

**PENN STATE DUBOIS:
75 YEARS OF MEMORIES**

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DuBois, Pennsylvania 15801

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INTRODUCTION

In 2010 Penn State DuBois celebrated its 75th Anniversary. Penn State DuBois has always been a part of my life and almost all of my parent's lives as we lived on the East Side of DuBois, only two blocks from campus. The stories in this book have been told around the family dinner table for years and are firmly entrenched in the Kohlhepp oral tradition. I have tried to memorialize these stories in writing over the years, but nothing got finished until the 75th anniversary year when Penn State DuBois' Chancellor Anita McDonald and Public Information Officer Steve Harmic asked me to recall my stories for the 75th anniversary book, Penn State DuBois Proud, which was being assembled. Excerpts of these stories appeared in the 75th anniversary book that was presented to the public on the May 15th at the anniversary celebration kick-off dinner. Two months later, the Penn State University Board of Trustees held its summer meeting at Penn State DuBois, and Dale DiSanto suggested that I share my personal memories with the leadership of the "For the Future: The Campaign for Penn State Students," Peter Tombros (Chair) and Lee Beard (Vice Chair) along with Dr. Madlyn Hanes, the new Vice President for the Commonwealth Campuses. This was the impetus for me to assemble this book.

The first story is about my great-uncle Pat Swift who was one of the business leaders instrumental in bringing Penn State to DuBois. I presented this story several years ago to a joint meeting/picnic of the DuBois Educational Foundation and the Penn State DuBois Alumni Association. In attendance were Ed Hopkins, my uncle's business partner and a family friend for fifty years as well as several others in the audience who knew many of the people in the story.

In the second story, my mother, Jackie Kohlhepp recalls her short time and fond memories as a student at the DuBois Undergraduate Center in 1943 and 1944. This was a difficult time in our country's history as the young, college-age men systematically enlisted in the armed forces to fight in World War II. Finally, enrollment dropped so low that Penn State closed the DuBois Undergraduate Center (DUC). I knew many of the people in her story and grew up with some of their children. My mother and I enjoyed perusing her old photo albums and recalling her crystal-clear memories of a time that only exists in the sparkle of her eyes. The photos of the DuBois Undergraduate Center faculty members, including Sam King and Lynn Christie, are priceless.

The third story is a set of chronological reminiscences of my interactions and experiences with the DuBois Campus as a child, a teenager, a college student, and as an adult. My relationship with the Campus has been complicated, interesting, and evolving. My friend and colleagues have heard these recollections many times, and I recalled some of these memories at the mountain lion sculpture dedication on May 14, 2010.

The fourth story is a set of “musings” about my time as the Penn State Nittany Lion Mascot during the 1967 and 1968 football seasons which included the famous 1969 Orange Bowl game. A couple experiences were presented at two Nittany Lion Mascot Reunions, which were sponsored by the Penn State Libraries. While I never attended Penn State DuBois as an undergraduate student, many of my friends did and participated in the Lion antics. These stories have gotten better over the years, but some things can’t be helped.

Finally, the last story is a favorite picture and brief description of my parent’s involvement with Penn State DuBois, or as they called it: DUC.



PATRICK JOSEPH SWIFT

1885 -1957

An Irish Immigrant with an Eponymous Building

Patrick Joseph Swift was born in County Mayo Ireland in 1885. When he was three years old, he immigrated to the United States with his mother, father, and sister Katherine. Unfortunately, his mother died shortly after arriving in the United States, and his father was unable to support the family. Consequently, his Aunt and Uncle Flanigan who lived in Lewis Run just outside of Bradford, Pennsylvania raised the two children.

Pat never went to college or even graduated from high school, but he was an enterprising young man who went to work for the Buffalo Rochester & Pittsburgh (B.R.&P.) Railroad

as a dispatcher. Fortunately, the B.R.&P. moved him to DuBois where he started to sell insurance on a part-time basis.

In 1909ⁱ he fell in love with the beautiful Rosanne Agnes Callahan, the daughter of Michael and Rosanne McGlinchy Callahan, a local coal miner and merchant. Their first child, Mary Margaret, died at just three years old, but they were able to raise three strong and sturdy sons: Joeⁱⁱ, Robertⁱⁱⁱ, and Tom^{iv}, at 407 Main Street in DuBois.

For the next twenty years, Pat prospered and entered the insurance business full-time with his fellow Irish immigrant, Al Kennedy in 1922. They formed the Swift-Kennedy Insurance Company, which still operates in DuBois today under the leadership of George Hiegel.

By all accounts, Pat Swift was a dignified man with courtly manners who was a civic leader and community booster. He was president of the Rotary Club, served two terms on the DuBois City Council, and for years served as the president of the DuBois Board of Trade, the precursor to the Greater DuBois Chamber Of Commerce, which is led today by Nancy Reitz Mix.

In the middle of the Great Depression, Pat's oldest son Joe went to Penn State College in State College. As his second son, Robert, or "Rusty" as he was called, prepared to go to college a series of events occurred to form the social contract that today has led to Penn State DuBois. The DuBois School Board had moved the seventh and eighth graders out of the elementary school system to the Central Junior High School on Scribner Avenue. Consequently, the Hubert Street School was half empty according to Pat's niece and his wife's namesake, Rosanne Jacquelyn Callahan, who was a student at the Hubert Street School at the time.^v

Pat and several DuBois business leaders went to see President Hetzel at the Penn State College with a proposal: the DuBois Community would provide the facilities if Penn State would provide the teachers and courses. President Hetzel accepted the proposal, and the stage was set for DuBois Educational Foundation (DEF) and the DuBois Undergraduate Center (DUC). Thus, Robert "Rusty" Swift began his studies at Penn State's DuBois Undergraduate Center in its first class in 1937.

As an aside, Mr. Zoehler was the campus executive officer (chancellor today) and an instructor in those early classes at DUC, and his secretary's husband (and part-time janitor at Hubert Street) was a young student known to everyone as "Dutch" Sykes. Dutch Sykes continued to work for Penn State, and eventually he became the director of Penn State's Intramural Sports Program that was the largest intramural program in the United States.

Shortly after DUC began at Hubert Street, Pat Swift approached the DuBois Family and arranged to have DUC moved to its present location where classes were held at the DuBois Family Mansion. Pat Swift saw his son Rusty graduate in 1941, and he also saw his Callahan nephews (Kip^{vi} and Mike^{vii}) and nieces (Celia^{viii} and Rosanne Jacquelyn^{ix})

attend DUC before, during, and after World War II. Although Pat's youngest son Tom, graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, his grandson Joe^x and his granddaughters, Christine^{xi} and Colleen^{xiii} all carried on the Nittany Lion tradition.

Before his death in 1957, Pat Swift brought a young man from Boston to DuBois to join him in the insurance business, Ed Hopkins. Ed, a proud Irishman and a graduate of Holy Cross University, brought his young bride Janet Iwaniec with him, and they immediately became involved with and added to the DuBois community with six children: Karen, Mark, David, Edward, John, and Matthew. Ed was a community leader and promoter in the Pat Swift tradition and joined the DuBois Educational foundation in 1962. Ed continued to serve on the DEF Board in an active and emeritus capacity until his recent death August 1, 2009. Ed was able to watch five of children attend Penn State (Karen, Mark, Ed, John and Matt). His only non-Nittany Lion child became a Temple Owl, but David redeemed himself when he joined the Board of the DuBois Educational Foundation in 2005. Ed became a Penn Stater himself when he received the Honorary Alumni Award.

