



SUN SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK CO., CHESTER, PA. • MARCH, 1955

THERE'S A VIOLENCE IN ECONOMIC ELECTIONS TOO

Every once in a while violence, intimidation, and coercion creep into free political elections, even right here in America, but when they do, the citizens rear up in their righteous wrath and smack the rascals down.

But political elections are not the only kind of free elections we have in America — every day we elect or reject dozens of economic “candidates.”

It is true that we don't see big banners with messages such as “Vote for Plymouth,” “Vote for Chevrolet,” and “Vote for Ford,” but the idea is the same: our votes are cast through our purchases.

The weapons used to sabotage free political elections are such things as black-jacks, lead pipes, and hob-nail boots.

The chief weapons used to sabotage free economic elections are government-sponsored arrangements called cartels.

Cartels are agreements whereby manufacturers are permitted to fix prices, limit supply, and divide up markets.

A cartel is not a conspiracy: it operates right out in the open.

America is the only large nation in the world where the people are legally protected from cartels.

II

A cleverly managed cartel destroys the power and independence of the free customer.

Imagine, if you can, a legal agreement under which all the manufacturers in a given field divided up the United States into “exclusive” territories and agreed not to compete with each other.

Imagine another form of cartel which would bring all of the manufacturers in the same field into a price-fixing cooperative marketing agreement under which everybody's production would be pooled with everybody else's (there would be no brand names) and the government would arrange for the sales.

This device is used today in many parts of the world and defended on the ground that it protects “small business.”

This means that efficient manufacturers raise their prices (and profits) so that the

smaller manufacturers can compete on an equal basis.

The stern necessity of competing for the customer's “vote” then disappears.

III

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of free customers to America's prosperity.

There is no police power in the world as effective as the quick, ruthless punishment of an “economic offender,” administered by the free customer.

This principle was dramatically illustrated about 30 years ago, at which time Henry Ford was Mr. Automobile himself.

But Mr. Ford forgot who was boss and decided that his Model T car was still good enough for the free American customer.

But the customer thought otherwise, and shifted his vote to Chevrolet and Plymouth.

Within a matter of months the mighty Ford empire was in serious trouble and working desperately to correct its mistake.

In less dramatic ways this power of the free American customer is at work every day, insuring all America the best goods at the least cost.

IV

If all this is true, why is it that everything in America costs about twice as much as it did 15 years ago?

The answer is simple: the free customer forced the price up.

This is true because of the split personality of the customer: the free customer is also the free worker — free to demand higher wages.

And because payroll is at least 85% of production cost, it makes up about that much of the selling price.

And so it came to pass that when wartime inflation, cheapened the American dollar, the workers demanded and got more dollars in their paychecks.

And because of inflation, these same workers (as customers, had to spend those

extra dollars without getting anything extra in exchange.

So it might truthfully be said that American prices have not really gone up — the value of the American dollar has gone down.

V

The way to prove this is to figure the cost of things in real value — in hours of labor.

Fifteen years ago when low-priced cars sold for about \$1,200, the real cost was about 1,300 hours of work.

Today, the same cars cost about \$2,400, but only about 1,100 hours of work.

So we see that in terms of real cost, the price of automobiles (as is true of most other things) has gone down.

The reason for this reduction is the “normal” 3% per year increase in hourly productivity resulting from improved tools and methods.

If we made full use of this increase, we would double our productivity every 23 years, but in America we have chosen to “cash in” just part of the extra productivity and use the rest to reduce the amount of work we do.

VI

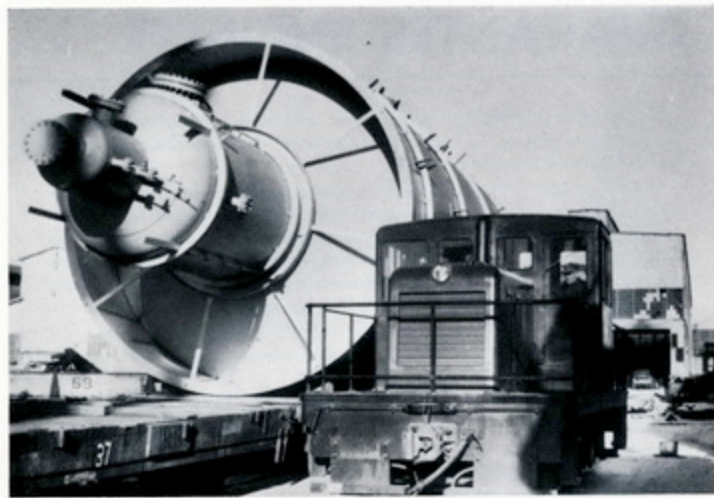
Out of this comes an important fact: in our dual personality of free customer and free worker, we work for ourselves: we grudgingly pay our own wages through our own purchases, and we stubbornly give ourselves lesser values by deciding to do less work.

If there are any limitations on the freedom of “us customers,” those limitations come from actions of “us workers,” and if there are any limitations on the freedom of “us workers,” they come from “us customers.”

Our stinginess as customers is offset by our greediness as workers.

That is the way America's economy was meant to work.

73 TON VESSEL IS DELIVERED TO CUSTOMER IN WATER SHIPMENT



OUR COVER and above pictures show a 73 ton vacuum flash tower being lowered to a barge for shipment to Sun Oil's refinery in Marcus Hook. The tower measures 75' 7" long with four sectional inside diameters: 9', 18', 7' and 3'.

This is another vessel type which has been featured in OUR YARD before. They demonstrate that we are building large pressure vessels of several grades of material, best suited for specific operating conditions. For example, this vessel is made in part of ordinary firebox steel and also of stainless clad on firebox steel.

Water shipment, evidence of Sun's versatility, was required as the tower is too large to travel by rail or truck.

Modern, complex operating requirements require a variety of steel properties or characteristics. Several "specialized applications" are outlined on page 3 of December 1954 OUR YARD which featured clad steel; its manufacture and use.

CORRECTION: Our apology to Chetty and the boys in the Boiler Shop. The heading on page 9, February OUR YARD — picture-article of fast cooling of hot 14" diameter lengths of pipe — should have read 30 Dept. instead of 47 Feb. It was the Boiler crew who figured out those hooks to handle the large hot pipe.



THIS HUGE OIL REFINERY TOWER was brought through the Boiler Shop door with inches to spare, and out on #5 pier. The hammerhead crane transfers it to the barge.

Now is the Time

*The clock goes ticking endlessly
The seconds passing by,
They add up to Eternity
But we're heedless, you and I.*

*As seconds into minutes grow
And time goes on its way,
The pendulum swings to and fro
No pausing or delay.*

*Soon sixty minutes will have gone
An hour is at its end,
An hour which never seems too long
But oft too short, my friend.*

*As hours then reach twenty-four
They add up to a day;
You now can realize much more
That life is on its way.*

*It takes but seven days to be
A week, how time does fly;
Time marches on incessantly
To the future bye and bye.*

*The weeks accumulate, and then
They soon become a year;
You think perhaps what might have been
Had your vision been more clear.*

*And when it's time for you and I
To bid this world adieu —
It's not for us to reason why
For our value here is thru.*

A. J. BROWN, 90-164

John G. Pew, Jr. Heads March Red Cross Drive

Vice President John G. Pew, Jr., accepted the chairmanship of the 1955 fund campaign for the Chester Branch of the American Red Cross.

John has been giving his time in charities and benefits for many years. He was campaign chairman of the Delaware County Chapter of the National Foundation of Infantile Paralysis for the past three years, and is currently active in the YMCA building fund. The new appointment is a challenge.

The percentage of quotas collected in our town has dropped from 103% to 65% during the last five years. The Chester Branch area is being asked to provide \$65,920.00 to continue the services of Red Cross. This is a quota reduction from last year, when only \$47,079.96 was contributed.

OUR YARD — Sun Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co., Chester, Pa. — Vol. XIV No. 7
MARCH, 1955 — Office: Maritime Bldg. — Phone 506

Printed in U.S.A.

John Hart, Editor; Ann Smedley, Secretary. REPORTERS: Al Bagby, Harold Baker, "Fireball" Bentley, "Whitey" Burr, Dick Clendening, P. Embree, "Fifty" Fithian, Charlie Grauel, John Hefleffinger, Joe McBride, Peggy McKinney, Harry Sanborn, Eddie Wertz, Bob Wilson, Mike Znachko.



LOG OF A GUARANTEE ENGINEER

By Sterling Becton,
Foreign Correspondent

The building of a great ship ends for many shipyard workers at various stages of its completion. These craftsmen whose work terminates before trials may be surprised to know the Yard still has a great deal of responsibility after the ship sails from the dock in the hands of the crew. This period may run from six months to a year according to the contract. Naturally the yard puts a man on the ship to protect its interest until the final payment is made. This man is generally a Federally-licensed Chief Engineer holding unlimited horsepower rating in both steam and diesel operation. A "two ticket man" as they are called in the trade, the yard now has two such men. Running dock tests and river trials also is required of them.

Many opinions are formed as to just what the duties of Guarantee Engineer consist. Mr. Webster states the word guarantee means an agreement by which one person guarantees something held, enjoyed by another. Naturally my immediate boss interprets this as a man who rides in deck chairs getting sunburned on luxurious ships in sunny climes, with beautiful women, expenses paid in the best hotels — also starting wars — and should pay the department for being allowed to roam the world over.

He will point out that I was in South America when the Graf Spee was sunk, on my way to Korea when trouble broke out there, and he's now working on how I started the Gettysburg trouble during the Great War between the States. Look out Middle East here I come! So there you are and here I am, which brings us back to the subject.

Due largely to ill-founded propaganda from collectivists of all stripes, Americans are "going international" in droves. Well, OUR YARD meets the challenge with its new FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

However, readers will find that our international course is in private enterprise, by mutual agreement to a two-way contract (between builder and owner) shouldering risks for mutual advantage. This kind of "intercession" stands in favorable contrast to the more publicized foreign operations, which are financed by compulsory taxation, largely one-way deals by bureaucrats with political motivation. Here is an example of voluntary aid rather than telling foreign peoples how to live.

The dispatch from Port Said said in part this, "... literary epic of all times will no doubt set the boys of the fourth estate back a thousand years, but remember this, loud and clear... you asked for it!"

We were also told to assume an editor's prerogative "... as my wife will read it and flip her lid. She claims I have no equal when it comes to splitting infinitives". (None were split.)

Finally, we were advised "... if any expense is incurred, tap Flanagan..."

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Sterling Becton came from Sun Oil where he was a Chief Engineer, becoming Guarantee Engineer for Sun Ship — and now has 16 years service. He's been around the world three times, but this log is of his first foreign trip since 1950.

Earlier as an employee of U. S. Steel aboard the coal burning S/S Craster Hall, Sterling sailed from the drydocks to Talero, Peru, where at 2 o'clock on a peaceful Sunday afternoon they were rammed by the tankship Reginald. His ship sank!

Hull 596 was christened OLYMPIC SUN and became a living thing of feminine gender. Captain Panos Yanniotis was appointed to command her; Mr. Stamatios Perdikaris, her chief engineer. But not yet is she

allowed to go for many other things have to be done first, such as stores. When finally documented; a ship to sail.

All is ready except clearance when the word comes she will move to Paulsboro, finishing the last remaining work items and take on fuel which will be Friday! I am not superstitious — but who ever thought that one up? Imagine documenting a ship on Friday and sailing her the same day! Well, finally late Friday evening the word came to move and we did. And now the gods take a hand, for before

the ship is finally turned over we await the arrival of three men from New York which will be "at nine o'clock." Like expectant fathers we await their arrival. But somewhere along the road down the men got lost, well you can call it lost — there are gremlins about!

Finally at exactly 0015 on Saturday, January 22, 1955 the OLYMPIC SUN became a ship. At 0140 she moved slowly out into the dark waters of the Delaware and shortly after leaving the Paulsboro dock we ran into snow — what did you expect? Finally after getting thru, we put the pilot off and headed for blue water, due east! Another record must have been established in turning over a ship at mid-night! Superstitious? Ah, but at last we are on our way.

It is spoken that a poor ship with good men is better than a good ship with poor men. And speaking of ship's crews cast your weather eye over the attached crew list of the good ship Olympic Sun — a league of nations if ever there was one. Here my friends old '96 gets the proverbial 'first break', she surely deserved it! She couldn't have been luckier, but modesty forbids — I mean her first break was a stout-hearted crew with blue water men for officers, as you will soon see!

The first few days at sea on any ship are busy ones; securing stores, going over all items, checking all running machinery and in general reading official looking letters about things you can't do anything about anyway. You just keep going. Things are



CAPTAIN PANOS YANNIOTIS, at left, Chief Engineer Stamatios Perdikaris and Chief Officer Costos Andreadis gathered around Ken Dervis, Chief Resident Inspector, before departure.

S/S Olympic Sun Crew List

NAMES	RATING	NATIONALITY
Yanniotis	Master	Greek
Andreadis	Chief Officer	Greek
Couvaris	2nd Officer	Greek
Paizis	Jr. Officer	Greek
Vea	Radio Officer	Norwegian
Perdikaris	Chief Engineer	Greek
Stamatiadis	1st Asst. Engr.	Greek
Commas	2nd Asst. Engr.	Greek
Miestris	3rd Asst. Engr.	Greek
Callinicos	4th Asst. Engr.	Greek
Theodorou	Electrician	Greek
Tsioros	Jr. Engineer	Greek
Torgensen	Pumpman	Norwegian
Kambitsis	Steward	Greek
Louros	Cook	Greek
Kotsis	A/B	Greek
Raftopoulos	A/B	Greek
Tsalas	A/B	Greek
Aravantinos	A/B	Greek
Parlis	A/B	Greek
Tsamouris	A/B	Greek
Mavrogiannis	A/B	Greek
Xanthakis	A/B	Greek
Spaans	Oiler	Dutch
Torney	Oiler	U.S.A.
Hinkson	Oiler	Brit. Hond.
Aasegg	Fireman	Norwegian
Leiba	Fireman	Trinidad
Almeida	Fireman	Brazilian
Garcia	Wiper	U.S.A.
Rodriguez	Messman	U.S.A.
Konstas	Messman	Greek
Becton	Guarantee Engr.	U.S.A.

going along very smoothly — except the ship, for she is rolling and plunging her new nose in deep water for the first time.

Monday comes and just as the day is about finished I decide to call it a day and go to my room to wash up and have a smoke. While sitting in my assigned room thinking over Jack Miller's immortal words, "No matter how tough the job you have, it is better than running to the Persian Gulf" and wondering where all that sun is that Guarantee Engineers are supposed to be soaking up: BANG, BANG, bang on the door. I open it and there stands a messenger all in one breath. He says, "Mr. Beckumouspolis yak yak sturring mosuri oily mo jobno" and starts running aft. I in hot pursuit. We land in the steering gear room.

I stepped into about one inch of lubricating oil and with every roll of the ship the rudder would blow a stream of oil against the deck to rain down again. The brake was put on, repairs started on a broken nipple, and of course the nipple was broken off even with the weld. Repairs were made and the Captain organized a bucket brigade to bring oil from the engine room to refill both machines. This accomplished, we removed the brake and reported OK to the

bridge to proceed. After a few minutes we proceeded to the engine room and were getting slowly under way. Ah, soon I will be able to take a bath and get rid of my oil soaked clothes.

Now with the sun tan oil all soaked in, . . . BANG, CRASH, ROAR . . . 600 pounds steam pressure is turned loose into the engine room! Asbestos and hot water, flying like snow in a rain storm. If I could have spoken every lingo in the book no one could have heard me, so it was time to leave her, Johnny!

