

**SUMMER COLLEGIAN**

of the  
Pennsylvania State College

The Summer COLLEGIAN is published weekly by the students of the Pennsylvania State College in the interests of the College, students, faculty, alumni, and friends.

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**PRIMER FOR PATRIOTISM**

School teachers no longer need to swear allegiance to the Constitution in order to hold their jobs.

At least they needn't so far as the American Legion is concerned. At a meeting of the National Education Association Mr. Frank Miles, editor of the Iowa *Le-gionnaire* announced that the Legion had changed its mind and no longer felt that Americanism "consists of enforcing compulsory oaths of loyalty upon any class of citizens."

Excellent—but it doesn't solve the problem. This whole question of oaths and allegiances and the teaching of socialism, communism, and the facts of economic life in the public schools and colleges must be approached from another viewpoint. And even if the Legion recants there still remain plenty of professional patriots who will continue their efforts.

It is they who have indoctrinated everyone of us with their own special brand of propaganda from the right. The political theories of Hoover or Coughlin, the economic systems of Morgan or Mellon; the literature of Mary Roberts Rhinehart or Lloyd Douglass have been dinned into us for so long that we, without realizing it, have come to accept most of it without question.

But what is worse, most of us—again without realizing it—are helping to spread their brand of propaganda—the preservation of things as they are.

The Public School System, with which most of the readers of this paper are, or hope to be connected, is probably the most powerful agency in the country for the preservation of the status quo.

If you think that the status quo should be preserved, that no improvements are conceivable, then continue to accept everything you read in your daily paper and teach those under you the same things that all of us have been taught.

But if you are not always positive that this is the best of all possible nations; if you sometimes feel that the existing economic or political system has flaws in it; then it is your duty as an American to inform yourself and those whom you teach of some of the remedies that have been offered to bolster or replace the existing order.

Marx, Engels, Veblen, and Lenin are not bogey-men. They are economists and political theorists who have made definite contributions in their field. You should be familiar with the remedies which they propose.

The works of Robert Briffault, Clifford Odets, James Farrell, and Albert Halper should be known to you if you expect to be able to tell your pupils anything of significance about contemporary literature.

If you hope to have any sort of a background in national and international events you should read such books as Sheean's "Personal History," Lundsberg's "Imperial Hearst," Hick's "John Reed," and Reed's own "Ten Days That Shook the World." If you teach history you might even suggest such books for outside reading instead of the usual biographies of the Heroes of the Republic.

*The Nation*, *The New Republic*, and *The New Masses* will tell you more about what goes on today than your daily newspaper, *Time* magazine, or *The Pathfinder*, the usual manuals for current events courses.

Let Mr. McFadden extoll the patriotism of a Stephen Decatur with his "My Country! May she ever be right, but my country, right or wrong." True patriotism for any intelligent person should consist in doing all he can to make his country one that he can be proud of without hypocrisy.

**COMMENT**

**Gotta Harp On Ya, Buddy?**

For several days now we have been mystified by the new Chesterfield window display advertisement. It bears the picture of an angelic young lady strumming a harp, and below, the caption, "I Carry You In My Pocket."

If we were in New York, we'd trot right over to the Liggett and Myers people and ask them what the ad means. Since we're not, we'll have to suffer with suppositions. We've been asking friends what the ad means to them and most of their replies have been nonsense. One boy thought it was an ad for a folding harp for travelling musicians.

Our own explanation is built on an uncertain premise. Somewhere, we think, there is a ballad, "I Carry You In My Heart." The pocket, as men's-shirt-wearers know, is next to the heart, and cigars, especially in the summer, are carried in that pocket. Thus, you carry them next to your heart. It sounds very much like a take-off on the "I'm Your Best Friend" series which the Luckies people had to abandon when the unrecognized author of the idea brought suit.

Our explanation may seem very unlikely to you. But in the light of past Chesterfield advertising the intricate interpretation is probably correct. About a year and a half ago, you may recall, the Chesterfield people ran an ad entitled "It Always Has Stopped Raining." Pictured were an old man and a young girl seeking shelter from the rain in a quaint book shop. He was passing her a smoke. Unable to "get the drift" of the ad, one of our advertising students wrote to Liggett and Myers and demanded an explanation. Here is the reply she received:

"Dear Miss—  
We thank you for your letter of the 28th. 'Life begins at sixty'; 'It always has stopped raining'—literally and figuratively (rain—unfavorable conditions—never continue indefinitely); we have the cigarettes that 'Satisfy'—and, therefore, there would seem every reason to be optimistic.

Yours very truly,

R. B. FLEMING

Enclosed was a folder entitled "Ups and Downs." It listed the boom and depression years of the last century, contained a cigarette ad on the last page but made no attempt to draw the extremely logical to-bacco conclusion used by the letter-writer.

**Do You Oversay "Said"?**

Our July prize for the Most-Unnecessary-Book-of-the-Month goes to Mr. H. F. Wight, of San Diego, for his 100-page pocket manual, "The Said Book." While afflicted with lithemic insomnia last February, Mr. Wight decided that the greatest American bother was the constant repetition of "he said" or "she said" in written works. So he set about cross-indexing synonyms and near synonyms for "said." And now, to his heart's content, the author may "waggle," or "dither" or "burble" instead of simply "saying."

