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ENGINEER'S EDITION U. N. M. WEEKLY

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO

Vol. XXIII

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1921

Number 25

A. P. S. BOYS AFRAID OF TUG OF WAR

The boys of the Arts and Sciences organized and decided to accept the Engineers' challenge to a tug of war across the swimming pool, but later they decided that discretion was the better part of valor. They tried a bluff in return by challenging the Engineers to any other form of contest, but this was promptly called by the Engineers. Monday morning there appeared on the bulletin board the Engineers' testimonial that they were ready to accept ANY challenge from the A. P. S. and that they would also stand by their agreements.

So far, nothing more has been heard from the A. P. S.

ENGINEERS TO VISIT CITY WATER WORKS

The senior class in engineering will enjoy the unique privilege in the near future of taking a complete efficiency test of the city water works and thus will enable them to make a thorough analysis of the plant and the design of the machines. This work will be done in connection with the course in heat engines, which they are taking under Professor Carey.

A. A. E. makes engineers professional men. It gives its members standing in the profession.

SENIORS HOLD MEETING.

The senior class held a meeting on last Monday noon at which time it was voted to hold a senior party on Jun 3. This party which promises to be a great affair will be more thoroughly discussed at the next meeting of the class on this coming Monday.

It was also decided to put out a Senior edition of the Weekly and Miss Grace Peterson was elected to be the editor.

"HISTORY OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATION"

The celebration in honor of St. Patrick was introduced to the University with the discovery of the Blarney stone last year by some of the engineers. This stone was found to be covered with ancient figures resembling the hieroglyphics of old. For some time these obvious purveyors of some important text were unread. However, the strange writings were soon translated after some concentration on the part of several of the engineers and the translation given to the world. These men announced that the results of their researches into the ancient writings of the past ages had given them the knowledge whereby they found the Blarney stone to convey the fact that "Erin Go Bragh" meant "St. Patrick was an engineer."

One night at a meeting of the Engineering Society an engineer asked the question, "Who was St. Patrick?" The immediate reply was, "An engineer, of course." It was at once decided that on March 17th the engineers should celebrate and attend the evening prayer meeting in a body. The following resolutions were written:

"Whereas, in the ranks of the Engineering department there are many of noble birth and Irish blood, and

"Whereas, the ancestors of many of our illustrious students came from Erin's Isle, and

"Whereas, St. Patrick was an Engineer,

"Therefore, be it resolved, that the Engineering department celebrate and attend the evening prayer meeting in a body."

On the evening of St. Patrick's Day a large group of Engineers attended the prayer meeting in a body and dedicated themselves to the service of their patron saint. It is said that it

(Continued on page 4.)

"TO ST. PATRICK, THE PERFECT INTEGRAL, WHOSE FIRST DERIVATIVE WAS AN ENGINEER"

The man who wins is an AVERAGE man,
Not built on any peculiar plan.
Not blessed with any peculiar luck,
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

When asked a question, he doesn't guess,
He KNOWS—and answers "No" or "Yes."
When set a task the rest can't do,
He buckles down till he puts it through.

For the man who wins is the man who works,
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks,
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes;
The man who wins is the man who tries!

U. N. M. CELEBRITIES PITCH HORSE SHOES

Cæsar, Virgil, and Shakespear are forgotten and the University is held in the grip of a sensational game of horse shoes. Crois de Guerre and foot ball honors fade into the realm of things forgotten while contestants strive for recognition in this old but ever new field of honor and fame. Never was gridiron struggle more hotly contested and never did defeat hang more heavily on the vanquished than does the loss of one of these old fashioned games upon the wide-awake and up-to-date athletes of the U. N. M.

The village boy, who in the past has been rather an obscure figure, is coming into the limelight and the form he developed pitching horse shoes against the countryside champions out behind the old frame fire house is now standing him in good stead and bringing him into undreamed honors.

On the other hand the city chappie with his blasé manner, who has to learn the game from the ground up after his first shock on learning that horses really wear shoes, finds himself greatly handicapped and his popularity beginning to wane.

Sad indeed is the case of the little fellow who feels the longing to handle the old horse iron and experience the thrill as it slips from his fingers and swoops to encircle the distant stake but who remembers faithfully his mamma's parting warning to not get into the rough college games.

