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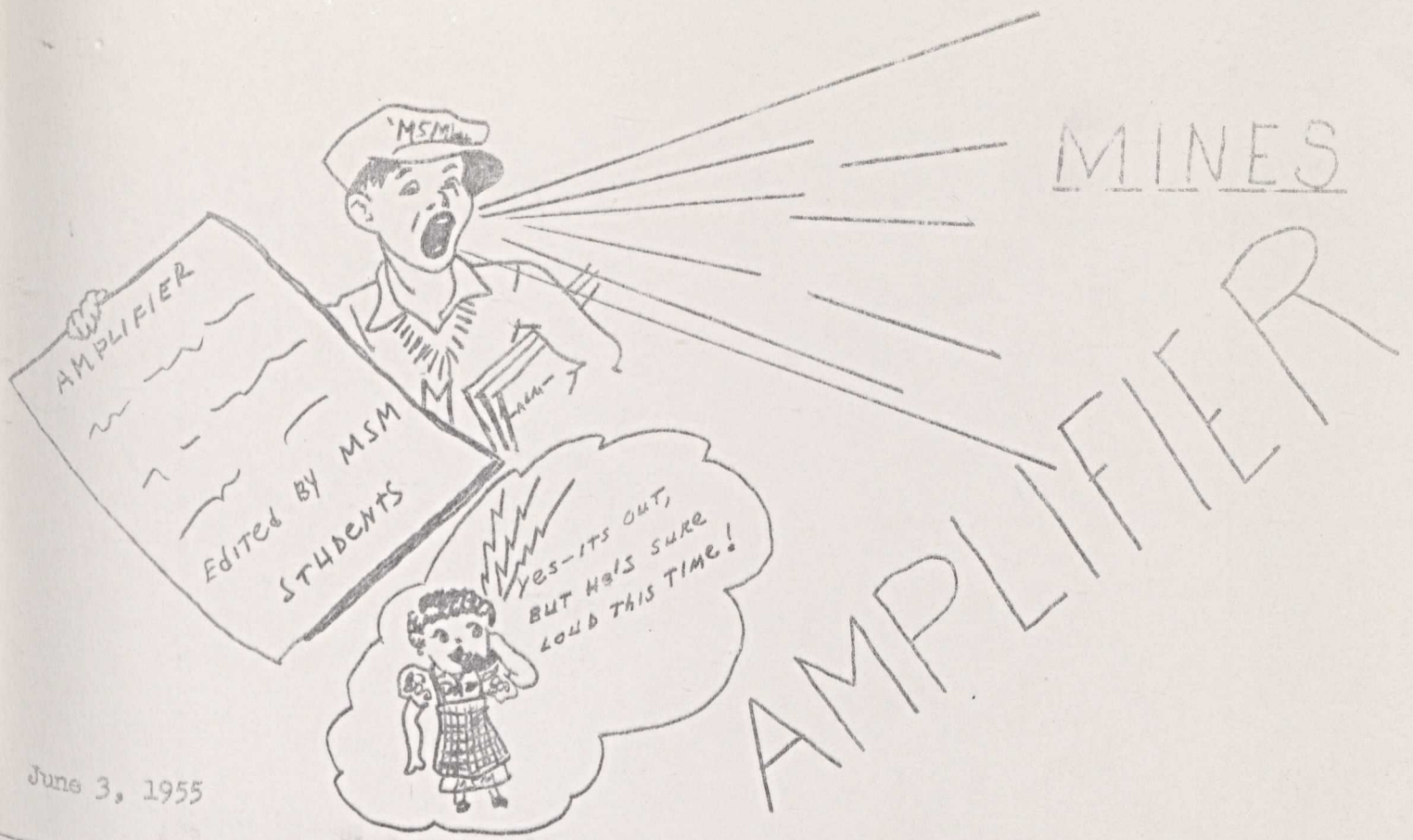
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June 3, 1955

