no lady ever reads.

And so it goes on through life. At the ripe old age of sixty years little Willie passes away and the fellow clerks in his bank get a half holiday to attend the funeral of their "beloved brother." The newspapers print two column eulogies in memory of the society life which the popular Willie led, and thousands of mourners flock to the funeral to see the flowers.

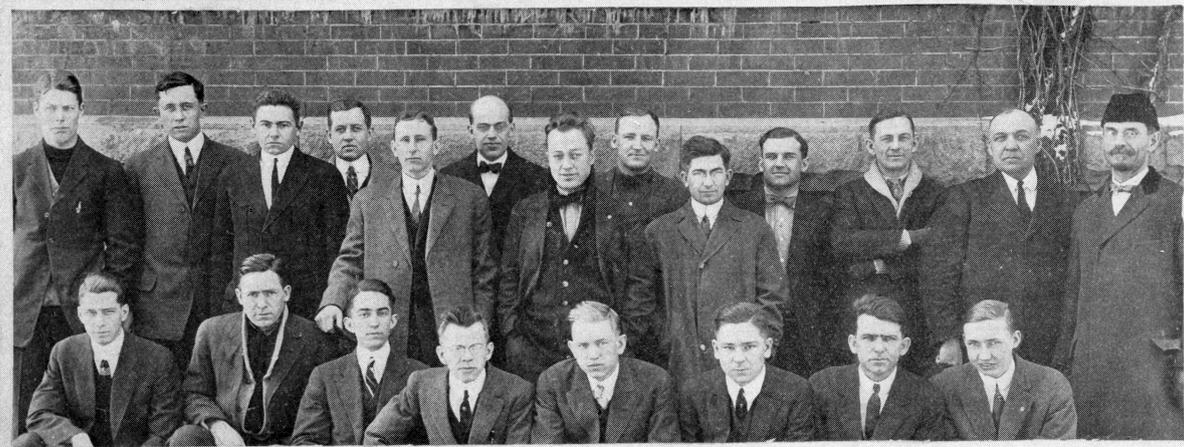
Not so with our poor engineer. When he passes in his checks at the age of seventy-one, no two column newspaper eulogies come his way. Poor old man! He never shone in society. He never led the charity ball or even dished out the ice cream at the church social. All he ever did was to remodel two turbines, invent a new style pumping engine, and put a locomotive works on a paying basis. He never even knew how to dance the tango.

And so they laid him away six feet under the sod in a cool reservoir in the graveyard. And, while the worms were busy eating the few logarithms, which he still had in him when he died, a few old friends stood by the side of the grave and sighed as they read the humble epitaph, and nodded disconsolately as they saw that:

He might have been a lawyer
Or a politician great.
He might have made a fortune
Selling worthless real estate.
He might have been a doctor
Curing chills and pains and aches,
He might have been a baker
Peddling pies and bread and cakes.
He might have been so many things
You'll be surprised to hear
That the poor old man that's planted here
Was but an engineer.

Moral to fond parents: Never let your son be an engineer.

—H. L. H.



American Society of Mechanical Engineers

University of Missouri Student Branch

Purpose: To train the student to discuss engineering subjects before an audience, to unite students and professors in closer fellowship, and to get in touch with the great engineers of the National Mechanical Society.

1913

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The Fable of the Engineer Who Would be Good

THERE came a Protégé from a Small Village to a Large Town in Honest search of Wisdom. Diligently He applied Himself to that sore Task. Vaingloriously did He strive, until His Passport of Learning was well bedecked with that Insignia, which discriminates between the Good and the Meek. He was of the Good.

Time flew on. The Fetters of Festivity ensnared Him. There came Riotous Assemblages (commonly known as Mass meetings), Class weeding out's, Hard cider fests, Y. M. C. A. get-to-gether's, and Clandestine Trysts with Lady Nicotine. And lastly came the Dance. With It all that was New. Dances, which in His estimation, even the Apache and Oriental would scorn.

Horrid! exclaimed He to One of those higher up. In these days, further proclaimed He, an Exemplary Young Man cannot attend these Terpsichorean Try-out's without being asked to indulged in the Tango, or to follow the pausing Foot-steps of the Hesitation. But in spite of these Pit-falls He remained of the Good.

But alas, the Good have fallen. The Strong have become Weak. Those who at first have emphatically said, "No," now whimper, "Yes." And so It came to pass that this Maudlin Young Man no longer remains one of the Good.

Moral: "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

Drama.

DEAR girl, your face I could not see,
Your voice I could not hear!
But many a night out on those plains,
I dreamed that you were near.

You laid your hand upon my head,
And stroked my hair quite slow,
You gave me love, and hope, and grace
And courage to face my foes.

But now, we are together dear,
And in your eyes so blue,
I find those dreams of mine out there,
Were of love and will come true.

—C.

