

R. I. P.

Petey Penguin was drowned Thursday afternoon at 3:00 in his Crandall Park home.

Petey Penguin is dead. Long live Petey Penguin.

Petey Penguin as mascot of Youngstown college—a breathing personification of school spirit—lived many years before the advent of a penguin from Admiral Byrd's expedition on the hearts of Youngstown college students. He will continue to live the same.

It is not for Pete, the symbol, that the students run up a black and white banner today but for the little creature himself whom we had come to know and love so dearly.

Pete came to Youngstown a year ago October. In this short time his tuxedo-fitted frame has had a full social whirl. At all hours of the day and night he would allow himself to be carefully bundled into his custom-built of red and gold cage for a personal appearance at a dance, banquet, rally, football or basketball game. In spite of his daily cod-liver rubdown students vied with each other for the privilege of Pete in the back seat.

He rated editorials, feature stores, and pictures. The '40 Neon was dedicated to Petey. He posed more often than a Power's model. He broadcasted. He was viewed weekly by hundreds of children.

He added frivolous fun to the lives of his co-inhabitants at Crandall—the swans—by deep submarine dives from beneath them and sudden surprise upsets.

He took the spotlight well as befitted his position as an only penguin mascot. He strutted, he waddled, he flipped his wings and he went to the hearts of Youngstown college students. He was something that would have fit in a large size pocket. You would have liked to have slipped him in and taken him home to play with. We did.

Pete was a figure of national fame. A half hour after his death The Vindicator newspaper wire tapped out his obituary.

To Pete, in the Valhalla where all good penguins go to rest—R. I. P.

