THE CREATION OF THE CHEMICAL ENGINEERS

Strange things were done in the midnight sun by the Class of '42;
The High street lights have seen queer sights that would turn your blood to glue;
The Northern trails have their queer tales, but the queerest we ever did hear;
Was that day in June, so very soon, we became Chemical Engineers.

I entered OSU, as most of you, and thereupon met my fate;
The freshman year was easy, it's clear, and the sophomore year was great;
I looked with fear at my junior year, but before it had ever begun
There came to me from out of nowhere, Dr. Owens and Koffolt.

We suffered it's true, but how about you? You can't say it's all our fault;
Besides soon after we met our master, the one and only Koffolt.
691 was a breeze, they say, a snap for you and me;
But if it's so, then I'm sure I know it snapped the sap out of me.

Problems, notebooks, midterms and daily quizzes;
Gone were the days of Pink Ladies and Gin Fizzes;
Joe never hit us, it was against the law, but he looked at us with hate;
When we came through, as we usually do, with our measly 48.

Then came the Spring when the birdies sing and with it our vacation;
But instead of relaxing we took a trip through this great and mighty nation;
Cleveland, Niagara, Rochester, New York, trains, plants, aluminum, cork;
Till we babbled and cried, but exhausted outside we even sat down and ate pork.

The following June we whistled a tune as to 694 we went;
But some of the boys couldn't make that noise—they were down at Knox in a tent.
They say with a sigh I'm a lucky guy to go in as a second looey;
But as for us give us the Navy—to the army we say phooey.

Came this Fall we answered the call of dear old 706;
The midnight oil we burnt it royal till it put us in a fix;
We sweated and bled till our eyes were red and our backs were bent in two;
Sam McGee from Tennessee had life better than me and you.

This went on, our souls were gone, we were cold and clammy to touch;
Owens and Herndon thought it was fun,—about as funny as a crutch;
Jimmy Pence put in his two cents which was all we could hope to bear;
Till I passed out cold, I'd lost my hold—Man, I didn't even care.

After a month's rest even the best weren't quite up to snuff;
But hoping anew all but a few showed us they had the stuff;
They're here tonight from Arnold to White and what a motley crew;
They belong in a cage in the center of the stage if it's all the same to you.

Of course you know wherever you go you'll remember a certain man;
He cracked the whip with never a slip as only Withrow can;
He's strong for Britain, and it's only fittin' we render our thanks galore;
He done us right with all his might—We couldn't have asked for more.

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THE SECOND DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

In America, science is discovering a vast new world—a stupendous world that Columbus never dreamed of. This new America is boundless. Its riches are infinite, thanks in large measure to the magic of synthetic organic chemistry. One of the discoveries in this field is an amazing series of synthetic plastics—"Vinylite" resins.

In one form or another, these astounding materials appear in such diverse essentials as food-can linings . . . and tank-car linings; as airplane cockpit covers . . . and non-flammable insulation for vital electrical wiring; as corrosion-resistant wrappings for cross-continental pipe lines . . . and welders'oggles; as the thin film on paper which is put inside bottle caps . . . and as the invisible interlayer in the sandwich of safety glass.

"Vinylite" resins can be formed, drawn, laminated, and bonded. In basic form, they are odorless, tasteless, and non-toxic, and range from non-flammable to slow-burning. They can be made stiff or flexible . . . hard or soft . . . colorless or almost any color under the sun . . . transparent, translucent, or opaque. And the result is resistant to oxidation . . . waterproof . . . alcohol, alkalis, and acid-resistant.

These unusual properties have created a heavy demand for "Vinylite" resins, particularly to meet defense needs. This is why it is not possible, at present, to supply all manufacturers of articles for personal and home use with all the "Vinylite" resins needed. Against the return of more normal times, when larger quantities for normal uses will again be available, manufacturers are invited to test these new plastics . . . to develop new and improved things to be made from them . . . so that all can benefit from the discovery of "Vinylite" resins.

"Vinylite" resins and plastics are supplemented by the well-known products of Bakelite Corporation. The resins themselves are produced by Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Corporation. Certain elastic sheetings and films are made from these resins and marketed by National Carbon Company, Inc., under the trade-mark "Krene," while other compounded forms useful in electrical insulation are marketed by Halowax Corporation. The manufacture of all these products has been greatly facilitated by the metallurgical experience of Electro Metallurgical Company and Haynes Stellite Company and by the metal-fabricating knowledge of The Linde Air Products Company. All of these companies are Units of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation.

CARBIDE AND CARBON CHEMICALS CORPORATION
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
30 East 42nd Street
New York, N. Y.
Producers of Synthetic Organic Chemicals
THE CREATION OF THE
CHEMICAL ENGINEERS
(Continued from Page 4)

The four long years have drowned our fears and what's more
we'll never regret it;
The friends we made, the foundations laid, I know we'll
never forget it.
The time is near, but never fear, we'll all come back some day,
And when we do, I'm telling you, Adolph will be packed away.
So au revoir, it's off to Belvoir, we're out to change the world;
And we won't stop till we're on top with the Stars and Stripes
unfurled.
It matters not how straight the gate; how charged with sunshine
the scroll;
I am the master of my fate. I am the captain of my soul.
—A. R. Lieverman.
A tiny pin-hole in a telephone cable can admit moisture, causing short circuits and service interruptions. But Bell System men have found a way of beating this trouble to the punch.

They charge the cable with dry nitrogen under pressure. Then should a leak develop, the escaping gas keeps moisture out. Instruments on the cable detect the drop in pressure... sound an alarm at a nearby station... indicate the approximate location of the break. A repair crew is quickly on its way.

To maintain and improve America's all-important telephone service, men of the Bell System are constantly searching for the better way. Pioneering minds find real opportunity in telephone work.