PRE-ENGINEERS



Cecil James Hubbard
14

A Lost Art

WHO said Tumbling was a lost art? Why Tumbling is now only in its prime, and if more new dances are devised it will be hard to say to just what extent this graceful craft will be developed.

In the engineering department, thanks to the ardent followers of St. Pat, Mr. Ballbat, Mr. Badman, Mr. Bacon, Mr. Short and Mr. Osculation are such apt pupils of this new gymnastic activity, that at any dance you can see them performing these "hair-raising" contortions.

Such a degree of efficiency has been attained that the rebound, after each tumble, is very quiet, and by further reducing the noise making element, they will, no doubt, be able to duplicate the antique "stunts" of the ancients.

Professor—"Mr. Krone what kind of an edge is this?"

Krone—"A fiducial edge, meaning true."

Professor—(Musingly.) "Yes—coming from the Latin meaning faithful—yes, faithful—Fido."

The Chemical Lab

OH! come where the Nitrates silently flow,
Where the Silicates drop o'er the Oxides below,
Where the rays of Potassium lie white on the sill,
And the song of the Carbonates never is still.

—G. L. D.

Let's wait until everybody gets slightly awake, we don't want to disturb the dead.

The trouble with you is that you try to evolve these things out of your own mind and there is nothing there.

I am entertaining you better than you can entertain yourself. You can't learn anything by talking to each other.

Let's have your attention to this, your own thoughts are not entertaining.

Don't say "I think" when you know that you are not doing it.

—*Dr. L. M. Defoe.*

An Evening with "Her"

ANTICIPATION
Preparation
Destination

Expectation
Osculation
Indication
Moderation

Contraction
Prevarication
Incineration
Perspiration

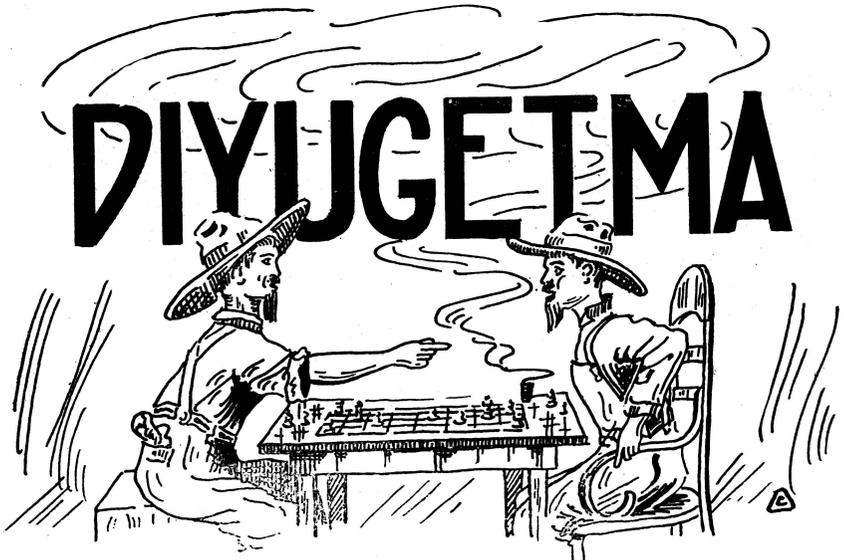
Observation
Superstition
Supposition
Jurisdiction
Explanation

Vexation
Transportation
Damnation.

—By "Jack."



The smile
that indicates
a bright idea
Donk(e!)



Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again.

—Shakespeare.

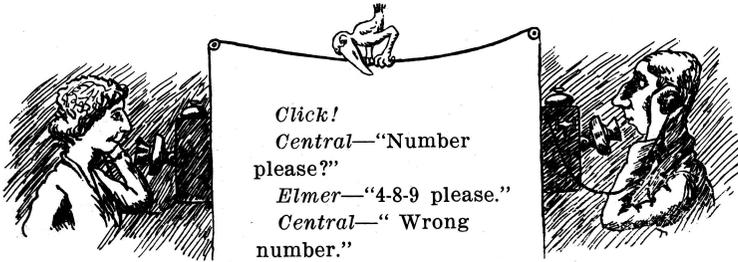
The Mechanical Idyl

THERE is a prof. here in our school,
 A man so wondrous wise;
 He lectures on experiences,
 And bores us with his "I's."
 "I this," "I that," "I everything,"
 Until you think the end has come;
 And then he starts—"we this," "we that,"
 To put your patience on the bum.
 Occasionally he springs a joke;
 A good one sometimes too;
 But the "I's" and "We's" remove the point,
 And laugh? H—l No! Would you?
 —Eng.

My Cob Pipe

YOU may brag about your Meerschaum,
 You may glorify your Briar,
 You may sing a praise to Congo,
 And to other bowls of fire;
 But when it comes to pleasure—
 A smoke cool, and sweet, and free—
 I'll always take my well-burned Cob,
 It's good enough for me.

—L.



Elmer—“Oh, go on. Guess I ought to know that number by this time.”

