

THE COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

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Unfinished Fresco

Pearl Harbor!
 Those two words are familiar and poignant to every American, and especially to Penn State students who left shortly after that memorable date. Perhaps the greatest number of former students at the College to "pitch in" in the initial battles were those at that time in the sophomore, junior, and senior classes. The week after Pearl Harbor they voted at the polls to pool their class funds to complete the Land Grant Fresco in Old Main.

It was their last act as a class before they went to war. That was proof enough that if and when they returned they wanted most to see the fresco finished. Now, six years later, the fresco still stands in its uncompleted stage.

The fresco was begun in 1939 when the class of '32 donated its funds to the painting of a great mural over the staircase in the focal building on campus—Old Main. Every effort was made to obtain the greatest mural painter in the United States, and those efforts were successful. Henry Vannham Poor began his designs in the fall of 1939. In April, 1940 he started the fresco, completing it in about six weeks at a cost of \$4500, a rate under that paid by the U. S. government for works of art on government buildings.

Critics spoke unanimously in favor of the work, and no work of art was so widely publicized in that year.

However, this painting was meant to be just the first in a series. The whole fresco was to depict this institution and what it meant to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The mural now in Old Main would show the idea of the Land Grant system of education, and the panels along the walls, which would complete the fresco, would portray the individual schools of the College.

The three upper classes pledged their funds in December, 1940. The Board of Trustees of the College met in March, 1941 to consider the gift, and due to the commencement of war, felt they must decline the offer. The money was then put into war bonds to be used for scholarships upon maturing.

Part of the life and heart of the College went to finish the war. At least three classes also hoped to see the mural finished. Its completion would bring both glory to the College and to those who fought for the right of having colleges. —P.T.

Penn Statements

By PEGGIE WEAVER

Fraternity hell-week fever is in the air again. So just a few warnings so you won't think the College is going crazy. If you run into tired bedraggled men wearing blue-striped railroad engineers' hats, don't look for the addition of a railroad to our hamlet—it's just the Phi Kappa Sig pledges. And if you're awakened at two in the morning with a query about how many bowls you have in your house, don't predict a plumbing strike—it's the SPE pledges. If you're a coed you'll no doubt be asked to autograph various and sundry articles of "intimate apparel," but don't be alarmed. It happens every year.

Dinner Guest

The Tekes, reverting to childhood diversion, let loose with a terrific game of cowboys and Indians the other Sunday. Jimmy Mitchell was one of the victims. Captured by the cowboys (or maybe it was the Injuns), he was bound hand and foot and deposited on the steps of the Delt house at dinner-time. The frolicky Tekes rang the doorbell and disappeared leaving the Delts to find the bundle from heaven on their doorstep just in time for dinner. The good samaritan-like Delts untied Jimmy, but the Tekes raced after him, and the game was on.

A Star Is Born

If circumstances and symbols mean anything, Dean Whitmore's granddaughter has a head start on her contemporaries. Just before her birth her father spent a few hours seeing the movie, "Stork Club," and the night before her father was born his mother sat through the memorable "Birth of a Nation."

Battle of the Sexes

The absurdities of dress are commonly attributed to women. In a recent Lit class, the professor, noted for his witticisms, commented, "I must confess to the ladies present that the idiosyncrasies of dress belong to the males." Knowing smiles passed over the faces of the now-interested coeds. Then the comment continued. "I don't want to be misunderstood," the professor went on. "Of course that isn't to say the women don't outstrip us."

Penn State Studes

Dr. Stuart A. Mahuran was commenting on the use of abbreviations to his journ 16 students. "They are found in bluebooks, in reports, and even in the Collegian. We have profs, frats, and prexes." he went on. "Soon we'll be shortening students to studes."

From the Files

Twenty-two Years Ago

"Free show to be given by Piayers tomorrow night." . . . "College radio station WPAB to broadcast weekly. Varied programs to be given three nights each week until June—apparatus is improved."

