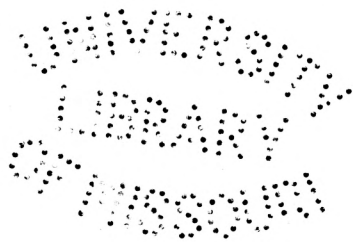
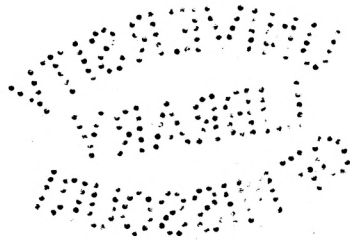


A decorative frame with a double-line border and small circular motifs at the corners and midpoints of the sides. The frame is vertically oriented and has a slightly curved top and bottom.

The Shamrock
of
1926





A decorative border with a double-line design and small circular motifs, framing the text.

The
Shamrock
1928

Published by
The Students
in the
College of Engineering
on
Saint Patrick's Day

Foreword

It has been our aim to produce a "Shamrock" worthy of our College. If we have succeeded, the credit is yours, since it is your achievements which have furnished the material. If we have failed, the fault is ours in being unable to transfer those achievements to the printed page.

The Staff.

Dedication

This, the
"Shamrock"
of 1926,
is respectfully
dedicated to her to
whom every loyal
engineer pays hom-
age - the reigning
beauty of the year -
the Queen of the
1926 St. Pat's
Ball.

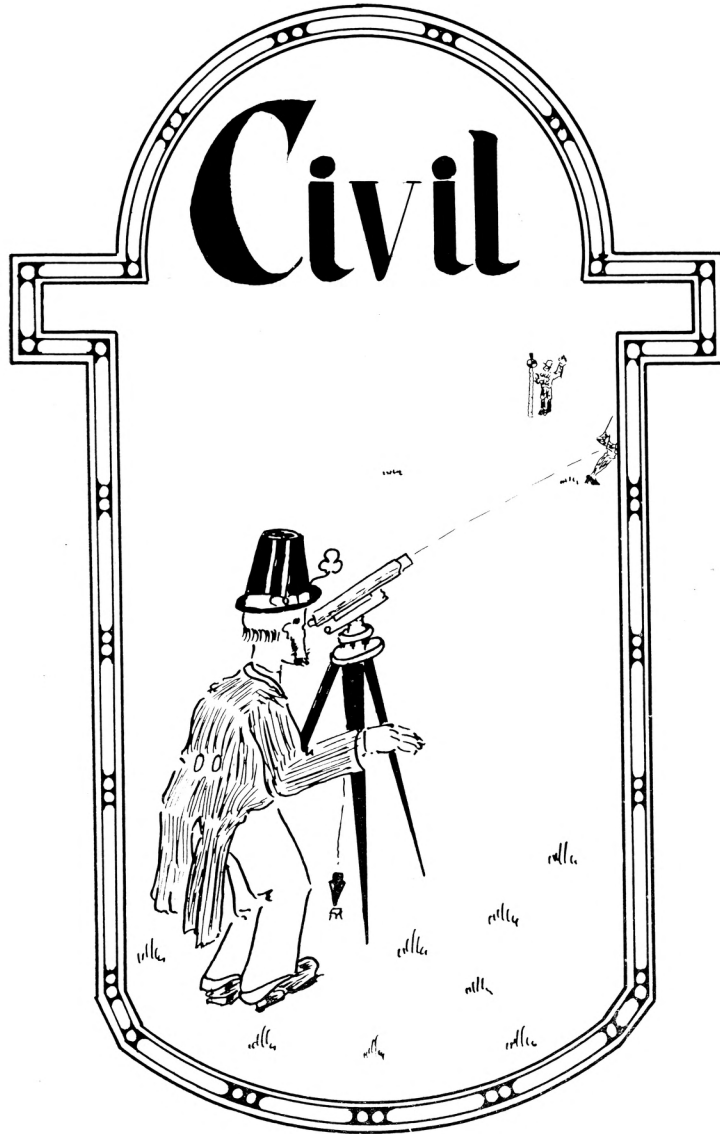


Contents

Classes
Organizations
Activities
Blarney



CLASSES





KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK, 1926.

Earl B. Cohn (Eppie)
Kansas City, Mo.
A. A. E., A. S. C. E.
Herpicide will save it!

Fritz Culver (Freddie)
St. Joseph, Mo.
Triangle, T B II, Razzers, Senate,
Editor 1926 Shamrock, A. S. C. E.,
A. A. E.
At his best on a divan.

James H. Glen (Jimmy)
Maysville, Mo.
Triangle, Rifle Club, Rifle Team '25-
'26, A. S. C. E.
"If that isn't 300 yards——"

M. J. Harden Stella, Mo.
A. S. C. E.
A "Rambling Wreck."

Paul R. Heaney (Go)
St. Louis, Mo.
Triangle, A. A. E., A. S. C. E., Sec-
Treas. A. C. E.
"Brother President."

Albert M. Hudson (Al)
Kansas City, Mo.
K. A., Pres. T B II, Assoc. Ed. 1926
Shamrock, A. A. E.
A student of modern poetry.

John W. Kerr (Satchel)
 Clarence, Mo.
 Triangle, Q. E. B. H., Razzers, Council,
 All Junior Pres., Athletic Comm.,
 Pres. A. S. C. E., Eng. Yell Leader.
Raw! Raw! Raw!

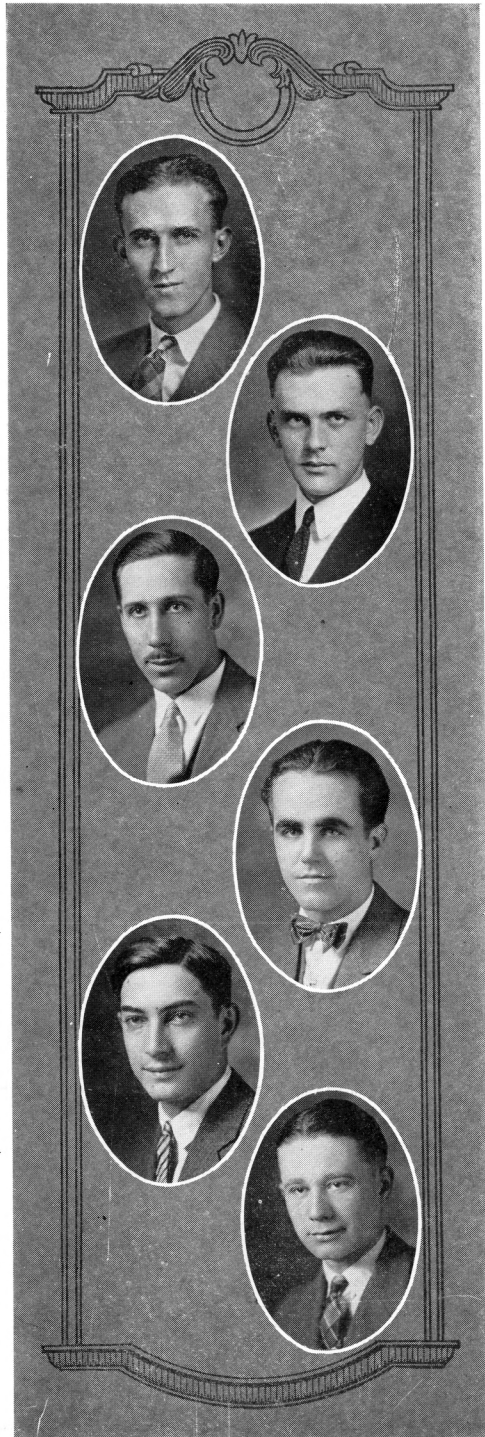
Frank S. Koehler Parkville, Mo.
 A. S. C. E.
He Sits.

William Lehr (Bill)
 St. Louis, Mo.
 X A X, Tiger Platoon, A. A. E., A. S.
 C. E.
Rides like part of a horse.

C. Sinclair Murch (Sin)
 University City, Mo.
 Triangle, A. S. C. E., A. C. E., A.
 A. E.
A. Linc's side-kick.

John W. McCune (Mc)
 Laddonia, Mo.
 Acacia, H K N, I I M E, St. Pat's Board
 '25, '26, A. I. E. E., Treas. Eng. Club
 '26.
Hurry for the Civil Engineers.

G. O. McDonald (Mac)
 Urich, Mo.
 T B I I, A. S. C. E.
Has week-end halitosis.



The Shamrock



Gus Nemzer Kansas City, Mo.
A. A. E., A. S. C. E., Reserve Officer
F. A., Engineers Football.
Dines at Harris'.

Folk O. Reeves Caruthersville, Mo.
Σ Φ Ε, A. S. C. E., Varsity Football
'23-'25, Captain R. O. T. C.
*Comes from a country where they are
web-footed.*

Norman W. Remley (Red) Orrick, Mo.
A. S. C. E.
Third Semester Senior.

F. Howard Skelly (Skell) St. Louis, Mo.
A X, Q. E. B. H., T B II, Scabbard and
Blade, Razzers, A. S. C. E., A. A. E.,
Cadet Colonel F. A., Pres. St. Pat's
Board
Skelly HIMSELF.

Stanley L. Vallet (Stan) Edwardsville, Ill.
Σ Φ Ε, T B II, Π M E, A. S. C. E.,
A. A. E., Cross Country '23-'25, Cap-
tain '24, Track '23-'25.
He DOES letter well.

Glenn S. Young St. Joseph, Mo.
A. S. C. E., Glee Club.
Eventually gets there.

JUNIORS

Raymond H. Baker (Ray)
Polo, Mo.
Triangle, A. S. C. E., Pres. Freshman
Engineers.
Wild about graveyards.

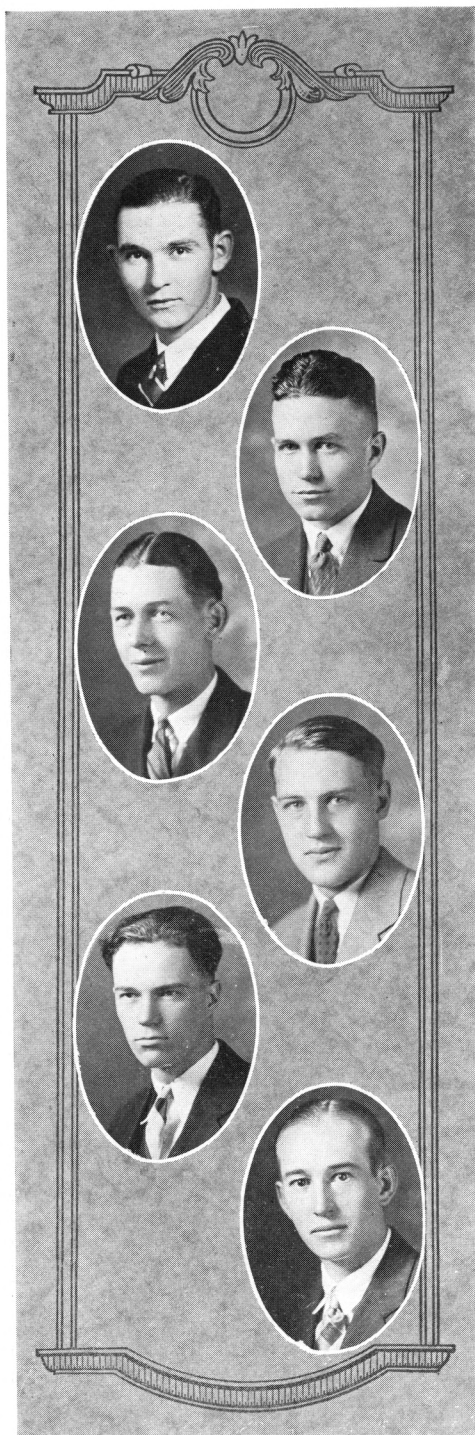
Thomas L. Cardwell (Card)
New Florence, Mo.
Triangle, St. Pat's Board, Vice-Pres.
Freshmen Eng., Pres. Soph. Eng., Wrest-
ling Team.
Stayed at the "Y," but has recovered.

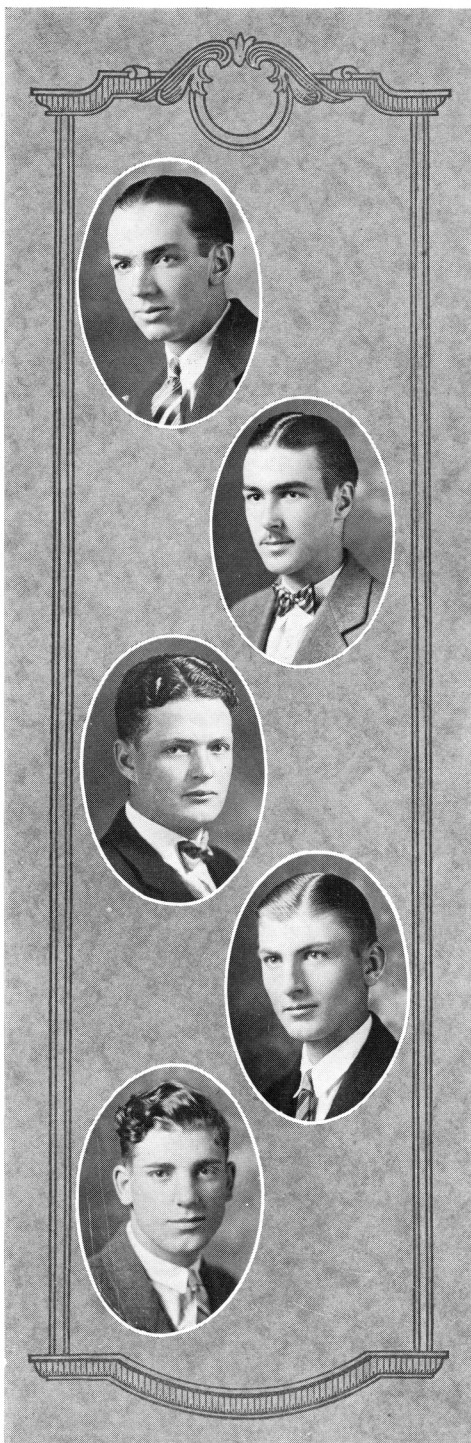
Raymond W. Harrington (Ray)
Burlington, Mo.
Triangle, University Band.
*He may not be a gentleman or a scholar,
but—*

Guido Moss Mora, Mo.
Glee Club, A. S. C. E.
What we jokingly call a vocalist.

J. H. Potter (Nig) Sedalia, Mo.
Swore off of women and song.

A. W. Redman Maysville, Mo.
Freshman Football '23, Wrestling '24-
'25, Track '23-'24.
Parlor athletics, too.





H. Palmer Ricketts (Poss)
Pleasant Hill, Mo.
Has 'em.

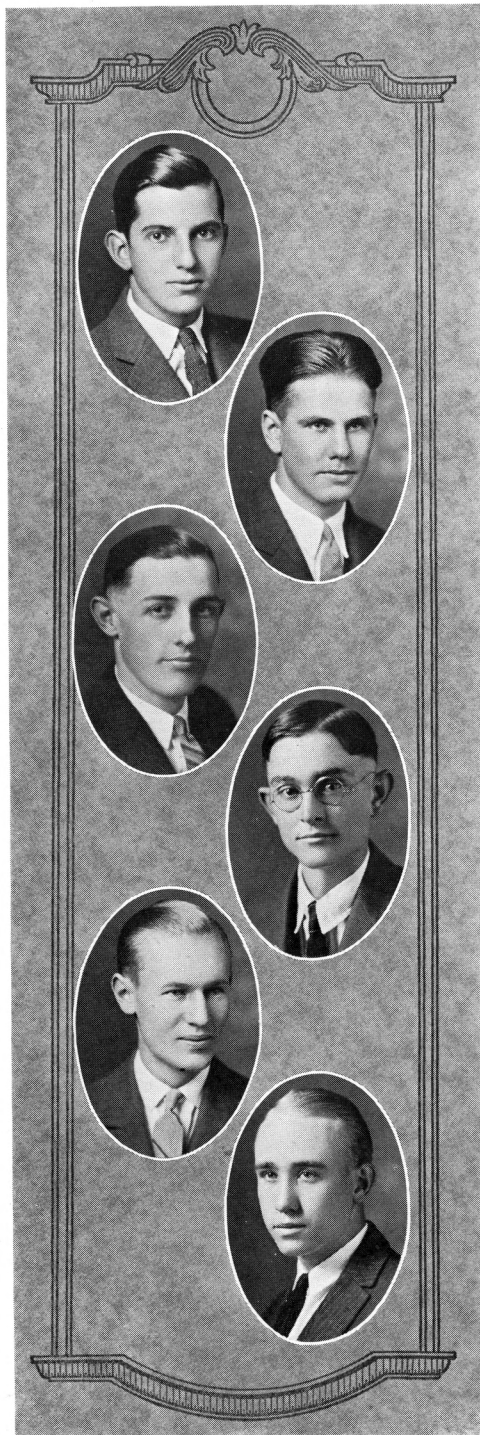
Fred Robeson (Roby)
Kansas City, Mo.
No Soap.

Harry Rohwedder (Row)
Mendon, Mo.
Triangle.
Hot-Shot!

C. G. Saville (Slim)
Grant City, Mo.
A. S. C. E.
Quite a worry.

Paul H. Tiffin (Tiff) Ferguson, Mo.
A I I E, I I M E, Wrestling '24-'25,
Vice-Pres. Junior Engineers.
Has vestiges of intelligence.





Edward L. Alford (Eddie)
Perry, Mo.

Acacia, H K N.
Me and Wiennie.

Sylvester C. Algermissen (Syl)
Montgomery, Mo.

H K N, A. I. E. E.
"That's your problem, my lad."

Thomas D. Cunningham (Tom)
Columbia, Mo.

H K N, Mystical Seven, Pres. Engineers Club, Homecoming Committee '25, St. Pat's Board '23-'25, Representative of St. Pat '25, A. I. E. E.
ALWAYS the glad hand.

James Crawford Dowell
Benton City, Mo.

T B Π, Π M E, A. A. E., A. I. E. E.
Perfectly harmless.

Harold D. Elsea
Frankford, Mo.

Acacia, A. I. E. E., Mo. Workshop.
Women and Grades!

M. C. Francis Kansas City, Mo.

Waiting for a War.

Miguel A. Franco (Mike)

Cartagena, Columbia, S. A.

A X, H K N, $\Sigma \Delta \Pi$, A. I. E. E., All
Sophomores' Secretary '23-'24, Secretary
Engineer's Club '25-'26.

Had a Christmas Tree.

Arthur B. Glover (Kid Glove)

Bogard, Mo.

H K N, Vice-Chairman A. I. E. E.,
Rifle Team '23.

Many sights has he seen.

William A. Gum (Bill)

Clarkton, Mo.

H K N, T B II, A. I. E. E., St. Pat's
Board '25.

Smart enough to keep still.

Alvin O. Hughes Bismarck, Mo.

I remember once, I had a date—

Frederick H. Lowrence (Freddie)

Golden City, Mo.

