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EDITORIAL

AMERICAN CERAMIC SOCIETY

The twenty-seventh annual convention of the American Ceramic Society during the week of February 16th to 21st was one of the most informative and extensive in scope that has yet been held by that body. The men numbering nearly a thousand represented an international membership.

Lord Hall was given over entirely to the meetings and the local committees, headed by Professor A. S. Watts, head of the department of Ceramic Engineering at Ohio State University, were energetic in their endeavors to secure facilities and service for the University's guests.

The Ceramic manufacturers and makers of equipment and materials reserved exhibit space in Lord Hall, there being about seventy companies thus represented. In the west wing of the first floor products from the Ceramic schools were shown. Representatives from eleven collegiate ceramic departments were present at the convention.

President Thompson delivered the address of welcome Monday morning, and the general sessions that completed the day included an address by R. L. Landrum, president of the American Ceramic Society, and Dr. Edward Orton, Jr., who was largely responsible for America's first Ceramic school at Ohio State, told the story of its founding. Collegiate Ceramic education was the theme of the Monday addresses, since this convention was celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of the introduction of such training.

Social events included a dance at the gymnasium Monday night after our basketball victory over Michigan, and the annual banquet at the Hotel Deshler Tuesday night.

Three days of the week were given over to the division meetings which characterize this society's meetings. About 150 technical papers were read at these sessions. These papers and the discussions that followed them were of most interest to Ceramic students, and the division rooms were crowded almost throughout the duration of these sessions.

The visiting delegates took advantage of the inspection trips to Ohio ceramic plants, which marked the close of the convention week. Next year's convention will be held at Atlantic City.

SPRING

SPRING HAS COME! spring has come! Sprig has Cub! Which way does it affect you?

To some students it means a change of habits, dress and recreation. As we walk across the campus on days when the sun is shining brightly, something inside seems to swell up like a balloon being filled with gas. Rockers will be hauled out on porches again and swings will hold full sway. Some students will become afflicted with their annual attack of spring fever and classes will show a marked decrease in attendance as a result. The co-eds will come in for their share of attention, too. No doubt a lot of oil will be used for musical instruments of all kinds from a mouth organ to a harp. After a brief period of intense practice the serenaders will sally forth and sorority houses will again become the scene of much talent, musical and otherwise.

Baseball gloves will be dug out of closets and tennis rackets will be taken from their place of repose above the moulding. The change of dress, for those who can afford it, has already been started. Fashion says that knickers will be very popular this spring. Won't it look nice to see a field class in civil engineering running around the campus with their knickers flapping in

the wind like a clothes line full of clothes? Or, in a class in machine laboratory, a lot of tools could be kept in them if the bottoms were tied shut so as to form a duplex bag. Neckties will show a marked increase in color and variety. Smoked glasses should be sold with each tie to prevent sore eyes. Who knows what the co-eds will wear? This is the type of student to whom SPRING HAS COME.

SPRING HAS COME meets spring has come and slaps him on the back, "Wake up old fellow, don't you know that spring is here?" To this inquiry spring has come looks at SPRING HAS COME with an expression on his face like a blank check and says, "Yeh, have you got your mechanics for today"? Grrr! someone is always walking around with a black jack. This type of student does nothing but go to class every day in the same old manner and the same old way. All days look alike to him, as do all seasons. If it rains he puts his rubbers on and takes his umbrella along; if the sun shines he doesn't. He isn't interested in anything in particular and half the time doesn't know what is going on around him. He may go to a show now and then, but he doesn't care particularly about them. When this type of student reaches the pearly gates of the great beyond he will probably ask St. Peter what kind of lighting system they have inside. St. Peter's come back will be, "Boy, I know you can't play a harp. You're on the wrong floor. Take the elevator and go all the way to the basement." Are you of this type?

Sprig has Cub is an unfortunate situation that may happen to both of the above type of student. The rapid change of weather in the spring may account for this. When we have a cold we don't feel like doing anything and we can not appreciate one of the best seasons of the year. Every one should take care that they do not catch a cold. It is liable to lead to something even more unpleasant and necessitate their dropping out of school.

At any rate spring is here and the temptation to let our studies slide by and enjoy the fresh air, etc., will be strong. It is up to each one of us to get our work out and enjoy as much of the season as possible afterward. It is up to each one to work out his or her own salvation during the next three months.

Anyway, SPRING HAS COME!

P. S.—As this is being written there is a little snow on the ground and my fingers are almost frozen. The janitor must be on a strike. The Lion is here and must have brought all the little lions with him.

WHEN IS A TRUST

Congress, ever probing, points its finger toward the General Electric Company, and directs the Federal Trade Commission to determine whether or not that company is exercising a monopoly in restraint of trade. The subject becomes one of interest to engineers for perhaps no other organization employs so many technically trained men.

The General Electric Company, founded in 1892, employs over 74,000 workers and has stock valued at \$200,000,000. Its rise has accompanied intimately the growth of electrical public utilities in this country, for it helped to finance them through its subsidiary, The Electric Bond and Share Co. Therein lies the reason for investigation; through this method of financing the General Electric is indirectly a large security holder in many companies.

The investigation, being entrusted to the Trade Commission instead of to a Senate committee, will lack fulmination and unfounded accusations, and should throw a more definite light on the status of large corporations.

WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

This topic will no doubt be the cause of much discussion on the campus for some time to come, because of the lecture recently given at the chapel by Percy Marks.

Leaving Percy Marks out of the discussion altogether, and looking at it from a student's point of view, just why are we here? The real cause for most of us being here, whether we admit it or not, is to increase our earning capacity. Statistics have proven that college men receive higher salaries than non-college men, taking the groups as a whole.

It is frequently stated that upon being asked as to why they are going to college, few students can give a definite answer. Is it necessary to know? Absolutely not. Of course, if one has a definite purpose in mind, that individual will get just so much more out of his college life.

We are all probably here because we had the opportunity to come. For some, the opportunity comes only after hard work; for others it is a natural sequence to a series of events: out of high school into college.

For some, college may give an opportunity to find what they are best fitted for and like most. It may help others to become better citizens. It creates a fuller understanding of life, which enables the college student to enjoy this life to somewhere near its fullest extent. It does, or should, teach the student how to think and arrive at some definite conclusion on a subject. Still it seems as though we think in circles sometimes.

These things the college life should give. Unless it does give these and many others besides, college training is a failure. It cannot train us to step out of school with our sheepskins and demand a five thousand dollar jog; try and get one at three thousand for that matter.

This may seem like oranges to some, but nevertheless, it is as true as finals. Think it over. Are you getting these things from your college life?

ENDEAVOR

Jack Dempsey was having a sparring match with one of the members of his training corps. His sparring partner was a huge lumber jack, of Spartan physique, a head taller than the champion and sixty pounds heavier. After a few seconds of easy fisticuffs, Dempsey landed a slow punch on the midriff of the man of the forest, who crumpled to the canvas and lay still. Accused of hitting too hard for mere practice sessions, Dempsey protested:

"I didn't know I was hitting hard. I wasn't trying."

They could not convince him that he had really knocked the man out.

What a sensation, to accomplish when deliberately undershooting the mark! What confidence in his power he must feel when he does this. We might try to experience the same thrill for ourselves by looking among our friends for an easy mark, and forthwith doing damage to his body with a malicious fist. Those of us whose immediate circle of friends are not broad-minded enough to let us get away with this must remain content with the thought that this sensation is after all a rather common one.

Haven't you gone to a mid-term all set to answer anything at all, and pulled down a mark somewhere near the square root of the one you thought you would get? And perhaps the next time you came half prepared and scored an A? You have done well in spite of yourself.

Sports authorities say that the effectiveness of Mr. Dempsey's right upper extremity is due to the fact that he does not over try. Similarly, Mr. Hagen can out

drive stronger men because he devotes more attention to balance than to the force of his swing. Mr. Ruth occasionally involves himself in a cross country tour of the bases by swinging and connecting at the proper instant, and letting the power take care of itself.

This doesn't mean that we shouldn't do any work. All these men train hard. But it may be that you mental athletes can profit by a tip from the champions and learn not to over try. However, the real truth is probably this: we would all have to try ten times as hard as we do now before there would be the faintest grounds for even a suspicion that we were over trying.

UTOPIA

We dreamed the other night we were in a technical school of our own fashioning. We had just completed a test on a Bocker-Steeler spooferator to determine its external moral characteristics, emotional qualities and its executive ability. We had put all the apparatus neatly away when some one touched us on the shoulder. It was our laboratory instructor. He proceeded to ask us questions about what we had just done. He demanded our conclusions, looked over our notes, and finally said we could go, after writing some brief symbol in his book.

"What right have you," we questioned, "to detain us like this? Here are ten minutes wasted which we might have been devoting to our report."

"Report?" he said, mildly astonished, "what report? There is no report, my good man. The word is unfamiliar to me."

He was looking at us as though we were quite insane.

"Perhaps," he said, in a gallant effort to restore his confidence in our sanity, "you mean a choice bit of scandal, or, let us say, the report of a gun."

"No," we came back decisively, determined to hold our ground, and yield not an inch to anyone so plainly ignorant of what was being done in the most exclusive circles. "We refer to the diminutive book we must turn in to you about this two hours' work we just finished, containing the title of the experiment (written on a separate page to add bulk), a review of the hide and seek game called *apparatus used*, in which we must discover some identifying mark you have placed on these instruments, an outline of the theory of this excellent spooferator and the things pertaining thereto, the procedure we followed, including the exact time of every overt act and the color of necktie worn—"

"My good man," he interrupted, "why—"

"Every effort," we continued fearlessly, refusing to be overridden before we were through, "should be made to make five pages of quadruple spaced report material where but three lines were before. If pressed for bulk, one should add pages from the manufacturer's catalog, his own portrait and a list of advertisers. Always—"

"My fine fellows," he began, and we saw we were boring him with our onslaught, "It sounds like a bad dream to me. I have just found out what you know about this excellent spooferator in the best possible manner. We talked together. Why should I allow you to perform your work as you say is the proper way? I have no time to waste burying myself in such a mass of material, and certainly you, in preparing it, would go to no end of useless effort. It is the most asinine way I could think of to—"

The tinkle of a bell reminded us that it was time to get up if we wanted to finish that report on time, and we meandered down the stairs mumbling something about report blanks, blank, blank, blank.