

**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.

**Co-Editors**  
Johnson Brenneman Richard Lewis  
**Co-Business Managers**  
George W. Bird Alan L. Smith  
**Circulation Manager**  
Norman Halprin

The Summer COLLEGIAN has the official sanction and support of the Summer Session Office. Its finances will be controlled by the Student Union Office.

**Editorial and Business Office**  
Student Union Office, 101 Old Main  
Subscription Price: 30c for entire session.  
Single copy 5 cents

Friday, July 24, 1936

**THUNDER ON THE RIGHT**

In August of 1934, New York's Governor Lehman signed a bill which had been regurgitating through the New York state legislature for several years. It was a bill designed to insure patriotic solidarity among one of the most heckled and exploited groups of public servants in the country, the teachers in the public schools and colleges.

Aiming to bring recalcitrant patriots into line among educators of the state, the Massachusetts legislative body enacted similar legislation. The loyalty oath, sponsored by the reactionary interests of the country, threatened to sweep the East in a sudden burst of patriotism that emanated from the halls of the Legion, the Liberty League and the D. A. R. and promised the speedy extermination of every pinkie this side of Moscow.

In this state, the chauvinists have introduced such repressive legislation into the general assembly. It is only a question of time until the teachers' loyalty oath gags Pennsylvania educators, unless the teaching profession of the State organizes to defend itself against the hordes of national purists who have risen out of the bushes to declare open season on the nation's pedagogy.

The repressive measure is designed to throw suspicion on the individuals against whom it is directed. The loyalty oath acts by putting the educator on the defensive, by casting doubts as to his 100 per centism, and for this reason it has been bitterly opposed by those who have to take it. But the implications of the measure do not stop here.

The teachers' loyalty oath is a particularly dangerous weapon because it appears harmless. The Ives bill in New York requires the teacher to mumble "I do solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States and of New York, and that I will faithfully discharge, according to the best of my ability the duty to the position to which I am assigned."

Apparently, this statement is little more than an endorsement of the status quo. But in the light of present trends, its menace is clear.

The nation has appropriated the largest peacetime military and naval budget in its history. The gloomy spectre of American fascism hovers into view with the appearance of the Lemke-Coughlin-Hearst party, with its fascist program and its platform of contradictions. War propaganda increases daily through the Hearst newspapers, the Hearst controlled cinema and the Hearst magazines. Chief among the reactionary newsheets to sponsor New York's teachers' gag law was Hearst's New York American, egged on by the D. A. R. and the Liberty League.

Thus, the teachers' oath becomes the opening wedge of Fascism. The ideology behind such a declamation is obviously the ideology of the totalitarian state. Its advocates wave the flag at D. A. R. meetings, get drunk during Legion conventions, make long and demagogic speeches at Liberty League banquets, and generally tend to form societies that, when given free reign, make the Black Legion look like a bunch of Sunday School picnicers.

Freedom of conscience in the teaching profession was the first liberty to disappear in Italy and Germany. It is now beginning to leave this country. Already it has disappeared in two states.

In the "land of the free," the teachers' oath becomes a most effective instrument for regimentation. It becomes a powerful persuasive for inducing schools to echo the propaganda of war which is smeared throughout the reactionary press.

For, those teachers who honestly oppose war and would expose fascist propaganda can be fired for violation of their oath to "faithfully discharge . . . the duties . . . to which I am assigned."

It is to the interest of teachers not only of the State of Pennsylvania but teachers in other states where reactionary forces are at work to oppose the fascist tendencies already so manifest in this country. The teachers' loyalty oath is one of these manifestations. It can be killed and its advocates silenced only by concerted and determined action on the part of alert, progressive educators.

**COMMENT**

**THE NEWSPAPER SHOW**

Col. Frank Knox, who will be best man if the Landon presidential nuptials come to pass, recently put his okay on a plan to have a newspaper exposition at the San Francisco World Fair in 1939. The idea of the show is to dramatize history-making headlines.

By 1939, we say, this type of educational entertainment will have been milked dry. *Time* shows no sign of letting up with its stirring radio program and neither do the patriotic-holiday-conscious public schools.

The public doesn't want headline-interpreting tableaux, posed by awkward amateurs garbed in costumes styled as of the 1890's but made of newingham and crepe de chine. The old important headlines, and some of the newer ones, already have been recorded in history books. What the public really wants to know is how to translate present-day headlines, newspaper words and newspaper phrases. We suggest that Col. Knox withdraw his support from the exposition and have that money used to compile a *Journalist's Dictionary* that will be supplied with every newspaper subscription.

