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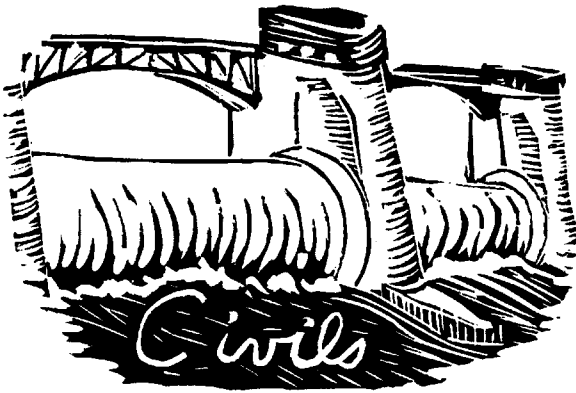
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# A CIVIL ENGINEER'S SIDE-GLANCES



**A**FTER four long and more or less weary years of cramming for midterms, apple-polishing, and other assorted forms of foolishness, about a third of the civil class that started to claw their way past professorial stumbling blocks is ready to graduate. Among them are some few who will, if they're lucky, make their mark in the engineering profession. The others will likely end up raising jelly beans in Brazil.

No one of them is more likely to succeed than LEWIS CISLER, the political boss from Podunk Center; Lew wears a big smile because he is a father (but not a single cigar was passed out, the cheapskate!). He can't type, but all his assignments were typewritten. Funny, eh? . . . DONALD (Duck) RHOTON claims he would like to go to South America; he also claims to be a terrible speller, but the fact is he only misspells the easy words. Anything for a laugh, eh, Rhoton? Don becomes very flustered when asked about that "Latin from Manhattan"—he was talking once when he should have been listening. . . . ALBERT PIETRANGELO is well versed in the art of polevaulting, but refuses to enter varsity competition because it might go to his head. Happy landings, Pete! . . . NORMAN LIEBERMAN designed a bridge for a thesis, but had a hard time getting it accepted because he hung three balls on the portal. . . . JOHN NIPLE takes military because he (?) likes the uniforms; he is slowly developing a red nose, and does all his studying in Hennicks. He is reputed to have bought his way out of M. E. Lab. . . . JOHN MORRISON thumbed his way through college, studying only before midterms; he is so poor a writer that he once turned in the wrong note-book by mistake and got a "B" just the same, on reputation. . . . ROBERT McKEE is a typical backslapper who drinks his cokes at the Deshler; he can

imitate Cab Calloway to perfection, substituting volume for pitch. The fraternity comes first, he says—what does she say, Bob? . . . GARTH WORKMAN spent one summer learning to wrestle, then went home and got married—ask him if wrestling is practical. . . . MAX BORROR has been dabbling in politics; last fall he moved into the Triangle house for protection (???), following the election. . . . RICHARD SNOW prides himself as the only C. E. that has never had his hands dirty, his hair mussed, or had cause to cuss. How about it, Marge? . . . CLIFFORD ACHATZ is usually quiet and unassuming—he invented a new type of scales that wouldn't work; he got a job in Van Wert last summer, and has been going back ever since. . . . ROBERT MOEHRING has seen more night life this year than most engineers see in a lifetime—he gives insomnia as an excuse. Weak, eh? . . . DAVID SCHURGER, the athlete from Czechoslovakia, believes the most he got out of OSU is his deep sun-tan. Yoo-hoo, Snowball! . . . JAMES SHARPE is a promising lad—he would be a dandy fellow if he didn't go steady—oh, so steadily! He has put on so much weight that the military department won't let him ride their horses any more. . . . GEORGE SARGENT is the same as Sharpe, only fatter, besides being quite an activities man; he should amount to something if he sticks to piano moving. . . . EDWARD MILLER is so quiet folks don't realize he is around, until there is a difficult problem to solve! Has gone steady with Jo Baggs for five years—this should culminate in a June ceremony. . . . ALFRED COCHRAN has worked hard, dividing his time between studying and raising a family; even so, he is the only man in the class who is invariably smiling. . . . LEWIS SKILLMAN (his mother calls him "Rabbit") is that handsome—so-called, and he loves it!—lad from the Theta Tau house. From is right, most of the time, what with excursions to Buckeye Lake and such places. His girl gave him a duck for Easter, and he can't figure why it won't lay an egg! . . . PAUL KIEL is happiest when he is in a sewer, but spends so much time in Bexley that he has to have two sets of text-books—another June wedding, perhaps. . . . FRED COURTRIGHT turned down an executive job for a drafting job just so he could be close to mother (?). Ah, me, what sentiment! . . . WALTER KUENNING thinks that OSU is just a small branch of the Pershing Rifles, and the stadium just one section of the Tower Club. . . . JAMES SHEAFF has revised his schedule so often he has the engineering office dizzy; maybe he confuses the course numbers with the numbers that go up out at Beulah Park! . . . and so, dear readers, we complete our survey of those hair-raising civils with only faint memories of the Round-Up, and their wonderful skit that failed to go off. Such incidents, and, perhaps, such people are better forgotten.