

The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University

Ohio State Engineer

Title: Cranks and Countershafts

Issue Date: Mar-1935

Publisher: Ohio State University, College of Engineering

Citation: Ohio State Engineer, vol. 18, no. 5 (March, 1935), 14.

URI: <http://hdl.handle.net/1811/35192>

Appears in Collections: [Ohio State Engineer: Volume 18, no. 5 \(March, 1935\)](#)

Cranks and Countershafts

"Girls were harder to kiss in your day, weren't they, grandpa?"

"Mebbe, Mebbe," ventured the old man. "But it wasn't so blamed dangerous. The old parlor sofa wouldn't smash into a tree about that time."—*The California Engineer*.

A man in the insane asylum sat fishing over a flower bed. A visitor approached, and wishing to be affable remarked: "How many have you caught?" "You're the ninth," was the reply.—*The Log*.

That's the Hell of It

A Modern Tragedy in Two Acts and Two Scenes

Act I.

Scene I.

Setting—Heaven: entrance to the Golden Gate.

Amid loud blasting of trumpets and flashing of lightning, our hero appears clad in corduroy pants and a green shirt bearing a white shamrock, and badly in need of a shave.

St. Peter: Welcome, stranger; the gates are ajar.

Engineer (our hero): A jar? Not according to the 1935 Specifications of the United American Amalgamated Corn Liquor Brewers Association. And another thing about your gate—I noticed the tensile stress in the upper beam is more than double that of the combined stresses in the other three members.

St. Peter: I see that you are a member of that lowly class around whose domicile the grass grows greenest. Spread not your useless words about the threshold of these, our golden gates.

Engineer: Golden, hell! Even the lowliest frosh can perceive that these gates are merely iron sulfide, commonly termed fool's gold. And by the way, St. Pat, beg pardon, St. Peter, how about passing your most beautiful and charming angels in review?

(At a command from St. Peter the angels pass in review.)

Engineer: Out of all your angles, pardon, I mean angles, there is none whose pulchritude is comparable to our Queen.

St. Peter (becoming angry): Shuckins! You and your technical phrases, your cosines, thetas, and mathematical jargon—what do you know of life and beauty—why, you probably don't even know what a kiss is!

Engineer: Well, Pete, speaking from an engineering standpoint: a kiss is an anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicular muscles in the state of contraction.

St. Peter (tearing his hair and bending his staff into a hyperbolic parabola): Gabriel! Sound a blast of thy trumpet to bring forth a vehicle for transporting this piece of human machinery to the infernal regions. (Gabriel sounds his trumpet and falls to the ground exhausted.)

Engineer (head bowed with sorrow): Alas, lack a day! My expectations have come to naught. In the land where I expected PV to always be equal to wRT and the flow of gas through an orifice to cause no change in internal energy, there lies Garbo, pardon, Gabriel, his internal energy completely transformed into losses.

(Asbestos.)

Act II.

Scene I.

Setting: As the curtain rises the entire infernal region may be seen. After the pause of a length of time equal to that required for a frosh to prepare a military art lesson, Engineer enters followed by the devil himself. Engineer sniffs the fumes issuing from the pits of the region of torment and breaks into eloquence thusly:

Engineer: So you are the devil? How's tricks? Old fellow, I'm sorry to disillusion you, but these fumes are not those from burning brimstone but a mixture of H₂S and CO₂. And your amount of CO₂ is not even comparable with the amount Mr. Price had in his little boiler when Triple B. Owen blew the lid off. You need an expert like me to redesign your heating system and increase the thermal efficiency of Hell.

Devil (gleefully): You are the answer to my prayers. I have been keeping the home fires burning for a guy like you. Come with me and you can start to work at once.

(The devil leads the engineer into a room at one side. After viewing the contents of the room, the engineer becomes so elated that he affectionately kicks the devil on his pitchfork. Entropy diagrams, steam charts, saturation curves, and other paraphernalia line the walls. On the desk can be seen reams of paper, pencils and all of the latest engineering handbooks. Engineer hangs his jacket on the devil's left horn and fills his odoriferous pipe with good old Heifer's Delight. Suddenly engineer's face becomes forlorn. He turns to the devil.)

Engineer: I say, hot shot, I lost my lóglog in a crap game back on my days on earth—do you happen to have a slip-stick handy?

Devil: We don't allow those contrivances down here. You see—THAT'S THE HELL OF IT!

(Fireproof.)

—*Arkansas Engineer*.