A pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock —
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock.

James Whitcomb Riley

(Here she comes, yep, Thanksgiving. Still comin' a little ahead of schedule. Wish't I could make the rounds Thursday.)

* * * *

A negro funeral once was attended by a ventriloquist whose peculiar powers were not known to the others present. Another negro told what happended at the cemetary.

"Well, suh, "he started, "when dey begins to lowah Rastus into de hole, he says 'Lemme go down easy, boys!'"

"Did they go ahead and bury him?"

"How de world does I know?" came the reply from the first negro.

* * * *

Van: "A girl's greatest attraction is her hair."

Jack: "Nope, I think it's her smile. What do you think, Ray?"

Ray: "I think the same as you do boys, but I don't lie about it."

* * * *

"Don't you know you'll ruin your stomach by drinking so much?"

"Aw, thash all right, it won't show with my coat on."

* * * *

YOU AIN'T LYIN'

Dash off a rhyme that the students like;
Cleverly phrase it and mildly scent it;
Offer it up with a joyous heart—
And never a censor will let you print it.
Dash off a rhyme that the censors like:
Muffle it, soften it, tame it—bleed it!
Offer it up with a weeping soul—
For nary a student will ever read it.

* * * *

At a Thanksgiving dinner in New York last year, a well-known professor was called upon to speak. In introducing him, the host said to the guests:

"You have been giving your attention so far to turkey stuffed with sage. You are about to give your attention to a sage stuffed with turkey."

* * * *

Boss—"Do you know anything about ladies underwear?"

Applicant—"Of course I do. I ride the L's everyday."

* * * *

A traveling salesman had missed the bus and found out that it was two hours before the next bus left the little town of Jarkvill. Wondering what to do he approached a native.

'Say, is there a picture show in town?"

"Nope."

"A poolroom, or a library?"

"Nope."

"Well, gosh man, how on earth do you amuse yourselves?"

"We all go down to the grocery store in the evenin' and watch the bacon slicer work."

* * * *

Very late one night, two chaps who had been imbibing too freely were sitting on the pavement with their feet in the gutter. One was heard to say to the other, "What does your wife shay when you shtay out late like thish?"

"Haven't got a wife," the other replied.

"Then why do you shtay out late like thish?"

* * * *

Ann Arbor: "If you don't leave now I'll call the whole police department to put you out!"

Newell: "Baby, it would take the whole fire department to put me out!"

* * * *

There was an old man from Nantucket
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;
But his daughter, named Nan,
Ran away with a man—
And as for the bucket, Nantucket.

* * * *

Signing off again. Don't eat too much of that turkey! **"OH MIN"**

Blitzkrieg!

Brrrrrr!

What with all this cold weather and stuff, your pore old columnist is so frozz that he can hardly punch the keys on Tillie, the old typewriter. (It looks just the same to us. Are you sure you can type? Ed.) Winter may be upon us, but the Blitzkrieg can still make plenty of people hot. For example see (H.H.) who does not like to be printed about . . . **Al Falkman,** I Tappa Keg's Vice-President in charge of Wolfing, asked me as a special favor to print the following notice: "Open challange to the **Armour Wolfing Club!** We, the Wolves of Lewis, hereby challenge you to a contest in the age old art of wolfing." For further details see A. F. As a special warning to the Armour lads I think it is only fair to add that Uncle Al uses a scientific psychological technique . . . They tell me that **Kaplan,** who is doing his practice teaching at Crane is having quite a time with his "little" boys. They have no respect for dignity and insist on punctuating recitations with spit-balls, erasers and other lethal weapons. Chin up, boy! It's all for the profession! . . . "One In a Million," that's the way **Clarcy Mae** felt when she went to the last Dance Club Meeting at Armour . . . Note to the Freshmen Engineers: Children should be seen and not heard or known to throw lighted cigarettes in wastebaskets. And while on the subject, who put out the fire on the fifth floor? Some say it was "Fireman" **Bill Fischer** to the rescue . . . News is still pouring in about the Arx dance. The dialectitions seem to have been a little confused about **Bob Meyer's** song styling. He claims it is about as Swedish as **Greenberg's name.** Have you heard about **Bob's** covey of Mileormore birds? And don't forget **Rae Berry's** beautiful rendition of that ballad about the horse who bashed the cowboy's haid. Is **Emily** still peeved? . . . Have you heard about how **Willard Fisher** picked his first date? It seems it was through a very detailed process of elimination with a final drawing of the lucky girl's name from an old fed. ora. Gee, I wish I were popular enough to have so many eligibles on my waiting list . . . What fella recently acquired the name "Crash" instead of **Fredrick "The Great" Hummel?** It's a good story. . . And to my **"Pal"** the **Steam Shoveler** on the matter of competition. By your own admission you say that nothing is better than your column. Well, pal, You gotta admit that ours is better than nothing. Figger the rest out for yourself . . .**Mary Ann and Elaine** have so much food in their locker that they are expecting the termites to give a banquet any day. Wednesday they capped the climax by serving punch to the loiterers in **Lambda** row. How can two such little girls consume so much victuals? . . . What goes on between **Alice Moffet and Gustav Killian?** She can be seen at the bike races any afternoon screaming her head off to spur her favorite on to victory. **Dick and Jack** sallied into the infield Monday but couldn't get to first base with **"Margie"** who found **Cecil Yates** a little more interesting than our stalwarts. For the inside dope on the race fraud see **Art Peterino.** He works for **Torchy Peden,** girls . .

