

SUMMER COLLEGIAN

Published every Friday morning during the Summer Session by students of the Pennsylvania State College in the interests of the College, students, faculty, alumni, and friends.

The Summer Collegian has the official sanction and support of the Summer Session Office and its finances are controlled directly by the Student Union Office.

Editorial and Business Office
Student Union Desk, 101 Old Main, Dial 711
Subscription Price 30 cents for entire session
Copy deadline: 7:00 Wednesday Night

Co-Editors: THOMAS A. BOAL, SALVATORE S. SALA
Co-Business Managers: F. A. C. VOSTERS, JR., JEROME SHAFER

Friday, July 15, 1938

SWING IT!

SWING MUSIC IS becoming a thing of the past, losing popularity almost as fast as it acquired it.

That is the opinion of the majority of the leading "swing" hands, who even now are not arranging their music to swing tempo to the extent they once did. Swing music is ready for the shelf, to stay there until the next generations blow away the dust and have a good laugh at our antiquated ideas of how popular music should be jazzed.

But "swing" will not leave us, at least not yet. For as "swing" music goes by the board, "swing" talk gains the favor of the ultra-modern youth.

Using the same 26 letters that Webster made famous years ago, swingsters have devised a glossary of words and expression to bring the swing era into the realm of the linguists.

Here's what we mean:
"C'mon, tin ears, trilly"
"Huh"

"You can't stay here when you've got your glasses on. You and your fine dinner hipchick are corny. Better crawl into the nest before the jitter sauce takes effect and you won't be able to put the twister to the slammer."

"Maybe I better go. What do I owe you?"
"A dime note in fews and twos. No freebie tonight, buddy ghee. Look out as you trilly, the joint is jumping with woof-hounds."

"E! goodnight" (He leaves)
(Shakes his head) "Just like a confined long underwear. Hey, jitterbug, who's the shap you had?" That rug-cutter was murder. She seemed like diacula."

"That bee killed me. She's a killer-diller but she beats up her chops."
"Listen to the canary. She's blip, schmaltz. Too bad the cat's got her."

"Diy long so."
If you're still with us, and really want to know what went on, here's the old-fashioned way of saying the above:

"C'mon, dislike of swing, leave"
"Huh"

"You can't stay here feeling ritzy. You and your good-looking snooty girl friend are old-fashioned. Better get some sleep before the liquor takes effect and you won't be able to put the key to the door."

"Maybe I better go. What do I owe you?"
"Ten dollars in cash. Nothing gratis tonight, young man. Look out as you go, the place is lively with dizzy-swing fans."

"Er. good night."
"Just like a symphony trained musician who plays by notes. Hey, swing fan, who's the high class dame you had? That swingster was terrific. She seemed to be in a class by herself."

"That young woman showed me a good time. She's a thrill but she talks too much."
"Listen to the girl sing. She's good, sweet and sentimental. Too bad the swing addict's got her."

"That's life."
That pounding you hear is old Danny Webster trying to break through his coffin to save what is left of the "old-fashioned" language.

THE PLAY

Wonderful things have been done in the Little Theatre. In four years we have seen many performances on its stage. We do not hesitate to say that "Candlelight" was the most completely satisfying thing that we have seen produced there.

Best performance was by Miss Gravatt, as Marie, the lush but behind the voice on the telephone the maid who masquerades as a lady.

Such a bizen hussey she was just as one would imagine such a girl in such a predicament. But for the few times when she came into the ghastly straw light, she was beautiful in a racy, glamorous way.

David Mason was quick-witted and tactfully clever as the Prince Rudolf. In this, the first youngsters role that he has played, Mason portrayed the character to the well known "T," giving another of his dependable performances.

Miss O'Donnell knows his way about the stage. As the adroit valet, he was a stabilizing factor for the rapid fire performance. He performed well. We have always loved Miss Fetterolf and her performances. But never has she appeared so stunning as in the role of the Baroness Von Rischenheim. Some say it was the dress; some say the lights were flattering. Whatever it was she was grand and a wot'y bit of acting was hers—as, calm, cool, and convincing, she came to see the Prince while her husband was away.

Miss Jenkins, as the girl who left her pajamas in the Prince's apartment, performed well enough. Her exit was swell and the exit gag as well done as any George Abbott curtain line.

John Wilson played the Baron, and a big fellow was he. But his was a forced performance. Harold Bernstein, the chauffeur, faced a situation that even a seasoned actor finds hard to bear. Immediately upon his appearance several of his friends

The play deals with a plank on a servant who impersonates his master. In the absence of Prince Rudolf, the valet, Josef invites a girl to the bachelor there laughed. Such is one of the most impolite audience behaviors that we can think of. But he carried over the break in a grand manner.

