

PENN STATE COLLEGIAN

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MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 22, 1934

AN AMERICAN YOUTH MOVEMENT?

4. Germany: A Contrast

While various parts of the American student body are embedded in overstuffed chairs reading their five-cent magazines or are standing on platforms demanding resolutions "against" something at radical mass meetings, a million and a half German young people are pledging their allegiance to the Third Reich as members of the "Hitler Jugend." Germany is probably foremost among the countries of the world in organizing her youth—non-students as well as students. For better or for worse, the German Youth Movement is quite a contrast to the present heterogeneous accumulation of young people's groups in America.

The Hitler Jugend is essentially a nationalistic movement. Nazism has captured the imaginations of the German youth as well as the small middle class. To youth for whom there was no hope, National Socialism held out the alluring bait of a new and better Germany. Hitler knew how to appeal to youthful idealism and enthusiasm, and the young people turned to him en masse. Believing that the unification of the German nation is the only way to insure national well-being, the numerous youth organizations have amalgamated into one—an organization of all Germans of the younger generation.

Although a great deal of the publicity from Germany about her Youth Movement must be taken as propaganda which hides the whole truth, the reader cannot help but be impressed with the fact that here is something new. The German youth are in dead earnest. They have forgotten the trivialities of the campus and workshop, and are embroiled in the struggle for a new Germany, however hazy that may be. One young German leader says of the Hitler Jugend, "The organization is not there for its own sake or for the sake of the young man or young woman nor is it the weapon of a definite class or caste. It is the community of the entire younger generation which feels its fate bound up with that of the nation and which wishes to have its share in the life and struggles of the nation." The writer forgot to add, of course, that it is the "entire younger generation" with the exception of the Marxists and the Jews.

The organization and activities of this German youth group are tremendous. The network of youth hostels, where a young person may spend the night for a very small cost, was a part of the youth movement before Hitler and has been retained under the present organization. By means of this system, the German youth, students and workers, can see their country cheaply and learn to know it. In 1932 four million young people spent a night in these 2,100 shelters scattered all over Germany.

The leaders of the movement are young people, one being only twenty-two years of age. The head leader is appointed by Hitler. Numerous departments of the organization handle welfare, hygiene, labor service (in which nearly every male youth serves), leadership schools, seven youth publications, and student affairs. There are district and local commissioners who make up the minor executive side of the unified organization.

Here, then, is a real Youth Movement. The youth of a whole nation have been fused together into an organization which has a definite national purpose. "These young men and young women are determined to do their part in the moulding of the future; they have grown up in hard times and they are conscious that they are the Germany of tomorrow." The postscript is, of course: Are they conscious of just where that Germany of tomorrow will lead? Are they conscious of the implications their Youth Movement holds for them and for the youth of other countries?

FOLLOWING STUDENT INQUIRIES, athletic authorities have compiled a statement of the Athletic Association finances for the last fiscal year. The report was released annually until the School of Physical Education and Athletics was established. Difficulties in keeping student and College financial statements separate as a result of the move and apparent lack of student interest led to its discontinuance, until it was called forth again this year. A \$20,000 surplus is revealed by the report. There are several reasons for this. First, unusually profitable football contracts were made three years ago which accounted for a great deal of the present surplus. Second, the guarantee for the last game of the 1932 schedule was paid despite the game's cancellation. Third, minor economies have been made in nearly every sport. But in spite of this surplus, it is unlikely that there will be any either this year or next year. Temporary loss of profitable football contracts is one reason. In view of the rather dark financial future for sports here for the next year or so, this surplus for last year does not seem unjustified.

OLD MANIA

Good Old State. Even the janitors are imbued with the spirit of loyalty which has characterized Penn State men and women from the start, yea verily, from the beginning.

Not long ago a very dignified, respectable, and altogether parsonish-appearing janitor was strolling along close to the front wall of Old Main. Suddenly he stooped and picked up an empty gin bottle which was lying there. He turned it slowly in his hands grimacing his disgust. Then, apparently, a horrible thought hit him. He looked up to the second floor of the building slowly, incredulously. That bottle had been lying directly under the window of The President's office!