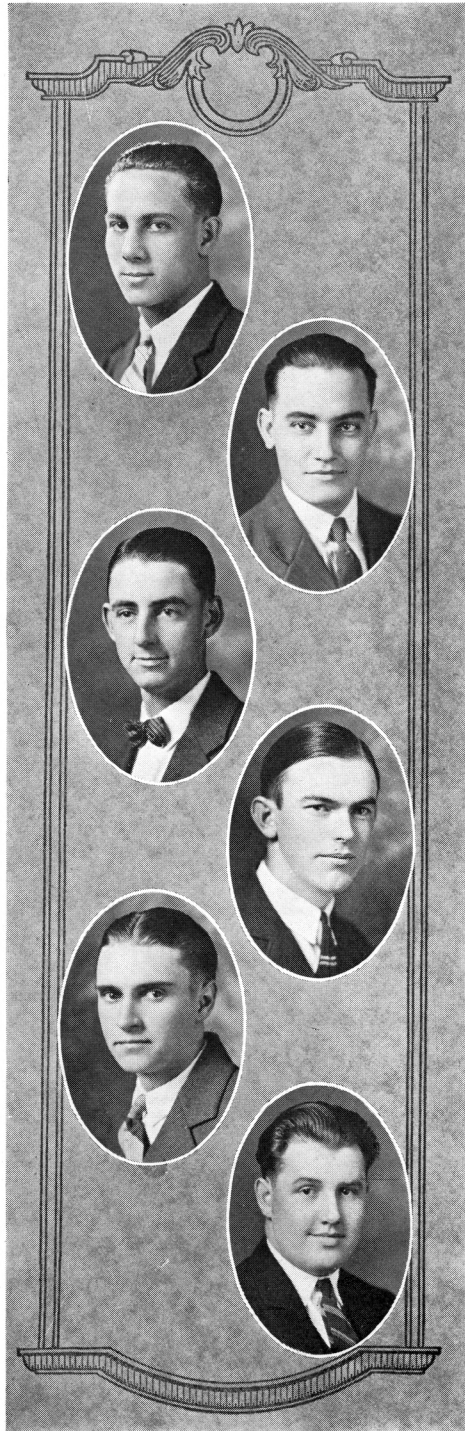
X A X, University Band, A. A. E.,
A. I. E. E.

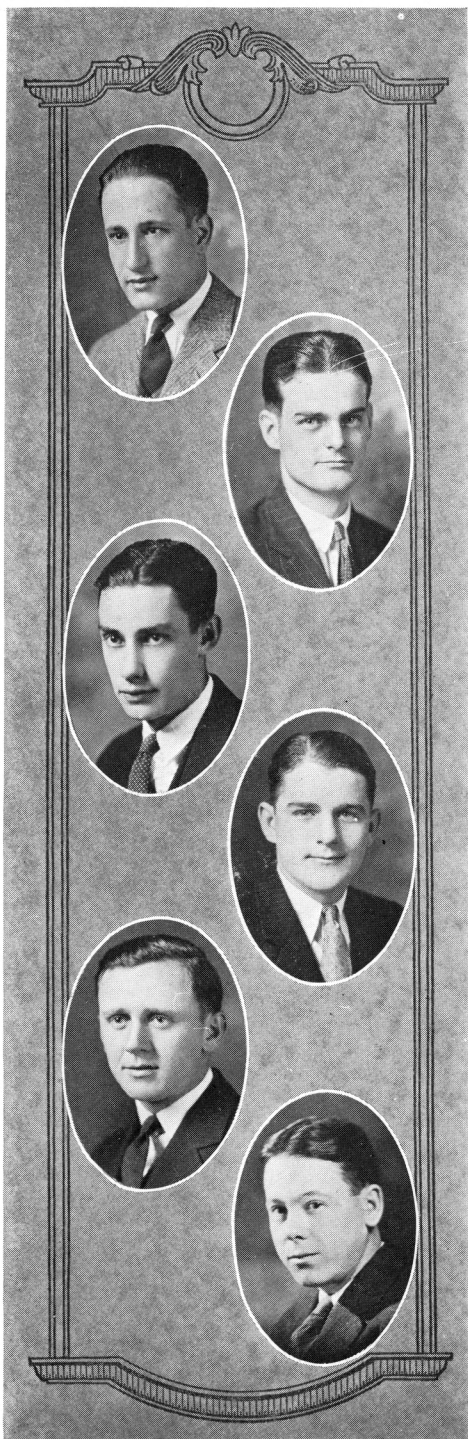
Blows his own horn.

John G. Leff Jefferson City, Mo.

H K N, T B II, A. I. E. E.

A Capitol Man.





Michael W. Levy (Mike)

Kansas City, Mo.

H K N, A. A. E., A. I. E. E., Y. M. C. A.

Hot on the golf-links.

J. A. Logan (Joe)

Columbia, Mo.

H K N, A. I. E. E., A. A. E., Art Editor "SHAMROCK" '26.

How he draws the girls!

Fay T. Maxwell (Max)

Vandalia, Mo.

H K N, A. I. E. E., A. A. E.

Spade vs. ammeter.

E. P. McGrath (Mac)

Columbia, Mo.

Saved by the bell in Wienies class.

Roy McQuitty (Mc) Columbia, Mo.

Follow the MOPAC. old boy.

Chas. N. Nebel (Chubby)

Schenectady, N. Y.

X A X, Knight of St. Patrick '23.

All chickens come home to roost.

Gerald Alden Nicholson (Nick)
Columbia, Mo.

Keeps 'em bobbed.

Elmer J. Nienhaus (Skinny)
Perryville, Mo.

Engineers Club.
Heibel's, Heat, and Anna Bell.

Oliver W. Palmer Columbia, Mo.

H K N, I I M E, T B II, St. Pat's Board,
Pres. Senior Engs.

The Ozark Valentino.

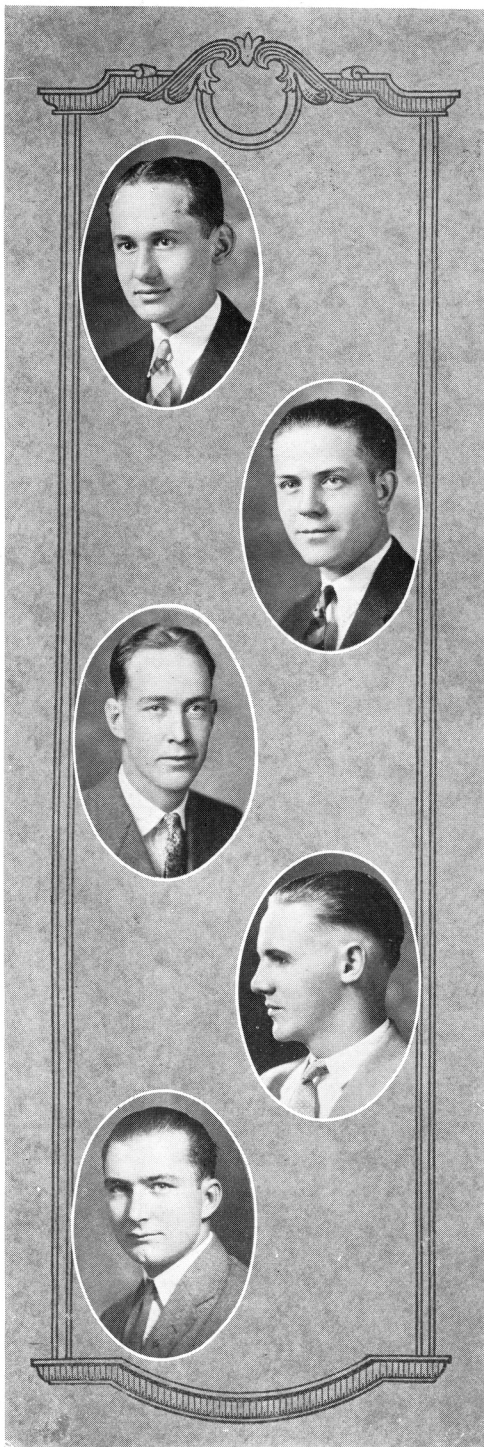
Ralph E. Porter, (Red)
Kansas City, Mo.

A T Ω, Bus. Mgr. 1924 Savitar.
Married, 'enuf said.

Noble V. Smith Golden City, Mo.

H K N, A. I. E. E.,
Victim of the same disease.





Chester D. Sparrow (Chip)

T B II, A. A. E., A. I. E. E.

"That answer is wrong! I didn't get it."

W. E. Wirtel (Bill) St. Louis, Mo.

H K N, T B II, II M E, Bus. Mgr.
Shamrock, A. I. E. E.

"Vat? A small Bot-ile!"

Robert S. Wright (Bob)

Fayette, Mo.

H K N, A. I. E. E.

Junior College was too tame for Bob.

JUNIORS

Brown M. Atkinson Columbia, Mo.

A. I. E. E.

Has no effect on Litmus paper.

James A. Boden (Jim)

Pine Lawn, Mo.

Campus Squad.

Too tender to roast well.

Phillip A. Castle Moberly, Mo.
Builds his name on air.

David Cunningham (Dave)
Columbia, Mo.

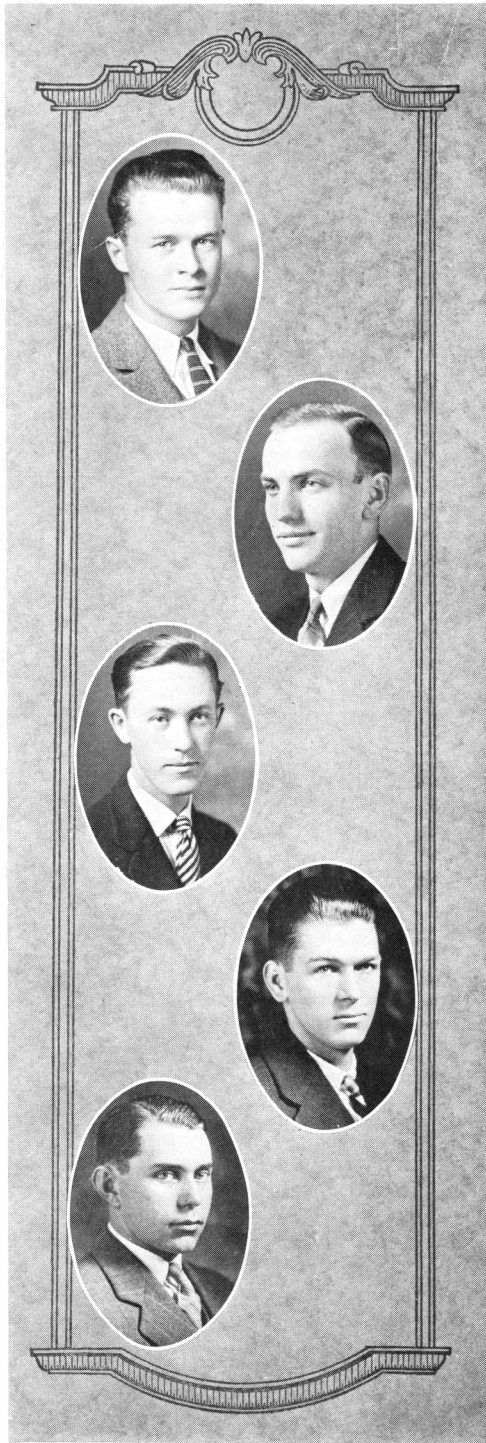
Π Μ Ε, Τ Β Π, Η Κ Ν, Vice-Pres. of
St. Pat's Board.
*Never does anything, so how can we
roast him?*

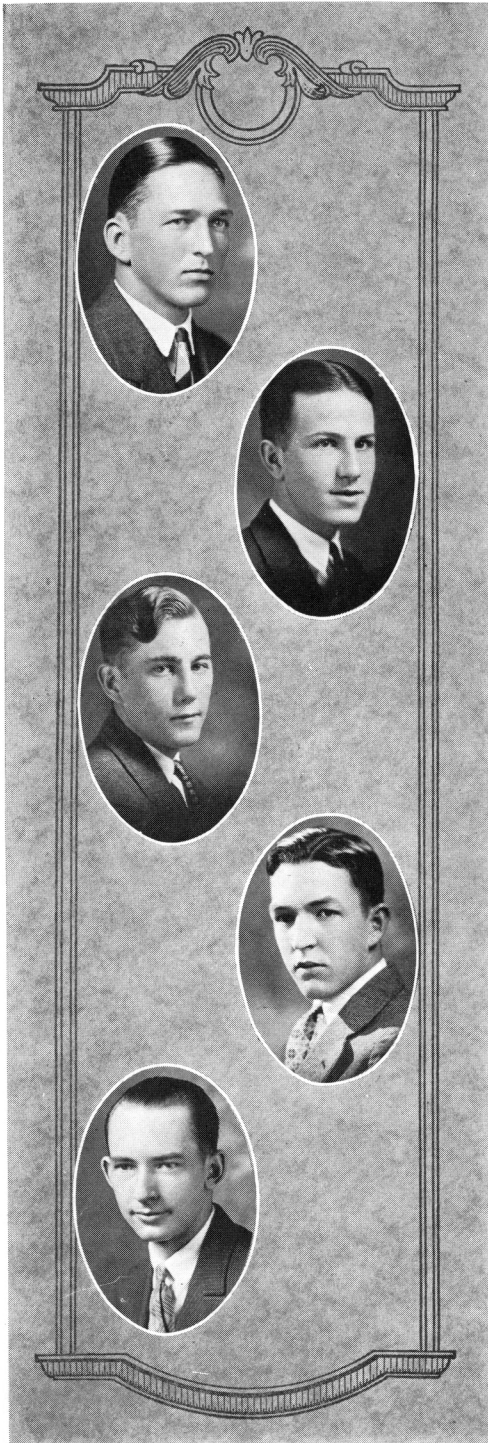
James E. Dixon (Jim)
Lexington, Mo.

Y. M. C. A.
What's the joke? I'll bite.

Charles V. Dunn Urich, Mo.
A. I. E. E.
*His ears were dirty, so he took Hy-
draulics.*

Jerry L. Egbert Holliday, Mo.
A. I. E. E., Engineer's Club.
Laziest man in school.





R. C. Ferguson **Carrollton, Mo.**
Shamrock Staff '24-'26.

Wouldn't let us print what we wanted to say.

Edwin Leo Hagar (Ed) **Joplin, Mo.**
Triangle, Shamrock Staff '26, Pistol Team '25.

Our Christian College heart-breaker.

G. W. Hamilton **St. Louis, Mo.**
Δ K, Outlaw Staff.

His father and Wiennie are good friends.

Raymond C. Hase
H K N.

Man without a country.

Cecil C. Johnson (Ceck)
Mexico, Mo.

Ponderous as Gibraltar and just as thick.

Price O. Minnick (Oley)
Richmond, Mo.

A. I. E. E., H K N, Engs. Football
Team '25, Freshman Basketball.

And they kill elephants for ivory.

Roy G. Schwamb (Squab)
New Haven, Mo.

Triangle, A. I. E. E.

*Wiennie calls him "Walz," but look at
his grade.*

Vernon L. Tiller St. Joseph, Mo.
H M E, University Band.

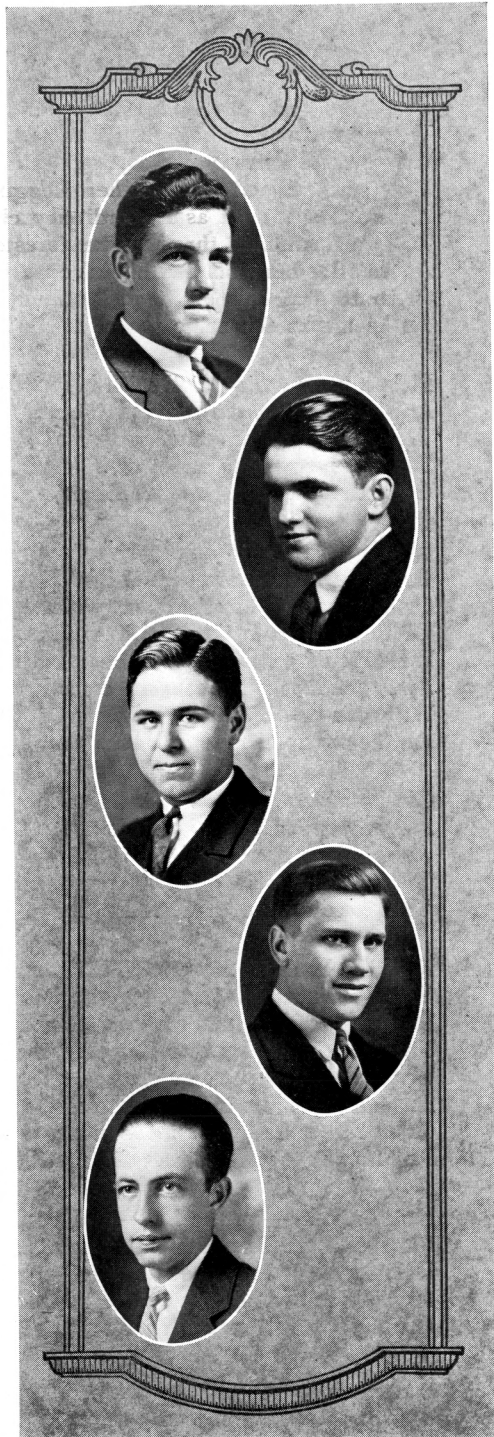
*What he does, he does well, but he ain't
done nothin' yet.*

Vincent J. Walz Chillicothe, Mo.
H M E, H K N, Wrestling Squad '25.

*Wonder what kind of a "Pony" he rides
in Electrical Machinery.*

Ted G. Wilson (Ted) Aurora, Mo.
Triangle, University Band.

*His mother must have been fond of chil-
dren to raise him.*



Leather Leggin's

Whin you want to build a railway thru the jungle or the veldt
Where there's never anybody been before,
Why, you call on Leather Leggin's and he hitches up his belt
An' he takes it as his ordinary chore
To go slashin' through the forests where the monkeys chatter shrill
An' the lazy snakes are hiss'n down below,
Or to drag a chain and transit over gulch an' grassy hill,
As he marks the route the right av way will go!

He's a nervy, wiry divil with his notebook and his livil,
An' he doesn't seem to know the name av Fear,
He's a sort av scout av progress, on the pay roll as a civil—
Though he ain't so awful civil, if you say it on the livil—
On the pay roll as a Civil Engineer!

