

THE DAILY COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

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Thursday, August 20, 1942

Smooth Sailing Ahead

There has always been a weakness among newspapermen to take time out from the daily run of events, in order to review in several brief glances just what has happened during previous weeks or months. Now that the Summer semester is bowing out, we feel that the time has arrived when the Daily Collegian can yield to this inherent weakness, so as to interpret what the last three months have meant to Penn State's daily newspaper.

When the College inaugurated its first Summer semester in the middle part of May, The Daily Collegian seriously considered the possibility of limiting its publication to a semi-weekly basis. But on second thought, it was finally decided that the paper would at least attempt to maintain daily publication, because of the great importance of releasing daily bulletins and announcements during a time when quick action was needed to help insure the success of the accelerated semester. In making this decision, the Collegian felt that it was offering its best contribution to Penn State's effort.

Along with the determination to maintain a daily was born the campaign slogan, "It's Up To You." Then came several months of hard, uphill fighting when at times it looked as though the Collegian had made a mistake in attempting to remain a daily paper. Hundreds of newspapers throughout the nation were flirting with financial worries, and the Collegian was no exception to this situation. Now with the end of the Summer semester in sight, the Collegian realizes that it has won a close battle, and is now looking forward to a bigger and better Fall semester which promises smoother sailing in many respects.

Graduation To The Army?

Last night, as he addressed the campus leaders, President Hetzel, stressing the idea of "staying on the ball" during the rest of the Summer semester and in semesters to come during the war, stated that a large percentage of the leaders in the armed forces are college graduates.

He said that of the total number of men drafted since the beginning of the selective service campaign, only 12% have been college-trained men. From that 12%, however, have come 88% of the men accepted for officers' training. Is this not evidence enough that, even though our graduation will lead only to service for our country, we should strive to do our best while here to become better leaders?

So much has been said about the students' lax attitude during the Summer semester that no more need be said about it. Whether it exists or not, we can not say. If it exists, however, can not the idea of bettering the service we will give to our country be incentive enough to lead us to more intensive study?

The Prexy stated also that the number of below grades for the Summer semester, when finally compiled, would not be greater than the number for any normal semester. He said, though, that the war effort and our country's need for our more complete training should lead us to make this semester's work even greater than the work in a normal semester. Why not work with the Prexy? Why not show the country what kind of leadership material Penn State can turn out?

—R. E. K.



Lion Tales

Finale

The semester is blue-booking to an end. The picnics at Whipples and Greenwood, about which we beat out our brains in May were only half-hazardly realized. The draft blew over the Mall and left many of us breathless. Doggie cut the foam on lotsa our beers. We've accelerated ourselves to capacity and now it's almost a thing of Summer '42. So here's an eulogy to the days which whizzed by.

A Toast

We learned to cram beneath a tree
 But the mark was 'zip' and not a '3'
 By Whipples Dam we did swim and drink
 Still our grade sheets strangely stink
 Chorus
 To days gone by we raise this toast
 'Long live the prof that lets us coast.'

Black Fantasy

This Summer was made memorable with the appearance (or disappearance) of the black-out. It originated in England and was carried into this burg with all its curtained gloom. Some amusing, some tragic stories have immersed from black-outs. The most recent yarn is concerning The Happening in the Establishment on the Corner of Pugh and College.

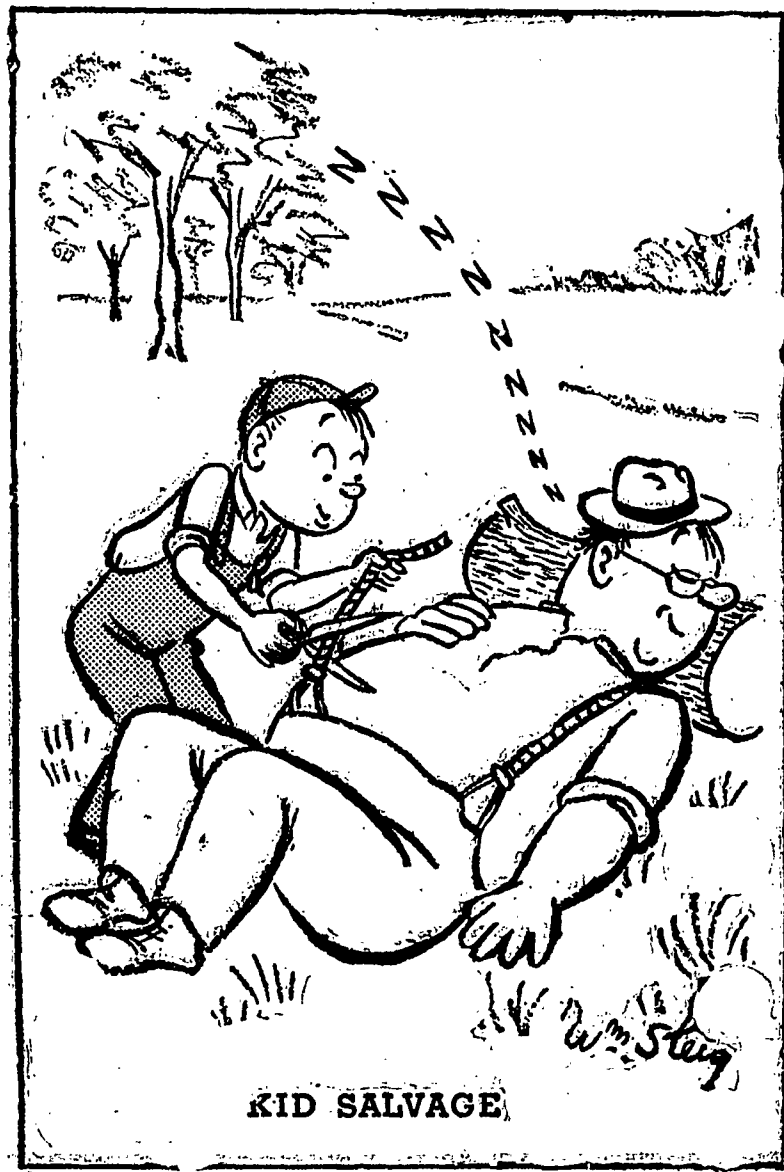
The sirens were blasting out the final warning. There was a scramble of feet. Suddenly the little room on the right was filled. Boomer, the lamplighter, escaped with his life.