Ed said that at this first DEF Board meeting in 1962, Penn State President Eric Walker told the Board, "Either get a new building or no more Penn State at DuBois." Following the Board meeting, the DuBois Educational Foundation started a fund-raising campaign. On August 9, 1963, the ground was broken, and on October 11, 1964, the new building was dedicated to the memory of Patrick Joseph Swift, the first president of the DuBois Educational Foundation

ⁱⁱ On January 19, 1909 Pat became a local hero as the following article reported in the *DuBois Courier Express* (according to the DuBois Historical Society):

"Man Stopping Runaway, was bitten by dog

While risking his life to stop a runaway horse at 8 o'clock last evening, Pat Swift, a well know B.R.&P. Dispatcher, was badly bitten by a dog and may be laid up for some time as a result of the queer occurrence.

The dog was part of an outfit belonging to Charles Ollis, which also included a horse and a sleigh. Mr. and Mrs. Ollis were enjoying a sleigh ride on Main Street at the time mentioned, when their horse became frightened and turned suddenly, upsetting the sleigh, throwing out the occupants, and then dashing wildly up Long Avenue. Mr. Swift and Officer Jeffrey intercepted the flight at State Street, the former caught the bridle and the policeman was in the act of righting the sleigh, when the dog, which was following the runaway, attacked Mr. Swift and badly gnawed his ankle before it could be kicked off. It then started in the direction of the officer, but he was too quick for it and fired at it with his revolver, scaring it away."

ⁱⁱ Joseph Patrick Swift (1914-2004) graduated from Penn State in 1936

ⁱⁱⁱ Robert John Swift (1919 – 1983) graduated from Penn State in 1941.

^{iv} James Thomas Swift (1922) is currently living with his wife Mary in Tryon, North Carolina.

^v Jackie Callahan Kohlhepp remembers that the Hubert Street School (or First Ward School) did not have flush toilets.

^{vi} Hugh Paul “Kip” Callahan (1924-1980) graduated from Penn State in 1949.

^{vii} Senes Michael “Mike” Callahan (1926-1987) graduated from Penn State in 1951.

^{viii} Jean Cecelia “Celia” Callahan (1922-2004) attended Penn State from 1941 to 1942

^{ix} Rosanne Jacquelyn “Jackie” Callahan Kohlhepp (1925) attended Penn State from 1943 to 1944 and currently lives at the Penn State Village in State College, PA

^x Joseph Swift graduated from Penn State in 1965.

^{xi} Christine Swift graduated from Penn State in 1972.

^{xii} Colleen Swift graduated from Penn State in 1973.



**1944: THE YEAR PENN STATE CLOSED
THE DUBOIS UNDRGRADUATE CENTER**
(A Remembrance)

R. Jacquelyn Callahan Kohlhepp

In April 1943, I was a senior at the DuBois High School, and Marion Blakeslee^{xiii} introduced me to her boyfriend's best friend, both of whom were students the DuBois Undergraduate Center of Penn State. Bill Koch's best friend was Jack Kenyon from Upper Darby, Pennsylvania. We double-dated several times, and Jack raved about the DuBois Undergraduate Center. "You've got to go to DUC. It's one of the greatest schools in the world. The people in DuBois just don't appreciate what they have here." I liked Jack so after my graduation in May, I started classed at DUC on June 6, 1943. The next twelve months were some of the fondest memories of my life.

There were about 50 to 60 students and about 10 faculty members at DUC in the Summer Semester, but by the Spring Semester there were only 30 students. The classes were all taught in the old DuBois Mansion except for the chemistry, botany, and zoology labs that were housed in the old DuBois Barns on Second Avenue.

Everyone was quite formal and addressed each other as Mr., Mrs., Dr., or Miss so I don't know many of the faculty's first names. Merle Campbell^{xiv} was the chief administrative officer; Mrs. Beth Strubble^{xv} taught botany; Mr. Delbert taught zoology; and Doc Cunningham taught chemistry. Mr. Kreckler had only one arm and taught the music appreciation courses.^{xvi} Sam King^{xvii} was the history and economics instructor who made every class enjoyable and memorable. Josephine Zogby^{xviii} was my advisor and taught the art courses while Mrs. Smith taught us Spanish in a class with only three students.

We had the most fun with Lynn Christy^{xix}, our English and psychology instructor, who was a cheerleader when he was an undergraduate at Penn State. There was a stage in the ballroom in the DuBois Mansion so he had me on stage with him as he taught all of the students the Penn State fight songs, the cheers, and of course the alma mater. He even directed us in a play on stage although I can't remember its name, a spoof on something.

I was the secretary of the student council and a member of the honor society, Delta Mu Sigma. In a school that size it was easy to be important.

Gene Young was the maintenance man for the campus, and he and his wife lived in a third-floor apartment in the Mansion. Mrs. Young^{xx} would make sandwiches for the students and sold them in a little cafeteria area on the first floor.

Ruth Boyle^{xxi} and I would walk to campus every day (except when my father drove us) from our house at on West Long Avenue. We would walk down to DuBois Street and go over to the J.A. Kohlhepp Sons offices where we would stop in and ask Mr. Kohlhepp if we could get warm. From there we would take the shortcut to the Milliron Building using the railroad tracks. Sam King was living at the corner of Fourth Street and DuBois Avenue so he would often join us to walk the last two blocks to the Mansion. We would always say, "Mr. King are we going to have quiz today?" and he would always say, "Maybe, maybe not."

I can still remember most of my classmates. Audrey Beard, Winifred "Winnie" McGrath, Ginny Digman, and Portia Criswell were fellow coeds with Ruth Boyle and me while Marion Blakeslee^{xxii} and Nellie Petroski worked in the campus office and attended classes part-time.

Jack Kenyon^{xxiii}, Bill Koch^{xxiv}, and Paul Mikelonis left the campus in the fall to attend Brown University as part of the V-12 Program^{xxv}. Bill Poad^{xxvi}, Paul Maser, Alan Apter, Dick Wood and Bob Marshall^{xxvii} were students along with Jack Irwin^{xxviii}, Earl Stevenson^{xxix}, and Dick Roth^{xxx}. There was a tall, skinny kid from Emporium named Dick Gillespie^{xxxi} who left mid-year to join the Army. When he came back from the war, he had filled out, straightened up, and was one of the handsomest men I had ever seen!

One of the most popular students was from Puerto Rico, Jesus Frederico Trilla.^{xxxii} We all called him Freddy. He loved DuBois, and even sent his son to the DuBois

Undergraduate Center to attend Penn State a generation later. We were at a party at the Twin Oaks Restaurant, and I was dancing with Freddy to some Latin song. “Jackie, you must move your heeps!” he kept saying to embarrass me. We also had student form Central America named Raul Gaundleman^{xxxiii}

In the Fall Semester the entire student body and the faculty had picnic at the old DuBois Cabin that was located in today’s Treasure Lake area. We would walk out the path from the Country Club to Second Springs, and then go over the hill past the old stone reservoir, and then on to the DuBois Cabin that the local Lions Club had fixed-up.

There were so many good memories until March 1944 when we were notified, “Because of the lack of students, the DuBois Undergraduate Center is being closed at the end of the Spring Semester.” All of the faculty and students were assigned to the State College campus.