Great was the excitement last week when news arrived on the hill that the brewer's horse, which had the biggest feet of any horse in the state, had died of inaction since the country had gone dry. All the champions rushed madly to the corral where the old horse had spent his last days but they were too late for the coveted shoes were already in possession of a gentleman from out of town. This mysterious old man refuses to disclose his identity but hints that perhaps the local horseshoe pitchers will hear from him later in a challenge.

One of the best features of the game of horseshoes as it is played on the hill is the set of rules governing the contests, rules which might point out good policy for many other things such as national politics. These rules exclude women contestants. The game of horseshoes when without the social element is a noble sport.

"Three beers, three cheers, Varsity, Varsity, Engine—ers!" is the old Engineers' yell. It is probable that the Engineering Society will revise this yell to bring it up to date. Possibly three bevs may be inserted.

"THE FUNCTIONS OF THE ENGINEER"

The engineer, in responsible charge of construction work which is being done by a contractor, individual or firm, at once exercises two functions—one requiring engineering knowledge, skill and experience; the other, judicial fitness. He becomes the arbiter between the principal, man, firm or corporation for whom the work is being done and whose money is paying for it, and the contractor who is doing the work. He must be a just judge, executing righteous judgment between the parties to the contract, without fear or favor. The fact that his client, the principal or first party to the contract, pays him must not have the value of a pennyweight in tipping the scale in favor of the source of his income. The engineer owes his client an allegiance demanding intelligent, conscientious and diligent service. That he owes, but his debt demands for its liquidation no act, no word, which would compromise his integrity or offend his sense of justice and right.

The engineer's obligation to serve is not limited to the duties for which he is paid; he owes it to his equals in service, to his subordinates and to the public at large. His equals are his brothers, with whom he should share his knowledge and experience should they seek it. His subordinates should find in him the help of good example, the friend with whom they may take counsel, and the mentor who will impart of his knowledge of life, of men, of things, to aid them in shaping their conduct and their purpose.

The Physics department under Professor Rockwood is enlarging their instrument room. The department is so rapidly getting new equipment that this change became necessary.

Students in Chemistry 101 have recently been working analyses on illuminating gases and have had the benefit of expert advice on the subject from Mr. W. S. Dole of San Francisco, an engineer of the Federal Light and Traction company, which operates twenty or twenty-five gas and electric plants throughout the West. The study of flue gases is now about to be taken up in connection with the efficiency test which the engineers are making at the City Water Works.

The class in Civil Engineering 152, under Professor Dougherty, has been making observations on the sun and Polaris the past week for the true longitudinal meridian.

SURVEY PRAISES BOOK BY DR. HILL

High praise is given to "Introduction to Vocational Training" by Dr. Hill in a recent issue of "Survey."

Declaring that the work is a "source of rare value," the "Survey" says:

"For about a decade and a half, vocational education below college grade has been much in the spotlight of public attention in America. We have investigated, experimented seriously, and compared aims, methods and results at home and abroad.

"He who would like to enter the field of vocational teaching of administration, or he who would like to trace development of vocational education and judge of its vitality after thorough consideration of facts, principles and arguments for and against it—in all its varied aspects—will find Dr. Hill's Introduction to Vocational Education invaluable. * * *

"One cannot leave Dr. Hill's book without a chastened sense of the problems still unsolved in vocational education, nor yet without a sense of uplift over progress already achieved which may go far toward nerving us for successful attack upon other problems of education as they arise."

When a physician arrives in a strange community he looks up the American Medical Association; when a lawyer is in a similar position he gets in touch with the Bar Association; when an engineer needs friends, fellowship or assistance, he looks for A. A. E.

REMEMBER THE ENGINEERS' DANCE

Every one must turn out to the dance in the P. M. Building Friday night, for many original features are going to be added to this affair.

Have you ever danced in the wood shop before, to the music turned out by the san dstorm? Don't miss it.

MIDNIGHT REVERIES OF AN ASPIRING ENGINEER

Last night I was pursued by an hypocycloid of four cusps. An hypocycloid it first seemed to me, but as it came nearer and nearer, gyrating around on three axes. It proved to be a solid body, really an hupospheroid with six cusps, from each of which emanated a greenish fluorescence.

Its asteroid figure was gaining upon me rapidly, describing parabolic spirals and relics; but finally, by shifting co-ordinates and dotating axes, I managed to elude the creature.