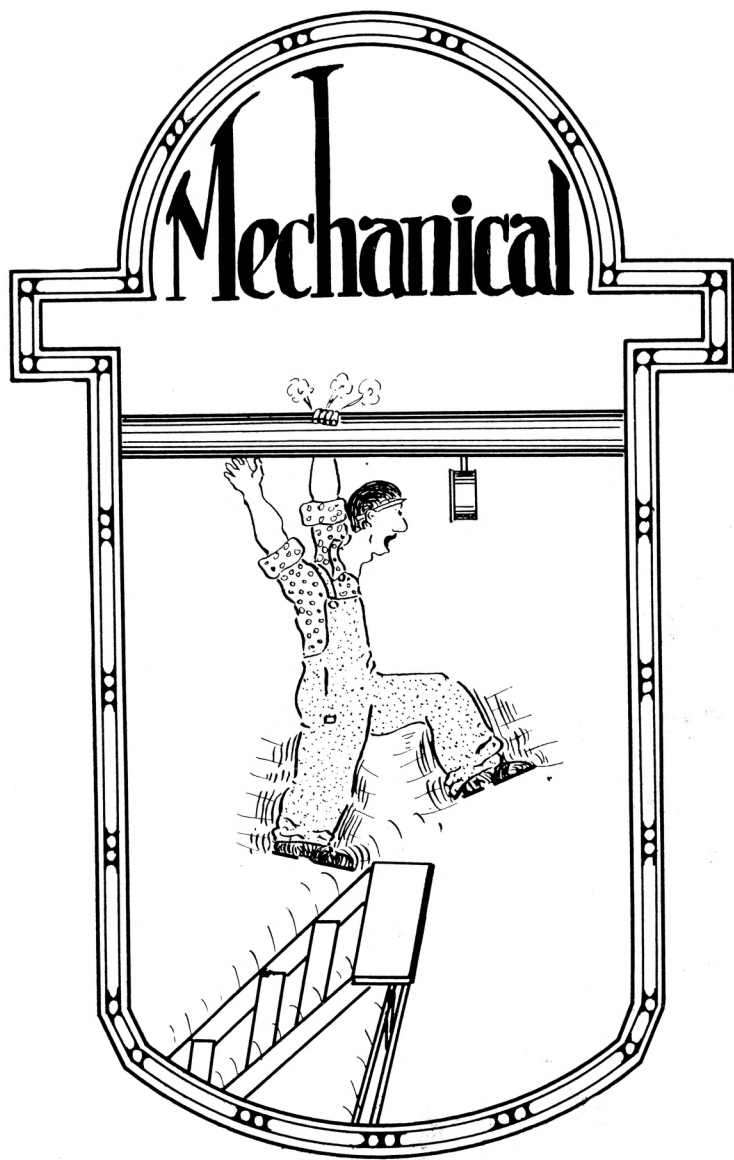
When you need to dam a river or to turn it upside down
Or to burrow underneath it in the mud,
Or to bore and blast a subway through the innards av a town
Or to blow aside a mountain with a thud:
Whin you want to bridge a canyon where there ain't no place to cling
And the cliffs are steep and smoother than a wall,
Why you call on Leather Leggin's an' he does that little thing,
An' he comes around and asks you, "Is that all?"

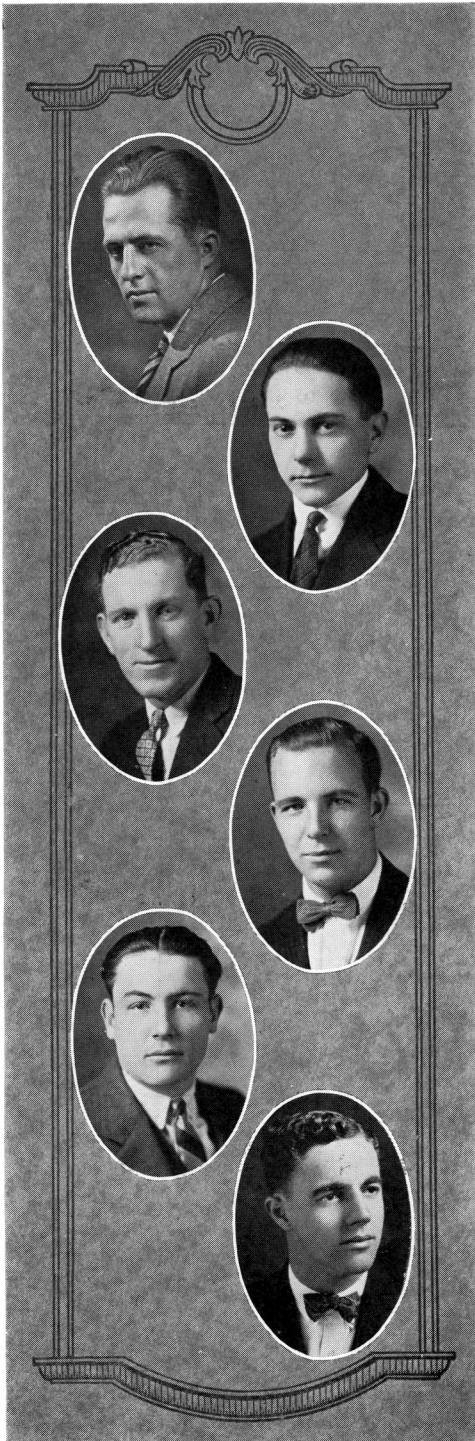
Oh, he always has a fire in his old and blackened brier
An' he tackles any job that may appear,
An' he does it on the livil, this here divil of a civil—
Tho he ain't so very civil, if you put it on the livil—
This here divil of a Civil Engineer.

Now the bankers down in Wall Street gits the profits whin its done
While us heavy-futted diggers gits the can,
But we lifts our hats respectful to the Engineer, my son,
For that feller, Leather Leggin's, is a Man!
Yes, he takes a heap av chances an' he works like Billy Hell
An' his job is neither peaceable or tame,
But you bet he knows his business an' he does it mighty well
An' I want to give him credit for the same!

He is plucky—on the livil—and you'll never hear him snivel
Though Fate does her best to put him in the clear,
He's the grit that never flinches—on the pay roll as a civil—
For he's sometimes pretty civil and he's always on the livil
On the pay roll as a Civil Engineer!

—*Berton Braley.*





Herbert H. Kansteiner (Hobby)
St. Charles, Mo.

"M" Men's Club, Baseball '25, Vice-Pres. A. S. M. E.

One of those boys, "Bugs" puts his arm around.

Hudson H. Kibler (Kib)
ElDorado, Mo.

A. S. M. E.

One of Hot Wad's Prime-movers.

Benjamin G. Symon St. Joseph, Mo.

Φ M A, Δ T, Q. E. B. H., Π M E,
T B II, Glee Club Pres. '23, '24, '25.

You can't tell what department a man belongs to by his voice.

Harold E. Walker
Webster Grove, Mo.

He saved his pennies to spend on a girl in St. Louis.

Carl Williams Mauldin, Ark.

A. S. M. E.

Shares the high-diving honors with Bill Kerr.

JUNIORS

John R. Edwards (Jerry)
St. Louis, Mo.

Triangle, Gym Team, Pres. Junior Engs.

"That pretty curly hair."

Lawrence Fleming (Pete)
Huntsville, Mo.

"Get a date and I will trade you a dance!"

Vernon Green Columbia, Mo.

Π T Σ, St. Pat's '23, '24.
Yes, he is a Mechanical.

William J. Meyer (Bill)
Joplin, Mo.

Π T Σ, Triangle, University Band,
Shamrock Staff '26, A. S. M. E.
Sure! He carries that club to fight them off!

Alferd L. Schlueter (Al)
Kirkwood, Mo.

A. S. M. E. Treas.
"Boys, I don't mind if you call me Barney Google, just don't let it get in the Shamrock."

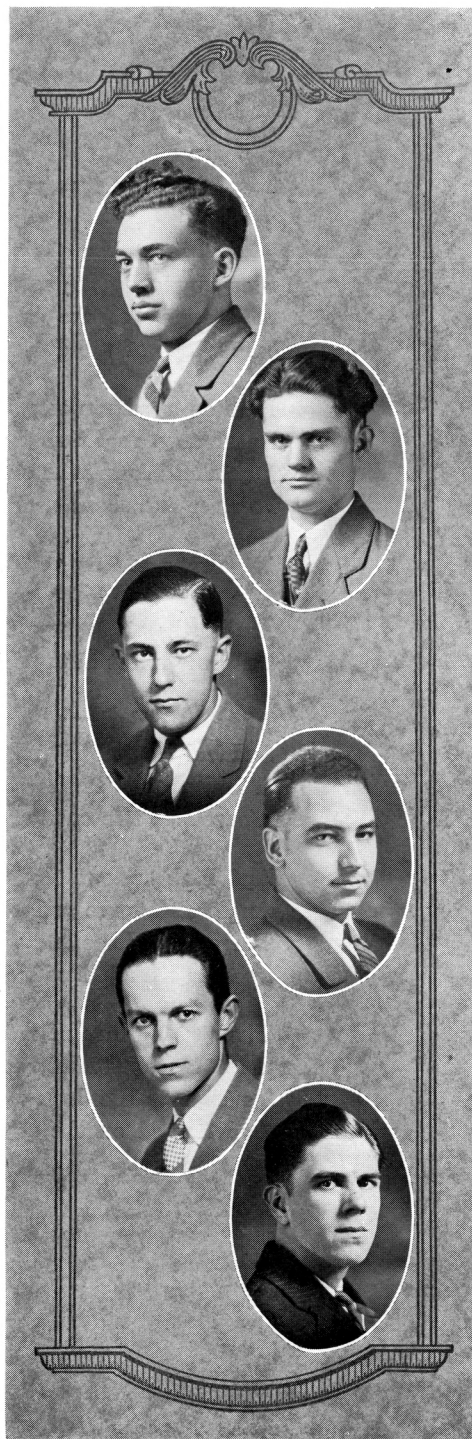
R. B. Shepherd (Dick)
Greenville, Mo.

A. S. M. E.
Check me on that.

Louis F. Trost (Irish)
St. Louis, Mo.

Triangle, Π T Σ, All Junior Treas. '25,
All Sophomore Vice-Pres. '24, Gym Team.

"Just ask him how he rates with the women."



Dusk Magic

The city is taken of twilight.
Slow, by alley and street,
Glimmering square and thoroughfare
The wings of the dim dusk beat.

Pale on a solemn tower
Pearl on a roof's sharp ridge,
Dun and brown where the hills step down
To river and shore and bridge.

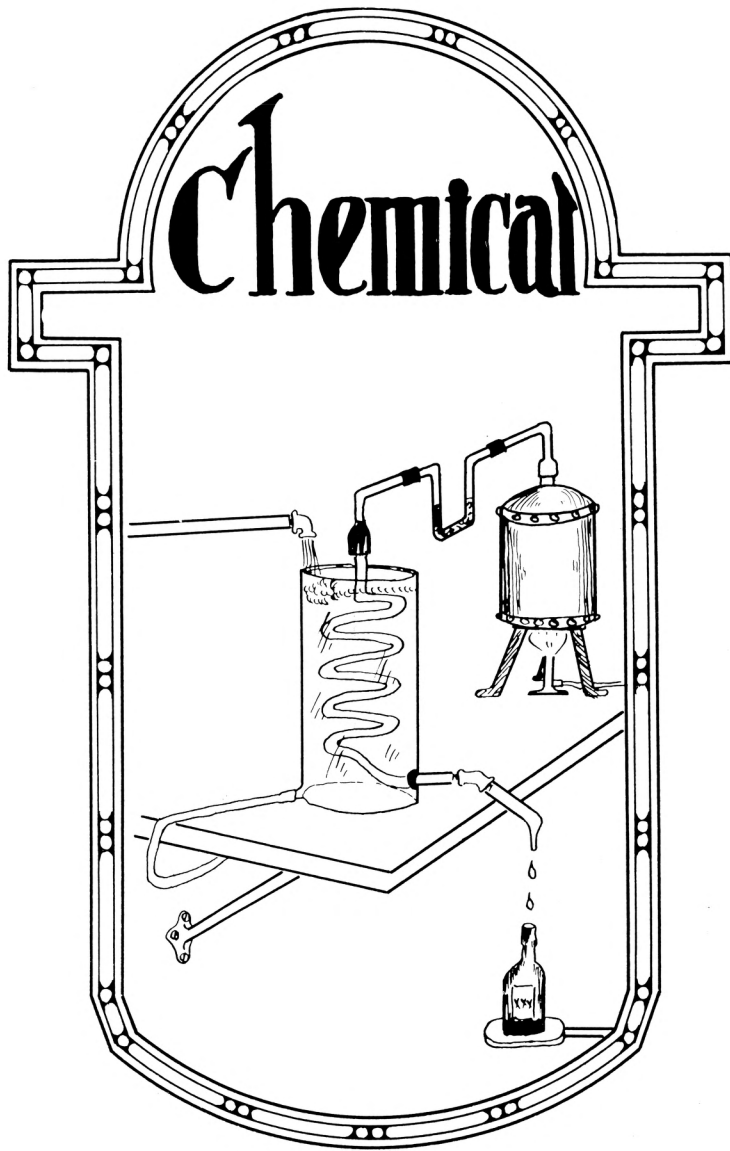
Highways are strange with gloaming;
The span of a lofty track
Arches the air, unbeamed and bare,
Its girders lost in the black.

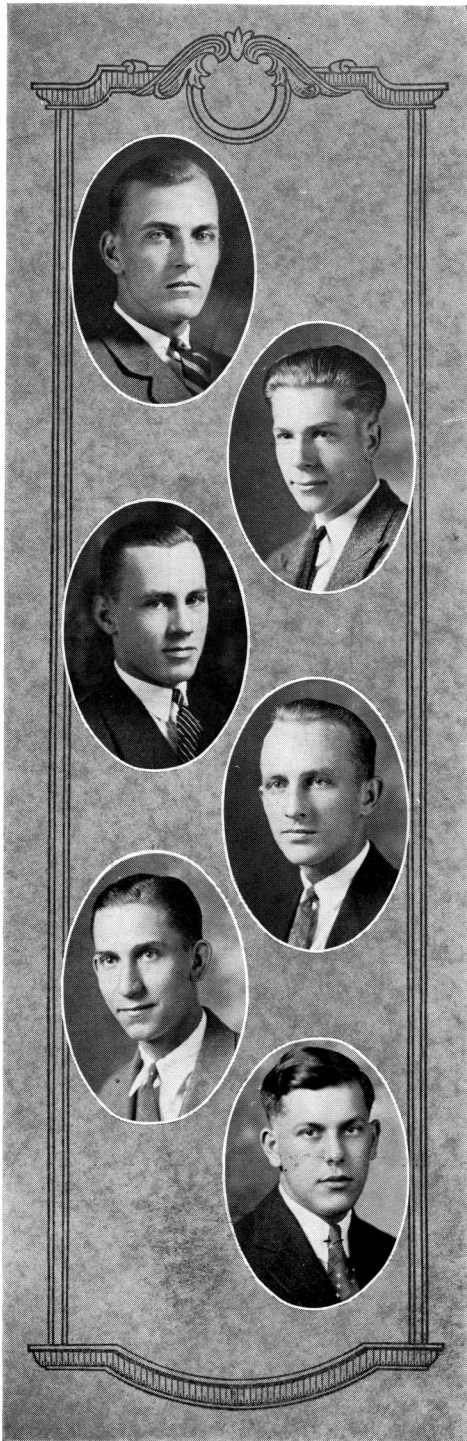
Then, at a darkened corner,
Suddenly, straight and sheer
A sky-scraper smites the dusk with its lights
Marvelous, tier on tier.

And high and wide of an instant,
Angle and curve and spire,
Turret and dome and windowed home
Sparkle with jets of fire.

The city is taken of magic,
Scintillant, splendid, white—
Touched in the dark of a humble spark
And limned on the startled night.

—*Nancy Byrd Turner.*





Gayel Carnes **Worth, Mo.**
A X Σ, Scabbard & Blade, A. A. E.
Polo Team '24, '25, '26, Artillery Club.
Smiles to conceal his ignorance.

J. M. Hannegan (Red)
 St. Louis, Mo.
A X Σ, Cadet Major R. O. T. C., F. A.
*Nature to all things a limit fits, this is
one of the limits.*

David A. Hawkins (Hawk)
 Shelbina, Mo.
A X, A X Σ.
*Consulting Engineer for Female Con-
struction.*

Ervin S. Kern **Columbia, Mo.**
A X Σ, T B II.
The Chemicals "Pilot."

Oliver W. Koester (Ollie)
 St. Louis, Mo.
Engs. Football Team.
Why girls leave home.

B. M. Marks **Kansas City, Mo.**
*"I can't agree with my profs;
They sure got a lot to learn."*

Arthur B. Maurer (Art)
Kansas City, Mo.

Mizzou Razzers, Vice-Pres. Chemical
Engineers.

God's gift to women!

JUNIORS

Robert F. Baker (Bob)
Buckner, Mo.

Has the face of a cartoonist.

Forrest O. Calhoon (Cal)
Gotebo, Okla.

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, P. S. A. Cab-
inet.

*He stayed hid all year just so we
couldn't get anything on him.*

Francis G. Chance Centralia, Mo.

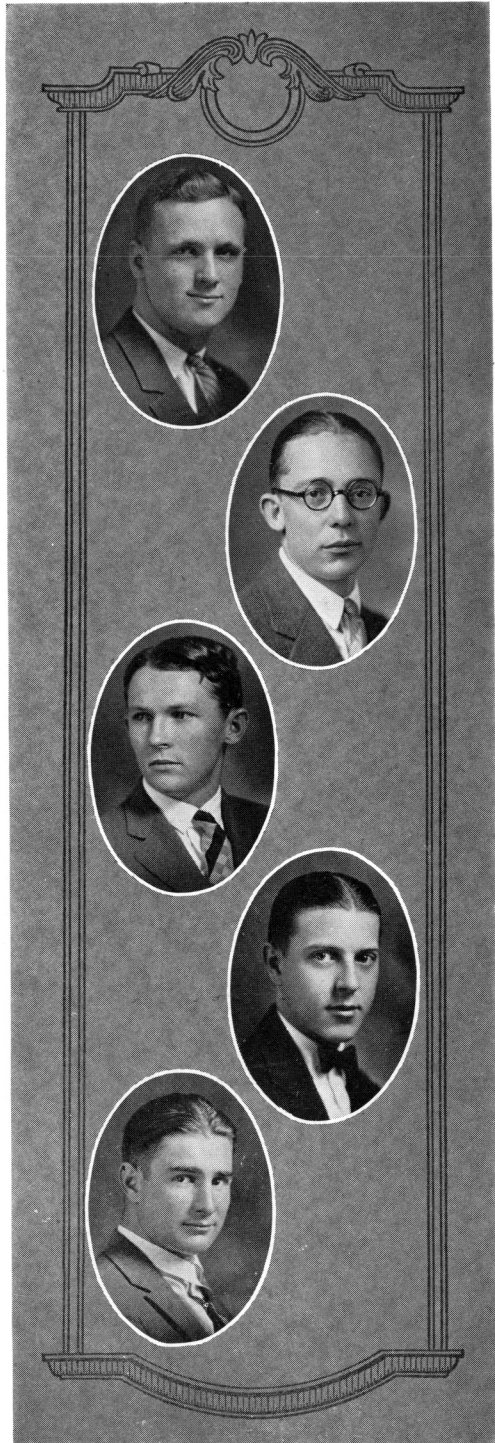
A T Ω, A X Σ, University Band,
A. C. S.

Toots a big horn in a little band.

William M. Gibson (Bill)
Independence, Mo.

Triangle, Varsity Football '25.

*We wonder if he does all his wrestling
in the Gym?*





Ray L. Liles (Percy)
Webb City, Mo.

Π Μ Ε,
An Academic Engineer.

Earl F. McNeilly (Mac)
Edwardsville, Ill.

