(We are happy to announce the resumption of the CRANK AND COUNTERSHAFTS department of the Engineer. “C & C” had been a regular department in the magazine from 1918 until 1943, when it mysteriously disappeared. Now, once again, we welcome “C & C” back to its rightful place in our engineering magazine. The department operated for several years under various other names, but the original name, and the name we shall use, is CRANK AND COUNTERSHAFTS.—Ed.)

A little boy and his mother were walking down Fifth Avenue in New York. The little boy was looking at the skyscrapers. Turning to his mother he said, “Are there skyscrapers in heaven?”

His mother replied: “No, dear, engineers build skyscrapers.”—Rose Technic.

Spring Fever is when the iron in your blood turns to lead in your pants.

Toastmaster: “I am certain that Mr. Jones of the Soils and Fertilizer Department will give you a most interesting half hour; he is just full of his subject.”

He: “Let’s get married.”
She: “All right.” (Long silence.)
She: “Why don’t you say something?”
He: “I’ve said too much already.”

Overheard on the street car:
Lady: “I’m getting heavier. I weigh 163 stripped. Of course, the scales at the corner drug store aren’t so accurate, but that’s what they register.”

She: “I don’t think it’s right to say that a woman can’t keep a secret.”
He: “Why?”

Prof.: “Wise men hesitate, fools are certain.”
Engineer: “Are you sure?”
Prof.: “I am certain.”

“I think there’s something wrong with you.”
“Yes, but I keep it under my hat.”

He: “What charming eyes you have.”
She: “I’m glad you like them. They were a birthday present.”

First Cannibal: “Am I late for dinner?”
Second Cannibal: “Yes, everyone’s eaten.”

Frosh: “Can you predict the future by playing cards?”
Senior: “Yes. If there are five aces in the deck, I know someone is going to die.”

“Everyone is crazy over me,” said the moron on the first floor of the insane asylum.

Prof.: “Do you know a dumb fool can ask more questions in ten minutes than an intelligent man can answer in ten days?”
Stude: “Oh, then that’s why I flunked my last mid-term.”

A farmer was phoning a veterinarian.

“Say Doc,” he said, “I’ve got a sick cat. He just lays around licking his paws and he doesn’t have any appetite. What shall I do for him?”

“Give him a pint of castor oil.”

Somewhat dubious, the farmer forced the cat to take the pint of castor oil. A couple of days later, the farmer met the vet on the street.

“How’s you sick calf?” inquired the veterinary.

“Sick calf! That was a sick cat!”

“My God, did you give him a pint of castor oil?”

“Sure did.”

“Well, what did he do?”

“Last time I seen him,” said the farmer, “he was a-going over the hill with five other cats. Two were digging, two were covering, and one was scouting for new territory!”—Michigan Technic.

The professor who comes in late is rare; in fact, he is in a class by himself.

The narrow road where two cars could hardly pass without colliding are being replaced by broad highways where six or eight cars can collide at once.

“I gave a bum five dollars this morning.”

“What did your husband say about your generosity?”

“Thanks.”
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