I had just seated myself on a log beneath a Folium of Descartes whose branches were gently swaying in harmonic motion as Millie Volt tripped to and fro along the Catenary, and I was picking three and four leafed roses which were growing profusely between the roots, when the Witch of Agnesi suddenly jumped up.

"Have you seen K. Log Zee?" she wheezed at me. "K. Log Zee has vanished with Omega Tee. I have searched every intercept from plus to minus infinity and I can't find a trace of either of them."

I held my breath, not knowing whether to say yes or no, when Millie Volt flashed down.

"The last I saw them was yesterday. They were going around an adiabatic curve in a P. V. puane."

"It beats all how he took her cardioid fancy," said the witch, as she glided off down the abscissa.

I gave a sigh of relief, and then began to extrapolate on the probability of finding my way through the maze of parametric equations with which I had become enveloped; then on looking around I saw an-

(Continued on page 4.)

lines should join the Society as soon as possible in order to begin work for the coming year. The meeting has been called by George Bryan, who was last year manager of debate.

They also are carrying an excellent grade of fraternity stationery engraved with crests of the various fraternal organizations on the Hill and, best of all, they have two kodaks which they will loan free-

versities by making contributions, giving prize awards, and loan funds to the University.

During the past year the following were noted:

The gift of \$1,500 by citizens for the

mentors, Glenn Pearce, Vernon Wiley, Ed Horgan, and George Bryan, who constitute the total active membership of the Khatahle Senior Honor Society, met for a short get-together and business meeting. While the organization is still a comparatively

game of the season equipment is the best made for athletic use. The new uniform with the present unit that the sweaters are reentol leather to prevent any ch tearing.

H. N. M. Weekly

Published every Friday throughout the college year by the Students of the University of New Mexico.

Subscription Price - \$1.00 a year in advance

George S. Bryan, Editor
Howell S. Faw, Business Manager
John Fernstrom, Assistant Editor
Norman Mayne, Assistant Editor
Harold Booker, Athletic Editor
George Martin, Feature Editor
Lorraine Cleveland, Exchange Editor
George Savage, Locals Editor
Edythe Maharam, Society Editor
Walter Gilbert, Reporter
Fred Wagner, Reporter
Thomas Calkins, Reporter

Contributions received at all times from Students or Faculty not on staff. Changes in staff personnel made by show of earnest effort on applicants' part.

Staff Meets Every Monday at 12:30 p. m., Seminar Room.

Entered in the Post Office in Albuquerque, New Mexico, February 11, 1914, as second class matter.

This Issue in Charge of John Fernstrom.

FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1921.

VARSITY DEBATING TEAM MEETS DEFEAT AT CRUCES

Subject Debated Was on Subsidy of American Merchant Marine; One "U" Speaker Left Sick Bed to Make Fight.

The State University debating team lost the decision to the State Agricultural College at Las Cruces March 5th by a vote of 3 to 0.

The subject was: Resolved, that the United States should subsidize the merchant marine; our team upholding the affirmative. The judges were Las Cruces men.

Our debaters were Kenneth Wilkinson, 16 years old; Cullen Pearce and J. Marvin Crawford, who spoke in the order named. None of these men have had any experience in university debating, except Mr. Wilkinson, who was an alternate two years ago. Moreover, Mr. Crawford, who had been ill for nearly a week, got up from a sick bed to take part in the debate.

Two of these men, Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Pearce, are engineers, and all are carrying a heavy schedule; but all alike sacrificed themselves and their time for the larger interests of their Alma Mater.

Engineers' license laws protect the public and engineers.

Mary—"Isn't Bevo up to date?" Lou—"I should say so! He taught me seven different ways of saying good night in one week."

"What are you going to do, survey?" "No, we are going to measure the A. P. S. for a coffin—they are dead."

BLOOD AND IRON.
If all people have iron in their blood the Irish must have scrap iron in theirs.—Judge.

"Let Profs. do their worst, there are moments of joy, Bright dreams of the past which they can not destroy; Which come in the night time of Plunkin's Despair, And bring back the features St. Pat used to wear."

Spark Plug—"I got fired today." Storage Battery—"That's nothing. I'm discharged myself."

Playful hostess—"Couldn't you manage another eclaire?" Serious little boy—"No, fanks, I've no more room."