Central—“Please hang up, there is no such number.”

Elmer—“Give me information.”

Information—“Yes.”

Elmer—“Give me the P. H. number.”

Information—“There are several poultry houses—what kind of a chicken do you want?”

Elmer—“Who said chicken? I want Pemberton Hall!”

Information—“Oh!—4-1-9.”

Central to Information—“Gee, why don't that guy put in a wireless.”

Only an Engineer

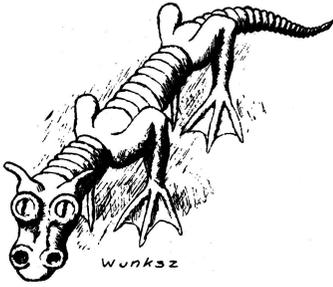
THEY sat silently side by side on the Pemberton Hall steps. The moon, no longer cold, beamed benevolently upon her two protégés, so obviously under her care and protection (and influence). He leaned still closer and then frightened at his own audacity repressed the question that trembled on his lips. She was wise or at least thought so. She snuggled up a wee bit, and whispered, “What is it?”

He looked long into her limped liquid eyes of blue, and murmured in a voice of wistful entreaty, “D-d-do-you-mind-if-I-smoke?”



A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*



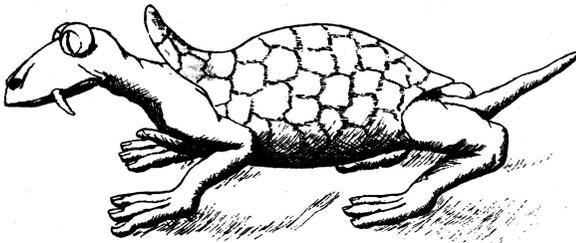
Wunksz



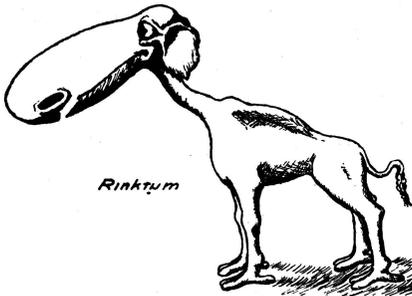
Dingbar



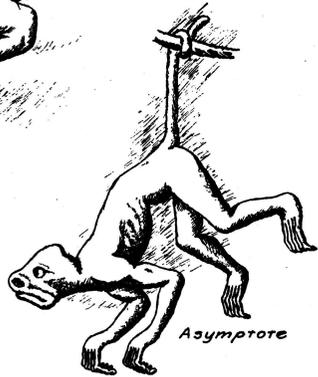
Oolie-oolie Bird



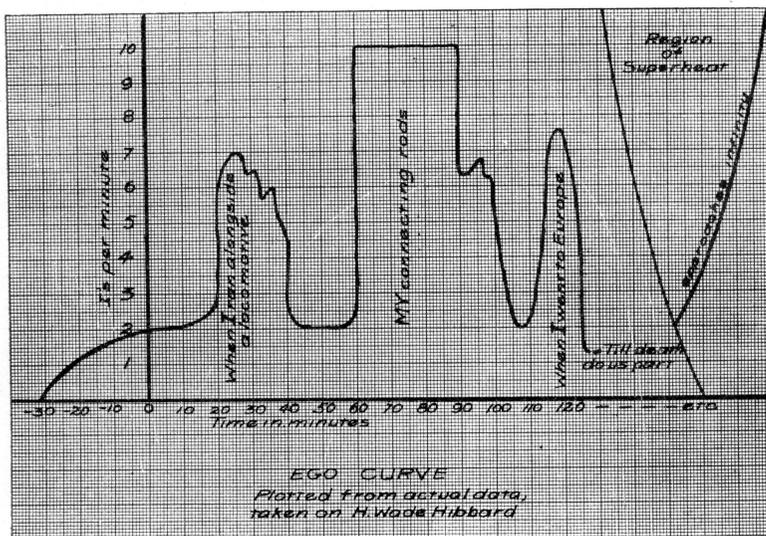
Wogg ewug



Rinktum



Asymptote



Sporting News

A DUEL will be fought between Izzy Sarinsky, chief draughtsman of Switzler Hall and the Night Watchman, on March 29, 1914, at Columbia, Mo. The watchman's second will be Cecil Lynch, while A. L. Hyde holds the sponge for Isador Shorty, the janitor, referees and says he will allow no fouls. The rules given by the Am. Ry. Eng. & M. of W. Gen. Spec. for 1914 will be followed to the letter. Those wanting 3-1 odds on Izzy come to the bridge room after four o'clock Saturdays.

Brit—(During war examination, in his natural tone of voice.) "Well, boys, I'm going to treat you square and I want you to treat me square. There's your questions, here's your blue-books. Now I'm going back to the rear and smoke. If any of you want to smoke, I've got the 'makins.' Each of you remember that you are now a man among men. If you can't answer the questions, ask me; if I don't know, look in the book."

