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THE OHIO STATE ENGINEER

THE ENGINEERS’ ROUNDPUP

THE TECHNICIANS TRY THEIR THE THEATRICAL TALENTS

Every year the Engineers’ Council assumes the rôle of theatrical producer and turns the spotlight on the Ohio State Engineer (the student, not the publication). The Roundup, although one might assume it had something or other to do with the “Ag” College, is essentially a dramatic competition among the student professional societies. Besides encouraging art, the graybeards of the Council foster the gastronomic sciences in the shape of hot-dog and pop concessions. Assignments are forgotten for one night (the Department of Mechanics deserves a big hand for giving the boys a break by postponing the midterm for the following day). From frosh to jaded senior, all engineers don their holiday regalia and prepare for a night’s orgy when the time for the Roundup pulls around.

The evening of December 5th saw vast numbers of students milling around the Engineering Experiment Station. Undaunted by the smell of Professor Scherer’s creosote, they found their way to the Testing Laboratory on the second floor, temporarily made into a theater.

The Chemicals and the Miners, slated for the first and second acts, were late. To calm the audience, the folks behind the scenes, evidently having a sense of humor, ground out a few antique records on a wheezing phonograph.

“The Crystal Studio,” a remarkable display of talent crammed into a few minutes, was featured by the boys responsible for the automatic applause indicator. We have always been suspicious of that indicator, although the electricals have never given us grounds for such imaginings.

Their play was laid in a broadcasting studio where two black-face comedians, garbed as janitors, exchanged brilliant repartee. Two new inventions were introduced, a bug annihilator and a perpetual motion device. The latter exploded, ending the act and bringing down the curtain.

“Soup to Nuts,” the work of the Civils, was the next offering. The audience was entertained with some after-dinner speeches of the actors on the broad subject of arts. The following conclusions were reached:

There are four kinds of art:
1. Fine arts; of which nothing may be said.
2. Coarse arts; ceramics is the best example.
3. Lost arts, calculus, and Christian Science.
4. Slinging the bull; Dean Turnbull; Dean Turnbull undoubtedly takes the prize; many cows have been prematurely widowed by him; Prof. Younger runs him a close second.

But, ah!—the surprise of the show, as well as of the entire Roundup, was the climax of this skit. Miss Billy Leonard, personality girl of Columbus, the darling of Scarlet Mask, offered the following song, the work of “Hank” Sherman, poet laureate of the Civils. It is sung to the tune of “Makin’ Whoopee.”

I

Here’s just the time, and just the place
I see a smile down there on every face
Here’s just the season and every reason
For makin’ whoopee.

II

B’lieve it or not, a guy like Ott
Who in mechanics is plenty hot
Throws forward passes with chalk in classes
Thus makin’ whoopee;

But then there’s Boyd whose spoken word
Is easily heard from High to Thold
Could learn some mercy by watchin’ Percy
A makin’ whoopee.

All of the faculty could be given an analysis
But what’s the use, cause think how many good profs
I’d miss

I might miss Morris, I might miss Judd
If I’d miss Sherman, Hank’s name’d be mud
I guess it’s better to write a letter

‘Bout makin’ whoopee.
III
In Lib'ral Arts you know, the Commerce College too
They cry aloud because they have a lab or two.
The joy they'll never know is takin' Sloane's Topo
Out makin' whoopee.
Why in December, folks, even November, folks,
The hands get so darned numb the boys can't light
their smokes
Gee! It's a great course, guys, but takes a plow horse,
guys,
To stand the whoopee.
Still, boys, it has its merits, namely a windy day
Focusing co-ed's ankles and any more parts, why say
Each little gust you know creates a bit of fun
It's then the profs come out to help you run the gun
So, there you be, men, in Civil E, men,
'They're makin' whoopee.

IV
In Adam's time they didn't have machines
In fact they didn't know about the radio
They put their knocks in at raisin' oxen
And makin' whoopee.
Then Moses came along and wrote a code on wrong
He said that bims and wines were bad when taken
strong
This proclamation thus saved the nation
From makin' whoopee.
So, boys, here comes the moral for writin' this lil' verse
Hope when I tell it to you, you will not act converse
You want to stay in nights and keep away from fights
And on these co-ed dates keep under bright lights
'Cause after schoolin', there's time for foolin'
And makin' whoopee.

The dominant sex is painfully absent in our
college and the appearance of a femme at any
engineering function causes the boys to stand up
on their seats. Billy went over with a bang, and
the mob clamored for more when she sang "If
Nobody Ever Put Their Arms About You." The
applause indicator went wild and the Civils
laughed in great glee as the act ended.

As a brief respite from the brilliant dramatic
efforts of the noble engineers, the Roundup con-
tinued with a presentation of prizes. The Robin-
son Prize for highest scholarship among the fresh-
man engineers of last year, a slide rule, went to
Harold G. Bailey.

The annual prize of paid-up membership in the
A. S. C. E. for one year, for the two highest point
averages attained during their freshman year
went to Chalmer D. Moehring and Willis G. Knas-
sel, who are now sophomores in civil engineering.

Following this, the mob besieged the food em-
porium established in the Concrete Laboratory.
Hot dogs and pop in large quantities assuaged the
keen appetites.

The Roundup resumed with the Industrials' "Inspir- 
ing Episodes," a conglomeration of every-
thing in general, but revolving about the central
theme of collegiate life in Siam. A jazz band
opened the act and was followed by Siamese
dances, called, we believe, in this country, wrest-
lings matches. The lady appeared to win, but what
is the difference, anyway?

The Ohio State Engineer has always endeavored
to give its readers their full money's worth. How-
ever, if we go into detail concerning the next act,
"Strained Interludes," the product of our Ceramic
brethren, we fear for our moral standing in the
community. We can say this much, it concerned
the central theme of Chick Sale's masterpiece,
"The Specialist." More detailed information may
be gained by calling at our office, 7 Ohio Union.

By this time it had been decided that the Civils
had put on the best show. The committee made
the presentation of the cup 'midst the huzzas and
plaudits of the multitude.

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ENGINEER'S ROUNDUP
(Continued from page 11)

To cap the show, the Faculty put on their little skit. It had no name but concerned the extraction of a tooth. The scene was laid in a negro dentist's office, with Professors W. B. Field and Allen McManigal, and C. J. Viereck of the engineering drawing department as the principals.

At the conclusion of the act, Dean Hitchcock, feeling that they merited a prize, awarded the cast a five-gallon oil can.

The show broke up, and again the stairs of the station creaked as the mob sought exit. It was a great Roundup, and everyone had a good time.