Quickly and fearfully he stuffed the bottle under his coat and hurried away.

Add Pomes

Pretty ends
Attract friends.

A bunch of Dells got together the other night and decided to have some fun. So they got Dave McClay from the Alpha Chi Rho lodge to come over and dress up as a girl. He didn't make a particularly nice looking dancsel and they soon tired of the fun. Then somebody had a brilliant idea.

They put Dave to bed, turned out the lights, and waited. Not long after Dave had retired one of the more amorous brothers came in. (His name was "City-line" or something similar). He was called aside and told that "someone wanted to see him in the bedroom."

He went into the chamber somewhat mystified, was there about ten minutes, dashed out, went up to his room, and dashed back.

About five minutes later he came out again looking pretty mad.

"Tesoro"—Here is a lightning change of costume to add to the bewilderment of the world at large. "Tesoro" is, at one moment, a casual, tomboy, lounging pajama; the next, an elusively feminine hostess gown with trailing skirt that wraps around the waist in the flash of a second.

—The New Yorker

Convenient and just the thing for the perfect hostess.

Professor W. G. C. Thompson, Penn State, 1908, of the Mechanical Engineering Department, delights in telling his classes of the jobs he has had, the places he has been, and the number of years he has worked in various lands and climates.

But he has some very practical-minded lads in his classes. They checked up on him "one day" and found that his total of years in various positions added up to the astounding figure of 160 since he was graduated from this our College.

Pearls

Maynard Wood fell asleep in a one o'clock to be awakened by the two o'clock class in that room . . . the ghost of John A. Wood, '33 prexy, hovering over the Student Government convention . . . at which, incidentally they elected a gent president who wasn't there. He was wandering around town buzzed during the whole shebang . . . College Humor went froth with a vengeance this issue, using some twelve cuts from the local rag . . . some infidel stole a gallon of ice cream from the "Y" office recently and left it in the Men's room on the floor above . . . Jim Boring, Chuck Smith, Hortense Gans and "Wed Willie" Heinemann switched their signals Saturday night and everybody ended up with everybody else's flame . . .

Director Bezdek, who were the Regen Colts?
—THE MANIAC

Around the Corner

FREE PRESS

For sheer poverty of thought and complete lack of intellectual courage no recent occurrence on an American campus is more strikingly representative than the refusal of the American Student Federation to approve a resolution condemning censorship of the college press.

To the resolution offered by a delegate from Columbia University the reactionary representatives of 175 colleges and universities turned a cold shoulder and indifferently voted to table it. The shoddy thinking of the convention was accurately expressed in one delegate's dismissal of the resolution with the assertion that he for one "did not want his college's dirty linen hanging on the line for public gaze."

In coldly turning their smug backs on the proposal for a free and uncensored college press the National Student Federation is definitely committed to the continuance of worthless campus house organs which persistently close their eyes to the real issues of the present day American university, and, instead, confine their Pollyanna efforts to continuous glorification of the piecemeal affairs of the campus. That such a condition of journalistic poverty exists among American universities and colleges is amply demonstrated by careful reading of the scores of dailies and weeklies which clutter up our desk every day.

It seems almost incredible that the mass-covered minds of the delegates who voted for a "kept" press were not in some small measure, at least, exhilarated by the wholesome atmosphere of the new, liberal spirit in the nation's capital. That they have refused to accept the challenge for a free press and free exchange of conflicting ideas is striking evidence that a great mass of American students tread far behind their elders in the march toward social and intellectual progress.

—Wisconsin Daily Cardinal

Footlights

WHISTLING IN THE DARK, a mystery comedy-drama, by Laurence Guise and Robert G. Ross, presented by the Penn State Players, in Schwab auditorium, Saturday night, 8:15. Director, John K. Ryan, director.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
Hilda Eleanor Ferguson
Joe Salvatore Walter Bell
Slim Scason Donald Frey
Herman Letkowitz Lucia Brightman
Charlie Shaw Alex Segal
Jacob Dillon James Norris
The Cossack Carl Hechel
Henry Stephen Gilliard
Wallace Porter Kutzer Richards
Toby Van Buren Betsy Ross
Eva O'Rourke Robert Harman
Police Sergeant Jack Beck
Policeman William Grafman
Telephone Operator Harriet Lamm

"Whistling in the Dark" as the Players interpreted it the other night was a good gangster show which did not become tiresome with the usual racketeer clichés, "So you won't talk, shootings," "chain-shanks," court trials, and gunman's molls were all conspicuously absent. Good acting displaced this rather worn and artificial type of action for crime comedy-drama. And the result—first class entertainment.