University Band.
*If he didn't shave every day he couldn't
get to his horn.*

W. M. Miller (Pat) Slater, Mo.

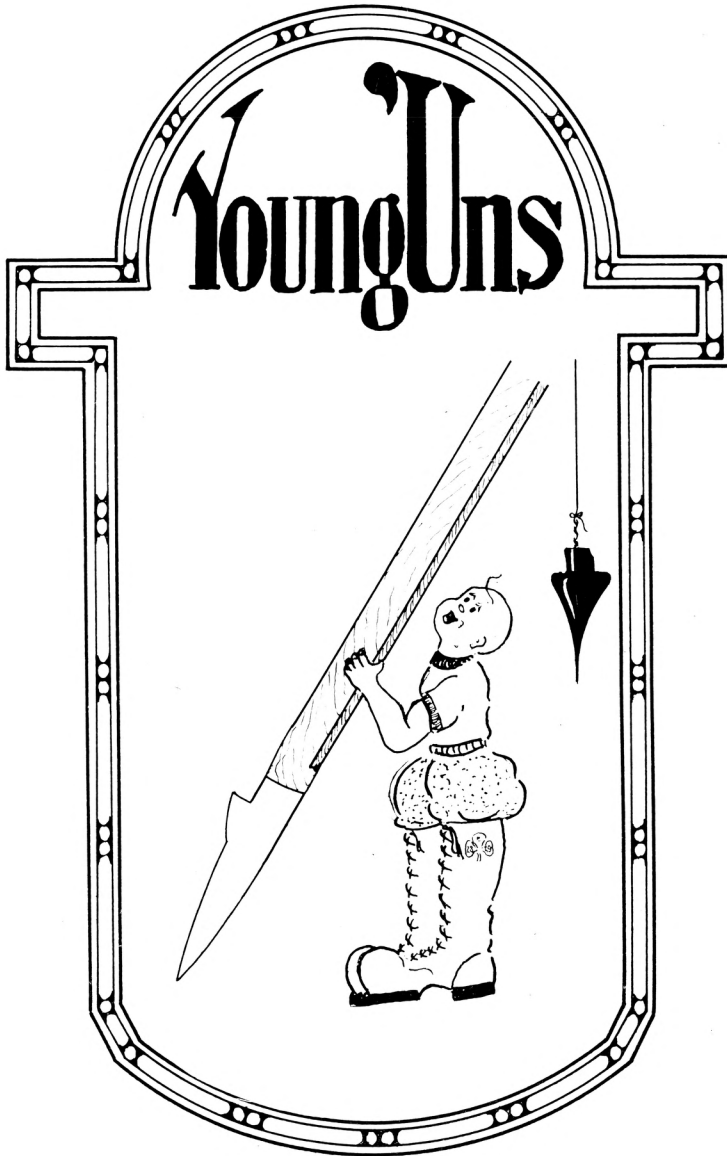
*Fat man must be jolly for he can neither
fight nor run away.*

Leston V. Taylor
New Hampton, Mo.

Σ φ Ε.
*He's never done us any harm, so why
roast him.*

Russell W. Thomas (Tommy)
Trenton, Mo.

Triangle, Student Senate, St. Pat's
Board.
The answer to a maiden's prayer.





C. E. SCHOOLEY, *Pres.*

SOPHOMORES

C. E. SCHOOLEY ----- *President*

GENE STALKER ----- *Sec.-Treas.*

MEMBERS

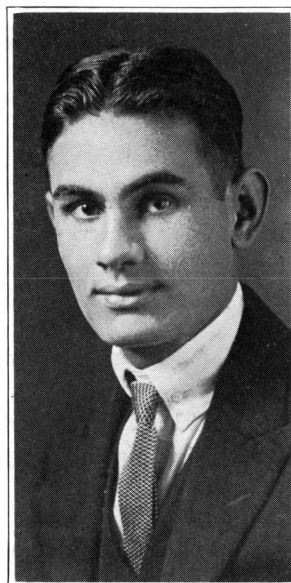
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|---------------------|------------------|---------------------|
| J. R. AINSWORTH | U. D. BROWN | R. MUENCH |
| R. B. ALLEN | G. H. CURTWRIGHT | J. K. NEBEL |
| B. L. ANDREWS | J. L. DICKSON | C. PERSINGER |
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| F. BALDWIN | C. J. ELSEA | C. A. REID |
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| H. M. BOSCH | H. E. GOVE | G. W. SCHMICK |
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| | R. J. KOOPMAN | A. WEINBERG |
| | C. N. LOBER, JR. | |



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 H. O. ZIEBOLD ----- *Treasurer*



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 A. E. DEATLEY
 T. A. DUNCAN
 G. B. EDMONSON
 R. G. ESHELMAN
 G. M. EWING
 E. GRIGGS
 W. E. HAND
 R. E. HARRIS
 W. K. HARRISON
 J. T. HAUN

B. L. HILL
 W. L. HOLLANDER
 R. HUNTER
 R. HULL
 C. H. IFFRIG
 J. C. JENKINS
 L. W. KUHN
 J. H. LONG
 O. H. MEYER
 W. P. MIGOWN
 C. J. MILLER
 H. M. McDONALD
 C. T. MCGINLEY
 J. E. NICHOLS
 S. C. NICHOLS
 S. PALMER
 T. M. PARKS
 H. M. POCOCK

G. E. POLLOCK
 R. F. POWELL
 J. P. ROBBINS
 T. E. RODHOUSE
 R. S. SHAMEL
 H. STANLEY
 W. T. TIFFIN
 C. F. WRIGHT
 O. T. YARBROUGH
 H. ZEIBOLD
 L. F. CARROL
 B. A. McMASTERS

The Army of God-Knows-Where

No bands are playing gaily when they're going into action,
No crowds are cheering madly at their deeds of derring-do;
They are owing small allegiance to any flag or faction—
Their colors on the sky-line and their war-cry, "Put it through!"

Ahead of bath and Bible and of late repeating rifle,
The flags can only follow to the starting of their trail;
They hurl the leagues behind them, every mile the merest trifle;
They mark the paths of safety for the slower sail and rail.

Their standards kiss the breezes from the Arctic's cooling ices
To where the South Pole's poking out its undiscovered head;
You can see their chains a-snaking through the lands of rum and spices—
And East and West you'll always find their unrepining dead.

No time for love and laughter, with their rods upon their shoulders,
No time to think with vain regret of home or passing friends.
They are slipping down the chasms, charging up the mighty boulders,
The compass stops from overwork; the pathway never ends.

They slit the gullet of the earth; disgorge its hoarded riches
(But life's too short for them to stop and snatch a rightful share);
They've a booking on the Congo putting in some drainage ditches;
A dating to take tea with death; they make it by a hair!

You will find their pickets watching in the unexpected places;
You will hear them talking freely of the Things-That-Can't-Be-Done;
Oh, the Faith they speak so strongly, and the Hope that's in their faces—
It lights the gloom of What's-The-Use as brightly as the sun!

No bands are playing gaily, and no crowds are madly cheering;
No telegraph behind them tells their deeds of derring-do;
But forward goes the legion, never doubting, never fearing—
Their colors on the sky-line, and their war-cry, "Put it through..."

—*Bohemian Magazine.*



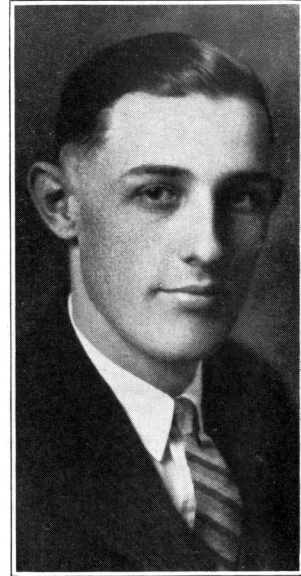
ORGANIZATIONS

ENGINEER'S CLUB

T. D. CUNNINGHAM-----*President*
V. L. TILLER-----*Vice-President*
M. A. FRANCO-----*Secretary*

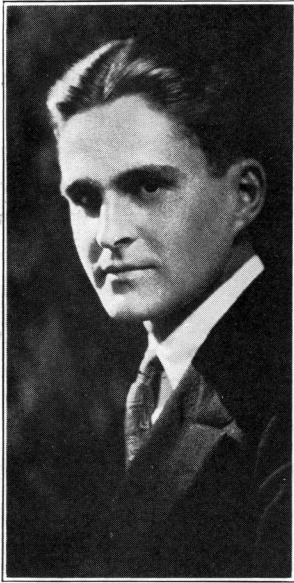
The Engineer's Club is the primary organization of the College of Engineering, so far as the students are concerned. Under its control are the three subsidiary organizations; the St. Pat's Board, the SHAMROCK Staff, and the Campus Squad.

The Engineer's Club is one of the few truly democratic organizations on the campus. A spirit of good-fellowship and equality is noticeable at every meeting, a truly remarkable thing when one considers the scope of its membership. It is this spirit which has made it possible for our College to lead every other school in the University in the magnitude and effectiveness of extra-curricular activities. The Homecoming Mass-Meeting, the campus sign-board, and the St. Pat's Celebration are a few of this year's outstanding achievements. Only where the best type of men are bound together by a common aim, and fired with the same spirit of service to their University, are such things practicable. It is the Engineer's Club which thus coordinates our efforts.



T. D. CUNNINGHAM, *Pres.*





ST. PAT'S BOARD

Officers

F. HOWARD SKELLY-----*President*
 D. H. CUNNINGHAM-----*Vice-President*
 J. W. McCUNE-----*Treasurer*
 WILLIAM A. GUM-----*Sec'ty. and Bus. Mgr.*

MEMBERS

Seniors

R. F. EVANS
 J. W. McCUNE

O. W. PALMER
 W. A. GUM F. H. SKELLY

Juniors

T. D. CARDWELL
 D. H. CUNNINGHAM

R. W. THOMAS

Sophomores

GEORGE SCHMICK

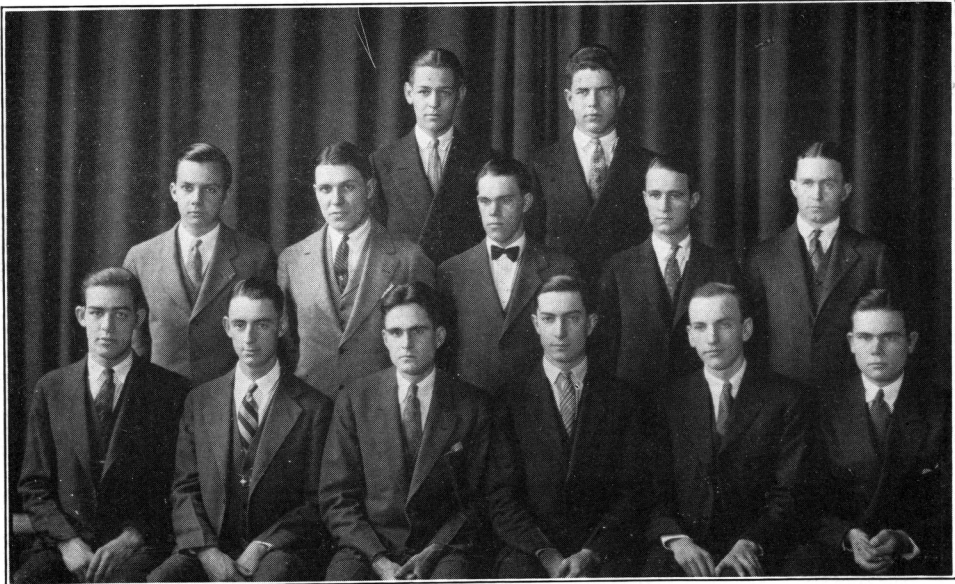
EARL SCHOOLEY

AUGUST KRON

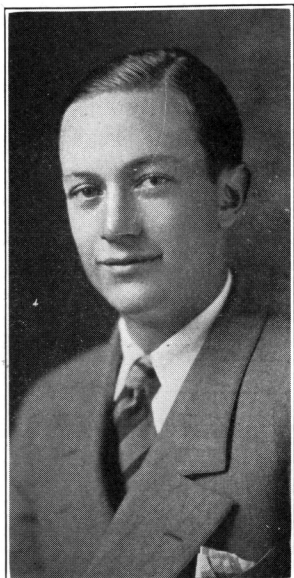
Freshmen

BOB HUNTER

HAROLD ZEIBOLD



The Shamrock



Fritz Culver—*Editor*

THE SHAMROCK 1926

The Staff

Fritz Culver-----*Editor*
W. E. Wirtel----*Bus. Mgr.*
J. A. Logan-----*Art Editor*
A. M. Hudson-----*Associate*



W. E. Wirtel—*Bus. Mgr.*

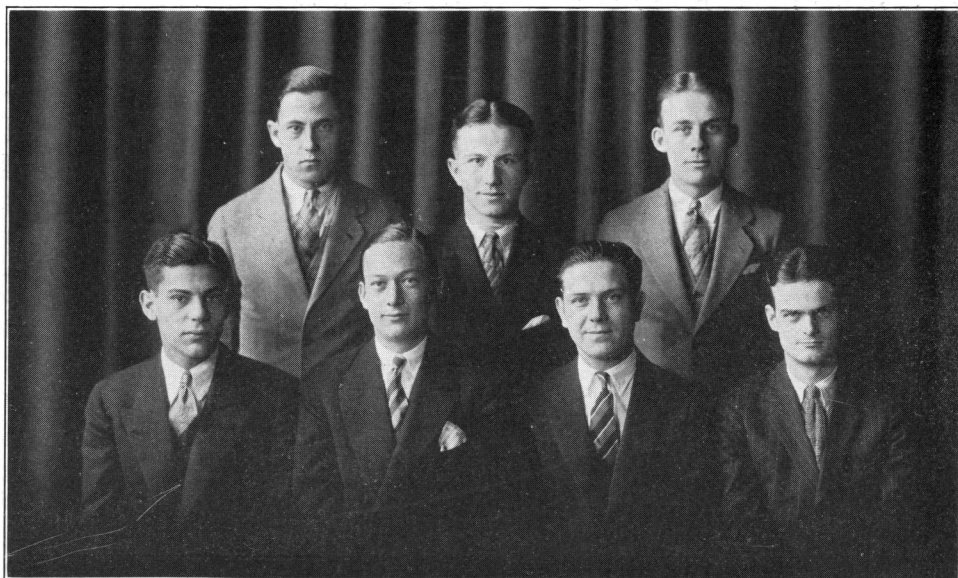
Juniors

E. L. Hagar

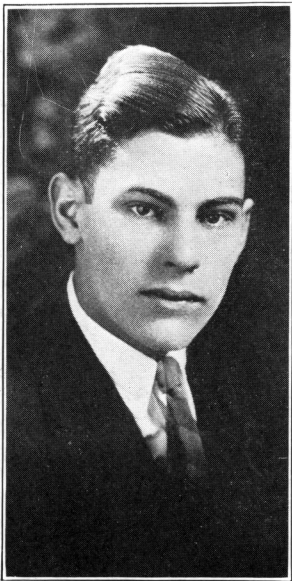
Leigh Lynn

William J. Meyer

Vernon L. Tiller



The Shamrock



TAU BETA PI

Alpha of Missouri
 Honorary Engineering Fraternity
 Founded at Lehigh University, June, 1885
 Charter Granted—1902. Colors—Brown & White.

Officers

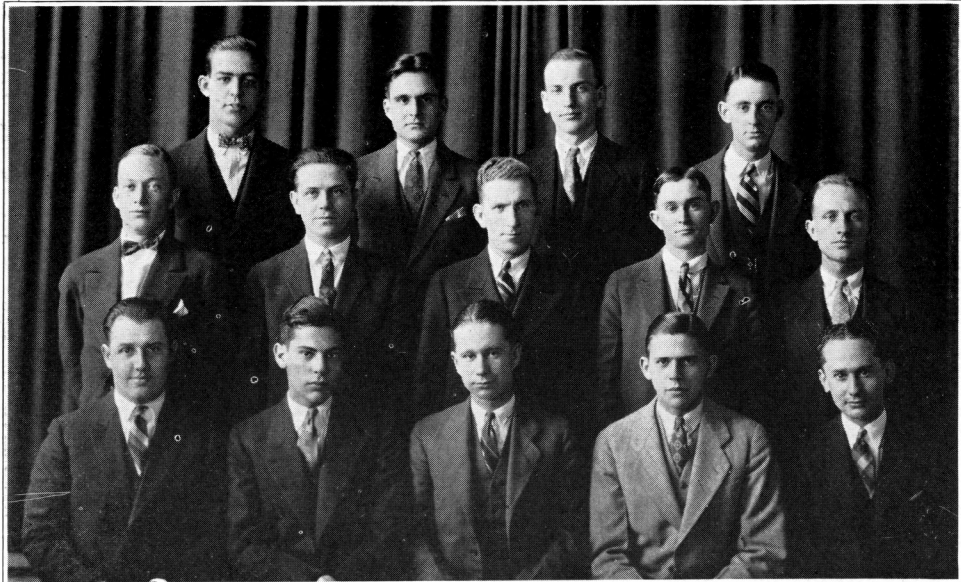
ALBERT M. HUDSON.....President
 W. E. WIRTEL.....Vice-President
 JAMES C. DOWELL.....Secretary
 JOHN G. LEFF.....Treasurer

MEMBERS

ALBERT M. HUDSON— <i>Pres.</i>	ALAGA H. BOYD	JAMES C. DOWELL
ERVIN S. KERN	FRITZ CULVER	WILLIAM A. GUM
JOHN G. LEFF	D. H. CUNNINGHAM	ALBERT M. HUDSON
GLENN O. McDONALD	OLIVER W. PALMER	BENJAMIN G. SYMON
	F. HOWARD SKELLY	STANLEY F. VALLET
	CHESTER D. SPARROW	W. E. WIRTEL

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

L. M. DEFOE	A. L. HYDE	G. D. NEWTON	O. M. STEWART
H. W. HIBBARD	W. B. JOHNSON	E. C. PHILLIPS	M. P. WEINBACH
L. M. GADDUM	A. C. LANIER	HERMANN SCHLUNDT	A. L. WESTCOTT
H. C. HOWARD	E. J. McCAUSTLAND	T. J. RODHOUSE	J. R. WHARTON
			W. S. WILLIAMS



The Shamrock

ETA KAPPA NU

Professional Electrical Fraternity
Founded at Illinois University; 1902
Iota Chapter established June, 1911
Colors: Navy Blue and Scarlet

Officers

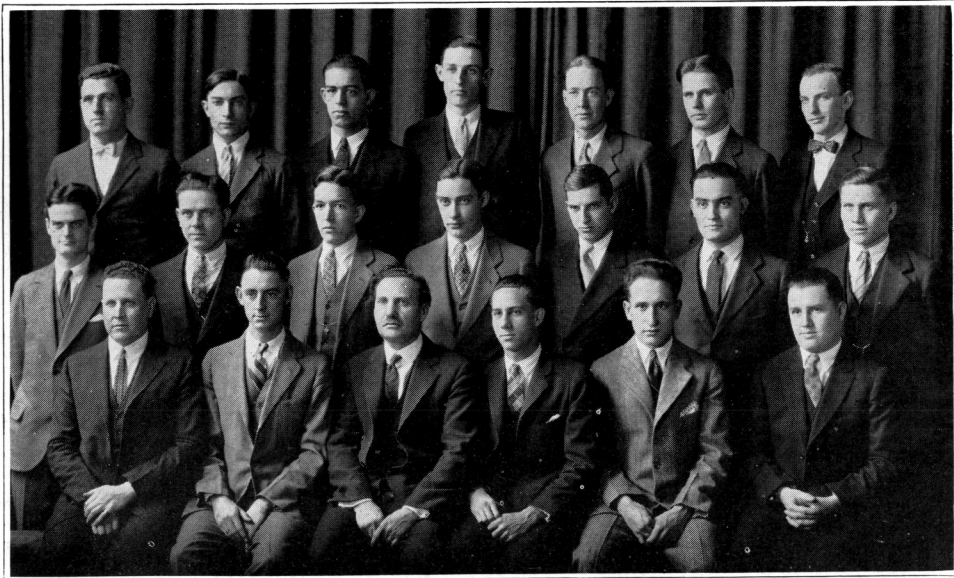
N. V. SMITH-----*President*
WILLIAM A. GUM-----*Vice-President*
M. W. LEVY-----*Recording Secretary*
M. A. FRANCO-----*Corresponding Secretary*
JOHN G. LEFF-----*Treasurer*

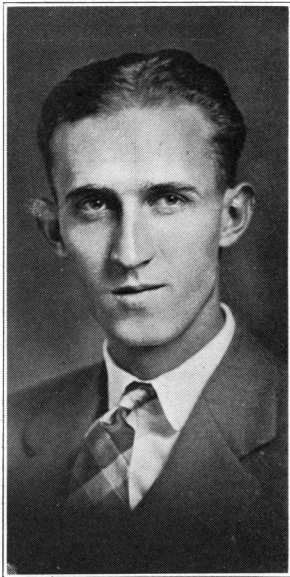


N. V. SMITH—*Pres.*

MEMBERS

E. L. ALFORD	R. C. HASE	O. W. PALMER
S. C. ALGERMISSEN	J. G. LEFF	N. V. SMITH
D. H. CUNNINGHAM	M. W. LEVY	V. J. WALZ
T. D. CUNNINGHAM	J. A. LOGAN	W. E. WIRTEL
M. A. FRANCO	F. T. MAXWELL	R. S. WRIGHT
WILLIAM A. GUM	O. P. MINNICK	
A. B. GLOVER	J. W. McCUNE	





JOHN W. KERR—*Pres.*

AMERICAN SOCIETY OF CIVIL ENGINEERS

University of Missouri Student Chapter

Affiliated Jan. 16, 1922.

