

### Mural Appropriation

Cabinet should be highly commended in taking the first step toward the completion of Henry Vannoy Poor's nationally famous fresco in Old Main. At its last meeting it voted to give the estimated profit of \$3500 from the Winter Fantasy Ball, which it sponsored, to finish the mural.

In donating this sum Cabinet has set a precedent for future Cabinets to follow. Present Cabinet members have seen the need for completing Mr. Poor's foremost piece of art, but were only able to supply one-third of the required amount of money. It now throws the cue to the rest of the student body and organizations of the College.

The creator of the mural is most anxious to finish his work, which will undoubtedly go down in the history of art. As the most outstanding fresco painter in the country, Mr. Poor visualized the theme of the mural and planned originally to extend it about the walls of Old Main portraying the history and activities of the College.

It took Mr. Poor from August, 1939 to April, 1940 to plan the first painting, although the actual work of painting took only six weeks. The area yet to be completed is three times the original, and thus time is short.

Many writers of recent articles in art magazines and newspapers have shown that they have been deeply impressed with the works of art now in central Pennsylvania. Especially impressed were they that many of these ideas and projects of art in Pennsylvania originated with the students of Penn State. Instead of the traditional bird bath, classes and organizations have presented to their alma mater works of art such as the Land Grant Fresco and the Lion Shrine of Heinz Warneke. As a general rule, art collections come from alumni groups and friends of the colleges.

Mr. Poor, creator of the Land Grant Fresco, is now at the peak of his career. With the \$3500 beginning given by Cabinet it would be impossible to drop the project now. The sooner the remainder of the fresco is started, the better. A mural fund could be set up, and to it each class and organization could add to it as it saw fit. P.T.

### Penn Statements

By PEGGIE WEAVER

Traditionally, it seems the prerogative of every would-be columnist to wax sentimental in his last column, bidding a sad farewell with tears dripping from the typewriter. But since our column was never meant to be profound, emotional, or influential, we'll skip the tears and just say we'll miss Penn State and all it stands for. As for the column, we realize full well that it will flourish in the hands of another budding journalist.

#### Hearts and Flowers

St. Valentine's day with its renewed pledges of undying love through flowers, candy, and gifts hit the campus with a bang. If you didn't claim your share of valentines you just didn't rate. The story goes that one sorority called a rival Greek house to ask if they could borrow some vases, because their house was so jammed with flowers they didn't have enough containers. But the prize remembrance was the two chicken hearts that a coed presented "to her valentine."

#### That's My Wife

Due recognition was paid to six senior honor women by WSGA with Pete Faloon winning top honors. But better than honors for Pete was the return of her husband, Rube Faloon, former big gun on campus. Rube has one complaint, "When I left a few people knew me. Now I'm just Pete Faloon's husband."

#### Powers Policy

Stories about Winter Fantasy imports are still making the rounds. One coed tells of a conversation between imports in a fraternity guest room. One import gazing at a little blond dressed in a street dress which didn't miss the ground by many inches remarked, "Maybe you wouldn't look so short if you didn't wear your dresses so long." The petite import replied, "But, honey, I all went to the Powers School in New York, and they told me to wear our dresses 14 inches from the ground, and that's what this is."

#### Gym Casualty

Gene Wettstone reports that one of his gymnasts wasn't able to make the meet at West Point. He hated to let his team down but he had to stay home. Reason—his wife was having a baby.

#### Brother Trouble

Out of the Phi Delt house comes the tale of a pledge who borrowed \$50 from a brother, and then took off for parts unknown. But he turned up—he had eloped with his brother's fiancée.

### From the Files

Ten Years Ago . . . An ad "Enjoy your beer at the Hofbrau on South Allen St." appeared.

During the "Knock, knock" craze Old Mania offered "Knock Knock, Who's there? Marion. Marion who? Marion makes it legal."

There was a rush for Dr. Ritenour's cough medicine because it was reported to taste like orange gin.

A sign on a blackboard in a room in Old Main read, "Do you have a baby in your home? If not, see Dr. Ritenour."

During a country-wide kissing strike in the nation's colleges for the prevention of ger-carrying, a poll at the College revealed the following attitudes to the idea:

One sleepy-eyed individual answered, "That's a good idea, you never know who you're kissing." A coed replied, "I don't kiss—except my dog and my family." Another said, "Restraint of a natural phenomenon like that would cause some other trouble somewhere."

A poll was also made by the Washington State University paper in which one brute was reported to have uttered, "I kiss so hard I kill the germs."

### A Lean and Hungry Look

The one sad result of attending Penn State is that one day you must leave. Customarily, graduation is the most common means of saying adieu to our Alma Mater. True, war meant that many had their stay interrupted by entering the service of their country, but the world turmoil is at an end. Once again, most one-way tickets home will be accompanied by a sheepskin (if obtainable.) Just to prove how popular this trend is becoming, Jim Casey, chief proponent of the 14 semester plan, joins the ranks of alumni in just 11 days. An era has ended.

Regretfully, I too must leave the sheltering vale of 'Ole Mount Nittany. The thought of being shorn my undergraduate status by a piece of paper leaves me feeling as flat as a five-cent beer. Do you realize what this means, I'll have to find a job and work! WORK! The mere mention of the word chills my heart with fear.

Ah, how I will miss the balmy mornings I spent sleeping while cutting my classes. Ah, how I will miss the balmy afternoons I spent loafing while cutting my classes. Ah, how I will miss cutting my classes. Ah, how I will miss my classes.

(Ed. Note: To my profs—Don't believe a word I write.)

No longer will I be able to question the purposes of the girls in Cupid's Corner. Personally, I believe that these campus belles, "cow" belles, are attending school in attempt to obtain not a Bach-

elor's, but a Mrs. degree. All this I leave behind.

Before writing 30 to this column and Penn State, I would like to say that my semi-personal feud with the Engineer was all in fun. After all, it's not a bad rag considering the people that run it. I say, "so what if it does come out a month later, doesn't it come out?" And to show that I'm not bitter at all, I made a special gift to the Engineer, a completely booby-trapped office. May the explosion not molest the sleep of anyone.

And to you, you few who spend their valuable time reading this stuff, my faithful followers, my debauched cohorts, I say thanks. But seriously, I for one can't see why you do it. Don't you have anything better to do?

And to you, dear Brutus, my unseen correspondent, I'm sorry I bothered you with my letters. But knowing that you can't read, I don't feel too badly.

Unemployedly yours,  
MERVIN M. WILF  
(Anybody know where I can get a job?)

## THE COLLEGIAN

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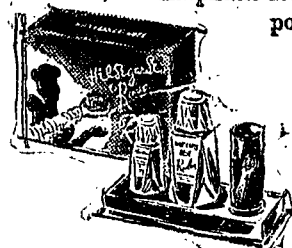


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