Volume 1 8th edition

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COMMENTS FROM THE FRONT OFFICE

by J. R. Van Pelt

No doubt all of you have read the announcements about Commencement, but this is a good time to mention the main points again. The Commencement speaker will be "Bill" Clawson, President of Mobil Producing Company and Socony Exploration Company, Ltd. of Canada. Mr. Clawson has an outstanding record of discovering oil fields and directing production from them. He is a practical and most likeable man as well as being an important industrial leader. I hope every student who can possibly be in Butte on June 10 will attend the Commencement and bring as many friends as may be interested. This is, and should be, an all-school affair; members of all college classes are invited and urged to attend. To secure admission, all you need is a ticket for each person, which can be secured (free of charge, of course) from the president's office. In case of a full house, these tickets will give you assurance of seats up to 7:30 P.M. Mr. Clawson, like all of our recent Commencement speakers, will be honored by the presentation of an honorary degree. Usually no other honorary degrees are given, but this year is an exception. Our own distinguished alumnus, Dean Curtis L. Wilson of Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy, will also be a recipient of an honorary doctorate of engineering. Three other alumni will receive professional degrees in engineering.

AMPLIFIER SAYS

Editor

With the big week for the Freshmen and Sophomores just about to start, a change in atmosphere on the campus has been noticed. A cloud of expectation has slowly settled over all, resulting in a varied display of expressions among students. Some are eagerly anticipating the coming summer vacation and others are puzzling over their chances in the pending final exams.

We hope that the sage words of advice about study habits by our president in the last issue of the AMPLIFIER were not passed over lightly. Many an upperclassman could

personally vouch for the validity of those statements and urge their use. At any rate, the AMPLIFIER wishes luck to all during these decisive exams.

THIS THING CALLED RETIREMENT

by Walter T. Scott

Retirement in the University of Montana system is not a matter of choice for a faculty member once he or she reaches the age of seventy but becomes compulsory by state law. If a person hangs on to a faculty position long enough, the outcome is inevitable. Such a fate caught up with me last November and I find that what cannot be cured must be endured. I had no wish to retire, but - - -.

After my non-teaching year on the sidelines, the editors of The Amplifier have asked me to tell how it feels. The request strikes me as being somewhat ghoulish. Requiescat in pace could apply to has-been profs. and the fellows who made me flunk then probably wish the requiescat had come sooner. However, if I could just get it out of my mind that the aforesaid editors are stumped for something to fill space, I would be complimented by their request. It is pleasant to think that students are still interested in a former prof. - even if the interest includes pinning a few goat feathers on the prof.

Retirement, like everything else we experience, has both its pleasant and its unpleasant angles. Take eight o'clock! No more do I force myself out of the hay at six-thirty on a below zero morning and struggle up the hill to enter a classroom at eight-eleven sharp. Instead I think briefly of my blessings, roll over, and get another luxurious nap. And the hill! I worked thirty five years trying to wear it down with no results. No more, or very little, further effort along that line for me. Lectures? No more do I plan each evening and morning just what to say to each class, how much ground must be covered, how to make information clear and interesting and up-to-date. Nor are there test questions to devise, fair and just to the students, and no test or examination papers to grade with fairness and justice. The

The many hours I used to spend evaluating technical English papers and reports are free for other purposes - largely proving my right to belong to the National Sittin', Rockin', and Starin' Club. This club selected me one of two members in Montana last December so I must have made a fast impression on the club leaders.

I could mention other features of being a faculty member at Montana School of Mines, the absence of which bring me no overwhelming sorrow. Every human institution has its attendant irritations, some really important, most petty. Where people are concerned, human nature with its fears, jealousies, prides, inefficiencies, blindness, dumbness, and plain cussedness is always a source of irritation. In retirement, such pressures are largely absent. Any real job involves tedious routine work which ends when the job ends. Thus far I am glad to be away from much of this routine.

More free time has let me do much reading I have wanted to get done - two books a week on the average in addition to newspapers and magazines. The books have been good, bad, and indifferent, some worthless, but as long as I can read, time will be pleasant for me. All the athletic sports are interesting to me and there are many contests to see, and some such as the State Track Meet where they still let me be a timekeeper. Judging forensic events, continued activity and committee work in several Butte civic organizations, sessions at bridge and pinochle, an occasional short trip out of Butte, and the usual social events take up slack time.