Officers

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G. O. McDONALD.....*Vice-President*

G. S. YOUNG.....*Secretary-Treasurer*

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T. L. CARDWELL
E. B. COHN
FRITZ CULVER
R. F. EVANS
J. H. GLEN
M. J. HARDIN
M. E. HARROLD
P. R. HEANEY
ABBAS KAHN

F. J. KELLY
J. W. KERR
F. G. KOEHLER
WILLIAM LEHR
G. O. McDONALD
GUIDO MOSS
C. S. MURCH
GUS NEMZER
HIGDON POTTER

N. W. REMLEY
F. O. REEVES
JOHN RICE
H. P. RICKETTS
C. G. SAVILLE
F. H. SKELLY
PAUL TIFFIN
S. L. VALLET
G. S. YOUNG



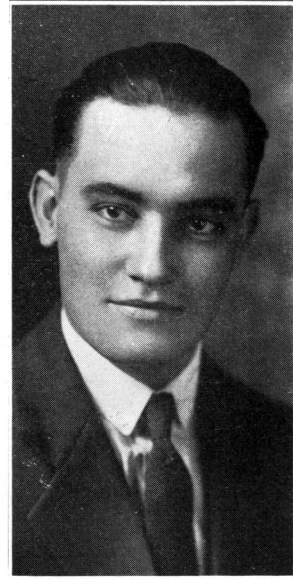
The Shamrock

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS

University of Missouri Student Chapter

Officers

M. P. WEINBACH-----Counsellor
 ARTHUR B. GLOVER-----Chairman
 JOHN G. LEFF-----Vice-Chairman
 J. A. LOGAN-----Secretary
 M. W. LEVY-----Treasurer



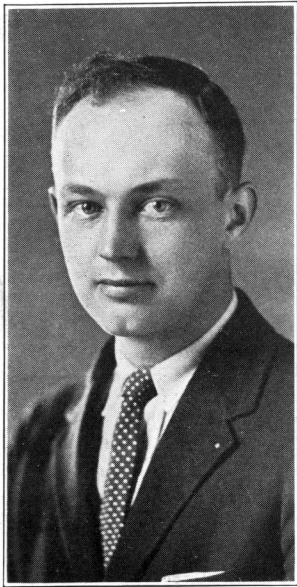
A. B. GLOVER—Chairman

MEMBERS

S. C. ALGERMISSEN	C. C. JOHNSON	
M. B. ATKINSON	H. F. KEISER	
C. F. CHANEY	J. G. LEFF	
D. H. CUNNINGHAM	M. W. LEVY	
T. D. CUNNINGHAM	J. A. LOGAN	
G. H. CURTWRIGHT	F. H. LOWRANCE	
JAMES C. DOWELL	F. T. MAXWELL	
C. V. DUNN	O. P. MINNICK	
J. L. EGBERT	L. R. MUELLER	
R. FERGUSON	V. A. McMASTERS	
M. C. FRANCIS	R. M. McQUITTY	
M. A. FRANCO	H. N. NEAL	C. E. SCHOOLEY
R. H. GATES	C. N. NEBEL	E. B. SLEETER
A. B. GLOVER	F. R. NELSON	N. V. SMITH
WILLIAM A. GUM	G. A. NICHOLSON	C. D. SPARROW
P. M. GUSSOW	E. J. NIENHAUS	V. L. TILLER
R. C. HASE	R. S. NOLTE	F. J. VENRICK
J. W. HOSKINS	O. W. PALMER	V. J. WALZ
A. O. HUGHES	R. E. PORTER	T. J. WILSON
J. R. JACOBSON	R. G. SCHWAMB	W. E. WIRTEL



The Shamrock



F. E. GREENBURY
—Chairman

AMERICAN SOCIETY OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERS

University of Missouri Student Chapter

Affiliated January 16, 1922

Officers

PROF. J. R. WHARTON-----Honorary Chairman
F. E. GREENBURY-----Chairman
H. H. KANSTEINER-----Vice-Chairman
GEORGE DUNLAP-----Secretary
ALFORD SCHLUETER-----Treasurer

MEMBERS

PROF. J. R. WHARTON
PROF. G. D. NEWTON
PROF. H. WADE HIBBARD

STUDENTS

GEORGE DUNLAP
VERNON GREEN
F. E. GREENBURY
FRANK HEARST
R. W. FARWELL

W. L. HOLLANDER
H. H. KANSTEINER
H. H. KIBLER
J. N. MILLIGAN
T. E. DONAHOE

W. J. MEYER
FRANK SCHLUETER
R. B. SHEPHERD
CARL WILLIAMS
THOMAS PUTNAM



The Shamrock

CHEMICAL ENGINEERS '25-'26

Officers

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ARTHUR B. MAURER-----*Vice-President*

HERSCHEL GRINTER-----*Sect'y-Treas.*

MEMBERS

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HERBERT M. BOSCH
URBAN D. BROWN
FORREST O. CALHOUN
GAYEL G. CARNES
FRANCIS G. CHANCE
DORMAN J. CONDIT
RALPH FOLTZ
WILLIAM M. GIBSON
OVIS GIDCUMB
NILES D. GILMOUR
HERSCHEL W. GRINTER
JOHN M. HANNEGAN
WESLEY E. HARLIN
DAVID A. HAWKINS

CHESTER L. KERN
ERVIN S. KERN
PAYTON K. KILLBURN
OLIVER W. KOESTER
LEWIS R. LILES
ERWIN E. LINHORST
BARNARD M. MARKS
ARTHUR B. MAURER
WILLIAM M. MILLER
EARL F. MCNEILLY
WADE H. NASH, JR.
HARRY T. RALL
HUGO J. SCHERER
JOSEPH L. SHARON
LESTON V. TAYLOR



E. S. KERN—*Pres.*

RUSSELL W. THOMAS
ALLEN W. THORSON
WILLIAM J. TOMFORD
ALVIN WEINBERG
ARTHUR F. WIRTEL





PAUL R. HEANEY
Natl. Sect'y-Treas.

ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGIATE ENGINEERS

C. WILSON HOUSE, Tennessee.....*President*
R. L. RIPPEY, Tennessee.....*Vice-President*
P. R. HEANEY, Missouri.....*Sect'y-Treas.*

The Engineer's Club at this institution is in reality the Missouri Chapter of the Association of Collegiate Engineers. This Association was founded at the University of Missouri in 1905, and was the outgrowth of our St. Pat's Day celebration. Since its first inception the organization has grown rapidly. Chapters are now active at the University of Missouri, University of Arkansas, University of Oklahoma, Oklahoma A. & M., University of Tennessee, University of Minnesota, and Washington University. The prospects have never been brighter than at present for expansion. Among the schools at present under consideration are the University of Southern California and Vanderbilt University.

The Association of Collegiate Engineers is an extremely valuable organization, linking as it does students of many of our best engineering schools. With the many extensions of its work, and the probable rapid expansion of its chapter roll, we may expect to see it become one of the leading factors in modern college life, within the next few years. It carries with it the best wishes of us all.

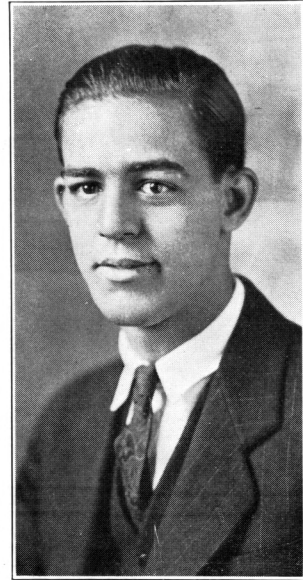


ACTIVITIES

THE 1926 ST. PAT'S DAY CELEBRATION

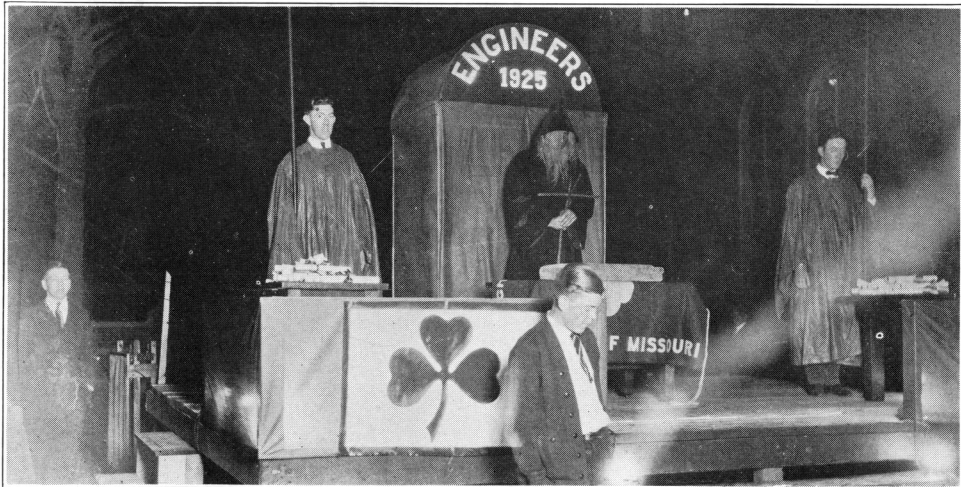
St. Pat's! The finest and most lasting memories of every alumnus of our College are embraced by those two words. What visions they conjure up! The smoker—the serenade—the banquet—the dance—the lab stunts—a pageant of colorful recollections of that climax of the engineer's year—St. Patrick's Day.

On St. Patrick's Day the good engineer receives his reward—he is made a Knight of St. Patrick. The thrill that comes to him as St. Patrick says, "Arise, Sir Knight," is the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. Four years of faithful service to his patron saint have entitled him to the joy of that day—the brightest spot in his college career.



OLIVER W. PALMER
Rep. of St. Pat.

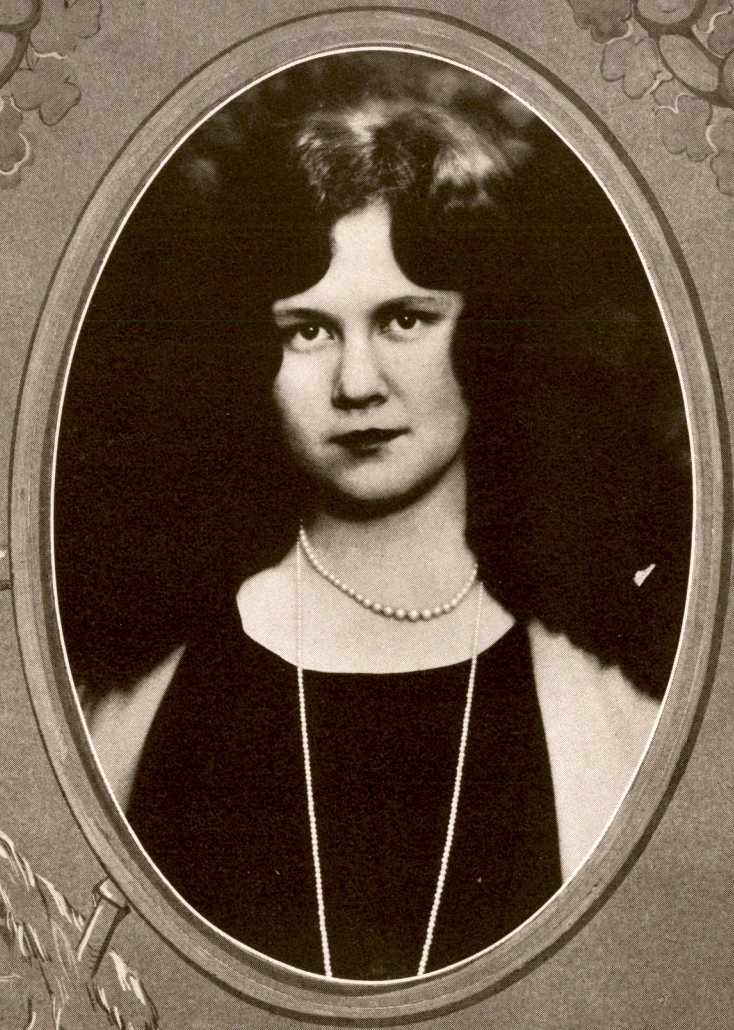
This year's celebration is one of the kind we refer to as "bigger and better." Each St. Pat's Week has been better than the preceding one, and this year's is no exception. With Oliver Palmer as representative we can be sure that St. Pat's part will be performed with dignity and savoir faire.



To the Queen

Many a colleen is clever and beautiful,
Many a colleen is fair.
But the fairest has eyes of cerulean hue
And a rich sheen of gold in her hair.

There's a spot in our heart for each dainty colleen,
We think that they're all of them dears.
But our heart-felt devotion we save for the fairest
The Queen 'o the Engineers!



*Miss Janet Van Vliet
Queen of St. Pat's
1926*

THE ST. PAT'S BALL

1926

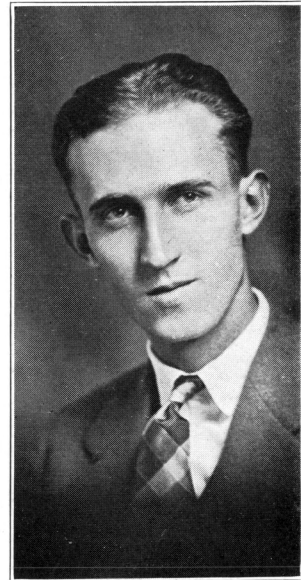
The Committee

J. W. KERR, *Chairman*

R. H. BAKER

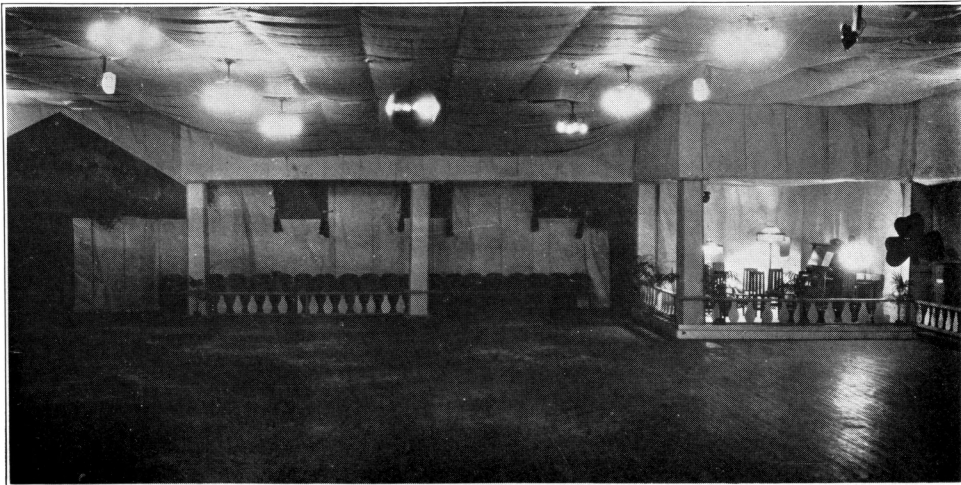
M. A. FRANCO

S. C. ALGERMISSEN



J. W. KERR—*Chairman*

Under the able direction of "Bill" Kerr the St. Pat's Ball Committee has been laboring long and effectively. Never before have we enjoyed better music, refreshments, and decorations, or seen a better-planned or more efficiently carried-out dance. All hail to the Committee!





HARRY A. LA RUE

HARRY ANDERSON LARUE, KNIGHT
OF ST. PATRICK, 1926.

Prof. Harry A. La Rue was born at Marshall, Mo., on October 28, 1883. He graduated from the University of Missouri in 1907 with the degrees of B. S. and C. E. While in the University he played on the Varsity football team for two years and in

the spring of 1907 he made a valley hammer throw record which still remains. The first year after graduation he was connected with the U. S. Coast Geodetic Survey. In 1909 he entered the field of construction with the Worley Engineering Company, Kansas City, Missouri, and later as Road Engineer with the Illinois Highway Commission.

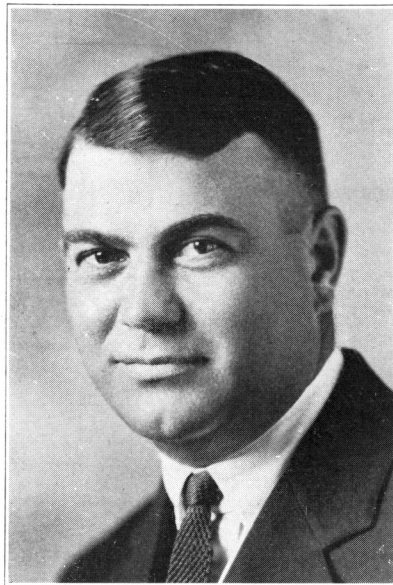
In 1913 he heard the call of his Alma Mater and returned as an instructor and now is Associate Professor in Civil Engineering. From 1918 to 1923 he also held the office of Highway Testing Engineer for the State Highway Department of Missouri. He carried the work on in conjunction with his teaching, and published several bulletins on road building and road material testing.

He is an honorary member of Triangle and member of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

We are very glad to welcome him as an Honorary Knight of St. Patrick.

R. E. L. HILL, KNIGHT OF SAINT
PATRICK, 1926.

Robert E. Lee Hill was born in St. Charles, Mo., on Sept. 29, 1888. In 1908 he entered the University of Missouri. In 1912 he received the degree of B. S. in Ag., and in 1913 the degree of A. M. He was active in college life, being President of the Ag.

