

The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University

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THE I. E.'ERS

In someway, we heard that Pete Morrison did not think that the Lantern did right by the I. E. seniors in their last write-up on the departments in Engineering, so we're taking that as a challenge, and we're going to give you the "inside" on these boys—and the Profs.

Have you ever heard of anyone called "Snowshoes." **Richard Henry Aue**, the Wapakoneta flash, is the tall red-haired chap who goes by this title. A most absentious lad is Dick, who has attained fame as the athletic manager who never went to a contest. And, we also heard that he works his midterms in the last five minutes of the hour. A good point "Red," you should work them, you know. It seems that Bell Telephone is calling him to the front at the end of the year.

The I. E. Dept. claims to have the only prodigy, who has learned the first lesson in etiquette, in **R. W. Aungst**. That lesson, it seems, was a good one. Incidentally, the breach took place at Philly, Penn.

And, in accordance with the ways of human nature, **Hugh Bone** forges forth and assumes the role of Don Juan for the I. E.'s. We heard that he was in love, but perhaps the girls just sorta chase him. Quite a few girls have said that he is the most handsome brute who has ever graduated from Industrial. Of course, that's their point of view, and you know, girls will be girls.

Jack Burnham, the likeable chap who never loosens up much until you know him well, has been different from "Snowshoes", in that he did very well as athletic manager.

And say, if you have a good joke, and if you really want to know if it's any good just tell it to **L. J. Copp**, and if he laughs you'll know that it's darned good.

"**Doc**" **Crummer**, that powerful exponent of down-cast humor, seems to lurk in the very shadows of the I. E. building all the time. We've heard that he is a Canadian horse expert. Take it for what it is worth. At present, it seems that "Doc" has some extra-curricular activities in Wooster, Ohio. Those will be hard to leave if you locate work in New York, "Doc."

It has been said, that "**Cameo**" **Culler** has been lost ever since he sold that "gol' darned" monkey. At least, he's been very melancholy since it happened. Remember, "Cameo," G. E. will toss away that sad expression from your lowly brow.

Geo. Gardner seems to be a bit lopsided when it comes to atmospheric conditions. The "boys" keep razzing him about the fact that his ears get frost-bitten when it's cold in the winter, and that the bugs nearly eat them up in the summer when it's hot. He must have awfully sweet ears, would be our deduction. He has been beckoned to the Cincinnati Milling Machine Co., for employment.

Dick Hird, Wickliffe's best, is the short, curly headed blond boy, who journeys up to Cleveland often to tend to the "lil' passion flower." Nice going, Dick.

In **Paul Mayer**, we have a machine design expert



and a Chicago riveter. He's sure-fire for Cincinnati Milling Machine.

And, have you heard of the wild Slovane from St. Clair Ave. He's here in the I. E. Dept., in the flesh. His name, let me think, is **Albin Posch**.

They tell us that **M. J. Rich** is the farmer "What has gone wrong." A steel man is he, being claimed by U. S. Steel.

To **T. R. Simkins**, belong the most beneficial attainments of being a publicity expert and a star salesman, combined. To Cincinnati he shall go, we think.

Have you met that great guy **Sommerschield**? One fellow told us that he was still wearing the tie and suit that he purchased in Scotland last summer. Haven't you ever had them cleaned and pressed, Sommy boy. In so many words, he's the most charming soldier ever to graduate from I. E.

We'll be very frank, in that the only dirt to be found on **Warsmith** was that he is known to be the only person ever to pay for a free meal.

And, as for **Carl Wilson**, he's just one of the boys whom you can't seem to get the "goods" on. Nice going, Carl. In fact, it's darned white of you.

When you want information on the stratosphere, consult **Les Woodford**. He's president of the Rocket Society, and someone mentioned the other day that he was getting ready for a trip to the moon. On the side, he's interested in the Industrial Engineering course.

They tell us that **C. R. Opferman** really gets around. He likes chewing the fat or the rag, whatever you choose, and he makes to be a very good contact man.

You know, I wonder what the I. E. course would be like if the "Chief," "Doc" **Lehockzy**, and Pete were not around to see that everything "clicked." Those Scotch jokes of the "Chief," "Docs" convincing ideas, and Pete's machine shop courses just sorta get under your skin and keep you perked up and on your toes.

Well, that was some ride, wasn't it boys, along with that expression of gratitude to the Profs. Sorry, that we couldn't have done more for you, but that's about all the "info" we had for this "panning expedition."