OLD MANIA

Introducing:

We thought we could get by without having a column to write every week but it seems the demand for one is so great that to please our readers, we must begin to dish the local dirt, since Freeiland had begun to put it back into place, we thought the dust would lay but it's going to be stirred up again.

Filling Stations and Gasoline:

A filling station is a place where one fills up with gasoline, at least way back in the early thirties, we thought so. Today a filling station is not a filling station. True, one does buy gas there but that is not the real purpose of a filling station. A filling station is a "rest room," not just a plain rest room, but a "registered" rest room, an "approved" rest room, etc. Even Dean Warnock, our only competitor, says in his one-quarter column that Texaco's (no Adv.) "registered rest rooms" by the large up and down the hills and dales are all what they say they are. Today in your papers you can now read about Amoco's (no Adv.) "sanitary inspected rest rooms" which have painted on the walls seven requisites for a clean rest room right before your eyes!

And while leafing through a late issue of the Good Housekeeping (no Adv.) we find that their health bigwig or somebody thinks that Shell (also no Adv.)—this is getting tiresome I know but I have to do it)—has the best.

We suggest to end all debate about this pressing question as to which is the cleanest that Dean Warnock challenge to a show down in his one-quarter column space filler in the Times, all the advocates of the rival companies. Maybe some day, a filling station will once again be a filling station where one buys gasoline.

Attention: Mr. Ebert:

Dear Sir:
I know that you are a busy man with so many buildings to play with but as an interested observer of things temporal and things spiritual around this place, I wish to send you several criticisms of your beautiful pile of stones called Old Man. In the following paragraphs I shall list them in importance:

1. First, our office, you guess George which office, has no screens. The night air is cool. Bugs are in the air. Bugs like light. Bugs fly in window disturb me while working, 85% of the time, "1/2 bug", so please be kind, this is my request.

2. A man down in the first floor has an office. His office is close to the tower where beautiful chimes of Class of 1937. Those "1937" chimes, he says, make a hell of a noise five minutes before they strike. At first he was all for chimes, in fact he still likes chimes, but that noise bothers him. This is a real request, Uncle George!

3. An obese woman has a class way up on the fourth floor of your pride and joy all on account of you want some more buildings to play with. These days of late are hot and four floors is a hell of a distance, she says. Today she asked for an elevator, I am not sure but I thought I saw her move her lips in prayer for one. So, Uncle George, with all the money you are playing with, please tear out the side wall and install a machine which lifts obese people up and down with speed, anyway, my office is on the third floor and I get tired of walking up here once a week.

Yours truly,

Stuff and Nonsense:

Our A-1 spy tells us that Hammet Ricketts and ex-Collegian big man, Johnny Sabella are thataway. Best quote of the week is Bunny Bovell's, "Summer school's just like a cruise—you go out with boys you wouldn't be seen with at any other time." Gene Danbly, pls boss doesn't want his name in this column or any of his guests just the same we can't help but mention the Connie Bigler-Bob Tapp affair, in case you haven't noticed. Things that happened when the lights went out—Alice Williams, accompanied by Mase Whitmore, strolling barefooted through the churr wearing a pair of Mares trousers and his suede jacket. Russ Dobbins, spe flash, and Gladys Houser—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

It seems that every time we get burrowing around in the local book-stalls, someone asks us for recommendations of mystery and murder yarns. We have to confess with some chagrin that we are not too enthusiastic about this sort of reading, an admission that nets us a look of scorn. Yet, if the truth were known, the mystereader would discover that we are jittersly waiting for the final installment of "Murder is a Fact," running in Scribner's. There is a modicum about this serial that we cannot deny. Several of the characters seem strangely close to "people-in-the-news" who are known to everybody who reads the daily papers. Kurt Steel, the author, writes like an adroit—his plot, setting, and style are all mature. Though his novel will doubtless appear in Look form, we would, if we were you, start with the May issue and get caught up by the time the next Scribner's is on the stands, about two weeks hence.

And speaking of Scribner's and mysteries, we suggest that you look over the titles suggested by John Chamberlain, their reviewer. You will also be safe if you follow the thumb-nail criticisms in the New Yorker, at least, that's what we hear from our mystereading friends.

Our serious reading for the week, however, is not without humor. Southways, by Erskine (Tobacco Road) Caldwell, is a collection of sixteen stories of life below the Mason and Dixon line. Those who liked the horror of his Kneel to the Rising Sun, of a few years back, will find that "A Knife to Cut the Corn Bread With" has the same stark quality found in the former title. It concerns the thoughts of a starving shate-copper, as he ponders slicing off collops of his useless, paralyzed legs, injured when he was stuck by a bale of cotton.

Caldwell hasn't forgotten his skill in treating complex family relationships. His "Return to Lavinia" deals with the triangle involving a groom who assumes his mulatto housekeeper that their love will not be disturbed by the bride, a former schoolteacher, who waits down the hall in her room, just out of earshot.

