

THE ENGINEER

If you can swing an axe or wield a brush-hook,
 Or drive a stake, or drag a chain all day,
 If you can scribble "figgers" in a note-book,
 Or shoot a range-pole half a mile away,
 If you can sight a transit or a level,
 Or move a target up or down a rod,
 If you fear neither man nor devil,
 And know yourself and trust the living God.
 If you can wade a swamp or swim a river,
 Nor fear the deeps nor yet the dizzy heights,
 If you can stand the cold without a shiver,
 And take Higgins' ink to bed at nights,
 If you can turn a thumb-screw with your fingers,
 When every digit's like a frozen thumb.
 If you can work as long as daylight lingers,
 And not complain nor think you're going some.
 If you can sight through tropic heat's refraction,
 Or toil all day beneath a blistering sun.
 If you can find a sort of satisfaction
 In knowing that you've got a job well done,
 If you can be an Eskimo or nigger
 And try to be a gentleman to boot,
 If you can use a "guessing stick" to "figger,"
 And know a coefficient from a root.
 If your calculus and "descrip" are forgotten,
 And your algebra just serves you fairly well,
 If your drafting and your lettering are rotten,
 And your Trautwine's always handy by to tell,
 If you can close a traverse without "fudgin',"
 Or check a line of levels by a foot.
 If you can set a slope stake just by judgin',
 And never kick a tripod with your boot.
 If you can run a line where you are told,
 And make it stay somewhere on the map.
 If you can read your notes when they are cold,
 And know that contours mustn't lap,
 If you can line a truss or tap a rivet,
 Or make a surly foreman come across,
 If you can take an order as well as give it,
 And not have secret pity for the boss.
 If you can climb a stool and not feel lowly,
 Nor have your head turned by a swivel chair,
 If you can reach your judgments slowly,
 And make your rulings always just and fair,
 If you can give yourself and all that's in you,
 And make the others give their own best, too,
 If you can handle men of brawn and sinew,
 And like the men and make them like you, too.
 If you can boast a college education,
 Or, if you've got a sheepskin, can forget,
 If you get a living wage for a compensation,
 And give a little more than what you get,
 If you can meet with triumph and disaster,
 And treat them without favor, nor with fear,
 You'll be a man—and your own master,
 But—what is more—you'll be an ENGINEER.

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