My faculty advisor, Josephine Zogby, told my parents and me, “Jackie doesn’t want to go to State College. It’s nothing but an Army camp! She should go to Chestnut Hill like I did. It’s a good Catholic school.” My sister’s friend, Koots Lenardson, had just returned from Marjorie Webster Junior College in Washington to marry Nim Warren. She told stories about having tea at the White House with Mrs. Roosevelt so I decided to go to a “fine finishing school” in Washington, DC instead of the Army camp in State College. I earned an associate degree there; never had lunch at the White House; and never got back to Penn State. However, I still treasure the memories of my “college days” during those semesters at DUC.

^{xiii} Marion Blakeslee married Bill Koch in 1946. They had two children and lived on First Street (just two blocks from Campus) in DuBois. See Appendix Photos 3, 12, 17

^{xiv} Mrs. Campbell is in Appendix Photo 20

^{xv} See Appendix Photos 7 and 10

^{xvi} When my son Dan started at University Park in Fall Semester 1965, there was a reception for new students and their parents at the HUB. Entering the ballroom, I immediately saw Mr. Kreckler for the first time since 1944. “Mr. Kreckler?” I said. “Miss Callahan?” he replied, and twenty years disappeared between us as we caught up on our lives since DUC.

^{xvii} See Appendix Photos 6 and 10

^{xviii} See Appendix Photos 6 and 15

^{xix} Lynn Kristy taught business communications when my son had him as an instructor at University Park in 1969. See Appendix Photos 2 and 20

^{xx} See Appendix Photo 8

^{xxi} See Appendix Photos 3, 14, and 19

^{xxii} Marion earned her degree and continued to work for Penn State until she retired. I think she was a board member of the DuBois Educational Foundation after she retired.

^{xxiii} See Appendix Photo 2

^{xxiv} See Appendix Photo 17

^{xxv} The V-12 Navy College Training Program was started to increase the number of commissioned officers in the United States Navy during World War II.

^{xxvi} See Appendix Photos 1 and 4

^{xxvii} See Appendix Photo 19

^{xxviii} See Appendix Photo 4

^{xxix} See Appendix Photo 18

^{xxx} See Appendix Photo 2,

^{xxxi} See Appendix Photo 4

^{xxxii} Thirty years later, my husband Doug and I were on a True Value Caribbean Cruise that docked in San Juan, Puerto Rico. Remembering that Freddy's father owned a bus company in Puerto Rico, we stopped at a bus station office, introduced ourselves to the young clerk, and asked if the Trilla Family still owned the bus line. "Oh yes, that would be my father. I'll call him and tell him that you are in San Juan." When we got back to the ship, Freddy had left a message for us that he would pick us up for dinner at 7:00 pm. We had a lovely dinner with Freddy and his wife that evening and recalled our fun times at DUC. We didn't dance. See Appendix Photos 1, 2, 9,14, and 21.

^{xxxiii} See Appendix Photo 1 and 4.

Appendix
Jackie Callahan's Photo Album
Penn State College
DuBois Undergraduate Center
June 1943 - May 1944

Campus Picnic at the DuBois Family's Cabin



Picture 1

Raul Gaundleman, Pete Bunk, Ruth Boyle, Freddy Trilla, Bill Poad



Picture 2

Students Dick Roth, Freddy Trilla, Bill Poad (Kneeling), Jack Irwin, and Lynn Christy (Instructor)



Picture 3

Front Row: Dick Gillespie, Bill ?, Freddy Trilla, Marion Blakeslee, "Red" Wood, Bill Poad
Standing: Jack Irwin, Bob Marshall, Bob Fauls, Alan Apter, Raul Gundelman, Pete Bunk, Ruth Boyle



Picture 4

Dick Gillespie, Bill Poad, Jack Irwin, Bob Marshall, Jack Fauls, Alan Apter, Raul Gundleman, Pete Bunk and Red Wood



Picture 5

Jackie Callahan on the Trail.



Picture 6

DUC Instructors
Josephine Zogby (art) and Sam King (history and economics)



Picture 7

Botany Instructor Beth Strubble and her husband Lt. Ben Strubble at the DuBois Cabin



Picture 8

Front Row: Mrs. Young, ?, Dorothy Gray, Audrey Beard, Winnifred McGrath, Ruth Boyle (standing)

Second Row: Pete bunk, Freddy Trilla, Marion Blakeslee, Kackie VanArdales, Raul Gaundleman, Nellie Petrosky



Picture 9

Pete Bunk and Jesus Fredrico "Freddy" Trilla



Picture 10
Paul Maser (standing far left), then sitting Bob Barbour, Red Wood, ?, Raul Gaundleman,
Freddy Trilla, Winnie McGrath
Sam King (back toward us) and Beth Strubble (front right foreground)



Picture 11

Jackie Callahan in front of the DuBois Cabin



Picture 12

Marion Blakeslee at the DuBois Cabin



Picture 13

DUC Women Students in June, 1943
Front Row: Audrey Beard, ?, ?, Mable Klar, Nellie Petrosky, ?,?
Back Row: ?, ?, Beatty Ann Sheesley, Betty Bain



Picture 14

Classmates Jackie Callahan, Freddy Trilla, and Ruth Boyle



Picture 15

Advisee Jackie Callahan and Advisor Josephine Zogby



Picture 16

Tom and Betty Laurderdale



Picture 17

Love Strikes on Monument Hill
Marion Blakeslee and Bill Koch



Picture 18

Classmates Jackie Callahan and Earl Stevenson



Picture 19

Classmates Ruth Boyle and Bob Marshall



Picture 20

Instructors' Wives
Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Christy, and ?



Picture 21

Sharing DUC Memories at Dinner in San Jaun, Puerto Rico in 1973
Mrs. Trilla, Doug Kohlhepp, Freddy Trilla, and Jackie Callahan Kohlhepp

REMEMBERING PENN STATE DUBOIS

As part of the research for the 75th anniversary of Penn State DuBois, Steve Harmick came to my office to interview me about my memories and involvement with Penn State DuBois. I was overwhelmed as my mind was flooded with an array of disjointed and unorganized experiences. I asked Steve if I could think about his questions for awhile, and this is what I sent to him: my personal chronology of life with Penn State DuBois (or DuBois Undergraduate Center as it was called for most of my life.)

The 1940s:

My mother and father were married in February, 1946 and my dad started to DUC in the Fall Semester 1946. They rented an apartment at 11 N. Third Street (two blocks from campus) where I was conceived (I think). I was born in July 1947, and they moved to the Knarr apartments at the corner of DuBois Avenue and DuBois Street, where we lived until the Fall Semester of 1948 when we moved to Penn State's Main Campus (now called University Park) and lived in a 15-foot trailer at Windy Crest on College Avenue.

The 1950s

After my father graduated from Penn State, we (which now included my new brother Ben) moved back to DuBois. When my next brother Andy was born, my dad built a house on East Sheridan Avenue, a new dirt road that was only a couple blocks from the DUC campus. Since East Sherman Avenue hadn't been built yet, our backyard was the DuBois orchard, which today is called Monument Hill and part of the DuBois Campus.