In the Clutch of Circumstances

Dean—"Mr. Gardner, your work is going down hill. You'll have to work at night from now on. Why, they tell me that you take a girl to the picture show every night."

Pinky—(Earnestly.) "But, professor, it's not my fault. If I don't take her, somebody else will."

War News from Columbia, Missouri

The Army of boilermakers captured the campus on February 16, 1914. Armed with snowballs they stormed successively the Law Barn, Academic Hall and the Biology building. Among those injured were Izzy Sarinsky's drawing, three lawyers, two journalists, one academ, one stray hunting dog, and Tubby Westfall.

Sad but True

Johnny—"Pa, why are all the Senior Electricals engaged?"

Father—"Why, my son, that is only because of women's natural love for remnants and bargains."

WANTED:—Some new records for the bridge room quartet.

(Adv.)

—A. L. H.

Piggy—"Got a good one on Roddy."

Larry—"What is it?"

Piggy—"Roddy built the Engineering Annex for a hydraulic laboratory, but he's so doggone slow it'll be four years before he gets in his machinery, and all the time the boys are using it for a dance hall. Heh! Heh!"

Lewis—(Ending up an argument with Brittingham.) "I'm a man of few words."

Kline—(Looking up from his work.) "Yes, but you make damn frequent use of those few words."

Prof. Hyde—(Explaining something to a few fellows in the front part of room while Williams in rear, supposed to be designing a bridge, was giving "Fat" some personal advice.) "Mr. Williams, would you mind being quiet a few minutes? I am afraid these fellows will get your argument mixed with mine."

Prof. in Economics—"Kindly give a definition of dividend, Mr. G."

Student—"Well, I'm afraid I do not know."

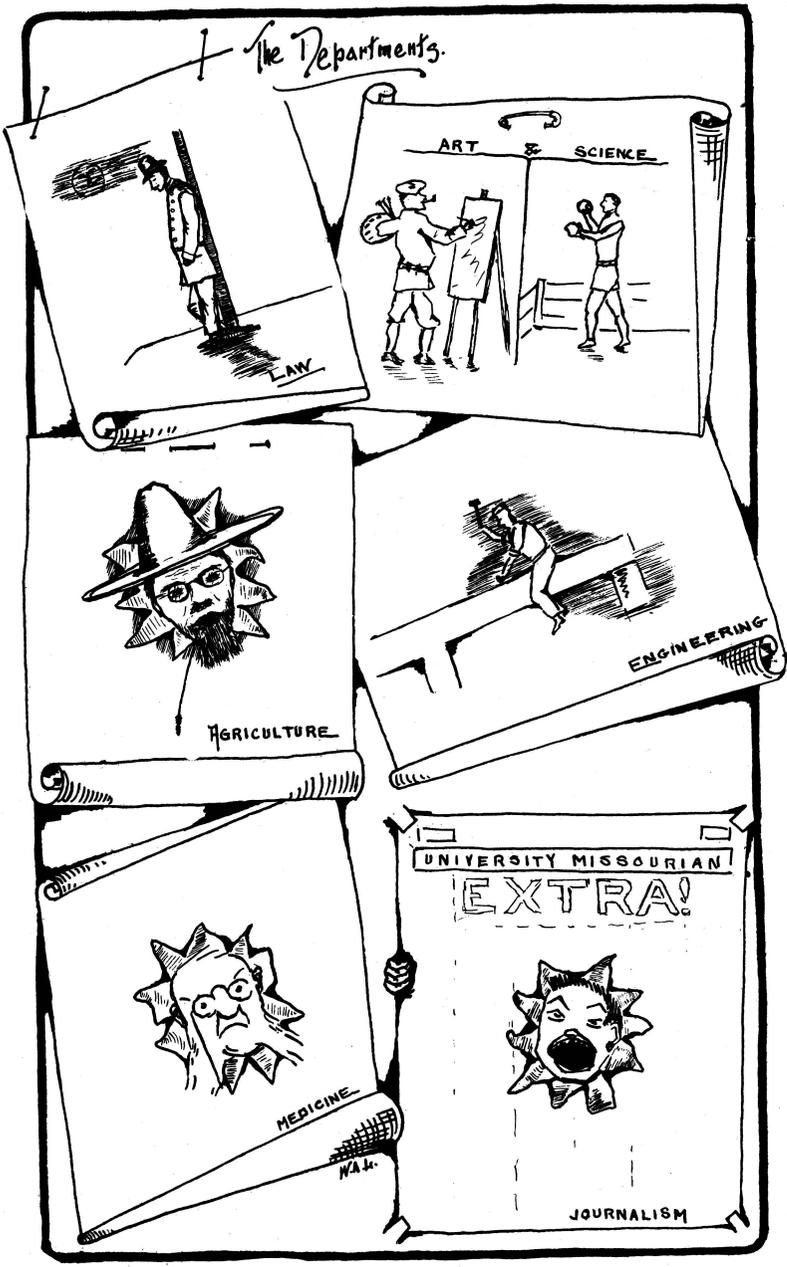
Prof.—"What, can't you give an example?"