There are unpleasant angles to retirement. I miss my class contacts with the Mines students most of all. The working - or non-working - of student minds is an interesting phenomenon always. Personality traits, reactions to happenings in class, development of student comprehensions and abilities, increasing poise and maturity of students, in every class session - these may be observed. I miss the chance to try out jokes, not always bad I hope, on an audience. I miss all the contacts with the students each day on the campus, around the halls, in my office, in meetings of various kinds, at various activities. I also, of course,

miss the many contacts with members of the faculty and with others of the staff. One must be around every day to know what has happened, what is happening, and what may happen to those who are the Ore Digger clan. For many years Mrs. Scott and I have centered our interest on the people and their achievements at Montana School of Mines. The lessened associations which maintain such interest are a penalty of retirement.

There are added threats to enjoying being retired. No longer can a fellow plead a rush of work when the boss of the house starts spring cleaning or suggests mucking out the basement, replanting the yard, repairing this and that, painting outside and inside, and replacing the plumbing and wiring - all, of course, to keep a fellow from getting full benefit from his membership in the Sittin', Rockin', and Starin' Club.

And a Scotch warning to you fellows who think retirement must be wonderful. There is no money in it!

If anyone wants my honest opinion - which I doubt - it's not so wonderful or the editors would not have asked me to write about it.

Professor Emeritus
(Whatever that is.)

All was well on the ark when Noah discovered a leak. Noah commanded a dog, "Go and hold your nose over the hole." The dog did. The hole grew larger, and Noah ordered his wife to hold her hand over the hole, but the hole grew larger. Noah then sat on the hole. That is why a dog's nose is always cold; a woman's hand is always cold; and why a man always stands with his back to the fire.

Since the discovery of elastic, it is estimated that women take up one-third less space.

Professor: This exam will be conducted on the honor system. Please take seats three spaces apart in alternate rows.

CADDY JAILED IN MINING FRAUD

KID IN THE KORRIDOR

Unknown

Your editor received word last night, that Sam Caddy was convicted of selling mining property with fraudulent intent. This was hard to believe at first; however, you be the judge.

The trial was fast and furious, with both sides using every trick in the book to favor their case. Caddy, of course, was winning the case until Prof. R. Smith (MSM Prof. Metallurgy) testified for Newmont Munitions Co.

"Caddy, said Smith, really goofed. His geology of the area was correct and the alloy he found was formed in precisely the way Sam surmised two weeks ago. (If the reader recalls, the alloy formed, consisted of Cu, Sn, Pb, Zn). However, he sold the property to the Newmont Munitions Co. and called the large chunk "BRASS". If you will refer to Guy's Elements of Metallurgy on page 119, BRASS is defined as consisting of Copper and Zinc, not copper, zinc, lead, and tin! A solid solution containing these elements in correct proportions is known as "BRONZE". Therefore, Caddy has sold a brass cartridge company the wrong material for their product. True, since Caddy is a former MSM student, he did not intend to cheat Newmont; Sam merely studied under the old-time Met. department and they didn't make a definite distinction in those days, between BRASS and BRONZE. Believe me, gentlemen, brass is not bronze!"

With these words, Smith virtually clinched the case for Newmont Munitions. Sam was convicted; still, he feels the conviction is unjustified and so, his lawyers have informed your editor to "stick around for the final outcome". OK, Sam, we will!

My blind date was so thin that when she drank the tomato juice she looked like a thermometer.

The difference between a married student and a single student is that when a single student walks the floor with a babe in his arms he's trying to sober her up.

The correspondent-type of article is being written by the Kid this week, he isn't even in Butte. He knows, this is really good news for everybody, but sit tight, he'll be back.

The Kid was really sorry to see the softball game at the Sunday picnic come to such an abrupt end when Bywater slid into what he thought was third Base in the cow pasture.

Some of the things the Kid saw after the picnic:

Jack Hunter came home with a benign smile. Haw!

Hitch hikers with an "ex-" title fascinate Jim Kerr.

George Mealey conspicuously absent from his room all Sunday night and 90% of the next day.

Janet Watson campused by a fortitious "accident" just before an astute African trips off with the Juniors. Tick-tock.

The Kid better stop seeing things before smash smash and he can't see.

