

With the Editor—

**Brooks Atkinson Is Plagiarized To Say What We Have Been Feeling**

As college students and as young men old enough or nearly old enough to fight war, we are expected to make up our minds on war.

The nation's leaders must hope that we will decide favorably because any strong, widespread block of unfavorable opinion will work havoc with the draft. Probably this havoc will not be worked.

As individuals we are still at loggerheads. When asked simply whether we want war, whether we want to kill, and whether we want to be killed, the answer is as simple: "No."

But, by and large, I think, we are coming to believe something else, something that we did not realize and would not believe when war first came into reality a year ago.

What this something is was expressed better than I have seen it expressed before by Brooks Atkinson in last Sunday's New York Times. What follows is quoted from the review of Robert Sherwood's play, "There Shall Be No Night."

"Strictly speaking, it has not been a prophetic play. There is nothing in it, for example, about Holland, Belgium and France, and no forewarning of the greatest disaster that has ever fallen across the path of mankind. Strictly speaking, it is an isolated play about Finland, the little country that submitted to the bloody tyrant of Eurasia last winter after heroic resistance. But 'There Shall Be No Night' was prophetic in spirit. It seems now like the chronicle of something that has happened here. The story it tells seems like a part of current experience. Although it excited people last spring, it moves them now by the largeness of its understanding. For it portrays the character of a man of culture and enlightenment who is overwhelmed by the rushing disaster of force, treachery and malevolence let loose from a dark corner of a craven world. He does not see it coming. When it comes it sweeps him down.

"Dr. Kaarlo Valkonen, the eminent scientist in 'There Shall Be No Night,' does not believe in war. War is part of the ancient evil from which men escape, he thinks. He is also practical: he sees no point in Finland's resisting Russia. Two hundred thousand against ten million are not enough. To him it seems realistic to save the physical country, no matter what becomes of the government. But when the Red armies cross the border and the doctor's young son joins the ski troops in the North, the doctor cannot disassociate himself from destruction and carnage. Closing his laboratory, he puts on the uniform.

"For there is no choice when the primordial beast creeps out of the jungle and starts driving men back to the darkness of a savage age. Being an intelligent man, Dr. Valkonen knows what is at stake—not borders or trade, but minds and hearts and the whole brave story of man's long ascent from the animal kingdom. He does not talk politics, which is the opium of fools and cowards. He walks toward the battlefield with an ill-assorted group of men who are united by the simple fact that they know right from wrong."

**THE DAILY COLLEGIAN**

"For A Better Penn State"

Successor to the Penn State Collegian, established 1904, and the Free Lance, established 1887

Thursday Morning September 26, 1940

Published daily except Sunday, and Monday during the regular College year by the students of The Pennsylvania State College. Entered as second-class matter July 5, 1934, at the post-office at State College, Pa., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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**CAMPUSEER**

Whew!! I'm all worn out! I had to run all the way from the cornerroom to get away from that guy Sturgis. He haunts me! Wants me to put something about his drive in theatre—"pitching woo on 322" or some such rot. And he says he's going to start a night club in a barn. Imagine! That's the kind of stuff he expects me to put in the outstanding columnar feature of Penn State's outstanding student publication incorporated.

**Wrong Hue? Foo!**

Fiery wrath swept through the kappa manse last week when the girls returned to find their house color scheme violated. The easy chairs which were to be refinished in green came back a rich blue.

Shortly, however, came a discovery which set the young ladies' minds at rest. In a flash they realized that the vast majority of their male visitors would never realize the discordant color note.

Reason: the chairs look green in the dark.

**Tales of the Customs Inspectors**

Big Bill Bogar, Phikappatau prexy, strode importantly up the campus walk.

Three frosh came by and greeted Bill with warm "hello's." Startled, Bill responded, thinking they must be rushées. Promptly he received another salvo of greetings from another group of dink-topped promenaders.

The keen, alert mind of the fraternity executive had by this time grasped the situation. "By gum," said Bill, "maybe the frosh have to say hello." And happening to have a Freshman Bible on his person, Mr. Bogar pulled it out and stood in the middle of the walk leafing through it to see if such a stipulation was listed in the customs.

A gruff voice interrupted his perusal, and a rough hand grabbed him by the shoulder. A stern pair of eyes looked from beneath a Druid hat, first at Bill and then at the open freshman bible in his hand.

"Okay, bud! Where's your dink? Where's your tie? Where's your customs?"

**Among My Souvenirs**

Campy extends a congratulatory fist in the direction of a certain White Hall frosh who negotiated the most novel swap of the week last Sunday night. Details of the transaction, carried out during the parade on said night, were as follows:

Merchandise delivered—one male pajama top. Merchandise received—one female pajama top.

**Some Noive**

An opportunist of the first water appeared on the State College horizon last week as Milt Scholla, sigmachi pledge, made a notable bit of '44 history.

Milt, on his way downtown, was accosted by an upperclassman and his (the upperclassman's) date. After being put through the usual routine, Milt was ordered to propose to said upperclassman's date. Obliging, Milt did as he was told; in fact he threw himself into the performance so heartily that he ended up by grabbing the lucky coed and planting a passionate kiss on her lips.

During the confusion which followed, Milt vanished rapidly from the scene.

(The following "poem" was received by Jim Lewis from his girl. Campy, for once, has no comment.)

Do you know, I love you  
So much I'll try to tell:  
As long as is 'damn' Atherton Hall,  
Consistent as Old Main's bell.

As much as beer sold in the bar  
At the dear Rathskeller:  
(That's the place around the Corner,  
Down the street, and in the cellar.)