Hostess—"If I picked you up by the heels and shook you, would that help?" Little boy—"No, fanks, that would make the room in the wrong end."—Punch.

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OUT OF SIGHT.

The topic under discussion was the advantage of a woman's stocking as a bank.

"Nowadays, women wear hose so thin that you can read the serial numbers on the bills in the bank-roll," advanced the New Fangled Guy.

"Oh, I admit the principle is all right, but the money draws altogether too much interest," persisted the Old Mossback.

—The American Legion Weekly.

OVER THE LIMIT.

It had been an exhaustive fifteen-mile hike, and at its close the captain addressed his noble charges:

"All you men who think you've had enough hiking for today, two steps forward—Ho!"

Everybody stepped forward save one lone specimen.

"There, men, there's one man I'm proud of. He's game to go ahead. Private Simpson, you're a good soldier."

"Tain't that," groaned Private Simpson. "I just naturally can't make them two paces forward."

—The American Legion Weekly.

"I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am," insisted a conductor, speaking to a quiet-looking little woman. The woman declining to pay.

"I am afraid if you don't pay for that boy I'll have to stop the train and put him off," he persisted.

"All right; all the same to me," she said.

"You ought to know the rules. How old is that boy?"

"I don't know. I never saw him before."

Overstreet—"Professor, I hear they are producing metal wool around here now."

Peasel—"How do they get it?" Overstreet—"They are shearing the hydraulic rams."

Peasel—"Is that so?"

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The College Inn

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The College Inn

SOCIETY

DR. EDNA MOSHER
ENTERTAINS.

The Alpha Chi Omegas and Sigma Chi were royally entertained Saturday night at the Phi Mu house by Dr. Edna Mosher, who, clearly displayed her knack of "putting over" a real live affair, without the usual "non-alcoholic punch" and "smokeless smokes." In their stead unique refreshments added originality to the affair, green and white ice cream, being served with red and green cakes. Several Sigs insist that the ice cream was blue and gold, and we account for this psychologically. It was so proved by Hughie, who declared it "even tasted blue and gold." Q. E. D.

Further details in connection with the party can be had by applying to any of the following:

Misses Helen Jackson, Miriam Schiebe, Helen Lindsay, Jessie Harrington, Florence O'Hara, Juliet Fleischer, Susan Tully, Mame Hart, Helen MacIvlin, Clarissa Parsons, Dorothy Stevenson, Clyda Wilson, Edna Hillyer, Dorothy Donovan, Pepita Espinosa, or Messrs. Louie Gerphelde, Bessie Gerphelde, Bruce Hangar, Hughie Graham, Johnnie Fernstrom, George Bryan, Bill Rosington, John Geomi, Vic Miller, Tom Hughes, Dwight McClure, Max Fergusson, Walter Berger, Cullen Pearce, Bill Bacon or Dick Angle.

PI KAPPA ALPHA "AT HOME."

The third of the series of entertainments for the University students and faculty was held Sunday afternoon at the Pi Kappa Alpha house, when the girls of the Phi Mu and the Alpha Chi Omega sororities were the guests of the fraternity.

A. A. E. is the engineers' key to the door of opportunity.

She—"What do you mean—can you have a date next summer?" He—"Well, if you dress that way in January, I don't want to miss anything next August.—Judge.

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Deep within, the tangled woodland
Where no foreign foot hath trod
Dwell the denizens of the forest,
Creatures of the living God.

Majestically they roam and peaceful,
With their proud heads held on high,
Never fearing any evil,
For no danger passeth nigh.

But, now, hark! what is that noise?
'Tis not the sound of padded feet,
'Tis not the noise made by the hoof-beats
In their journeys straight and fleet.

Then why reigns this deathly stillness?
O'er the kingdom of the beasts,
Where never before had come intruder

To interrupt their bounteous feasts?
'Tis not a native of the forest,
Then an enemy it must be;
So take heed, ye fur-rabed beauties,
And to the deeper recesses flee.

Straight from out the woods he cometh;
Straight up to their feeding ground;
Inwardly he is exclaiming,
"Look what riches I have found!"

Light he counts their fearful struggles;
Light their agonies of death;
Light the rending of their tendons,
And their gaspings for life and breath.

All these things must be inflicted
Before wealth may come to him
Who makes hell of their peaceful woodland.
And puts death in each green limb.

