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THE LIFE OF AN ELECTRICAL ENGINEER IN THE M. E. DEPARTMENT

By GORDON C. HARVEY, E.E. 3

Editor's Note.—This is one of the series of articles that was submitted in the recent Eta Kappa Nu, honorary electrical engineering fraternity, magazine article competition.

There is no doubt in my mind that for some, an electrical engineering curriculum heavily bespattered with mechanical engineering has some flavor. Otherwise, under the present system, some fifty students would be receiving an extra degree, each year, besides the one which they signed up for.

I envy these students these faculties which I can never hope to acquire. How they can chase velocity heads through venturi meters for hours without forcing the mercury into the line or keep from getting hot under the collar when one of the department instructors appears and announces that the test must be repeated, is surely a mystery to me.

To the casual observer it would seem that a two-hour course would be a "pipe," but let him that thinks so sit through a four-hour lecture some morning on Oil Testing with a Heat Engines midterm slated for the next hour. If this does not work on his nerves he either has none or is heavily encrusted with Stoicism.

Then after a hard Saturday morning (8-12) getting burned with steam, spattered with flying oil, stumbling over waste cans, and getting dizzy dodging in and out of offices and hidden nooks in the building in search of knowledge in the form of an instructor in order to get him to O.K. your data and to check you out of lab, you breathe easier to think you have one whole big day to yourself in which you will not be led astray by B. & W. boilers, multiple stage turbines, with their trade names, and other nightmares that are always prevalent during the week.

Then comes "blue Monday" with its heartaches and sorrows and a new problem in that seemingly insurmountable barrier called Machine Design. If you aren't traveling along on a point on a rolling circle describing hypo-cycloids, besides being bothered by such professional terms as angle of obliquity, angularity, pitch point, infinite loads, etc., you are trying, to the best of your ability, to remember what last week's problem was about so that you can finish it and get it in on time to avoid that seemingly necessary cut of about twenty per cent from your grade.

Following this comes a great revelation. You go to Machine Design lecture and lo and behold, if you can manage to stay awake, you learn that what you were doing in lab this morning is supposed not to be done amongst the better circles.

Then for an hour you travel through unexplored territory. From discs of equal strength to the use of air as a lubricant in a bearing you romp until the bell finally rings and some kind soul, that was not smitten so hard, gently taps you on the shoulder and you come to the realization that as far as you are concerned the lecture is over.

That night you are rudely awakened from a pleasant dream by too much hoop stress, or flying buckets, or collapsing boiler tubes, and you finally

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realize that you have been wading through another mare's-nest made up of anything from a mud-drum to a Pony Brake. After due deliberation you wonder if there wasn't really some good sense to the question that an old, out-of-town lady asked. It was, "Isn't the sanatorium for feeble-minded a branch of the University?" At any rate it sets one to wondering why it is such a dishonor to burn out an electrical meter when all the time you were thinking of the overload capacities of a boiler.

Note: To whom it may concern: All due apologies will be submitted by the author on request.