As broad as is the Campus  
Of beautiful old Penn State;  
As many times, a boy must call  
To get a decent date.

As high as is Mt. Nittany,  
As beautiful as the leaves in autumn;  
As many lions is 'spose to be—  
Even if they ain't caught 'em

I love you more than all the fun  
Good Delts have on a party.  
But any way I say it though,  
It means, "I love you, Smarty!"

"It becomes imperative that leaders in education and teachers in education oppose any tendency or disposition to use the educational system for political reasons, and to insist and demand that control and direction of educational practices be and remain in the hands of those who are professionally prepared." Dr. W. W. Trent, West Virginia state superintendent of schools, cautions education against sacrificing its voice to politics.

Letters to the Editor—

**'Disillusioned' Complains Of Pajama Parades**

To the Editor,  
The Daily Collegian

Maybe you get tired of these gripe letters, but they prove that people know where to send them to do the most good.

Mr. Editor, were you ever aroused from a good sound sleep by off-key singing and a few screams? Well, I was last year when I was a frosh, too. I didn't mind them. It was fun watching some poor sucker do the tango and sing "The South American Way." I spent hours watching and never was bored or shocked. This year's pajama parades would have been a disgrace to even a grammar school let alone an institution requesting the title of University.

You described them in a recent issue as "orderly pajama parades." Also you said, "several freshmen had opportunity to show their skill in oratory." If being forced by ignorant filthy minded upperclassmen to make nasty requests is oratory then Demosthenes was obviously no orator. I'm not blaming the freshmen for this offense because they are prodded by upperclassmen who, reminded of their high school days in Bronx District School No. 10, think it's smart to embarrass the frosh. If the pictures taken of Atherton windows were in color, they would show very definitely that coeds still have some modesty because the pictures would show a mass of very red faces.

"No damage was reported," to college property, perhaps, but think of the disillusionment of the new members of the student body who had high ideas of the intellect of a college man. And how about damage to College prestige? Last year's tragedy was damaging enough without giving outsiders something to base their opinions on. Property can be replaced quickly with a little money, but public opinion cannot be bought.

Please, let's have one nice parade and then let us sleep. We need it!

Disillusioned

**Penn, Columbia Profs To Address C.P.A. Clinic**

Dr. Robert B. Mitchell, Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Roy B. Kester, Columbia University, will address the third annual accounting clinic, to be held here tomorrow and Saturday.

Charles J. Rowland, in charge of arrangements, urges advanced accounting students together with others interested to attend the discussions on financial statements and employee frauds in 121 Liberal Arts at 2 p.m. tomorrow.

Four senior members of Delta Sigma Pi, honorary Commerce and Finance fraternity, will act as ushers. They are Joseph A. Dreier, Paul R. Baird, Walter A. Nicholson, and Williard M. Arnold.

**CAMPUS CALENDAR**

**TODAY:**

Makeup section for freshman library practice, Central Library, 7 p.m.

Graduate students interested in taking a course in scientific French should see Mr. Morris Bench, 302 Liberal Arts.

Sophomore women editorial candidates, 312 Old Main, 5 p.m.

Candidates for Froth photography staff report to Froth office, 8 p.m.

Druid meeting, Room 418 Old Main, 7:30 p.m.

1943 Campus Party, 412 Old Main, 7:30 p.m.

All members of the Collegian editorial staff—men and women, juniors and sophomores—must attend a meeting in Room 313, Old Main, 8 p.m.

Campus Center Club, third annual banquet, Old Main Sandwich Shop, 6:30 p.m.

Sophomore business men of The Daily Collegian will meet in Room 312, Old Main, 7 p.m.

**Nibbling At The News**

J. GORDON FAY

**Heavenly Influence**

The sun has crossed the equinox. Ever since the earth was created, the sun has crossed the equator of the sky twice each year without causing more than a number of hastily-written feature stories on the beginning of spring or autumn. This year it is a different story, for on Monday the sun made its debut as front-page, first column stuff.

With the equinox came storms and high seas on the English Channel — weather conditions which, most experts claim, will make invasion of Britain a physical impossibility for months to come. Resulting changes in this second world war have not been long in coming.

The scene of activities seems to have shifted immediately to the East and Mediterranean region with Japan's attack on French Indo-China, Italian raids on Mediterranean ports, and the declaration of martial law in Egypt. On the English front, the British report considerable success in beating back bombing attacks, a fact for which strong gales may take at least some of the credit.

It is beyond possibility to predict the ultimate result of these changes, but they could quite possibly have far-reaching effects on the geography and history of this old world. The mighty fortress of Gibraltar might fall, Britain might get its second wind for a smashing invasion of the Nazi-held French coast, and it is barely possible that American young men might die for the maintenance of the "status quo" in Indo-China.

Advertisement

**Central Penna. Has Its 1st Grand Opera In Decade**



HILDE REGGIANI

The Metropolitan Opera Co. of New York City will present Rossini's gay opera "The Barber of Seville" in Harrisburg, Thursday, October 17, 1940 at 8:30 p.m. in "The Forum" of the Education Building featuring the beautiful young star, Hilde Reggiani, in the role of "Rosina" and Carlos Ramirez as "Figaro." Both of these young stars are just 26 years old and already have made an enviable place for themselves in Grand Opera.

Gay stage settings, colorful costumes, beautiful lighting effects and two grand pianos make this performance one of Central Pennsylvania's highlights of the Fall Season.

Tickets are on sale now. Single performance—singles—\$3.30, \$2.75 and \$2.20. Season—\$7.70, \$6.60 and \$5.50. Special student rates of \$2.00 per and special student sections are available. Write to Minerva Stokestine, 8 North Market Square, Harrisburg, Pa.