Oh, ye hunters of the wild things
Who bring death with trap and snare,
Why did ye enter this happy circle—
Track the beast to his woodland lair?

Know ye not the God who made them
Will avenge His murdered clan
Even though the whip of justice
Falls upon His image—man?
—Anonymous in U. N. M.

Kindly report all social affairs which are desired to be published in the U. N. M. Weekly to Edythe Maharam, who is now taking charge of the Society Column.

UTILITY FIRST.

The prosperous man sought the manager of the phonograph shop. That astute person, without giving his caller a chance to explain what was wanted, carefully demonstrated at length a \$1,500 period model. Finally he asked:

"Just what do you prefer?" "Well," said the customer, "I wanted two ounces of used needles to fix shoes with."

—The American Legion Weekly.

Patron at Table—Oh, say, waiter! How long have you been employed here?

Waiter—Six weeks, sir.
Patron—Pardon me. Then it isn't you that I've ordered that steak from.—Houston Post.

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TO THE ENGINEER.

Who comes with Kohl-inoor sharpened keen,
With profile long and sober mien;
With transit, level, book, and tape,
And glittering axe to swat the stake?
The Engineer.

Who sets the level, bends his spine,
Squints through the glass along the line;
Swings both his arms with rapid gate,
Yells "Hold that G—d—rod up straight?"
The Engineer.

Who raves, and snorts like one insane,
Jumps in the air and claps his mane,
Whenever he sees a scraper take
A whack at his most cherished stake?
The Engineer.

Who swears he'll charge an even ten,
For stakes destroyed by mules and men;
While on all fours he tries in vain,
To find the vanished stake again?
The Engineer.

Who sees the air with maddened rage
And turns with hate the figured page,
And with patience out of joint,
Ties in another reference point?
The Engineer.

Who calls it your unrivalled gall,
Whenever you kick for overhaul;
And gives your spine a frigid chill,
Whenever you spring an extra bill?
The Engineer.

Who deals with figures quite profuse,
And tells you solid rock is loose;
That hard pan is no more than loam,
While gumbo's lighter than sea foam?
The Engineer.

Who, after all, commands our praise,
In spite of all his peculiar ways;
While others harvest all the gain,
That springs from his prolific brain?
The Engineer.

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March 17, 1921, when with other elaborate ceremonies the Engineers Willard Hopewell, who spent the hol-

entertaining with a dance at the Wam. Angelo Tom Dunn Stewart Lee, A.

They also are carrying an excellent grade of fraternity - stationery engraved with crests of the various fraternal organizations on the Hill and, best of all, they have two

vestiges by making contributions, giving prize awards, and loan funds to the University.

During the past year the following were noted:

The gift of \$1,500 by citizens for

equipment is the best made

letic use. The new unif-

form with the present uni-

that the sweaters are reinfo-

leather to prevent any ch-

tearing.

LOCALS

Ralph Meyers, a last year graduate, is working in the chemical laboratories of the Dodge-Phelps company at Hurley, N. M. Another varsity engineer making the way.

J. B. Rosenbach, a former varsity student and now instructor of mathematics at Carnegie Tech, has published an article in the Carnegie Technical Journal on the Einstein Theory.

The Southwestern District of the American Association of Engineers has requested that the Varsity Chapter send a delegate to the convention of the Society to be held at Phoenix on April 15 and 16. The chapter will send Mr. C. A. Long as a delegate with a written report of its activities.

Mr. J. M. Coahran, dean of the College of Engineering at the U. N. M. last year, is now located in Philadelphia, where he is at the head of a firm of consulting engineers.

Clifford Wolking, graduate in electrical engineering at the U. N. M. last year, is making marked progress at the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing company in Pittsburgh. U. N. M. engineers always get ahead.

The class in Heat Engines under Professor Carey is using Dean Eyre's book on "Steam Engines and Boilers." Dean Eyre is regarded as an authority on this subject in the United States.

The practical Mechanics department has rearranged its machinery.

Dean Eyre has a budget to start a steam lab next year. The class in machine shop are at present repairing several steam engines that have been on the campus for several years. These will be among those used in the new course.

The Math. department is still sawing wood.

William Heacock has joined the Math department.

Professor Ellis' class in Geologic Mapping is making a geologic map of the area north of Isleta.

Through A. A. E. engineers have learned to co-operate.

REVERIES OF AN ENGINEER.