Into the fireroom we went securing both boilers so as to find the trouble. The steam slowly begins to clear away and thru the vapor the emergency light from the diesel generator begins to break thru. A fast survey was made to locate the damage. It was found to be the gasket between the port, main stop and throttle valve. This means we will not be able to run the main unit until the gasket is renewed, but power must be restored for lights.

The ship is rolling very hard and it becomes impossible to stand on your own feet in the mushy asbestos muck. The ship is 'dead' now, the turbine red hot and no power. This is the test to try men's souls; but we make it. Soon one boiler is back on the line and we recover from our self-made black-out. Work now starts in earnest to remove the defective gasket. Oh yes, the sunburn? Well, R. J. F. is right, I am by this time darn near parboiled!

High up, astraddle the main steam line, Mr. Elefterios Stamatiadis yells down, "Look Mr. Becton, no hands, I'm an American cowboy!" All hands laugh catching the humor of the situation. While swinging from a steam line, removing nuts and bolts is no easy task in good weather, snug alongside a dock, but in a heavy sea, my friends, that takes a man — and such a man is the First Engineer!

Now the Chief Engineer starts our search for a new gasket, but none is to be found among the newly received stores; somebody has slipped up. In one of the store bins we find an old, crimped gasket discarded by the yard, Eureka! It will have to do. (Okay wise guys we thought of the emergency hook-up for a gasket but that is another

tale!) One by one the bolts are removed fighting for every turn of the nuts on the studs, but the First and his gang will not be denied or licked. They spell each other off and continue on until the last bolt is removed. Now comes the job of placing the gasket. This done, steam was let slowly into the lines. It is tight! Well done, Teddy!

The bridge is notified and we get under way. All is



STERLING BECTON, GUARANTEE ENGINEER

well, so back to the 'deck chair' to finish my smoke. I find eight hours and forty-five minutes has elapsed since I was first called concerning the steering gear. Not bad, not bad! I'm going to like the ship and the men on her.

I notice the Chief Engineer has picked up some new English words and phrases, something about somebody's offspring running out from under the steps and biting one on the leg! I don't get it. When I asked the First where the Chief picked that up, he said he'd heard it from the Guarantee Engineer in the Steering Gear Room when the hot oil was pouring it on. All I thought I said was "Zounds."

It has indeed been a gala day, being chased by exotic beauties around the salon — and lolling in the lounge. Yeah verily, there has been not but one peep at the sun since we cleared the Overfalls Light Vessel!

I come forward and the Captain and Mate, one Mr. Costas Andreadis, are going over their stores. The Captain surmises his company must expect this ship to do over

(Continued on Page 11)



STERN of Olympic Sun departing from yard.

New Law Means Lower Taxes For Many

This article is based on material supplied by the American Institute of Accountants, national professional society of certified public accountants.

Last August you heard such terms as "baby sitter deduction," "dividend exclusion" and "retirement income credit," when Congress passed the Internal Revenue Code of 1954.

Now these terms will have real meaning as you file your income tax return under the new tax law, containing thousands of changes in its 929 pages.

Some taxpayers may find April 15th — the new deadline for most individuals — a worse shock than March 15th used to be. Most of us, fortunately, will find the new tax a little easier. For one thing, a reduction of about 2% in rates took effect in January, 1954, and has been reflected in the amount of tax withheld from pay since then.

But the difference is not just in the rates. The new tax law — passed after the rates were reduced — includes many special adjustments aimed at helping people who particularly need relief. You'll get some of these benefits almost automatically as you fill in the blank. Others must be dug out of the new print. That's why it is particularly important this year not to wait till the last minute, but to begin your tax returns early.

Most people won't want to read all 929 pages of the new law to know what to expect!

That "Baby Sitter" Deduction

Bill and Alice Anderson think they know about the deduction of baby sitter pay. They hired a sitter when they went to the movies . . . and they're in for a shock.

The deduction is permitted only for actual expenses up to \$600 for the care of dependents while a mother, widower, divorced or legally separated person is gainfully employed.

But the broad meaning of that word "dependent" will help many. Expenses for care of a child under 12 years who is the taxpayer's son, daughter, stepson or stepdaughter, or other dependent mentally or physically incapable of caring for himself, are deductible. There are no restrictions as to age or relationship in the latter case.

Thus Betty Baker can deduct what she paid the woman who sat with her bedridden dependent aunt while Betty worked afternoons at the library. She is filing a joint return with her husband, which is necessary procedure for wives asking the "baby sitter" deduction. The couple's adjusted gross income was not more than \$4,500. If their income were more, say \$4,700, they would have to reduce the \$600 limit on the deduction by the amount their income exceeded \$4,500. That is, they could take off only \$400. This limitation and the requirement of joint return do not apply if the husband was disabled.

You Can Claim More Dependents

Earl Cassidy will benefit two ways from the more liberal rules about dependents.

Until now, because the relationship was too distant, he could not claim as a dependent (good for a \$600 exemption) his cousin Jake who came for a visit and stayed.

Jake will be listed this year because close relationship is no longer necessary to qualify a dependent who lived in the taxpayer's home and received over half of his support from him.

Young Earl's earnings of over \$600 a year would have kept him off his father's list of exemptions under the old law. Not wanting to penalize parents for their children's industry, Uncle Sam now sets no top limit for a son's or daughter's earnings. A taxpayer can claim an exemption if he provides over half the support of a dependent who is either under 19 or a student, regardless of the child's income.

The 1954 Code offers relief, also, to children who are supporting parents. For example, Fred Parsons and his two sisters share in helping their mother, who lives in her own home. Among them they have provided more than half of her support for several years and each has furnished more than 10% of such support. However, as no one of them provided more than half, none was able previously to list her as a dependent. Now they can take turns in claiming the exemption. Fred can take the exemption for 1954 because his sisters have agreed to sign a statement that they will not claim the exemption for that year.

You Can Deduct More for Medical Bills

This year you can deduct medical expenses in excess of 3 per cent of your adjusted gross income, as compared with 5 per cent in the past, but in listing your medical expenses you can only include medicines and drugs beyond 1 per cent of your income.

Take George Harrison's figures. His adjusted gross income comes to \$5,000, and during 1954 he spent \$400 on doctors' and dentists' bills for the family, \$200 on hospital expenses, \$125 for drugs and medicines. He may count only \$75 of the last item (having subtracted \$50, 1% of his gross income), which makes his total medical expenses \$675. He subtracts \$150 (3 per cent of income) leaving a deduction of \$525.

Maximum permissible medical deductions have been doubled and can now go as high as \$5,000 for a single person or married person filing separately; up to \$10,000 for married persons filing jointly, or for the head of a household.

Look out for this change if the doctor ordered a trip for your health; you can deduct cost of transportation, but not living expenses while you were away.

If You Received Dividends

Sid Horton, who has bought stocks with some of his earnings, will find a small bonanza in the new tax law when he works out his return. His stock paid him \$50 in dividends during 1954. On his tax form in other years he added his dividends to his \$6,000 salary. The new law, however, gives him the first \$50 of dividends tax free. This \$50 dividend exclusion can be doubled for

THE FEDERAL INCOME TAX IS WITH US — until freedom-loving Americans unite to discard it. We reprint this article with the hope that you might realize additional savings.

It should never be forgotten, however, that the enabling 16th Amendment REVERSED in 1913, two sections of our original Constitution. Article 1, Section 8, clause 1 stated that taxes "shall be uniform throughout the United States" and Art. 1, Sec. 9, clause 4, that no direct tax "shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census or enumeration".

With false promises these laws were changed to read: "The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on income, from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the several states, and without regard to any census or enumeration".

A heavy graduate income tax was the second plank of the Communist Manifesto. Ours presently takes upwards of a fifth of the fruits of your labor — Editor

a married couple, if both have dividends of \$50.

This tax reduction is to offset in part the effect of "double taxation" — which occurs because a corporation pays taxes on profits and then, when the shareholder receives those profits in the form of dividends, they are taxed again.

As another means of reducing "double taxation" 4% of the dividends after the first \$50 may now be deducted from the total tax bill, within certain limits.

Annuities and Retirement Income

James Hunt received during 1954 the first \$1,200 annual benefit on an endowment policy with an insurance company. The new rules permit him to recover his entire investment, tax free, during the life expectancy upon which the payments will be made — this is ten years in Mr. Hunt's case. Since his policy cost \$10,900, Mr. Hunt will exclude \$1,090 of his benefits this year. He will pay taxes on only \$110. And no matter how long he may live beyond the 10-year expectancy, he will still report only \$110 of the \$1,200 each year.

If you have this sort of annuity, your insurance company will let you know what part of your benefits is taxable. Special rules apply to certain annuities to which both you and your employer may be contributing.

The "retirement income credit" — new this year — can benefit retired persons as much as \$240. It is intended to give all retired persons tax relief similar to that enjoyed by those who receive tax-free social security.

If You Need Help

The instructions that come with your tax blanks will describe all these changes and others. Read them carefully and you should have little trouble filling out the forms.

If you have questions, consult your nearest Internal Revenue office. *But get there early.* The place may be jammed with other puzzled people this year when your neighbors are getting acquainted with the first general revision in the entire history of the federal income tax.

If your problems are complicated, you may need professional help. The Internal Revenue Service has repeatedly urged taxpayers to make sure their advisers are fully qualified.



FRAME in upright position and approximate **NURSE FINNEGAN** redressing foot 10 days after accident occurred. You will note that I still wasn't smiling. place where my foot was when frame fell.

To Fellow Employees:

THE PAY-OFF

First of all, I am very thankful I was wearing Safety shoes. If I had not been wearing them, it would be a different story I am about to tell — namely, *I would not have any toes!* They would have been cut off. As it stands, they were badly mashed but can be saved.

Here is how it happened: I was working in the boiler shop on a grating frame to be installed in a catalytic casing for Sun Oil. The frame was in an upright position, fastened to a jig. It was necessary to lay it flat on the table so I loosened the bolts and attempted to let it down on the table without the use of the crane which was busy.

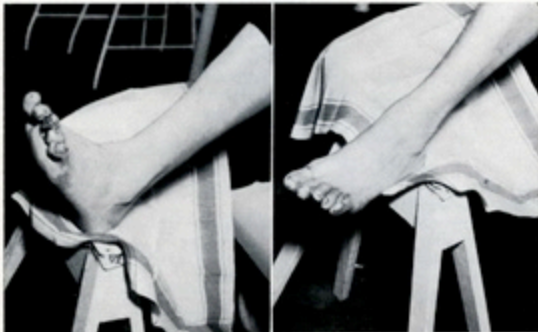
That was where I made my big mistake, as the frame weighing about 600 lbs., was so heavy that I had to let it fall. I thought I was clear but my foot was partially under a corner of the frame when it fell, crushing my toes under it.

I learned two lessons from this experience: First, don't take "short cuts" — and second, wear Safety shoes on construction work.

ROBERT GARVINE, 30-276



THE SHOE that saved my toes.



Bob Garvine
playing it safe
in the future.



Rod and Gun News



By Mike Znachko

One fine day, during the past gunning season, Charlie Lukens of 74 Dept. and I ventured forth on a gunning expedition up Oxford way. Charlie, as you know, is the owner of the big, hard-headed Irish Setter, who is responsible for this story. As I watched the big dog work that day, I began to recall memories of another "Renegade Irishman" that I once attempted to purchase.

"Big Red," as he was known, was as mean as sin and the color of hell-fire, which gave him his name. His nefarious career was lighted by a mighty talent, and whether it all belonged to the giant Red Setter or whether part of it was supplied by Old Con (his owner), is something I was never able to decide.

Big Red came into my horizon on a day when a diversion of any sort was welcome. I had just buried my Llewellyn Setter "Belle" the day before, and was feeling a bit rusty behind the ears over the incident. She was not much of a dog as critical folks like to measure bird dogs, but then I'm not much of a hunter by that yardstick, either. We had gotten along pretty well together, and now as I walked up the old wagon road, alone, on this cold, frosty morning I began to miss her. Then I saw the red dog running wild through the brush and Old Con chasing him. The setter came out on the wagon road and swung toward me. I noticed his color immediately, and the way his coat rippled and flared as though the dog were on fire. What stood out above everything else though was his attitude. He stopped about twenty feet away and leered at me with considerable belligerence. When he growled, I said soothingly "All right, Irish," and he growled again showing me a nice set of white teeth. Just about then Old Con arrived puffing and swearing. He was carrying what looked like a small fence post, and as he came up he took a tremendous swing at the dog.

Without showing the least bit of alarm, the dog moved his head three inches and the post swished by him. As mildly as possible I protested, "If you'd hit him with that, you'd have killed him." Old Con glared at me. "I've been swingin' at him like that since he was two months old, and it looks like he's going to live forever." Here, I realized was a bond of friendship which NO man could put asunder. Old Con was a bird-dog man from away back. He was old and a little seedy, the way a man gets when he's without women-folks. At that moment he

was almost out of breath, but he was doing some mighty fine swearing. And every time he did, it seemed the red dog laughed at him as plainly as a man laughs.

Old Con invited me into his cabin to set a spell, and the names of the dogs that he owned in his day rolled off his tongue as smooth and easy as No. 6 shot out of a shell. I hope I'll always be enough of a kid to get a kick out of hearing an old timer wheel out

fire, I pinned him down, and told him what a fraud he was. The old man's eyes clouded up as he said, "Well, I figured I hadn't ought to be too hasty about selling a dog that keeps me out of trouble the way Big Red does." Keep you out of trouble?" I asked. "Sure" said Con, "He's in so much trouble himself, I ain't got time for any private troubles of my own. You see, boy, I got me a philosophy"—but what that philosophy was, I never learned. There was a crash of a skillet falling. Then Big Red came sailing across the room with a steak in his mouth. Old Con leaped to his feet, grabbed a length of firewood and started after him. I went out, found my car and drove home with the realization that sometimes it's not as easy to get rid of a bird-dog as you might expect—particularly when he happens to be a hard-headed, mischievous, lovable Red Irishman.

Just a reminder Boys . . . Nothing can be more drab or further removed from nature than an area without wildlife and aquatic life, as a result of polluted streams. LET'S HELP KEEP OUR WATERS CLEAN.

Thomas R. Lounsbury, the English professor, provided us with some food for thought when he said, "I must view with profound respect the infinite capacity of the human mind, to resist the introduction of useful knowledge."

The regular monthly meeting of the Bear Hollow Fishin', Shootin', and Deuces Wild Club was held at the home of Bill Styer on Friday evening, February 4. After disposing of the regular order of business, the subject of merits of the various breeds of dogs was thoroughly discussed, and we acquired the knowledge that you can argue with a man over his politics, his religion, and yes even his women. But, when you argue with a man over his dogs, you have a full-fledged job on your hands. Heated discussion continued as this reporter left in the wee hours.

A tip from your Uncle Dudley—Silcer polish will take most of the stain and corrosion off your Spinner Blades.

Do you know it is unlawful to use Poisons or Explosives in taking fish? Penalty, \$100.00 fine.

This column has continually harped on the fact that fishing is good for folks—that a fish that has given someone a thrill and later ended up in a frying pan, has served a very useful purpose. There are, however, a few people—A MERE HANDFUL—who would disagree. They believe



BRIAN — grandson of "Big Red".

his recollections of how it was back in 1906. Big Red, meanwhile, kept growling menacingly in back of my neck; and as I reached out my hand in an absent-minded petting gesture, he ripped my sleeve from elbow to cuff, then sneered at me. "Don't take offense" Con said hastily. "He doesn't mean anything by it. I don't have a whole shirt to my name." When I prepared to leave, he said sociably, "Stop in and see us again. Don't wait for no invite." He winked at me broadly, "Just get yourself a baseball bat and walk right in."