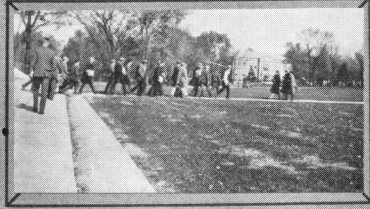


Club and Manager of the Farmer's Fair, among other things. He is a member of Kappa Alpha, Theta Nu Epsilon, Chi Chi Chi, Tomb and Key, and Sigma Delta Chi. Since graduation he has been President of both the Rotary Club and the Chamber of Commerce. He is now Alumni Recorder and Editor of the "Alumnus."

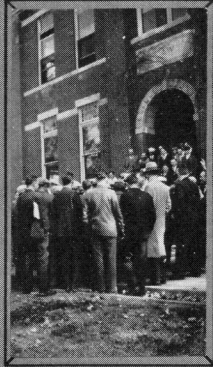
It is in the latter two capacities that "Bob" Hill is best known. He is known to hundreds of students and thousands of alumni by his first name, and shares with "Daddy" Defoe the distinction of being the best-loved man who is attached to the University in any capacity. We all know Bob; and we all love him. It is with the greatest pleasure and sincerest good wishes that we welcome him as a Knight of St. Patrick.



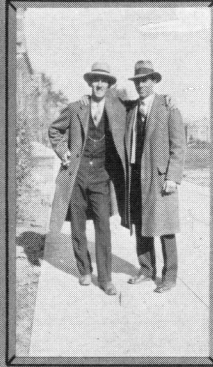
STARTING THE INVASION
THE BIG BATTLE '23



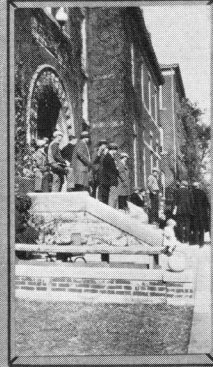
LEAVING WITHOUT REGRETS



ANOTHER WAR SCENE
'23



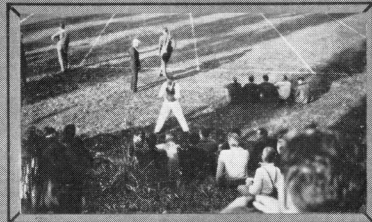
2 OF A KIND, AND
OH WHAT A KIND



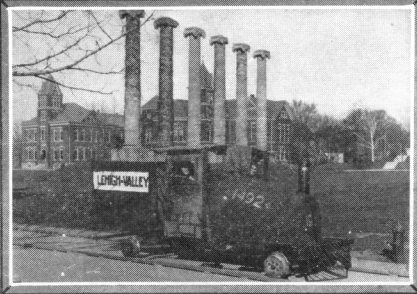
WATCHFUL WAITING



THE RED CAMPUS CLASSIC



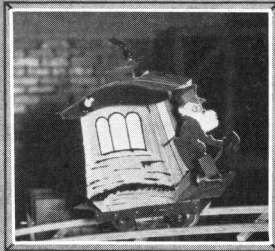
BILL HIMSELF IN ACTION



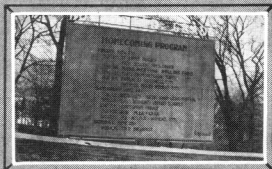
BOY, PAGE HOT-WAD!



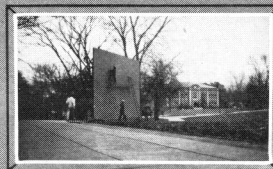
THE ONLY STEPHENS PICTURE WITH JUST ONE GIRL IN IT



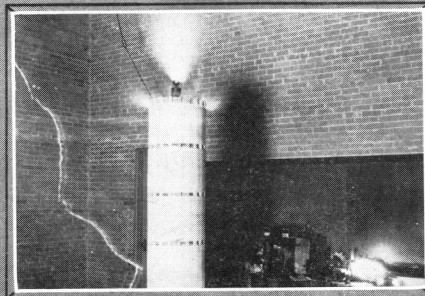
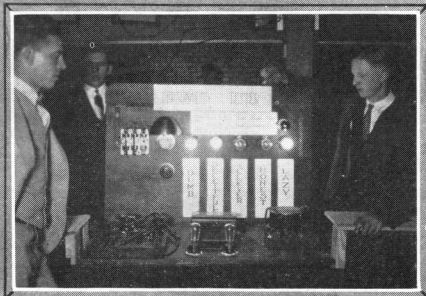
YES, THE WOODPECKER'S NAME IS OSCAR



OLIVER'S MASTERPIECE



OLIVER AND JOE AT THEIR DIRTY WORK



EDITORIALS

Twenty Years Hence

The future has always seemed the great mystery. The past we know, or can easily find in history. The present is our daily life. But the future—there is the fascination. Many are the seers and soothsayers who have attempted to draw aside the veil; yet the average far-sighted man, if he will but stop and consider the present, can at least hazard an accurate guess as to what he will be doing twenty years hence. In the final analysis, our future activity is the logical outgrowth of our present preparation.

We are students in the College of Engineering of a great University. We are here rather than in a shop because we feel that by coming here we enhance our chances for success. Yet we will never do so by playing the part of a sponge—merely absorbing the information our instructors give us. The man who gets the most out of college is not the one who is prepared for life by his teachers, but the one who is assisted by his teachers to prepare himself for life.

What are we preparing ourselves for? Is it to look thru a transit? To bend over a drafting table? To oil an engine? To wind the armature of a generator? All this experience is necessary for a complete knowledge of our chosen field of engineering, but it is not the ultimate goal. As our civilization advances farther and farther it becomes more and more technical, and the demand for executives of scientific knowledge and training becomes greater and greater. The greatest future for the engineer lies not in pure engineering, but in executive, managerial, or directorial work.

We are preparing ourselves to be executives. How, then, may we best do this? The ideal education is obtained in three ways; first, by studying text-books; second, by holding positions which require executive ability; and third, by mingling with other men.

The studies we take in college have been carefully selected by various educators as those which will be most valuable to us. Since it is impossible to adapt the curriculum to each individual case, these educators selected courses which would prepare every student as well as possible. They made one assumption; that the student was anxious to receive a well-rounded education, and that he would therefore devote particular attention to those subjects in which he was weak. Have we done this? Most of our Senior engineers are woefully weak in English, yet these same men devote all their efforts to merely "getting by" in Technical Writing, instead of seizing on it as a means of improving their writing and diction. All our studies require attention, interest, and a genuine desire for knowledge on the part of the student, else they lose their value. How many of us are really getting anything out of our class-room work?

The Shamrock

Student activities are a powerful influence in student life, particularly here at Missouri. We have a Student President, a Student Council and a Student Senate as governing agencies. In our own College we have the Engineer's Club and its three subsidiary organizations. We have a thousand and one other clubs, societies, and publications, each affording opportunities for the man who desires to participate in activities. It is comparatively easy to rise to some eminence in one or more of these. As there is no way to learn to swim except by swimming, so there is no way to learn executive work except by doing it. The responsibility, the conciliation of hostile factions, the direction of subordinates, and a host of other things, all furnish indispensable training to the man who desires to be an executive. Student activities are a sort of proving-ground for the larger but essentially similar activities of life after graduation.

One of the primary qualifications of an executive is that he be a broad, sympathetic type, with some knowledge of human nature. At first glance it would seem that a participation in activities would assure one of all the human contacts necessary. Still we have known men who were active in campus life for four years, and yet never inspired a feeling of affection in others, nor left an aching void behind them when they graduated. They were of the coldly efficient type; able and conscientious, universally respected for their ability, but liked or envied by none. The most damning epitaph is that which says of a man "He was able," or "He was clever"; and the most precious is that which says simply "He was a friend."

College is not a faucet in the great reservoir of learning which we may open and drink from. It is not a hypodermic injection of a certain number of cubic centimeters of assorted knowledge. It is an opportunity for us, if we will but grasp it. It is a place where we may obtain knowledge more easily than we could unaided; but it is not a place where we are educated in the same sense that a shoe is manufactured, or a hedge is trimmed. We are active, not passive; and we must be educated from within as well as without. College should be a challenge to the best that is in us. If we regard it in this way, the future will hold no terrors for us. Our graduation will find us confident in the knowledge that we have so well prepared ourselves that the next twenty years will find us with our ambitions realized and the aim of our college career fulfilled.

Constructive Optimism

Constructive optimism, if we may coin the phrase, is a mighty factor in the improvement of existing conditions. Pessimism is cheap, as is all destructive criticism; to condemn is far easier than to improve. Pollyanna-ism is nauseating. Real constructive optimism is one of those mental characteristics which have brought man down from the tree-tops and enabled him to hurl tons of steel, instead of coconuts, at his fellow. It is also one of those mental characteristics which will cause him to cease hurling those tons of steel.

The pessimist merits no particular praise or admiration for his profound and cynical outlook. It is so easy to be pessimistic. It is the resort of the weakling to become discouraged over life and denounce it as an idle mockery and a hollow sham. Just as the puppy who has been made sick by eating soap would probably condemn soap as an evil thing, so the man whose sensitive feelings have been trampled on by a busy world will condemn that world. Where the strong man goes ahead, the pessimist drops out so that he may criticize from a comfortable seat on the sidelines.

Is there anything more disgusting to the active, aggressive man than a passive optimism? It has often been said that if Pollyanna were an actual person she would have been brutally murdered while still of tender years. The optimism which complacently accepts things as they are, and sits back in a "glad, glad" state of mind waiting for some human or divine power to better existing conditions, is not a part of the successful man's character. Such optimism is as characteristic of the weakling as pessimism. The Pollyannas of this world we shun as we would lepers, for we fear that their affliction might be communicated to us.

What, then, is the attitude we should cultivate? It should be a combination—that pessimistic optimism which we have chosen to call constructive optimism. Our mental attitude should be pessimistic in that it recognizes the fact that life is not ideal. There are, in the world today, evils to be banished, mistakes to be corrected, wrongs to be righted, and improvements to be effected; and they must be recognized before they can be remedied. Our attitude should be optimistic in that we believe that these conditions can be remedied. Our optimism should be constructive in that it impels us to plunge ourselves into the work of remedying them.

The constructive optimist is the successful man. He is the scientist—the inventor—the pioneer—the empire-builder. The world has advanced in the past because there were men who realized that it could advance, and put their shoulders to the wheel. If we wish to share in the development of our country during the next few decades, our mental attitude should be one of constructive optimism.



BULLARNEY

Dedication

To those men in the College today who have made themselves obnoxious by their conspicuousness--who have become notorious by their actions--or who think that the solar system would cease revolving, and the planets pause in their majestic courses thru the heavens if they did not oil the gears occasionally--this, the Bullarney Section of the 1926 "Shamrock" is sympathetically dedicated.

H. H. G.

The Hall of Fame

Editor's Note: It was our original intention to have an Engineer's Campus King. When we came to his selection we were confronted with an embarrassment of riches. Due, therefore, to the surplus of good material, we have decided to honor these few with the dedication and this further mention.

We nominate for the Hall of Fame:

Thomas D. Cunningham; because he has never yet conducted a Club meeting as it should be conducted; because he takes the part of what we jokingly call the dog in the manger at each and every St. Pat's Board meeting; because he is convinced, without any apparent reason, that he is a politician.

John W. Kerr; because he can gamble all night and read Scripture the next day; because of his record as promoter of the Junior Prom; because he swings a big stick in the College—and knows it.

Luther U. Murray; because he tried for some time to make the grade in the College of Engineering; because as a Councilman he is a laugh; because he is one of our most enthusiastic responders to the call of "Throw it!"

John W. McCune; because of his vacillation between Eta Kappa Nu and A. S. C. E.; because of his dates; because he is Treasurer of the Club.

Hugh Nisbeth; because he is on the Team, and we don't mean football; because he actually made two Masonry classes; because he has survived in the school as long as he has; because he delights in weekly tete-a-tetes with Dean Heckel.

Frank H. Skelly: because he inherited Edscorn's big stick, without that ability for adroit "politicking" necessary to handle it correctly; because he is so conscientious that it actually hurts him; because he can drag out a meeting to an interminable length; because he realizes fully his importance to the College.

Chester D. Sparrow: because he talks more than any other man in every class; because he always has charge of the Engineer's Tea; because he is afflicted with a terribly virulent case of ingrowing egotism.

Louis F. Trost: because he fondly imagines himself to be powerful, when actually he can swing one vote—his own; because he imagines himself to be a sheik—when he is really girl-crazy; because even after his experience in Hydraulics, he says the Civil School is easy.

Harold E. Walker: because for some un-guessed-at reason, he badly bruises his chest throwing bouquets at himself; because he is willing and ready to tell the world about himself; because he has held offices that eminently suited him, since none of them have meant anything.

Carl Williams: because he comes from an appropriately named town; because he is addicted to red lanterns; because he is called the "Blue Goose"; because he joined the great majority in Heat B.

The Shamrock

Note: This was written by an Engineer, who was *not* on the "SHAMROCK" Staff. Low we may be, but not this bad.

Spring Dance

The dance goes on,
And the beating of the drums
Synchronizes with the throbbing of my pulse.

Ruth is dazzling tonight
In the sheer straightness of her clinging black gown
Just touching the rolled tops of chiffon hose,
And her body is so soft,
Oh, so maddening soft.

She clings to me closely, tightly;
As the beating of the toms
Carry us across the floor.
The pressure of her slim body,
Fills me with a madness.

I draw her close, fiercely.
Her slender fingers dig into my shoulders
Her breath comes faster
Through sensuous lips.

With a final flare
The music ceases.

Outside
The moon, pale blue,
Thrusts silver in her golden hair;
And the chilly night
Forces her close under my arm.
A faint scent of old rose
Thrills, intoxicates my mind.

The frail gown,
Too short for a sitting posture,
Displays two pretty white knees.
Tenderly I fold her to me.

Her red lips, thrillingly soft,
Quiver as they press mine.
Her face is feverish;
Yet her hair is cool and soft.
Quietly we kiss
Again and again.

Silently the moon climbs higher.

—J. L. E.

He was Once an Engineer!!!!



Mike Levy Lost !! (as he often is in Electrical Machinery)



THEN THEY TOOK UP GOLF

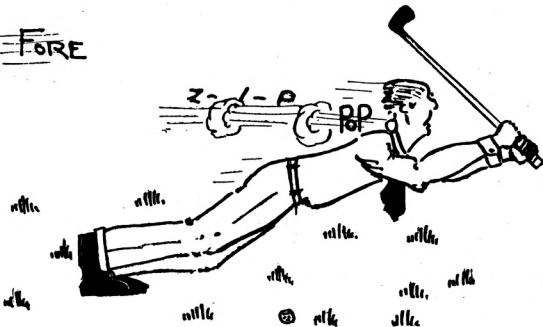


Art Mauer Sees More Of His Girl On the Links!!!!



Broadening His Vocabulary

FORE



Bill Wirtel Stops a Hot One !!



Due to the Weather, McCune Goes to Class

The Shamrock

THE SHAMROCK WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

- how soon Bill Kerr will sell his lease on the bleachers?
- why Hot Wad doesn't give himself up?
- why Mike Franco dates Texas women?
- why they call Parentheses Trost "Sheik?"
- why Sin Murch doesn't lease a wire to Quincy?
- why Harry K. doesn't confine his speeches to the class-room?
- why the St. Pat's Board doesn't pay the printing bill of the "SEVEN EQUALS?"
- why, even with the example the Electricals have set for them, the Civils don't organize?
- why Slim Evans doesn't get the lead out of his heels?
- how many other secrets there are besides Kappa Nu Theta, the Student Senate, the Campus Squad, and Pi Tau Sigma?
- why the guy who wrote this left town the day before the "SHAMROCK" was distributed?

—H. P. G.

OUR STUPENDOUS GUESSING CONTEST!!!

Or "Good Morning, dear teachers."

How many of our instructors can you find here? For the best list of answers the "SHAMROCK" will give one vest-pocket size flask of Lambert's Anti-Halitosis.

"—then the President of the Lehigh Valley said to me—"

"—now this-s-s is-s-s the idear—"

"—but what has this to do with Hy—draul—ics?"

"Now vot do ve mean by vloox?"

"When I was on the Mississippi River Survey—"

"Think, gentlemen, it won't hurt you!"

SURVEYING STUFF

Piggy, after a twenty minute discussion: "So that was how Aristotle measured the circumference of the earth."

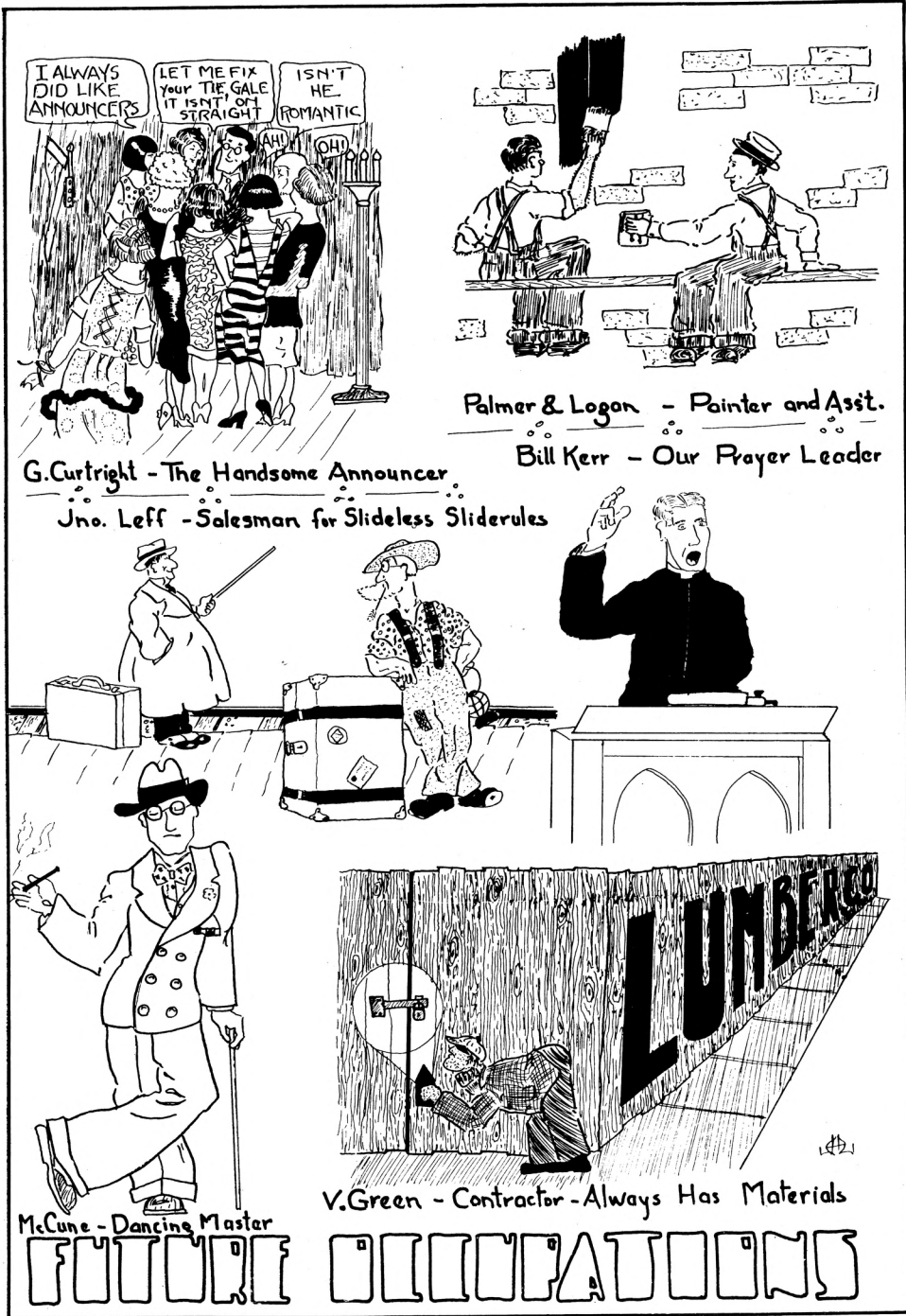
Skelly: "Did they know then that the earth was round?"

