

## The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University

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# ENGINEERS IN SPORTS

By JACK CASHELL, '37

WITH the somewhat startling revelation that the supply of engineers on the basketball squad was nil minus, Johnny Gardiner, my aide-de-camp, and I, sallied forth to the gymnasium, determined to dig up a story if we had to produce it from a silk hat.

To our amazement the athletic department informed us that the wrestling squad was literally crawling with engineers, so, as we scanned over their names, we decided upon Harold Robbins and Donald Rhoton, two seniors that we felt were entitled to a little of our adverse publicity.

Not knowing what either of these boys looked like or how large they were, we entered the basement of the gym and stole somewhat furtively down that long dark corridor leading to the sacred arena of the grunt and groan boys. As we approached the exercise room we heard strange, indefinable grunts coming through the door, which, for the most part, sounded very much like the noises issued by Tarzan when heckling a party of gorillas from his mezzanine seat in a eucalyptus tree.

Hoping that we had cornered our quarry, we stepped somewhat timidly through the door, our knees knocking together like a chattering obituary (machine gun to some of you illiterate engineers), expecting to see a couple of huge, hairy behemoths, with mustachios big enough for an eagle to roost on, a la Ali Baba style.

What we saw was probably the biggest surprise we've had since passing mechanics. There in the center of the floor were two mere paper weights, tossing a huge medicine ball around to the accompaniment of the aforementioned noises. Being so dumbfounded I was speechless, I started waving my arms around like a green plebe practicing his first semaphore lesson, to attract their attention, and Johnny cut loose with a vociferous "Hey!". Apparently thinking we wanted to join them in their game, one of them gave the ball a terrific heave directly at me.

Believe you me,  $v = at$  doesn't even come close to representing the velocity that darn thing had as it sailed through the air and ended up squarely in my face. As I did a somewhat clumsy swan dive into the blackness, I heard someone growl, "Of all the feather-brained crack pots—" leaving me with a very ill boding for someone, should I ever awaken. When oncoming consciousness finally hoisted me from the murky depths, I saw enough visions of Johnny floating before my yet unfocused eyes, to have swung Maine and Vermont over to the Democratic column, had each of them cast a vote for F. D. R.

When I finally got my senses gathered about me, I realized that there was a pronounced plethoric condition prevailing around my nasal region and that ye old orbs were slowly but surely turning about three shades bluer

than Duke Ellington's latest interpretation of "Mood Indigo."

More important than this, however, was the thought that our "interviewees" had escaped. With a great sigh of relief I heard Johnny, in his non-pleonasmic way, tell me, as he helped me to my feet, that he had all the information we wanted and then some.

With his notes jammed firmly in my pockets, I decided I'd had enough for one day and started to wend my weary way office-ward, feeling very, very low and walking like I had an anvil in the seat of my pants. By this time I found that I could see about as much light through my swollen eyes as that emitted from the tail of a sick lightning bug on a rainy night.

So, with Johnny leading me, we trod slowly towards the safety of the quadrangle, both realizing that the plenist's theory didn't apply to my noggin at least.

To make a short story shorter, Johnny finally got me to the office, and as he tenderly guided my fingers over the keys, I painfully pecked out the notes he read to me.

Through his dictation I found that both of the wrestlers were, or had been, champions in their class at one time or another.

## Harold Robbins

Harold, a 135-pound mechanical engineer, hopes to graduate in June and land a job either in sales engineering or aeronautical work.

A product of Columbus East, Harold copped the freshman and intramural championships in the 125-pound class, and has been on the Varsity for the past three years.

He is a member of Beta Pi and was elected chairman of A. S. M. E. for 1936-1937. With these extra-curricular activities taking most of his spare time, he still finds time to court a Bexley queen, but would not reveal her name.

Besides these activities and time taken out to practice wrestling, Harold manages to do a little horseback riding and occasionally lose himself in literature on military tactics, in the privacy of his room.

## Donald Rhoton

We found that Don was even lighter than Harold, only managing to gain an average of 5.5 pounds per year since he was brought into the world 23 years ago.

However it seems that he has utilized his weight to a good advantage as he has annexed the following titles: Intramural champ, 1933; Central Ohio champ, 1933-1934; State champ, 1935; and second in the Big Ten championships last year, along with winning two

varsity letters at Ohio State since graduating from Columbus North.

Don breaks the monotony of training with an occasional round of handball or tennis, and at the present time is actively engaged in preparing for the Intramural boxing tournament, in which he is entered.

Johnny told us that Don is treasurer of A. S. C. E. as well as being a member of the Glee Club, devoting his spare time to these organizations as he hasn't any special girl friend.

Perhaps Don's 2.7 cumulative average and his wrestling ability will help him on his prospective trip into

South America, preferring to give the South American government his services as a civil engineer rather than remaining in this country.

We were told that Don once threw an enraged bull, by his wrestling tactics, that had him cornered in a field. Johnny opines that that was the first practical application of wrestling he had ever heard of.

With our story finished, Johnny and I vowed that we would sneak up behind the next wrestler we saw and wrap his ears around his head until he looked like a head of cabbage, in remembrance of our fateful trip to the gym.