

SUMMER COLLEGIAN

of the
Pennsylvania State College

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IT'S BEEN FUN

So now the Rag's washed up for the summer and we're through chasing people for stories and through worrying about how many customers the delivery boys will miss and through rushing downtown around midnight for coffee so we can stay awake until the last headline is written and the last piece of copy comes out of the typewriter.

It will be lots of fun the last week here, just loafing around here with nothing in particular to do. But about Monday we'll begin to get a little tired of leisure and one of us will say, "Am I glad we don't have a paper to put out?" meaning, of course, "I wish we were publishing another issue of the COLLEGIAN." Wednesday night we'll wonder what we're going to do that evening and we'll think a little wistfully of the office and the copy we're not going to write and the typewriters we're not going to use.

Yes, it's been fun, putting out the sheet. We're just a little sorry that we're finished.

RETROSPECT

It's been a nice Summer Session.

We are in no position to judge how successful it has been from an academic standpoint, although the fact that over two hundred students will receive degrees is an indication that considerable work has been done. But in the realm of things which the COLLEGIAN reports—dances, speeches, plays, and the rest—we feel convinced that a lot of people have done a lot of work in preparing a summer program.

The division of dramatics, under the direction of Prof. Arthur C. Cloetingh, will have presented, when its season closes, seven long shows, about fifteen one-act plays, a group of children's productions, and several marionette shows.

The best of these, unfortunately, have not been open to the public. It is more difficult to stage these plays in the auditorium than in the Little Theatre, but we hope that by next season performances like those of Charlotte Lord in "The Lady From Alfaqueque," and Edward Binns in "Private Lives," and direction like that of Prof. Darrell Larson in "Squaring the Circle" may be seen by more than a hundred and fifty dramatics students.

Monday night sings, under the direction of Prof. Richard W. Grant, continued to pack the auditorium this year. Our spies inform us that the concert planned by the music department Wednesday night will be one of the best things of the summer.

The initiation of a series of Social Science Forums was a fine idea but we could wish that the men taking part in the discussion groups could forget that it's all just in fun and really argue about something.

We thoroughly approve of the extensive dance schedule and we appreciate the courtesy which several houses extended in admitting members of our staff to their dances.

Yes, it's been a nice Summer Session.

Of course there were a few discordant notes. There was the "Jam" session which had to be called off when, to use the jargon, some of the cats went commercial. There was also the failure of a summer directory to appear. We can think of no reason why a mimeographed list of students could not be available by the second week of school. A few hours of typing and a few dollars worth of stencils and paper are the only requisites. A charge of five or ten cents for each copy would easily cover the cost.

We should like to see a more extensive athletic program next summer. In addition to the tennis tournament which was held this year, it seems possible to arrange for some moshball games, swimming meets, a golf tournament, and similar activities.

Finally, we should like to see a better group of speakers and entertainers than those who appeared here on Thursday nights. In former years such men as Barrett Clark, Robert Frost, and Vachel Lindsay, have come here. This summer's list was interesting enough, but it can scarcely compare with former visitors. There should be little difficulty in charging a small admission fee to cover the additional cost.

But it's been a nice Summer Session. We hope the staff next year has as good a time as we had.

COMMENT

There is not much doubt that the warfare in Spain is destined to end in one of two alternatives—fascism or a workers' government. There is no chance for the liberal republican form that has been destroyed by the fascist revolt and the exigencies of defence. There is one lesson history teaches us that is consistently forgotten; compromise governments caught between strong pressure groups cannot stand. The former premiership of Manuel Azana was too commendable to be called a Kerensky government, but it had all the weaknesses of reform rule—you pass the most admirable laws; make the most suitable appointments; conduct the government with the clearest honesty, and yet, the extremist groups are clashing, impeding or carrying out the laws by extra-legal means. In Spain, for instance, the American newspapers gasped with horror a few years ago when a few churches were burned or their property confiscated. It was not the government that did this, said the newspapers. True, but the confiscation was lawful—the people were merely enforcing it in the absence of government action.

The crisis is too grave in Spain. The outcome will be a fascist tyranny or socialism. The miracle of the whole business, as in France, is that the military menace of fascist plotters, coalesces the divergent left-wing forces into an irresistible whole. Another fact should be noted of the Spanish "loyalists." They represent the great majority of the Spanish people, certainly the total working class, while the "rebels" are the representatives of young Gil Robles, the scion of the tyrant Rivera, and another gentleman who should be kept in mind—Juan March, richest man in Spain.