Well, the aftermath was that I made periodical visits to Con's cabin and hunted with the big dog, who was perfect all around, in spite of the fact that Old Con kept insisting that he was a no-good, a renegade, and an all around good-for-nothing Bum! The climax came when I inquired if he would sell the dog. "Sell him!" Con said, "If it wasn't against my principles I'd eat him and make a rug out of his hide." Again I realized that this old man loved his big dog and had NO intention what-so-ever of parting with this animal who had won a soft spot in his heart.

As Old Con put a skillet of meat on the

it is morally wrong to kill a fish (or any other animal for that matter). The alternative to this belief is to let the fish eventually die from natural causes, predators, disease or starvation. There is no reason WHY any of these should be preferred to our catching the fish.

If these few "Nature Boys" want to devote their lives to the complete protection of grasshoppers, bumble bees, fish and other forms of animal life, that's their privilege. WE like the wild creatures, TOO, and we don't go in for the unjustified slaughter of



WE GOT IM' — Charles Lukens of 74 Dept. showing his dog "Pot" the reward of his labors.

another "critter" BUT, our first interest is in wild "critter" — one we've taken a liking to — our fellow human being. The few extremists who think that it's morally wrong for a person to catch and kill a fish (or hunt a rabbit) can go fly their kites.

Down at Cape May Point, N. J. at the tip of Sunset Boulevard, there lies the half-sunken hull of the concrete steamer "The Atlantis," which has an interesting history. It was built by the Liberty Shipbuilding Corp. of Brunswick, Ga. and commissioned in June 1919. It was one of four concrete ships built during the first World War, and subsequently abandoned for their excessive weight. It was raised from the mud flats near Pig Point, Va. (where it has lain since its abandonment after World War I) in the spring of 1926, and towed to Cape May Point by tugboat. It was planned at that time, to tow two additional hulks to the Point and sink them behind the "Atlantis" so that the three would form a "Y" into which the ferry boats (of the proposed Ferry Line, which was to have been established between Cape May and Lewes, Del.) would dock. By a quirk of fate, the "Atlantis" never reached its destination

after it arrived at Cape May Point. It struck a shoal and grounded in its present position where it has settled constantly since 1926, gradually breaking in half. Grounding of the ship was the crowning misfortune attached to the attempt to use the old ships as a base for the ferry wharf, and brought the proposed project to establish the Ferry Line to a disappointing climax. Rumors have it that fishing is excellent around this sunken hull.

The membership of the Bear Hollow Fishin', Shootin', and Deuces Wild Club join the multitude of friends in extending our "Most Sincere Wishes" for a quick and speedy recovery to Bill Styer, veteran sportsman of 84 Dept., who was confined at the Crozer Hospital.

Time and again, this reporter has been on the receiving end of many inquiries as to the cause of the delays (at various times) in the issuing of OUR YARD. May we inform our readers that there are several reasons for these delays. (1) We sometimes find it difficult to secure sufficient acceptable material to complete the book. (2) Oft times, the printing firm is unable to meet the deadline due to an overflow of orders from other sources, and many other reasons. However, we are confident that these slight delays should by no means have any disastrous, earth-shaking effects on world affairs.

A recent news release by the Lewis and Gilman Sporting News Syndicate informs us that a new full-color, 22 minute sound movie on Mexican sailfishing has been made available for free use by civic and sportsmen's organizations. The movie is packed with action shots of leaping sailfish, and has been highly praised by a host of outdoor writers. The movie may be had upon request by writing to John Keith, Sales Manager, Ocean City Mfg. Co., "A" and Somerset Sts., Phila., Pa. However, due to a heavy demand for the movie, it would be advisable for organizations requesting the film to contact Mr. Keith a month or six weeks prior to their proposed showing date, and indicate how long they will hold the film. It would also be advisable to consider one or two alternate dates for your showing of the film.

Eddie Wertz of Wetherill says:

Now is the best time for Perch or yellow neds in the middle and upper Chesapeake Bay. White perch will start to hit at the end of March. Minnows fished one foot off bottom over weed beds will give you an enjoyable days fishing and some fine eating also.



MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD of the Bear Hollow Fishin', Shootin' and Deuces Wild Club. Left to right: Norman Dulin, Sherman Graybeal and Cliff (Reds) Fleming, all of 59 Dept.; and Mike Znochko, 74 Dept.

MY THOUGHT FOR TODAY

By D. L. Johnson

When fishing time is drawing near
We study catalogues;
And meditate on all the bait
From worms to little frogs.

Those lovely dreams that come to man
When he prepares to fish,
The thrill he gets from digging worms.
Are as sweet as one could wish.

And with old clothes, long laid away
A creel, a reel, a rod,
He hikes to places far away
Just him, and them, and God.

TEXAS GAME AND FISH NEWS

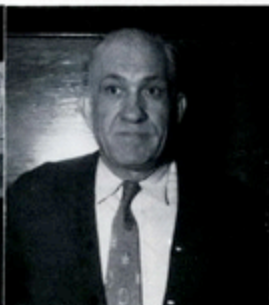


WHO DUN IT? Detectives Joe Grant and Russ Rothka seeking a clue to the culprit who pilfered the meat from one of our Deer — leaving us the head and hide.

Did you know that the first toll road in the United States was constructed in Virginia? The Little River Turnpike was built in 1786 from Alexandria on the Potomac to Sniggers Gap across the mountains east of Winchester.



Supt. Arthur Holzbaur congratulates JAMES HOLMAN, 55-7, and CARL LOHRKE, 55-6, on receipt of their 35 year Service Pins.



ANTHONY URBAN, 36-17, 25 years and JOHN H. TAYLOR, 36-755, 35 years are awarded Service Pins by Supt. Raymond J. Flanigan.



Supt. William Smith congratulates JAMES ASHTON, 8-426, 30 years and STANLEY THOMSON, 8-64, years on receipt of their Service Pins.



SERVICE PIN AWARDS FOR JANUARY, 1955



40 Years
96-45 Frank Thompson

35 Years
38-1 J. H. Gordon McConechy
55-7 James Holman
36-755 John H. Taylor
90-19 Miss Helen Schmidt
55-6 Carl Lohrke

30 Years
8-426 James Ashton

25 Years
8-64 Stanley Thomson
36-17 Anthony Urban

SALARY ROLL

10 Years
91-1761 Elizabeth Bonneville

DRAFTSMEN'S ROLL

15 Years
19-23 Lewis F. Stewart

HOURLY ROLL

20 Years
8-509 Albert K. Evitts
33-56 Cecil Umberger
36-501 George Millaway
60-82 Stanley Ulkowski
60-300 Fletcher H. Martin

15 Years
33-89 Richard A. Stebner
34-583 James T. McCool
47-462 Logan E. Miller
59-295 Walter Prandeski
67-278 Charles V. Jones
88-21 Walter P. Dilworth
88-38 A. Curtis Herrick
88-51 George C. Swyers

10 Years
46-151 Joseph Ciliberto
47-633 William F. Rae
58-554 Fountain S. Dyer
59-178 Edward Andrukonis
59-2826 Leonard L. Cardile

The Machine Age: In 1945 there were approximately 940,000 machines in use in the construction industry. In 1953 over 2½ million were being used.

The Japanese have a curious custom of taking off their shoes before entering a house. The same custom is observed by some married men all over the world, but only after midnight.

In order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed: They must fit for it; they must not do too much of it; and they must have a sense of success in it. (John Ruskin)

We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light. (Emerson)

Three ministers, serving churches near railroad lines, were comparing their troubles.

"Our first Sunday morning hymn always is interrupted by the Burlington passenger train rumbling past, right outside the window," the first complained.

"That's nothing," chimed in the second. "Right in the middle of our morning prayer the Rock Island fast freight drowns me out."

"Brother, I wish all I had were your troubles," added the third. "Every time my deacons take up the collection, I look down the aisle, and there comes the Nickel Plate."

Ez Tike says a day would be considerably improved if it started at some other time than the morning.



President R. L. Burke congratulates J. H. GORDON McCONECHY on his record of service.



FRANK THOMPSON receiving award from Perry L. Shaver, Sales Engineer.

Before 35 Years at Sun

On May 4, 1912, a young man and a young woman sailed westward from merry England, but on separate ships. They didn't know one another. The girl arrived a week earlier than the man, and took up employment with Canadian Westinghouse in Hamilton, Ontario province.

The man, an engineer, was transferring from British to Canadian Westinghouse, and it wasn't long before he learned of the Scottish origin of the girl in the offices. Once adjusted to his new job, he stopped to inquire if the young lady knew a famous cricket star from her hometown.

The following December, three days after Christmas, J. H. Gordon McConechy and E. Mae Paton were married.

Asst. to Sun's president, Mr. McConechy was born in Negapatam, South India while his father was both a businessman and serving the Crown. From four years, however, he was raised in England. Great-grandfather Grant of Inverness, Scotland (and a cousin to Dr. Livingston of African fame) had immigrated ("chased out" says Gordon McConechy with a twinkle in his eye) during the feuds between the clans and the English government. This may have influenced the international course of his grandson's life.

Even as a student, Gordon moved around, but he stuck to his studies weathering change and inconvenience. Glasgow and West of Scotland Inst. of Technology, Glasgow Univ., University of Manchester—Owen College, Municipal Inst. of Technology, Salford Inst. of the same, and finally a B.Sc. degree from the University of London in 1910.

Having started his 5 year apprenticeship in Glasgow machine shops, McConechy joined Rolls Royce. As an engineer, he later moved to British Westinghouse, also in Manchester, England. In Canada he worked on the first generator for Queenstown on Lake Ontario below Niagara Falls, and others among the largest of their day, for Shawinigan and Riordon in Quebec and Nipigon, which like Riordon is far north in the Dominion.

It was prior to the launching of Hull 15 that Mr. McConechy entered a drawing room at Sun Ship. Two weeks later he became Chief of the Engine Section; Asst. Chief Engineer in 1924; and Chief in the year of the stock market crash. His contributions to marine engineering include adaptation of the English Doxford engines to American standards; designing high pressure, high temperature steam installations, Marine type deaerating feed water heaters and others too numerous to mention. He's worked on all of our ships up to Hull 590 through 35 "hectic" (exciting) years of much pioneering.

40 YEARS SERVICE

FRANK W. K. THOMPSON, was a thirteen year old student in a Wilmington school when his father's bad health caused him to take his first full-time job as an office boy for a newspaper. From there he did "hitches" of 1 to 3 years with three job-printing plants in Wilmington, and one year with Jessup & Moore Paper Co., Augustine Mills on the Brandywine.

He was a seventeen year old machinist's helper at the Harlan Hollingsworth shipyard when his father died.

During these years one employer with a fitful temperament left a lasting impression. This boss had a stock reply when asked a question after putting his hat on to start home: "To hell with it—see you in the morning". If asked to repeat a question he would reply "To hell with it, it's not that important".

On one occasion the ringing desk phone annoyed him. He picked up the contraption and breaking the wire, let it fly against the far wall. Soon he called the phone company (another phone) to have their " - - - equipment repaired," saying "I'll pay the bill".

Meanwhile Frank had been studying machine design and mechanics and strength of materials with the International Correspondence School. He became a draftsman at a leather working and tanning machine shop. It was the late owner, Mr. F. F. Slocomb,

who in recognition and encouragement, gave Frank his first slide rule and a 1909 copy of Kent's Mechanical Engineer's Handbook. Frank still uses both today.

In 1912 Frank started commuting from Wilmington to the drafting offices of the Baldwin Locomotive Works at Broad and Spring Garden Streets, Phila., and later, the Eng. Dept. of Dupont Co. at Wilmington. At 24, in January 1915, he was taken on "temporarily" at the Robert Wetherill & Co. plant—bought by Sun Ship a year later. Among the first jobs was work on a 6 million gallon per day water pump for the Penna. Sugar Company in Phila. and the Wetherill elevators for the Hotel Traymore in Atlantic City. Frank was a draftsman for Corliss engines and heavy machinery and helped design the large Corliss engine that still drives the plate mill at Claymont Steel Co. today.

The "temporary" employee moved to the shipyard in 1924 for work on the Setz and Junkers diesel engines and then back at Wetherill until 1947. That year he helped lay out our first automatic welding machine for 47 Dept. and later was transferred to Sales. He worked on the foundations for fab and machine installations during the war and redesigned the crossheads of fab steel for the big "keel bender" press in the Boiler Shop.

In 1922 Frank married Winifred K. Heyler, a school teacher from Navvoo, Pa. and lives at 3615 Washington St., Wilmington, Del. He'll be 65 in September.



Give in March

What One Man's "Tired Feeling" Meant

Tom Walters braked his car to a stop in the garage, lifted his bulky body slowly from behind the wheel and plodded toward the house.

"Hi, Pop!" greeted Jimmy from the back steps. "Want to pass the football a while before supper?"

"Oh, not right now, son. I'd rather slump down and rest a while."

"Aw, Pop —" began Jimmy. Then, with an appraising look: "Are you sick?" he asked.

"No, not sick — just sort of all in."

"Gee, I'm sorry. . . . Do you s'pose we can take that fishing trip tomorrow?" All week Jimmy had been looking forward to that Saturday date.

"Ah, most likely; let's wait and see in the morning."

"Okay" — but there was no enthusiasm in Jimmy's tone.

Entering the kitchen, Tom grunted a greeting to his wife, Ruth, who looked up from the oven, where she was inspecting an apple pie. He paused by the sink and silently drained a glass of water.

"Anything wrong?" asked Ruth.

"No, I just feel all tired out. And I don't know why. It was a fairly easy day at the shop." With another lusty swig of water, Tom added: "I seem to be thirsty all the time."

"Any trouble at the shop?" Ruth persisted.

"Oh, no real trouble," said Tom. "I did have a little run-in with one of the guys — I guess it was all my fault. I don't know why, but all week I've been running to the toilet so often that Bill O'Brien said it'd save a lot of time if they'd just move my work bench into the washroom. You're supposed to take that sort of kidding, but for some reason I snapped back and nearly bit Bill's head off."

"That's too bad," said Ruth. "It's just because you didn't feel good."

"I suppose so," Tom agreed. "But I guess the boys have got me tagged as a number one grouch. . . . I don't think I'm really a sorehead."

"Of course not! You go in and lie down a while till I finish dinner."

Ruth's summons a little later found Tom on the davenport, glancing over the sports headlines but not caring much who was touted to win or lose the upcoming World Series.

Daughter Sally, who had been doing her homework in her room, joined the others at the table, ready to unfold her budget of news of the day's doings at junior high. After some preliminary reports about the new hair-do adorning the English teacher, and a description of the cookies baked in cooking class, she had another thought.

"Oh, Mother," she said, "Mr. Priest told us in assembly about some health tests they're going to have. He says we all ought to be tested for something called — I forget its name. I'll get the booklet that tells about it."

Dashing out, Sally returned a moment later and handed Ruth a folder carrying in

large type the words, "DIABETES: Check — Facts."

"If it's okay with our parents we can have the test at school," Sally explained. "The school nurse told us not many youngsters have this — this —"

"Diabetes," Ruth interjected, turning the page.

"Yes, diabetes," continued Sally. "Not many of us kids are likely to have it, Miss Burns says, it comes more often in older folks, but it's a good idea for anyone to find out early."

Ruth was reading as Sally chattered on. "Tom, isn't diabetes what your Aunt Mary has?" she asked.

"The doctor told her she might have it, but she thought she knew more than he did and wouldn't have a thorough examination. The family thought she ought to get her weight down, too, but she wouldn't diet. She's just gone from bad to worse."

"Listen to this, Tom," Ruth said, reading from the pamphlet:

"The most usual symptoms of diabetes are increase in thirst, constant hunger, frequent urination, loss of weight, itching, easy tiring, changes in vision, slow healing of cuts and scratches."