Now a Happy Thanksgiving to yez all and a prayer that you all won't be working on those term papers all of the 21st.

Hasta next Tuesday (Spanish)
THE FIFTH COLUMNIST

HERE'S OUR STORY

Getting out this paper is no picnic!
If we print jokes, people say they are silly;
If we don't, they say we are too serious.
If we clip things from other papers, we are too lazy to write them ourselves;
If we don't, we are too fond of our own stuff.
If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate true genius;
If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.
If we make a change in the other person's write-up, we are too critical;
If we don't, we are asleep.
Now, like as not, somebody will say that we swiped this. WE DID!

— The Editors

Women Only

By Viodes

Hello! "How is your chassis? Classy?" If it is, you and Ann Sheridan have nothing to worry about—well, we'd best get started.

One of the most important points to note is height. Are you tall — short — or an in betweener? If you are tall you can wear the dressy pump with the little girl heel. And to make you tall girls feel better, just remember that if you wear high heeels, he won't have to stoop when he says goodnight. If you are short, you can also be consoled. The new high 3¾ inch heels can do wonders for any girl no matter how short she is. If you are classed as an in betweener, well, you're lucky!

Another item of great importance to many of the gals is weight. If you are a **"*Hefty Heddy*"**—let those sweets alone for awhile. Instead, buy yourself that "dream of a dress," the size you would like to fit into, and put it in a convenient place where you can look at it often. Then you'll refrain from sweets, and soon you'll be called "Heddy." Last but far from least — the dream dress will fit.

If you are thin, refrain from vertical lines — instead wear plaids. Clothes that have fullness and swing, are indeed, just the thing. An in betweener can wear everything!" Some like them fat — some like them thin — some like them."

* * * *

Could grandpa and grandma read this column they would say, "What's this world coming to? I can remember when styles were different." and grandpa might add that "Cars ain't what they used to be either." Clothes and cars alike have changed, and in some ways, a great deal in the same manner. The machine age has the streamlined lady and limousine. Hats were once cumbersome so were auto tops. Skirts were clumsy; so were chasses. Corsets were uncomfortable; so were back-seat springs. Hampered by their trappings, ladies moved sedately; the bulky gasoline buggy followed suit. It stalled, puffed smoke, proceeded uphill laboriously, if at all. Today all this is changed. Auto tops are curved to flow with the wind; so are hats. Hoods are slim and long; so is the modern torso. 1941's cars and fashions are well designed for comfortable efficiency—tapered to sleek lines and geared to proceed in high.

"A pretty girl is like a melody" maybe, but, "It ain't what you do it's the way that you do it."

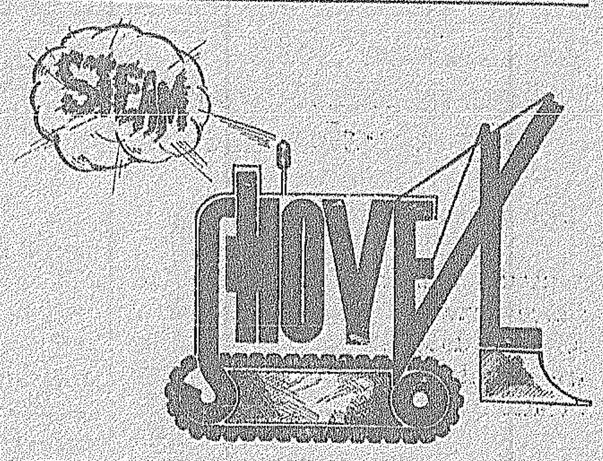
Arx News

The following are paid want ads: Wanted: A companion in the Arch. Dept. who would be willing to go to a movie one afternoon per week, apply to **George Larson** . . . Wanted empty P. M. packages for a worthy cause, I would also like to sell one hollow leg, signed **George Dickel** (the man in the deep south and I didn't say souse) . . . One method of playing cards and not getting caught, signed the Senior blackjack players . . . Wanted contribs for this column . . . Wanted one redhead with . . . Censored.