Maybe it was the fatty beef we had for dinner, or perhaps, it was the rather wretched detective story which we had read the night before. Anyway, we weren't in the mood for a gangster drama as we dragged ourselves to the Auditorium. We were convinced that a bunch of Pennsylvania-dutch Sunday school actors were going to bore us with an affected New York underworld accent.

The opening scene didn't make us feel any better. In fact, it made us grumpy. For just as we expected, the opening curtain revealed several kleig-light novices trying to mimic Paul Muni, Edward G. Robinson, the Ebor Jones, and Stuart Erwin all at the same time, and doing a rather messy job of it, too. Of course the opening scene of any play is usually the most difficult to put across (particularly if half the audience has had fatty beef for dinner) but the sordid fact remains that the prelude of the show made us clutch our stomachs and reach for our mints.

Not until James Norris as Jake Dillon, the Boss, strode to "left center" did we swallow our mint and take notice. Our digestion was improving. By the time the other leads, Kutzer Richards as Wallace Porter, and Betsy Ross as Toby Van Buren, made their appearance the thought of the fatty beef had vanished as mysteriously as Eleanor Ferguson, the poker-faced maid, made her exits.

We particularly wish to commend Mr. Cloetingh for casting Mr. Richards in a part which really permitted him to demonstrate his dramatic ability. We've been following Mr. Richards rather paternally ever since his first Players appearance, and we've always said that if given the "right part," he'd be "big-time stuff." In Saturday night's show he had the right part and he was "big-time stuff."

The part of the conceited young murder-mystery novelist who is forced to plan the perfect crime in order to protect both himself and his fiancée from the ire of a gang of thugs fitted Mr. Richards as nicely as vermouth blends with gin. His work in the second act when he loses his nerve completely was done with a truly professional technique.

Miss Ross' work in the first act did not impress us. However, she came back onto the stage in the second period with a great deal more enteric fortitude and swept through her lines for the remainder of the show like a real trouper. Perhaps the abundance of liquid refreshments which seemed to clutter the set had something to do with her sudden burst of inspired ability.

Before we forget, we must mention our one major criticism of Miss Ross. Penn State Theatre-goers, she does not know how to kiss! Even if Mr. Richards did not prove to be an exactly amorous partner, she should have tried to put a bit more feeling into her cooing technique. There is an art to it—an art that the audience wants more of. May we be so bold as to suggest a few Joan Crawford-John Gilbert movies as research work for Mr. Cloetingh before the next Players' show?

Jake Dillon's stooges were good, bad, and indifferent. We liked Alex Segal as Charlie Shaw, and Lucia Brightman as Herman the Kike. Slim Scason (Donald Frey) was one of the characters who helped to spoil the

much-lamented opening scene but his panic-stricken lines in the last act when Jake "gives him the heat" more than made up for his early faults. Walter Ball, alias Joe Salvatore, seemed to be trying too hard. He didn't click.

The climax of the "toothbrush murder mystery" was completely ruined by a couple of boys dressed up in campus cop uniforms. We felt justified in guffawing loudly because the scene was good burlesque, not good melodrama. Boy Scouts playing cops and robbers would have seemed a lot more realistic.

There were some other minor characters listed in the cast, but with the exception of the telephone operator (who really had a "voice with a smile"), we didn't notice them. Maybe our eyes are going bad, but we failed to observe one of the policemen, Benny, and the Cossack. However, we won't quibble because it's quite probable that they may have surreptitiously slipped on and off the stage while we were enjoying the excellent acting of Messrs. Norris and Richards.