The last phrase made Tom look at an adhesive bandage on his wrist, covering a minor scratch received at work a week ago.

"What does all that make you think of?" Ruth asked.

"Huh?" said Tom. "You mean — I have been terribly thirsty, and I do get tired awfully easy, and that cut on my wrist isn't healing the way it should. Do you suppose — Oh, no, I couldn't have it; I'd have known long ago."

"Don't be too sure," said Ruth. She read again:

"Some people have diabetes without any symptoms at all for a long time. That is why it is wise for everybody to be tested periodically."

She continued: "Farther down it says, 'The chances you will get diabetes are greater if you are related to known diabetics.' That might mean Aunt Mary."

Sally sat silent through this discussion — worried and a little guilty at having brought the subject up. But Jimmy spoke up:

"Do you mean Pop's sick with diabetes?"

"He might be — we can't be sure," said Ruth.

A tear rolled down Jimmy's cheek. "Will he — will he — die?" he gulped.

Ruth jumped to her feet, put her arm around Jimmy's shoulders, and said:

"No, Honey, that's the good part about it. Listen to what else it says here: 'Diabetes can be controlled by diet and insulin.' It says too that a diabetic who takes care of himself can live a practically normal life, and that sometimes he can manage by diet alone. If he gets the treatment he needs and watches what he eats, he can work like anybody else and live like anybody else."

"And go fishing and play ball?" asked

Jimmy, with a try at a grin.

"Sure," said Tom and Ruth in unison. And Ruth added: "Tom, I think you ought to have an examination right away."

Tom added: "I guess you're right. I remember now there was a poster on the way to the plant today about Diabetes Week — the middle of November — something about tests at a clinic. I didn't read it very carefully, but I will tomorrow. And Sally, you'd better have that test at school. If there is diabetes in the family, you might have it and the sooner we know it the better. That goes for you, too, Jimmy. If your school isn't in on this, we'll take you to Doc Parker for a checkup."

A week later the results of the checking were in. Sally's and Jimmy's tests were happily negative, but in view of the family history, further checks at least once a year, or sooner, were advised for them.

Tom's initial test showed sugar in the urine, and when he saw Dr. Parker for a more thorough examination, his case was diagnosed as diabetes, still in the early stages, readily subject to control. He started at once on a diet with less sugars and starches, designed to cut down his overweight. The physician was watching him to see whether insulin injections should be needed to supplement the diet.

Already Tom was feeling better — though he did miss potatoes and pie. As for the additional part of the doctor's prescription — ample exercise to help his body work off the excess sugar in his system — well, Jimmy was able to attend to that, with his demands for games of pass and hikes and fishing, all of which began again to seem like fun to Tom, rather than unwelcome chores.

Tom Walters — one more man who, like a million other Americans, had been an "undetected diabetic" — now knew what his trouble was, and was well on the way to resuming a normal, active mode of life.



The WILDCAT

This is the vicious type — the snarler who hates everything on the road, most of all you. He fancies himself as the world's one and only real hep driver, and regards all others as dopes. A special hex on him!

NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

(Continued from Page 3)

three hundred miles per hour, as they sent him all navigation tables for airplane navigation!

Days pass uneventfully and we hit the Azores on the nose at exactly 0219, January 29. The "Old Man" runs a happy ship!

To you, my friends, who sympathize with me concerning Greek food, thanks ever so much. Lobster salad, fresh snapper, green salad, as only a Greek can make it, coco-cola, plenty of solid foods for solid men. Yes it gets a bit boring, but even same when home. In the old days when one Greek met another they opened a restaurant, now they start a steamship line!

The indomitable model builder, Theologos Couvaris the Second Officer, fixes glasses, wrist watch bands and is the only person, other than my wife, who can do so much with so few tools: an old beat-up pair of pliers and a bent screw driver, brother!

Monday afternoon at 1550 hours we pass thru the Straits, and on port to the North stands "Gib the Roc" (Rock of Gibraltar) slowly crumbling. It was only recently 600 tons fell off into the sea, but there is still a lot of rock left.

With the exception of both the Chief Engineer and the Guarantee Engineer splitting their respective heads open on one certain valve stem, the health of the crew is fine. Most springing from a hardy race in whose veins sailor's blood has flowed thru the ages. The Greeks were sailing ships before America was ever thought of.

Yesterday I signed on the ship's articles for the staggering sum of one cent per voyage or trip, I don't recall which. The Chief Mate wanted me to sign for one dollar per month but I explained I didn't want it to get around I was making this trip to circumvent income taxes.

I look forward to some good, old, salty, deep-sea yarns as soon as the Captain gets caught up with his paper work. Nothing like making out forms, red tape and everything to make an "Old Salt" go soft.

Saturday afternoon we slide into the outer harbor of Port Said in hopes of joining the midnight convoy through the Suez Canal, then on to Kuwait. . . Strange sounding names of far-away places, or is it 'Far away places with strange sounding names'?

Greetings from Port Said!

THE ANCIENT MARINER

A man bought a cigar and started to light it. "Didn't you notice the sign?" asked the salesgirl.

"What?" exploded the customer. "You sell cigars in here but you prohibit smoking?"

The salesgirl smiled sweetly: "We also sell bath towels."

Policeman: "Have you any explanation for wandering about at this time of the night?"

Reveller: "Look here, if I had an explanation I'd have gone home to the wife hours ago!"

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing; others judge us by what we have done.

FOR LANDLUBBERS (And an Editor)

By George S. Blair

Nautically speaking, a ship is a vessel with 3 masts, all "square rigged". This means that the sails are set upon yards which are at right angles or "square" to the keel of the vessel. When the spars (gaffs & booms) lie along the line of the keel, the vessel is said to be "fore and aft rigged" or "schooner rigged".

The "Flying Cloud", mistakenly called a schooner in February's OUR YARD, actually was a full rigged clipper ship, circa 1847, designed and built before the era of split upper sails. Clipper was the name of a class of early fast, full rigged sailing ships originating in the Chesapeake Bay area. Later it applied to much larger, fast vessels of the full rigged class. Below is a sketch of a full rigged ship of that time and another of a typical schooner.

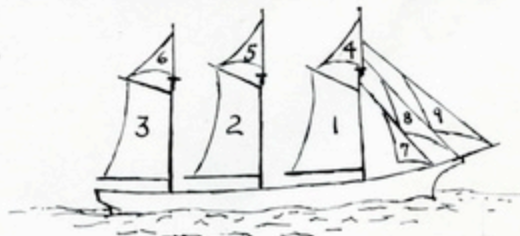
A FULL RIGGED SHIP (CIRCA 1847)



SAILS OF A FULL RIGGED SHIP

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1- FORE SAIL | 6-MAIN SAIL | 11- SPANKER |
| 2- FORE TOPSAIL | 7-MAIN TOPSAIL | 12-MIZZEN TOPSAIL |
| 3-FORE TOP-GALLANT SAIL | 8-MAIN TOPGAL'NT SAIL | 13-MIZZEN TOPGAL'NT SAIL |
| 4-FORE ROYAL | 9-MAIN ROYAL | 14-MIZZEN ROYAL |
| 5-FORE SKYSAIL | 10-MAIN SKYSAIL | 15-MIZZEN SKYSAIL |
| | 16-JIB SAIL | |
| | 17-OUTER JIB | |
| | 18-FLYING JIB | |

A TYPICAL THREE-MASTED SCHOONER



SAILS OF A SCHOONER

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1- FORE SAIL | 6- MIZZEN TOPSAIL |
| 2- MAIN SAIL | 7- INNER JIB |
| 3- MIZZEN SAIL | 8- OUTER JIB |
| 4- FORE TOPSAIL | 9- FLYING JIB |
| 5- MAIN TOPSAIL | |

OUR YARD GOES TO PRESS



LEFT TO RIGHT: Bob Wilson, 38 Dept.; Peggy McKinney, Office Chatter; Bill Spencer, of John Spencer, Inc.; Mike Znacko, Jr. and Mike, Rod and Gun and 74 Dept. Bulletin; "Fireball" Bentley, 59 & 60 Depts.; and Earl Holtz, foreman of letter press operations.

By Bob Wilson

If you are one of the reporters who every month hands in reports, pictures and scraps of news from your respective departments, no doubt you have often wondered "just what happens to the articles we submit, after we hand them in?" The only thing we see is the finished product, compiled, edited, and printed in the form of OUR YARD magazine.

An excellent opportunity was afforded reporters interested, to answer the above question on February 3rd. A group of your fellow reporters braved the coldest night of winter to get a first hand report on how OUR YARD goes to press.

Despite getting off to a late start, due to our editor's car not wanting to percolate in the cold, the group comprised Peggy McKinney — Office Chatter, "Fireball" Bentley — 59 and 60 Departments, Mike Znacko and his son, Mike, Jr., who, when not attending State College gives dad a hand with Rod and Gun features and 74 Dept. Bulletin. Also in attendance were photographer, Art Knott, and Yours Truly from 38 Dept.

The group met at the printing plant of John Spencer, Inc., and with Bill Spencer as guide, was conducted on a tour of the entire plant. Every step was covered thoroughly: from where the type is made of molten lead with the linotype machines; how these sticks, becoming columns are locked into page forms with cuts (blocks of wood supporting the copper, zinc or magnesium plates which print the pictures); where these pages go in the bed of the 8 page or 16 page presses; the "make ready" (a demanding job of pasting tissue behind the paper so that the ink prints uniformly); how the presses operate; how the big printed sheets are folded, stitched (stapled) and sheared on three sides in the bindery into a finished magazine.

This is the letterpress process. We also

discussed offset printing (wherein the ink transfers from the image photographed on a cylindrical sheet of zinc to a sheet of rubber, then onto the paper) while examining the Spencer's new two-color press.

I would like to take this opportunity on behalf of all the group attending, to thank everyone responsible for arranging this interesting tour, especially Bill Spencer, and the foreman, Earl Holtz, for their kind hospitality and patience in answering all our questions. We all came away with a much clearer concept of just what it takes to make a finished copy of OUR YARD.

To those who could not attend, let us say, "if the opportunity ever presents itself again, don't pass it up. It is well worth the time and effort to see OUR YARD go to press."



The G.I. from Brooklyn was on maneuvers in Oregon. Finding that he had a few minutes to himself, he strolled out into the nearby woods and returned with several rattlesnake rattles.

"Where in the world did you get them?" asked a scared pal.

"Easy," replied the boy from Brooklyn. "I got them off some big worms."

Juniors



LOIS, 3, with her brother JOSEPH 8 mos., are the children of Aubrey DeDarlo of 59 Department.



ROBERT W. MASSCOTTE, 10 years, is the son of Al Masscotte of 34 Dept.. Robert is a 5th grade pupil at the Horace Mann School.



JOANN LOGUE is the daughter of Jack Logue of 33 Department and niece of Mary Logue of Payroll Dept.

Capital Expenditure 200-Ton Press

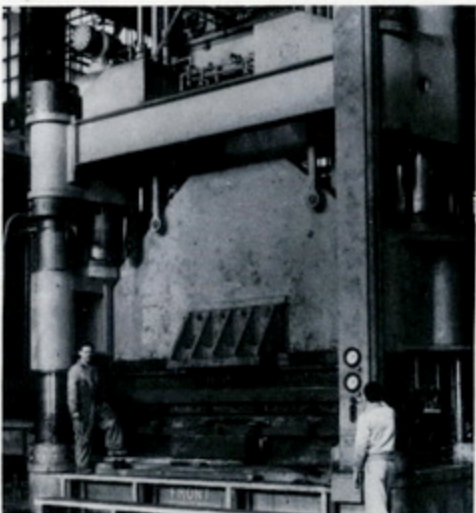
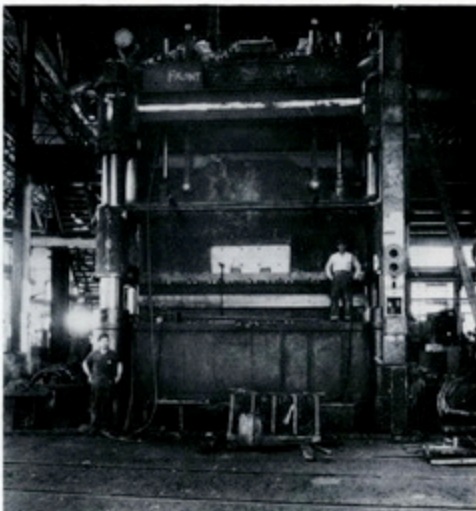
By Howell Chetty

"New Look" in Hydraulic Presses shows our 2000 ton capacity self-contained unit now installed in the Boiler Shop, 30 Dept. This new press was designed by Watson-Stillman, fabricated, machined and assembled in our Wetherill Plant.

The new press fills the gap between light and heavy gauge cold pressing. Formerly it was necessary when cold pressing plates of several thicknesses to use two or more presses because one plate might require 100 tons and another require 300 tons to form. Now we can press at either with one (adjustable) press.

When the new plate heating furnace is installed and put into operation, the plate thicknesses that can be hot pressed will be increased and the full use of the press obtained.

The pictures show the press being assembled in the Wetherill plant, the foundation, and completely erected press in the Boiler Shop.



YOUR MERCHANT MARINE

25 FREE TRIPS

for American
High School Students
on American Ships



to winners
of
Propeller
Club



ESSAY CONTEST

Subject:

AMERICAN SHIPS
- for TRADE, TRAVEL
and DEFENSE

(Closes March 31, 1955)

Contact your local PROPELLER CLUB or write
PROPELLER CLUB of the U.S., - 17 Battery Place, N.Y.

OUR YARD



By Eddie Werts

This column wishes to extend on behalf of the Wetherill Plant their deepest sympathy to Mr. Samuel Lewis and family upon the passing of their daughter, Anna, February 6th. . . . 'Tis odd how stories slip out months after they happen. Take the Blake, Holmes, Kosmider deer hunting expedition. Kosmider and Blake after a stiff two mile climb straight up the mountain, sat on a log to rest. While sitting there a big buck came up and almost sniffed them. When they reached for their guns, he took off with never a shot fired! When we asked where Holmes was, we were told he was back at the "Old Man's Home" (Blake's cabin) all outta puff before Blake and Kosmider started out.

Bill Doran is wondering what he did over a past weekend; when he opened his Monday's lunch bag he found a big bag with nothing in it. . . . Abie Evetts after reading last month's item said "I don't know this other fellow." So we introduced Abe to Jack Gillespie. Of course, they have known each other for years but not by name. Jack said to Abe "I just learned your name on New Years Day." Abe wanted to know what Jack was doing here New Years Day. Had to explain that "Bush" Gillespie was Jack's cousin. As we left they were talking to each other; not to themselves!

Congratulations are in order to Bob Gilman whose wife presented him with a 9½ lb. baby boy, Master Mark Gilman, on February 9th. . . . J. Ashton asked Len Ambler for his comb so he could tidy his hair for his thirty year service pin picture. Len said, "I'll loan you the rag I polish mine with but no comb. . . . Found a note informing me Herbie Hughes, now that jitney service is slack, will paint your house, whitewash your chicken coop, if you are not too particular — but you must furnish the ladder. Herb, after you dust off last years excess cabbage seeds, don't forget to space those rows so you can use that new equipment this year!

Don Weidner and Bill Kaufman are going to send for a correspondence course on

raising peas, corn and coffee. Jack Gillespie must think they will do well because he is peddling coffee grinders in West Chester now. Boy, what a trio! . . . Have another mystery! Does anyone know why Weidner was passing out cigars with a big smile? He will not talk, so we are still wondering. . . . A fellow told me he didn't know Miller was Chinese until he showed up with a new jacket on Chinese New Years. . . . Jacks are used to open a poker game, fix flat tires; but Mussels Bunzel will tell you what else they'll start. . . . Joe Esser dropped in for a visit after a two month trip to St. Petersburg, Florida where Joe said his boy was teaching him to fly. "I can do it, too" said Joe. Nice going at 71 years Joe, we hope you enjoy many more!

