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EDITORIAL

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THOMAS ALVA EDISON

The death of Thomas A. Edison, at his East Orange home, leaves a vacancy in the scientific world that will not be filled in the near future. Many men have made valuable contributions to the world of science but none have equaled in number those of Edison. Practically his entire life was spent in inventing, designing, and building. The electric light and the phonograph are only two of the hundreds of devices that stand as monuments to his achievement.

The question arises as to whether there will ever be another man who will be able to equal his record. If there is such a man, gifted scientifically to an equal or greater degree than Edison, let us hope his talents, also, will be directed along lines that will benefit mankind. It is, however, hard to conceive of an invention that will mean more to humanity than the incandescent light meant when it was first introduced.

THE NEW BRIDGE

With the opening of the new George Washington Bridge across the Hudson at Fort Lee, N. J., another great engineering feat has become one of the necessities of life. The longest suspension bridge in the world, it is more than twice as long as its closest competitor, the Ambassador Bridge, in Detroit.

Already thousands of people are using it daily. In a short time they will be wondering how they were able to get along without it. Thus we see the inventions and the products of engineering skill and genius become integral parts of the life of the nation the moment they are released for the use of the public.

In this case it is a bridge, not only highly utilitarian but also a thing of beauty, which points to engineering as one of the most important and useful callings a man can follow.

THE ROUNDUP IS COMING

Thursday, December 3, has been set as the day for the annual Engineers Roundup, sponsored by Engineers Council. This year the Roundup will be held in the Armory. This is a new departure, as in the past Robinson Laboratory and the Experiment Station have been the scene of the annual get-together. The Armory should prove to be an excellent place for the Roundup, one advantage being that a stage will be erected in one end of the big hall.

The Council is busy making plans that should make this the biggest and best Roundup in the history of the college.

ON GROWING UP

WHO can forget the agonies of being half-way between youth and manhood? At fourteen, I had a passionate desire to own a beard as heavy as my father's. Anxious and repeated glances into the mirror failed to reveal any encouraging growth. Then I heard a story of how a beardless man, mortified by the taunts of his companions, began to shave every day. In a short time he had a real beard, and it was not long before he was wearing a mustache. That was really a ray of hope appearing on the horizon of my manhood. A hurried and secretive trip to a down-town store secured a razor that was "Made in Germany." Many days of carefully scraping my tender skin, in a secluded spot so that no one should learn of my desire, failed to bring the longed-for results. So the razor was regretfully put away, never to be used again.

After entering high school, I began to take dancing lessons from the same instructor who taught my mother. Somehow I had prevailed on my folks to buy me an odd pair of long trousers that matched fairly well a coat purchased with my last suit of short pants. My first "long trousers." I was really quite a man, that is, in my own

estimation, when I attended dancing class wearing those long trousers. However, Mother would not consent to my wearing them to school, nor would she buy me a new suit with long trousers until I had worn out my short-trousered suit. A straw mat that used to rest in front of our old coal stove helped the coat of that suit to grow very thread-bare. Kneeling in front of the mat, I see-sawed my elbows back and forth until the coat was no longer fit to wear. A very rough sidewalk in front of the house and a game called "Roman Chariot" took care of the trousers. I was the chariot, the seat of my trousers replaced the wheels, and a friend acted as a horse, grasping my ankles and pulling me back and forth across the rough walk. Mother never quite understood why that last suit of short trousers wore out so quickly.

I have now reached that long-desired state known as manhood. During my vacation, I didn't shave for two weeks, much to the chagrin of my wife. And I have recently become the proud possessor of a knicker suit.

—E. F. S.

HOWDY, PAL!

IN a college as large as Ohio State University, the problem of establishing friendships with others is apt to be a trying one. Frequently we go to a class, work there for fifty minutes and leave for another made up of an entirely different group of students. Skipping about on the campus like this results in seeing many people but knowing few. Of course it's discouraging to a shy lad because he doesn't get to see one group long enough to really establish contact with them. Here's a tip for the shy ones (and those merely politely aloof): step up to your classmate, look him in the eye, smile that smile that toothpaste companies cry for, and make yourself known in a clear and pleasant voice. You'll meet a lot of people of the kind you've always wanted to know.

—H. M. M.

CINDER PATHS

BENEATH my window is an ash pile. There is a "high-water" mark on my bathtub. My washwoman just bought a new car, and still my socks are dirty. I write of cinder paths and the hardships of the suffering pedestrian.

An aeroplane view of the campus in the 1931 *Makio* shows a remarkably complete selection of paths—a display unequalled by any other university. Even since the printing of this picture, the power plant has donated 6,117,120 cubic inches of cinders (actual measurements) to the Oval alone. These cinders have been used to make 1,019,520 square inches of paths. At the present rate of expansion it will take only eleven and one-half years for the Oval to become one huge ash pile. By that time I hope that there will be a sufficient number of laundries to keep the students in decently respectable condition, enough time between classes so that all will have time to wash, and that there will have been invented a cinder-proof shoe. The inventor of such a necessary contrivance as this last would surely make his millions.

This strictly practical side is not the only angle at which the question can be viewed. Where, I ask you, is the beauty in a cinder path? Poets may rave about winding cow paths, brick walks, and even board walks, but show me the poet who has a keen enough imagination to sing of a cinder path. Artists may sketch campus scenes, but I have yet to see the artist who does not substitute a brick, cement, or even a dirt walk for one of these gritty eyesores.

I have heard that there is supposed to be a sort of rustic beauty in cinder paths that is not appreciated by the ordinary person. A definition of the "ordinary person" might fit in well with this part of the discussion. It will suffice to say that I am still hunting the person who is not "ordinary" in this respect. In case there is a person who thinks a cinder path has its beauty, I would enjoy laughing at him when he tries to see the beauty in a good-sized chunk of one that the wind has blown into his eye.

If the cinder path admirer exists, I know that his mother has never had to dig cinders out of his knees and the palms of his hands, after a fall. If such a person is alive, tell him of Ohio State—this is the place for him.

—C. L. T.

ON READING EDITORIALS

A FEW months ago a friend asked me if I had read a certain editorial which at that time was causing considerable comment. His look of surprise, when I replied that I had not, has made me editorial-conscious. Until then I had always passed by "page 4." It was an effort at first for me to read about Farm Relief and kindred subjects. Arguments pro and con concerning the gas rate left me cold.

But the editorial page is not limited to these two subjects. The range of topics is almost unlimited. One is whisked from a discussion of our Foreign Policy to Traffic Congestion and then back again perhaps to our South American trade. Now at a glance I can pick out the ones which I know will be of interest to me. In a few seconds I find myself disagreeing with or acclaiming the views of the editor. An editorial is "good" when it is well written and presents a forceful argument. Regardless of how heartily the reader may approve of the editor's view, an editorial is "bad" when it contains a misstatement of facts. "Page 4" has become a challenge and a delight to me.—J. P. L.

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A pessimist is a person who expects nothing and is disappointed if he doesn't get it.

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This education business is a queer thing. The uneducated know nothing about everything, while the educated know a little about nothing. Those who have doctor's degrees know a whole lot about nothing.