

The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University
Ohio State Engineer

Title: Cranks and Countershafts

Issue Date: Oct-1933

Publisher: Ohio State University, College of Engineering

Citation: Ohio State Engineer, vol. 17, no. 1 (October, 1933), 20.

URI: <http://hdl.handle.net/1811/35077>

Appears in Collections: [Ohio State Engineer: Volume 17, no. 1 \(October, 1933\)](#)

Cranks and Countershafts

Hamlet's Collegiate Flivver

To run, or not to run; that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The bumps and noises of a worn out flivver,
Or to take arms against a score of rattles
And by tightening, end them. To ride: to rest
No more; for by a ride we know we end
Our comfort, and the thousand jarring shocks
The car is heir to, 'tis a certain pleasure
Devoutly to be avoided. To ride—to swoon;
To swoon, perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub.
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
Of cars unlike our own, with smooth performance
That we all envy; there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the bumps and jolts of time,
The motor's knock, the springs' inflexibility,
The bangs of blown-out tires, the gear's delay,
The insolence of rattles, and the dust
Of other cars much quieter than ours,
When he himself might all his troubles end
By buying a new car? For who would wish
To grunt and sweat under a weary car
But for the dread of being stranded in
That sparsely settled country from whose roads
Pedestrians ne'er return? This lack of cash
Will make us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of;
This money shortage makes us cowards all,
And thus the resolution to repair
Is sicklied o'er with visions of new cars;
And so the ancient cars of yesteryear
Are sometimes patched, but oftener left to rust
And lose the name of action.

Ten Little Bootleggers

Ten little bootleggers, running beer and wine;
One made a fortune, then there were nine.
Nine little bootleggers, feeling most elate;
One got boastful, then there were eight.
Eight little bootleggers thought of hell and heaven;
One got religion, then there were seven.
Seven little bootleggers in a tight fix;
One began to shoot it out, then there were six.
Six little bootleggers; the agents on a drive
Listened to a squealer, then there were five.
Five little bootleggers; one had a store,
Forgot to pay the grafter's fee, then there were four.
Four little bootleggers all in need of cheer,
Sampled their own stuff—our story ends right here.

Some Bird

A little boy's essay on geese:

"A geese is a low, heavy set boid which is mostly meet and feathers. His head sits on one side and he sits on the other. A geese can't sing much on account of dampness of the moisture. He ain't got no between-his-toes and he's got a little balloon on his stomach to keep him from sinking. Some geeses when they gets big has curls on their tails and is called ganders. Ganders don't haff to sit and hatch, but just eat and loaf, and go swimmin'. If I was a goose, I'd rather be a gander."

There is not a great deal of difference between a woman and an automobile. You've got to have a license to own one; most of them knock; they stall when you least expect it; and in most accidents it's only a matter of a little paint knocked off. —Selected.

Two ladies stopped at a livery stable and asked for a gentle horse to drive.

The liveryman brought out one, saying: "This horse is perfectly gentle so long as you don't let the rein get under his tail."

Within a few hours they returned. "How did you get along?" asked the liveryman.

"Oh, we got along just fine. Had a couple of showers while we were out, but we took turns holding the parasol over the horse's tail." —Selected.

"The sedan," he says, "was parked at the side of the road, and as I drew near I could hear noises of a struggle within. I could hear a rustle, probably of silk, and the muffled panting of a man. The body of the car swayed slightly to and fro. I heard a curse, and then, again, the muffled panting. I crept softly around to the side, looked into the window, and saw—A man trying to fold a road map the same as it had been."

And then there's the poor fellow who got a shoe shine and then remembered he had on his room-mate's shoes.

Bill: "And when I kissed her, there was the odor of tobacco on her lips."

Jim: "You don't object to your girl smoking, do you?"

Bill: "No, but she doesn't smoke."

"Speaking of yachting parties," said the girl who swam home, "some fellows are too f.o.b." —Selected.