Since a certain fellow purchased a 30 foot boat with 11 foot 6 inch beam, plus a 120 h.p. inboard engine called the "Joan Ann," we'll have to forget the "Bill" and call him "Capt. Kauf" from now on. Wish you lots of luck, a boat full of fish and calm seas, "Captain." . . . Now that Bill Emsley has fished all the Delaware lakes and has not caught that trophy fish for his den, he is turning to conservation. He's going to renovate and dam a lake which will be privately stocked and cared for along with a few other fellows. Going to raise that trophy yourself, Bill?

Now that Jack Rowe has retired the boys are wishing him the best of health so he can raise bigger and better tomatoes. But don't forget, Jack, drop around and let's hear from you! . . . Suggestion to Mrs. Doran — give Bill a can of applesauce, for everytime he gets a good apple he beats it with a hammer before eating it. Applesauce would conserve his energy and he'd have the same thing. . . . Taylor wound up with a '55 Chevie and after 130 miles of driving had to get it towed in. How's that song go, "A helluva engineer?" . . . Bill Brengman finally receive his '55 Plymouth after waiting two and a half months for it. Happy miles, Bill.

Karl Lutz is practicing to be a "father-in-law." His daughter will marry a lawyer from Washington on May 14th. We extend our best wishes to the happy couple. . . . Jimmy A., because of his perfect perennial record, claims the presidency of our "Dog House Club." Any future applicants will report to him. . . . M. Cherry said "I made news last night, February 8th, became a grandpoo again. It's a baby girl, 7 lbs. 12 ozs." We are just waiting for the name, the picture and the cigars now, Cherry!

No sponsor for Jack Grant yet, but our "disc jockey" is still doing well. Some day he may have the "4 Aces" on his show. What say, Jack? . . . No fellows, it was just a coincidence Mr. White had his picture taken with a coconut. Ours had a face, his contained milk, so quiet!



By Harold Baker

We would like to extend our deepest sympathy to the family of Bill Yocum. Bill was with us for quite a few years before he left our group because of poor health. We were all saddened at the news of his recent death.

Your reporter recently paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Burke. I am happy to report they are both in pretty good health, and in fine spirits. They are always glad to have their friends from the yard stop in and pay them a visit. . . . We hear that Messrs. Ward and Ondeck are called the Cold Dust Twins on the 2nd shift.

Deacon Bitterlich seldom wears gloves and his hands always stay warm. Paul Davis can give you a good reason why the Deacon has warm hands. . . . Bob Clay, the little rebel from down in Kentucky, has returned to our yard. He was in the Yankee army for several years. The army life must have agreed with Bob as he is now big enough to wrestle with old man Hubert. Joe had better watch his step now!

Someone asked how it was that Bill Jones only has half a mustache. This is a good question and the answer must be that Bill shaves before he is fully awake in the morning. . . . Adrian McGovern is working with Joe Hubert these days, and when Joe gets through teaching him he will outwhizz the famous Whizzer, Charlie Smith!

A traveling salesman wrote three letters to his boss demanding an increase in pay, but received no answer. Finally in desperation, he sent this telegram:

"If I don't get a raise in two weeks, count me out."

Back came this wire:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten."

Main Office Girls Honor Sue Witmer



By Peggy McKinney

The girls of the main office put on their party dresses and went to dinner Thursday evening, February 10, at the Hotel Clubhouse in honor of Sue Witmer, Payroll Dept., who is now retired. Sue received an orchid when she arrived and was quite surprised by the whole affair. After dinner, Mr. David Owens and the men from Payroll Dept. joined the group to witness Sue's pleasure when she was presented a diamond wrist watch and a silver watch band. Andy turned out to be the life of the party and stole the show when he danced out the door with the floral centerpiece. Everyone enjoyed discussing the good old days in North Yard with Mildred Jones, Jane Pryzwitowski and Vera Burch, all formerly of Payroll Dept.

Seems good to welcome back Mary Jane Bedford to Cost Dept., Jean Floyd to Key-punch, Betty Ebert to Purchasing, and to say hello to Florence Calhoun of Stenographic, who is replacing Audrey Blossic. Audrey has left to take up her duties as a housewife and mother, so good luck in your new role Audrey!

Congratulations to Rita and Sally on becoming aunts to a beautiful little baby girl recently. . . . Wes Salmons, Sis Bonneville, Elaine Darling and Elaine Littwin are now on 2nd shift in Tabulation. We sure do miss them on first shift. Hope the feeling is mutual. . . . Our sincere sympathy is extended to the family of Carl Flammer of Payroll Dept., who died February 4, after having suffered a stroke in September. Carl will long be fondly remembered by all who were fortunate enough to have worked with him.

Everyone seems destined to have a bout with the gripe this winter. Tess Dragan, Dorothy Cauley and Jerry Bruggeman are the latest ones to recover and are not feeling too well yet. Hope Nell Drain and Helen



PEG McKinney shown presenting gift from associates.

Schmidt are soon out of the hospital and well on the road to recovery.

Doris Cowan and Dot Nuttall are making good use of the new bowling balls they received for Christmas, and now that Elaine Faddis has been presented with a new ball we'll be looking for lots of good scores from her. . . . Kas Coonan, Peggy McKinney and Mildred Jones recently went to visit Jane Pryzwitowski in her new home. Jane now has two lovely children and a home she can well be proud of. Of course, the refreshments served were wonderful and a swell time was had by all.

What we all want to know is, when are we going to see Jane Heavy driving her new fire engine red Plymouth? With all the bad weather we have had since she got it I guess she's wondering too!

"Doctor," said the worried wife, "my husband has been blowing smoke rings through his nose, and I'm very worried about it."

"But, Madam," said the doctor, "that's nothing to be alarmed about. Many smokers do that."

"I know, doctor," said the wife, "but my husband doesn't smoke."

AN ODE TO THE DELAWARE

In Scotland, I'm told the people's pride
Is that country's River Clyde.
In Italy it's the Po.

While in Germany the people say "Nein",
In Europe it's the River Rhine,
No other stream is quite so fine,
That, everyone should know.

Since that's a European affair,
Let's direct our attention to the Delaware,
The River George Washington made famous.
Now, if we seem inclined to boast
While trying to write an appropriate toast
To the busiest river on the Atlantic Coast,
We doubt that you can blame us.

May the Delaware River forever flow,
May the industries on its banks continue to grow,
And the people be happy and gay,
May the tugboats continue their daily wrestles
With supertankers and cargo vessels;
Urging them under the river's bridges and trestles
While docking them day by day.

May God help us in Delaware Valley, U.S.A.
Show the rest of the country the way
To love and respect our neighbor.
That America may some day be
Truly the land of the noble free,
Where all the people from sea to sea,
May enjoy the fruits of their labor.

William T. Whitaker
59-1100

ST. PATRICK

Contributed by Dick Clendening

Ireland was an island that had not been invaded by the Romans and which had developed a high pagan civilization. Yet it was made an "Isle of Saints" by St. Patrick who brought Christianity and became that country's patron saint.

St. Patrick wrote a little history of himself and informs us he was born in the last part of the fourth century in a village, which seems to be the town of Kilpatrick at the mouth of the River Clyde in Scotland near Glasgow. His father was a Roman citizen and his mother, a niece of St. Martin of Tours, was a Briton.

At the age of 16 Patrick was captured by Irish pirates and carried to Ireland, where he was sold into slavery. His master put him to work tending herds and flocks. It was while thus occupied that his thoughts turned to God. He tells us that while tending the flocks he sometimes prayed as often as a hundred times a day. As his sixth year of captivity was drawing to an end, he was told in a vision that it was his mission to bring the Irish into the true fold.

For many years he preached among the people of Ireland, converting almost the entire population before his death. Besides preaching he founded many monasteries and schools of learning. He is said to have founded 365 churches there. He died in 493 A.D. at the venerable age of 106 and has been honored in America since the first days of our nation. There are many dinners and meetings, but perhaps the most notable part of the observance is the annual St. Patrick's Day Parade on 5th Avenue in New York city.



By Mike Znachko

John L. Ogden, our Fire Marshal, informs us that 1798 home fires resulted from children playing with fire this past year. He asks these simple questions. HOW would you answer them?

- (1) Are matches kept in metal containers away from children?
- (2) Do you instruct your children as to the danger of playing with fire?
- (3) Are your children allowed to play at the kitchen range?
- (4) Is proper supervision provided at birthday parties, etc., when candles are in use?

DON'T LET YOUR HOME BECOME A FIRE STATISTIC.

A prominent statesman once said "The right combination of words will open more doors than a thousand keys".

One of our up and coming mail boys has offered us the suggestion to read the interesting new novel "Tragedy on the Cliff" by "Eileen Dover". Bright boy! . . . It has been brought to our attention that Vic Pajan, veteran chipper of 47 Dept., has been sounding the drums over his championship title which he attained in the shuffleboard contest held at the Polish-American Club recently. Rumors also have it that Vic is doing considerable chest pounding and is constantly belaboring forth a challenge to take on all comers.

A loud and vociferous controversy is being waged between several LOCAL citizens and various taxpayers of the State of Delaware over the methods and type of shot used in the taking of deer in their respective states. YUP! the deer continue to pile up and the blood is flowing freely.

Willie The Wise Owl says . . . If you want to test your memory, try to recall the things that worried you last Monday.

Pete Hilferty, Charles Wright, Frank Cowan, Tom (Coke) Bell and James Kerrigan comprised this department's delegation to join the throngs in paying tribute to Chester's Finest at the 33rd Annual Policemen's Ball which was held at St. Hedwig's Auditorium, Friday, January 21.

The many friends and fellow employees of Harry (Bones) Risley, of 59 Dept., were deeply moved to learn of his sudden death on Saturday, January 22. Prior to his passing away, Harry resided at 239 E. 4th St., Chester. To those who survive him we extend our "Most Sincere Condolences".

This reporter and "The Missus" attended the concert that was rendered by the Blind Artists at the Masonic Temple, Monday, January 24.

The Supervision and Personnel of this department take this means to extend their "Most Sincere Wishes" for many long years of peaceful and contented retirement to Lew



THOMAS BELL — 74-176

Thomas (Coke) Bell was born in Chester, in the fall of 1902, the son of Edward and Marie Bell. He attended the Chester Public Schools, graduating from the Chester High School. Upon completing his studies, he entered the employ of Sun Ship as a Heater and passer Boy in 55 Dept., giving him the distinction of having worked on the first boat to be constructed in the yard. It was during this period that he was aboard the "Neponset" as a member of the launching crew, when the vessel was rammed in mid-stream by a ship of foreign registry, immediately after it had skidded down the shipways on July 4, 1918.

With the exception of several lack-of-work periods, he remained with Sun Ship until 1925 when he resigned to accept a position with the Armstrong Linoleum Co. of Lancaster, Pa. Later he became caddy-master at the Springhaven Country Club. In 1935 he returned to Sun Ship as a helper in 47 Dept., later transferring to 74 Dept. as a toolroom attendant. During the busy years he was advanced to a Machinist position and later attained the rank of Leader, being placed in charge of the North Yard Toolroom, 2nd Shift. As the work program was curtailed, he reverted back to his former position as a Toolroom attendant—a position he holds at the present time.

In 1933 he met and courted the very attractive Miss June Sodosge of Chester, and was married in St. Robert's Church of Chester. They are the proud parents of two daughters, Mrs. Sandra Wilson, who recently joined her husband, a member of the Armed Services stationed at Texarkana, Texas; and June, a sophomore in Ridley Township High School.

Tom is affiliated with the St. Rose of Lima Church in Eddystone; and in recognition of his fearless and diligent services as a fireman (above and beyond the call of duty) he was elected to Honorary Membership in the Good Will Fire Co. of Chester. He is an ardent sportsman and although his creaking bones have compelled him to forgo the arduous sport of gunning, he continues to participate in Salt Water Angling. He is an avid baseball and professional football fan,

and can repeat the scores of various teams all over the nation. Coke resides with the "Missus" and daughter, June at 334 South Morris Ave., Penn Hills. His witty and humorous disposition, along with his lengthy term of diligent service, has made Tom "One Good Guy" among the Shipyard personnel.

from column 1

(Old Mose) Mously, who had his name entered on the voluntary retirement list, Friday, January 28. Good luck, Mose!

The Rufus Ingram homestead was the scene of much hilarity Tuesday evening, February 1, as the boys gathered to celebrate the birthday anniversary of Harry Reed. Frank Cowan was master of ceremonies, while Jim Pidcock was "Chief Dispenser" of the liquid refreshments.

It is with regret that we record the death of Elizabeth DeNight, wife of Joseph E., veteran chipper of 55 Dept., who passed away at the Chester Hospital Monday, January 24, after several days illness. Prior to her death, she resided with her husband and family at 106 W. 24th St., Chester. Funeral services for the deceased were held at the Melvin I. Minshall Funeral Home, Friday, January 28th, with interment at Lawn Croft Cemetery. To the members of the bereaved family we extend our "Most Sincere Condolences".

"Sincere Condolences" are also extended to Patrick McHale of 47 Dept., on the death of his wife, Anna, who passed on to her reward at her home recently. To those who survive her we convey our "Most Heartfelt Sympathy."

Israel Benn, of No. 2 Way Toolroom, has resumed his duties after being confined to his home with a siege of illness. . . . William Ferrell responded to the sound of the trumpet and reported for active duty after a lay-off of several months. . . . Diplomatic relations between Mert Neiman, 33 Dept. Crane Operator, and the various officials of a local bus company are somewhat strained over the test of solidarity which occurred between Neiman's new car and one of the bus company's vehicles in mid-town Chester recently.

It is with sorrow that we report the death of William J. McGlynn, veteran employee of the Sheet Metal Shop, who passed away at his home, Friday, January 28. Prior to his death, he resided at 404 Wilson St., Chester. Funeral services were held for the deceased Tuesday, February 1, at Resurrection Church, with burial at Immaculate Heart Cemetery. To those who survive him we convey our "Sincere Condolences".

With regret we report the death of Stanley Zlobik, veteran pipefitter of 34 Dept., who passed away at his home, Tuesday, Feb. 8. Prior to his death he resided at 125 Talbot Ave., Holmes. We extend to the members of the bereaved family our "Sincere Condolences".

*Lovely lady dressed in blue
Teach me how to pray,
God was just your little boy,
And you know the way.*

Anon

Contributed by
Gerald Eams, 33 Dept.

Sun Ship Employees Pay Tribute to Crozer Hospital

Just a few weeks ago, we had occasion to visit the Crozer Hospital to visit several of our fellow employees who were confined at the institution at the time. Our patients were so impressed and grateful for the kind, generous treatment accorded them, by the hospital staff, that they petitioned this writer (through the intervention of Bill Styer of 84 Dept.) to express their heartfelt gratitude through *Our Yard* to which we agreed. However, our own observations made such an overwhelming impression upon us, that we feel it appropriate to include our thoughts in the article.

As we entered the institution, we felt a sort of hallowed influence playing over us. HERE was a great work being done in the cause of humanity. A quiet work with no fanfare of trumpets to herald it. It gave us a warm feeling to visit this place, and see the appreciation on the faces of people being helped.