Student—"I am sorry, no sir."

Freshman Co-ed.—"Take 400 and divide by 10, 400 would be the dividend."

Lawyer—"Now, if I put my hand on that hot steam pipe, which one of the five senses would tell me to remove it?"

Engineer—"Anybody with any sense at all would'nt put his hand on a hot pipe."



Last Night

AH yes; I do remember now,
'Twas but last night,
The world was mine. You ask me—How?
Well, just last night.

At first 'twas, "No." A timid, "Yes."
Oh! happy night.
Again that dream I must caress,
Of you, last night.

The vision gone. A clink of ice.
Remorseful night!
A towel about my head—How tight!
For you, last night.

—L.

Heard at the Dances

The Man—"Hey—Oh, Sheenie, will you come here just a moment?"

She—"Why! Do you really call him that to his face?"

The Man—"Yes, you see, he is so obviously of Swedish descent that he cannot possibly become offended."

"And is that 'Fat' Gallagher? Why, he is quite graceful isn't he?"

"You say that Mr. Smith is married. Well, I wonder if he is still opposed to the Tango? I do not ask about the 'hesitation.' I feel sure that he has become proficient at that."

We are of the opinion that Mr. Goodman firmly believes in the following two lines:

"It is nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there, that's disgrace!"

"Mr. Brittingham could be so nice if he only would."

Mr. Koch, when asked why he was so enthusiastic about dancing, replied: "Well, you see, some one must keep up the social obligations of the senior civils."

"Onward! Onward! To Read Hall they thundered."

"He gave the snakes and toads a twist and banished them forever."

On Pink Slips

By WILLIE ALWAYS GRIND.

PINK Slips are used as a mark of reward. Just as blue ribbons are given for first premiums at country fairs, so Pink Slips are given to second-rate Engineers. Any Engineer who has a large collection of Dance Programs is eligible to carry Pink Slips. The connection may not be quite clear, but it is generally understood that they are exchangeable in the ration of two Dance Programs for one Pink Slip.

Pink Slips are a new invention, designed for the purpose of keeping at home those of our classmates who are addicted to Pool-playing or to Lady-fussing. Hook-worm and other diseases which affect a man's desire for work are common causes of Pink Slips. We do not mean to convey the idea that all men who carry Pink Slips are lazy, but the fact remains that the majority of the lazy ones carry Pink Slips.

Pink Slips derive their name not only from the fact that they are printed on pink paper, but because they indicate a slip on the path of knowledge.

When a man is so fortunate as to be awarded the second rate premium, he visits the sanctum of the dean every Monday morning. There he is given a week's supply of these little barometers. Upon their face they have the dean's signature (made by a rubber stamp), thereby investing the recipient with the power to invade the office of each of his instructors. If perchance he gains entrance to any of their offices, he is at liberty to comment upon the weather. Having thus smashed the ice he may, if he chooses, exhibit his little token of reward. As a rule, the instructor is highly honored by the invitation to place his name on the Pink Slip, along with that of the Big Squeeze. The instructor usually performs this operation with a fountain pen, because not all instructors are permitted to sign their names with a rubber stamp.

Having pulled the wool over the eyes of all his instructors, the man with the Pink Slips now returns to the Outer Office. If he has been, in the estimation of the High Mogul, successful in this venture, the Big Chief permits him to arrange for his board and keep for another week. If however, the Most High has a toothache on that morning, the certified member of the Pink Slip Brigade may be permitted to sever his connection with this institution of learning.

Pink Slips are, it is true, a detriment in Engineering, but they are not a bar to High Society. In fact, several of our most beloved Pink Slip Artists are High Flyers.

To anyone desiring to make a collection of these little certificates, we recommend plenty of pool-playing, six dances a week with as many campus queens, naps in the shade of the columns when the weather permits, or in fact anything that tends to relieve the fatigue of daily labor.

Personals

Runt Talbot, a prominent castle walker, leaves to take charge of the Keokuk Plant June 1st. Mr. Talbot says that while this is not the most desirable position in the world, it will be a stepping stone toward his ambitions.

Fat Gallagher has just signed a contract with C. K. G. Billings to ride the new speed king, Hunkedora. James hopes some day to be a real jockey, provided he can train down to 98 pounds.

Fesler Lawrence has been farmed out to the Cardinals where he is expected to start a new era in baseball. Fess got his start keeping score for the Junior Civils in 1913.

Heileman has just ordered some new stationery thru the Co-op. In embossed letters across the top may be seen

F. A. HEILEMAN

Faculty Member

He says he thinks it is a man's duty to live up to his station in life, as well as in being an honor to the University.

