

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

# TOPOGRAPHY AND TOPOGRAPHERS

YESTERDAY



TO-MORROW

TO-DAY



AS PRESENTED BY

E. I. IRELAND

CARTOONED BY

GERALD FITZGERALD

1929

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(200)  
T666t  
1929



RB  
(200)  
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1929

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

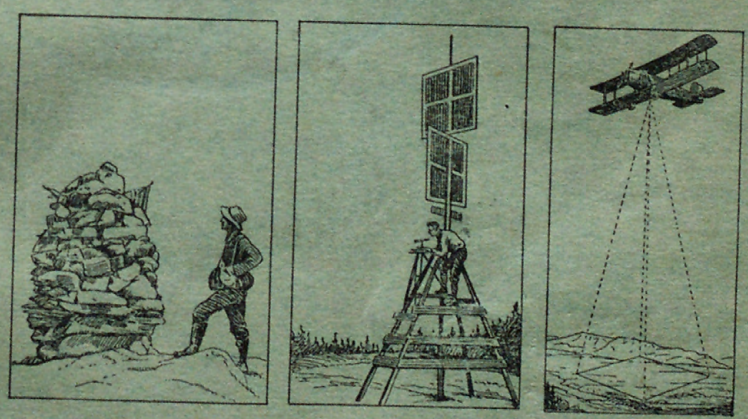
# TOPOGRAPHY AND TOPOGRAPHERS

YESTERDAY



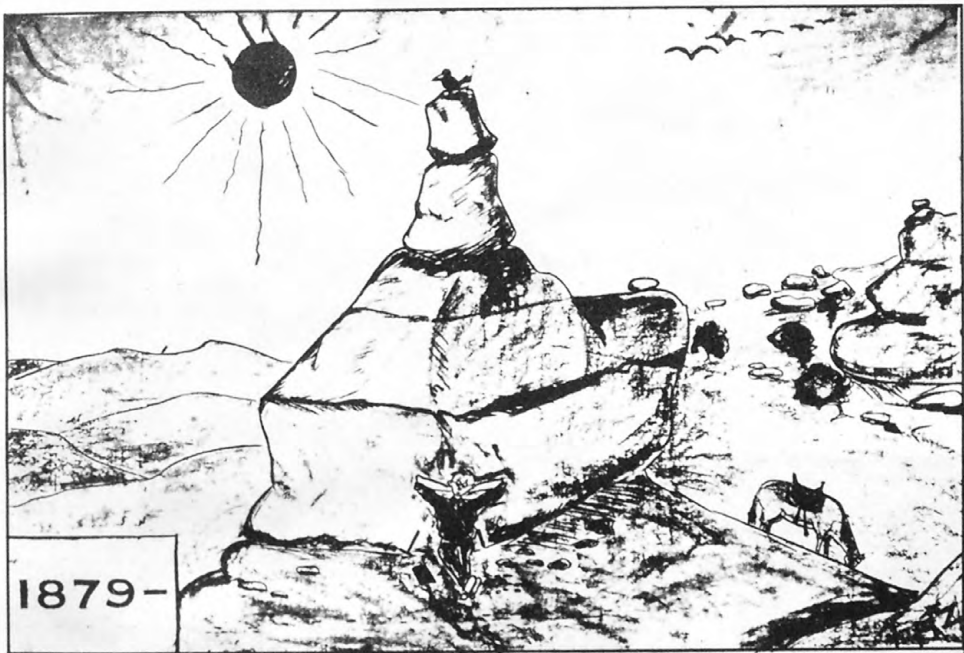
TO-MORROW

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AS PRESENTED BY  
E. I. IRELAND  
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1879-