Another story reveals the plight of

a how-lesten Negro child who flees from the female Simon Legree who runs the ramshackle boarding house where the child works. Because of its sharpness, this sketch deserves a better title than "Runaway."

Folklore and humor are the backbone of "Hammet's Polar Bear," "The Fly in the Coffin," and "Uncle Henry's Love Nest."

College athletes will snicker at "Snacker," the benchwarmer who would miss the football banquet if he hadn't found a girl to accompany him. Though he escorts the most beautiful girl in the county he pays scant attention as he wolfs his food.

The other stories are no less striking in theme and handling. Many Caldwell enthusiasts will like his writing in this volume more than they did that of his earlier work. Better not read more than a few at a time, however, if you want the flavor to last.

If you haven't got around to it, you might try Lin Yutang's The Importance of Living, a volume of essays that puts such tyros at writing of success and happiness and Dale Carnegie and Dorothea Brande in the class of freshman. Because Lin has the wisdom of China's ages to rely upon, he wonders at Americans and their ways. His style is impeccable. Each essay is just the right length for reading between your shower and supper. Again, these morsels taste better if sampled one at a time.

of the grand jury leave the public with a questioning opinion of his deeds.

If there is nothing to it, as his stooge, Attorney General Bard says, then why is there this fuss about who is to prosecute who and why? We heartily agree with the Philadelphia Record that there should be an investigation all right, but it should be BEFORE THE ELECTIONS.

Too much political inference is being put on the case, and the constant reference to the party affiliations of the judges and the jury are only hampering justice so that a fairly decent trial cannot be held.

The sooner that the trial is over with, the better it will be for both the Governor and his party.

Don't Quote Me..

Note to the arms trust. You're doing ok, big boy. Last week the three great "democracies" signed an agreement which adds 10,000 tons to the allowed size of battleships. In 1936, Great Britain, France, and the United States agreed that the toys of the Admiral would be limited to 35,000 tons, but since that powerful "menace," Japan refuses to furnish information on the size of their ships, this amendment was added.

Of course, despite the fact that an army decreases in efficiency around 40 per cent for every 1,000 miles away from its base, according to the New York Times, the lobby for more and more munitions, is beating the drums—for more business—and war.

Boake Carter is now burning the torch for Florida's rich, swamp lands, "suited for sugar cane growing." An unnamed company went to the government to ask permission to manufacture sugar on an expansion business, hiring at the end of 10 years approximately 100,000 men. Although the government said "no," it handed the company \$1,300,000 not to raise sugar. Although we realize that 70 per cent of the sugar consumed is imported from Cuba and Philippines and home industry is supposed to be a great thing, Mr. Carter fails to recognize that if we don't buy from Cuba, etc., then Cuba can't buy machines, wheat, and manufactured goods from us. It gets down to the point of determining how many would benefit and how many would suffer from such a situation, if started.

Disappointing to us here at State who have a fairly warm feeling towards the Governor because of the new buildings under construction, is his attempts to stop the grand jury investigation of his administration. So many tries of his to stop the work

L. G. BALFOUR CO.

Manufacturers of The Penn State Class Rings

Place Orders At The Office In SAUERS STORE 109 Allen Street

To Hold Meeting

The Kappa Phi Kappa society will hold a meeting in room 318, Old Main, Wednesday evening. Nominations for new members will be called. Members of the fraternity from other chapters besides Penn State are urged to attend.

Directories are still available at the Student Union office, first floor, Old

Main. A 10¢ receipt is necessary to procure a copy. For those who did not pay at registration, a charge of 15 cents will be made.

GHOST-WRITERS SERVICE
HELPS STUDENTS
in preparing and editing theses, essays, speeches, etc.
EXPERT—REASONABLE
18 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
Wickerham 2-6758

MOVIE STAR SLIPS

White—Tea Rose—Navy—Black

\$1 EGOLF'S

MOTT'S SODA GRILL

Complete Fountain Service
Sandwiches, Cigarettes, Films,
and Magazines

GLENNLAND BUILDING

Featuring



Ice Cold!

Ginger Ale 5¢
Coca Cola 5¢
Milk 5¢

Sandwiches 5c to 8c
Salads 5c cup
Cold Meats
Cheese
Olives
Pickles
Melons

Hershey Ice Cream

- Double-Dip Cones 5c
- Popsicles, Banjos - 5c
- Pints - - - 15c

Complete Stock of Fresh Fruits and Vegetables
Let Us Pack Your Lunches at Wholesale Prices!

PICNIC SUPPLIES

WINNER MARKET

ESTABLISHED 1897
HEIGHT OF ECONOMY

Open 'til 11

PHONE 861
W. College Ave.

SCHLOW'S Semi-Annual Clearance Sale

Now Going On