

**PENN STATE COLLEGIAN**

Published semi-weekly during the College year, except on holidays, by students of The Pennsylvania State College, in the interest of the College, the students, faculty, alumni, and friends.

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Tuesday, February 19, 1935

**MORALS vs. MEDICINE**

Those interested in holding up the moral tones of this institution must point with pride to the code of 1890 morals which villifies the air about the College building facetiously known as a "hospital." In this instance, the term is used to identify a structure in which are detained people suffering from colds, grippie, stomach ache, and other minor ailments.

Inasmuch as proper surgical equipment is lacking in this "hospital," only primary illnesses are housed there whenever possible. It is not the quality of the "hospital" nor the treatment thereof that is under discussion—this time. Rather it is one of the rules designed to promulgate another generation of good, clean Americans.

This rule says that no College student may visit a patient of the opposite sex unfortunate enough to be interred in the "hospital." It goes without saying that a patient should not be allowed visitors when seriously ill, but convalescence comprises most of the time of "hospital" inmates. With this in mind, the ridiculousness of the rule is doubly apparent.

If the building opposite Grange Dormitory is to be a "hospital," let it have hospital rules—certain visiting hours in which friends are allowed to call on inmates, without the question of sex or morals entering into the discussion. College students are not too depraved to be trusted in such an environment.

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NO DISCUSSION IS necessary concerning Student Board's reluctance to pay certain bills tendered. If it can be shown that the quality of the cloth in those flags differs from that submitted by a College department, or that a mistake in quantity was made somewhere, the matter will be erased from everyone's mind.

If, however, it is shown that nothing similar to the above occurred, let's hear no more talk about thoughtless students; no more talk about cooperation between town and gown. If no error is found, this will not have been a thoughtless act—it will have been deliberate. The issue will be decided by this incident.

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**OUR DAILY BREAD**

The problem of finding a job after graduation from college is one which usually does not present itself with any startling amount of reality until the day after commencement. Then the graduate discovers for himself the cut-throat competition for positions and begins the weary round of contacting prospective employers.

There are only two departments here at Penn State in which students at the present time can feel sure of having employers asking for their services when they graduate in June. These are forestry and dairy husbandry. The fact that the supply of trained college men and women far exceeds the demand in the great majority of cases has lead such colleges and universities as Purdue, Cornell, Carnegie Tech, and Pitt to establish employment placement bureaus on their campuses to aid their undergraduates, graduating seniors and alumni to find jobs.

No longer do personnel men from large industrial concerns descend upon this campus as they did after the war in such numbers that students had to be given schedules of interviews so that they could meet all of the men. These same personnel men today sit in their offices and college men cool their heels in outer offices waiting to see them.

The principal means of interesting employers in students about to graduate is now through contacts of the deans of schools and the department heads. Students in some engineering departments have had printed booklets listing their qualifications, training and photographs to try to interest employers.

But even these things are not enough. Why not a central College employment bureau here with standards of eligibility before a name can be entered? The director who headed the bureau could cooperate with the heads of the departments and with business and industry to place students in suitable positions.

The alumni office is now making a cumulative professional directory of the 20,000 living Penn State alumni which should prove valuable. The extension centers offer another contact that could be coordinated toward the end of securing jobs if the employment placement bureau is founded.

At least two definite hindrances to the proposal present themselves at once. The \$5,000 a year or more necessary would make a sizeable hole in the already contracted budget and the placement bureau would be in operation for several years before the director would have an opportunity to develop contacts and organize the files so that results would be apparent.

Why not begin by making the alumni office a central clearing house for employers and job-seeking students since many outside contacts have already been established there and frequent requests for men are sent to that office? Then, if the plan were successful, a separate office could be set up and a director appointed.

—W. P. McD.

**OLD MANIA**

**Lipsius the Lucky**

What with the return of normalcy and all, we're gradually getting used to, the idea of ghost stories being revived as a means of intellectual entertainment. But we were shocked when we saw one float into the Corner Room Sunday night, casual like, and take a booth just as if it were a student here or something.

Pretty soon we conquered our amazement and stared. It looked like one Harold Lipsius, for whom wakes had been conducted all over town just Friday evening. We kept on staring, and got convinced. It was the ghost's black derby that did it—only Lippy could wear a derby like that.

So we asked him, and one of the weirdest tales in years came to light. There's a depression on, it seems. Young Lipsius was all set to be a victim of it. He couldn't make it for second semester any way he looked at it. So, Friday afternoon, he finally set sail for Philly. In due time he arrived, and slept easily, with no thought of eight o'clocks.

Saturday afternoon, being a gentleman of leisure, he strolled down Market street. On a corner he met a friend, whom he'd last seen in an impoverished and slightly intoxicated condition Christmas eve. "Hyadoin?" Lippy asked.

"Pretty good," answered the pal, "pretty good, right now. But what the hell are you doing in town? I thought you were up at college somewhere." Lippy mumbled—no dough.

"How much would you need anyhow; why a ncha borrow some from somebody?"

"Couple hundred dollars at least," Lippy answered, thinking of his friend's weakness for various games of chance, which kept him in the cigarette bumming class all the time. "I suppose you could lend it to me—like that, huh?"

"Why, sure—I cleaned up almost a thousand last night in a joint up towards Lancaster—busted the bank. I might as well invest some of it. Here," and he handed Lippy ten twenties. Our young man fumbled for the dough with one hand and for something to lean on with the other.