Women, women, women and all sorts of double talk from **Lenart, Pepsi** as we know him as, and to think that in four years he has not taken a date to one affair, the noive of him, how could it be stood? . . . News from Alabama has it that **Schneider** is running stark wild . . . **Suzy** wanted the boys to bring back some of the Southern candy, maple sugar and nuts, ah yes, maple sugar and nuts to **Suzy** . . . Did **Hyams** come down to look thinks over or just to talk to **Arkey** and **Suzy** . . . Seen flashing around the tennis courts last week were the exponents of the body beautiful **Center** and **Woehrl** . . . Need a hair cut . . . come on down **Pehta** will scalp you . . . an alliteration.

Pointek scores again! . . . First to introduce the buckle shoe era last year, he has now appeared in his latest creation which he entitles, "The return to the days of the Merry Oldsmobile" . . . The idea struck me he sez when that d . . . wind blew my green creation off the platform . . . Imagine how red your Ed. when he discovered there is no contrib box behind Joe's desk . . . and as one turkey said to the other one; "and shure Mike it's goin' to be a foine vacation."

SPECS



Well, here we are again as per schedule. Material is running low though (poetry) so how about some of youse guys misbehavin' so we kin get the drop on youse, huh? Remember, in cooperation, there are two o's!

* * * *

Leave it up to the Armour men to gum up the works! One proud little mamma had it all set for her daughter to sink her grapplers into a rich fish but alas! . . . Daughter goes for **Freddy Lukens** which is making Mother pretty peeved!

* * * *

Last Friday, our friend, LeRoy Goetz, came down to school all rigged up in high tops, breeches, and a storm coat—all that regalia because of a one inch snow fall! When asked for a statement he told of rescuing a fair maiden that morning as he was on his way to school, claiming that she was marooned in a snow drift. Sounds rather odorous.

* * *

Suggestion to the Chicago Traction Committee: To reduce traffic congestion it would be a good idea to install a direct line from the Armour Campus to Rosary College.

* * * *

Official report from Agent No. 3: Reporting on the latest romantic escapades of Bill "Cradle-Snatcher" Grosse. Bill went stag to one of the Sunday evening hops at the Edgewater and there met a—quote, "lulu," unquote — and immediately staked out a claim. The "boys" got wind of it, did a little investigating on their own hook, and discovered, much to Bill's embarassment, that this "lulu" is only fifteen years old! Guy, you'll never live that down!

* * * *

For four years Zenon Prane has been coming out against "college boys going steady" but Dan Cupid stepped in and twanged a well placed arrow "in the neck" and has completely changed the lad's ideas on this subject. The title of the above story is and justly, "what one blonde can do to a fellow's sense of balance, ability to think clearly, etc.

* * * *

For the umpteenth time, **Carl Pedersen** has been "given the gate" by his gal and consequently is moaning all over the place. When reminded of that old adage "true love never runs smoothly" Carl exclaimed, "A guy likes to know where he stands don't he? Do you think he'll live, boys?

* * * *

Famous Quotes: Dr. Perlin: "The only curves that interest me are mathematical ones — but please don't quote me."

* * * *

Those of you who were in the "caff" late last Friday afternoon undoubtedly "noticed" a luscious maiden in the midst of the Armour menagerie Elly Moore is the name and she's taking part in the Armour Players Production — Front Page. When asked for a statement Miss Moore said, "I shall give my all for the play." Wow! watch that membership rise!

* * *

No Bells: Mourn ye Mechs, Mourn! No longer will the drafting rooms echo with Wayne King's melodious radio recordings. Gone are the days of **"Little Joe,"** the portable. The Friday and Saturday Mechs took up a collection and bought "Little Guisseppe" to entertain them. But lo, the "Villain" entered, embodied in that paragon of the T square, **Dr. Yellott** and "Joe" emitted his last breath — **"I'm Heading for The Last Round-Up."**

* * * *

What dreamy-eyed milk-drinking Co-op Caluminist (with that famous Aurora smile) after spending the entire evening at a recent wedding gazing mournfully and soulfully into Lavergne's big blue eyes became speechless upon seeing his dream girl leave for the evening with his best Harvey "Comrade." Questioning the two on their departure H. F. K. shrunk to one-tenth his

(Continued on page five)