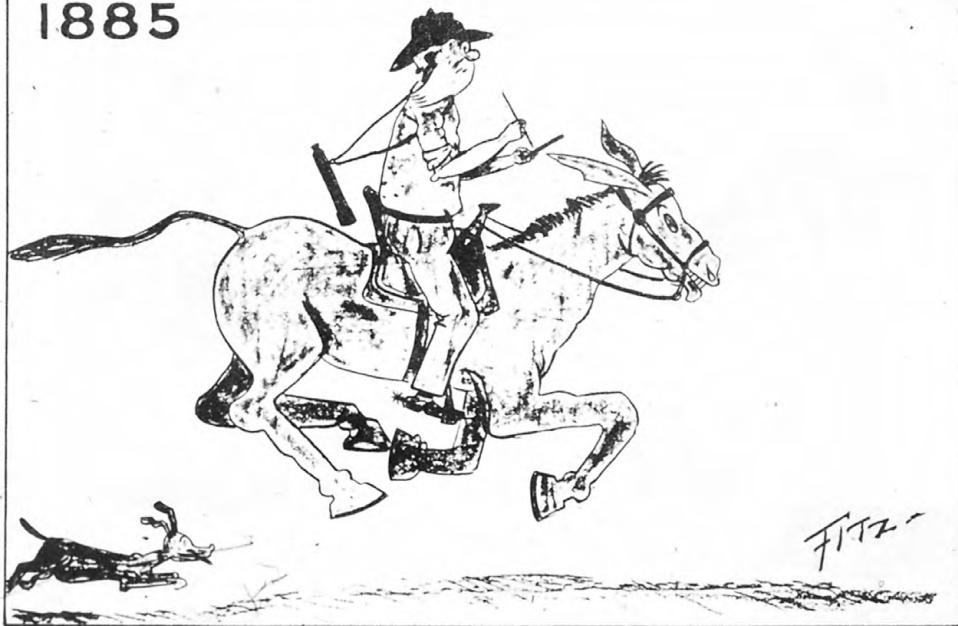
I'll try to speak a little piece about myself to you,  
About the time when I was young, and what I used to do.  
Of eighteen hundred seventy-nine my memory's not quite clear,  
Now that's not strange, for you will see I was born the  
following year.  
Who then should try to make the maps save him whom here you see?  
Shading under this great rock he couldn't find a tree.

1880



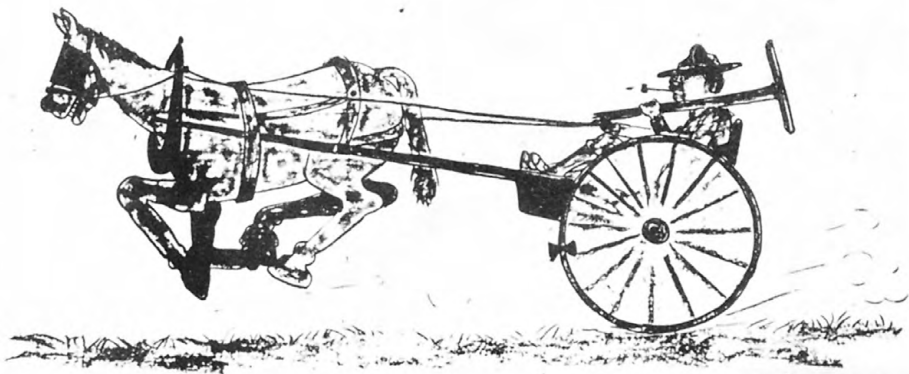
Now here I am, you'd hardly think I ever looked like that,  
Or toiling so, that I would grow and keep so plump and fat,  
But this is how we did it then. That rag tied on the wheel  
Marked space by turns, I had to count each time it made a reel.  
I did my work in crudest ways of which you ever heard,  
The map, it looked for all the world like tracks made by a bird.

1885



A mule was added to the list of things that I could use,  
It wasn't what I'd liked to have, but I had no chance to choose.  
To satisfy my present wants, of all that I can think,  
I'd like to ask for more Hunt pens and a little Higgins ink.  
I toiled one day high up the crags just like a billy goat,  
The chief that night tore up my sketch - "just mountain" there  
he wrote.  
In these five years I've grown so strong, no longer must be led,  
I have my own division now with chieftain at its head,  
You'd be surprised how one so young should beat some older men,  
I sketched more miles within this year than e'er I could again,  
My maps not good, though now begins engraving of my plots,  
The record shows them first sent out in fifty seven lots.