We can already hear Eddie Nichols regurgitating: "What this country needs is a few less writers and a few more readers."  
\* P. 92, righthand col. —LOU

We had almost decided to sacrifice ourselves for the advancement of science and safe driving by giving a public demonstration of the effects of alcohol on the mind, muscle and morals of the automobile driver. We figured we'd find someone also interested in the Cause who'd set us up to a few glasses of the local brew. Then we'd wander up and take the driver's test put on by the Aetna people. But we couldn't find anybody who would finance our venture, although some said they would make the sacrifice themselves. So we abandoned science in favor of the brew.

**Gone Are The Days**

One of our colleagues, who now writes obituaries for another great paper down East, pops in every now and then and compares the present drinking situation in town with what it used to be in the old days. It seems that the connoisseurs of fine malt are a bunch of sissies compared with the rip-roaring, gutter-rolling college mugs of prohibition days.

Our colleague believes that the "Ten Nights in a Barroom" days are gone forever. "It's a shame, too," he muses. "In the old days, the dives used to have a lot of local-color, the mugs used to raise hell on Saturday nights around here. But now what do ya find? A bunch of students droopin' over their beer arguin' about books."

—PORGY

**"ARE YOU PATRIOTIC?"**



**College Instructor Completes 50 Years Service in Newspaper Field**

(The following article, which appeared in a recent issue of "Editor and Publisher," concerns Fred Fuller Shedd, member of the department of journalism of the College, whose Monday morning lectures have been a regular feature of the curriculum.—Ed.)

**By WALTER E. SCHNEIDER**

Fred Fuller Shedd, genial, gray-haired editor of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, interrupted his well-filled day long enough to look back in retrospect over 50 years of journalism and to weigh the immediate future of American newspapers. The past he found thrilling. As for the future:

"The newspaper press of the United States is far from being decadent or threatened by any other means of information," he said.

"Today the newspaper is more essential than ever, and it has a bigger field of opportunity than ever before." The occasion for the interview was Mr. Shedd's 50th anniversary in the profession. He doesn't remember the exact day in the first week of July in 1886 that he entered the business office of the Haverhill (Mass.) Gazette, a lad of 15 just out of high school, and embarked on a career that led to the editor's chair of one of the country's largest newspapers. What concerned him most at that moment was his new job—one that meant additional income for a family in modest circumstances.

One day recently, when Mr. Shedd was asked about his approaching golden anniversary in journalism, he nurtured the belief that it was July 3, but he couldn't confirm it. Nevertheless it was a significant day to the New England boy who placed his mark high in the halls of the Fourth Estate.

Like many other active editors, Mr. Shedd shunned the idea of any formal celebration of the occasion. He let it slip by, except for the interview, just as he minimized the 25th anniversary of his association with the Bulletin, which he joined Feb. 11, 1911, in the capacity of editorial writer.

His editorship dates from 1920. If there is to be any celebration of his own, it will take the usual form of a day on the golf course. There he is in his element. It is customary for him to play 52 holes every Saturday throughout the summer, besides a game every Wednesday. On the latter day he returns to the office at 5 p. m. and polishes off three hours

of hard work before he calls it a day.

Mr. Shedd radiates health and zip unusual in a man of 65. It was easy to believe, as he chatted in shirt sleeves at his desk overlooking Philadelphia City Hall, that this "vim, vigor and vitality" was acquired in his love for the "game" that also gave him the local sobriquet of "the original marathon golfer."

He was asked, in view of his excellent health and love for the business, whether he expects to remain a newspaperman until he "drops in his tracks" or plans to retire at some future date to enjoy a life of ease. Distaste for the latter course flashed from his eyes and lips.

"I intend to stick till I drop or go on pension," he exclaimed. "I hope I never will quit voluntarily."

At the Bulletin, he explained, 65 is the usual retirement age. Exceptions are frequently made when it is the employee's desire to remain in harness and Mr. Shedd indicated definitely

that, like the boy on the burning deck, he'll stick to the bitter end.

**Milwaukee Factories Offer College Courses**

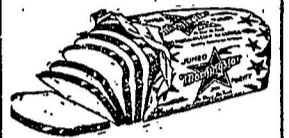
Condensed college courses, shorn of theories, are being given department managers and ranking foremen three large Milwaukee factories by Harney W. Stover, assistant professor of economics in extension.

**MORNINGSTAR BREAD**

"The Well Baked Home-like Bread"

MORNINGSTAR BREAD is fine for every purpose. It makes sandwiches that are pleasing in taste and at the same time nourishing. And if you want crisp toast that fairly melts in your mouth, this is the loaf for you

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COOL AND COMFORTABLE

SILK PONGEE PAJAMAS AND COOLIE COATS \$1 Each EGOLF'S

**State Fruit Growers Plan Activities Here**

Fruit growers of the state will come here, July 27 and 28, for the annual Orchard Field Days of the department of horticulture in the School of Agriculture.

In addition to the activities sponsored by the horticultural department, the State Horticultural Association will have a program at its summer meeting Monday evening, July 27. H. F. Hershey, Hamburg, president of the association, will be in charge. Firman E. Bear, director of research for a commercial fertilizer company, will speak on the orchard soil and fertility problem, and Lee Allen, fruit grower of Salisbury, Mr. will talk on efficient handling of peaches and apples through the packing house.

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THE DELIGHTFUL COMEDY . . .

**"Accent on Youth"**

by Samson Raphaelson

will be presented

Wednesday, July 22, in the Auditorium

Tickets on sale all day Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

at Student Union Desk.

All Seats Reserved—50c

This will be the only Full Length Dramatic Production of the Summer

**Schlow's Quality Shop SEMI-ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE!**

Starts Friday Morning, July 17 at 9 a. m.

OUTSTANDING VALUES