

The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University
Ohio State Engineer

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The Spark Plug

HELLO, EVERYBODY! Like it or not here we are once again to annoy you with our page of—call it anything you care to. We have an idea what one person thinks of it at least. Our first letter from a reader arrived the other day, the sight of which brought joy to the heart and a sparkle to the eye—you know. However, upon opening the epistle, these emotions were short-lived as the writer expressed himself in no uncertain terms as to his opinion of this page. We wish that the censors of the magazine would permit us to publish the contents of the letter as it is as superb an example of profanity as could be written. Anyhow, we'll preserve the specimen for posterity and carry the happy thought to our grave that at least one person read our writings. Amen.

Now, let's see, we left you last month in Chicago and before coming back to Ohio we'd like to tell you of a terrible predicament we learned of in which a young man was placed. While wandering around in the World's Fair Grounds we met and became acquainted with a young fellow from Michigan who, we later discovered, had intentions of entering the U. of Mich. at Ann Arbor in the fall. Of course, we asked him what vocation he was intending to pursue and he replied, "You know, I can't decide whether to take civil engineering or be an undertaker." Oh, my! Almost as bad as the fellow who was wavering between blacksmithing and dress designing. Such are the problems of the gifted.

FEDERAL FUSES ARE THE RESULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY COMBINED WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF YEARS.

Now, count the F's in that sentence—only once. Don't go back and count them again. At the end of this column you'll find the answer and it will tell you something about how good your brain might be.

What would a magazine be without a contest of some sort. We received the following letter from Prof. "Chief" Younger which is self-explanatory:

To the Editor,

The Ohio State Engineer:

Away back in my early days I was very fond of poetry and even indulged in the pastime of trying to write it myself. I never quite succeeded, but managed to turn out some passable forms of verse which pleased me greatly. Today I would recommend this recreation to some of my young engineering friends who are interested in literature.

Well, in those early days I had an inspiration and thought I would write a poem on the engineer. True, Kipling had written his famous poem on the old Scotch marine engineer "McAndrew," but I thought in my callow way that I could beat him.

I got started with a swing but soon found out how easy

to start, but how difficult to finish, and I could find no last lines to finish the effusion. Like most engineers I have a horror of the partially completed job, so during the last thirty years or so my sins of omission have been pursuing me and the thought of these missing last lines has haunted me sometimes to my confusion.

So now in desperation to get the job finished I am offering a prize—a very modest one it is true—of ONE DOLLAR to be paid in cash to the engineering student who successfully fills in the best last lines. Miss Harbarger, I am sure, will kindly consent to be the judge.

Here is the verse:

THE SONG OF THE ENGINEER

Here is the song of the Engineer.

Mid the hiss of the steam and the roar of the blast,

The shriek of the tool as the job runs fast,

The clanging of hammer ringing on steel,

The clatter of pulley, of shaft and of wheel.

The shwish of the carpenter's plane as it glides

Smooth o'er the pattern it overrides.

The musical hum of the motions a whirling,

Gearings and clutches and belts all a-skirling.

Masses of metal pushed here and there,

Moved on by horny hands roughened by wear.

Metal from smithy still hotly glowing,

Metal from cupola noisily flowing,

Sparks from the forge fire upward are flying,

Gleaming so brightly, then rapidly dying,

There works the Engineer,

What are the confines of office, the scraping of pens

* * * * *

* * * * *

So fill in the last two lines or more and earn your dollar.

—John Younger.

Turn in your suggested solutions to the office of the OHIO ENGINEER, Room 7, Ohio Union, or to Room 218, Brown Hall. These must be in by December 15th so that the winner may be determined before the end of the quarter and he may use the dollar to help pay for a box of candy as a Christmas present for some member of the "fare" sex.

One thing more we would like to know is why Prof. J. F. Byrne of the E. E. Department spends so much of his spare time over at the faculty club. We have set our scandal snoopers on the job and the answer ought to be ready by the next issue.

We note with interest that another "Mutual Admiration Society" has made its appearance on the campus. This should be good news to key collectors who have been wailing the dearth of activities in our campus life.

Since this is being written on the eve of the election it

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would hardly be fitting to pass the opportunity of having a word to say concerning it. Our vote will be cast heart and soul for Hoover and this for many reasons. However, regardless of who may be elected, we feel that this country of ours will be able to grope and stagger its way to the point where at least we may have no extreme poverty and hunger among any of the less gifted classes of people. How long the adjustment will take remains to be seen.

Predicting is not our usual habit, but we have one here that is a sure fire one. We wish that we could let you in on it, but it will be impossible to do so before the next

issue. Very soon something is going to break from the Engineering College that will make the entire campus set up and take notice. Rumbings and roars are springing up here and there heralding the coming of the avalanche that is to follow and it is gaining headway rapidly. So keep your eyes and ears open and you may soon hear of it.


There are six F's in the catch sentence. An average intelligence discovers three. If you spotted four, you're above the average. If five, you can turn up your nose at almost anyone. If you caught all six, you're a genius.

Don't forget to send in your contributions or comments; we'll appreciate either. Here's wishing you all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year, and we'll see you next January.

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