American papers, as in immemorial custom, play up the entire Spanish revolution as though it were a nasty business that upset the itinerary of a couple hundred American tourists. Here we can see the germ of the newspaper attack that can easily involve us in another European war, and that certainly involved us in the last. A great many of our most benighted ace correspondents should be sent through a good high school to straighten out some of their childish notions. Their incompetence is complete in the face of the complex events in Spain. With beautiful obstinacy they did not find out what was going on until four days after the opening of hostilities. Since then they have been cabling nothing but bear stories by frightened elderly lady tourists.

I have been thinking over for some time the accusation put forward by George Seldes that editors, from Hearst up, constantly delete and color their cable stories. It seems to me that the editors do not have to be that diabolical; with a few minor exceptions, the reporters send in such garbled whimsies that no one could possibly make them more untrue. There is, however, one thing about the newspaper coverage of the Spanish warfare to give thanks for. Floyd Gibbons isn't there.

After reading our Mark Sullivan religiously for a couple of weeks we see no reason to put the taxpayers to all the expense of holding the presidential elections. Uncle Mark takes his straw vote at the Union League club at regular intervals and has been able to announce with irrefutable finality that Franklin doesn't have a chance.

Some weeks ago, Oswald Garrison Villard, in the *Nation* was anxiously alarmed over what he considered a great Roosevelt blunder; releasing Farley from the cabinet for only the period of the campaign. We didn't share Mr. Villard's alarm for since then Roosevelt has given the Republican board of strategy another opening. We refer to the whiskers he grew on board the vacation yacht. Within the week the Republicans will have circulated pictures of his herbage in the deep south as solid evidence that the president is surely another Karl Marx.

Alf Landon, the Throthead of Kansas, is really turning out to be quite an ungrateful heel. Roosevelt searches three years for the "Forgotten Man" and he turns up—nominated by the Republicans.

Senator Reynolds of North Carolina was in a party held up and robbed in Mexico. When interviewed the Senator was cryptic, merely stating enigmatically, "You'll hear about this in the Congressional Record." If we were a North Carolinian we'd take to the stump for this marvelous man and then—cancel our subscription to the Congressional Record.

The way we feel right now it would be O.K. if the election were actually contested between Nancy Jo Landon, Buzzie Dall and Dr. Townsend, instead of their proxies. Poor Ovila Dionne should wise up to his political potentialities.

Al Smith, a fella who works occasionally on this paper when the editorial staff can get him up, is a hard man to discourage. The other morning he struggled out of bed, fumbled into his clothes, and trotted down town at the ungodly hour of ten-thirty, thinking in a hazy sort of way that he ought to sell some ads.

Still in a daze he wandered into Paul Mitten's muttering something about, "Goddan nized fryou this time." Paul took a look at the body and gently led it into his back room. Paul went to College not so long ago himself and he recognized the symptoms. Two Bromos did everything for Al that the ads say it does. In fact after two minutes he was so refreshed, encouraged, and new added that he talked benefactor Paul into an ad.

Phonograph Records

This current issue of the *New Republic* gives jazz a break with an article by Otis Ferguson on Bix Beiderbecke. Since the Victor Company will soon release an album of 1928-9 Whiteman recordings which feature Beiderbecke and since Brunswick is transferring his old Okeh records to the present Brunswick labels, this is a good time to say something about Bix.

Among musicians the real king of jazz has always been Beiderbecke. Whiteman has been considered as merely a successful exploiter of the music in a commercial sense. According to musicians he never had a real organization until he took over the hot nucleus of the famous Goldkette band which broke up in 1927. That gave Whiteman, along with Bix, Frank Trumbauer (alto), Eddie Lang (guitar), Steve Brown (bass), and Bill Rank (trombone). From then on for two years, he was able to impress the musicians as long as he was willing to hold out against the growing pains of "sweet" music.

But the new yen for elaborate musical scores brought the ascendancy of the arranger, Ferdie Grofe, and the submergence of the hot men like Beiderbecke. By 1930 it was practically all over. Whiteman went sweet; Red Nichols was soon to disband his "Five Pennies" combination; and Rudy Vallee syrrupped his way into the indiscriminate ears of the armchair audience. So Bix drank himself to death and was removed from the jazz world without a flag's going to half-mast. Only the same performers who all along had been playing and loving the kind of music Bix represented—the same who are now warming in the brief putsch for "swing music"—knew what the loss meant.

What you get is another tragedy of the spurned artist, giving up in a world that can't get his stuff, and then being "rediscovered" too late.