"Sheeny" Williams and Pete Vincil are saving Fatima coupons to send off and get a job. The Fatima people are making a special offer of a good job for 1000 coupons. The boys say they may have to work late but hope to make good by the end of the semester.

Scandal! Did you hear the latest? "Cookie" is leading a double life. Our private detective has shadowed him for a week and reported that Hugo has fallen into bad habits. He practices all afternoon at Kress's Ten Cent Store, learning the latest ragtime. This in itself is not so bad, but when he springs this new music at the Pemberton Hall after-supper dances, we think it's time for us to object. In our opinion several other senior civils are as deeply involved in this crime as "Cookie," himself.

She's a Good Old World for all that.

—Fields.

As It Often Is

Editor's Note:—

(One year before.) Carlos, a Mexican poet, while under the influence of champagne, sent his son to the University of Missouri to become a civil engineer.

(One week before.) Pedro flunked out and decided to return to his native land without notifying his father.

(One night before.) Carlos won 7000 pesos from some American Tourists who were teaching him to play poker.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

CARLOS sat on the edge of his bed and smoked cigarettes while he wondered how he could ever get away with 7000 pesos. "Oh! That my sainted wife had not run off with that barber!" he lamented, "She would have been a great help now." He recalled one of the few letters he had received from Pedro, and suddenly had an inspiration. "First I'll buy a pair of Tango pumps and learn the grape vine." The word grape suggested but one thing to his mind, so he started to the Gin-Mill.

Just outside the door he met an exquisite, highly barbed young gentleman with a cane and a downy mustachio. Carlos mistaking him for the nobility bowed respectfully, then blushed with mortification when the young man said in a lisping tone, "Hello Dad! How's the Old Top? Put'er there! Got the makings?"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Father and son sat on the doorstep talking in low tones. Pedro, with the ready ability of the college bred man, had speedily recovered from his surprise at the new financial state of the family. (Although Carlos, with fatherly pig-headedness could not see how his son could be much of a gun and still be dropped from the university.) The young man said, "While at the University I studied Water Power under Senor Roddy. We will make a few curves and maps and build a dam across the Rio del Dinerio and have electric lights. Why Dad! We'll be the Pioneers of Mexico." The older Pioneer reluctantly gave up the thought of the Tango pumps and white vest and solemnly shook hands with his son and heir.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Don Carlos, the Mexican Financier, sat at a marble topped desk in his dobe hut and leisurely opened the firm's mail. I letter from Huerta inquiring whether the "Financial Revolution" he had heard

so much about was a counter-revolution against him, caused Carlos some uneasiness, so he reached for his silk hat and gold-headed cane to go out to the works and ask his son's advice. He found his first born expounding "Max Meyer's grading system" to a gesticulating mob of greasers. The progressive son had lately adopted a new paying system, based on the theory of "Absolute Errors." Pedro was saying, "Now, yesterday, 50% of you made 4 pesos, but 22½%, being 'I-men' only get 3.2 pesos, and Manana and Drones flunk, so they get nothing." Carlos took one look at the faces of the "F-men" and beat it back to the office.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

The Dove of Peace reigned serenely over Old Mexico. The little village of Sin Trabajo, the home of Carlos, the poet and his son Pedro, was the center of civilization, the mecca of the swarthy-skinned lotus-eaters. A huge bronze statute now stands in the city park, commemorating the day when white coal first came to lift them out of the darkness. Pedro, when he is not busy rolling cigarettes for his venerable father, puts in most of his time relating his university adventures to a crowd of eager listeners. Now, in the evenings, hordes of ragged urchins may be seen and heard, gathered under the wonderful street lights, shouting, "Viva el Hot Wad—El Señor Roddy—y'el Bugs!"

Notions

I 'VE sip'd your Dry Martini,
I've tried a soda high,
And other drinks that good may be
Yes, even, champagne, dry.

All these were tried—and more,
Perhaps they bring you cheer,
But Ah! for me you may implore
A five-cent lager beer.

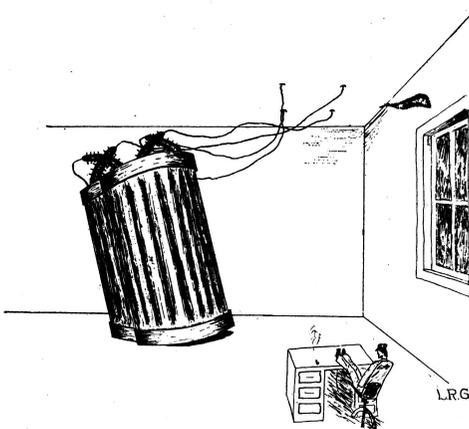
—L.

The corkscrew—a useful key to unlock the storehouse of wit, the treasury of laughter, the front door of fellowship, and the gate of pleasant folly.—*From the French.*

The Transformer Tango

“SAY, Bill, did you ever see two big five-thousand kilowatt transformers get up on their toes and tango across the station floor? I don't think you ever did, but, last night, I did.”

