Title: Sez Mrs. Engineer

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Issue Date: 1940-04

Publisher: Ohio State University, College of Engineering

Citation: Ohio State Engineer, vol. 23, no. 5 (April, 1940), 17.

URI: http://hdl.handle.net/1811/35700
SEZ MRS. ENGINEER
By Professor J. E. Kaufuss
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My husband's quite a fellow,
As wife, I hold him dear
But regarding work around home
He's just an engineer.

He can weigh a drop of water
Get discharge from a weir
When it comes to washing dishes
Why, HE'S an ENGINEER.

He can run all sorts of slide rules
Or figure hoisting gear
But to fix a balky window
He's just an engineer.

He knows his watts and amperes
Yet, when my iron's acting queer
He calls up an electrical repairman
He's just an engineer.

A faucet leaks a little
You may dripping water hear,
But hubby calls the plumber
He's just an engineer.

When our auto gets the palsy
Or its sounds offend the ear,
The wrecking car is called for
By this husband engineer.

He can measure up a farm lot
Or a city lot that's dear
But a curtain's length's beyond him
He's just an engineer.

He can handle men and people
But when the children jeer
He says I should correct them
For HE'S an engineer.

If a chair gets weak and creaky
And to sit therein we fear
He takes it to the attic
For he's just an engineer.

He can figure costs and values
But to choose a piece of steer
Is very much beyond him
For he's just an engineer.

He can smelt some ore and make iron
But a piece of toast he'll sear
He scorches boiling water
He's just an engineer.

He can dig a hole to China
But not spade the garden near
He cannot fix the door step
He's just an engineer.

He's very much efficient
But his clothes lie here and there
In his work, he has great order
But at home, he's an engineer.

'Tis I who run the family,
The household's engineer,
And the one who's mostly useless
Is my husband ENGINEER.

Courtesy Penn State Engineer.