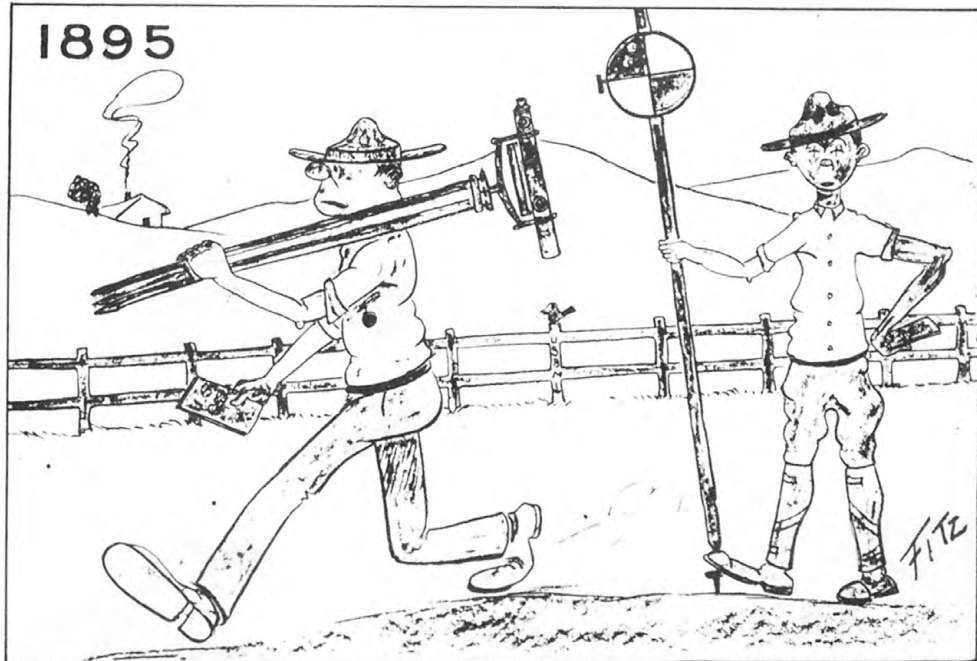
1890



I have a better way to ride, this outfit looks so swell,  
Except for bumps along the trail I get along quite well,  
I've learned to climb up in the trees and from such stations high,  
Sight signals far across the hills, and wish that I could fly.  
Instead of note book for my sketch I've a table on three legs,  
My map sometimes still looks, alas, like a smear you'd make with  
eggs.



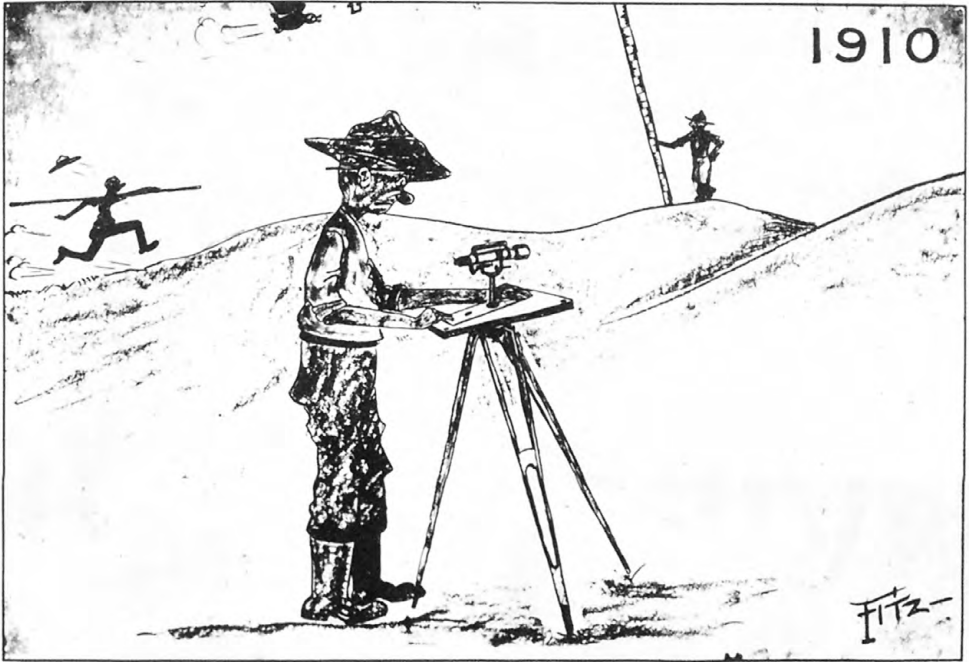
1895



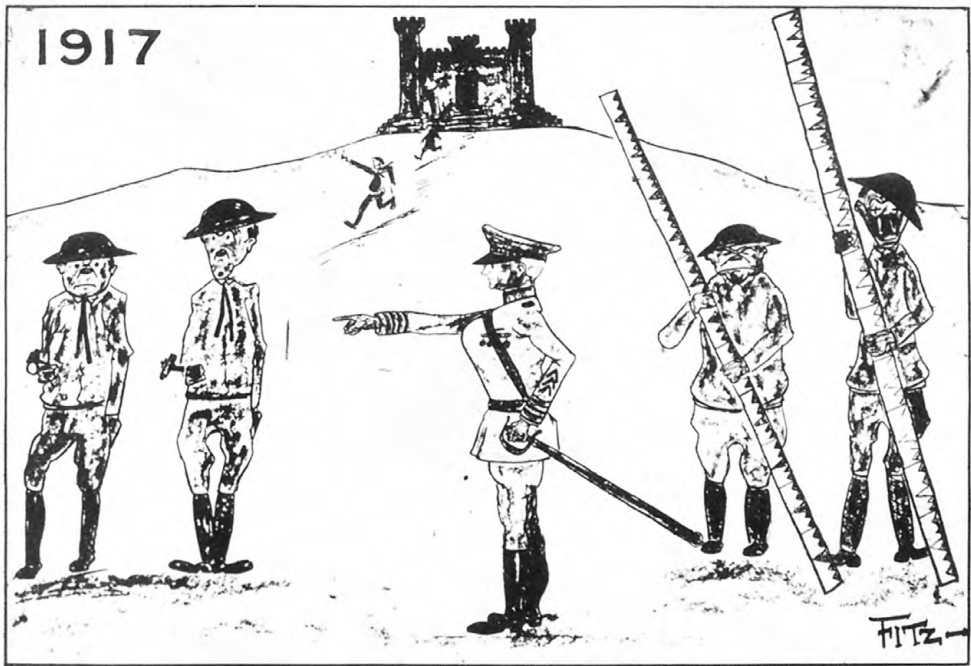
To hold the level of my head wherever I may be,  
I need must know where stand my feet from the datum of the sea,  
So now this outfit I employ with skill exceeding rare,  
First raise the target up a bit, then down about a hair.  
U. S. G. S. I smear about with paint on rock and tree,  
With figures that are meant to show how high the place may be,  
Of course the country folks must know what mean those letters fold.  
Till asked by lassie sweet and fair, ne'er one I ever told.  
The U and S mean Uncle Sam, I told her true and plain,  
G stands for girl be she at home or strolling down the lane,  
I represent old Uncle Sam - this maid I want to please her -  
The last S on that rock, I vow, it surely must mean squeezer.