Twenty Years Ago

"Two fur coats stolen from the Delta Upsilon house." . . . "Kaufman's band booked for ball by senior class as Ted Weems cancels. The quality of this band is shown in their latest Victor record, 'Paddlin' Madelin' Home." . . . An important meeting of the Junior Class will be held in the Bull Pen Tuesday." . . . "Penn State to have three new buildings—hospital, dormitory (Jordan), and gymnasium (Rec Hall)." . . . "Customs lay foundation for class and college unity," says Warnock." . . . "State College is no longer a dry town. It is to be converted into a 'Tank town' with a 1,030,000 gallon capacity water tank." . . . "Ko-eds Kreate Komment Concerning Kivickly-Koming Kostume Kotillion."

A Lean and Hungry Look

At first glance through the windows that let in light and let out smell of the once proud autonomous "Daily Collegian" nothing has changed. The Armory, Mr. Schwab's memorial, even President Atherton's tomb still pursue their ageless way, and 'tis said if one looks long enough Casey will appear. This at first glance . . . But close peering from myopic eyes reveal a startling fact—either Singer's Midgets have taken over and inherited the campus or there is a high school convention. We refuse to believe the youngsters are really college students, and not for a moment do we believe it could be us getting old.

Rhetoricians forbid a man to speak of himself, except on needful occasion, so suffice it to say that after our two and a half year sojourn on other shores, it is slightly relaxing to find State so unchanged. Surprising too, but then the cares, frustrations, vicissitudes of the outside, real world rarely affected this Nirvana of the Nittany. 'Tis a good thing, indeed, that UNO is not considering settling in this valley, for in no time at all the virus would seep through and it too would let the rest of this infinitesimal world go hang. Mayhaps some enterprising entrepreneur could bottle the stuff that is State and (being an Amer-

ican) sell it at a profit to the rest of the world . . .

ADDENDA and ERRATA—We note, and it is altogether proper and fitting, the benches on the mall by the Class of 1900 not here "in our time." The men of '00 will find the rock-ribbed seats properly spaced to help them make the long climb, and, doubtless without a doubt, the day is not too far off when some ultraclass will vote to leave as their white elephant a set of escalators. We always suspicioned there were many students, preponderantly engineers and ag hillions, who used to live in caves in Hort Woods, and we must admit, the Fertility Plots, and the present housing crisis bears out our conjectures. For there were as many, if not slightly more, students here in the halcyon days of our first year in pre-bellum 1940 than (Continued on page eight)

Back In Mufti

"It feels pretty good to be back in college and able to do anything you want," said Robert Martin, who saw a year of combat duty in China.

Especially since there were times when "Bob" thought he might never see home nor college again. For instance, the afternoon of April 10, 1944.

Six B-24's took off that day from Kunming. Landing fields in that area were too small to accommodate a bombing group, so the squadron was to rendezvous with four other squadrons. Martin was radio operator-gunner aboard one of the six planes, the "Karachy Kourier."

At Luliyang, in southern China, the squadron met, went into formation, and headed for Hankow. The railroad yards there where Japanese troops assembled and dispersed was the target. The squadron was supposed to reach Hankow at dusk, to lessen danger of attack from Jap fighters.

About an hour out of Hankow, the squadron hit a "weather front," a wall of clouds. The formation spread out so there would be no mid-air collisions. Inside the front the weather was rough.

"It bounced us around quite a bit," Bob said.

The B-24's, with their 160 mile-per-hour cruising speed, flew

blind through the front. Forty-five minutes later the "Karachy Kourier" emerged from the clouds alone! No other bomber was in sight.

The plane kept on its course toward the target. A few minutes later three other B-24's came into view and formed behind it.

"There were only four of us then, out of the 30 planes which had started out. And only one of the crew was experienced," Martin left no doubt about it. "No," he said, "our crew wasn't the experienced one!"

They approached Hankow a half hour early. It wouldn't be dusk when they reached the railroad yards! About half an hour from their target they saw what they expected. Fifteen Jap Zero's were a steel line over the horizon.

"They came up on our right and trailed us in a line, horizontal to us," Bob narrated. "Just as we were starting on our bomb run, they came in on us. We shot down (Continued on page eight)



Robert Martin

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