There were a number of high spots in the show which we appreciated and approved. For instance, the beautiful silence which accompanied Mr. Norris' fine facial expressions when he received a telephone message from the "big boss" in the first act. There were also a few picaresque things which annoyed us. Miss Ross should be taught how to really wallop a man who claims her virtue, and Mr. Norris should remember to never, never, never get names twisted.

Technically, the show was way above the average Players' production. What we mean is that all the accountants (no, not accountants) were prepared and served nicely. The set was good, the costumes were sensible (only one turtle-necked sweater in the whole lot), and there were no audible back-stage noises. In addition to these, the Players' Little Symphony Orchestra was most superb. With an ear that has been ill-attuned to the Players' music for the past three years, we felt justified in toying with a superlative so monochalantly. Compared with the Players' music of the recent past, John E. Ryan's musicians were really "most superb."

"Whistling in the Dark," we reiterate, was first-class entertainment.
KNADEL TO JUDGE CHICKS
Baby chicks and eggs will be judged by Prof. Herman C. Knandel, head of the poultry department, at the New Jersey State Farm Show in Trenton this week. Professor Knandel has been a judge at this show for the past seven years.

'Collegian' Letter Box

To the Editor:

Following a meeting at Dr. Martin's of all but one of the contestants in the best-dressed professors competition, I have been authorized by the chairman, Dr. Boucke, to make public the following information.

That the shameful smear of professionalism should taint even academic circles is a sorry confession; but it is a truth. Mr. John S. Naylor may or may not win, but we feel that students and faculty alike should know that in 1934 only the most questionable pressure withheld publication at Lafayette of a letter from a nationally-famous clothing firm complaining that Mr. Naylor was not making a sufficient demonstration to students of the three riding habits you were to have modelled for us.

Further, there is the still unrefuted rumor that Mr. Naylor was induced by Professor Espenshade to this campus under subsidy to serve as one more spike in the Penn State campaign against the stigma of "cow college."

Finally, it was decided by the committee to omit as injurious to the reputation of Mr. Naylor's department evidence that three of his students were soliciting votes. "For fifteen votes, we get a three," they are reported as saying. Let it be known, then, that there is bitterness among those who are pure amongst us (though Mr. Galbraith was hardly fair in spreading the rumor about my overcoat's being of a decade past—for all that, if I care to I could let it out that he has no spats); no, as of one mind, we speak only to assure for the undergraduate body an example they may be proud to serve.
—E. J. Nichols

To the Editor:

Last week I was challenged to present my arguments against Roosevelt's recovery plans. My challengers "can't understand why I have not come out with a public statement" justifying my perfectly legitimate right to believe in the inefficacy of

the recovery plans. I fail to understand why my challengers presuppose that I must take a public defense of my insignificant beliefs. I wonder if there are such things as "presumptory complexes"? However, I thank my challengers for presuming that I would "be man enough to accept the challenge." It is indeed an encouraging sign to see people interested in "dissenting opinions." For a long time our elders have made it a crime to hold unpopular opinions.

I propose to justify my opposition to the Administration's recovery plans by showing the lack of any general direction and confusion within the plans themselves, by citing the inefficacious technique employed, and by showing the inconsistencies of the present Administration.

From the beginning, Hugh Johnson was asked to administer the first part of the NIRA, which is essentially a reform measure. He immediately reorganized industry through a bureau which he called the National Recovery Administration. He peremptorily attempted to bring recovery by social measures. For six months he emphasized the first part of the Act under his administration by blatant ballyhoo lacking a modicum of sobriety, consequently completely enervating recovery plans and preventing the induction of real recovery measures. Johnson's obfuscation will be regarded as a psychological crime perpetrated on a confused and gullible people, in that he led us from the real instruments of recovery. Herein lies one of the biggest mistakes of the present Administration—confusion of reform measures with recovery measures.

The primary object of recovery is to put men to work. These workers will produce for a market. In our economic system, if the market lacks adequate purchasing power that will equitably compare with the prime costs of the products on the market, real purchasing power will be missing. The fact that men are working will

(Continued on page three)

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