

SUMMER COLLEGIAN

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Thursday, July 28, 1938

ON OLD MAIN MURALS

HOPES OF OBTAINING the services of Henry Vannum Pool to paint frescoes on Old Main's walls will depend on the speed with which the Class of 1932 comes to a final decision on their gift to the College.

It is known that the class sentiment favors this project highly which brings up the question, do students really know their minds better about such things while in College, or when they get out for a while?

Two unimportant gifts were given by the last two classes, Old Main's chimes, which are not real chimes, and money for the telescopes so that more people can see less. Now the Class of 1932 is showing them up by presenting a real gift to the College which will be appreciated by everyone.

Long has the art division in this College been hindered by the fact that no artistic work of any significance is available to those in that curriculum and the chance for such worthy projects is beginning to get better.

Pool, who is now finishing a contract for the Government in its new Justice building, can be had some time in the fall. He has expressed a desire to do the frescoes if asked to.

Several colleges, as Pomona in California and Dartmouth in the East are now proudly exhibiting the works of young muralists. State can't afford to lag behind in this respect.

It seems logical that once a mural project is started, such as the one proposed, other classes will wish to share in the cost and sufficient money can then be obtained to finish the lobby of Old Main in a decorative manner.

To the Class of 1932 the whole College should extend its congratulations for the wise choice.

I HEAR THE DRUMS

INTERNATIONAL and national events of the past few months have too much the flavor of the Pie-Wai build-up for a swell new war—for the munitions men.

All the talk about the armament of one country being better than the other's, we can lay to the salesmen who have to drum up business by beating the drums. The recent agreement between the United States, Great Britain and France to increase battleship tonnage to 35,000 tons is an example of the hysteria to come.

Just yesterday, Prime Minister Chamberlain put the honor of the British above peace when he stated, "Though we seek peace, Britain is not willing to sacrifice even for peace, British honor and vital traditions."

The government's \$1,000,000 "educational" program to instruct certain factories in the preparation of war instruments puts a black cloud on our future neutrality. Manufacturing establishments were picked by Army officers to make sample war goods so that on M-Day, they could change to making these goods in twenty-four hours.

And now the propaganda being spread that Japan will conquer the world when she gains hold of China's resources is the latest device to make Congress increase the military appropriations.

In a recent magazine article, it was shown that Great Britain, France, and Russia could have prevented Mussolini's rape of Abyssinia, and Hitler's theft of Austria by the mere fact of greater numbers. With the positions that these countries are in now as the result of this, they have dropped to second place powers, so they say.

But we think that too is propaganda, for a member of the House of Lords recently stated that the United States would get into the next continental war probably to save England and not ourselves.

In the meanwhile, we go merrily on not giving a damn until we're caught in carefully planned, already executed war hysteria. For further details about the advertising to be used see Scribners for one of the spring months.

WELL APPRECIATED was the cooperation of the Grounds and Buildings department under Mr. Ebert when he had Old Main's chimes soft pedaled for the performance of "The Merchant of Venice." This silent action saved the show and the public's nerves who would have had to strain their ears on the quarter-hour.

Working unobtrusively, but nevertheless forcibly was the Campus Patrol who all summer have made the things social and academic run more smoothly. This efficient force under Captain Dennis is appreciated more than they are told and we believe it is time somebody told them.

If you don't believe the students working on the force take their job seriously, try to park in the wrong place some time. Every man is on his toes all the time.

OLD MANIA

The Street:

Once upon a time there was a pretty little town set in the hills of Central Pennsylvania. There, in its quiet site, many students would come and learn great things of the world beyond and the strange doings of those in that world. People thought the town was enlightened, so did the students. But people can be wrong.

For a long while the pleasant village had a kind-hearted burgess who was friendly even to the students, which is something. Then came a change, a sad one for the students, so they thought. Where before the kindly man had watched with nostalgic feeling the doings of these lads and wished for youth again, the new, cruel man fought the students, gun against pure heart. He was, in truth, a villain.

Also he was a gambler of sorts. He liked to gamble and he liked to see his people also take chances. His annual fire company "take" could not satisfy his lust for the sport so this cruel man, they say, had slot machines established in the main streets of the pleasant village.

Before the slot machines were there, many people parked their cars with freedom from worry, but now they put a nickel in and nothing comes out. It's a swell racket, but there are no winnings—except for the "banker." No, only the hardy who dare to cross with this man park where slot machines are played in city's street—and few of them do that.

Add Filling Stations:

It took quite some time but finally Maniac has found a person to cross adjectives with Dean Warnock on the restroom problem. Barbara Bowes, the pretty Student Union miss, in on her vacation to Maine and from her we learn that not Amoco, not Texaco, but SUNOCO restrooms are the best. So there, Dean Warnock, we knew we could get support on our side.

A Needed Spanking:

Fred Newmeyer, frothman, wrote Daniel Martin, radio editor of postgazette, pgh., a nasty letter giving Martin hell for stamping on swing. Martin leads back with fists full of figures and comments to squelch Newmeyer and the rest of the jitterbugs who subscribe to such trash as Froth. PS Collegian hates froth. Only twenty more lines to go and then we're through. Oh, hum.