As we wandered through the wards, we noted too, various expressions of distress on some patients. They were expressions of despondency. Such expressions are only wrung from the hearts of those who have reached the limit of their endurance. Of a truth, it seemed that some had reached their wits end, such as the Hymn writer knew when he penned "Other refuge have I none, hangs my helpless soul on Thee!" Watching the white uniformed nurses flitting to and fro, I saw in these Angels of Mercy the greatest force for peace and goodwill in the world. Women with a realization of the value of life and the precious quality of the individual.

Arriving at our destination, we entered the sick room of Bill Styer of 84 Dept., who had gone under a serious operation, to behold another scene which impressed us tremendously. We observed Mr. Stafford Parker, Postmaster of Wallingford and a roommate of Styer, comforting Bill in his distress. Moot testimony of the fact that man is still imbued with the spirit of human brotherhood.

Sincere and grateful thanks are hereby conveyed for the Sun Ship employees confined at the institution, for the hospital's humane and Christian efforts toward their welfare. First, they render their grateful thanks to Almighty God for the deliverance of these, his servants, and from their bodily illness. They extend their thanks to Dr. John Bennett, Supt. of Crozier Hospital, for his grave concern over the comfort and well-being of the patients. They convey their thanks to the entire nursing staff for their kind, gentle and loving care during hours of distress. They extend thanks to the dietitians, X-ray technicians, maintenance staff and all others for their courteous and unselfish services during their confinement.

In rendering these thanks they offer this Prayer,

"O most mighty and merciful God, in this time of grievous sickness, we flee unto Thee for succor. Deliver us, we beseech Thee, from our peril; give strength and skill to all

those who minister to the sick; prosper the means made use of for our cure; and grant that perceiving how frail and uncertain our life is, we may apply our hearts unto that heavenly wisdom which leadeth to Eternal Life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

MIKE ZNACIKO



DONALD A. DOWNES, son of Alvin Downes of 66 Dept., is a member of the U. S. Air Corps stationed at Fairfield, California.



By Joe McBride

Predictions: "Spring should arrive on or about March 21st." Grass seed and paint will soon be on display counters. Snow shovels will be put away in a safe place where they cannot be found next winter. Those who are old fashioned will be mixing "sulphur and molasses." Those who are new fashioned will be mixing "old fashions." Being a young man, my thoughts will turn to love. As Whistler said to his mother when he saw her scrubbing the floor, "Mom, you're off your rocker."

"Bush" Cochran, the kid in the yellow helmet, tells me his garden is still in the drawing stage. But I understand the plans show a row of bachelor buttons between the radishes and the onions, with a colorful border of beefsteak tomatoes and wax begonias. "Bush" hopes it will win first prize at the Flower Show this year.

Bill Beatty is spending the winter in the glorious sunshine of Florida. We hope that Mrs. Beatty's health is much improved by the time they return home. . . . "Bud" Boyer has purchased a new Buick. It is the newest style, designed especially for "Wolves." It winks its eyelids as it passes other cars on the road. And oh yes! it is now sporting a caved-in rear, it got too fresh with a Fairlane Ford during the recent icy spell.



By H. "Clovehitch" Sanborn

Quite a few of the boys are being called back to work again. It is good to see your old buddies. Hope you stay a long while boys. . . . The last severe cold spell sure took a lot out of the dry dock men. There is no colder place in the yard—I know! . . . Some men come in with black eyes, some with split lips and various other injuries. They always have a good explanation ready when asked. I wonder what Wahoo would say!

Spanola says every time he takes a gang out on a job every one is a potential leader; or acts like one anyway. He listens to them and then does the job his own way. . . . Your reporter had a split thumb for two weeks last month and was unable to write. Hence no news from 68 Dept.

Murtaugh just can't understand the overtime list. One week he is last on the list and should work the following weekend, but lo and behold, when said list comes out he is in the middle. He isn't the only one who doesn't understand. . . . Our best wishes for the recovery of Jane's wife. At time of writing, she underwent an operation in the hospital—by printing time we hope she is well on the road to recovery.

I see the Welders bowling team is very much improved in the second half. Keep up the good work, boys. Maybe the riggers are helping after all! . . . Van Horn's dredge is in for extensive repairs. He says when the dredge goes he goes with it, back to his old job. More power to you, Lavey! . . . It looks like this bitter weather has spoiled more than one perfect record for working consecutive days. Too bad, but you can't buck old man winter!

If Whitey would only assume the character of passiveness instead of the thundering herd, he might acquire the indulgence of respectability from his superiors. He is entirely too effervescent. Figure it out, Whitey!

February 8, 1955
Chester, Penna.

Dear Friends:

I want so much to express my sincerest gratitude for the blood donated to my husband by you people. The cost of this precious blood is great, so by your generosity the burden has been lightened.

Although my husband passed away, the gift of your blood helped him immensely during his last few days of life.

So again I want to thank everyone responsible for helping us in our time of need.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Clara Laird and family
919 East 14th Street
Chester, Penna.

(Deceased was brother of Mr. Crawford Laird)



By L. "Fireball" Bentley

This is the story of Stanley "The Helmsman" Ulkowski. This tale is a little out of season, but it does bear repeating. So let us go back to a foggy morning in the late Spring.

"Speck" Goudy and the afore mentioned Stanley were on their way down to the bay in "Speck's" boat. They were making good time because the tide was running out. The boat, and its crew of two, had passed Wilmington when "Speck" relinquished the wheel to Stanley so he could enjoy a little refreshment. Time passed by. It was still a little foggy. Captain Goudy happened to look over the side and to his utter amazement he saw they were no longer running with the tide but unmistakably bucking it.

He immediately went to the wheel and asked Stanley if he had turned the boat around. The answer was an emphatic "no"! But the compass couldn't be wrong. The boat was headed up the Delaware! Somehow, somehow, the wind and the current had turned the boat around in the river; and with the fog obscuring the mainland there was no way to know what had happened. From that moment on, the compass was watched closely so they would not land up at Morrisville.

So now you know the story true, of a little boat with its crew of two, who finally made it to the Bay so blue!

Deepest sympathies are offered to Pat McHale of 47 Dept. on the recent death of his beloved wife, Mrs. Patrick J. McHale, who died January 19th. . . . Sincere condolences are offered to the family of Stanley Zlobick, 34 Dept., Hangerman, who passed away recently. Stanley was born in Warsaw, Poland, 47 years ago. He came to this country at the age of 17. He was well known and liked throughout the yard. May their souls and the souls of the other faithful departed, through the mercy of God rest in peace.

Remember, it's only 18 inches from a pat on the back to a kick in the pants!

Would like Dave Moorhead, George Laird, Bill Styer, Mike Bonar and George Worst to know all the men are pulling to get you back on the job very soon. . . . Blair Gibbs of 46 Dept. and the Mrs. are the proud parents of a son, Jackson Blair Jr. Thanks for the cigar! . . . Bill "The Whistler" Bowen is back on the job again after a short absence. But his feet were never as warm as they are now, even during the recent cold snaps. Reason? He wears nylon stockings inside his wool ones. There is only one drawback. He states it is rather trying, keeping the seams straight.

"Tank Sniffer" Dell Morgan says that Tom "Ham Hips" Kelly reminds him of a Kill-ary squire coaching diggers on a peat bog, when he gives orders to the men on the Dry Dock. If you don't know what a peat bog is, all you have to do is see Joe Wood of 74 Dept., whose habitat is located in the Hose

Repair Tool Room under No. 1 Shipway. . . . Ever since St. Thomas Moore beat West in a football game last year (for the first time in eighteen years) there has been a very happy person in the Dispensary by the name of John O'Rangers. This writer found out that all his enthusiasm is not bestowed on the athletic program of the school, however. For instance, he was one of the organizers of the Father's Club; a former treasurer of same; and its president for the past two years. He is in demand as an after dinner speaker, this talent leading him to be M.C. at last year's Communion breakfast. Keep up the good work, John, Lots of luck to you and the "Thommies".



LOU MARTINI (middleman), formerly of 59 Dept., sent this picture of the "Martini Trio" to his pal Joe Trakin of 59 Dept. The trio is now appearing in Fairmount Park.

May Dame Fortune smile on you, but heaven forbid that her daughter Miss Fortune does!

Sam "The Tailor" Parncutt, of the Counters, reports that when H. Cooper of 55 Dept. came back to work recently, Bush Cochran gave "Coop" his old clothes back again. Bush had been wearing them to hunt in. This episode gave Bush a let down feeling which was quickly remedied by Dick Palmer, the chipper, who finally broke down and bought Bush that cup of coffee. Sam is still grinning!

"Smiley" Reds Graham mentions the fact that Les Coryell thinks a groundhog is some kind of ground up meat used in a type of hamburger. And that's some dehydrated baloney! . . . Joseph H. Proctor, that distinguished looking gentleman of 74 Dept., is about to lose his prominent nickname "Pocomo". In its place someone suggested "Plow Jockey", partly because Joe was born in the farming town of La Plata, Maryland. Right now Joe is making plans to search for some of his dad's old mining claims in and around Bisbee, Tucson, Phoenix and Jerome, Arizona. Good hunting, Joe!

Speaking of jockeys, Bill Cooper of 47 Dept. was the "Iron Horse Jockey" until he was dethroned by Norman "F. F." Garrett. The Iron Horse is the name given the fork lift piloted by that ever smiling Clem Desmond of 80 Dept. . . . As you know, Bill Styer spent a little time in the hospital recently. Believe it was the Crozer. Mike Znachko, of 74 Dept., heard about Bill and

sent him a card addressed to the Chester Hospital — and then to top it all off he goes there to see Bill. When Mike didn't return after awhile, the General called up Gerald Evans to see that Mike got home safely. Reminds me of "Wrong Movie" Briscoe of 58E.

If a man keeps on doing good, he will never have time for any trouble!

Buck "Shotgun" Deppner says he always sings in the bathtub. P.S. — Pete Sevick, that combination man, claims it's because Buck won't buy a new lock for the door. . . . Someone remarked that Henry Page Groton should have "Friendly" added to his name. Note — Page has acted like that ever since he saw "On the Waterfront".

Jess McDaniels, second shift burner, was heard to make the remark that he felt like a young colt. Whereupon Curly Willis of the Safety Dept. drawled in Western jargon "Wahl, pardner, that may be so, but yaw'll look like a warm out ole colt fitty five to me, pal". . . . Ernie Grieco, Joe Tyson and Gene Talley, the layout crew of 47 Dept., otherwise known as the Three Musketeers flew up on the deck of Hull 594 recently. Everyone thought they had received their flight orders after mentioning "Jarhead". Incidentally, Joe Tyson can't wait until the warm weather begins. We all know you have that itch to be out on the ballfield, Joe.

Not to be outdone by "Danny" Daniels, Jack Godo also joined the Polar Bear Club, by breaking the ice in a half tank of water, on February 4th in zero weather, to take a bath. By the way, Jack was working for Al "Suet" Schwartz that night. How come they call "Suet" and "Lover Boy" Henry, the "Squat-well Twins"?

Remember the only person who will listen to both sides of an argument is the person on your party line!

Ask Johnny Moore to tell you about Eddie Larsen and Willie Hamilton and their "girl friend, Pauline". Many is the tale to be told about that old wicker-topped Chevrolet. . . . Lou Martini, former welder and ex-leader, is doing quite well with his trio. Joe Trakin passes the word along that he is Hollywood bound. Keep up the good work, Lou. . . . Whether you go to the attic at home or at the seashore, you can find the darndest things in trunks. For example, "Big Pat", Jess McDaniels, "Bean Pole" Connors, etc.

Hear from a couple of boys in 67 Dept. that Major Palm is getting fat since going on the 3rd shift. Better start bowling again, Major! . . . Roy Moore of 60 Dept. and his wife recently celebrated their 32nd wedding anniversary. Understand they had a swell time. Many more happy anniversaries together, to the both of you. . . . A question was asked recently, "In what battle did a certain General cry, 'I now die happy'?" Jack "Oily" Boyle said, "That's easy, it was his last one!"

Some people are like a blotter. They soak up everything and then dish it all out backwards!

Why does "Coke" Bell, Boiler Shop tool room attendant, call "One Punch" Kerrigan, "Scrappe Head"? . . . Saw Sam Mason of 34 Maintenance the other day. His quips, and down to earth philosophy on life defi-

nately point out two of the prime requisites that make living really worthwhile — good health and above all happiness. So to everyone — Keep that chin up and smile. Remember, it takes about 20 more muscles to frown than to smile.

Jack Connors says "of all his wife's relatives, he likes himself the best!" . . . It was a Saturday and kind of miserable underfoot, and as the men were trudging to work a taxi-cab rounded the corner at 5th and Morton Ave. with someone in the back tipping his hat to those on foot as he rode by in grandeur. When this person stepped out of the cab at the Main Gate, it turned out to be none other than Elmer "Moe" Boulder of Dry Dock fame.

Elmer Palo of 59 Dept. spent a week end down on the farm below Dover, Delaware. Elmer states that a few people play golf for relaxation, but he would rather be down on the farm milking the cows. . . . "Lots of elderly women are interested in baby dolls", then Ben Good remarked, "show me a man who isn't interested, also!" . . . W. "Monk" Levegood told Harry Dongoel that Harvey "Middletown" Austin had been in the double-bottom so long that when his wife sees him coming she opens the cellar doors so he can jump in and feel at home. Say Johnny Orr, "Middletown" wants to know why they call you "Dockin Plug"?

To the driver — if you can't read a road sign that says "STOP", then please contact your undertaker and make some reservations for yourself!

Art Knott, that genial photographer, is now sporting a beautiful Mercury; vintage of '55. . . . On the eve of February 11th, after the snow had subsided and the moon peeked through, Joe Rusek made a trip to the parking lot to see if his car had much snow on it.

He went over and found the door had been snowed shut, glass and all, with sleet and snow. After attacking the door from all angles with various instruments and devices, he went to the Heating Plant and obtained a bucket of hot water. He poured it on the sleet and snow. It melted very readily. He opened the door which was not locked, looked in and saw seat covers. He was amazed! His car didn't have seat covers! He had freed a door on a car that wasn't his. It was Ben Good's. He found his own car and opened the door with no difficulty at all. Johnny Bresset suggested pennants to be flown at full staff for all 2nd shift cars to designate one from the other.

Remember, a man's best friend is that little black book with the name of the bank on the cover!

Harry Butler came down from lunch the other day, and entered the lobby to get his hat which had been placed on a hook. He took the hat off the hook and reached for the door. As he reached, the hat flew out of his hand. Someone had chained his hat by the band to the window. Harry is still trying to find out who did the job. The same as Ed LaCrosse is puzzled as to why and how his hat is never where he leaves it. Boy, those gremlins!

Would like to thank "Pappy" Jenkins for

obtaining the news and notes from the 2nd shift.

Last month some reporters of OUR YARD staff took a tour through the Spencer Printing establishment. As we wandered through the shop, many details of the intricate machinery, and the complete know-how of printing from the linotype machine, to the finished product was admirably given by that very affable gentleman, Bill Spencer. Those present included Peg McKinney, editor, John Hart, Mike Znachko, Mike, Jr., Bob Wilson, Art Knott and this reporter.

Until next month, so long and good luck!



MISS DOROTHY BAGBY, sister of Al Bagby, who has just completed her course as a Practical Nurse in Philadelphia.

INK SPOTS
FROM THE
HULL DRAWING ROOM

By C. J. Grauel

We welcome back Donald Ewing of Hull Structural, who has the honor of being the only one returning this month. . . . Betty Montgomery asked the sixty-four dollar question for the month: "What do the draftsmen use those crooked rulers (ships curves) for?"

If you were wondering why Frank Raeyer has that happy look, it could be that his girl friend is back working in the Maritime Building. . . . Henry McDermott became a granddaddy again. This one being a boy and named after him. . . . Jack Petchel who was with Hull Structural is now in Hull Technical.