Earl Cohn was looking through a plane-table alidade at a window of the Theta House, when Piggy came up and said,

"You can't see in there."

"How do you know?"

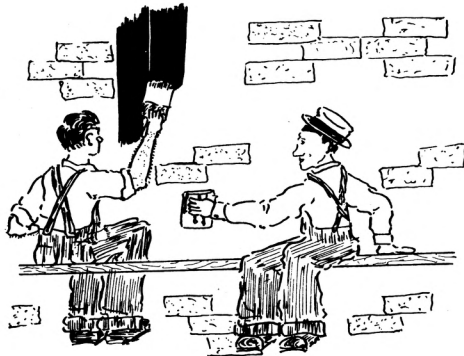
"I've tried it."



I ALWAYS DID LIKE ANNOUNCERS
 LET ME FIX your TIE GALE IT ISN'T OF STRAIGHT
 ISN'T HE ROMANTIC

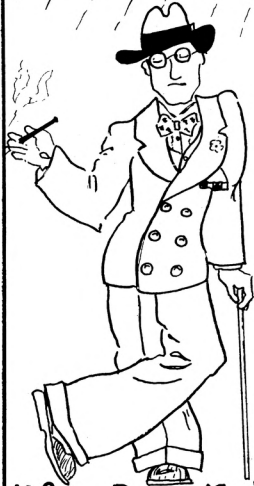
G. Curtright - The Handsome Announcer

Jno. Leff - Salesman for Slideless Sliderules

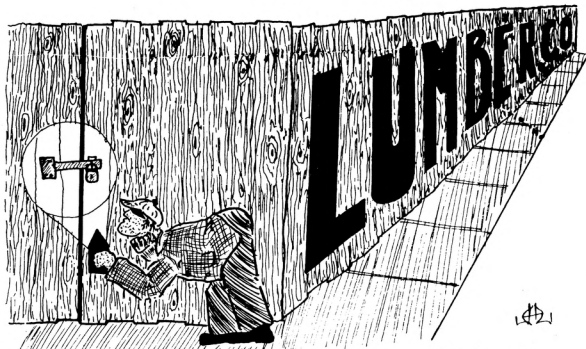


Palmer & Logon - Painter and Asst.

Bill Kerr - Our Prayer Leader



McCune - Dancing Master



V. Green - Contractor - Always Has Materials

FUTURE OCCUPATIONS

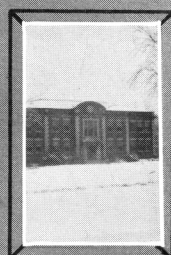
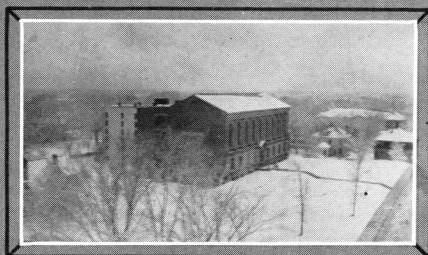
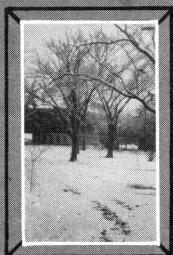
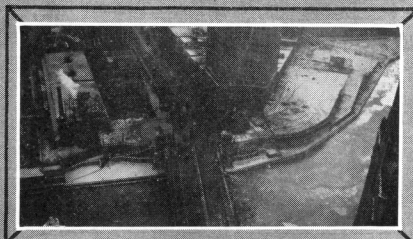
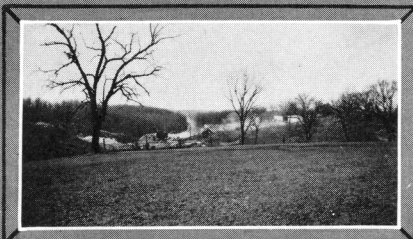
The Shamrock

THE DANGEROUS SIGMA NU

Editors Note: This poem is reprinted here due to the numerous requests which this office has received for it, and also in order that one of our finest contemporary sagas may not be lost to posterity. It originated at the University of Michigan some nine years ago, and was delivered, with telling effect, at the Senior's Christmas Party by the late-lamented "Pete" Jackson.

A bunch of the boys were hitting it up at a Pi Phi Sunday tea,
And the man who stood and cranked the "Vic" wore the pin of an S. A. E.
Back in the den, on the davenport, sat the Dangerous Sigma Nu,
While luring him on with her rust-red hair was the Pi Phi that's known as Lou.
When out of the night, which was hot as Hell, and into the frigid air,
There staggered a frosh from the Phi Delt house, with Nujol in his hair,
He looked like a frosh who had danced his last dance, with scarcely the strength of a flea,
But he straightened his tie, and with steady eye, he called for a cup of tea.
There was none could place the frosh's face, tho we searched ourselves for a clue,
But we drank his health; and the last to drink was the Dangerous Sigma Nu.
There are men that somehow get your goat, and we wondered how in the Hell
He ever got by the old night clerk at the old Phi Delt Hotel.
He looked like a frosh that had rated low on his last intelligence test,
As he lemoned the oolong in his cup, and the drops fell on his vest.
His eyes went rubbering 'round the room, and he seemed in a sort of a daze,
'Till at last that old Victrola fell in the way of his wandering gaze.
The S. A. E. was out filing his nails; there was no one else at the "Vic",
So this cross-roads frosh stumbled 'cross the room, and anchored there like a hick.
In a hand-carved shirt of a hue that hurt he stood, and I saw him choose,
His one best bet from the cabinet, those doggone "Dangerous Blues."
Were you ever out on the bleachers, when the moon was awful clear,
And the tiers of seats rose about you, with a silence you 'most could hear?
With only the squawk of a lone night-hawk, and you, camped there in a trance,
And your heart was sore for the days of yore, and the Theta's formal dance,
While thru the night came the prowling light of the watchman's motor car?
Then you've a hunch what the music meant; lunch, and a chocolate bar,
And hunger, not of the Tavern kind, that's banished with sundaes and teas,
But the kind that drives these college guys to date the Alpha Phis!
Then on a sudden he flipped the disc, and he put on the piece, "My Man,"
And you felt like a ding who had bought the ring, and your girl had slipped you the can.
'Twas the wailing cry of a Sigma Chi, and it thrilled you thru and thru,
'I guess I'll take just one more cup," said the Dangerous Sigma Nu.
The needle slipped, the record scratched, and the music burst like a flood,
And it seemed to say, "We're licked! We're licked!", and the air was full of mud,
And the thot came back of a broken date, and it stung like a paddle's whack,
And the lust awoke to dance! To dance! Then the record broke, with a crack.
And the frosh he turned, and his sad eyes yearned for the girl with the hennaed hair,
And his lips went in in a kind of a grin, and he stopped, and we heard him swear,
And his lips went out in a kind of a pout, and his face got sad as a crutch,
And, "Girl," says he, "You don't know me, 'cause I ain't been out with you much,
But I want to assert, tho my words may hurt, and I'll bet a wafer they're true,
That one of you here has done me wrong, and that one is a Sigma Nu!"
Then I grabbed my watch as the lights went out, and two pins flashed in the dark,
And the lights went on, and a woman screamed, and two men stood stiff and stark.
The Phi Delt crest was pinned to the breast of the Pi Phi that's known as Lou,
While the Pi Phi cook wore a startled look, and the pin of a Sigma Nu!
Now these are the simple facts of the case, and I guess that I ought to know,
Some say that the frosh was crazed with tea, and I'm not denying it's so.
I'm not so wise as the Law School guys, but strictly between us two,
The woman that kissed him—and lifted his pin—was the Pi Phi that's known as Lou.

—Anonymous.



The Shamrock

"What research work have you done in geology?"

"Well, I wash Linhorst's neck about once a week."

Sin Murch, to his girl: "Two can live as cheaply as one."

H. G.: "Well, I'll never live as cheaply as you do."

Al: "That man is the ugliest person I ever saw."

Rita: "Not so loud, Al. You're forgetting yourself."

Le Mert: "They say a man should have eight hours sleep a day."

Jelly Kerr: "True, but who wants to take eight classes a day?"

Tiller, as his girl is leaving the room: "May I come too?"

Girl: "You'll never come to, unconscious."

Pickel: "Yeah, my girl's a third rail."

Harry Neal: "Whadya mean, a third rail?"

Paul: "Can't be touched."

Curious old lady, to man getting on street-car: "I notice you have lost your arm, young man."

Young man: "So I have. How strange!"

Swede: "I want to take das book der library from."

Librarian: "This one—Ben Hur?"

Swede: "Yas, das ban her."

Shiner: "Aren't you going to give me a tip? Why the champion tight-wad of Columbia gave me a dime."

Bill Wirtel: "Kid, take a look at the new champion."

Overhead in a rooming house: "Oh John, we won't have to pull down the shades. We're married now."

OUR CALENDAR.

- Sept. 14.—Registration. Wimmin get a treat. Walker, Trost, et al. sheik them by the dozen. Jellies Kerr, Hudson, Skelly, and Culver feel at home.
- Sept. 18.—First Engineer's Club meeting. Mauser, having received a job mainly by Kerr's support, takes a fiendish revenge by getting Bill elected cheerleader.
- Sept. 20.—Glen falls for first girl in gallery. Forgets all about shooting.
- Sept. 22.—Sin Murch checks A. Linc for first time this semester.
- Oct. 2.—First Higher Surveying party starts out on the campus, shooting the sun. No fatalities recorded.
- Oct. 4.—Higher parties are out again. Sun-spots increasing in number and magnitude, but can't begin to keep up with Fritz's freckles.
- Oct. 14.—Nebraska game. Fittingly celebrated with much liquidation by dozens of our best engineers. Mac, Bill, Jimmie, and Nig noticed, among others.
- Oct. 21.—Gridgraph gives play-by-play report of Aggie game. Experienced Seniors bring supper with them when they come to see it.
- Oct. 26.—"SHAMROCK" Staff has first meeting. Adjourned early because Al Hudson has a date. No new printable stories discovered. Decided to see how many of the other kind we could amend so they would be O. K.
- Oct. 30.—Bill Kerr leads cheers in Engineer's Club meeting for first time. 34 men carried out with hysterics.
- Nov. 4.—Washington game. Ask Trost about the good dance at Washington U. Skelly sits in car with Fritz's girl for three-quarters of an hour.
- Nov. 11.—Homecoming. All drinking is due to old crabs returning with full suitcases. Groups can be seen on every corner telling the young fellows about the "fighting Tiger team of 1909."

The Shamrock

- Nov. 13.—Bill Wirtel tells McCune the "SHAMROCK" will only be \$200 in the hole. McCune fails to get enthusiastic about it.
- Nov. 15.—Piggy tells Lute Murray and Hugh Nesbith to be careful about leaning back in their chairs, as they might fall over when they go to sleep.
- Nov. 17.—"Lehigh Valley" day in Heat A. Slumber claims 99.4% of class.
- Nov. 27.—A. Linc asks how many know the score of the Kansas game. Class wakes up. Pleased with his strategy, he dismisses them, remarking as they pass out that they probably wouldn't know anything anyway.
- Dec. 17.—Heaney and "SHAMROCK" Staff have daily argument as to whose typewriter is getting the most abuse from the other party. Staff wins first round with Ed Hagar's help.
- Jan. 4.—Returning from holidays. The fellows who stayed here to "study" try to convince us that studying gave them bloodshot eyes and a severe headache.
- Jan. 9.—Carl Williams starts red-lantern craze among Senior engineers.
- Feb. 1.—Registration. Girls get second thrill. Usual alibies about grades. Half of "SHAMROCK" Staff still in school.
- Feb. 8.—Earl Cohn tries Herpicide, and feels like a new man.
- Feb. 9.—Earl tries another application of Herpicide.
- Feb. 10.—Souvenir hunter steals Earl's new hair. Earl is taken to Parker Memorial with nervous breakdown.
- Feb. 19.—"SHAMROCK" goes to press. Staff celebrates with vigor. Bill Wirtel had some other stuff, too, and they drank that. Wreckage of office is complete. Wind up at three A. M. with a close harmony quintet of Wirtel, Hudson, Logan, Meyer, and Tiller rendering "Sweet Adeline," while Culver tries to make typewriter play like a piano. A total failure all around.

The Shamrock



MORE FUN!!



JELLY!



JELLY!



SKELL AND MAG.



HOLD IT!



A NATURAL!

The Shamrock

The stadium was filled to bursting with the largest crowd in the history of the university. The home team was leading 10 to 7, with two minutes to play, but their opponents had the ball on the two-yard line. As the teams lined up the captain took his place doggedly facing his opponents, tho he stood under his own goal-posts. He had played sixty minutes of every game during the season. As his giant form towered above the rest of the players, and as a breathless hush awaited the signal-calling, a slender form arose in the stands. 'Twas his grandmother, and she shrilly called: "Roger, you get right out from between these posts. I just know there's a bad draught there."

Thomas (to his roommate): "Murch, who the Devil ever told you to make an employment report out that way?"

Murch: "The Dean."

Thomas: "Good, isn't it?"

Peg: "Listen, Norm dear, I have an idea."

Norman: "Be good to it. It's in a strange place."

"HE WHO GETS SLAPPED——"

He: "How long have you been married?"

She: "Three years, thank you."

He: "How many children have you?"

She: "A boy and a girl, thank you."

He: "Don't thank me——"

Greenbury: "Mac, we'll be friends until the end."

McCune: "Loan me ten dollars."

Greenbury: "That's the end."

Tom Cunningham just came in and said he had to go out to Stephens every night, now, but he sure looked cheerful when he said it.

Date: "You certainly can Charleston wonderfully."

Oscar Thomas: "That ain't Charleston; that's red flannels."

Vernon Green, calling 1500 on Saturday night: "Doing anything tonight?"

Stephens Mama: "No."

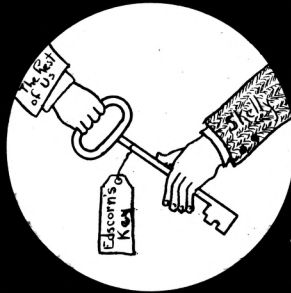
Vernon: "That's good. You won't be all tired out in the morning."

Year's
Events
6 Reels

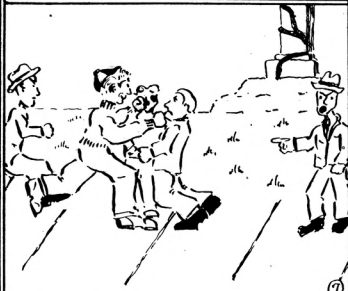
Scenario
by
M.W. Levy

Photography
&
Electrical Effects
by
J.A. Logan

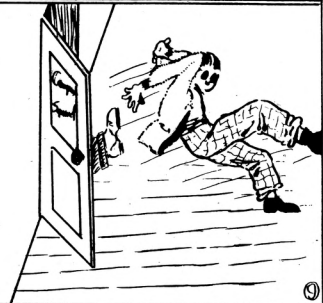
Skelly
Takes Charge
of
Engineering School



Red Wyatt
vs.
Sophomores



Walker
Resigns
from
Campus Squad



Scrimmage
Cunningham
vs
Sparrow
(The Tall and Short of it)



McCune
Dates
to
Ag.-Eng. Hop



Wirtel
Dons
Boots
(Back To The Primitive)



The Shamrock

Bill Wirtel: "Fritz, let's write some blarney."

Fritz: "All right. The Ford stopped and 18 men got out."

Two gentlemen of Hebraic descent were engaged in a furious argument. They had finally descended to personalities. Said one: "You're a kike."

"I'm not a kike."

"You are a kike."

"Vell, if you know so much, vat is a kike?"

"A kike is a man whose parents have come from Russia."

"Oh, then I ain't no kike. My parents are still in Russia."

When Joe Logan was in Chicago, he saw a sign on the wall that read: "Do not smoke here. Remember the Chicago fire." Not to be outdone, Joe takes his pencil and comes back with: "Do not spit here. Remember the Johnstown flood."

The traveling show had been having a fearful time. The manager (who also played the trombone and doubled for one of the blood-hounds) had thrown all the money he could beg, borrow, or steal into the production. Just as he was about to give up, he got a message from the next town saying that the Opera House there had the Standing Room Only sign out in front. Overjoyed, the troupe made the trip on the last of their resources. They arrived just at sunset, and as the weary manager descended from the train he saw a red glow in the western sky. Turning to the station-agent he said:

"Isn't that a wonderful sunset?"

"Sunset, Hell," said the local product, "That's the Opera House burning down."

Hugh Nesbith: "You have a little bottle on your hip."

Lute Murray: "How do you know?"

"A little bird told me."

"Well, it's some of this Columbia rot-gut, anyway."

"How do you know?"

"A little swallow told me."

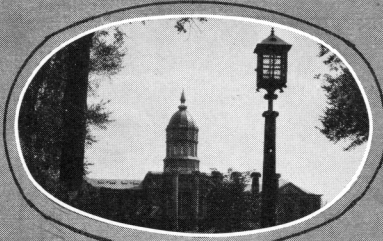
Harry Neal: "Hey, Art, where did you get that bump on your head?"

Art Maurer: "I had appendicitis."

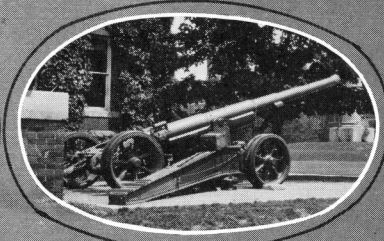
"Appendicitis?"

"Yes; they ran out of ether and had to hit me on the head with a hammer."

The Shamrock



JESSE AND HIS LAMP.



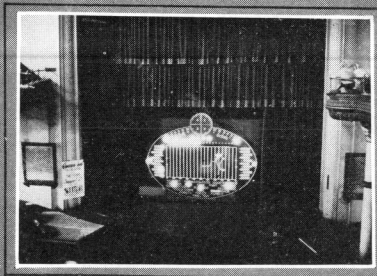
THE ONE FIFTY-FIVE.



PETTICOAT LANE.



LEST WE FORGET.



THE GRID GRAPHING.



HEY! FRESHIE!

THANKS !!!

In common with every other student publication, the "SHAMROCK" has a number of unofficial helpers. For fear of forgetting them, we wish to in this place thank:

—the fellow who refuses to give you a single damned suggestion, and then raises—Cain because the book isn't as good as he thinks it ought to be.

—the guy who comes around two weeks after the copy is in for all the panels, and wants you to get his picture in the book somewhere.

—the yaps who pick your busiest day, when the publication date is fairly staring you in the face, to use your office for everything from a St. Pat's Ball committee meeting to a crap-game.

—the eggs who "Hope, by Heaven, that you'll have a decent Blarney Section," and then gripe for a month because you have them in it.