So Lippy's back. His friends are planning a welcoming party to cancel off the elaborate wake, and things look pretty good. All except for one thing Lippy's pretty worried about. Everything he has in the world is on an express train somewhere between here and Philly, proceeding East.

**Conversation**

(Locale—club room of the Sigma Pi House, Friday night. Characters—Red headed flash in anybody's pan, Nancy Drake and Bill (Runt) Harvey, of the aforesaid manse. It's a date.)

Bill (suavely), What record do you want played honey? Isn't there one you like particularly? Just for you . . .

Nancy (using mood 23—coyness), "Yes, Bill, play 'Irresistible,' that's what the Betas call me."

**Quick Curtain**

**About Town & Campus:**  
Weekly award for M. D. D. O. W. (Most disgusting drunk of the week)—to Fencer Dayton, Phi Kappa Sig, and they're sorry . . . our Froth interpretation prize will be announced next week—right now we're broke . . . Will some friend (if he has any) of this horrible McGovern person please ask him to eliminate the moustache and goatee he's affecting right now—our stomach's none too strong . . . Battle Royal with sidelights—the Beta Sigma Rho-Phi Ep basketball fracas Sunday afternoon; the Phi Ep frosh offered a 50c prize for the mugg that gave trackman Barnes the best going over—we don't know who won, but Jerry Freudenheim was runner-up . . . Passion In An Express Wagon—McCaleb (Delta X) gives Helen (Booth) Ake a ride, and dumps her neatly out of the kid's toy, and into the slush . . .

—THE MANIAC

**Art and Artists**

In each Tuesday's issue of the COLLEGIAN there will appear an article on the art collection in Room 305, Main Engineering building. A discussion of the picture with a brief resume of the life and technique of the artist together with references to published works on the artist or his paintings will be given.

The first painting is that of "Landscape," by E. W. Redfield, which was presented to the College by the artist in 1915. The scene portrays a quiet, restful scene of nature in a clear cut, impressionistic style. Were one to stand at the top of the hill on North Atherton street and look across the golf course toward the west part of town, he could get a good impression of Mr. Redfield's painting.

The artist paints directly from nature, but has a remarkable memory for the changing conditions of light and shade which puts him in good stead for his profession. He recreates a scene that becomes true and complete when the picture is viewed at a distance. Other paintings include "Cottage by the Sea," "The Open Sea," "The Open Road," and "April Buds."

Mr. Redfield was born in Bridgeville, Del., December 19, 1869. He frequently chooses winter landscapes and themes and it may be said that he leads the American landscape artists in this particular genre. He studied abroad under Bouguereau and Toni Robert Fleury in Paris. He has the distinction of being the first American landscape artist from whom the French government bought a picture to hang in the Luxembourg Gallery.

Working out of doors almost exclusively, Mr. Redfield produces many canvases in a season because of the rapidity with which he works. There is nothing manufactured about his work, no over-refinement, but rather he creates an impression of what he sees. He worked twenty years before developing himself sufficiently to do a complete impression at one sitting.

His one outstanding feature is in his ability to blend land and sky gradually instead of creating a back-drop effect of the two. Articles on his technique, his life and his paintings are published in the *American Magazine of Art*, Vol. 21, pages 139-142; *The Literary Digest*, Vol. 92, page 29, Jan. 22, 1927; and *International Studio*, Vol. 15, pages 402-410, August, 1922.

**Chorus, Cast Chosen For Thespian Musical**

(Continued from page one)

president of the Thespian club, William P. Moss '38, and Samuel Wolfson '36, who just won a wrestling victory at Cornell Saturday night.

Kennedy announced that all the bit parts haven't been selected as yet and that there may be some minor changes made, but he expects rehearsals to pick up fast as he plans to retain practically all the chorus from "Bargain Around" and to make substitutions with girls who have had plenty of chorus work in the past. Complete choruses, including the men's singing and dancing groups, will be announced some time next week, Kennedy said.

**Co-Edits**

If it should ever come to pass that a brother in a fraternity should pause long enough during the awesome initiation ceremony to discover that the candidate for those sacred bonds was a co-ed and not a man—no need be too overcome with surprise. There are at least thirty co-eds who have dearly earned the right to membership in one or more of the men's fraternities this week.

It's not so much that these co-eds want two or three more pins. Most of them have one or two of their own—and enough is enough. But when a poor freshman pleads that he'll lose an arm or an ear—what can you do? One good ear is undoubtedly worth a trip downstairs in the cold chill of 3 o'clock in the morning to give that good old signature.

The co-eds really don't mind. There are only two or three, or ninety-nine out of a hundred, who are asking "Just who's hell week is this anyway?"

**Correction**

An error was made in the article on page 2 of the last issue of the COLLEGIAN which gave the name of Paul Startzell '36 as treasurer of Varsity Hall. The story should have read: William H. Schmaus '35, treasurer; Paul Startzell '36, social chairman.

**New Playing Cards**

DOUBLE DECKS

65c

95c

\$1.25

The Athletic Store  
(On Co-op Corner)

**Preston '11 Will Speak**

Charles F. Preston '11, master farmer from Nottingham, will give the seventh of the general agricultural lectures in the 1935 series when he speaks on the "Possibilities and Limi-

tations of a Planned Agriculture," in Room 100, Horticulture building, at 4:10 o'clock today. Mr. Preston served as county agent of Chester county for four years, after which he was promoted to assistant state leader of county agents for a period of two years.

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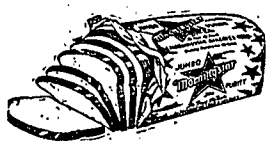
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