My earliest memories of living in this house was the seasonal influx of "college boys" who rented my bedroom from my parents for \$5.00 per week. (Of course, I had to move-in and share a room with my two little brothers.) I can only remember two names: Jim Price and Hank Fantusky. Hank taught me how to shoot a bow, so he was my favorite. The last college students who lived us were coeds Elaine and Diane. Elaine had a leg amputated and had two wooden legs (formal and informal) which we could see leaning against the wall when we peeked in my bedroom. Across the street from us lived Bill and

Bernice Schneider, whose son John was then attending the Main Campus in State College. When he came home to visit, he dated Elaine, which was probably why we never had college students live with us again! John later became a very popular engineering instructor at DUC and won the Teacher of the Year Award several times.

Our cub scout group, led by my mother, tried to clean up the DuBois Monument as a neighborhood beautification project since it was littered with beer bottles and trash. We started a small fire to burn the brush that we collected and inadvertently set most of the hill on fire. I remember my friend Jack Royer saying, “Mrs. Kohlhepp, we should call the fire department!” My mother became a whirling dervish, and eventually we (she really) got the fire under control.

In the mid-1950’s, my father built two houses on Sixth Street for the Carlsons and the Nelsons, using a new form of modular construction. Penn State now owns these buildings that are occupied by the OTA Lab and some unspecified future use.

My friend Gary Magoni lived in what is now the Business Services Building on Sixth Street, and we would play football on the campus lawn across the street where the DEF Building now stands. The highlight of our grade school football occurred when Gary’s cousin, Bucky Thomas, came home on leave from the Army and organized a game with his old high school friend Ken Fye (Bruce’s older brother) between the Third Warders (that’s us) and the Fourth Warders. We didn’t have pads and a couple kids had helmets, but we did have our first real football game! Future DUC students on the Third Ward Team included Jack Royer and Paul McIntosh, and future DUC students on the Fourth Ward Team included Dale Simbeck and Bill Kriner. No one remembers who won the game.

I had a TV Guide Magazine route, so each week my last delivery was to Rene and John DuBois, who lived at the corner of College Place and DuBois Street in what is now called the Symco House. I would imagine that I was in a movie as I climbed the stone staircase and knocked on the giant doors. Mrs. DuBois always gave me a five cent tip, and then I would run home as I cut behind the Mansion, through the gardens, and then turned left at the Magoni House to go through the “Pines” and past the lily pond then up the hill to our house. It could be a scary walk on a dark, cold, winter night!

The 1960s:

In eighth grade (1960) Jack Royer and I tried to teach ourselves to play tennis on the DUC clay courts which were located where the Hiller Building stands today. Futilely, using some old wooden rackets and even older tennis balls, we thrashed away until we decided to stay with baseball.

Next to the tennis courts was the red, shingled, carriage house where Tom Mix used to live. An older boy named Tom Connor lived there, and he told us about watching all the pretty coeds at DUC. With this advice, Jack and I would always linger around the

“Steps” and the fountain shop at the corner of Second Street and DuBois Street to ogle the older and pretty coeds.

I went to my first live play at the ballroom in the Mansion. The DuBois Town and Gown Players staged the *Diary of Ann Frank* which featured a family friend, Jim Black and his beautiful daughter Christine as Ann Frank. I got so caught up in the play that I started to cry, which was a very bad thing for a 14-year-old boy. I have been enamored with live theater ever since, and I thank the old ballroom in the mansion for introducing me to this wonderful art.

In 1963, our high school class became the first junior class to attend the new DuBois Area High School at its present location. Second Avenue between Sixth Street and College Place wasn't paved, so with the extra traffic from the high school, it became a rutted, impassable mess in the winter of 1964. I was on the student council, so we decided to petition the City of DuBois to pave the street. We prepared a resolution which I had to read out loud in front of the Council. It was a very sorry situation as I was a poor reader and tended to stammer. When I finished reading, red faced and exhausted, the Mayor said, “Thank you Mr. Kohlhepp. That’s a very good idea. We’ll pave it this Spring.” And they did! I later found out that this section of Second Avenue had already been schedule to paved, but the Mayor made it look like our idea.

The dedication of the Swift Building in October 1964 was a special time for our family because Pat Swift had obtained folk hero status with the Kohlhepp clan. Pat married my grandmother’s sister and he was my grandfather’s best friend. My mother always thought that she was his favorite niece. We had lots of Swift and Callahan relatives to our house for dinner after the dedication ceremony.

During the Fall Quarter of 1965, I started at University Park intending to become a famous wrestler while most of my high school friends, especially my girl friend, went to DUC. I hitchhiked back to DuBois to see her in the Fall Quarter, but wrestling season tied me up most of the Winter Quarter. Unfortunately, she fell in love with a DUC student (and former friend) and told me not to come back to DUC to see her. I didn’t.

After two wrestling seasons and unsuccessful knee surgery, my schedule was cleared to enjoy the social aspects of college life. Many of my high school classmates were now at University Park to help me enjoy the better side of college. They included Dave Burns, Ken Brinker, Dale Simbeck, Paul McIntosh, Bob Young, Bill Kriner, Gretchen Grill, Kay Smith, Dave Fleck, Janet Huesner, Dave King, Alan Robb and, of course, Jack Royer.

The 1990s:

When my parents returned from Africa in 1991 after spending two years as Peace Corps volunteers, they announced that they were overwhelmed with all of their possessions, and they would “no longer accept presents for any occasion that could not be readily consumed or given away.” Thus for Christmas 1991, my wife Donna and I endowed the

Doug and Jackie Scholarship at Penn State DuBois and subsequently solved all future gift-giving problems for my parents.

After selling my real estate investment advisory firm in 1992, I decided that it was time to retire and to move my family back to DuBois. My wife and three daughters made the change from the Washington-Baltimore Megalopolis to DuBois rather smoothly while I tried to figure out what to do next (in retirement). I thought that I would write some stories about exciting episodes in my life, but when I read them, even I was bored. Clearly, I had spent too many years writing business, investment, and statistical reports. So I decided to take Creative Writing 101 which Tony Villone was teaching at Penn State DuBois, which was only two blocks from my new office in Dr. Lewis' old veterinary clinic. It was both humbling and exciting to sit in classes with students twenty-five years younger, but Tony gave me just the advice that I needed: "Let broad-shouldered verbs carry the action. Show the story; don't tell it. Let us see it, feel it, smell it, and hear it. You must be a gymnast with words!" My fellow students were great, and many were non-traditional students with fascinating stories and life experiences.

Shortly thereafter, I was asked to serve on the Board of the DuBois Educational Foundation where I learned a lot about the politics of higher-education. Penn State's new president, Graham Spanier, was trying to make sense of the Commonwealth Campus system that he inherited. Penn State DuBois was given three alternatives: (1) become part of Altoona College (the DuBois Campus of Altoona College of Penn State University), (2) become part of the Behrend College in Erie (the DuBois Campus of the Behrend College of the Penn State University), or (3) stay the same but change. Penn State DuBois opted to "stay the same but change."

When I became the president of the DuBois Educational Foundation in 1997, my assessment of the campus was that it had inadequate student parking, student housing, and classroom and lab space. The owner of the 50,000 square foot building on 5½ acres at DuBois Avenue and First Street (now the Harley Davidson Building) offered to sell the property to the DEF for \$300,000 and finance the purchase as well. I thought this was a terrific opportunity to address the parking and laboratory needs of the Campus, but the leadership at Old Main felt differently. We were, however, able to purchase the 7-acre Monument Hill property and several adjacent properties. This set the stage for the construction of the new parking lot on Second Avenue.