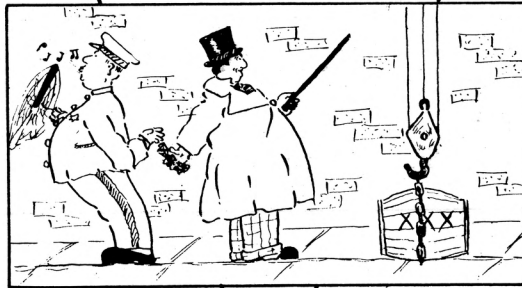
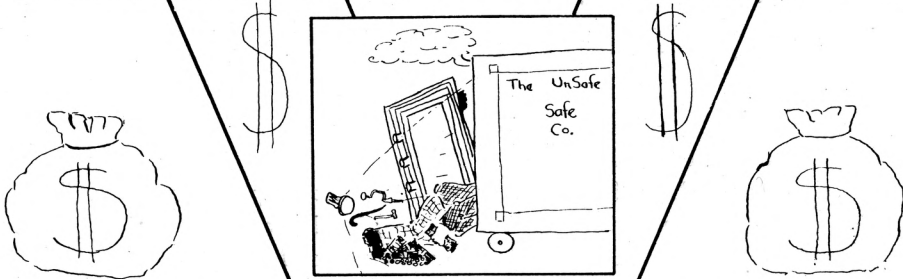
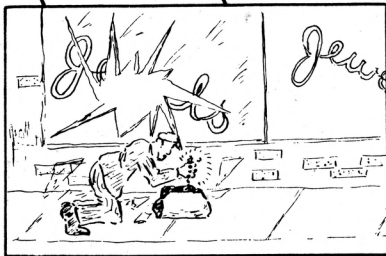
—the wet smack who promises you all that's sacred to have some stuff for you next Tuesday, and then comes around three weeks later to say that he was really too busy to get it for you.

KANGAROO GIZZARD OIL

Now, ladies and gentlemen, far away, its sun-kissed shores bathed by the smiling Pacific, lies a beautiful little island known as Tasmania, close by the magnificent continent which every grammar-school child knows as Australia. This little island is inhabited by a strange race of people—the last living lineal descendants of the well-known "Missing Link." They spend their time in singing, gathering the many precious herbs, roots, and barks which abound in their earthly Paradise, and in pursuit of the enormous herds of that elusive animal known as the kangaroo. Pursuing this wild and graceful beast from precipice to precipice, and from crag to rocky crag, they finally surround it and tell it "College Humor" jokes until it expires in agony. From this animal they get the last and most important ingredient of the sovereign remedy for which they are noted. After the secret refining process is finished, in the dark of the moon they freight it away from their home. There is not a more beautiful sight in all the world than to see the little canoes plying to and fro between Tasmania and Australia, carrying this marvelous fluid known to the civilized world as "Kangaroo Gizzard Oil."

Kangaroo Gizzard Oil, ladies and gentlemen, is good for anything and everything. It cures spinal meningitis in 15 minutes and consumption in a half-an-hour. Only the other day I was demonstrating this in Fulton, when I accidentally spilled a few drops on a man's wooden leg. And would you believe it, ladies and gentlemen, in less than five minutes the children standing around him gathered more than a peck of the finest black walnuts.

Our Graduates Make \$10,000 to 50,000^{at} a HAUL



The "Crook" Trained Man
is the "BIG PAY" Man!

The Shamrock

EDITORIAL

The supremacy of man in the City of Columbia is seriously threatened! When we came to our 8 o'clock this morning we counted three human beings and eighteen dogs. The hungry-looking brutes run in packs of from three to nine canines, and even at this early day they push one off the sidewalk. With prophetic vision we can foretell the immediate future. It will only be a matter of months until we can no longer venture forth at night alone and unarmed. Still later it will become necessary for each student to carry a .45 with him at all times. Even with these precautions we fear that the dog will win in the end. We can see clearly in our mind's eye the last human survivor of our new populous city dragged down by a vulpine horde. Let us arm now against this peril!

SAFETY-FIRST WEEK

Harold Walker, his appearance nervous but his bearing determined, walked into an office building, hesitated a moment, and then with the air of one who is about to take the final leap, entered one of the finely appointed offices.

"Is this Mr. Smith's office?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Athelbert Q. Smith?"

"Yes."

"Is he in?"

"Yes; would you like to see him?"

"No! N-n-no thank you! But could you tell me how long he will be here?"

"Why he will be here for three or four hours; but he can see you right now."

"Thank you just the same, but I'm going to call on his daughter."

OUR FAIRY TALES

"Glad to see you."

"No; I wouldn't even think of running for that."

"Just open your mouth. It won't hurt a bit."

"Too busy to write."

"Prohibition."

"—to love, honor and obey—"

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

ADVICE TO COLLEGE MEN

Keep that schoolgirl complexion, but if you value your reputation, don't keep it on your collar.

The Shamrock

GENTLEMEN:

The business men who advertise in your book have played a part in making it possible. In return they deserve your patronage.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

LEADERS IN STYLE FOR YOUNG MEN



The Buzz

Miller's

Now Showing
The Smartest in
Tiger Clogs

*You Hear It
Everyday-----*

In the Engineering building and elsewhere,
"Let's go to Jimmie's for dinner." There you
can be sure of good food, quality cooked to
suit your taste, and courteous service.
You know where to see all your friends almost
any time.

"Erin Go Bragh"

JIMMIE'S COLLEGE INN

Braselton's

719 E. BROADWAY

THE PLACE TO BUY SHOES

YOU CAN ALWAYS GET
WHAT YOU WANT
WITH QUICK
SERVICE
AT

The Model Lunch Room

\$3.00 Meal Tickets For \$2.50

11 North Ninth Street

It appeared that Heaney was stranded on the 12th floor of a building which was under construction. The foreman, on being told this called up to "Go", "Come on down the same way you went up."

Heaney came back with, "The Hell I will; I went up head first, but I'm not coming down that way."

Shamrocks for Luck
Photographs for
Remembrance

WESLEY BLACKMORE

Phone 35

THE PALM'S

For

Breakfast—Lunch & Dinner

Fountain Drinks

Toasted Sandwiches

High Grade Candies

WE DELIVER

Open 6:00 A. M. to Midnight

Phone 59

A HARD NIGHT'S WORK.

Night. The earth quakes a little, there is a rumble, and suddenly a valiant knight, mounted on a great-great-great granddaddy of Spark Plug, reins before York Castle.

"What ho!" he bellows through lungs that shake the foundations of the castle.

The tingling of a ukelele far above in the ramparts stops for a moment, and a youth's voice calls down—"Garden hoe, messire!"

"Varlet! Lily-finger twanger of strung cat-gut! In the morn I'll drink of your heart's blood for this night's work."

"Who's there?"

And the valiant knight howls answer: "The Lord of Silo."

"Why, it's fodder," exclaims the banjo tickler. "Open the drawbridge."

—*Pure Oil News.*

BOOKS

and

SUPPLIES

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CLEANING, PRESSING, ALTERING & DYEING

Caps & Gowns for rent—Suits made to Measure

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114 So. 8th St.

The Shamrock

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from which radiates the best sort of Old Tiger Spirit. In the spacious lobby—informal alumni reunions and student receptions are always part of the program.

CAFE AND POPULAR PRICE COFFEE SHOP
IN CONNECTION WITH

THE DANIEL BOONE TAVERN

FRANK W. LEONARD, Manager
100 Fireproof Rooms

Bill Kerr came home from a date.

Go: "Did you have a date with your girl tonight?"

Bill: "Yes."

"Did you neck her?"

"Listen, Big Boy, my girl is refined and cultured. She doesn't neck."

"What did she do when you tried to neck her?"

"She busted a bottle of Scotch over my head, and told me to get the Hell out of the house."

—Contributed by F. H. S.

After Study ---

Have you ever tried a cup of coffee or a glass of milk for that exhausted feeling?

Come over between classes for refreshment.

CAMPUS LUNCH

Conley and Missouri

If you have breakfast with us, you will not miss that 8-o'clock.

Meet Your Friends
at
BOOCHES
BILLIARDS FOUNTAIN
Courtesy Our Motto
ACROSS FROM THE HALL THEATRE, UPSTAIRS
E. MORRIS L. MORRIS

Salome, the first woman to discover the relation between gauze and effect.

Jerry (having just kissed her)—“Ah! That was indeed a triumph of mind over matter!”

Betty (having just been kissed)—“Yes; I didn't mind, because you didn't matter.”



Electrical Under Full Load Conditions

AT McCUNE'S TRIAL.

McCune under cross-examination: "I was going down sixth street, when the plaintiff's car suddenly came out from the curb and started angling towards the center of the street."

Question: "What is your name."

Answer: "I was going down sixth street, when the plaintiff's car, etc.——"

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8 N. 9th St.

HOME KILLED MEATS
BATAVIA GROCERIES
HOME MADE
DELICATESSEN

HETZLER'S

*Where quality and
sanitation reign supreme*

The Staff is wondering why Skelly didn't start dating Janet until after he found out she was to be the St. Pat's Queen.

The Shamrock

The Shamrock would like to know how Bill Kerr got a St. Pat's degree when he only did 8½ hours work his first year here.

Happy Newton and Harry Ruby want to know if Frederick Culver is still in school.

Do You Know

That your personal appearance is a greater asset socially than good looks?

WHAT ABOUT THAT HAIR CUT?

Our Service is Your Protection

**UNIVERSITY
BARBER SHOP**

Fresh Flowers Corsages

Quality & Service
Always

**BERNARDS
The Florist**

919 Bdwy.

Phone 2121

A—T H—e: "Do you believe whisky improves with age?"

H—h N—T: "Well, the older I get the better I like it."

Authorized R. C. A. Dealers
Westinghouse Mazda Lamps
Student Lamps and Flashlights

ATHENS ELECTRIC SHOP

803 BROADWAY

PHONE 474

The Editor, "That woman has been walking the streets all day."

The Assoc., "How do you know?"

Previous, "I've followed her."

MEN AND WOMEN HAVE POISE AND SELF ASSURANCE

in their clothes, only when they know they
are spotlessly cleaned, and correctly pressed.

**Dorn-Cloney Laundry
and Dry Cleaning Co.**

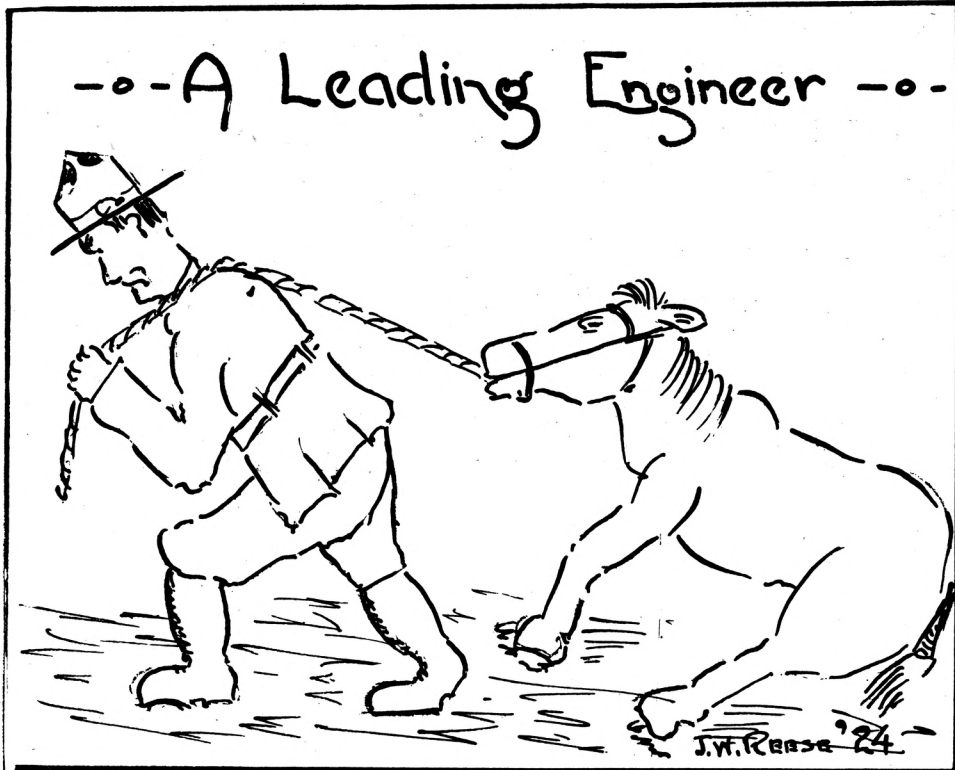
114
Phones
116

THE RECREATION PARLOR

is always close for a few games before or after the show

SODA
CANDY
CIGARS
BILLIARDS
LUNCHEONETTE

Across from the Columbia Theatre



LINDSEY'S JEWELERS

"Gifts that last"

918 Broadway

Phone 58

M. D.: "-----and exercise with dumb-bells would improve you wonderfully."

Mable: "Then I had better go on that car ride with Tiller."

Skelly is so dumb he thinks the Peace Movement is a new dance.

THE CO-OP---

Where a complete line of text books, school supplies, drawing instruments, and athletic goods are carried.

Take advantage of the 12½% *Profit Sharing Dividends* which are issued for all purchases.

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We Trim Our Bread But Not Our Customers

HANDY HUT

Why Go Further?

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PECK DRUG CO.

**THE BIG MODERN DRUG
STORE**

**DRUGS, KODAKS
AND NEWS**

Where You Get Your Newspaper

“Levy, what’s a pauper?”

“It’s the guy vot married Mommer.”

PERSONAL EFFICIENCY

Wear socks that can be put on from
either end and save time.

*Good Taste
and Skilled Craftsmanship
in Photography
Parsons Studio*

Levy's

HOSIERY—SHOES

Quality for 48 years—

806 Broadway

The funniest thing we've heard about is Oliver Palmer taking a man-hole cover to his girl's house and asking her to play it on the Victrola and then telling her that he ate cloves because he liked the flavor.



What Do You Ask Of The Cafe You Select When You "Go Out" To Dine?

Don't you expect the food to be just a little better, a little tastier than anywhere else in Columbia? Don't you expect the service to be a little more exacting—a little more courteous? Don't you expect the surroundings to be more attractive and the people more pleasant?

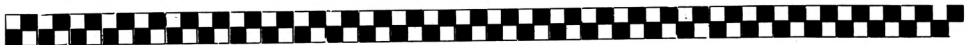
And now, considering everything, isn't Harris' the place you select when you "go out" to dine?

HARRIS'

MILLARD AND SISSON

*Every Fellow
Takes His
Date to Harris'*

WHERE MISSOURI MEN AND WOMEN MEET AND EAT



Where St. Pat
buys his books and
supplies



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE MISSOURI STORE CO.

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Columbia, Mo.

The Modern Picture Framer

JOE JANOUSEK'S

Gift & Art Shop

1001 USEFUL GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Virginia Bldg.

Our matinee idol Joe Logan says:

"I wish 'Agnes' would come back to town."

"I'd walk a mile to see Clara Bow."

"Sex-pictures may be in bad taste, but they show good form."

"Didn't Shakespeare write the poem that begins with: 'Ever since I met your daughter Venus, etc.'?"

THE TAVERN
BILLIARD PARLOR

Where Service Reigns Supreme
Basement of the Daniel Boone Tavern

JOE AKERS

NEW
SHIRTS
GALORE

S. and B. Co.
SYKES & BROADHEAD

HER FAILING

She was my ideal girl.
She laughed at all my wise cracks.
She was never hungry.
She taught me how to Charleston.
She liked the neighborhood movie.
She read Omar Khayyam and believed in
his stuff.
She knew a cross tackle buck when she
saw one.
She was the lucky one out of five.
She, well, you just knew she wore 'em.
She was what the boys termed a hot
number.
But-----it's just too bad. I can't
check her a thing now.
SHE KISSES WITH HER EYES
OPEN.

—Ohio Sun Dial.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL FARMER'S FAIR
APRIL 30

America's

Greatest

Student

Stunt



Bigger and

Better

Than

Even

Auspices of the Ag Club of the Missouri College of Agriculture.

FOR

Correct Dress

see

JACK DAILY

Phone 13

22 So. 9th.

I bought my girl some garters
Down at the Five & Ten
She gave them to her Mother;
That's the last I'll see of them.

WESTINGHOUSE HEATING APPLIANCES
WESTINGHOUSE MAZDA LAMPS
LAUN-DRY-ETTE WASHING
MACHINES

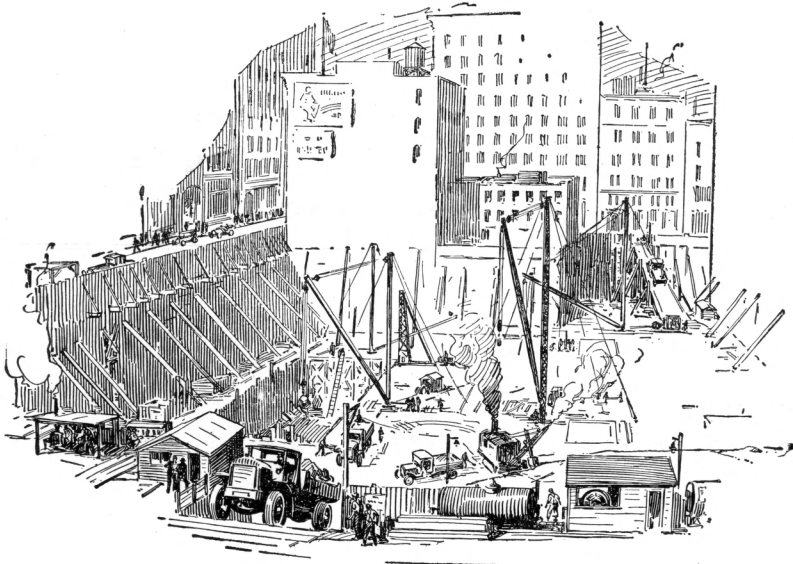
John L. Platt

Electric Shop

Buy your electrical devices from an electric shop

Phone 829

17 S. 9th Street



The Foundation

IN many an American city today tall structures stand on foundations that were planned by their architects to support the weight of extra stories if the future's need should call for such additions. Their very existence is proof of the vision of men who provided for that which they could not definitely foresee.

They could, however, and did

catch the vision of a national growth which would necessitate a service continent-wide in scope. They could and did provide the foundation for a structure capable of growing with the nation.

The proof of their vision lies in the fact that America today has a nation-wide, universal telephone service.

SOUTHWESTERN BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY

THE BELL SYSTEM IN MISSOURI



UNITED FOR THE NATION'S NEED



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than to wish you had"*

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Bill Gum's idea of nothing at all is one of Jack's ham sandwiches with the bread removed.

*Shoppers all the
year 'round
prefer*

Fredendall's

BOONE COUNTY LUMBER COMPANY

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI

COMPLETE LINE OF BUILDING MATERIAL

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Boston Bldg. Kansas City.



The Shamrock

This is the swan-song of the Staff. We have tried to give you a "SHAMROCK" that would be far better than any other the College has ever had. We have violated tradition by having no students of other Schools help us in the preparation of this volume.

Among other things, we have tried to produce a really good Blarney Section. We have written nothing that will be really harmful to anyone, and we believe that it is all fair and impartial. We ask that you accept it in the same good-natured spirit in which it was written.

—THE STAFF.



The Shamrock

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