Au Revoir:

Outside our window we can hear the final strains of the weekly sing and swing session. The grandiose notes of Pomp and Circumstance float up here to remind us that the time is drawing near when—

All the lads and all the lassies,
Stately grads and sad schoolmams,
Will soon depart from summer classes,
And hie them to far towns and farms.

School gals on their summer bender,
Will go back home to mom and pop,
Associate with their own gender,
And things of State must simply stop.

So, it's goodbye, we're glad you came,
We liked to spend your time and money.
We were glad to give you short-lived fame,
Remember, we were just your summer honey.
And now Sam Jaffe and his crowd have taken over the auditorium, they'll be there for an all-night session, so we had better leave.

"Settle For 14 Oz."

And speaking of Sam Jaffe, our just-before-we-go press bulletin gives us this story. Yesterday afternoon during rehearsal, Jaffe received a telegram from his three sergeants playing with him in "Gunga Din," Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen.

This is what they said, "Good luck, but for heaven's sake, settle for 14 oz and come back." Signed, Three Sergeants.

Old Man's janitors tell Maniac that this is the first year they ever saw so many slips, *inmentionables* to you. "I declare," one said, "I don't go out watching for them but those pink things have been getting in my eyes ever since Summer Session started."
—THE MANIAC

HOTEL MARKLAND

Noted for Good Food and Service

Sail a straight course on the

GREEN ROOM'S NEW SHIP BAR

Reader's Alley

Though we have no intention of making this pillar a roll of men of letters whose pens have stilled, we recall the recent death of James Weldon Johnson, who lost his life in a grade crossing accident.

Johnson's life and writings are extraordinary enough to make several these and dissertations. Born in Jacksonville, Florida, in 1871, he was educated in the schools of his native town, then, at the University of Atlanta, and Columbia University. Both Talledega University and Howard University awarded him honorary degrees of Litt. D.

His sixty seven years have been full of action. He has been a high school principal, lawyer, composer, diplomat, author, poet, editor, propagandist, civic leader of his race. His work in the last mentioned capacity won him the Spingarn Medal, an award for those who make outstanding contributions to aid in the advancement of the Colored Race.

With his brother, J. Rosamond Johnson, the singer, he went to New York to sell an operetta they had composed. This was back in 1901. Though the creation didn't find a market, the boys met many of the important lyricists and writers of the day, and in 1915, Weldon's *Goyescas*, a translation for grand opera, was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Along with frequent contributions to such magazines as Century, Harper's,

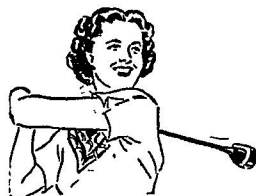
The American Mercury, and Crisis, Johnson found time to write a novel, *The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man*. This book, first published anonymously in 1912, was reissued under his own name at the time his book of Negro sermons in verse, "God's Trombones," brought praise from the critics. In 1927 Johnson's first volume of poems, "Fifty Years," came from the press a decade earlier. In 1921, he edited *The Book of American Negro Poetry*, and two volumes of negro spirituals were collected for printing in 1925 and 1926.

Always a leader, in the affairs of his race, Johnson lectured widely on its problems. He was secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People for many years.

Again, we say, that those who seek to do research on the work of writers mentioned in this column must not be mere fact-gatherers. One may approach James Weldon Johnson from numerous angles—from those of the sociologist, the political scientist, the literary analyst, or the biographer, but the student should warm himself first with the fine fire of Johnson's writings and speeches, of which there is no paucity.

Johnson does not, by any stretch of the imagination, rank as a great artist, but, by any standard, he was a Man.

DON'T BE A GOLF WIDOW



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200 W. College Ave.

Phone 3361

REMOVAL SALE!

Final Price Cutting Starts Today

A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR SUMMER SCHOOL GIRLS TO BUY FOR THE PRESENT—AND TO SAVE 1-2 TO 2-3 ON

"BACK TO SCHOOL" CLOTHES

"Back to School"
SILKS and WOOLENS
\$4.29

FORMALS
Formerly \$9.98—\$19.75
Now \$4.75—\$8.65

FORMALS
Formerly \$7.98—\$12.98
Now \$1.98 to \$3.98

Summer Bradley Knits
Now \$7.95

\$1.98 SKIRTS
89c
Plaids and Worsteds

ODDS and ENDS
59c
Slacks—Sport Shirts
Boleros—Vestees, Etc.

KNITS
Bradley—Snyder
Miriam Gross
Value to \$22.50
\$9.98

FLANNEL SKIRTS
Value to \$5.75
\$1.98

JEWELRY
All \$1.00 to \$1.25
69c

Organdie Blouses
2 for \$1.00

\$2.00 Crepe Blouses
\$1.00

PLAY CLOTHES
All Kinds
1/2 price

CLEARANCE
COTTON DRESSES
\$1.00—\$1.89—\$2.39

DRESSES
To \$16.98—Sheers and Silks
Now \$4.29

PURSES
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DRESSES
Plain and Print Silks
\$3.39

GLOVES
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69c

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29c—49c

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State College, Pa.