Under the direction of Paul "Bud" Brazinski and Ross Donahue, DEF decided to pursue the construction of a new building at the corner of Sixth Street and DuBois Avenue. Living in Arlington, Virginia, I was able to join Bud and Ross to prowl the corridors of the U.S. Senate and House office buildings on Capitol Hill pitching the merits of funding the new building to our elected officials and their staffs.

Bud was eventually successful in wrangling a \$3,000,000 grant through the good offices of Representative Peterson that made the DEF Education and Technology Building possible.

More good news was that my two oldest daughters were able to take courses at Penn State DuBois while in high school. They both agreed that this was the academic highlight of their senior years (where they were only required to take an English course and a physical education course to graduate) because they were able to take real college courses and get real college credit. Both girls went on to graduate from Penn State at University Park.

The 2000s:

After my first unsuccessful retirement, I began developing mixed-use real estate projects in the Mid-Atlantic region, and consequently, in 2003, I received the Penn State's Distinguished Alumni Award, which meant that I spent a day on Campus meeting with several classes and discussing my monograph on the "What, How, and Tao of Business." At the end of the day, I met the new and dynamic DuBois Chancellor, Anita McDonald. She has been the driving force behind Penn State DuBois ever since.

In 2005, Chancellor McDonald asked me to be on the capital campaign committee for the campus. I told her that my day-job was too time-consuming, but that after my "next retirement," I would be glad to do whatever she asked. My "next retirement" occurred in 2008, and I began to consolidate my offices and residences back in DuBois. Thus, Dr. McDonald reminded me of my earlier promise in late 2009 when she asked me to chair the public part of "Campaign for the Future." A promise is a promise so, of course, I agreed.

In 2008, Donna and I were inducted into Penn State's Mount Nittany Society at a black-tie affair at University Park. At our dinner table were Anita and her husband Bob. As we were leaving the event Bob winked at me and said he really liked my suit. Thus he became the first person to openly recognize that I was not wearing a tuxedo! Donna quickly noted that this was not the first time that I failed to read an invitation that said "Black Tie."

The 2010s:

As we began the capital campaign to raise \$12 million for the students of Penn State DuBois, I was skeptical about Old Main's commitment to the DuBois Campus. However, my skepticism was mollified and alleviated with assurances that "all money raised by the DuBois Campus Campaign Committee will be spent at the DuBois Campus on students and projects determined by the DuBois Campus." This was music to my ears!

In May, Donna and I had the opportunity to donate a "chainsaw lion carving" to the Campus, and we were able to surprise Dr. Anita McDonald at unveiling ceremony by dedicating it to her in recognition of her leadership and contributions to the Campus. In accepting the dedication, Anita stood and said she was "speechless." At which time the

audience clapped and cheered as they knew that they had just witnessed a once-in-lifetime event!

What does it mean?

So what does it all mean? I really don't know. But I like the metaphor of "life as a journey," and Penn State DuBois has been part of my entire life's journey. Looking back on that journey, I see that Penn State DuBois, like me, has changed physically, but that's not the important part. I think about the many friendships that are so tied up in the campus. My first thought is of my childhood friend Jack Royer, who started at DUC, then earned his BS at University Park, his MS at American University and PhD at Cornell University and finally returned to Penn State where he rose to the rank of Senior Vice President Associate Dean of the Commonwealth Campuses until his fatal heart attack in 1997. I always thought that we would we would share our old memories together like we shared our youthful dreams. Jack was the best of Penn State.

When I look to the future of Penn State DuBois, I think of Bud Brazinski who I met on the DuBois Educational Foundation Board. Bud attended DUC then went to University Park to earn his BS degree. He returned to Ridgeway and his family's business, but Bud's incredible talents, charismatic leadership, and indefatigable energy inspired all of us to imagine a Penn State DuBois that served the broadest population and lead in the economic development of our workforce. Unfortunately, Bud suffered crippling stroke just days after he finalized the funding arrangements for the DEF Workforce Development Center. Bud survived the stroke, and now is facing years of demanding rehabilitation. Bud's dreams for the future of Penn State DuBois live on as a challenge to all future generations of Penn State DuBois.

Finally, when I imagine the *New* Penn State DuBois, I think of my youngest daughter's best friend, Sarah Knarr. Sarah graduated from Penn State DuBois in May 2010 with a four-year, BS degree in business administration. The availability of four-year degree programs at Penn State DuBois was unthinkable 25 years ago, but came a reality just a few years ago. For Sarah and year fellow graduates Penn State DuBois is not a stepping-stone to higher education but rather it has become the touchstone for higher education.

My life's journey with Penn State DuBois has been and will continue to be challenging, exciting, rewarding, and always interesting.



MASCOT MUSINGS

I had the opportunity to be the Penn State Nittany Lion Mascot for the 1967 and 1968 football seasons. At that time, the Nittany Lion Mascot only performed at football games and related football events. '67 and '68 were Joe Paterno's second and third years as head coach. He was blessed with a stable of great players and personalities as Penn State football was just starting the Paterno Era.

As part of the 75th Anniversary of Penn State DuBois, I have been asked to recall some of my memories about being the Nittany Lion Mascot. These musings are the way I remembered so much fun so many years ago.

On Becoming the Nittany Lion Mascot:

I always tell people that the Nittany Lion is chosen through a university-wide competition to find the one student with the optimum combination of intelligence, personality, good looks, and, of course, athletic ability. This probably is an accurate characterization of the selection process except for the year 1967. Here's what really happened that year:

During the first football game, the Lion was being passed up the stadium by the students^{xxxiv} when he was dropped and seriously hurt his back. He was out for the season. So for the second game a gymnast and eventual All-American, Bobby Emery filled in as the Lion.

The week of the third game, the captain of the cheerleaders who was also my fraternity brother, Joe Nealon^{xxxv} said, "Dan, why don't you be the Nittany Lion? You're not wrestling this year, and you should be able to fit into the costume. How tall are you and what's your shoe size?"

"Five foot-seven and size eight and a half shoes," I answered standing as erect as possible.

"Perfect," he said, and so I became the Nittany Lion for the remaining 1967 and 1968 football seasons. Thus a lifetime of special friends and great memories began.

On Starting the One-Arm Push-Up Tradition:

Today after every Penn State score, the Lion Mascot does one-arm push-ups equal to Penn State's total point score. But that wasn't the way in 1967. The tradition of the Lion doing push-ups had already begun, but I really milked the performance for all it was worth. You see, I went to Penn State on a wrestling scholarship, but I blew out my knee in my sophomore year, 1967. I had an unsuccessful knee operation that summer so I couldn't run very well. In fact as the Lion, I strutted and skipped but never really ran. I discovered however that the only transferable skill from the wrestling room to the cheerleader squad was push-ups, and I could really do push-ups: regular, wide-arm, clap-your-hands, wave-at-the-crowd, handstand, one-arm, and alternating-one-arm push-ups.

Penn State had really good football teams in '67 and '68 so as the victories rolled up so did the push-ups and so did the press coverage. The crowds loved to yell “we want the Lion,” and I loved to do push-ups.