It was this way. During the evening we had an awful storm, as you know. It had rained and sleeted, snowed and blowed, and lightninged. The lightning arresters popped, the fuses flashed, and at times I thought the turbine would be pulled out of its bearings. About two o'clock the storm had quieted to the extent that I could sit down. As I sat in my chair, with my feet upon my desk,



the one sound that I could plainly hear above the rest, was the humming drone of these twin transformers, standing side by side, in the corner. Their tune was sort o' soothing, and I must have dozed a little, for I was very tired. As I nodded there, with my eyes upon those two transformers, they seemed to rock to and fro, to the slow time of that humming drone.

Are even my transformers doing it? Can they be tangoing? They surely were, and as they grapevined round the corner, their bushings nearly brushed the ceiling. When they were back in the corner, they paused, and with a slow dip of their great bulks, they started back again. They kept coming. I fell to wondering what would happen if I were in their way. Now they were scarcely ten feet away, the two of them looming up as high as Academic Hall at old Mizzou. Still they grapevined back and forth, always edging closer. I tried with all my strength to move, for it seemed that if I sat there longer, they would step on me, but I could not move. It seemed that I was frozen to my chair. Here they came again! What should I do? There went the desk —

Bang! I came to with a jump, the ring of the circuit breakers still in my ears. The station was in darkness, and everything was still. I felt my way to the switchboard. When the circuit-breakers were reset and there was light again, I saw with great relief those two transformers safely in their corner and humming as before. Not even a sign of their recent spree.”

—L. R. G.

Prof. Fessenden: "Levy, you may explain the laws of perfect gases. Now suppose that the rest of the class is absolutely ignorant of anything useful. For instance you may imagine that they are a bunch of Freshmen Lawyers."

Weinie

Aldt Weenie, our struggling Wop,
Was talking one day in the shop,
 "W'en first I come here—
 Was too poor to buy beer,
Now, I'm rich for "two teams" call me Pop."

Professor Williams says that the word "catenary" is a pet name for a parabola. (Wonder if you have to muzzle them in hot weather?)

"Don't you think the Engineehs' dawnces ah very pleasant affehz?" she asked at the dance.

"Oh, yha-ws," answered Will Miles, not knowing that his new acquaintance was from the south.

Spradling: "That carbon light is a disgrace to the design room. Why it won't even go out when you turn it off."

Young Pinky with brick colored hair,
Is a virtuoso for fair,
 When he hunts for the bass,
 He loses his place,
With the hand that is playing the air.

Knapp's C. C. lady friend: "My, how smooth your face feels."
Lorimer E. Knapp: "Just rub your hand over it again."

Cy Helm: "Wonder if they are going to have a slip-stick class this year? I have even forgotten how to add on the things. What? The h-l you can't add on them."

A Honyonk from Joplin named Gmeiner,
Thought that no other village was Gfeiner,
 "For look you," said he,
 "That town produced me,
And believe me I'm some little Gsheiner."

That Bainty Hand

I HELD a hand—'twas soft and pink,
Into my own I pressed it hard,
And wondered if there e'er could be
Another flush in those old cards.

—L.

A man loved by a beautiful woman will always get out of trouble.

—*Voltaire.*

Suffering is the true cement of love.

—*Paul Sabatier.*

Ohne bruder kann man leben, nicht ohne freund.

—*German Proverb.*

Kisses are so bitter, and so sweet, to lovers bidding farewell.

—*D. Bikelas.*

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.

—*Benjamin Franklin.*

God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks.

—*John Taylor.*

The man who smokes thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan.

—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

—*Emerson.*

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

—*Charles Lamb.*

Autobiography of E. A. Hyde

Some people are born with a sense of humor; others acquire it; while some have long flowing whiskers.

Under the Bridge Room

Snoops—The Journalists ought to do well here.

Scoop—Why?

Snoops—Well, they're sure working under good men.

The Students Almanac

WORRY not—a week of exams, then merriment.
Thirty cents and the first of the month still ten days
away.
Tried six, and they all have dates. Try again!

A rainy night, that's the liveryman's business.

Money makes the wheels move. Yes, but the old man forgets to
turn sometimes.

Heroes! plenty of them. Every mother's boy at college is one.

Kansas—a country applying for admission to the United States.

If I could buy some fellows for what they are actually worth and
sell them for what they think they are worth I should be a very
rich man.

Heard in the Co-op

Pinky—"Say, do you exchange things here?"

Hurst—"Yes, if they aren't too badly damaged."

Pinky—"I'd like to trade-in this slide rule on a pair of tango
pumps."

Bridge Room Dope

Uncle Abe—"How do you like higher structures?"

Goldie—"All right—but say, wouldn't it be h—l to try to make a
living at it?"

A Hard One From Russia

Izzy—"Vy can't a Senior Engineer get on der Glee Club?"

Anybody—"Search me."

