

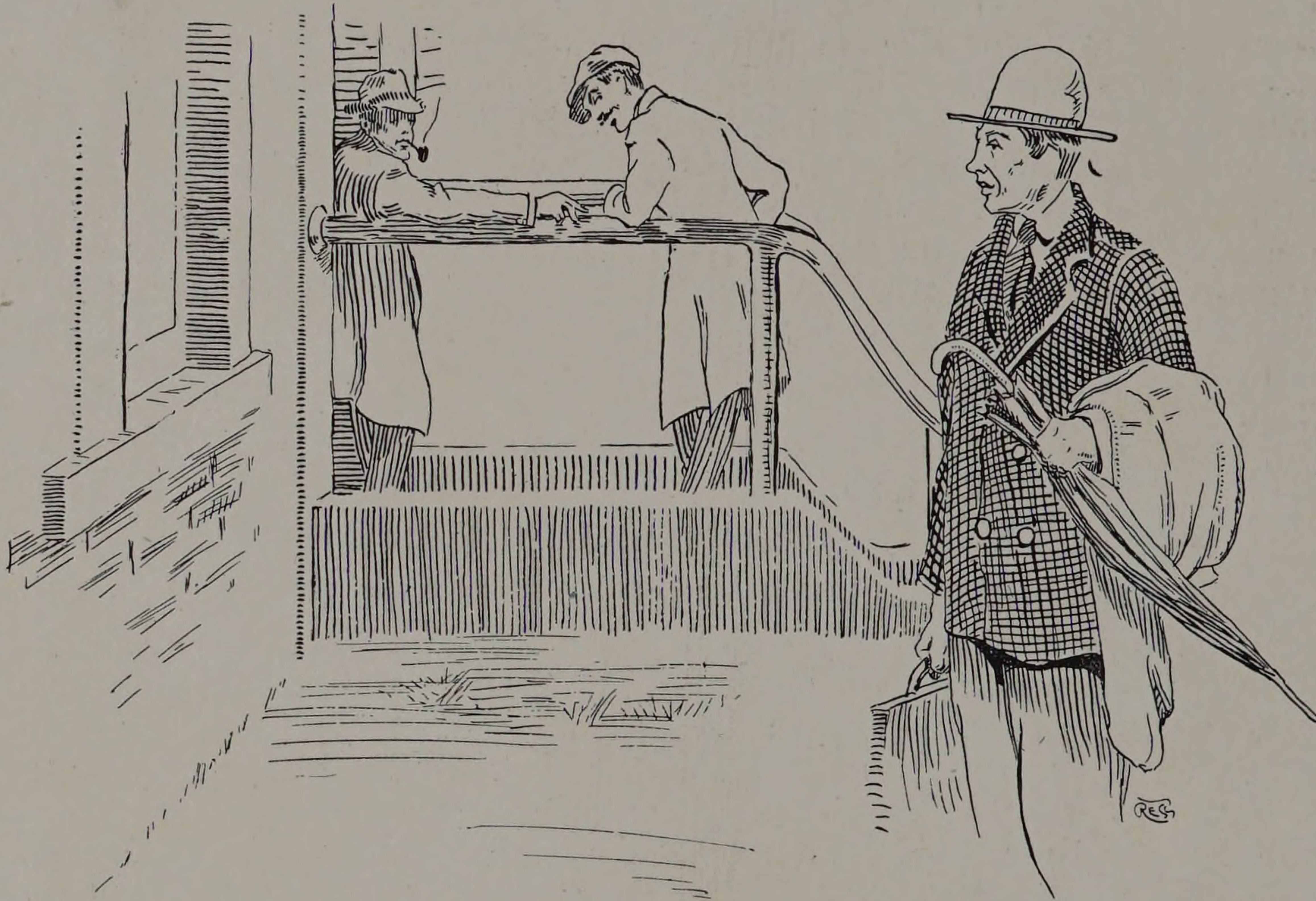
*Freshman's Progress*

STRIDE FIRST—It came to pass that the spark of Ambition nestled in the Heart of Archibald, even in the Village of Podunk; and he would be an Engineer.

And it was well.

And the fame of Armour had penetrated far, even unto distant Podunk which is beyond Englewood, many, many leagues.

And Archibald heeded the Voice of Wisdom and hied himself to Armour in the great Village of Chi-Caw-Go, which holds down the shores of Mi-Chigan.



ARCH ARRIVES AT ARMOUR

And he planked down his father's hard earned Shekels; for Arch was not a scholarship Student; nay, nay, not Archibald.

And Archibald epistled home for more Shekels, and the High Cost of Living troubled him not.

And he became Arch the Frosh.

STRIBE SECOND—*In which Wondrous Tales Reach the Ears of Arch the Frosh.*

Arch the Frosh was exceeding green, even as the green coats which the fair maidens of the Village of Chi-Caw-Go were wont to wear on the Boul Mich.

And strange Tales reached his ears; Tales of Stormy Waters, and of Dread Scows, and of Deserted Lofts.

And Arch the Frosh, being surpassing verdant, knew not that the tales were of Antiquity; of the Days of Caw-Fien and Cheese, and lo, his Stomach became as Lead while he pondered, and his Pedal Extremities approached Absolute Zero in temperature.

But he remembered the edicts of his stern Parent and he recalled how his Maternal Mentor insisted upon his going out for Fuel after reading Ghost Stories.

And he drew a secret will disposing of his high school class-pin and his likewise Diploma, and sadly fared forth to the Freshman Smoker.

STRIDE THIRD—*Arch Goes to the Smoker.*

Lo! It was the night of the Smoker. Arch the Frosh, fortified by his preparations for the worst, and accompanied by similarly verdant Frosh, hied himself to