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Hello everybody! Here we are again for the last time this year; so bear with us a few more minutes and then we'll say goodbye.

If any of you fellows are looking for something to do in your spare time that is a bit different from something else, we can offer a few suggestions, having verified them ourselves. On Wednesday evenings, usually the first and the last ones of the month, the University Observatory is open to the public and a visit there is guaranteed to make one feel pretty small after a glimpse of our universe through a telescope—try it and see. Another place that we found to be quite interesting was the Columbus Art Gallery, located on East Broad Street, where there is a fine collection of oil paintings, water colors, etchings, engravings, photographs, charcoal sketches, tapestries, and a few pieces of rare furniture. A visit there should prove to be a welcome change from the daily grind of mathematical formulas and what not.

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A real eye-opener is in store for those who visit the medical museum located in Hamilton Hall. After viewing the various pranks that Mother Nature has played upon some people, one certainly thanks the stars that he was born with an average equipped body. A few minutes spent here is guaranteed to be entertaining. For those who are so inclined, we heartily recommend a trip through the University Power House located just across from the Physical Education Building. It was our privilege recently to be escorted through the plant and to have the methods of the production of power and heat for the campus explained to us in detail. Our chief impression (not having delved deeply into the subject of heat for the campus explained to us in detail. Our chief impression (not having delved deeply into the subject of Heat Power Engineering as yet) was that of awe at the tremendous forces that a man can control with just the twist of a wrist or the push of a button.

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While casting about for material for this month's column, we wondered what went on in the private lives of the famous members of our engineering faculty, after spending the day in expounding the theories of this and that to embryo engineers. With the aid of a few detectives and a little keyhole work, we managed to gather the following startling facts. Professor French of the Engineering Drawing Department is a noted collector of etchings and engravings and has a very valuable collection of rare prints. He is quite an authority on the subject and frequently is called upon to deliver lectures over the country. Professor Meiklejohn's chief passion is his Buick, taking it out for an airing along with the wife almost every night. If a mirror ever passes by you on wheels bearing a Buick label, you know you have seen The Buick. Dean Hitchcock spends most of his spare time tinkering about his home and is interested in devising labor-saving devices for household work. Dean Turn-bull's interests, however, are in other fields. His chief hobby is lettering, a subject on which he is a national authority. He is especially interested in older forms of alphabets. He also is avidly interested in books on travel and ancient architecture. Professor Younger, better known as "Chief," is an ardent gardener, photographer, and opera singer. How is that for a variety of spare-time occupations? Professor Marquis of the M.E. Department is an enthusiastic boatman and spends a great deal of the summers on the bounding waves of Buckeye Lake. Professor Boyd, in the Mechanical Department, of slide rule fame, declared his only passion was to see that his students learned the multiplication table. Will all those fellows please rise to verify this? Professor Sherman, head of the C.E. Department, is a great lover of the out-of-doors and enjoys nothing better than camping out, which we would say fits in right with his profession. We also have it on good authority that Professor Alpheus Smith, head of the Physics Department, enjoys picture shows.

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Well, fellows, we must bring this to a close, take our departure in our left hand, and beat it. We hope you have enjoyed reading this column, as well as the whole magazine, and we anticipate being back with you again next year with a bigger and better Ohio State Engineer. So it's "So long, goodbye, and good luck" until next fall.—J. E. B.

Little girl to nurse: "Say, when I grow up will I have a mustache on my lips like Daddy's?"
Nurse: "You probably will very often, my dear."

The Dean of Women was lecturing to a group of young women. During the lecture she said, "I regret to say that there has been kissing going on under my very nose."

Sophomore: "Why is it that gentlemen prefer blondes?"
Frost: "I bite, why is it?"
Seph: "Where there's light, there's heat."

The story goes that on a bitter cold morning Harry Lauder was playing his usual round of golf. At the end of the round he slipped something into the caddy's hand and said kindly, "That's for a glass of hot whisky, my man."
The caddy opened his hand and discovered a lump of sugar! —N. Y. Morning Telegraph.

It is a fact that singing is extremely beneficial in certain cases of deafness, says a medical column. And vice-versa. —Life.