When automobiles first appeared their running was not sure,  
Garage and service stations then along the ways were fewer,  
Of highway surfaced with concrete, it was a thing unknown,  
That first auto I tried to use had troubles all its own.  
I sent it out to West Va. to try the mountain track,  
Report affirmed it did arrive, it never did come back.



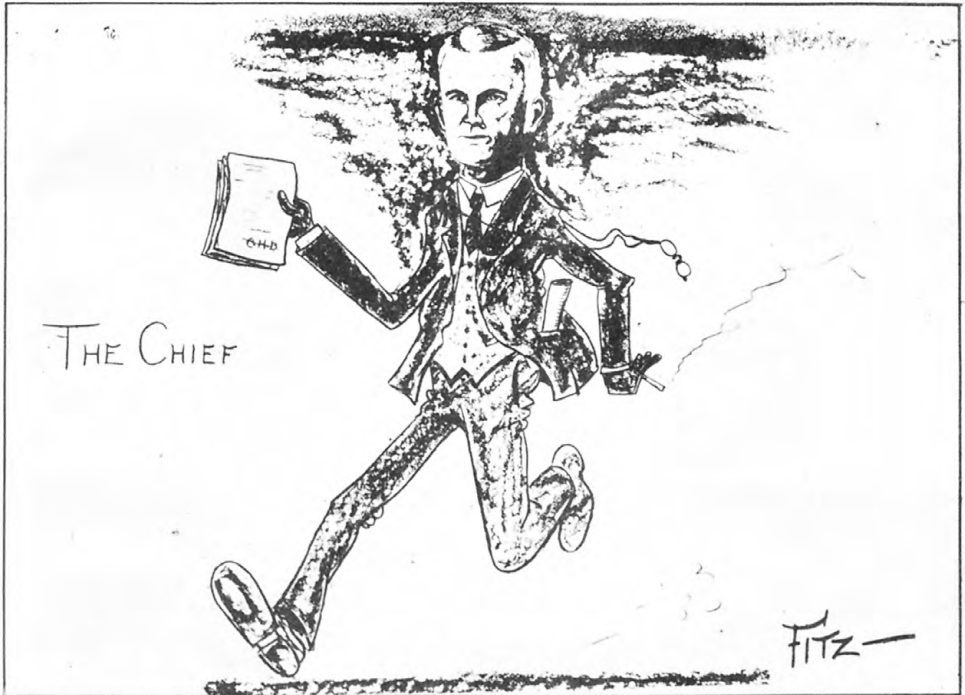
What good can be a contour line if not in proper place?  
If hill is shone a rising, where should be open space,  
If road is creek and house is sty, upon the blooming map,  
Why anybody plain may see it's scarcely worth a rap.  
So race ye rodmen here and yon, up road across the vale!  
There's nothing now that's placed amiss of any hill or dale.



When martial strains of music swelled loud o'er all the land,  
When up came brave men marching in uniform so grand,  
I trimmed my plumes and rubbed the rust from off my trusty sword,  
I knew the rattle of that blade would scare the German horde,  
I pitched my tents with G. H. Q. at Chaumont and at Langres,  
I danced with Red Cross nurses and made merry with my song.



I chanced upon a bit of news in print the other day,  
That caught my eye and made me stop to think - or any way  
It brought to mind another thing 'bout oil reserves and flow,  
How Hoover seeks to dam them up - they've oft been damned, you know -  
A rigid order from his hand may stop the overflow,  
To keep the facts well bottled up, now he has named G. O.



This foolishness about to end is nothing to my credit,  
I suffered while I fixed it up, you've suffered while I've read it,  
'Twas not my fault, I had to act this part of weary Willie,  
So now to get me some revenge, I'll show him looking silly.







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