The Commenter himself hereby starts the ball rolling by contributing a few definitions designed to take the mystery out of newspaper reading:

wealthy scion: any man whose name ends with 2d or 3d.

attractive young blonde: any woman with hair this side of brown and a face this side of 40.

blunt instrument: name used to describe the death weapon when none has been found.

crowd of 2000: about 375 people.

head-on collision: two autos sidewise fenders.

internationally-known speaker: a hometown boy who has addressed the Rotary club in the adjoining county.

\$10,000 blaze: fire that burns two curtains and scorches wallpaper.

vice cleanup: police breaking up a game of penny ante in the city park.

mystery witness: name applied to the woman who thought she heard a dog bark the night her neighbor was shot.

police are conducting an investigation: a phrase used in a robbery story, or some other crime story, because it always has been used when police are stumped, and anyway sounds like a pretty convincing way to end the story.

heated debate: city councilman raises his voice above a whisper to ask a question or answer one.

suspicious character: out of town who pulls into a store entry to light his cigaret.

**NOTES ON THE NEWS**

At the Pennsylvania Folk Festival in the Bucknell stadium next week-end, there will be square dances, mountain jigs and reels, gypsy gyrations. What, no fan dances?

Mark Sullivan, anti-Roosevelt journalist, recently took Father Coughlin to task for calling the President a liar. But his piece rang with remorse of a man who was beaten to the punch.

Flanked by her mother and dad, Shirley Temple recently pledged allegiance to the American flag in a publicity stunt designed to make imitative youngsters to do the same.

Spinach people, please note.

**Reader's Alley**

Perhaps retirement holds for you no terrors. It may be that you think there is little more to it than, as George Ade said, "sitting around and listening to the hardening of your arteries." But, before you reach that quiet stage of effacement (so you think) you had better read about the difficulties encountered by Tom Baldwin, the chief character in *Greengates*, the new novel, and the second from the hand of R. C. Sheriff, whose *Journey's End* you probably enjoyed as both play and movie.

Mr. Baldwin, a London clerk, retires at fifty-eight, and looks forward to doing the hundreds of things his confining work has circumvented. He would read, now; he would lie late abed; he would spend minutes extra on the little routine tasks which, for years, he had had to rush through. But he reckoned without the confusion of his household. Little did he know that, for all her forbearance, his wife, Edith, would have to make adjustments that were difficult, and even worse, Ada, the old cook and housemaid would find his puttering about the house and his irregularity about meals most irksome.

Baldwin struggled to make his garden grow, he strove to rewrite British history in a fresh and readable style, he tried to make himself handy at brightening up the old house in a stodgy section of the city. His wife did her best to keep him happy, but, try as they did, the couple watched despondency, defeat, and despair creep over them.

After a year of misery, the pair happened to jaunt over an old walk they used to take before the War. They discovered many changes had taken place to spoil the rural landscape they had once enjoyed. The principal change occurred at their favorite vale—a sub-division of modern houses had sprung up. Before they knew it, their decision had been made; slough off the old skin of the city, and move to the country.

Could they do it? Well, by scrapping; by not-to-high finance they procured a lot, built a house, auctioned off their old furniture, bought new, and moved in. One of the first families in "Walden Close," they became pioneers in the social life of the community, made their new home, called "Greengates," the center of cheerful community life. The book closes with Tom, completing his tenth year as secretary of the Country Club; Edith, the dowager and social arbiter of the group. Each had attained happiness denied them in the narrow city streets; each had discovered talents hitherto unsuspected in their natures. Tom's retirement is the gate to a new life, the change in environment is the key to their salvation.

There can be no quarrel with Mr. Sheriff's polished prose. His characterization is complete and telling. He writes with a pen in one hand, and a scalpel in the other. (Wonder where we picked that up?) His control over the problems and dilemmas of life, and particularly of old age, is unquestioned. Yet, he is no dreary reformer. His humor, his sensitive interpretation of human values, his freedom from conventional stylistic tenets, will delight his readers. Touches of superb description are enhanced by racy idiom and fresh diction. Who else could have thought of a "pink, flavorless sun," or designed a colonel "who spoke as though he had spats in his voice?"

Why, of course, Mr. Baldwin was "pensioned." Um— we can hardly wait to retire. Tsk, tsk, some thirty years, come Michaelmas . . .

R. E. G.

**FOOT LIGHTS**

"Accent On Youth," by Samson Raphaelson, presented by the division of dramatics in the Schwab auditorium Wednesday night, July 22. Produced under the direction of Frank Neusbaum.

THE CAST

Linda Brown	June Breining
Dickie Reynolds	Ben Conard
Miss Darling	Charlotte Lord
Frank Galloyay	Raymond Harmel
Stephen Gaye	James Darbie
Flogdell	John Grosvenor
Genevieve Lang	Fay Fetterolf
Chuck	Frank Pennypacker
Batch	Edward Binns

Sets were executed under the direction of Wilfred Washcoe.