Then in Ath Hall, a half-baked gal started to out-wail the sirens. Her sisters thought her ill. They succeeded in quieting the distraught coed. She kept murmuring, "And Happy New Year, too."

Gory Gossip

Tess Nolte, ZTA, and Eugene Scherr, USA boy, were recently united in Smokey City. . . . Walt Cummings, Kappa Sig, bestowed his pin upon Peg Campbell, Alphachio. . . . Norm Barrett, also one of the big brick house boys, clapped his emblem on a cutie from Seranton who matriculates here in September. . . . Bill Hughes is sore cause he didn't make out for our King Sandwich Shoppe crown last week. . . . sorry, Bill, we think Mahwinney has you beat. . . .

—THE CUB



KID SALVAGE

CAMPUS CALENDAR

Hetzel Questioned

TODAY

Meeting of the PSCA Personnel committee, 304 Old Main, 7 p. m.
 Student counselors meeting, 110 Home Economics, 7:30 p. m.

One-act plays, Little Theatre, 7:30 p. m. Admission free, but the tickets must be obtained in Dramatics Office, Schwab Auditorium.

IWA meeting, second floor lounge Old Main, 8:30 p. m.

TODAY

WRA Golf Club instruction under Bob Rutherford on golf course from 3:30 to 5 p. m.
 WRA Executive Board meets in

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WRA room at 6:30 p. m.
 WRA Swimming Club meets in White Hall pool at 7:30 p. m.

Dairy Building Uses 120 Ton Steel Brace As See-Saw

By WALTER FISCHMAN

An architectural triumph stands on Ag Hill, mute evidence of man's authority over the elements. In July of 1939, the Dairy Building began to tremble and spread out at the foundation.

Later when it started to sink into its own grassy lawn, the Grounds and Buildings department called structural engineers and building contractors into a conference that resulted in one of the weirdest but most practical bits of engineering ingenuity in these parts.

The night watchman as he made his rounds on that July night was suddenly startled by a low rumbling noise like a gun being fired in a barrel. He hurried to the north wall and found crumbled plaster exposing large gaps in bricks that should be close together.

Acting swiftly, he phoned George W. Ebert, superintendent of the Grounds and Buildings Department, who after surveying the damage, decided on a test to see if the building was still moving. He simply hammered iron nails into the space between the floor braces and the floor. In a few hours they were loose enough to be pulled out by hand and their suspicions were confirmed.

Slowly some tremendously powerful force was pulling the building apart.

This construction puzzle required a full year of investigation to solve. Workers, laboring in three shifts toiled 24 hours a day, constructing a firm footing for the

building. Engineers drilled underneath the foundation and unearthed the cause of the trouble, an 18 foot deposit of soft gummy clay into which the building was sinking at an alarming rate.

Going out into the woods, they cut down huge trees and used the trunks to prop up the sagging walls. They then built a steel structure out of 36 inch beams on the ground floor and used it as a fulcrum to support the rest of the building.

All went well until they started to put in the permanent braces, when the building started to sink again. The engineers investigated again and found a long cavity of loose rocks in an even larger bed of clay.

They put their heads together again and decided to attack the problem from another angle. They would put steel girders under one part of the building, rest them on piers sunk into the ground and let another part of the building act as the counter-weight to hold it up.

To this end, construction crews drilled caissons or wedge shaped holes, some of them 80 feet deep, in the ground and cemented steel "T" beams into them. Steel girders were then laid on top of the piers, one end under the weakened structure and the other end under an opposite wing. In this manner, the two wings acted as a huge balance, the beams serving as the bar.

For the first time in architectural history, a Penn State building played see-saw with itself on a 120 ton brace.

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