We may thank the record companies that Bix can be brought back at all. And despite Whiteman's bowing to the commercial, he was musician enough to recognize that Beiderbecke had something unique; therefore he managed to break the boy's horn through the laboring assemble enough to preserve him in the Victor recordings of *From Monday On*, *Mississippi Mud*, *Sam*, *When*, *Lonely Melody*, *My Blackbirds*, *Changes*, *Sugar*, *Louisiana*, and more briefly in several others. Along with Hoagy Carmichael's recording group for *Barnacle Bill the Sailor*, and one of the two Victors made under Beiderbecke's own name—*Deep Down South*, the items listed will form the sides included in the album.

One of Beiderbecke's greatest solos has been re-issued separately and reviewed here before. That is the old Goldkette record of *Clementine*. Anyone who doesn't go hot and cold over the cornet's second entrance following Joe Venuti's violin harmonies need pay no attention to the other numbers. He just won't get the stuff.

Brunswick should be in the clover on the Beiderbecke revivals, for having absorbed the old Okeh Record company, they have access to the complete series of labels made with Bix under his own or Trumbauer's name. Two of the best came out on Brunswick platters and were reviewed last week. Previously, the thirty-five-cent Vocalion labels carried a half dozen sides. Since all these playings were made with small units using almost no written scoring, the jazz really comes out and Bix is all over the place.

Only the poor sound facilities of the Okeh studios are against these numbers. In addition to the Brunswick of *Singin' the Blues-I'm Coming Virginia*, you should ask for the following Vocalions if you want more Bix: *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans-Clarinet Marmalade* (No. 3010),

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Garber Named Head Of Federal Pasture

Dr. Ralph J. Garber, head of the department of agronomy and genetics at West Virginia since 1921, has been appointed director of the new federal pasture research laboratory here. This laboratory will serve the needs of the twelve northeastern states.

Dr. Garber is well known from his work in plant breeding and the technique of field experiments. He developed in West Virginia the Kingwa soybeans, Canada wheat, and Gopher oats, an introduction from Minnesota. He has been the sole or joint author of thirty-four technical papers, nine bulletins, and four circulars of the West Virginia agricultural experiment station.

Among the objectives of the new laboratory is the establishment of a nursery of all grasses and legumes adapted to the northeastern states. Breeding experiments at first will be confined to Kentucky and Canada bluegrass, timothy, and white and red clover, with work on other species as circumstances permit. It is hoped that eventually many new and better pasture grasses will be developed.

Jazz Me Blues and a coupling (No. 3042), and *Riverboat Shuffle-Ostrich Walk*, for which I don't have the number.

These are the only ones so far re-issued, but of course the Commodore Shop on East 42nd street in New York can supply you with some of the original Okeh pressings. Beiderbecke's only piano solo is on Vocalion No. 3150, coupled with a strange business in which he accompanies Trumbauer's alto and Lang's guitar, then grabs the cornet off the piano and staggers the house with his final phrase. The solo is his own composition, *In a Mist*, an improvisation that was memorized for recording. The piano was Beiderbecke's first instrument, and many musicians think his talent was as surprising on the keyboard as through the brass. Let's see what you think.

There is no better exit for the summer's stints than fading out on a Beiderbecke encomium. And if we bring three Duchin sinners down to their knees in front of the lad from Davenport, we'll stir you one on the house.

Lace and Zahn To Go To China as Students

Two Penn State students will go to China next month as exchange students at Lingnan University. Richard E. Lace, '38 and Clayton H. Zahn, '38 have been selected as the Penn State representatives. Thirty-one students will go from 18 American and two Canadian colleges and universities.

The main party of at least 22 students will sail from Seattle August 10. They will spend about two weeks in Japan before going to the mainland. Lingnan University is located at Canton.

Last year four Penn State students were at Lingnan on the exchange arrangement, but the interest was so keen over the country this year that only two scholarships could be granted to Penn State.

Students from Penn State at Lingnan last year were Lester Benjamin '37; Emma Jane Foster, '37; Marvin O. Lewis, '37 and Mildred E. Vargo, '37.

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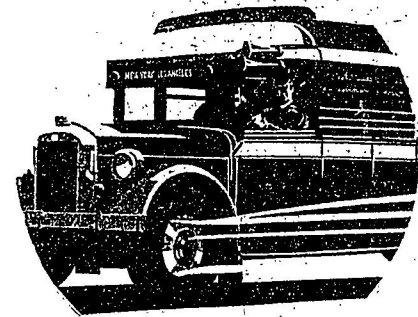
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