It was a balmy summer evening. About 600 people leaned back in Charley Schwab's auditorium seats, then shifted, writhed a little, crossed their legs and elbowed for a section of their chair arms. A few in the rear leaned forward and tried to hear what went on. On the auditorium stage, the division of dramatics and company were presenting a play called "Accent on Youth."

The actors were trying hard, and occasionally it sounded pretty good. Every once in a while, Old Main would strike the hour with solemn bong, the actors would wait patiently until the hour had struck, and then proceed with the business of the evening.

We kept thinking of the time our high school graduating class did "The Goose Hangs High" for a milk fund benefit. They tried hard, and the critics all mentioned it. The mother of the fellow who had the lead said it was a fine performance and all the other mothers agreed. So everyone went home satisfied.

But we don't want to lose track of "Accent on Youth," which is an engaging comedy with good lines and clever theater. It is something which requires the four-jours gai technique more spontaneity, and sophisticated acting than we observed Wednesday night.

Yeah, we've got to come out with it. The performance was pretty green on the whole. James Darbie, as Steven Gaye, was colorless, Dickie Reynolds, played by Ben Conard, didn't seem to be the Dickie his lines called for, June Breining, as Linda Brown delivered her dialogue amateuvisly, Genevieve Lang was underdone, and Flogdell, played by John Grosvenor, illuminated the show.

Only the excellent dialogue carried the production. While the tempo throughout dragged, the timing was excellent in scenes such as Gaye's piano practice. In the second scene of act two, when Stephen Gaye went out for his coat leaving an unbalanced Dickie pacing the boards nervously, he might have gone out to any of the local cleaning establishments and it wouldn't have taken him much longer. And Conard didn't have the business to fill the gap.

Miss Breining picked up occasionally and showed flares of acting. Her best line, and one of the best of the show, was thought, was delivered in the second act when she said: "This is my gal, and what the hell are ya doing in my apartment." In her emotional scenes, her inflection was poor and her gestures overdone. Occasionally, the amateurishness of the production was accentuated when the players gave each other lines.

Altogether, the production lacked the spice and brightness of the comedy the dialogue indicated. Collectively, the acting might be characterized as stolid. And even if Darbie and Harmel didn't keep stumbling over rugs throughout the first act, their stage presence would still have been noticeably awkward.

But these are faults of people new to the stage, and most of the cast, we believe, have had little, if any experience. Furthermore, rehearsal time was abbreviated to limits within which even professionals might have found it difficult to do a good job. Wilfred Washcoe and his aides built a creditable set. We shared the general relief when it didn't topple over while Gaye was struggling with the door downstage left.

—R. L.

**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

**MORNINGSTAR SALLY ANN AND PURITY BREAD**




Approved by American Medical Association

**SPECIAL . . .**  
52x52 All Linen, Hand Decorated Table Cloths  
\$1.00 each  
**EGOLF'S**

**VISIT THE CROSSROADS**  
and enjoy  
Real Italian Spaghetti  
Food Service—Beer  
Bar-B-Q. Sandwiches  
A five-minute drive from State.

Located at Boalsburg, on Lakes-to-Sea Highway



**July Sale -- A \$2 Value for \$1**  
**RYTEX DECKLE EDGE VELLUM**  
PRINTED STATIONERY

SMART NEW LETTERING STYLES . . . NEW MONOGRAM STYLES . . . AND COLORS OF INK . . . AND—

*Double the usual quantity!*

100 SHEETS  
100 ENVELOPES **\$1**

Name and Address on Sheets and Envelopes . . . Monograms Rytex-Hyllited on Sheets (Envelopes plain).

Two sizes . . . Flat Sheets and Double Sheets . . . Order both of them for yourself and for gifts.

**ATHLETIC STORE**  
Dial 2158 Open Evenings

**STARK BROS. & HARPER**

**WEEK-END SPECIAL**

**WASHABLE ROBES**

**ONE-HALF PRICE**

REGULARLY \$2.95 TO \$5.95

**STARK BROTHERS & HARPER**

HATTERS HABERDASHERS TAILORS

NEXT TO THE MOVIES

**SUMMER CLEARANCE**  
NOW GOING ON

**DRASTIC REDUCTIONS**

In Everything, including: Coats, Suits  
Dresses, Millinery and Knitwear

**GRAND VALUES**

Come In and See For Yourself

**KALIN'S DRESS SHOP**  
144 South Allen Street

**"Green Pastures"**

**CATHAUM**  
A WARNER BROS. THEATRE  
MONDAY AND TUESDAY, July 27-28