Gastone Vettor, who acted as technical advisor for "The Happy Time", also played the part of the Geneva man in "Stalag 17" put on by the Barn Stormers of Ridley Park, February 10, 11 and 12. . . . Valentine Day didn't go amiss in the Drawing Room as Bob Filliben and Bob Scull received cards from a couple of misses.

Steve Slatowski and his girl friend celebrated their "wouldn't" anniversary last month. She wouldn't have him and he wouldn't have her!



By Al Bagby

Well, well, I just about made the deadline for this issue, but so many things were going on that I almost forgot. First there was the return of P. Foster, who had been on the sick list for about a month or more; and then there was the case of Big Mack getting new shoes. . . . you may not believe it but it's true — Jerry Meekins was walking around without a windbreaker — it must be spring!

F. Lester says that there are two fellows who he has been buying soup for going on six months or more. Well, Les, maybe when warm weather gets here they won't need soup, so you can relax. . . . It's nice at this time to see so many of our old friends back in the fold again, and we hope they will remain with us. . . . we see W. Barrett and Chappie stepping lightfooted around the yard. I guess they are getting in step for the Elks Parade which will be coming up real soon, so we will be watching for them at Atlantic City later on.

The Mighty Crews, (Silver Voice) Val Jones and Yours Truly went to Philadelphia on February 12th, to see Lena Horne at the Latin Casino. H. Wilson was to have gone with us but at the last minute he caught a cold and had to stay behind. But by now he knows he missed a swell affair, and I hope he can make the next trip with us. Keep your feet dry Harvey and perhaps you will be ready.

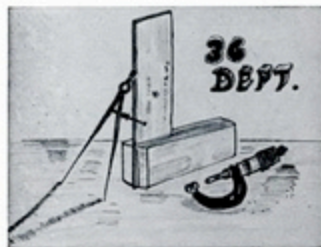
I have been asked on a few occasions to write a story for OUR YARD on the matter of sand blasting and the men who perform it. I have two good friends who are working with me, and I will have a full report on it the next issue.

The whole yard extends its sympathy to the family of Joseph Rothwell who worked on the 3rd shift before passing away on the 12th of February. . . . In this issue you will see a picture of my young sister who recently finished her training as a practical nurse. There is no reason for all of you to get sick at the same time. Someone must remain well in case she needs assistance.

"Now you see him, now you don't" McKay had better get some batteries for his flashlight or he will miss his step and find himself where there is some work to do, and won't he be surprised? . . . I was amused to see a picture of George Washington riding a horse. I have seen so many signs saying that Washington slept here I was beginning to believe that was all he ever did, but I guess I am wrong! (Ed. Note: Who ever crossed a river on a bed?)

Jack: "My wife is nagging, sloppy and doesn't understand me."

Mae: "When did you meet the other women?"



By Dick Clendening

We are happy to report that some of our buddies who were laid up last month, have recovered and are back on the job. A hearty welcome to "Darby" Welsh, "Alabama" Beard, Frank Soltis and "Farmer" Biebas. We trust their health will be better in the future. . . . Still disabled—we have George Laird, Dave Moorhead, and Lou Messick and are hopeful of their return to health being effected soon. . . . We are in receipt of a message from Mordie Flowers (84 Dept.) who is hospitalized at Hamburg. He is lonely and would like to hear from some of his old buddies here at Sun Ship—so what say fellows, to dropping him a note real soon.

Coming events of interest to 36 Dept. finds Les Jillson with a birthday coming up, and Webbie Shermans 25th wedding anniversary. Many happy returns, fellows! . . . Our thanks to Blair Gibbs, 46 Dept., for the fine cigars passed around on the arrival of Jackson Blair Gibbs, Jr., who arrived on January 29, weighing in at 7 lb. 12 oz. Congratulations and all good wishes.

During the prolonged cold spell, "Grandpa" Sherman reported for work wearing his flannel pajamas to keep his poor old legs warm. Les says the shop isn't cold—it's the men! . . . We think we now know why half the shop failed to show up for work on St. Valentines Day. Les Jillson on being chided for his absence explained that he never works on that day as he always stays indoors and plays kissing games with the Mrs. Says he couldn't answer the phone when it rang as they were playing post office. So, guess we can assume that others were similarly engaged on that day.

First time we can remember Whitey Burr (formerly the man who never forgets) neglecting to send his buddies their usual valentines. Too pre-occupied with the new car? Speaking of valentines, the shop gang got quite a kick out of looking at the collection of old valentines that Gavin Rennie brought in.

After looking at his picture in the February issue, the Farmer says that those dime store cameras like Webbie has can hardly be expected to take a good picture. . . . Congratulations to "Whitey" Burr on his new car. It remains to be seen whether it will compare favorably with the "Big Top". Who knows, it may develop into "Big Top the Second".

We wish to extend our deepest sympathy to the family of Frank Soltis on the death of

his father-in-law Elmer Boulden. Many of the old timers remember the Trainer, Pa. Boulden boys of some 45 years ago—Fred, Boulden, Cyrus and Elmer—all ball players of note, Elmer having played with the old American Steel Fdy's Team.

SPRING and THE KING OF THE WOOD

Spring, which is just around the corner, signifies a rebirth in nature which inspires man. From earliest times, Spring has marked the season of rebirth, the time when sap rises in the trees and all nature is waiting for that wonderful moment when "life is reborn in grass and flowers." This the Vernal equinox and to Christians and other cultures, down thru the ages and all over the world, it means something special.

It is sometimes astonishing to realize that rebirth presupposes a death. But the Spring Festivals of primitive people kept this thought well in mind. The pagan concepts of "spirits" led them to pageants expressing this cycle of death and life: since it was, for them, literally life or death whether the crops came in. The idea of death before life seems to suggest immortality.

The King of the Wood, which was a god-image had to be "killed" at the height of his power, not because he was no longer a benign influence but because his spirit should be released to a younger body. Had his spirit continued to dwell in an aging body, it felt it would eventually decay and thereby contaminate the rest of the vegetation. When the King of the Wood was "killed", his spirit was reactivated in the new growth of flowers and fruit and the best of the King of the Wood remained on earth. So death, even to the pagan, meant only death of the physical body and the festivals or masquerades that were popular in countries all over the world emphasized this fact.

In Bavaria, for example, the King of the Wood, or Pfingel, was a boy dressed in leaves and flowers and guarded by a troop of boys with wooden swords. At Whitsuntide, they walked through the village, stopping at various houses where the guards were to be given candies or cakes. While they waited, it was the part of the householder to try to empty a bucket of water over the leaf clad boy, and when he succeeded the guards were as overjoyed as the villager. The game ended when the King of the Wood waded into a stream and the boys "cut off his head" with their swords standing above him on a bridge. The variations of this theme were many, but always with the central thought that the old King must be killed before his spirit could animate new growth.

The "Wild Man" of Saxony was at the center of a similar festival, altho' he was fired upon with blank shells and having "dropped dead" was brought back to life with much ceremony. In some countries, the blood of chickens or other barnyard animals was smeared on the victim, or bladders containing such blood were attached to his waist, so that when he was "killed" the scene was gory enough to make an impression on even the simplest minds.

In Italy, in medieval times, it was the custom to burn the "Carnival", a figure in



WILLIAM BOULDEN WEAVER, 78, a life long resident of this area, died on January 15, 1955 following an illness of one year. Mr. Weaver formerly lived at 25 Beechwood Road, Parkside, Pa. He was employed as a pattern-maker at Sun Ship from 1922 to 1953 when he retired after 31 years service. Having formerly served as a Burgess of Parkside; he was a past president of the Parkside Fire Company and a honorary member of the Moxamensing Fire Co. Surviving are his wife, Annie B. Weaver; a daughter Mrs. Robert Acton and a son William C. Weaver.



ALFRED H. BRIGGS, retired Electrician Foreman, of 1001 Monroe St., Wilmington, Delaware, died on January 15, 1955. Mr. Briggs was a life long resident of Delaware, having been born there in 1881. He came to Sun Ship in 1918 and held the position of Electrician Foreman until 1947 when he retired because of ill health. Mr. Briggs is survived by his wife, Marian Briggs, a son, William M. Briggs and a daughter, Marian P. Briggs.

stucco, nine feet high mounted on a cart. This figure, dressed in finery, represented the sins of all and was drawn thru streets lined with jeering, laughing townsfolk. The event usually took place on "Dead Sunday"—the fourth in Lent—and the gaiety was augmented by casks of wine that were rolled along behind the cart, their contents dispensed free. After some hours, the figure was brought to a central spot, stripped of its garments and burned.

In Spain, Shrove Tuesday was celebrated with a figure known as Mardi Gras. This, too, was subjected to mock execution. In Normandy, an effigy of straw, as disreputable as possible, was created and dragged thru the streets until the moment came for it to be burned amid scenes of general rejoicing. The Estonians made a straw figure labeled the "wood spirit" and this was hung in the top of a tree in the wood, as a means of placating the spirit of new growth.

In Memoriam

Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company extends its sympathy to the families of the following employees who died during the months of January and February, 1955.

WILLIAM MCGLYNN, 51-54, 404 Wilson Street, Chester, Pa., who died on January 28, 1955.

CARL FLAMMER, 91-676, 640 So. Chester Road, Swarthmore, Pa., who died on February 4, 1955.

STANLEY ZLOBIK, 34-377, 125 Talbot Avenue, Holmes, Pa., who died on February 9, 1955.

JOSEPH WEICHERT, 42-42, 104 E. Jefferson St., Media, Pa., who died on February 10, 1955.

JOSEPH ROTHWELL, 67-682, 725 W. Mary Street, Chester, Pa., who died on February 12, 1955.

WILLIAM J. YOCUM, 34-164, 422 Spruce St., Darby, Pa., who died on February 12, 1955.



HARRY C. RISLEY, 60, of 239 E. 4th Street, Chester, Pa., died on January 22, 1955. Born in Atlantic City, N.J. in 1894, Harry started his trade as a welder with Sun Ship in 1936. Bowling and fishing were among his favorite sports. He is survived by seven sons, Horace, James, Harry, John, Milton, Layton, Paul and one daughter Jane.



FRED P. SCHECK, retired sheet metal worker, died at his home 719 W. 6th Street, Chester, Penna. on January 15, 1955. Born in Schuylkill Haven, Penna. in 1880, Fred attended the Penna. Soldiers' Industrial School at Scotland, Pa. where he learned the sheetmetal trade. He came to Chester in 1898 and was first employed by Roach's Shipyard as a shipfitter, then by the Navy Yard as a patternmaker and finally settled at Sun Ship in the Sheet Metal Shop where he accumulated 30 years of service before retiring in March of 1954. Fred was a member of Fraternal Order of Eagles, Chester Aerie No. 159. His favorite pastime was boating on his glass cabin boat "Lillian" from 1909 to 1922. He held license to operate 65 foot-15 ton vessels. Survivors include his wife, Florence Scheck and one son, Fred Scheck, Jr. and 3 grandchildren.



JAMES GALWAY, 66, of 414 E. State Street, Media, Pa., died suddenly on December 24, 1954, at the home of his daughter Mrs. Mary Matsunaga in N. Y. — four hours after he and Mrs. Galway arrived there for the Christmas Holidays. Born in Coleraine, Northern Ireland, he settled in U. S. in 1919 and became a member of the Sun Ship family in 1925. Jim worked as a first class machinist in 36 Dept. at the time of his death. Mr. Galway was a member of the Artisans and the Old Fellows, and his favorite pastimes involved photography and travelling. He and Mrs. Galway covered the United States and Canada in their travels. Survivors include his wife, Martha Galway, a daughter, Mary Matsunaga and three grandchildren.

Whether implied or stated, the thought was that once death was carried out, Spring could be begun. In England, and in other countries, once the old King of the Wood was dead, a young tree was brought from the woods, and decked with ribbons. This was the counterpart of the Maypole and the festivities might also include a King and Queen of the May. The earlier times "killing" of the King of the May in addition to the King of the Wood to insure abundant crops was later discontinued.

In Judaism, the Spring festival took on a new note because the Jews were released from 400 years of slavery in Egypt in that season, and "passed over" to a new land, and a new life. Their previous servitude was the period of death, and the feast of the unleavened bread signified rejoicing that they had escaped from bondage and were free men again. Hence the ceremonial meal of the Passover.

In the Christian religion the Last Supper stands for the triumph of life over death — the spirit over the frail human form. This emphasis of immortality and the resurrections of the spirit coincides with the rebirth of life in nature in the Spring season. It's a wonderful time to be alive when we give thought to our spiritual existence.

It is true that you may fool all of the people some of the time; you can even fool some of the people all of the time; but you can't fool all of the people all of the time. — Abraham Lincoln

In the Iron Curtain states it was the Socialist intellectuals who weakened the freedom of men by destroying free enterprise. Thus they furnished the boarding ladders by which the Communists captured the Ship of State. — Herbert Hoover



By "Whitey" Burr

It is reported that "Fireball" Bentley is doing his Easter shopping early. He was seen in the 5 & 10 stores last week. . . . Ann Smedley is thinking of going to Maritime School after going over to the wet basin and aboard one of the fine ships that was built in our yard. From all reports she almost signed up as one of the crew. Now we know why she has that rolling walk! . . . Gerald Evans tells us that my note in last month's book did bring some results. They now hope to get Morris Bullock off in time for work. . . . We all understand that "Vitamin Draper" of A Shop, has talked things over with Dr. Ducky Blair and he has been advised to try Geritol for that tired blood of his.

Billy Habel didn't hold on to his pay check for very long, and has been advised to stay away from a certain writer. . . . Gill, of the Boiler Shop cranes, tells us that Ellis has a watch without any works in it. Maybe the next payment will produce the works. . . . We are all wondering just who was sold down the river last Friday when Habel's team played the bosses? It was the first game that the big boys have won this season.

Fat Scheer, 47 burner, sure had a fast trip to Florida. The story goes he never left Seacane station as the Mrs. was holding the money, and you know, boys, you must have the cash to get those tickets. The only 'down South' he will ever get to is South Phila. . . . Here you are girls, the latest in how to make BEAN soup. Roy Blake of 33 Dept. tells us that you take 1/2 doz. beans and a bone with two gallons of water and cook for four hours, and that you will have the best bean soup you ever tasted.

Bill Steyer got tired of the other boys going into the hospital, so he up and put himself in! From all reports, the operation was a success and he will be back soon. . . . Some Gallaghers were invited to join a church, but from the story we got they may have the wrong family in mind. . . . On the 29th of January, in New York City, I was elected National Commander of one of the finest military outfits in this country, over a man in the National Guard in New York State for the position. The command has over 58,000 men for the next year, so you can bet I will do my best to make good!

Donald Duck Redman was leaving for Charlestown last week when they found out that you must have snowshoes with you. The running was very bad. . . . I wish to congratulate our Dean of Reporters for the fine story he had in last month. . . . Dick Stewart of the 2nd Shift is still having trouble with Senator Morgan and Fats as to just what the trouble is in Washington. . . . Uncle Roy tells us that Walter Biebas has just come into a lot of money; is now carrying around a check book. Boys, if you are interested, he is open for a touch.

MAKING RUGS FROM CUT SQUARES OF WASHABLE CARPETING IS LATEST DO-IT-YOURSELF IDEA

Want a washable scatter rug that suits your own fancy and decorating needs? Just make it yourself — easily, quickly, inexpensively — in any color, size or shape you wish.

Besides the fun of being your own rug designer and maker, besides being able to get a rug that fits in with your own decorating scheme, you'll wind up with quite a saving in cash. That's the latest news from the Tintex Home Economics Bureau and a do-it-yourself shop that developed the project and is doing a rush business on the needed components in New York City.