Izzy—"Cause dey can't sing."

Though confidence is very fine,
And makes the future sunny;
I want no confidence for mine,
I'd rather have the money.

—*Anonymous.*

Don't save all your smiles for the parlor. Use a few in the
kitchen.

—*Anonymous.*

Acknowledgments

THE articles in this little book come from various places. We are quite sure of the writers of many of them; we can make fairly good guesses as to who are responsible for others; a few have been written by authors who have quite successfully succeeded in keeping their identity unknown to us; and then there are some, which—well, they were probably not written at all. *They* just happened. All are responsible for this publication.

The 1914 Shamrock wishes to heartily thank Mary E. Stevens Barnes, Arthur J. Kline, H. J. Herbert, S. M. Hardaway, Joe Pound, M. C. Owings, Paul R. Tate, and L. L. Leach.

Advertisements

THIS year we are again confronted with the problem of obtaining advertising. Perhaps, it appears wrong to seek outside aid in compiling a publication like the Shamrock. However; there is this argument in favor of it. First, any printed medium composed of nothing but the best, wholesome and clean, is worthy of advertising. Second, to make such a publication a success requires outside aid. Co-operation and advertising spell progressiveness. Any organization which does not stand for such an ideal cannot pride itself upon a "To the Front" spirit. It slackens the pace of growth of the city in which it does business. It shirks its own duty and places it upon the other fellow. And any other business interests which shoulder the responsibility of progressiveness, certainly deserve the respect and consideration of the community.

Pennants

Pillow Covers

GOOD PICTURE FRAMING

Is recognized because of

BEAUTY

DURABILITY

QUALITY

WORKMANSHIP

All are given just consideration

at

JOE JANOUSEK'S

Art Shop

Missouri Seals

Post Cards

ADVERTISERS WHO ARE BOOSTING COLUMBIA

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

Sunday Evenings

6:30 to 8:30



THE COLLEGE ROOM

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

HENRY G. SATTERLEE



Be served in a private booth and enjoy an evening drink and social chat at the place

"Where College Spirit Grows."

ADVERTISERS WHO ARE BOOSTING COLUMBIA

BROADWAY COFFEE HOUSE

The Home of Good Things to Eat

AUSTIN C. KING, Mgr.

Counter and Table Service

913 Broadway

SEE

HOLBORN

Successor to Douglas

High-Class Work

TIGER TAILORS

Tailors to The Trade

S. MICHAELSON

F. W. HANDCOCK

T. MICHAELSON

University Barber Shop

Prompt Service

Courteous Treatment

Five Chairs

On Ninth Street

G. W. BARTLETT, Mgr.

ADVERTISERS WHO ARE BOOSTING COLUMBIA

WHAT ARE PENNIES?

Pennies are the smallest coins made by Uncle Sam.

Not good to eat.

Not good to keep.

But made to spend at

The Eighth Annual County Fair

of the

FARMERS

FRIDAY, APRIL 24th, 1914

“Meet me at the ‘Yellow Dog.’” “See ‘The Follies.’”

ADVERTISERS WHO ARE BOOSTING COLUMBIA

*Ten Thousand Shaves and not one word
We do not talk*

JIM WILLIAMS

714 BROADWAY

SUPERIOR PHOTOGRAPHS

At Reasonable Prices

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OAK BARBER SHOP

MORRIS'S POOL ROOM

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SANDERS ENGRAVING CO.
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

The Music Makes the Dance

PIRKEY'S ORCHESTRA

Receptions

Dances

After the dance, or at other times

———— **JIMMIE'S** ————

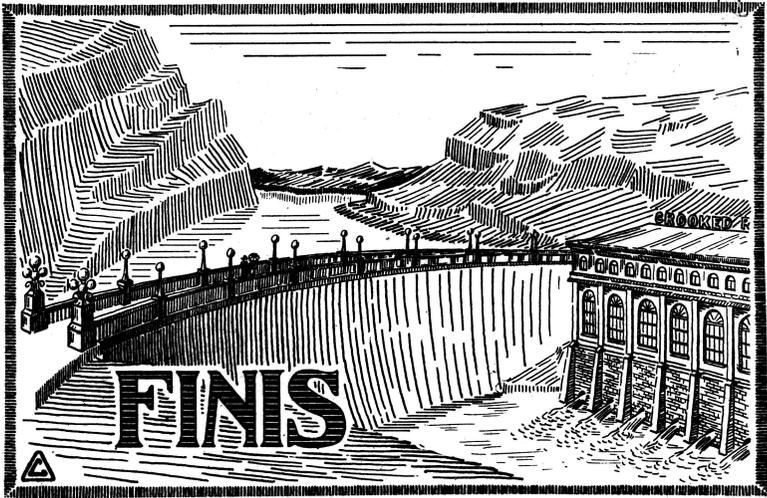
The Students' Uptown Store

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The Only Shop Using a Sterilizing System

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