

bors no doubts about the role of engineering at an Ivy League university, especially given the long tradition of interaction with the various physical and life science departments here. He enjoys emphasizing that it is an ideal place for remaining closely linked to the basics, and therefore is "fertile

ground" for marshalling a first-rate research and teaching program. It is clear that we are also extremely fortunate to have "Big John" (protocol being temporarily suspended here) as our marshal. □

ChE stirred pots

BALLAD OF JACK WEIKART

by *Rutherford Aris*

Editor's Note: The following ballad was read by Prof. Aris in the Exxon suite at the 1983 AIChE annual meeting. CEE joins the academic community in saluting Jack on his retirement from Exxon.

*Jack Weikart was a citizen
Of tact and of rapport.
An Exxon captain eke was he
From Jersey's eastern shore.
When Exxon wished to fill its ranks
Or its largesse bestow
They called for Jack, the chap with knack,
The man most in the know.
Whether the good ol' D. of E.
Were pulling back on shale,
Or Exxon'd made discovery
Beyond the farthest pale,
Whether the stocks of gasoline
And oil were running low,
Or whether shieks of Araby
Had dealt their latest blow,
Whether the oil profits drew
Apologetic coughs,
Or whether they turned negative
In Reagonomic troughs,
The Admirals forth their captain sent
To fetch a Chem E. crew.
They said to Jack, "You bring 'em back
We know what you can do."
So out would come Jack's little book
In which he kept the tot
Of which was where, and who was who,
And who was doing what.
Then off he'd go as was his wont
To cull each Inst. and U.
Sometimes he wanted all the crop
And sometimes precious few.
But stay! Though Jack is truly tops
At the recruiting game*

*That is not all; he has, you know,
Another claim to fame.
Whenever A.I.Ch.E.s
In learned conclave meet
Our Jack you'll find dispensing cheer
Within the Exxon suite.
For oft—with Peg—he has reserved
A penthouse in the sky,
Four-poster bed, plush carpeting
And mirrors set on high.
And from the living room of such
A truly classy job,
With wine & beer & sundry drinks,
He entertains the mob
Of academic types who swarm
Until the place near bursts
With shouting profs all trying to slake
Their monumental thirsts.
(For word is passed from prof to prof
As each one registers,
"Psst. Write this number on your card
Before your vision blurs.
The Exxon suite's a perfect square,
Its digits four are too,
What's more it is the least of such
And has a splendid view.")
O'er all our Jack—and with him Paul—
Preside with great panache,
And woe betide industrial types
If they should try to crash!
For Exxon suites are sacred as
The groves of Academe;
There hiring's done, ideas are swapped
And hatched is many a scheme.
Oh, woe are we, no more to see
Jack Weikart's hoary head,
And hear him boom across the room,
"Time's up! Be off to bed."*

*Sail on! Sail on! Exxon. Exxon.
You'll never see, alack,
For fetching you a Chem E. crew
As mighty a man as Jack.*