The requirements — whose combined cost is less than half the price of a new rug of equal quality — are squares of undyed washable carpeting, such as nylon-viscose and peshunk cotton; packages of all-fabric dyes, some hotiron tape and the usual home-dyeing equipment.

Although the undyed carpeting can be cut up into other sizes and shapes, foot-square or yard-square pieces are being recommended as a starter because they lend themselves to the simple-to-make and attractive checker-board or alternate-diamond designs.

Following are the steps suggested by the Tintex bureau for making a scatter rug from squares of undyed nylon-viscose carpeting in either of those two-color designs.

1. Purchase as many squares of the undyed carpeting as you'll need for the size and shape of rug you plan.

2. Get packages of all-fabric dye in the colors you desire. There are more than 50 hues available. The amount of dye needed will depend upon colors selected and size of rug. Dark shades require more dye than light ones. A square yard of black, which needs the most dye for good color and fastness, will require six 25c boxes of dye. Less will be needed progressively as the colors lighten. Pastels will need only two boxes of the 25c size.

3. Fill your washing machine with the hottest water it can provide.

4. While the washer is filling up, empty the contents of your first-color dye into a quart jar or pitcher of very hot tap water, stirring the solution with a wooden spoon or stick until the dye is dissolved.

5. Pour the solution into the machine and follow the usual procedure for dyeing in washers.

6. Repeat the process for your second color, making sure first to clean the washer by letting it run for a few moments, using a small amount of soap.

7. When the squares have dried, lay them out on the reverse side in the arrangement and size you plan.

Fit the squares closely. Press strips of hot-iron tape along the dividing lines. These will hold the squares firmly.

8. Turn the taped carpeting over and your rug is ready for service.

If you plan to wash the rug in the future, a preliminary step to taping is recommended. Apply liquid latex along the borders of the squares an inch or two wider than the tape. This will enable you to remove the tape easily prior to washing and, at the same time, provide skid-proofing while the rug is on the floor.

White squares may be attained by simply washing the material. This will remove the grey color and leave a snowy white.



MEATBALLS, SWEDISH STYLE

What makes a meatball Swedish? Mostly, it's a matter of texture. Swedish chefs and home cooks strive for smoothness, a texture quite unlike our somewhat coarse American hamburgers. If you want to make Swedish meatballs, you'll have to start with twice-ground meat and combine it with a beater egg, milk and bread-crumbs mixture.

There's a flavor difference, too. The Swedish meatball usually is made with a combination of meats — beef, pork and veal — and the distinctive seasonings are likely to be nutmeg and allspice, used separately or in combination.

Then, there's a size difference. Swedish meatballs are shaped into tiny balls about an inch in diameter. To keep them from flattening during cooking, the trick is to shake the pan gently so that they roll freely. You'll need a large pan, with just a few meatballs added at a time, to accomplish this.

This recipe will give you authentic Swedish meatballs on first try. And, if you're wondering what goes well with them, follow the example of the Swedes themselves. Serve plain boiled potatoes and a tart cucumber salad. Beer is the likely mealtime beverage and, of course, Swedish rye is the appropriate bread.

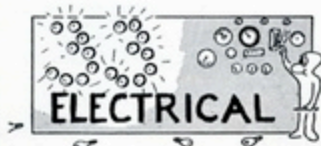
SWEDISH MEATBALLS

(Makes 4 to 6 servings)

- ¾ pound ground beef
- ¾ pound ground veal
- ¾ pound ground pork
- 1 egg
- ½ cup milk
- 1½ cups soft bread crumbs
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- ¼ cup butter
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon allspice

Have meat man grind meats twice or extra fine. Combine egg and milk; pour





By John F. Heflefinger

This issue ushers in the month of winds and uncertain weather, also the "Wearing of the Green" of St. Patrick's Day. And Spring, "Bless her," should not be far behind. . . . As a result of some of the past month's miserable days, Dick Stebbner of Weld Repair became a hero. Upon arriving at his home in Trainer, he saw a couple of young boys out in a muddy field floundering around. They began calling for help; and our Dick realizing what had happened, put on his high boots and went out to pull them from the gooey mud. They were unable to get out, and Dick says he almost lost his boots himself. So we award the month's medal to Stebby for his good deed!

Some of our boys went up to see Carmen Avelino recently and he was very glad to see them. He sends his sincere thanks for the wonderful gifts he received from the department, and says he realizes that he has not been forgotten. . . . What's this we hear about Mert running his new car into the back of a bus? Wasn't it big enough to see Mert, or was the bus going backwards?

Glad to report that Andy Stevenson is back in the Armature Shop again. . . . The old saying has it that lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place, but that doesn't apply to radio and TV give-away programs. So we are happy to report that Elmer "Pop" Crozier and his wife, Elizabeth, enjoyed a weekend trip to New York as guests of the "Cinderella for a Day" program. About a year ago Mrs. Crozier won a three day trip to New York from the same program and they both had a wonderful time. The second week in February she decided to attend the show again, and as you can guess she won another trip which they took February 11, 12 and 13. Had a fine trip. Congratulations, folks, for being so lucky.

Congratulations also to Mr. and Mrs. John "Moon" Mullins on the 14th anniversary of their wedding on February 14th — which as you know, was also St. Valentine's Day. The couple have one son. "Moon" works in our Armature Shop on 2nd shift. . . . Happy retirement to Ed Shaw who retired on February 1, 1955 after 18 years service. Ed recently worked in the Crane Repair Dept. although he has held various other jobs in the department. We sure wish him the best of luck, and he says he is just going to take things easy for a while, but as we know Ed, we feel sure it won't be long before he will have his hands into something. So long from all of us, Ed.

We heard recently that our friend, Mert, refuses to kick in for his share of coffee, and we probably know the reason. On a recent trip down Delaware, he stopped in for lunch along with Roy Blake. When the check was presented it was in the amount of \$2.30.

So Mert proceeded to hand the clerk a ten and a one dollar bill and thirty cents in change. Now he is wondering why the clerk looked so pleased. We have heard several fancy names for Mert, but philanthropist isn't one of them.

The snow and ice of the past month really kept the crane repair boys on the jump. The span wires kicked up the most trouble. . . . Anyone want a kitten? Get your order in early to the Armature Shop. . . . Big "Jeff" has come up from the copper mines and is now on 504. . . . Ed Kennedy is still the bad boy of the pinochle game.

Bill Martin finally came out with a hat during the past cold spell. . . . Does Norm need a new alarm clock? The boys sure wake up the neighbors in the morning trying to get him out. One man stuck his head out of a window and said "He is up, I called him on the phone". That's one way to get called on time.

Once in a while we hear of one or more of the old gang who has left these parts and has made good elsewhere. In this particular case we refer to an old timer named Wesley Harden, a veteran of World War I, and for many years operating a crane under the jurisdiction of 33 Dept. About four years ago Mr. Harden decided to go to Florida, and only the other day the gang received word that he has settled in Miami, and is now Chief Engineer in one of the leading hotels down there, namely the "Royal Palms". His hobby outside of his regular duties are boating and fishing. His wife, Sarah, formerly of Media, Pa., often accompanies him on these trips and from what we learn from his correspondence, they form a very good team when it comes to bringing in the catch. "Wes" still likes to read *OUR YARD*, and he usually receives a copy each month from someone in the gang who still remains. Well, Wes old pal, we want you to know that the old gang here at the yard wish you and Mrs. Harden continued success in all your undertakings, and don't let the "big one" get away next time you go fishing!

That's all for this month, men, so until next issue!



By Bob Wilson

Many happy returns of the day to Cal Doan upon reaching the ripe old age of 21 on February 12th. Also best wishes on his birthday to Bill Buchy, February 18th, who was ? years young. . . . Last month we mentioned Claude Allen's "Little Man." Well, it appears that the cold weather got too much for him and he took off for a warmer climate. Just when Gloria had finished knitting a little wool sweater and cap for him too! Cheer up, Claude, maybe he will come back in time to bring you some good luck when you go fishing this summer.

Ralph Morgan seemed to be the one with the priority on receiving Valentines in the office this year. Of course, none of them were signed, but going by the post marks, they were mostly from Delaware. Although he did get one from the drawing office "Mezzanine," Ralph says. "That one could only have been sent by one person — Joe MacNamara."

Speaking of our good friend, Joe, he is still trying to find out who the person is in the office who uses the alias of "Clancy." . . . Well, as was expected, George "Salty" Blair's diet came to a grinding halt when after three weeks George weighed himself to find he had not lost an ounce, but instead had gained several pounds.

Through the kind efforts of Mr. Bryson, Ross became the proud owner of a new ten-hole coffee tray. Ross hopes this is just a working model of the twelve-hole, stainless steel, drip-proof one he hopes to own some day. . . . Per Dahl is keeping his eye on the calendar these days. Time is fast approaching when he will be taking his long awaited vacation. With all the snow and cold weather we have had, one would naturally think he would be going to Florida or Southern California, but not Per, he plans on going to Norway! Anyone got a pair of fur-lined boots that can lend him?

The latest report by those who seem to be in the know is that the "Little One" takes the big step on April 16th of this year. . . . Mr. Potts seemed to get a large charge out of a cheque he received in the mail recently, something to do with a note from the sender on the back of it in the space usually reserved for endorsement.

We are all very sorry to hear that Jane of 97 Department broke her finger, and hope that it is soon on the mend. . . . Glad to see Gloria back after her bout with the cold bug.

(Continued on Page 24)



SEEN GREETING CARDINAL SPELLMAN, Archbishop of New York, is Joseph Aitken, Elect. Mate 1st class, U.S.N. This picture was taken aboard the attack carrier U.S.S. Wasp on patrol with the Seventh Fleet in Formosan waters. It was from the Wasp that Cardinal Spellman broadcasted his Christmas greetings to all the armed services during his annual Christmas tour overseas. Joe whose dad is Johnny Aitken, 38 Dept., has been in the Navy four years. His enlistment will be up the end of this month, and needless to say his Mom and Dad are looking forward to having him home again for good!

(Meatballs — Continued from Page 22)

over bread crumbs and let stand about 10 minutes. Sauté onion in 1 tablespoon of the butter until lightly browned. Combine meat, soaked bread crumbs, sautéed onion and seasoning; mix thoroughly. Shape into small balls. Dredge in flour. Brown on all sides in remaining butter. Use a large pan and shake pan frequently to keep balls round.

For gravy, remove browned meatballs from skillet and pour off all but 2 tablespoons of fat. Blend in 2 tablespoons of flour and cook over low heat until the flour is browned. Gradually stir in 1 cup of milk and continue to cook until the mixture is smooth and slightly thickened.

(38 Dept. News — Continued from Page 23)

Anyone interested in taking a subscription to "Ships and the Sea" magazine should contact George (Salty) Blair of this department. George is doing this on a non-profit basis, as the magazine publishers will have to stop publication unless they get more subscriptions. For anyone interested in ships, the sea, or in photography, this is a very worthwhile investment. It also covers many technical subjects pertaining to shipbuilding. This is not a fictional type magazine, and anyone interested can get a look at a past issue by asking George.



FOR RENT — Furnished apartment — 812 W. 8th St., Chester, Pa. Private bath, electric refrigerator, all conveniences supplied. Adults only. Reasonable terms.

FOR SALE — Semi-detached brick home, 6 rooms and bath. Enclosed front porch, gas heat, venetian blinds, basement and garage. Located at 73 Florence Ave., Sharon Hill. See H. Reed, 74-78 at Main Toolroom or above address after 5 P.M.

RIDE WANTED — 2nd Shift — Anyone living around Highland Gardens who would like a rider please contact Joe Nowicki, 33-227.

RIDERS WANTED — 1st Shift. Hrs. 8:30 to 5:00 from Highland Gardens to shipyard. Contact 397 — Photostat Room.

DRIVER WANTED — Will meet at City Line and 63rd, 64th or 66th Streets. Drawing Room 8:30 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. Call yard phone 555.

COMMENTS FROM CONGRESS

To date, I have heard no discussion by Members of Congress, no recommendations by Committees or from the Executive Department — that our first objective must be a balanced budget. For 21 of the last 24 years

Sun Ship Mutual Benefit Association

CASH RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS FOR THE YEAR OF 1954

Balance brought forward 1/1/54		\$ 5,708.19
RECEIPTS		
Dues received from Members	\$21,798.35	
Company Equivalent	21,798.35	
		43,596.70
Dividends on Sun Oil Company Pfd.	\$ 4,691.25	
Dividends on Delaware County National Bank	500.00	
Dividends on United States Steel Company Pfd.	87.50	
Interest on Defense Bonds — Series "G"	2,250.00	
Sale of 50 Shares United States Company Pfd.	7,379.42	
Redemption of 70 Defense Bonds — Series "G"	70,000.00	
Sale of 100 Shares Sun Oil Company Pfd.	11,531.73	
		96,439.90
		\$145,744.79
EXPENDITURES		
Benefits paid to Members		\$ 73,780.94
Flowers	\$ 226.16	
Postage	81.81	
Printing	90.55	
Auditors Expenses	50.00	
Miscellaneous Expenses	10.50	
		459.02
Stock Purchased		
100 Shares Amer. T. and T. Company	\$17,613.40	
200 Shares United States Steel Company Pfd.	32,250.85	
80 Shares Sun Oil Company Pfd.	9,405.06	
		59,269.31
		\$133,509.27
Balance on hand 12/31-54 — Checking Account		12,235.52
		\$145,744.79
Cash and Securities — 12/31/54		
Balance in Checking Account	\$ 12,235.52	
1060 Shares Sun Oil Company Pfd.	117,562.18	
500 Shares Delaware County National Bank (Common)	5,000.00	
200 Shares United States Steel Company Pfd.	32,250.85	
100 Shares American T. and T. Company	17,613.40	
20 Defense Bonds — Series "G"	20,000.00	
		\$204,661.95

— the Federal Government has spent more than it took in.

There are some who believe deficit financing is OK because we just charge it to the account of oncoming generations. But of all our problems, inflation is still the No. 1 problem. All history records that of all the nations that were destroyed as a nation — only two were destroyed from forces from without — the rest from uncontrolled inflation.

Bills have been introduced in the Congress to raise the pay of all Federal employees. These suggested increases run all the way from 5% to 10%. Bills have also been introduced to raise the pay of Federal Judges and Members of Congress. To increase the salaries of Members of Congress could have a bad effect — because the tendency would be to increase all salaries. The exact relationship between pay and caliber of rep-

resentation probably is open to debate. No salary can be high enough to pay an outstanding member of Government and it is also difficult to underpay a bad one!

In my campaigns for Congress, I have had a great deal to say about the necessity for a balanced Budget. I have repeatedly tried to point out the necessity for the Federal Government to live within its income. I don't believe any honest corporation or business establishment ever increases the salaries of their officers when they are losing money. Therefore as long as our Government is operating with "Red Ink" I will not vote to increase salaries of Congressmen. We might be entitled to an increase if we can reduce taxes and operate this Government without a deficit. I just believe you can't establish a sound security for anyone on borrowed money.

HONORABLE WINT SMITH



Winter's Snow and Ice Blankets the Shipyard, Ridley Creek, Dry Dock and Ships' Wheels



**SUN SHIP
HELPS THE
RED CROSS
IN PEACE
AND WAR**



answer the call



join and serve



CAMPAIGN FOR FUNDS MARCH 1-31

At left, a Red Cross Gray Lady contributes part of the 227,000 hours devoted to helping servicemen patients in Valley Forge Army, U. S. Naval and two Veterans Administration hospitals in this area.

Below, a fraction of the hundreds of Sun Ship blood donors who contributed during Korea. Now it is needed in the Far East, as well as at home.