(Continued from page 1)

other in the same predicament as I. "Who are you?" I inquired. "Rhocose Alpha," he replied. "Call me X if you like."

X had a crestfallen demeanor: the tangent of his plume had become decidedly subnormal. On asking how he happened to get in such a bad way, he explained that he was an engineer. He had been riding a Carnot cycle, and the temptation was too great for speeding. He was approaching infinite velocity in the fourth dimension, he said, and all was well. However, an attempt was made to arrest him for breaking the Second Law of Thermodynamics, and at the critical moment he broke his Y differential. The discontinuity in his path displaced his center of gravity, and he was precipitated into the brambles.

X spoke at length in variable moods, discussing his past experiences. He seemed to be a care-free sort of being with a characteristic independent manner. He admitted that he was lower in spirits than usual, but denied having flirted with Ethyl Alcohol. My opinion of the circumstances was formed, nevertheless, and I avoided argument by attempting to extricate him.

"Would I had a drink," remarked X. "Bet I've been here for eons."

"That's nothing," spoke up the Frog, from the Theory of Limits, as he hopped the n sub-one-plus-e-at-infinityth-power time. "I've been hopping toward this well since the beginning, and I haven't got close enough to get a drink yet. In days gone by," he continued, "I made good progress; in fact, when I started out, Time was a fledgeling and I

kept close upon his heels. "But here of late—well, you know how laboring conditions are," he lamented. "That does beat the limit," I answered, sympathetically. "I'm thirsty, too."

Just then, Doctor Locus strolled along.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked Doc.

We explained our circumstances as best we could. However, X saw that I was doing poorly in my attempt, and interpolated that I was out hunting for sines and cosines.

The doctor looked me over, then turned to X.

"Let's see your tongue. Humph! You have excessive hydrogen in concentration. That means that your opsonic index is too high. You need something to repress the ionization. Here, chew on this a while," and put into X's mouth what appeared to be a stick of lunar caustic with which he had just been decussing young hypo spheroids.

"Now," he said, turning to me, "I believe—" But I had fled, and was still going at V velocity through the fourth dimensional continuum, as Doc's figure, and his whole flock of hypospheroids flattened out to plane surfaces, then vanished over my left shoulder.

"Whew!" I said to myself. "That was a close shave."

"Don't you believe it, spoke up a gruff voice at my side.

I looked around and instantly recognized K. Log ee. Not only was there Omega Tee with him, but several others, whom I knew to be Meg Ohm, Ab and Millie Amp.

"Take this," he said, "and give it to the Witch. Keep going 'till you find her." And he gave me greater acceleration.

I stumbled along for some distance before realizing my mission. Then, I became aware of the strange object under my arm.

"Let me out," coughed a muffled voice from the interior of the parcel. "Let me out, I say. I'm T. N. T., and I'm impatient. I spied the Witch, still riding down the x-axis. With all my might, I hurled the missile at her feet, whereupon it exploded with a terrific detonation."

Just as I began to recognize my location, with the aid of a few stray moonbeams, there was a scuffling of feet and a number of loud voices coming through the thin partition that separated my sleeping room from the one adjacent.

"Strange," says I, "how some people can play blackjack all night, while others have to study Calculus in their sleep." And I dozed off again, wondering how I would pass that quiz in the morning.

THE HISTORY OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

(Continued from page 1)

was a most imposing and impressive scene. With this bit of introduction of the Spirit of St. Patrick to the University, they departed to their rooms where they enjoyed a much needed rest.

The organization of the Knights of St. Patrick was begun at the University of Missouri in 1906. It is now a national organization with headquarters at Missouri. Among the universities having chapters are the Missouri School of Mines, Iowa State College, University of Iowa, University of Oklahoma, University of Minnesota, University of Arkansas and the University of Tennessee. Several other large engineering schools are to be taken in this year when a convention will be held at Ames, Iowa.

The objects of the organization is to promote co-operation among engineering, colleges and brotherhood among the engineering students, and to exchange ideas and customs. It also serves to maintain a college spirit. This spirit shows that the horizon of the college student has widened. He still retains his loyalty to his alma mater, but this loyalty is now engaged in trying to bring the best from other colleges to his campus.

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terminating with a dance at the Woman's Club. Saturday evening, Jan- Angle, Tom Bunn, Stewart Mac-Ar-