Although almost everyone knows who the unknown writer of the Kid is, plans are being made to publicly reveal who the dirty dad is next year. At that time, the reins of toe-tromping will be turned over in utmost secrecy to someone else. Do YOU think YOU can do the job? Talk to Mular on the Q T.

Andy: "Let's play pony-express, girlie."

Jan: "What's that, big boy!"

Andy: "Post Office, with a lot of horsing around."

Well, from the looks of all the girls limping around our house, with assorted contusions and abrasions, we can tell that last week end was one heck of a brawl. The events started Saturday night with a private picnic attended by fourteen anonymous social indulgers. The creek proved to be a popular resort area. "Big Man, Swede." By the way, what was your shoe doing under the mattress and, come to think of it, what was the mattress doing in the creek?

Our sincere apologies to Don Skelton, the gallant gentleman who went for an unexpected swim! That rock just wasn't big enough, was it? The swimming party was preceded by a baseball (?) game played on the main drag of Roosevelt Drive. Incidentally, have you signed with the Dodgers, yet, Barnum?

Seems Andy Mular has become quite an ant watcher. Nothing better to do, Andy, or were you really gathering fire wood? We hear Jim Kerr is quite a lover ----- so hot, in fact, that he burned his socks. (In the fire, of course.) Care to borrow a needle and thread, or do you have someone who does your mending?

While we're on the subject of picnics, thanks M-Club, for the "kegnic". A few more casualty's resulted that day -- namely one dead Jo----- Kerr? Seems he just missed running over her in his car. Were you aiming at her or Huber's "M" jacket? Anyway she survived that only to break her thumb playing baseball on the farmer's "hayfield." Speaking of hayfields, ----- nice slide, Nagel!!!!!!

Say, Regan, just because the trees are taller, you don't have to chop them down. Just what did you do with those 14,929 toothpicks?

All in all, everyone had a wonderful time, and we want to thank everyone who made it possible. Also our thanks to the editor and staff of the Amplifier and the Mines students for helping to make our column what it is. Hope to see you all in September. ON CALL -----9080.

A drunk was standing on the corner singing "Amapola."

An Airdale trotted up and said, "Okay, bud you asked for it."

"I'll tell you one thing, if he's growing hay here, he certainly fertilizes it."

"Every week you slam me in your article,--- but, I like it."

"I'm leaving for Missoula in a half hour."

"Her name is Mac. She's built like a Mac Truck."

"Is -----that-----so?"

"I'm really having a good time. Too bad he's leaving so soon."

"Did you burn all those cups? There was more beer left in that keg!"

JOKE:

What did one piece of toast say to the other as they popped out of the toaster?

Haven't been this hot since I was "bread".

"I've a friend I'd like you girls to meet."

Athletic girl: "What can he do?"

Chorus girl: "How much has he?"

Literary girl: "What does he read?"

Society girl: "Who are his family?"

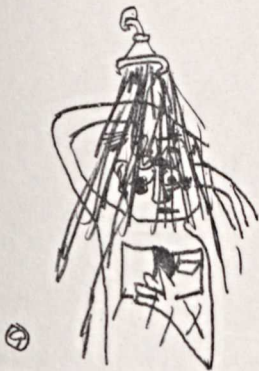
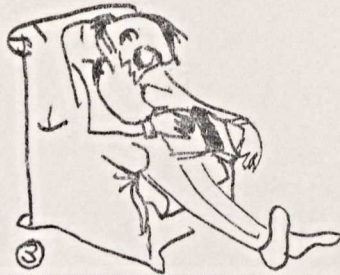
Religious girl: "What church does he belong to?"

College girl: "Where is he?"

From a San Francisco newspaper:

"In the event of an atomic attack, close your windows, lie down on the floor and turn on the gas."

— FINAL EXAMS AT MSM —



RCP-ALM-

-LIE OF THE WEEK-

ALL FRESHMEN AND SOPHOMORES WHO HAVE MAINTAINED AT LEAST A "C" AVERAGE FOR THIS SEMESTER, ARE EXCUSED FROM TAKING THE FINAL EXAMINATION IN EVERY COURSE OFFERED!

J. R. FANN BELDT