In fact at the 1968 Pitt game, I set a school record for the most push-ups done by a Lion at a single game. Penn State scored on each of its first nine possessions and put 63 points on the board. Coach Paterno put in the second team to avoid running up the score so, of course, the second team defense promptly scored a two-point safety! The final score was 65-9, and I did a record 380 push-ups that afternoon.^{xxxvi}

In January, 1969, Penn State held a giant, standing-room-only pep rally in Rec Hall to celebrate the Penn State's Orange Bowl victory over the Kansas University Jayhawks.^{xxxvii} Everyone was at the rally: players and coaches, the Blue Band, cheerleaders, athletic department officials, Penn State's President, Eric Walker, and the Governor of Pennsylvania, Raymond P. Shaffer. After Governor Shaffer made his congratulatory remarks, he announced to the crowd, “Let's have the Lion do a one-arm push-up for every victory that Joe Paterno has had at Penn State. Let's see, that's 5 in '66, 8 in '67 and 11 in '68 so that's a total of 24. Alright Lion let's have them.” The crowd started “We want the Lion.”

I did the 24 one-arm push-ups and finished with a flourish bouncing off the floor for the last five. After this stunt, all of the Nittany Lion Mascots have done one-arm push-ups for every score by the Nittany Lion football team. So that's how the tradition began, and for the record, all of the Lions since me have done more one-armed push-ups than I ever did! They have been amazing. I congratulate them and apologize for all of their sore arms.

On Starting Other Traditions for the Lion Mascot:

I'm not sure, but I may have started a tradition that ended the same day. In 1967, there was a lot of collegiality among the football players and the wrestlers from the training rooms, the West Hall dorms, and the on-campus fraternities. So it was not unusual that my fraternity roommate in 1967 was Jack Curry, who held all of the pass-receiving records for Penn State wide receivers. Before the Homecoming game^{xxxviii} on a beautiful afternoon, I was strutting around the field as the players were doing their warm-up drills. I saw Jack waiting in line for a passing drill where he would catch a pass from Tom Sherman, our quarterback. Jack introduced me to several of the players waiting in line who didn't know that I had become the Nittany Lion mascot two games earlier. We thought that it would be a neat idea for me to warm-up with the team.

Our initial idea was that I would have Tom throw me a pass. But as I watched Bobby Campbell catch a pass, put several moves on an imaginary defender, and run down field and then Ted Kawalik make his patented one-hand catch in full stride, I realized that these guys were really good! My new idea: “Jack, you go out for a pass, and I'll pretend

that I'm a defender." So Jack went out for a pass, I back-peddled, and Jack juiced several times and turned and caught a perfectly thrown pass. I slipped and fell.

At that time, the Lion costume was complete with shoulder pads and the Lion's head was essentially a football helmet so my "new" bright idea was to tackle Jack. I nailed him (from behind) and landed on top of him. As I sat on his back, pounding his helmet, and yelling "I got you son-of-a-gun," I heard that distinctive sharp, shrill voice screaming "get that gosh darn Lion off the field!" I looked to the sideline and saw Joe running full blast at us, shaking his fist. Always one for the under-statement, Jack advised, "You better get going." I took off for the other side-line hearing Joe's voice repeating his threat, "get that gosh darn Lion off the field."

Thus the new tradition of the Lion warning up with the football players was quickly ended as Coach Paterno, for the first and probably last time, chased the Lion off the field!^{xxxix}

On Penn State Cheerleaders:

I never spent much time with the cheerleaders except on game days and away trips. We never practiced together and just adlibbed on the field during the games. This was to my regret because the coed cheerleaders were good looking really good looking! (I expect that the male cheerleaders were handsome, but who am I to judge?) The girls were always good sports and would dance with the Lion whenever I was so moved, which was a lot. I always thought that dancing with the cheerleaders was one of the best parts of the job. We did the twist, the watusi, the monkey, the funky Broadway, and of course, the chorus-girl line dance. A photo of Jane Grove, Linda Mehlman, and Karen Van Halen and me appeared on the cover of the Penn State alumni magazine.^{xl} This photo got a lot of newspaper coverage as well, and now a poster of this picture hangs in the Penn State Sports Museum at Beaver Stadium.

At away games, I always liked to host a cocktail party at our hotel the night before as a gesture of goodwill. At one party, several coed cheerleaders thought that we should go out to a bar since the drinking age was 18 in that state. So four girls and I went to a neighborhood bar about 11:00 pm, and I knew immediately that this was a mistake when we entered the bar. Four good-looking young women with flashy smiles and extroverted personalities instantly brought this "downtown drinking bar" to life. We found a table, and I went to order drinks at the bar. When I returned one girl was already dancing, and the other girls were talking to strange "older" men at our table. Go figure. One of the girls complained that some guy was bothering her, and asked me to take care of him. "Quit smiling!" was my only thought. We left after one drink, and I never did that again. Now when I go somewhere with four women, they are my wife and three daughters!

On the Blue Band:

I had a great relationship with the 75-member, all-male Blue Band^{xli}, but we started out a little rocky. During half-time of my first game as the Lion, I went up into the end zone

section where all of the freshman were assigned. I got the crowd worked up cheering and jeering which was remarkably easy to do when you're in the Lion costume.

The next Monday, I got a call from the Blue Band Director's secretary asking me to meet with the director at his office in the afternoon. I thought, "This is really cool." But when I got to his office, there was Dr. Dunlop, Dr. Deihl, and four other grim-faced men who were all part of the Blue Band staff. Over the next 30 minutes they explained to me how it takes tens of thousands of man-hours to prepare and present at half-time performance, and how one irresponsible Nittany Lion Mascot could ruin the whole show. I apologized profusely and promised that I would simply disappear at half-time from then on. They agreed, but they also suggested that at the third-quarter time-out, I should come over to the Band where I could lead the Band and dance with the music. Of course, I agreed and we got along famously for the next two years. The Blue Band guys became my new best friends!

Since the Blue Band was all-male, the members were as anxious to meet pretty girls as I was. At pep-rallies and away games, they always wanted me to bring the coed cheerleaders and other pretty girls they spotted over to talk to the band. I remember the percussion section as the most enthusiastic participants. So it was these co-conspirators that I realized what a babe-magnet the Lion costume was!

Leading the Blue Band was one of the most exciting experience of my life. They were so good, so responsive, and so powerful that I felt magic in my hands. I have never led a band since then, but I can see why conductors lead long, happy, and healthy lives.

On Penn State vs Maryland, 1968 (57-13):

At the Penn State – Maryland game at College Park, Maryland the PSU rugby team played in the morning and then came to the football game in the afternoon still in their uniforms. The outcome of the game was already determined by the third quarter so I went into the stands to meet alums and to visit the rugby team whose captain was Larry Kuhns, a great guy who wrestled at 191 pounds for Penn State. I visited with the rugby team for a while and took some snap shots when a group of students about 30 rows up started chanting "We want the Lion!" "My fans are calling," I told the ruggers as I headed up to the chanting students.

When I got to the students, they attacked me, started punching me, and throwing me around. (A more perceptive Lion would have noticed their Maryland sweatshirts.) I was in trouble, and yelled out, "Help! Help! The Lion is being attacked!" In a heartbeat (really several heartbeats as my heart was racing), the rugby team was on the scene, and I was freed from my attackers. Since the Lion suit is not made for hand-to-hand combat, I quickly scampered down the stadium with cat-like agility. When I looked up at the scene above, the entire section of Byrd Stadium seemed engulfed in the melee'. I never saw anything in the papers about the incident nor did any "university official" call me, but I've always had a special spot in my heart for the Penn State rugby team!

