

The Engineering Society.

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History of Engineering Society.



DURING the month of May of each of the past few years, the Senior and Junior classes in Civil Engineering, with their professor, have laid aside their regular college duties for a week and gone into the field to combine theory with practice in railroad surveying.

Text books are laid aside, instruments are mounted, old clothes are found, and the embryo engineer leads a regular camp life for a week. Usually the route of some proposed railroad is selected for this exercise, and after the survey is finished, maps, profiles and estimates are made. While these surveys have been regularly made for several years, it remained for the present classes to effect an organization and elect officers of "The University Engineering Society." We have done more than this, however, for, aided by the

trustees, the society now possesses a complete camp equipage, including five large tents.

A railroad from Athens to Columbus, via Social Circle, has been variously discussed and more or less earnestly proposed for some time, so that last year it was decided to survey the route as far as High Shoals, a distance of a little more than seventeen miles. This survey proved a very pleasant as well as instructive one, and all the fallow, angular girls in the High Shoals factory, having heard that we were coming, greeted us on Saturday evening, after our work was done, with flour on their faces, flowers in their bosoms and oil on their hair. It is needless to say that we all left our hearts at High Shoals.

This year we resumed the survey at High Shoals and completed the route to Social Circle. On Monday morning, the tenth of May,

eight Seniors, seven Juniors, and a Sophomore, clad in stout breeches, tourists' flannel shirts and large hats, with sheath knives and lunch bags strapped around them, set out for work with a two-horse covered wagon, well loaded with tents, provisions and camp equipage. It could hardly be said that we looked particularly dangerous, though the people looked on in amazement from safe distances, speculating as to whether we were cow-boys or desperadoes, while the policemen disappeared around the first corner. As we passed by the Lucy Cobb Institute on our way out of town, the dear creatures screamed, one fainted, and another begged us on her knees not to scalp her, but to take her false bangs and be satisfied.

We reached High Shoals in due time, pitched our tents and got everything in readiness for an early start next morning. That night there was a temperance meeting in the gay and festive city of shoals and factory people, and all the beauty and chivalry of that neighborhood had gathered together to hear what was to be said against the evils of alcohol. Our boys were invited to the meeting accepted, went and distinguished themselves. All went in their field costumes except John M-ss, who had brought along his dress suit, patent leather pumps, satin cravats, and four-inch collars. He tried to speak, but his words could not rise above his collar and so his mighty eloquence was lost. B-ll-rd took the floor and said that we should abstain from liquor because the $C_2 H_6$ would act on $C_{18} H_{30} O_{10}$ of the epigastrical meningeal and produce $H_2 SO_4$, which would destroy the petaluxus, and produce a reflex action on the femoral expecturosis. After this eloquent display of wisdom the house adjourned *sine die*.

There was little sleeping done in camp that night; the boys were jolly and they made things lively; among other things they had an impromptu camp meeting, in which B-nd preached, J-luns-n prayed, and Elkans was converted to a ham-eater. At about one o'clock in the morning all hands turned in and all was quiet for about two hours when the big wall tent was serenaded. This was too much; the old tent could not withstand the effect of the music which those serenaders made, and she tottered to the ground, nearly smothering the inmates, who swore so loudly that the mules blushed and crept behind the wagon.

There was no more sleep that morning and after a breakfast of ham, bread and coffee, each man filled his lunch bag with sardines

or canned beef and crackers, and by six o'clock all had begun work. From this time everything went smoothly on and the survey proceeded without friction. Our professor joined us at about eleven o'clock and the transitman ceased talking to the rodmen in italics and Sunday-school phrases. We worked with less hurry than last year, though we made the best time on record.

Everywhere along the route whole families turned out to see us pass, and either stood gazing at us with open mouths or else overwhelmed us with questions as to how long before the trains would be running, if we would build a depot opposite their house, and what would be the fare to Athens. One old lady saw the level pointed towards her house and sent out her son to request us to wait until she changed her dress before we took the picture. One day one of the reconnoitering party came across a typical Arkansas boy. "Bud," asked the young engineer, "where does this road go?" "Hit don't go no whar ez I ever heerd on," he answered. "Well, but I mean where does it lead?" "'Pends on how fur you go." "Yes, I understand that, but how shall I reach Mr. Aycock's?" "De best way yer kin." "But will I reach Mr. Aycock's if I follow this road?" "Better try it and see." "Say," said the disgusted reconnoiterer, "you go and soak your head." "You take a runnin' start and go to thunder," replied the boy. The disgusted surveyor went on, and soon the boy called out to him, "Ef ye don't git dar, come back an' make a cross mark in de road an' try agin."

The third day out we came in sight of a large house by the road side, and as usual heads popped out of every door and window to see us and our maneuverings. As we drew near and our sheath knives, axes, and rods could be more distinctly seen by the astonished people; they heard the yells of Br-tt and grumbling of J-hn-s-n and saw the fiendish smile of Willie W-l-l-ams and every head was drawn in, every window fastened and every door barred. Some of the boys wanted to buy a few of the spring chickens that were in the yard, but none of their hellos or knocks were answered by the slightest sound from within. They no doubt thought that the war had begun again, and that Sherman was once more marching through Georgia.

Last year we had bacon and bread for breakfast, bread and bacon for dinner and ditto for supper. This year we determined on a little more variety, and so, besides a good supply of canned meats

which we brought out, we purchased every egg that we could lay hands on. Thursday night everybody had eggs; no one ate less than half a dozen, and B-ll-rd, that dainty delicate boy, got outside of just sixteen, while M-ln-r and G-ll-ger followed with eleven each. There was some lively cackling done in Camp Egg that night, and we all crowed the next morning at daybreak.

On Friday at about noon stake 1027+48 was driven at the edge of the Social Circle depot, a bench mark was taken and our survey was ended. In our pioneer costumes we stood "the observed of all observers," and when we marched back to camp which was on the outskirts of the town, all passed down the main street, and everybody turned out to view us as if we constituted a circus procession. The camp and corps were photographed, and then each man was at liberty to spend his time as he pleased.

