

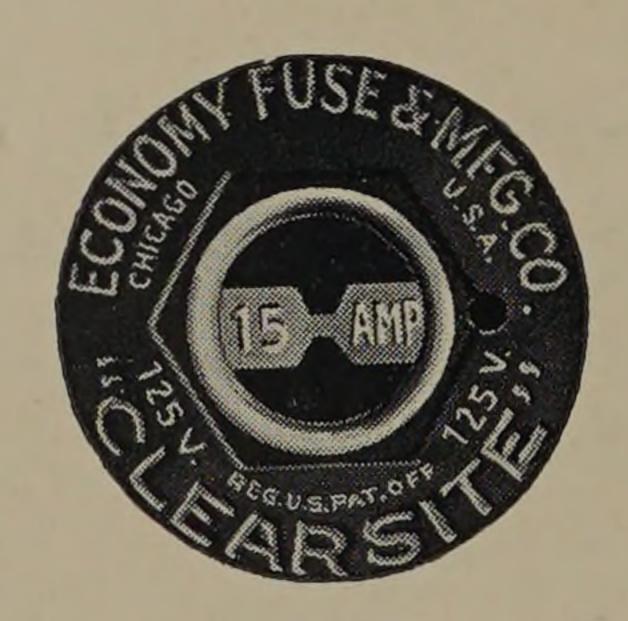
ARMOUR'S BIG NO, NO, MAN

We had a Freshman assistant assigned to the task of finding out how many times George could say NO in one hour. He stationed himself at the door of the sanctum sanctorum and waited patiently for the count to begin. His sole equipment consisted of two ears and a comptometer.

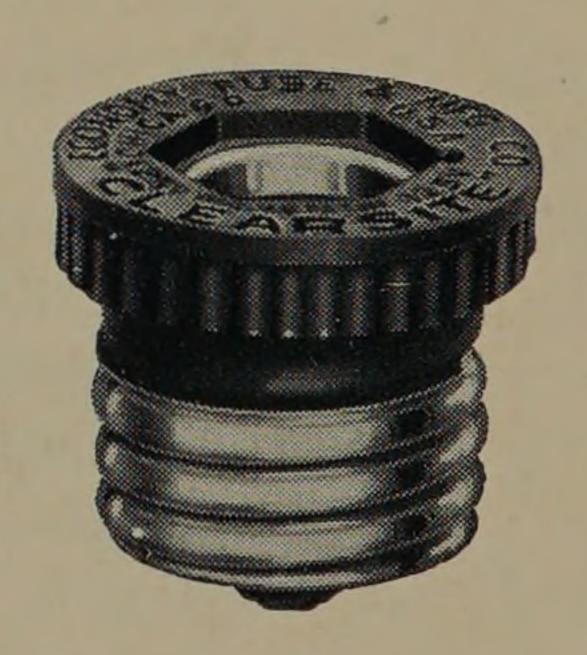
In a few minutes, Frank went in, and the score mounted to five. Dean Palmer entered and it jumped to nine. Fred Payne sauntered up and with resolute mien pushed in. The counter buzzed to sixty before Fred managed to gracefully retire. Bill Berry strolled through the doors of Main and the counter started going while he was still fifteen feet from the office. Score so far—562. Elmer Kapke wanted a telephone for the News office. The counter registered 563 and Elmer

strolled out, as debonair as ever. Finally ye editor cruised down the hall, intent on getting further appropriations. Unheedful of the Freshman still standing guard, he crashed the gate. A short silence and then pandemonium broke loose. With a terrible cry of anguish, the poor Freshman dropped the worn out counter and disappeared down Federal Street. On our way out, we stopped and picked it up. It registered 5,617,809,468.643.

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