On Syracuse vs. Penn State, 1968 (12-30):

The last game of the season in 1968 was on a very snowy, cold day at Beaver Stadium against the Orangemen of Syracuse, the only team between Penn State and an undefeated regular season. Also earlier in the week, Penn State accepted an invitation to the Orange Bowl.

In 1968, Beaver Stadium was a much more “intimate” setting since it only held 46,000 people, and I felt like I knew half of them by name. The students and fans were only separated from the field by an eight-lane track so we all felt connected in a strange way. Even though alcoholic beverages were prohibited in the stadium, students and fans would smuggle in selected spirits for a hot toddy or something to brace themselves against the cold weather. In any event, the crowd on that day was very “spirited” especially in the fourth quarter when it became obvious that Penn State was going to have an undefeated regular season.

Some well-intentioned genius bought several cases of oranges to the sideline for the cheerleaders to throw up into the stands. As the cheerleaders threw the oranges at the students, the students caught the oranges and threw them back at the cheerleaders (no good deed goes unpunished). Unfortunately, the sincere but not too savvy cheerleaders continued to throw the oranges at the highly spirited students, and the highly spirited students continued to throw the oranges back at the cheerleaders until a full-fledged orange fight was on.

Meanwhile, more and more students came out of the stands and onto the sidelines expecting to storm the field at the end of the game. It was then I spotted three of my fraternity brothers, Red Rat, Greenie, and Youngest^{xliii} running toward me and yelling “Kahuna! Kahuna!”^{xliii} As they grabbed me, hugged me, and horsed around in their own highly spirited way, some other highly spirited fans who were also on the sidelines started screaming, “They’re attacking the Lion! They’re attacking the Lion!” It was incredibly awkward as I tried to keep two, well intentioned and highly spirited groups from killing each other while dressed in the Lion suit. Fortunately, the game ended, and all the highly spirited fans charged the field.

On Bowl Games:

I had the good fortune to participate in two bowl games as the Lion Mascot: the Gator Bowl in Jacksonville, Florida on December 30, 1967 and the Orange Bowl in Miami, Florida on January 1, 1969.

At the Gator Bowl, I was assigned to a hotel room with red-shirt Mike Reid, a wrestling teammate^{xliv} and a future all-American defensive tackle, and Pat Smith, an offensive lineman transferee who had to sit out a season. Our double room was crowded, but that night, two friends and Penn State lacrosse players, Gerry Curtin and Steve Yost, showed up unexpectedly with hopes of sharing the room with us for the next three nights. Mike

and Pat were good sports about the over-crowded arrangements, and we all got along fine, including a trip to the beach and the requisite plunge in the ocean.

Immediately after the game with Florida State ended in a 17-17 draw, the University tour guides hustled the Blue Band, the cheerleaders, and the Nittany Lion Mascot onto a north-bound train so we wouldn't be partying in Jacksonville on New Years Eve. Mike and Pat flew back with the football team, and Gerry and Steve drove back to Philadelphia. While the train ride was rather long and uncomfortable and the New Year Eve celebration was non-existent, I got to spend a lot of quality time with the cheerleaders and Blue Band.

The Orange Bowl was easier in every way. I had a hotel room with just one male cheerleader and no unexpected guests. The schedule was well organized and included numerous pep rallies, alumni events, and the famous Orange Bowl Parade. One special event was a trip to Lion Country Safari which was arranged by a company that was bringing out a new men's cologne called Numero Uno. Penn State Numero Uno posters and stickers were distributed to everyone who looked like a Penn Stater or was otherwise alive.

The trip to Lion County Safari seemed like a good idea at the time and probably turned out just fine, all things considered. After a brief tour, I put on the Lion suit and the Safari people brought out a cute and cuddly, cub African lion. It was about the size of a Labrador retriever, but its paws were twice the size of my hands! They had a leash on the cub, but it seemed so well behaved that they let it go as we took lots of photos as the cub got comfortable with the Nittany Lion. It actually jumped up and put his paws on my shoulders^{xlv}. Then one of the Numero Uno promoters tied a Numero Uno sweatshirt around the cub. The cub got a little anxious and actually bit the mouth of the Lion head that was on my head. Its teeth were about two inches from my nose!^{xlvi} As the Safari people tried to release the cub and its mouth from its new best friend, the cub's cute little claws came out of its cute little paws and clamped on to me. I saw the headline: "Nittany Lion Mauled By African Lion!" Using kind and gentle words to calm both Lions, the Safari people gradually got the lion cub to release me. I promised my young fellow lion that I would never forget him as we ended the photo shoot and I haven't.

We celebrated New Years Eve at a special Penn State party-reception-pep rally, and after changing into street clothes, the cheerleaders and Lion partied hard the rest of the night. Fortunately, the Orange Bowl didn't start until 8:00 pm the next day, and by then, the Lion was ready.^{xlvii}

On the sidelines, the cheerleaders and the Lion were pushed aside by television crews, newspaper cameramen, and other official sideline operators who were really focused on the game and not our dance routines. It was always hard for me when the Nittany Lion Mascot wasn't the center of attention! However, revenge was sweet when Bobby Campbell scored in the final seconds and then Chuck Burkhart rushed for the two-point conversion after the game was over!^{xlviii} It was a great day for Nittany Lion fans all over America. Penn State football and Joe Paterno had arrived big time!

On Penn State Students, Alumni, and Fans:

For Penn State students, alumni, and fans, the Nittany Lion Mascot is a powerful symbol that always elicits a warm response, a laugh or smile, and a flood of memories. When I wore the Lion costume, students, alums, and fans everywhere hailed me, wrapped their arms around me, laughed and told me about their best Penn State memories. Even now in my everyday street clothes when people find out that I was the Nittany Lion Mascot, they wrap their arms around me, laugh and tell me about their best Penn State memories. Every time I see some of my parents' friends in DuBois they say, "Remember when you were the Lion and you came to our bus and hung out with us when we tailgated at Beaver Stadium? Wasn't that great!" It was.

It might be easy to say that 1967-68 was a simpler time, but that wouldn't be true. On campus, we debated the Vietnam War, which hung heavily over everyone's future plans. We were concerned about racism, and in fact Penn State had only 300 black students at University Park. We argued about the role of women in society and whether the "official" admittance policy of five men to two women was appropriate. We also were concerned about the future of America where the political assassinations of Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert Kennedy seemed to foreshadow a dark future for our country. With sincerity, righteousness, and passion we wrestled with these issues, as our world seemed out of control.

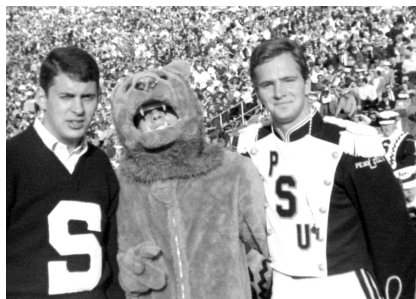
But my classmates and I had a special and unspoken agreement among ourselves. We agreed that on every football Saturday, the only thing that mattered was Penn State football. We embraced this illusion and celebrated the ritual of college football: the big game, the cheerleaders, the Blue Band, and the parties. We were idealistic optimists who thought that if Penn State won, all was good in the world and perhaps we would meet a pretty girl along the way^{xxxix}.

