

OF FRESHMEN

BOOKWORM—He was probably valedictorian of the local graduating class. The curse of the less studious, he'll end up with a grade point average which will pale 3.00. Even may outdo Gillis. A slipstick wizard, he'll win either the freshman math or English contest. His essay "Inaccuracies in Shakespeare" won the gold medal in high school and, after graduation from college, should make an excellent filling-station operator or drug-store clerk.

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WISE GUY—He's doing the college a favor to come here; if you don't believe it, ask him. He admits it. Within a few months he intends to be running the student body. Studies aren't important to him. He's too smart already to learn anything else. Unless he changes, he's good for about one semester here . . . or less.

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PODUNK CENTER—Podunk Center isn't a very large place; about 150 inhabitants in all. College looks like a pretty impressive place to him. He likes it, though, and goes from one section of the campus to another with an ever-gaping astonished expression on his face.

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CITY SLICKER—Just the opposite of his Podunk Center contemporary. He looks on college as a necessary evil and figures that one damned school is as good as another. He's usually pretty serious about his education. He wants to get the stuff and get into the so-called "great beyond" of the business world.

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So there they are . . . eight types who will emerge four years hence, okay so they won't all graduate, as Aggie exes. But four years won't change them much. Not basically, although the veneer may be somewhat different and the edges might be a little more polished than now.

But our hat is off to you, freshmen. We're really glad to have you here and we hope that you will learn to love Aggeland as much as we have. It's a fine college . . . most of us know it is the very BEST!

So, last but not least, a word of welcome from the old students to the hundreds of incoming "fish"—

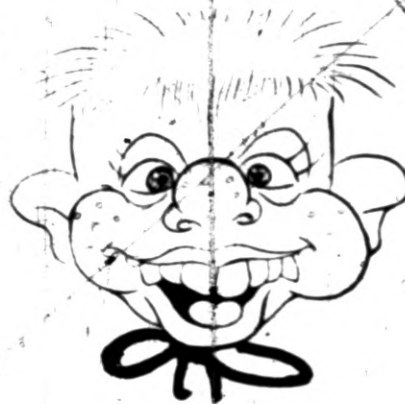
JUNE, 1942



Bookworm



Wise Guy



Podunk Center



City Slicker