Today as then, the Nittany Lion Mascot is a powerful symbol of all that is good at Penn State University. Putting on the Lion suit is about personal humility and responsibility every bit as much as it is about capturing the power and unleashing the exuberance of a common good, a common goal, and a common happiness!

As I'm typing these musings, my wife Donna asked me what I was smiling about. "Just old memories," I told her, "some really great memories!"

^{xxxiv} This is now called "crowd-surfing."

^{xxxv} Here are Joe Nealon, me (the Lion), and our Drum Major mugging for the camera during the pre-game ceremonies.



^{xxxvi} I'm not positive of this total since don't know how to get the sequential scoring data to accurately calculate the total number of push-ups. Up to this time, Penn State had not been a high-scoring team so this record got a lot of press. However, this record has since been broken, but I don't know when or by whom, but I'm sure it has been broken.

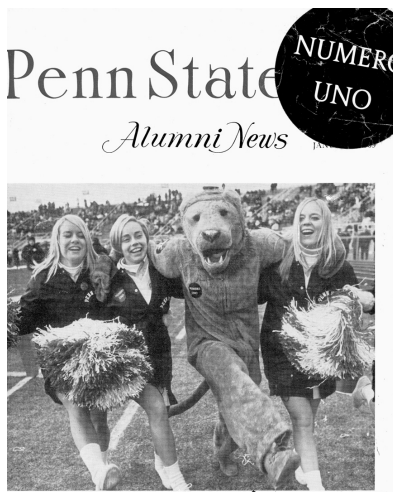
^{xxxvii} Penn State actually won the game after time ran out! Penn State had scored a touchdown on the last play of the game to make the score 13-14. Unfortunately, Penn State's attempt for a two-point point-after-touchdown was unsuccessful, but fortunately, Kansas had too many men on the field so the PAT had to be re-played. The second attempt at the two-point PAT was very successful. Penn State won the game and claimed the National Championship. Then President Richard Nixon announced from the White House that he thought that Texas should be the National Champions, so the sports writers of America, probably fearful of possible retaliation from the IRS and FBI, supported President Nixon's position. Penn State was ranked #2 in the Nation. It still breaks my heart.

^{xxxviii} The game was against the University of West Virginia which Penn State won 21-14.

^{xxxix} Ted Kwalick, Jack Curry, Bob Campbell, and Tom Sherman discuss how to keep the Nittany Lion out of the pre-game practice drills.



^{xl} This was the cover of the *Penn State Alumni News*, January 1969. Jane Grove, Linda Mehlman, and Karen Van Halen still make me smile when I see this photo.

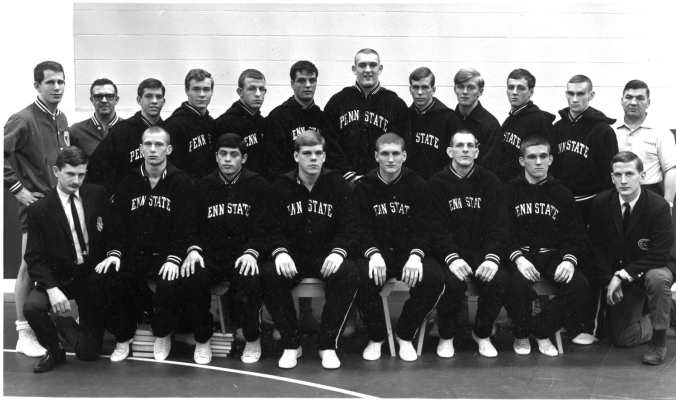


^{xli} Today the Blue Band has over 300 male and female members. But in 19667-68 only men instrumentalists played in the band. There were no color guards or majorettes, but we still had a great drum major!

xlii These fine young men were known to their parents as Gerald Alan Curtin, Robert Greenwood Lee, and Scott William Frymire.

xliii Kahuna was an affectionate nick name that I had in our fraternity

xliv Mike Reid is the tall guy in the middle of this 1967 PSU wrestling team photo. (I'm the short guy on the end.)



1967 PENN STATE VARSITY WRESTLING TEAM

Front Row: Assistant Manager V. Salmon, W. Clark, R. Abraham, R. Funk, R. Lorenzo, Captain J. Seaman, V. Fitz, Manager J. Mass.
Back Row: Assistant Coach Edwards, Head Coach Koll, D. Koblhepp, F. Shulock, M. Kline, J. Young, M. Reid, D. Spinda, J. Emanuel, L. Smith, C. Freas, Trainer E. Sulkowski.

^{xlv} Two relaxed lions sharing stories about the good times.



^{xlvi} The “cute little lion cub” decided to bite the semi-terrified Nittany Lion!



^{xlvi} The Lion, Penn State University President Eric Walker, and the Governor of Pennsylvania Raymond Shafer work the crowd before the game starts.



Pennsylvania's Gov. Raymond Shafer Is Confident Before Game Starts

xlviiii Chuck Burkhart scores in the final seconds and then Bob Campbell rushes for the tow points in a most unlikely ending to an undefeated season.



^{xlix} Here's the Lion asking a "pretty girl" for a date just outside Beaver Stadium. In the background, Jim Beerer, my fraternity brother and Penn State cheerleader is also talking to a pretty girl about the post-game activities.





DOUG AND JACKIE KOHLHEPP

Penn State and the DuBois Undergraduate Center (now called Penn State DuBois) have been an important part of the lives of Doug and Jackie Callahan Kohlhepp. Jackie Callahan attended the DuBois Undergraduate Center (DUC) in the summer and fall semesters of 1943 and the winter semester of 1944. After Penn State closed DUC in May 1944, she transferred to Marjorie Webster Junior College in Washington, DC. Returning home to DuBois after World War II, Doug married Jackie in 1946, and they moved to 311 North Third Street (only two blocks from Campus) so Doug could attend the DuBois Undergraduate Center in the fall semester of 1946 and the winter and summer semesters in 1947. After the birth of their first son, Dan, they moved to State College and lived at

Wind Crest in a 15-foot trailer so Doug could continue his degree. Doug graduated from Penn State in 1949 finishing his last course just days before the birth of their second son, Benjamin. After the birth of their third son Andrew, Doug and Jackie built a house at 226 East Sheridan Avenue (only three blocks from Campus). They quickly added to their household by renting the “extra” bedroom to DUC students in the 1950’s.

Jackie’s sister Cela Callahan attended DUC in the 1941-42 academic year, and her brothers, Hugh Paul “Kip” and Senes Michael “Mike” Callahan both attended DUC after WWII and then graduated from Penn State in 1949 and 1951 respectively.

Doug and Jackie’s son Dan graduated from Penn State in 1969 and their granddaughters, Kelly Christine, Katherine Diane “Kaydee,” and Joanne Elizabeth graduated from Penn State in 1998, 2003 and 2003 respectively.

In the mid-1950’s, Doug built two houses on Sixth Street that Penn State DuBois eventually acquired and that now contain the OTA Labs. Doug also served on the Board of the DuBois Educational Foundation. The Doug and Jackie Endowed Scholarship was started in 1991 to assist residents of Clearfield, Elk, and Jefferson Counties attend Penn State.

After Doug died in 1999, Jackie moved to the recently opened Penn State Village in State College where she currently resides.